

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 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

That thing looks tacky. I think rings are uncomfortable.

LARRY

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

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  
Hey, 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  
deal?

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, 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  
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  
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 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