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Written by

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FADE IN

INT. BEDROOM-DAY

An arm getting a rubber cord gets tied around it. The veins raise and become more visible. A syringe comes to focus as it pokes a vein releasing a golden liquid rushing into the blood stream. The sound of relief can be heard as the needle is removed, blood trails down the arm. The sound of a voice in the distance begins to grow closer.

CHRIS (V.O.)

John are you up? You're going to be late for work.

A MEDIUM SHOT OF JOHN

JOHN, 28 and wearing a business suit rolls down the sleeve.

JOHN

Yeah, I'm up. Is it time for work all ready?

CHRIS (V.O.)

Yeah man. Your suppose to be to work in 10 minutes!

John slowly starts to fade in and out of consciousness as he talks.

JOHN

I'm coming, I'm coming..

He gets up slowly. It seems to be hard for him. He gets up, reaches onto the bed and grabs a briefcase. With his eyes half shut and balance not the greatest, he makes his way towards the bedroom door. He turns the handle and the door opens. CHRIS, 31 wearing gym shorts and a shirt is standing in the hall.

INT. HALLWAY-DAY

CHRIS

You better get your ass moving man. This will be your third day late this week.

JOHN

It's not your problem Chris. I'm doing just fine.

He takes a step to walk by Chris as he stumbles over himself. He puts an arm out to balance himself against the wall before he falls over.

INT. HALLWAY-DAY

Chris nods his head in a disappointed way as he reaches out and gabs Johns shoulder to help him balance.

CHRIS

What the hell man your all fucked up! It's 8 am in the morning. You got some serious problems John.

JOHN

I don't need this from you right now. You're not my father Chris so why don't you get out of my way.

CHRIS

You're fumbling over your words and you can barely stand up. Let me help you. I can get you help.

John pushes Chris as he heads down the hallway.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Please, let me help you.

Chris ignored as John continues to stumble down the hallway, car keys in hand. He comes to a staircase and turns back towards Chris before heading down.

JOHN

I know you mean well but I don't need this. Go worry about your own fucking life!

INT. STAIRCASE-DAY

He takes one step and fall down the steps. You can hear the sound of body parts smashing against the stairs, wall and railing.

CHRIS

John! What the hell..

INT. HALLWAY-DAY

Chris run's towards the staircase.

INT. STAIRCASE-DAY

Chris looks down the stairs seeing John laying at the bottom.

INT. FRONT CORRIDOR-DAY

John is laying face down lifeless. Chris run's down the stairs and slowly turns John over to check on him.

CHRIS

John, wake up.. Wake up John.

He checks John for a pulse. The sound of relief is heard. Chris determines John is alive and breathing Just knocked out. He carries John to the living room and puts him on the couch.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Chris sits down in the chair next to the couch and reaches over and grabs John's cell phone. He scrolls through the contacts until it stops at "Work". He hits send. The sounds of ringing can be heard.

CHRIS

Yes.. Hello. I am just calling to let you know John Baker will not be into work today. John wanted me to call he has lost his voice. He may be out for a few days.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Thank you, goodbye.

CLOSE UP

Chris pulls the phone away from his ear and hits the end call button.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

John, Sweaty and dazed begins to wake up. It is dark, sounds of people talking can be heard. Turning to get up everything is blurry as his view begins to focus he can see Chris sitting next to him watching the TV.

CHRIS

Ah, you're finally awake.

JOHN

Yeah, I'm up. What time is it?

CHRIS

10:30 p.m..

JOHN

Oh shit. They're going to kill me at work.

CHRIS

I took care of that, but you can't just live life like its a big party. I mean you can as long as you get the important shit done first.

JOHN

I know, I know. I been so stressed with work.

CHRIS

You have had this problem for a while now. I am calling into work for you. You gotta wake up man. One of these days you're going to kill yourself.

JOHN

I just enjoy getting high. Everyone enjoy's relaxing. This is just how I relax. I know my limits.

CHRIS

Keep thinking that. You're going to lose your job. You look sick half the time and completely out of focus. You need to smarten up.

JOHN

I get it man. I know I'm not perfect. I know I have problems but get off my back for 5 minutes.

