

TOXIC LIMIT

Written by

Scott Danzig

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 our
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

You might be aiming a little high there, Larry, or should we call you 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, that ring -- where'd ya get it?

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

DAVE

That thing looks tacky. I think rings are uncomfortable.

LARRY

I like it, and my Dad gave it to me. You keep throwing shade at me, man.

DAVE

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

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

Hey, this is more than I signed up for.

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 problem?

DAVE

Did you see the new car Leery dumped his money into? 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 an old building. 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 so done with him.

BILL

Look, I'm not sure of the history here and you don't need to be friends, but, do you think you can 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
The building's too old for me
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
(rolling eyes)
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's face slackens, and Bill cocks his head, evaluating the situation.

Larry slips behind the bar, snatching his keys off the wall behind a distracted bartender. As he proceeds 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 moves into his path, smiling carefree.

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