

LUPINE (EXCERPT)

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INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

ZACK (mid-20s, lanky, dark-haired, a bit obsessive) is chopping vegetables at the kitchen counter when OLIVER (similar in age, shorter, always slightly on edge) walks in and sits on a bar stool to watch.

ZACK
Still here, huh?

OLIVER
What, you gonna kick me out now?

ZACK
No, I didn't say that. Just... a bit surprised, is all, after everything.

Oliver doesn't respond, just watches Zack continue to chop away.

ZACK (CONT'D)
How do you feel about chili?

OLIVER
Like, as a concept?

ZACK
Like, for dinner.

OLIVER
I like chili.

ZACK
Good. Because I'm making some.

OLIVER
Thanks.

ZACK
You're welcome. You feeling better?

OLIVER
Mhm. Sleep helped. Still sore, but...

Oliver lifts up his shirt to reveal a bruised torso and a wound that is now mostly healed.

ZACK
Wow. You weren't kidding. You do heal fast. Is... have you always...?

OLIVER
Came with the territory, so no. And I learned the hard way.

ZACK

Oh. I'm... sorry to hear that.

Oliver looks away, clearly uncomfortable. Zack continues slicing vegetables.

OLIVER

It's fine. I'm here now.

ZACK

Well. I'm not kicking you out, so...
you're safe here.

OLIVER

I'm not so sure about that.

ZACK

(wary)
What do you mean?

OLIVER

Last night. There's... I think I've
been followed.

ZACK

Followed? By who?

Oliver buries his face in his hands, tense, rattled.

ZACK (CONT'D)

(realization dawning)
Wait. Is it whoever's responsible for
doing this to you?

Oliver doesn't need to answer verbally, Zack just looks at him and knows it's true.

ZACK (CONT'D)

Are you in danger? Am *I* in danger?

OLIVER

I don't think he'd hurt you. He's not
that stupid. I... I'm sorry.

ZACK

What for?

OLIVER

Putting you in this position.

ZACK

No, you don't have to apologize. I'm
not gonna let anything happen to you.

Oliver sighs, not knowing how to respond.

ZACK (CONT'D)

Who is he?

Zack can tell Oliver is freezing up, shutting down.

ZACK (CONT'D)

It's okay. You don't have to get into it. But if there's anything I can do to help...

OLIVER

(quickly)

You've already done plenty. I'll-I'll figure something out. Just. Don't worry about it.

ZACK

Okay.

OLIVER

I'm serious.

ZACK

Yeah, well, worrying is one of the few things I'm very good at, so... I'm gonna worry.

OLIVER

Okay, then just... don't do anything. I'll be fine.

ZACK

If you say so.

OLIVER

(not unkindly)

I say so.

Zack smiles and begins cooking the chili in earnest, moving to the stove, and Oliver rests his head on the kitchen island, watching him work, the rest of the dinner preparation proceeding in silence.