

# DOPED UP DEAL

WRITTEN BY DARREN BREALEY

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## DOPED UP DEAL

When money is short and request for payment of bills is relentless, these two unfortunate souls meet a man with an endless supply of money. Their immediate worries are over after the first deposit of cash arrives, but when their savour continues in his giving ways, the deal of a lifetime becomes more trouble than it's worth. Living in suburbia isn't what it all cracked up to be and the law of safety in numbers only applies when your neighbours answer the cry for help. Keeping the debt collectors can prove to be hell, but this debt collector won't leave without a deposit in cash or blood.

*Marcus* ..... *Married to Karen*  
*Karen* ..... *Married to Marcus*  
*Theo* ..... *Drug dealer*

*Two everyday suburbanites dream of a day when their cash worries will be over. Their initial plan of earning extra cash on the side started off as a good idea. Who will help stop the generosity of a murderous thug who knows when he's got it good?*

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*MARCUS sits on the couch as KAREN paces the room, holding a paper bag containing a large sum of money. A cigarette-butt filled ashtray sits smouldering in the middle of a coffee table, with two coffee cups and a newspaper. MARCUS' mobile phone sits beside him.*

**KAREN:** We have to tell him this is the last time.

**MARCUS:** It won't be that easy.

**KAREN:** He can't make us do this anymore.

**MARCUS:** Of, yes he can.

**KAREN:** How?

**MARCUS:** Last time he was here, he produced that whopping knife from underneath his shirt.

**KAREN:** If he kills me, then I can't continue to sell it, can I. Makes no sense.

**MARCUS:** This whole arrangement makes no sense.

**KAREN:** What choice do we have?

**MARCUS:** We couldn't stop spending money on stupid things.

**KAREN:** Food, electricity and getting the car fixed are not stupid things.

**MARCUS:** No, but that holiday was.

**KAREN:** I don't think I like your tone, Marcus.

**MARCUS:** My tone. Oh, bloody posh. You won't be caring much for my tone when Theo walks in here and you tell him that the deal is off.

**KAREN:** I'm sorry I even bothered. Thought the holiday might relax you. You've been so bloody tense; it was beginning to affect me.

**MARCUS:** Well, now we've had to do this, to pay off our bloody debts.

**KAREN:** The deal isn't off. We've sold all of it and here is all the cash, minus our cut.

**MARCUS:** And minus a little extra.

**KAREN:** He's so doped out of his skull, he won't notice a couple of hundred bucks missing.

*MARCUS:* Maybe, but he knows how to count. That's his thing in life; what he's good at. Counting drug money and making sure morons like us in downtown white-rich-folk-with-no-kids land, don't take more than what our cut is worth.

*KAREN:* I had to pay the mechanic.

*MARCUS:* Oh, nice.

*KAREN:* How would I get to work?

*MARCUS:* Get the bus.

*KAREN:* I'm not getting the bus. Have you seen what gets on the two-two-zero?

*MARCUS:* Yeah, most of our druggies.

*KAREN:* Exactly.

*MARCUS:* But you have no problem with supplying them with dope in a dark lane.

*KAREN:* My manager sometimes gets that bus and I don't want her getting suspicious.

*MARCUS:* She'll get suspicious when you don't turn up to work on Monday morning.

*KAREN:* Why is it me that he's going to kill? Why me?

*MARCUS:* Well, it may not be you. It might be me. Does that make you feel better?

*KARENN:* No.

*MARCUS:* Good.

*KAREN:* What are we going to do?

*MARCUS:* I don't know. Pay him back when I get paid.

*KAREN:* Yeah, that'll work.

*MARCUS:* You got any better ideas?

*KAREN:* No.

*MARCUS:* Then we're screwed.

*KAREN:* How long till he gets here.

*MARCUS:* Thirty minutes.

*KAREN:* I can ask Jenny next door for a loan.

*MARCUS:* How you going to pay her back?

*KAREN:* When I get paid.

*MARCUS:* Have a look on the fridge, Karen. Six-hundred dollar electricity bill, thirteen-thousand dollar credit card bill, four-thousand, five hundred dollar car loan, five-thousand dollar interest fucking free my arse bill from five months past it's free interest used by date, four-hundred dollar telephone bill to your mother in England, Rates notice, health insurance, travel insurance, hotel invoice for those little extras you didn't declare at check out, the money you still owe your brother when you crashed his car and you still owe Craig one hundred and fifty dollars for your one-night flirt with the Casino last Monday that you just had to have. Now you want to borrow a couple of hundred bucks from Jenny to pay this thug that you met at the Casino who promised us all our money worries would disappear up in smoke. The only thing that is going up in smoke is our life and dreams of getting out of this rental shit-hole and into that beautiful home that you've always wanted and that I've been trying to provide.

*KAREN:* Have you finished?

*MARCUS:* You want to hear more?

*KAREN:* Well, brain-stick if you have the answers to our problems, I'm dying to hear them.

*MARCUS:* Maybe that is the answer.

*KAREN:* Back to that, is it?

*MARCUS:* You think he's just going to let it fly that his drug money is short. Oh, that's quite alright my dear, no need to worry, I'm sure Mr Big won't care that you've short changed me a couple of hundred bucks. We'll just sweep that little indiscretion under the carpet. We've done it for one other gentle soul and we're more than happy to let one little error like this slide by. Don't let it happen again, or you may get a slap on the wrist and a one-way ride to the bottom of the fucking ocean wearing the fashions from Boral cement.

*KAREN:* I'm going next door to ask Jenny.

*MARCUS:* Good luck.

*KAREN:* You have any other suggestions?

*MARCUS:* No.

*KAREN:* I didn't think so.

*MARCUS:* He'll be here soon.

*KAREN:* I'll be back before he gets here.

*MARCUS:* What if Jenny asks you what it's for?

*KAREN:* I'll tell her it's none of her business.

*MARCUS:* None of her business?

*KAREN:* What do you want me to say?

*MARCUS:* Tell her it's to pay the mechanic.

*KAREN:* I've already paid the mechanic.

*MARCUS:* She doesn't know that.

*KAREN:* Yes she does.

*MARCUS:* Great.

*KAREN:* She saw me down the street.

*MARCUS:* What choice do we have?

*KAREN:* Finally, we agree.

*MARCUS:* You can't let this drop off be the last time. If you don't get the money from Jenny, you'll have to get your extra cut back to him.

*KAREN:* I don't want to do this anymore.

*MARCUS:* Neither do I.

*KAREN:* Then help me out here.

*MARCUS:* What do you want me to do?

*KAREN:* We got to have plan. When he turns up, we tell him no more. Include Jenny's couple of hundred bucks. He won't know. And we say, thanks, but no more.

*MARCUS:* What about the bills?

*KAREN:* You want to keep going?

*MARCUS:* No. But what is plan B?

*KAREN:* I don't know. Maybe we can ask mum.

*MARCUS:* My mother doesn't have any to spare. She's poorer than us.

*KAREN:* I meant my mum.

*MARCUS:* Do you think she'll loan us the money?

*KAREN:* I can ask.

\*\*\*\*\* Truncated \*\*\*\*\*

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