

INT. CRACK HOUSE - NIGHT

The room is disgusting. Blood stained tissue and junk food wrappers litter the floor. There's an old dirty mattress against the wall in the corner.

ERIC sits on the mattress with his legs spread open. Between his legs on the mattress sits his drug kit.

As he starts preparing his hit, a girl, CANDY, slowly walks into the room. She's clean and healthy. Obviously out of place. She walks carefully like she's afraid to make contact with anything. She stops when she sees Eric.

ERIC

What the fuck are you doing here
Candy? Don't you ever stop?

She starts to respond but the words get caught in her throat. By the time she clears her throat, tears are forming in her eyes.

CANDY

I'm not here to stop you. If you
want to kill yourself, go ahead.
But I'm not going to let you kill
the rest of us in the process.

ERIC

Good. Goodbye.

She doesn't move.

CANDY

Mom's moving in with me and Sean so
don't go to the house looking for
her. I'm changing her phone number
so don't try to call either. This
is it Eric. One day you're going to
sit down on that filthy mattress
and you're never going to get back
up. And no one is going to care.
You might lay there in your own
piss and vomit or whatever happens
when you overdose, for weeks before
one of these...

She looks around in disgust at some of the other people getting high.

CANDY (CONT'D)

...before one of these people even
notices.

ERIC

I can take care of myself.

CANDY

I really want to believe that. We
all do.

She turns to leave and stops for a moment.

CANDY (CONT'D)

I love you little brother.

She wipes her face and abruptly walks away. Eric stares at
the empty doorway for a moment before tying the rubber hose
around his arm.