He stands up and begins to leave the room.

CHRIS

What you're just going to leave and ignore the truth like you always do? I am not going to keep living here with a person that's completely fucked up all time.

John leave's the room and begins to walk up the stairs.

INT. STAIRCASE-NIGHT

Walking up the stairs a voice can be heard.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Run and hide. You're a fucking
joke.

JOHN
Fuck you.

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

John is pacing around the room anxiously.

JOHN (V.O.)
What should I do? I know I need to
make changes why can't I just do it
all ready?

He reaches and grabs a small bag from his dresser. Inside the bag are vile's with a tan fluid inside accompanied by some fresh syringe's. He reaches into the bag.

JOHN (V.O.)
I just need to relax though. Once I
am relaxed I can figure this all
out. I just need one more night to
calm the nerve's and finish having
some fun.

John zip's up the bag, grabs his jacket and opens the door to the hallway.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Chris is sitting on the couch watching TV when he hears foot steps coming down the stairs. He looks and see's John about to leave.

CHRIS
I don't think you're a joke. I just
think you need to do some fixing. I
can help if you want. That's all I
was trying to say earlier. You been
doing so good up until a few weeks
ago.

JOHN
It's fine man. I know what you
mean. I am going to go out for a
bit to clear my head.

CHRIS

If you want we could go out and grab a beer.

JOHN

No thanks, I kind of want to be alone.

CHRIS

Okay then.. What is in the bag by the way?

John begin's to get agitated.

JOHN

Here you are again acting like my father. Don't worry about what's in the bag. I thought you said you wanted to help? If you really wanna help just let me go clear my mind.

He walks past Chris and out the front door.

EXT. LAWN-NIGHT

Chris walk's out the front door of the house and see's John backing out of the driveway.

CHRIS (V.O.)

This motherfucker thinks I am stupid. He is going to end up killing himself.

He shake's his head in a disappointing way, turns and walks back into the house.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

John reaches for the volume on his radio. The sounds of heavy metal fills the car. He grabs his bag and dumps the contents onto his passenger seat. 4 syringes full of a tan liquid start rolling around the passenger seat. John begins to look anxious as he whips the car to the side of the road and parks. Music still blaring he grabs a needle from his passenger seat. With his other hand he reaches into his pocket and pulls out a rubber tube. He begins to tie it around his arm when he hears his phone ring. John stop what he is doing, turns down the music and answers the phone.

JOHN

Hey, what's up man?

ERIC (V.O.)

Not much man. Sorry I missed your call last night you should come by and chill for a bit. I got some really good shit.

JOHN

Yeah man that sounds good I'll be right over.

John hangs up the phone and unties the rubber cord from his arm. He puts the car into drive and begins to drive down the street.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

John pull's into the driveway. He reaches onto his passenger seat and grabs the 4 full syringes sets them in the bag. He grabs the bag and exits the car.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE-NIGHT

John walk's to the front door and gives it a good beating.

ERIC (V.O.)

Damn man you gunna knock my damn door the fuck off.

John Laughs then knocks on the door softly.

JOHN

Come on man you going let me in.

ERIC (V.O.)

Yeah I'm coming, I'm coming.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Eric opens the door and greets John with a special hand shake they do.

JOHN

Damn man its really good to see you. You ready to get fucked up?

ERIC

Hell yeah man. You know I am always down to party. Come on in.

INT. ERIC'S LIVINGROOM-NIGHT

Eric and John grab a seat on the couch.

ERIC

What are you drinking man? I got
the fella's all here Jim, Jack, and
John.

JOHN

I'll have a Jack and coke.

ERIC

Coming right up.

Eric walk out of the room. The sounds of a phone ringing
begin to be heard. John looks at his phone and see's Chris is
calling. John hits the ignore button. Phone reads "you have 3
missed calls".

EXT. CAR-NIGHT

Driving down the street Chris reaches for his phone and
call's John.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Come on, Pick up the phone!

