

TRAVIS (20s, clean, fashionable), stares up at the ceiling from his comfy chair.

REX (30s, rugged, tattoos, accessorized) and LARRY (20s, eyeglasses, buttoned-up, prim) sit around the paraphernalia laden table in the living room, deep in thought.

The apartment is neat. The blankets are folded, the furniture in good condition, and a diploma hangs from the wall next to an old picture of the three friends.

ADVERTISEMENT (O.S.)

As fentanyl overdoses increase, we
are tasked with how to handle the
addiction epidemic.....

Unaware of the ad, Travis leans up and looks over to his friends.

TRAVIS

Dude -- right?

REX

(shrugs)

The three of us? Yeah, we could do
it...

Larry lifts his head from his hands and looks at his friends.

LARRY

I don't know... Even if we could...
Why risk it? Is it even worth it?

TRAVIS

Alright, alright. I get it. Go
home, sleep on it. I'm just glad we
were able to get together again --
I missed you guys.

Travis stands, Rex stands, but Larry remains seated.

LARRY

But I think --

TRAVIS

I don't wanna hear it right now.
Come back tomorrow morning for
breakfast and we'll talk about it
then.

Travis steps out of the seats and leads his friends to the door, but stops to place a loving hand on Larry's shoulder.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
I'll see you in the morning.
(looks at Rex)
Both of you.

FADE TO BLACK.

2 INT. TRAVIS' BEDROOM - DAY 2

Travis wakes in his bed, but lies still for a moment to gather his thoughts. With a confident exhale, he reaches over for his vape. As he takes a pull, he proactively silences his alarm just as it begins to go off.

He rolls out of bed to immediately drop into his morning push-ups, followed by a pull-up set.

3 INT. TRAVIS' BATHROOM - DAY 3

The cold shower cuts off. Travis steps out, grabs the towel on the hook, and checks himself out in the mirror.

4 INT. TRAVIS' KITCHEN - DAY 4

Travis closes the fridge and places all his breakfast ingredients on the counter.

Milk splashes into coffee. A spoon drops in to stir. Travis lifts the cup to his lips and takes a concentrated sip, as the food on the stove top commands his attention.

5 INT. REX'S BEDROOM - DAY 5

Rex's tattoos peek out the edges of his tank-top. As he rolls over to throw his legs off the bed, his socked feet hit the ground simultaneously to a racking cough.

He reaches up to adjust the gold chain around his neck and rub his face. With a grimace, he reaches over to the vape on his side table and takes a drag.

He stands to dig around the mess in his room, looking for the same pair of pants from the day before. He pops them on and walks out of the room.

6 INT. REX'S KITCHEN - DAY 6

Rex flicks the light on to reveal his dirty dishes. He steps

over to clear them and notices a half-finished beer bottle. With a quick shake to confirm, Rex kills it.

7 INT. LARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

7

Larry wakes startled by his alarm. Instinctively, he reaches for his glasses which take him a second to locate. He places them on his face with a big yawn and sits up to stretch.

Larry reaches blindly again to his bedside table. A spike of worry jolts him to action and he throws the blanket back. With relief, and slight embarrassment, Larry takes a long pull on his vape.

He stands, straightens out his pajama set, and walks past his clothes laid ready for him on the dresser to review the wall calendar.

8 INT. LARRY'S KITCHEN - DAY

8

Larry leans back on the counter and waits patiently for the elaborate coffeemaker to finish dispensing his cup o' joe. He moves to finish his perfect creation, happily dropping in a sugar cube and a splash of almond milk as he sits at the table.

Larry pokes away at his keyboard. The condensation builds on his glasses as he sips his hot beverage. His vape charges from his laptop.

FADE TO BLACK.

9 EXT. STREET FRONT OF TRAVIS'S APARTMENT. - DAY

9

Larry, wearing a backpack, arrives to see Rex leaning up against the wall, slightly sweaty from his walk. Rex is taking a drag from his vape. When he sees Larry, he puts the vape away in a pocket and lights a cigarette.

Larry dismounts his bike and rolls it up to the bike rack to chain it up.

LARRY

Wow, you're early for once.

Rex flicks the cigarette butt at Larry's feet.

REX

You ready?

Rex approaches with his arms out and unintentionally flashes his gun to Larry who stops him at arms length.

LARRY
Rex, what is that?
(quiet but stern)
Why are you carrying?

REX
(pulls it out)
Why not?

Larry grabs Rex's arm, stopping him from waving it around.

LARRY
Put that away! Are you crazy? Did
Travis ask you to bring that?

REX
(laughs)
Who cares, man? It's my gun, I know
what I'm doing.

LARRY
Yeah and the last time you "Knew
what you were doing" somebody
died... and waving it around in the
street is a genius idea.

Rex tucks the revolver away and steps in closer to rub
Larry's shoulders, but Larry smacks his hand and steps away.

REX
You're so tense. Take a deep breath
before you give yourself another
migraine.

LARRY
I haven't had migraines for years
now, Rex. Things have changed.

REX
I guess they have.

Larry lightly shoves Rex towards the door.

LARRY
Get in there. Now we're late.

Annoyed, Rex stands staring at the ceiling. Larry rolls his
eyes and reaches around Rex to hit the 3rd floor button.

11 INT. TRAVIS'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

11

Travis, dressed in his chef's apron, hears two hard knocks on his door. He flips the omelette without turning around.

TRAVIS (O.S.)
Come on in boys, it's unlocked.

Rex opens the door and heads to the kitchen table with Larry following close behind.

REX
(rubbing hands together)
Alright. Whatchu got for us?

TRAVIS
(pan in hand)
Don't you worry, I've got us a
killer omelette on the way.

REX
Ha! I'm not worried. I know how to
protect myself.

Rex pulls out his revolver and places it down hard on the table.

TRAVIS
Dude, what the hell? Is that
loaded? We don't need any guns for
this. No one is gonna get hurt.

LARRY
Thank you.
(to Rex)
You're taking this too far man. Way
too far.

Rex flips out an empty chamber.

REX
You guys need to relax, it's not
even loaded.

Rex leans back in his chair.

REX (CONT'D)
This is just to guarantee none of
us get hurt.

Travis is still focused on cooking.