

A group of friends are dancing around, vibing to the music, giggling their asses off. LUCAS (26) is sitting on a couch just watching them. He doesn't seem to be having much of a good time when MATT (22) comes and plops down right next to Lucas with a big sigh.

MATT

I don't know what to do, man about life, man!

LUCAS

Don't call me 'man'.

MATT

Right, sorry dude.

(beat)

I'm just saying, like, what's the point?

LUCAS

(sighs, leans forward)

There's no point. So do whatever the fuck you want.

Matts face lights up. He jumps up and rushes back to his friends. Lucas sits back, his face falling. Someone at a distance watches Lucas, curious.

The place is a bit trashed. People are passed out on the floor and on the couch. Lucas stands near the door. He looks over to Matt who rushes up to him and thanks him without saying a word as if very emotional.

CHAD (23) walks over to Lucas, counting money.

CHAD

You were amazing. Apparently Matt had the realization of a lifetime.

(hands over money)

It's all there. Thanks for a great trip. Man, you must love your job!

(Lucas nods halfheartedly)

You wanna chill out for a sec? Take a load off-

Lucas leaves before Chad finishes.

Lucas sitting on the kitchen counter in his house, rifling through the bills next to him. It's quiet and empty. A couple of them read '*past due*'. He sighs, the stress beginning to show. His phone rings, snapping him out of it. A random number illuminates the screen. He answers.

LUCAS

Hello?

NOAH (O.S.)

Hi, uh, is this Lucas?

LUCAS

Who wants to know?

NOAH (O.S.)

Oh, I'm Noah. I was at the party last night. I was told I should talk to you if I wanted to, uh... take a trip?

Lucas sighs, grabbing a pen and a piece of paper.

LUCAS

How many in your party?

NOAH

Oh, uh, it's just me.

Lucas stares at the phone sharply.

LUCAS

Sorry, no can do. I only sit groups.

Lucas grabs a cigarette from his pack and sticks it in his mouth.

NOAH

But-

LUCAS

Get a couple friends to trip with you and then we'll talk, okay? Great.

NOAH

Wait, wait, wait - how much? Whatever it is, I'll double it for just me. Please.

Lucas pauses for a moment, glancing over at his stack of bills. He sighs.

LUCAS

I'll text you the address.

Lucas hangs up the phone. He runs his hand through his hair and down his face, groaning.

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INT. LUCAS'S HOUSE - EVENING

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Lucas is sifting through a drawer of drugs when there is a knock at the door.

Lucas opens to door to see NOAH (26), well kept with glasses, a button-up shirt, and a tie, standing in front of him. Lucas looks him up and down quizzically.

LUCAS

Can I help you?

NOAH

Um, yeah, I'm Noah. We spoke on the phone earlier...

Lucas looks Noah up and down again, giving him a 'hm' before walking back inside, leaving the door slightly ajar. Noah takes that as a sign and follows Lucas inside, shutting the door behind him.

Lucas goes to the kitchen counter, grabbing a cigarette and proceeding to smoke it. He turns and watches as Noah just stands there, looking nervously around at the house.

LUCAS

There are a couple rules for you to know before we get started.

Noah turns to him, attentive.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Rule number one, I decide how much you take and if and when you can take more. Rule number two, don't call me 'man'.

NOAH

Why is that a rule?

LUCAS

Rule number three, don't question me. What I say, goes.

(MORE)

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Rule number four, you must stay hydrated at all costs.

Lucas starts to inch closer to Noah.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

And rule number five... if you disobey my rules or try to harm me, yourself, or others, I will, by any means necessary, sober you up and kick you out. Got it?

Noah watches Lucas, hesitant, fearful. Lucas walks back to the counter and grabs another cigarette.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

It's not too late to change your mind, you know.

NOAH

I'm not scared.

LUCAS

I never said you were.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

But let's add another rule, shall we?

Lucas inches towards Noah, taking the cigarette out of his mouth.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

Don't lie to me.

Noah looks away, slightly embarrassed. Lucas feels a tinge of guilt, or maybe it's pity - he backs away. He rubs his hair and face again, and clears his throat.

LUCAS (CONT'D)

It's nothing to be embarrassed about. You know, I was a lot like you my first time.

NOAH

Really?

LUCAS

(nods)

I'll make you a deal. Hundred buck more and I'll be your trip companion.