

IN CASE OF SPACE

By

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FADE IN.

1 INT. DINGO'S HOUSE - SPARE BEDROOM -- DAY 1

Thick, agonizing coughs echo behind a closed bedroom door. A hand dashes to the handle and rips it open.

The hand belongs to DINGO, the no nonsense type who's spare bedroom has been overrun by a slob.

Inside, empty alcohol bottles and bits of trash line the floor. Various computer parts hang off furniture and cover the desk. Unmade sheets tumbled with a mess of clothes slump on a bed in the far corner.

The drunken ROOMMATE, stained and showerless, reclines in a massive chair with a half-empty bottle of the lowest grade poison in his lap.

Dingo stands with phone in hand looking in on the mess.

The roommate sulks, blind to another presence.

DINGO
This has got to stop.

The roommate gazes up at Dingo. He slurps and burps in jest.

ROOMMATE
Heyyy.

DINGO
Put down the bottle. This is serious man.

ROOMMATE
Oh yeah man, check's in the mail. I swear.

DINGO
Forget the rent which by the way you don't need to drop in my mailbox.
(RE: the Alcoholism)
This is pathetic.

ROOMMATE
Ah come on man.

His eyes shift as he takes a full swig. Alcohol drains down his beard and all over his sweatshirt.

DINGO

I'm going to have to call the police
if you-

The roommate wheezes and wipes his forehead.

ROOMMATE

Oh come on man, I'm fine. Fi-

The roommate chokes out one last cough and slumps to the
floor, cold.

Unmoved, Dingo raises the phone and dials.

911

911 What's your emergency?

Dingo sighs into the phone...