

COTTON MOUTH COED

by

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"Give a man enough rope and he'll hang himself"

INT. MESSY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SPENCE sits slumped on the couch laughing at TV as he smokes a spliff. The coffee table in front of him is overloaded with books and papers. He checks his phone.

KNOCK KNOCK. He continues staring at his screen.

SPENCE
It's open!

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. He rolls his eyes and mutes the TV.

SPENCE (CONT'D)
You enroll to learn how to use a
fuckin' door? It's open!

It creaks open. In peers KATHY looking very worried.

SPENCE (CONT'D)
Kathy! Fuck!

Spence shuffles his papers into a slightly neater mess.

SPENCE (CONT'D)
Sit down, sit down. Fuck! You
clowning, girl?

She enters with a book-bag over her shoulder, slumps onto a chair, and stares spaced out and agitated.

SPENCE (CONT'D)
Oh damn! You flyin' high tonight,
sister? You just sit back and
relax, I'll be right with you.

He takes a long draw and offers the spliff over.

KATHY
No, no I... I... quit.

They share a long stare. He nods and continues to smoke. She rubs her shoulders and tweaks the curtains shut.

SPENCE
That what this is? Straight up?

KATHY
I need you to do me a huge favor. I
need you to hold my whole stash.

She offers over her book bag, clearly heavily laden. He takes it and peers in impressed.

SPENCE
You shittin' me? There's enough
here to do time for distribution.

KATHY

What can I say? I got a hell of a taste for the green.

SPENCE

Look, I know we're besties and all that, and hey, you wanna get clean, I'm your loud and proud sponsor. But to hold all this? I dunno. I could flush it for you, right now?

KATHY

No! Don't' flush all my shit.

SPENCE

Oh, I see-

She stares back guilty.

SPENCE (CONT'D)

-You want me to buy it? You know I'm between fortunes right now and-

KATHY

-No, I want you to hold it, okay?

SPENCE

(long beat)

You wanna tell me what's going on?

He offers his spliff over. She tries to remain pokerfaced but snatches it away and takes a soothing puff.

KATHY

Fine! Yeah, I've been dealing a little... Fuck! That feels good! Turns out selling drugs is a great way to make friends and earn money. Who knew?

SPENCE

Fuck, Kathy! You sly dog, I'm impressed! You're Superfly! Shit!

KATHY

Turns out it's also a really good way to get into debt to other drug dealers.

She stares sincerely concerned with her predicament. Spence tries to smile it off.

SPENCE

Jeeze, how bad can it be? I mean, these are just pot dealers, right?

KATHY

Oh it can pretty bad, believe me.
Like... put a hit on you bad.

She tries to remain stoic and not cry. That wiped the smile off his face. He mulls that over for a few moments.

SPENCE

Okaaaay... first things first, try
not to panic.

KATHY

(freaking out)

Don't panic? Sure I won't panic.
I'm nineteen years old, I never
learned to drive, I've only been to
one of the Disney parks, and I'm
currently being chased down by a
hitman from a cartel. What's to
fucking panic about?

Spence gets up and lazily locks the front door.

SPENCE

Spence got you, okay?

He sits beside her and rubs her back.

KATHY

No offense, but you aren't exactly
The Terminator.

SPENCE

Oh, I don't know about that. I
could be all super-biconical under
this skin, how'd you know?

She sniggers. He holds her. They slowly lock eyes. There's a strong attraction. He stares intense. She backs away.

KATHY

Last thing I want to do here is
drag my best friend into this mess.

SPENCE

(a little rejected)

How about I pay off what you owe?

KATHY

You got five grand kicking around?

He doesn't.

KATHY (CONT'D)

I'm going to run.

SPENCE

Run? Run where?

KATH

I dunno, Spence! It's not like I can take a semester in witness relocation, is it? Now, if I could pay these guys off with essays on pre-seventeen hundred British literature, I'd be okay, hell I'd be the Walter-fucking-White of this campus, by now.

SPENCE

(dead serious)

But how will I find you?

KATHY

I'll let you know when I've worked it out. What matters is I get a head start on this.

SPENCE

You comin' back?

Kathy's face says a very sorry "no". He gets up and holds his head in his hands.

SPENCE (CONT'D)

Fuck! How'd this get so bad, Kath?

KATHY

Look, I need to get moving.

SPENCE

So you're just going to straight up walk out on your best friend forever?

