

*From A Night Near the Sun*  
By Don Zolidis

TROY, 40ish, a small-time drug dealer.

*(TROY, a local scumbag has recently slept with a damaged sixteen year-old girl. ERIC, her friend and protector, has come looking for TROY.)*

TROY

You're fucking lying, Eric! You don't know what the hell you're talking about. You don't know what it's like to go to the same bar every weekend, sometimes every night, just waiting for someone different to show up. It's sitting in that bar and seeing chicks you went to high school with, not the pretty ones, cause the pretty ones left, but the ones that were left behind, the ones who're getting fat, who wear too much makeup—and maybe that had some gleam once, but it's gone—you watch it leak out of them. You watch the ugliness take over, real slow, and maybe this time in the bar you like the quality of their ass or something. And living here is about wanting to fuck them, and then never wanting to see them again, but you know you will. And that ugliness eats you too, but you don't notice it cause it happens slow. And you think that nothing is as good as it was when you were seventeen, when the drinking and the fucking and the drugs were new—and the girls are never as good as they were then... Before something got to `em. And everyone good is gone, and you're still here. Just you wait. You'll know what I mean. Every now and then, though, you get a chance. Something fresh... and beautiful, man... and she wants you? This girl wants you? That's gold, Eric. That's all we're living for.