Voice mail answers. "This is John leave a message", Beep.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Come on man just answer the damn
phone. I'm out driving around
looking for you.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE-NIGHT

The sounds of music and a phone ringing as John and Eric
drink a beer and start to prepare for a night a fun as Eric
shows off a large vile filled with a black liquid.

JOHN

What the hell is that? It's so
dark.

ERIC

It's some new shit. I just picked
it up today. I was told it's some
really good stuff man.

Feeling kind of nervous about this new product, John looks at his phone. He can see that he has an incoming call from Chris.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Nothing to say? You not gunna wimp
out on me are ya?

John thinks for a moment about what Chris was saying early and begin's to understand what he was trying to get across to him.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Hello, Earth to John.

Chris's words begin to be forgotten as John does not want to look bad.

JOHN
Fuck yeah I'm not scared of
nothing. Let's do this.

ERIC
That's my boy. Toss me a cord.

John reaches to his right and grabs his bag. He reaches in and pulls out a rubber cord.

JOHN
Here you go.

He tosses the cord to Eric. The sound's of phone ringing can be heard.

ERIC
You gunna have to put that damn
phone on mute or I'm gunna silence
it for ya. That is like the fifth
damn time I heard the thing.

JOHN
My fault man I'll silence it. My
damn roommate has been going off on
me like my damn dad use after he'd
catch me smoking cigarettes as a
kid.

ERIC
You need me to pay that piece of
shit pecker head a visit? I'll
straighten his ass right up.

JOHN
No it's nothing I can't handle.

ERIC

Well you let me know if you change
your mind. I'm ready to get high
enough talking.

Eric tie's the cord around his left arm. With his free hand he grabs the syringe and presses the needle into his vile. He slowly pulls back the plunger filling the syringe with black mirky liquid.

JOHN

You sure that's safe man?

Eric find's a vein and shoot's. The syringe is empty in a flash.

ERIC

Yeah it's safe. Well... It better
be or I'm fucked. Here man it's
your turn.

Wobbly, feeling almost instant affects from the shot he tosses the cord to John picks up a syringe and loads it with the new product.

ERIC (CONT'D)

You gunna love this shit I'm
feeling it already.

Excited about his friends good news John quickly tie's the cord around his arm as Eric hand's him the syringe. John find's a vein and take's the shot.

JOHN

Damn that burn's.

ERIC

All the good shit does.

Both Eric and John begin to fade in and out of consciousness as the enjoy the feeling they get from the shot It's hard for them to keep there eye's open. Suddenly headlights are seen through a window and it startles the two.

JOHN

You expecting company?

ERIC

No man. Let me see who it is.

Eric goes to the window and see's a green car in his driveway. The driver side door begins to open.

ERIC (CONT'D)

It's a green car man. You know anyone with a green car?

John leap's up and heads to the window.

JOHN

Dude that's my fucking roommate.

ERIC

I done told you before man I'll take care of him for you. I'll do it right now.

Eric begins to move toward the door.

JOHN

Don't do that, let me take care of it.

John walk's over to the door open's it and walk's outside.

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Chris walk's to the front door and is approached by John coming outside to greet him.

CHRIS

Come on man let's go. You know this guy Eric is not your friend and he is only your dealer.

JOHN

Stop your wrong. Eric is my friend and you have got to go. You don't wanna be around when I'm getting high so go.

CHRIS

I been driving around looking for you since you left. You were swerving all down the road. You're not in a good place.

John's eye begin to close as the drug's continue to affect him. He start's to lose his balance.

JOHN

It's time for you to go. I don't want you here.

John begin's to fall over and Chris catches him. John begin's to look upset.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Get the fuck off me. Stop pushing me.

CHRIS

You gotta be fucked up.

Chris laugh's at John and look's over at the house only to see Eric in the window laughing.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You just fell and I caught you look even you so called friend is laughing at you.

John turn's and look's at Eric in the window and give's him the middle finger.

JOHN

That's it Chris leave before I.

CHRIS

Before you do what?

John lunge's forward swinging his fist as Chris pushes him to the ground. The front door to the house open's and Eric walk's out. He see's John laying on the ground and start's moving toward's Chris gaining speed as if he is going to attack him.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

You better stop your self right there. You don't know me, I'll hurt your ass.

