

TOXIC LIMIT

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

DAVE (late 20's) leans against a bar, dressed business casual, relaxed and amused as he stares off toward the dance floor. BILL, 40, with wet hair and a gray suit, joins him, setting down a tray of tequila-filled shot glasses and his dripping coat.

BILL
I made it! Everyone, let's have a
toast!

Bill grabs a shot glass and raises it. Dave and three others follow suit.

BILL (CONT'D)
Where's Larry?

DAVE
He's already had a few.

Dave points out toward the dance floor.

BILL
Larry! Larry!

Bill waves. Larry, late 20's and sharply dressed, does a spin move as he appears.

DAVE
Sweet move, dude!

Dave hands Larry his shot.

BILL
Now let us officially welcome our
newest employee, Dave, to the team!

Everyone downs their tequila shots. Larry nearly misses his stool as he tries to sit.

DAVE
(chuckling)
Whoa there, what's wrong with you?

Larry ignores him and reaches for another shot, blocked by a hand.

BARTENDER
Keys first, buddy.

Larry surrenders his keys and grabs a shot, then stares back at the dance floor.

LARRY
Just getting my courage up. I'm
gonna ask her out.

Dave follows Larry's line of sight to an attractive brunette standing alone, glancing back toward them with a weak smile.

DAVE
Maybe aiming a bit high there,
Larry, or should I say Leery?

LARRY
I keep seeing her glancing at me.

DAVE
She must be amused by your dancing.

LARRY
Yo, cut it out

DAVE
I'm just joking, man.

Dave grabs two more shots and hands Larry one.

DAVE (CONT'D)
To our friendship.

Larry stares hard at Dave, then relents and they drink.

BILL
Larry, I like your ring.

Larry brightens, admiring his ring, then opens his mouth to speak.

DAVE
Ugh. Rings can be so uncomfortable.

LARRY
My Dad gave it to me. Try saying
something nice for once?

DAVE
Okay, okay, calm down Leery. I
won't talk about your fashion
choices anymore. Wear what you
like, I won't say a word.

BILL
Leery?

DAVE
Yeah, he's been stalking a woman
out there.

LARRY
I'm not fucking stalking her.

Larry squares with Dave.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Why do you keep needling me anyway?
What sort of friend are you?

Larry turns toward Bill.

LARRY (CONT'D)
This asshole has been getting his
little insults in since I first met
him. I'm tired of this shit.

DAVE
He gets temperamental sometimes.

During the awkward pause, Larry's eyes drift back to the
woman of interest.

BILL
So, eh, Dave, did you find a new
place yet?

DAVE
Yep, just about to sign a lease for
an apartment in Eastwood, 15
minutes away.

BILL
Hey Larry, didn't you find one
closer than that?

LARRY
Yep, I love it. Lots of window
light and blue carpeting.

DAVE
I've seen his apartment. He's
wasting his money.

LARRY
So I like nice things. What's your
deal?

DAVE
Did you see the new car Leery
dumped his money into?

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

The way he's drinking, it'll be worth half that by the time he's sober.

Bill chuckles. Larry finishes another drink then turns.

LARRY

I knew it'd be a mistake to tell you about this job. Bill, you know what my (air quotes) friend said when I told him I got my dream job? He said that it was in a sketchy area. Just subtle enough.

DAVE

Tell me, are you done with your little tantrum?

BILL

Dave, can you excuse us a minute?

Dave steps away with a sigh.

BILL (CONT'D)

You look like you've had a bit too many. How about I call you a cab?

LARRY

I just can't take him anymore. I'm done with him.

BILL

Look, I'm not sure of the history here and you don't need to be friends, but, can ya at least get along? I need you both.

LARRY

It's bad enough all my friends know him, but this is too much.

Larry exchanges glances again with the woman, then grabs another shot.

BILL

Just give it a try? Dave has skills that are hard to find. Just try for a month?

LARRY

No.

BILL

Dave, come over here.

Dave returns.

BILL (CONT'D)
You can stop being abrasive toward
Larry, can't you?

LARRY
I don't care what he says. I need
him out of my life.

DAVE
We're going to be in the same
building. You're going to have to
deal with me at some point.

LARRY
No, I won't. Bill, it's him or me.

BILL
But you love your job! Don't do
this.

LARRY
I'm not liking the neighborhood
anyway.

DAVE
(whispering)
Behind you. Now's your chance!

Larry freezes as the brunette he's been staring at steps up
to the bar and places a drink order. He breathes deeply, then
faces her.

LARRY
Umm, hi...

WOMAN
Don't. And can you please stop
staring at me?

Just as abruptly, the woman leaves him in stunned silence.
Dave bursts out laughing.

Larry flips his middle fingers toward Dave, who smirks and
leans toward Bill.

DAVE
Ya gotta understand, Leery's Dad
wasn't around long enough to teach
him about women.

Larry stands, his eyes stabbing into Dave's, the corner of
his mouth twitching.

LARRY
You asshole.

Dave flashes a smile which dies quickly. Bill cocks his head in evaluation.

Larry rushes behind the bar, snatching his keys off the wall behind a distracted bartender. As he storms toward the exit, Bill's eyes widen.

BILL
Larry, what the hell are you doing?

Bill starts to follow but Dave grabs his shoulder.

DAVE
Relax, he'll be back.

BILL
Don't you see he's wasted!

Bill moves again but Dave saunters into his path.

DAVE
He'll be fine!

BILL
Move!

Dave tries to block him again but Bill shoves him to the ground and chases.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bill stops at the edge of the parking lot and shouts.

BILL
Larry! Stop!

Car tires screech.

BILL (CONT'D)
LARRY!

A horn honks along with more screeching, followed by a crash, as Bill looks on in horror.

FADE OUT