

TOXIC LIMIT

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

BILL, 40, with wet hair and a gray suit, pockets his tie as he joined DAVE (late 20's) at the bar. Dave is dressed business casual, leaning back, relaxed and amused as he stares off toward the dance floor.

BILL
I made it! Those wet roads are dangerous.

Dave gestures at a large amount of tequila-filled shot glasses on the bar.

DAVE
Those were yours, right? We've been helping ourselves.

BILL
Great! Is everyone here? Where's Larry?

Dave points out toward the dance floor.

BILL (CONT'D)
Larry! Larry!

Bill waves. Larry, late 20's, dressed in business casual with a flashy silk shirt does a spin move as he dances over.

BILL (CONT'D)
Okay, now I'd like to make a toast.

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

BILL (CONT'D)
Welcome to the team, Dave!

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

DAVE
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

Dave, why do you invite me to these nightclubs if you think of me that way?

DAVE

Face it, you're the perfect wingman.

LARRY

I'm not your fucking wingman!

DAVE

I'm just joking, man. (glances away) Hey, one more for my friend?

Larry stares daggers at Dave, then relents.

BILL

Larry, I love that shirt.

Larry brightens and admires his shirt.

DAVE

Yeah, he paid wayyy too much money for it.

LARRY

Why is how I spend my money your business? You have to put me down to make you feel better about your own stuff?

DAVE

Okay, okay, calm down Leery. I won't talk about your spending habits anymore. Buy what you like, I won't say anything.

BILL

Leery?

DAVE

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

LARRY

Not stalking. Just interested.

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)

Don't you see what's going on here? This asshole has been getting his little insults in since I first met him. I'm so fucking tired of this.

DAVE

Hey, this is more than I signed up for.

Larry steals another glance at 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 an apartment that's closer than that?

LARRY

Yep, I love it, with all the window light and the 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

You only heard about this job
because it was what I wanted. Bill,
you know what Dave said when I told
him I got what seemed like my
dream job? He said that it was in
an old building, that needed a lot
of work. Just subtle enough where
I'm thinking about that rather than
my accomplishment. What sort of
friend does that?

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

I'm sorry, but I can't decide my
employees like that.

LARRY

Well then, I quit.

BILL

But you love your job!

LARRY

The building's too old for me
anyway.

They're suddenly interrupted as the brunette squares with
LARRY.

WOMAN

Excuse me, do you mind not staring
at me? Thanks.

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

LARRY flips his middle fingers up in Dave's face, then slips
behind the bar, snatching his keys off the wall behind a
distracted bartender. As LARRY 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

Dave, don't you see he's wasted!

Bill moves again but Dave moves into his path, smiling
carefree.

DAVE

He'll be fine, Bill!

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