

LEERY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE SPACE - AFTERNOON

DAVE, late 20's, in business casual with facial scruff, browses over Instagram feeds on his phone. LARRY, of similar age but sharply dressed, traces his finger over a screen cluttered with thirty windows. He stiffens.

LARRY

Finally! I fixed it! Hey, did you want to check my work?

Larry turns toward an unresponsive Dave, stares for a moment, then 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 and Larry turns away.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Larry and a clean-shaven Dave sit alongside each other, with their backpacks on the grass, discussing a problem in a mathematics textbook.

END FLASHBACK.

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 away.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Larry and Dave enter the TV room of a home decorated with Pittsburgh Steelers decor, snacks, and eight of Larry's friends, most adorned in black and gold. Larry introduces Dave to them.

END FLASHBACK.

Larry grabs another shot 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 area. 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