

LEERY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - 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 two at the bar, both in their late 20's, DAVE in business casual with facial scruff, and the sharply dressed LARRY.

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)
Now 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!

Larry silently stares out toward the dance floor.

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

Dave follows his gaze.

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, asshole.

DAVE
Okay, okay, calm down.

Larry looks 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 of those, okay?

LARRY

Don't worry. I don't think I'm going to be staying too long.

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.

DAVE

Ugh. Rings can be so uncomfortable.

LARRY

My Dad gave it to me. Try saying something nice for once?

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.

Larry squares with Dave.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 Why do you keep needling me anyway?
 What sort of friend are you?

Larry turns toward Bill.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 This asshole has been getting his
 little insults in since I first met
 him. I'm tired of this shit.

DAVE
 He gets temperamental sometimes.

Larry's eyes drift back out to the dance floor.

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 looks uncomfortable.

BILL
 Hey, you two are roommates, right?
 You carpooled?

DAVE
 No, but I got it covered. 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 the last three months of my 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.

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 puts on his coat.

BILL

Wait, Larry, you can't be driving.

LARRY

I'll walk.

Bill moves to intercept.

BILL

It's pouring out!

Larry shoves past him.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Larry, pajamas and a white hotel robe, sits up on a large bed with wrinkled sheets, his eyes fixed on a laptop. Daylight streams between the open window drapes over the empty packaging of a take-out food order.

Knocking echoes from the door. Larry peeks through the peephole then lets Bill in.

LARRY
Hey Bill.

BILL
Good to see you again, Larry.

Bill takes in his surroundings.

BILL (CONT'D)
So, I guess you're looking for a new place?

LARRY
I figure I should find a job first.

BILL
Yeah, about that... we've missed you at the workplace.

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 was also going 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