

TRAFFIC

Robert approaches Caroline's bathroom door. When he leans in to listen, he can hear the click of a lighter and Caroline inhaling something.

ROBERT
Caroline, open this door
immediately.

CAROLINE
Who is it? I'm going to the
bathroom.

ROBERT
Open the goddamn door!

CAROLINE
One minute! (She opens the door)
Excuse me. I have to go to bed.

Robert grabs her by the shoulders as she tries to brush past him. He looks her in the eyes. Grabs her hand and looks at her fingers, one of which is black.

ROBERT
You are not going anywhere young
lady. You stay right there.

Robert enters the bathroom and starts tearing through it, furiously looking for Caroline's drugs.

ROBERT (CON'T)
Where are they? Where the hell are
the drugs? Where are they?

CAROLINE
Fuck you. Fuck you. I wasn't doing
anything. You're like the Gestapo.

ROBERT
Fuck me? Oh, okay. Fuck me. Fuck
you.

Robert is losing it. He throws stuff around the bathroom.

ROBERT (CON'T)
I'm going to ask you one time to
tell me the truth so that I can
help you.

Caroline just stares.

ROBERT (CON'T)
Okay, young lady, that's it.

CAROLINE
Like I give a fuck.

Robert finds a charred spoon. He throws it down. He finds rolled up, encrusted dollar bills, exhausted lighters, an empty pint of vodka.

ROBERT
What is wrong with you? What?
(beat) You're going away. You're getting help somewhere.

CAROLINE
You can't make me.

ROBERT
Oh, yes I can.