

LEERY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - DAY

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

STUDENT #1

You sure this is the right class?

STUDENT #2

Go ask Jackie Chan over there.

LARRY LI settles into his seat, noticing a sea of white students.

PROFESSOR (O.S.)

Again, if you're not here for
Introduction to Software
Engineering, I'm afraid you're in
the wrong class.

DAVE WANG, sitting a couple seats away, moves to sit next to him. Larry visibly relaxes and introduces himself with a handshake.

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

I got the job? ... Yes! ... Yes,
that sounds great! ... I'm at my
graduation ceremony. ... Yep, see
you soon Bill.

DAVE

Wow, they hired you already?

LARRY

Yeah, they were my top choice by
far.

Larry smiles a toothy grin at Dave.

DAVE

Nice work! They're in a pretty old
building, aren't they?

Larry's smile falters.

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 champagne flutes 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 flute and raises it. Dave and three others follow suit. Bill notices Larry empty-handed and hands him a glass, 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 champagne, Larry throws back his own.

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 scanning her phone.

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 flute 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 champagne tray. He grabs another and drains 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 an old building.
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
You're going to have to deal with
me at some point. We'll be in the
same building.

LARRY
Not if I quit. The building's too
old anyway.

BILL
But you love your job! And one more
thing...

LARRY
Please Bill, I can't work with him!

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