

Lights up. ZACK a young college kid stands sipping coffee. He walks over to his window and looks down at the street below. RICH, his roommate, enters from a bedroom carrying a box.

ZACK
He's down there again.

He looks again

RICH
Well, I think that's it.

RICH pulls out a check and sets it on the kitchen table.

ZACK
Shit! He's gone!

RICH
This is the third time this month.

ZACK
He was right their.

RICH
How do you know he's watching you Zack?

ZACK
I've seen him other places.

RICH
He probably just lives near here.

ZACK
I'm telling you this guys watching me.

RICH
Zack, I've gotta go. That should cover my end of the rent and utilities.

ZACK
I never thought you'd do this to me man.

RICH
Zack, you need help. Everybody's tried telling you, your just not listening. (Pause) Paranoia is one of the side effects.

ZACK
For the record. Drugs are strictly recreational for me!

RICH
Zack this is me your talking to.

ZACK
What is that suppose to mean?

RICH
Your out of control Zack, you've lost your job, Tracy. Drug dealers visit here more frequently then the mail man. You need help.

ZACK
I didn't realize you had such a high impression of me.

RICH
I'm saying this because I think you need help.

ZACK
If I need help I'll call a Hotline, now get out of my apartment.

RICH
I'm only trying to help you Zack.

ZACK
Well, leaving would help.

RICH
Fine. See you around.

RICH leaves. ZACK goes back to the window and looks out.

ZACK
(seeing someone)
You son-of-a-bitch! Leave me alone.

Lights fade then come back up. ZACK paces the living room on his cell phone.

ZACK
Come on Mickey! After all I've bought from you. I told you Friday...the whole amount yeah.....how much interest? I don't fucking believe you

ZACK (CONT'D)
man...fine..yes I said fine! I
need you to bring it to me though
my car is in the shop. An hour?
Yeah I'll be here.

He hangs up.

ZACK
Asshole!

The phone rings. ZACK answers it.

ZACK
Hello? Hi mom how are you?
(pause) No I'm not working there
anymore. It just didn't work out.
I know. Yeah. I've been looking I
got a couple of AP's in. (pause)
I know. (pause) Listen, did you
get my message? I can't believe it,
that bitch never gives you my
messages! I'm sorry, it's just
it's true! You should fire her! I
need some money transferred into
my account. Two thousand. Well my
rents due and they've raised it two
hundred more a month. Hey, you
were the one that wanted me in a
nice area. Well, this is what it
costs. I'll have a job next week.
Well, I need to get some books,
food, phone bill, electric and I
have to pay my drug dealer! Mom,
it was just a joke! Well, that's
how you make me feel sometimes.
(pause) I am. Okay. I will. I
promise. I love you too. Okay.
Bye.

ZACK hangs up. Someone buzzes.

ZACK
(into the intercom)
Who is it?

MICKY'S VOICE
It's the fuckin' Pope, open the
door!

ZACK buzzes him in. A moment later he knocks at the door.
ZACK

lets him in.

MICKY

Listen I ain't fuckin Pizza Hut!
From now on I don't deliver,
understand?

ZACK

I know. But like I said, my car is
being fixed.

MICKY

No more credit, you got'ta pay me
for this!

ZACK

Come on Mickey, you know I'm good
for it!

MICKY

Fuck you man, you owe me five grand
as it is!

ZACK

I told you Friday. I'll pay the
whole thing.

MICKY

Listen, my guys up my ass about
this money, you better fuckin pay
me all of it.

MICKY hands ZACK a small baggy.

ZACK

(looking at the bag)
Shit Mickey, this won't even last
the night! Come on.

MICKY

That's it until you pay up!

ZACK

Why are you doing this to me
Mickey? I need more then this!

MICKY

You need fuckin rehab, is what you
need! Now that's it until the bill
is paid.

ZACK

This is bullshit!

MICKY
Give it back to me then! Give it
fuckin back to me!

ZACK
Never mind man.

MICKY
Fuckin spoiled little brat! Most
guys would have already fucked you
up for stringin'em out on this kind
of money. But me, I fuckin carry
you almost a month now! You fuckin
thankless shit! And I deliver it
none the less, you fuckin bastard!

MICKY wipes out a thirty eight and points it at ZACK.

MICKY
I could shoot you and nobody would
give a fuck!

ZACK
Please, Mickey.

MICKY
I want my fuckin money, Friday.
That's two days! You bring it to
me. If you don't your fuckin dead,
you understand?

ZACK
Yeah.

MICKY walks forward and presses the gun against ZACK'S
forehead.

MICKY
You fuckin understand?

ZACK
(crying)
I understand I swear!

MICKY pulls away.

MICKY
Friday by noon! Wipe your face you
fuckin baby!

MICKY exits. ZACK stands wiping his face.

LIGHTS FADE.

Out of the darkness we hear someone knocking at the door. Lights slowly come up on ZACK'S apartment. ZACK lies sound asleep on the couch. The knocking continues until finally ZACK rises and answers it. RICH enters with a "To Go" bag in hand.

