

LARRY'S LIST

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

LARRY dances past a smirking DAVE and sits next to him, nearly missing his barstool. The two men are in their late 20's dressed in business casual. Dave is admiring the scene, while LARRY sways.

LARRY looks down the bar.

LARRY
Another on my tab please.

BARTENDER
Keys first, buddy.

LARRY exchanges his keys for another whiskey, no ice, and quickly downs it, then looks out toward the dance floor.

DAVE
Wow, you drink that stuff like a champ!

LARRY
I'm gonna ask her out.

Dave follows LARRY's line of sight and sees an attractive brunette standing alone, glancing back toward them with a smile.

DAVE
You might be aiming a little high there, bud.

LARRY
She keeps glancing at me.

DAVE
She's amused by your dancing.

LARRY
Why do you keep needling me?

DAVE
Tell you what. (glances away) One more of the same please!

Another whiskey sloshes into view and Dave slides it over to LARRY, who takes a swig from it.

LARRY
Why do you even invite me along to
these nightclubs?

DAVE
Bill's here too y'know, but, face
it, you're a good wingman.

LARRY
I'm not your fucking wingman!

Larry loses himself in his whiskey. Dave leans back against
the bar and observes.

DAVE
You know I was joking, right Larry?

Larry tries to ignore him as Dave continues in a mocking
tone.

DAVE (CONT'D)
Larry... Larry... Larry...

LARRY finishes his second whiskey.

LARRY
That does it.

LARRY pulls a paper from his pocket, holds it up angrily at
Dave, and unfolds it.

DAVE
What is that?

LARRY
Number one. You make fun of me
needing GPS navigation, all the
time.

DAVE
So? You depend on that too much.

LARRY
Why does it matter to you? Everyone
uses them, and I'm not great with
directions!

DAVE
Let me see that.

Dave tries to snatch the list, but LARRY grips it with both
hands and continues.

LARRY

You're always telling me I'm wasting my money. Like when I spent a little extra on this shirt I LOVE... yeah, this one.

DAVE

What? It looks great on you!

LARRY

The first time you saw it, you said it's probably priced way too high and you don't like the style. And my apartment, that I was so happy about signing the lease for... it looked so nice with the blue carpeting... you go for a much cheaper one and comment on how you made the better buy and I'm an idiot.

DAVE

Yeah, you spend way too much money.

LARRY

What's it your business what I spend my money on? You have to put me down to make you feel better about your own stuff?

DAVE

Okay, okay. I won't talk about your spending habits anymore. Buy what you like, I won't say anything.

LARRY glances back over to the woman who again catches him looking.

LARRY

Oh, and when I'm going on my big vacation to London, all you have to talk about is how London will be there forever, and it's much cheaper and better to go to the more natural vacation spots while they're still around.

DAVE

Yeah, it's the truth. I was trying to help you.

LARRY

I wanted to see London, and you knew I bought the plane ticket and everything was planned. You go ahead and just tear it down. I had a blast anyway, jackass.

DAVE

Look, this is more than I signed up for.

LARRY

I didn't ask you to agree to anything. I don't want anything to have to do with you anymore.

DAVE

Oh for fuck's sake! You're so overreacting.

BILL, 35, dressed stylish but comparatively casual, parks himself on an adjacent bar stool, listening with interest.

LARRY

And the worst example was when I finally got the job I've been hoping for since college. It took me time to get there, but I fought and I got there. What is the one thing you had to say?

Dave shrugs.

LARRY (CONT'D)

That it's in an old building. Just subtle enough that I took it seriously, and that job didn't seem that great anymore. Thanks for that, asswipe, especially since you just joined the same company.

BILL

Whoa! Hey! Are you two lovebirds quarreling again?

DAVE

Tell me LARRY, are you done with your little tantrum?

LARRY

I'm so done with you.

BILL

Can you give us a moment, Dave?

Dave goes away.

BILL (CONT'D)
Look, LARRY, you know Dave is part
of our gang. You guys have been
friends for years, and he doesn't
know anyone else out here.

LARRY
Bill, I just can't take him
anymore.

LARRY shows him the list, but Bill refuses it.

BILL
Can't you maybe just take a break
for a month, or two then give it
another shot?

LARRY pauses, then slowly shakes his head.

LARRY
No, no, no... not again. It's him
or me.

BILL
Well, I'm not going to pick and
choose my friends because of you.

LARRY
Then I'm done with you as well. I'm
done with all of you.

LARRY exchanges glances one more time with the woman across
the dance floor, as Dave returns.

BILL
C'mon, just a month.

LARRY
No.

BILL
Look, let me buy you a drink.

LARRY
NO!

DAVE
We work in the same building.
You're going to have to deal with
me at some point.

LARRY

No! No I don't! I'm not making this mistake again.

DAVE

What, you're going to quit?

LARRY

If I need to. I'm going to tell them I can't work with you, and let them decide what to do.

DAVE

But I thought you loved your job.

LARRY

The building's too old for me.

They're suddenly interrupted as the brunette squares with LARRY.

WOMAN

Excuse me, do you mind not staring at me? Thanks.

Just as abruptly, the woman leaves the three in stunned silence. Dave bursts out laughing.

LARRY flips his middle fingers up in Dave's face, checks where the bartender is, then leans over and snatches his keys. As LARRY proceeds toward the exit, Bill's eyes widen.

BILL

LARRY, what the hell are you doing?

Bill starts to follow but Dave grabs his shoulder.

DAVE

Relax, he'll be back.

BILL

What the fuck, man, he's wasted!

Bill moves again but Dave moves into his path, smiling carefree.

DAVE

He'll be fine, Bill!

BILL

Move!

Dave tries to block him again but Bill shoves him to the ground and chases.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Bill stops at the edge of the parking lot and shouts.

BILL
LARRY! Stop!

Car tires screech.

BILL (CONT'D)
LARRY!

A horn honks along with more screeching, followed by a crash,
as Bill looks on in horror.

FADE OUT