

Eli staring up, resigned to whatever is in store for him.

Marco takes the cigarette and holds it inches from Eli's mouth.

MARCO

Mama Luna says you got a 'beng' on you. That's a devil. She says you seen him too.

Eli leans forward slightly, takes a long, deep drag.

MARCO

You dying from the inside out.

ELI

Well, then I guess you're just doing me a favor.

MARCO

It's nothing personal.

Marco takes the cigarette back and turns to Miggs, tossing him a VIAL OF COCAINE. Miggs pockets the vial.

MARCO

(to Miggs)

Stay awake. Want to be out of here in an hour.

Marco walks towards the connecting room door, REVEALING A GYPSY we didn't know was here, who is squatted low to the ground, playfully making Billy's mouth move while speaking for him. Billy's opened eyes with his mouth moving to the gypsy's voice is unsettling to say the least.

MARCO

Quit it with that shit. Go help the others.

Marco kicks the squatted gypsy in the rear and forces him out of the room with him.

## Start

INT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - CONNECTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

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Miggs smokes his cigarette as he fusses with the SMALL RADIO, tuning to some oldies music.

Eli just staring at him. It's just the two of them in the room.

ELI

Yer too Goddamn big.

Miggs doesn't pay attention to him, finishes his cigarette in MIGGS' LARGE ASHTRAY.

Eli watches as Miggs eventually takes the vial of cocaine and does himself a generous bump.

ELI

You like to party, big boy?

With some strength returning, Eli manages to stand, but just manages. He puts his hand up as if to tell Miggs *'hold on a second'*. He pulls the PLASTIC BAGGY OF HEROIN FROM HIS POCKET (*from the large woman he had sex with in his trailer*) and waves it at Miggs. He tosses it on the table. Eli can't hold the stance, falls back onto the couch.

Eli holds his tongue (*about warning it's a 'hot shot' uncut*). Instead he eggs Miggs on.

ELI

Best snort in all of Texas.

Miggs inspects the baggy. Skeptical, he opens the bag and tastes the heroin, fingertip to tongue.

ELI

Shame to let it go to waste.

As Eli watches, waits, hopes, Miggs dumps a tiny bit of heroin on the table, looks off to Eli, then to the table for a short snort. A slight sense of euphoria. It's good.

Miggs looks off to the closed connecting door, then pours the rest of the heroin on the table and face snorts it. Immediately he feels the effect, but it isn't the effect Eli hoped for. Miggs smiles, he's riding it and loving it.

Eli, dejected, laments under his breath about the woman who gave it to him.

Miggs slows, stands up concerned, shaking it off, looks to Eli at the couch. Miggs stutters a step or two then stays perfectly still. Someone this big, even pure heroin takes a little longer to get to the heart. He reaches out to Eli as he falls onto one knee and his momentum takes him forward, flying into the couch, draped across Eli's lap. He's mid-cardiac arrest, convulsing until it does him in.

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**End**

Eli is partially stuck under Miggs. Just his luck. His eyes look to the closed connecting door. *Did anyone hear anything?*

It literally takes everything Eli has to try and roll Miggs off of him. He's barely got any strength. He strains to the point it looks like the veins in his forehead will burst. Still, he manages, an inch at a time. The process is exhausting with every push and pull.

Finally Miggs' body rolls to the ground on his back. Eli can barely manage to prop himself up, but he knows what he needs.