RICH
I need to get my files off your computer. Here I brought you breakfast.

ZACK
I'm not hungry.

RICH
You look like shit. Sit down.

RICH goes to the kitchen and gets ZACK a plate and silverware.

ZACK
Why are you doing this?

RICH
Because I care about you Zack. Now come and sit down. Come on!

ZACK does with reluctance.

RICH
Now, the thing to your left is called a fork. You eat with that. Or maybe you'd prefer a spoon?

ZACK
Very funny.

RICH
It's not funny. It's pathetic is what it is.

ZACK
Please, no morning morality lesson!

RICH
Eat.

ZACK takes a couple of bites.

RICH
How's it taste?

ZACK

Very good. (pause) Look Rich, I'm sorry. I know I'm an asshole to live with. I'll try to do better.

RICH

Zack, I enjoyed rooming with you, partying. We became close. But, my studies have to become number one at this point. I just cant get off track of what I'm trying to do here.

ZACK

And I am?

RICH

Yeah, you are. Your are one of the brightest people I know. But you've got a drug problem, that you better deal with before it kills you. Either way. I have to move on.

ZACK

Whatever. I'm going for a walk. Lock up when you leave.

The lights fade.

Lights up. ZACK sits on the couch, phone in hand.

ZACK

Mickey, I'll pay double anything please Mickey. I don't have it tonight. I will Friday though. Mickey, I have been a good customer. Come on. I can't believe this man. You know I'm good for this. Mickey you'll see your money I swear. All right how'bout my stereo? I'll give you my stereo? How'bout my TV? It's a Sony stereo? Shit! Come on Mickey! Look, I have a ring okay, it's a diamond, it's worth an easy five grand. Mickey I'm talking about a diamond ring, it's a real diamond! Mickey, don't hang up please, please I'm begging you to help me out here. Mickey, don't hang up man! Mickey! MICKY!

ZACK throws the phone across the room. He screams in rage.

ZACK
You mother fucker! Goddamn you!!
You son-of-a-bitch!!!

ZACK then starts to look through various spots for some he might have forgot about. The lights fade.

LATER.

The lights come up. ZACK sits holding a broken telephone.

ZACK
Mickey, I swear I wont call again.
I just wanted to....(pause) I know
that Mickey. Have I ever not paid
you? Then why are you doing this
to me? (pause) Listen Mickey, If
you...you know.. can't help me out
here...then I don't know if I can
pay you. (pause) I just might
have to go to the police. Hey,
well fuck you too Mickey. My
family is rich, very fuckin rich!
And we know a lot of people Mickey.
Powerful people. This isn't a
threat. I'm tellin' you. I'm
tellin' you! I don't care! I
don't care! (pause) Yeah! Well
your dead too!

ZACK slams down the phone. A knock comes at the door. ZACK cautiously approaches.

ZACK
Who's is it?

VOICE
Pizza!

ZACK
I didn't order a pizza.

VOICE
(Bronx Accent)
This is the address buddy!

ZACK
I didn't order a pizza.

VOICE

I have a pepperoni pizza for Zack
in 5-F!

ZACK cracks the door leaving the safety chain on.

ZACK

Look I'm sorry, but I didn't order
that.

PIZZA MAN

I can't believe this. This is the
third one tonight! I gotta get a
real fuckin job! I'm sorry to
bother you buddy!

The PIZZA MAN walks away. ZACK closes the door. He then
goes back to catch the guy. He opens the door and steps into
the hallway.

ZACK

How much is it?

PIZZA MAN'S VOICE

Just tip me and you can have it for free.

ZACK

Will you take a check?

PIZZA MAN'S VOICE

Sure!

ZACK walks back inside to get his check book. The PIZZA MAN
steps into the doorway.

PIZZA MAN

(pause) Would you mind if I used
your bathroom? I gotta piss like a
race horse!

ZACK

Sure, it's right through that room.

The PIZZA MAN walks off. Next we hear the toilet flush. He
then re-enters.

PIZZA MAN

This is a nice place.

ZACK

Thanks.

PIZZA MAN
What do you do?

ZACK
I'm just going to school right now.

PIZZA MAN
Oh yeah? What'chya studyin'?

ZACK
Law.

PIZZA MAN
Wow! My oldest is in school
studying law right now. He's got
some brains I'll tell'ya. He got
in on full scholarship.

ZACK
That's great! (handing him the
check) Here you go.

PIZZA MAN
Thanks a lot. Here let me get your
pizza.

The PIZZA MAN walks over to the thermal bag they
carry them in. He then pulls out a gun and slams
the door closed.

PIZZA MAN
(no accent)
Sit down in that chair!

ZACK sits. PIZZAMAN/KISMET moves around behind him.

KISMET
Put your hands behind your head and
inner lock your fingers!

ZACK
I don't understand this...

KISMET cocks the gun and puts it to the back of ZACK'S head.

KISMET
Shut up and do as I told you!
Hands behind your head and inner
lock your fingers!

ZACK does as he's told. KISMET quickly hand cuffs him.