Eric stop's advancing as he pull's a knife out of his pocket.

ERIC

You don't know me either. They call me "Eric the Destroyer" and I'll fuck your world up. Make your ass have to eat out of a straw.

John begin's to lift himself off the ground as he struggle's in his doped up state.

JOHN

Stop Chris just leave before you end up getting hurt.

CHRIS

I'm not leaving with out you John. What the hell happened to you we use to be friends.

(MORE)

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Now you just wanna get high and
skip out on life.

Eric take's a swing at Chris and hit's him in the face. Chris
fall's to the ground. Eric run's at chris with his knife out
looking to stab him. Chris turn's quick out of the way
dodging the knife and getting back to his feet.

JOHN

Eric stop, what are you doing
you're acting crazy.

Eric continues to swing the knife at Chris like it's a sword.

ERIC

Come here mother fucker. I'm gunna
get you.

Chris dodge's another swipe by the knife step's forward and
hit's Eric in the face.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Is that all you got? You hit like a
little girl.

CHRIS

Stop before you end up getting
hurt. I got no business with you I
just wanna get my buddy and get out
of here.

John walk's towards the front door and reaches for the
handle.

ERIC

Where do you think you're going?

JOHN

I'm going to get my stuff and I'm
getting out of here with Chris.
You're acting crazy.

ERIC

So you're just gunna start all of
this shit at my house and just
leave?

John walk's in the house. Eric get upset and run's after
John. Chris chases after Eric catching him before he reaches
the door. Chris takes a swing at Eric hitting him in the
chest and down to the ground. Eric turn's and kicks Chris
back to help regain his footing.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Come on boy. Is that it?

John comes running out of the front door with his bag in hand. Eric turns and swing's at him while he dash's by and misses. While Eric's punch misses John Chris takes advantage of this and swing's hitting Eric in the back of the head. Eric fall's to the ground and tries to get up. Chris kick's him in the face knocking him out.

CHRIS

Come on John let's fucking go.

Chris spit's blood out of his mouth and head's towards the car. John follows alongside to the car and get's in the passenger seat.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Chris get in the car shuts the door and starts the ignition.

CHRIS

This is the last time I will ever come and get you from a sketchy ass place. That guy Eric is a scum bag.

Chris pulls the car out of the driveway and drive's down the street.

JOHN

Man I'm sorry about that. Even though I'm pretty pissed at you I never though Eric would react like that. He was pretty fucked up.

CHRIS

You're pissed at me? I almost got stabbed over this bull shit and we still have to go back tomorrow at some point to get your car since your to fucked up to drive. You done fucking with that shit?

JOHN

Yeah I think I have had enough of it. I'm going to go back to the house pass out and just relax tomorrow and forget about that life style. It's to much for me.

EXT. DRIVEWAY-NIGHT

Chris pull's into the driveway and park's the car. Both John and Chris get out of the car but John hesitate's. He is looking in the car at his bag full of the drug that got him in this situation in the first place.

CHRIS

You don't need that come on John
let's go inside.

John stand's motionless for a minute then snap's back to reality.

JOHN

You are right let's go inside. I'm
ready to pass out anyway.

They both walk in the front door of the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Chris and John walk in the living room. Chris take's a seat on the couch and turn's the television on. The sound's of Sport commentary can be heard.

CHRIS

I think I'm going to pass out down
here tonight while I catch up on
some of the game's.

JOHN

Okay I'm going to bed I will see
you in the morning.

John begin's to leave the room and head up the stairs.

EXT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

John sit's on the bed and take's off his shoe's. He is starting to shake as he is coming down of the drug. He reaches into his pocket and pull's out a syringe full of a black liquid. When he went back in for his stuff at Eric's house he ended up taking some that was not his. John sit's holding the syringe knowing he could stop those shake's right now.

JOHN (V.O.)

I don't need this. I can live with
out it.

John open's his dresser drawer and tosses the syringe in and closes it. He then lay's in bed and fall's asleep.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Sound's of a alarm are going off. Chris wake's up and grab's his cell phone which is the source of sound, it's 6 am. He shut's off the alarm and hop's off the couch. He can hear something in the kitchen so he walk's there to see what the sound is.

