

## **Jack**

So. It has come to this. Your last night. Nothing ahead of you and too much behind you.

You never planned on being a drug dealer. You really never planned on getting hooked on the junk you sold. You absolutely never planned on coming up 20K short on money and having the guys up top put a hit out on you. These things just happened. Maybe the problem was that you never really planned. Of course, that means nothing now.

You were a good kid, growing up. You played soccer. You were popular. You got a job as a sales clerk at your dad's store after you got out of high school. You married your high school sweetheart, Kelley, a year after that. No one would have thought you'd wind up here.

You and Kelley smoked pot during high school, of course. Almost everyone did. You never did anything more than that during that part of your life. Kelley did, though you didn't know about it until after you were married. When you first caught Kelley shooting up, you did everything you could think of to get it to stop. Soon enough you figured out that you couldn't.

The only thing you could think of to make it better was to make sure that what Kelley was getting wasn't going to hurt any more than it had to. You wanted to make sure that Kelley had a safe space and a safe supply until you could get Kelley to kick the habit. You started dealing so that you could do all of that, keep the costs for Kelley's supplies low and make ends meet with outside sales.

It didn't get better though. Kelley was too far gone. Kelley stole some of your stash one night and overdosed.

You were pretty messed up after that. You couldn't help but blame yourself. You know logically that Kelley would have found a way to do it anyway, but you couldn't forgive your part in it. In your self-anger and depression, you took the plunge and started shooting up. You stopped caring about who you sold to, how young they were, or what it would do to their lives. The money came in quick.

The money went out just as quick though, because you started using more. It got really bad after awhile. You started losing customers. Of course, that only made you started using even more. Eventually, you found yourself 20K in the hole and you weren't going to be able to get any more from your suppliers. There is no bankruptcy down here. You were going to have to pay and you knew from stories that the price was your life.

You took the last of your stash and left the apartment you had been staying in. You have just enough GHB (gamma hydroxybutyric acid, a depressant) to wipe you out, a few dozen Vicodin (muscle relaxant), and a little bit of marijuana. You came out here tonight to end things on your own terms. You're going to spend one last night swapping stories, including your own story, and then use the last of your stash. You intend to go out as happy as you can.

## **Who You Know**

Misty: For a whore, she's got an awful big stick up her ass. She doesn't use and can't stand you.

Chris: Chris is a customer whenever passing through town. Chris usually buys GHB or pot. Chris has something going on with Misty and you're sure Misty isn't too happy about Chris using.

Hetty: Hetty must have done too much of something.

Sarah: She'll come around to the ways of the world. Sooner rather than later, you suspect.

Alfred: Whatever he's getting, he isn't getting it from you.

Manny: Occasional customer. Responsible customer. Manny goes for GHB or Vicodin.

Alex: Some dealer is going get Alex hooked on something. Alex has bought some pot and E from you. Well-off kids roaming the streets are perfect targets.

Flash: If Hetty did too much, Flash did *way* too much.

Toni: You don't know much about Toni. Musicians are a dealer's best friend though. If you weren't going out tonight, Toni would be a potential future customer.

Corvus: This one would be easy to hook. That's not your job anymore.

Rose: Rose gets some of the lighter stuff from you fairly regularly. You haven't seen her around in a week.

Mel: Mel has a warm fire and has never bought from you. You figured this would be a good place to spend your last night.