KATHY

You want the four-one-one? Here it is. First week, nobody wants to speak to introverted girl with the Gorjuss backpack, except you, who introduces me to Slater. Who's more than happy to hook me up when I need it. So I'm buying, and I'm smoking, and I'm spreading the love, you know? Making sure the medicinal needs my new friends are taken care of?

SPENCE

You do spread the love.

KATHY

Well, you gotta spread the love. So Slater says, you should buy in bulk, big discount, no cash up front.

(MORE)

KATHY (CONT'D)

Then sell half, pay back what you owe with interest, you're living the dream. But I'm not, I'm fucking smoking the dream. And I'm giving it away like it's free cone day and I'm both Ben and Jerry.

She pauses and they both turn a little sombre.

KATHY (CONT'D)

Get in debt, borrow more product to get outta debt... get further in debt. Turns out Slater isn't quite so generous when you owe him a few grand, and his interest rates aren't too competitive either. He owes some guys who owe some guys who all owe this guy Cooch or whatever, and well, shit rolls downhill, and I'm at the bottom.

Spence gives her a reassuring rub on the shoulder.

KATHY (CONT'D)

I honestly wish you'd never introduced me to that guy.

SPENCE

What a dick. Jeez, You can't trust any cat these days.

He hurries away out the room.

KATHY

Where you going?

SPENCE (O.S.)

That creep knows the back way in. I'm gonna go fort knox on his ass.

Kathy smiles appreciative and relaxes a little. She stares at the mess of papers on the coffee table and zones in on something. A tiny glinting tip. She lifts papers to find--

A knife badly hidden beneath them. She jolts back, looks to the front door, and hears footsteps. She sits back and tries hard to look natural, but dwells on what she's seen.

Spence re-enters and stares, reading something is amiss.

SPENCE (CONT'D)

'Sup? You lookin' at me like I'm the boogie man, or somethin'.

KATHY

I gotta go.

She gets up and heads to the door. He blocks it.

SPENCE

No way! I'm not gonna let you go
out there, into the danger zone.

She hides her trembling and spots a pencil on a notepad.
Spence catches her eye and smiles innocently.

KATHY

I just... I need that head start.

She clutches the door handle and focuses on that sharp pencil
tip. She turns the handle.

SPENCE

Wait!

She looks back scared.

SPENCE (CONT'D)

Allow me.

He unlocks the deadlocks for her. She opens the door and
stares out at freedom.

SPENCE (CONT'D)

Can't believe I'm never going to
see you again.

She looks back into his puppy dog eyes. She can't hide her
worry. He turns suspicious. She goes to bolt. He grabs her,
covering her mouth. She grabs the pencil, and whack--

She thrusts it into his gut. He grunts in pain. She slips
free and runs, but he grabs her, drags her back inside while
muffling her scream, and kicks the door closed.

He throws her to the couch and pins her down with one hand
over her mouth. She pushes back desperately. Both their hands
fumble around for the knife on the table and--

He gets it first. But she holds his arm back. Her eyes
bulging, barely able to breath. Her free hand searches around
for something, anything, it grips--

A glass ashtray. She swings. WHACK! It's enough to
disorientate him. He tries to get the ash out his eyes.

WHACK! She hits him around the head again. She raises her arm
back and screams. WHACK! It's enough to crack the ashtray.
She takes a few steps back shocked and panting.

Spence lies heaving on the couch, his face bloody and
clutching the pencil lodged in his gut. He groans
pathetically in agony. She stares a little guilty.

SPENCE (CONT'D)

Argh! Call somebody! Please! Look!
Kathy! You gotta listen to me!

(MORE)

SPENCE (CONT'D)

They made me do it! I'm in just as
much trouble as you, okay? Worse!

She looks at the phone conflicted.

SPENCE (CONT'D)

They gave me a way out! I'm sorry!

Kathy picks up the receiver, dials 911, and waits silently as
the operator answers.

SPENCE (CONT'D)

Help! I need fuckin' help!

She places the receiver on the table and looks to her stash.

SPENCE (CONT'D)

No! Don't! Don't you dare!

Kathy crosses to the front door, leaving her stash with him.

SPENCE (CONT'D)

They'll put me away, Kathy!

She looks back with little sympathy and pauses.

KATHY

You and me aren't friends anymore.

She lets herself out, leaving him screaming and howling.

THE END