INT. KITCHEN-DAY

Chris walk's in the kitchen and notice's John making some food.

CHRIS

Damn I did not expect to see you awake so early.

JOHN

I was hoping to hop up and make some breakfast before you left for work. Kind of an apology for yesterday.

John grab's a plate and put's some eggs, pancake's and sausage on it.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Here you go man. I know this does not make anything better but it's a start.

CHRIS

I'm starving, thanks. What are you going to do with your day off today?

JOHN

I think I am going to go to the gym. I have got to try and keep my mind occupied so I will not wanna get high. I'm trying.

CHRIS

That's good while you're at it why don't you mow the lawn it could use it.

Chris and John both laugh and eat there breakfast. Chris get's up and put's his dish in the sink.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Time for me to go get dressed for work. I'll see you later if you need anything text me.

JOHN

Okay will do I'll see you later.

Chris exit's the room and John reaches into his pocket and pull's out the syringe he had taken from Eric's house. He Look's around for a minute nervously and hear's Chris moving around upstairs. He quickly put's the syringe in his pocket. Chris come's walking down the stairs.

CHRIS

See you later man

Chris exit's the house. John get's excited the look off freedom can be seen in his face. He then grab's a beer and head's out on the front porch and sit's in a chair.

EXT. HOUSE-DAY

John drink's some of his beer with a smile on his face. He reaches in his pocket and pull's out the syringe and stairs at it.

JOHN (V.O.)

This is it John. This is the last time. After this I'm going to fix my mistake's and move on.

John pull's a rubber cord from his pocket and begin's to tie it around his arm. He searches for a vein, pushes the needle through his skin and shoot's. Instant relief can be seen on John's face as he take's another sip from his beer.

JOHN

Man that is some good stuff.

John stand's up tosses the used needle in the bushes and turn's to walk back in the house. During his walk he start's to feel weird. He quickly fall's to the porch floor falling in and out of consciousness he yell's in a loudest voice.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Help! Help!

Right before John fade's out completely he can see someone's leg's coming toward's him. *It's a young boy on his way to school as he run's for help after he witnesses what is happening.*

INT. OFFICE-DAY

The Phone begin's to ring. Chris pick's up the phone.

CHRIS

Hello. Yes this is him. Can you tell me what the problem is officer? You want me to meet you at the hospital? Right now? Ok I'll be right there.

Chris hop's out of his chair and out of the office quickly telling his secretary not to bother him that he would be out for the day.

INT. HOSPITAL-DAY

Chris run's in the door and head's straight to the help desk.

CHRIS

Yes I am looking for some police officer's? I was told to meet them here.

SECRETARY

Officer's are down the hall fifth door on the left.

CHRIS

Thank You.

Chris walk's down the hall to the fifth room on the left and look's in. He see's John on the bed hooked to a ventilator and a bunch of other machine's while 2 officer's stand by him. Chris enter's the room.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What the fuck happened?

OFFICER 1

Doctor's said is was a heroin overdose.

CHRIS

Is he going to make it will he be okay?

OFFICER 2

Well he will live but he will be hooked to these machine's for the rest of his life. By the time medic's got to him he wasn't breathing.

(MORE)

OFFICER 2 (CONT'D)
They finally brought him back on
the way to the hospital but the
lack of oxygen to his brain was
just to much.

CHRIS
There has to be something else?
Another way?

OFFICER 1
I'm sorry son. He is brain dead.

Chris start's to cry as he rapidly paces around the room.

CHRIS
Has anyone contacted his parent's?

OFFICER 1
Yes his parent's have been
contacted and they are flying in
from Maine tomorrow. We are going
to head out now unless you have
anything to tell us.

CHRIS
I'm sorry officer's I got nothing
for you. John had his problem's and
I tried to help him but I guess I
was to late.

The officer's leave the room as Chris approaches John laying
lifeless in bed.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
I tried man I'm sorry. I will miss
you.

Chris turn's and leave's the room.

FADE OUT

