

LEERY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

The seats of a lecture hall begin to fill with students.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)
Again, if you're not here for
Introduction to Software
Engineering, you're in the wrong
class.

After LARRY LI settles in, he notices a sea of white students. DAVE WANG, sitting a couple seats away, moves to sit next to him. Larry visibly relaxes and introduces himself.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS GROUNDS - DAY

Larry and Dave stand in caps and gowns in front of school building. Dave waits with interest as Larry finishes a phone call.

LARRY
This job is perfect for me! You
won't regret it. Yes, I can start
then! Yep, see you soon Bill.

DAVE
Wow, they hired you already?

LARRY
Yeah, this could be my dream job!

Larry jumps up in celebration, reaching for the sky.

DAVE
It's in a neighborhood that's
sketchy as hell, but, yeah, good
job!

Larry's smile falters, but his elation returns with a self-congratulatory fist pump.

INT. OFFICE SPACE - AFTERNOON

Dave in business casual with facial scruff browses over Instagram feeds on his phone. A sharply dressed Larry traces his finger over a screen cluttered with thirty windows. He stiffens.

LARRY
Finally! I fixed it! Hey, new guy,
you want to check my work?

Larry turns toward an unresponsive Dave, stares for a moment,
then shakes his head and turns back.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

BILL, 40, with wet hair and a gray suit, sets down a tray of
tequila-filled shot glasses and his dripping coat. He joins
Larry and Dave, both seated at the bar.

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 notices Larry empty-handed and hands him a
shot, which he barely lifts.

BILL (CONT'D)
To our success tomorrow, winning a
huge client! And let us officially
welcome our newest employee, Dave,
to the team!

After everyone else downs their shots, Larry follows suit.

DAVE
Hey buddy, looks like we're
officially coworkers! This company
can't be more awesome.

Larry silently stares toward the bar's lounge area.

DAVE (CONT'D)
What's so interesting?

Dave follows his gaze and sees an attractive brunette reading
a book.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Oh, she's hot. You don't stand a
chance, Larry! Or should I say
Leery?

Larry stares daggers.

LARRY
I wasn't leering.

Dave holds up his hands in mock surrender. Larry grabs another shot and finishes it as Bill approaches.

BILL
Larry, not too many, okay?

LARRY
I'm not gonna be staying much longer anyway.

Larry sets his glass down.

BILL
Before you go, I've been meaning to tell you...

Bill notices Larry's hand over the bar.

BILL (CONT'D)
Hey, that's a nice ring.

Larry brightens, admiring his ring, then opens his mouth to speak as Dave leans in to look.

DAVE
That looks so uncomfortable. Take it off.

LARRY
No, my Dad gave it to me. And don't tell me what to do.

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.

DAVE
C'mon, talk to her.

Larry squares with Dave.

LARRY

I said, don't tell me what to do.

Larry turns toward Bill.

LARRY (CONT'D)

He wasn't always such a dick, but I'm seriously tired of his shit.

DAVE

He gets temperamental sometimes.

Larry's eyes roll back toward the shots. He grabs another and downs it. Bill shifts his eyes uncomfortably.

BILL

Larry, you're not driving anywhere tonight, right?

DAVE

We carpooled since we share an apartment. Anyway, wouldn't want Leery to crash the car he dumped his money into. The way he's drinking, it'll be worth half that by the time he's sober.

Bill chuckles.

BILL

But seriously, Larry, I wanted to tell you...

Larry spins toward Dave.

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 it was in a sketchy neighborhood. Just subtle enough.

DAVE

Tell me, are you done with your little tantrum?

BILL

(to Dave)

Give us a minute?

Dave steps away with a sigh.

LARRY

I just can't take him anymore. I'm done with him.

BILL

Look, I'm not sure of the history here and you don't need to be friends, but...

LARRY

Friends. It's bad enough he knows them all. I'll just pay my last three months of rent and be done with him.

BILL

Wait, sure, but, you can at least work with him, right? He skills that are hard to find. Also...

LARRY

No.

Bill purses his lips and looks over his shoulder.

BILL

Dave, help me out here.

He waves Dave back over.

BILL (CONT'D)

Ya think you can you stop giving Larry a hard time? I need you both to get along.

LARRY

And 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! And one more thing...

LARRY

I'm not liking the neighborhood anyway.

DAVE
(whispering to Larry)
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. Dave's nudges only result in Larry's nervous glances. The woman walks away without incident. Dave shakes his head and leans toward Bill.

DAVE (CONT'D)
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.

Larry pushes himself away from the bar.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I'm so done with this. I quit.

Larry turns to leave but Bill moves to intercept.

BILL
Wait, Larry...

Larry shoves past him.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Larry stands at the front desk, wheeled suitcase in hand, talking to a RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST
Just a minute while I check you
out.

LARRY
Can you call a cab for me too
please?

The elevator dings and releases a frantic Bill.

BILL
Larry!

Bill races up to Larry while he's trapped in line.

BILL (CONT'D)

Larry, you've been working on this for two years, and it's about to pay off! I need you!

LARRY

I'm sorry. I just need a clean break. You saw...

BILL

I know. I understand. But, Larry, there's something I was trying to tell you the other night.

LARRY

Oh?

BILL

We weren't just there to celebrate Dave joining the company. I want to promote you, to manager.

LARRY

Wait, what?

BILL

Dave would be reporting to you.

After a moment of consideration, Larry's eyes meet Bill's. Larry grins.

FADE OUT