

INT. ZACKY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Zacky sits on the couch, watching TV, bored, clearly in a bad mood.

The front door opens and Theresa staggers in. She gains her footing, looks around, spots Zacky, smiles.

THERESA

Oh there you are! I was looking for you but then I...I...

ZACKY

Where the hell have you been, Zo? I figured you were dead.

THERESA

No, I'm not dead but I'm really, really tired.

ZACKY

I don't suppose you saved any 'shrooms for me. For us.

THERESA

(deep sigh)

The 'shrooms. Right. I... I'll get them tomorrow, I promise. I was just a little busy today.

ZACKY

Today? You've been gone for three days, Zo.

THERESA

Three days? Wha... No fucking way. I know because I haven't been home and I sure as hell didn't sleep. I sure could sleep now. I've been up...all day. You coming to bed, sweetie pie?

Zacky gets up and approaches her. She tries to kiss him but he recoils.

THERESA

Okay, well, I'm going to bed.

ZACKY

(when she starts, grabs her wrist)

You've got a problem, Zo.

(standoff, then she melts in)

(acknowledgment)
You need help.

THERESA
(weak, vulnerable)
Can you help me?

ZACKY
(embraces her)
Yes, sweetie. I can help you.

INT. ZACKY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The blurry room slowly comes into focus. Theresa opens her eyes, orients herself, realizes she's duct-taped to a chair in a short dress. She struggles against her bonds.

THERESA
What the hell? Zacky! What the hell is happening to me?

ZACKY
(coming in from the living room)
Thank God. I've been stuck waiting for you to wake up for the last two days.

THERESA
Good. You can untie me. Why am I tied up?

ZACKY
For your own damned good, babe. You're addicted to coke. It's not helping your P.T.S.D. It's just turning you into a walking freak case.

THERESA
Hey, I understand you're pissed about the mushrooms--

ZACKY
Fuck the mushrooms! That's what I mean. That was days ago. You're in your own little coked out dream world.

THERESA
Not anymore. Now I'm in hell. Untie me right now and I won't report you to the police. Anyway, you've got to cut me free. I've got to pee.

ZACKY

Go ahead.

THERESA

Yeah right. Is that part of the punishment, to have me go all over myself?

ZACKY

This isn't a punishment, Zo. And you're wearing Depends.

THERESA

Oh. That is fucking weird. I don't feel right peeing into a diaper.

ZACKY

You already did. You think you can sleep for two days without peeing?

THERESA

Look. Just... I don't feel right. Just set me free and you can tie me up afterwards, okay? Please?

ZACKY

(shakes head no, approaches with bowl of cereal and spoon)
You hungry?

THERESA

Give me a break. I'm not going to let you fucking feed me.

ZACKY

Oh, come on. Frosted flakes. Your favorite.

THERESA

(refuses his attempt to feed her)
Stop! I can't eat when I have to pee.

Zacky shrugs his shoulders, sets the bowl down.

LATER

Theresa squirms on the chair in extreme discomfort, finally goes limp and lets herself pee.

LATER - NIGHT

Zacky comes up to Theresa, sighs at the sight of her sleeping. He kneels down and starts pulling her Depends down. She wakes up, realizes what's happening, SOBS as Zacky finishes the operation.

ZACKY

It's okay, baby. We're Zo and Zacky.
We're superheroes, remember? You'll be
so much better for this.

THERESA

That's not why I'm crying. It's
just...you're so sweet. You really,
truly care about me.

ZACKY

Of course I do, baby.

THERESA

(off a heartfelt kiss)
Mmm. Why don't you untie me so I can
show you my gratitude.

ZACKY

(considers, grins--)
Not just yet. Now that is how much I
care for you, Zozo.