

*From A Night Near the Sun*  
By Don Zolidis

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

ERIC, 22, an isolated, damaged young man. Large and intimidating.

*(TROY, a local scumbag has recently slept with a damaged sixteen year-old girl, KRISTI. ERIC, her friend and protector, has come looking for TROY. In this scene, he has found TROY in his basement.)*

ERIC

Troy!

*(TROY turns around startled)*

TROY

Fuck! Man, you freak me out doing that.

ERIC

The door was open.

TROY

Oh. Shit. I told Louise to lock it when she left that goddamn bitch.

ERIC

Where'd she go?

TROY

I don't know. I think she got the pizza delivery guy's phone number. I don't care. Oh yeah—that's right, I didn't get you the doses on Friday night—I ran into...

ERIC

Kristi?

TROY

Yeah, Kristi.

*(Pause)*

ERIC

How was Kristi?

TROY

She was... uh... she was pretty fucked up, actually. Her and Andy had a fight or something—

ERIC

You know I tried to call you all weekend long—

TROY

Yeah, well... I had to go to Chicago... meet some guys down there.

ERIC

Right.

TROY

Yeah. Hey let me get you those drugs, huh?

*(He stands up and goes over to a filing cabinet.)*

Um... I had to uh...

ERIC

What?

TROY

I sold some of em already, so there are a few missing here so uh—

ERIC

What do you mean?

TROY

I mean... I... saw these punk kids on the street, right? Wiggers. I fucking hate those bastards—sitting in the parking lots around Main Street with their shorts around their fucking ankles. So I'm there, I'm at Main Street, and they come up to me and ask me for shit—seven bucks a hit, Eric, I sold them this shit for seven bucks a hit.

ERIC

How much did you sell them?

TROY

A quarter of a sheet, but... Look, big discount now—it's late, I sold some of it, you can have it for seventy-five bucks now. Okay?

ERIC

All right.

TROY

*(pulling out the sheet in a plastic baggie)*

Here ya are. You got the money?

ERIC

Sure.

*(ERIC gets out his wallet, takes out seventy-five dollars and hands it to TROY.)*

TROY

Great. All right. Well um... I'm actually kind of busy, so...

ERIC

What are you doing?

TROY

I'm on the internet. On one of those chat rooms, huh? Best thing ever invented. I'm logged on as a bisexual thirteen year old going through puberty. Lot of fun.

ERIC

Really?

TROY

Oh yeah. I'm trying to convince this Middle School chick to... you know, explore her urges.

ERIC

You're sick.

TROY

It's online! Who'm I hurting? Mostly I just talk about how it feels to have budding breasts.

ERIC

How do you know?

TROY

What, I don't have feelings? Joke! Come on... No, seriously, though... then I have this other thing going on...

*(conspiratorial)*

Horses.

ERIC

What?

TROY

Every little girl, what do they have in their room?

ERIC

*(threat)*

I don't know, I haven't been in many little girls' rooms lately.

TROY

*(chuckling nervously)*

No, no, ponies! Pony figurines! Posters of ponies! Songs about ponies! All of `em! Then, when they get older, they all want horses! Why? It's all sexual. Now, women, you never hear women talk about horses anymore, huh? They're girls, all you hear is ponies ponies ponies—women, no more talk of ponies or horses, huh?

*(intense)*

Because it's a secret now. They realize they can't be too obvious about it. So they internalize it.

ERIC

Huh.

TROY

Think about it. You ever see a woman ride a horse? What are they doing? It's like this whole pelvic thrust thing to control the animal—And then... you see the unit on some of those horses? You grew up on a farm, right? You have horses there?

ERIC

Yeah.

TROY

Well right. Horses got like, I don't know, two feet?

ERIC

I didn't measure it.

TROY

But you know what I'm saying. And chicks want it. Bad.

ERIC

I guess.

TROY

So, but my chick, Sally—

ERIC

Sally?

TROY

That's my name on-line—Sally—well, she has a thing for horses too.

*(Pause)*

ERIC

You're a real winner, you know that, Troy?

TROY

What? What?

ERIC

You're disgusting.

TROY

What, you don't think about this shit?

ERIC

No.

*(TROY laughs)*

TROY

You're a fucking liar. You do. You do. I know you do. You're just too scared to say it. You got your dick in your hand and you're thinking about, what, your wedding night? You carry her through the threshold and screw her with the lights off? Yeah, right. You're thinking about you and four other chicks in some kind of arena, and there's like this screaming crowd, and one of the chicks is ten feet tall or something, and she picks you up and swings you around like a golf club, and another one of them is green and covered with fur like a cat, and she's got this big puffy tail, man, and she's growling, like rarr rarr—

ERIC

Shut up!

TROY

No, come on. You know you think about that shit.

ERIC

Well I don't broadcast it on the internet.

TROY

Oh man, you should, it's really liberating.

ERIC

Yeah, I'm sure it is.

TROY

You know what your problem is Eric? You don't get laid often enough.

ERIC

And you do?

TROY

Yeah, sure.

ERIC  
Friday night?  
*(Pause)*

TROY  
What do you want, Eric?

ERIC  
Friday night.

TROY  
What about it?

ERIC  
You get laid Friday night?

TROY  
No, I told ya, I ran into Kristi...

ERIC  
Where'd you go?

TROY  
Rockford.

ERIC  
What the hell for?

TROY  
That's where she wanted me to take her.

ERIC  
Why?

TROY  
How the hell should I know? She was flipping out—said she wanted to go to Illinois, so I took her! What. What? What do you think happened?

ERIC  
I don't know.

TROY  
Right. And... man, come on—you know what your problem is, Eric?

ERIC

You already told me once.

TROY

Well I got another one for ya. You treat women like they're goddesses. You sit there, and you're all, 'Kristi, Kristi, let me worship you from afar,' all that shit. Let me let you in on a little secret—they don't want to be treated like that. You know why? Cause they don't think they're goddesses, okay? You start telling them they are, it confuses them. They don't know who they are any more.

*(short pause)*

Dogs, Eric. They think they're dogs.

ERIC

So you treat them like dogs?

TROY

They understand that.

ERIC

You treat Kristi like a dog?

TROY

I wasn't saying nothing about that.

ERIC

*You treat Kristi like a dog!?*

TROY

All right, all right. Calm down, man. Sit down. You want a beer? You have a beer and we can talk this out, huh?

ERIC

I don't want any of your beer. I want you to fucking tell me what happened—

TROY

Jesus, listen to you, huh? You'd think it was your girlfriend.

ERIC

What happened?!

*(short pause)*

TROY

You woulda done it.

ERIC

What?

TROY

You woulda done it. You had the chance, you woulda screwed her.

ERIC

No.

TROY

Yeah you would. We all would. Man... you see a girl like that—like Kristi—and she's in the bed there, and she's looking at you, and she says, 'just tonight', you woulda gone. You woulda stripped naked in two seconds and been on her. Something like that doesn't come along every day, know what I'm saying?

ERIC

No.

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.

ERIC

Why don't you go back to the internet, Troy? I'm sure there's some other nasty middle-aged man waiting to talk to you.

*(Pause. TROY settles back into his computer chair.)*

TROY  
*(serious)*

Are we still friends?

ERIC

No.

*(TROY turns away from him silently. ERIC stand there, staring for a second.)*

TROY



*(not looking at him)*

Look on the bright side, huh? You can have that month with my wife.