

CURB YOUR ENTHUSIASM

by

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"The Rain In Spain"

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT

Larry sits alone, waiting for Jeff. An agent-type plops in the booth next to Larry.

ROB

Larry David, hey, Rob Remson, we met at that Halloween party last year.

LARRY

(not remembering)

Oh...yeah, you were the uh...the Ebola virus. Great costume. Very topical at the time. Really broke the ice.

ROB

Actually, I was dressed as the Scottish highlander, the Ebola guy hosts that kid's show, or at least he used to until the whole "touching" incident. Sad. Anyway, we talked about how the valet-parker looked like Jerry.

LARRY

(still not remembering)

Sienfield?

ROB

Orbach. Then I talked about how morbid the decor was.

LARRY

Oh yeah. "Way too many blacks. Blacks everywhere".

An African-American woman in an adjacent booth stops chewing her food and shoots Larry a salty eye.

LARRY (cont'd)

I kept saying that a kilt is a hard thing to pull off and you thought I meant "take off" but I really meant in the sartorially successful sense.

ROB

Initially it can take some getting used to especially the "no underwear" clause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

(uncomfortable)

I never understood that lifestyle. With the itching and the wool. All that friction and what do they call them over there...knickers? No Knickers in Scotland. Here, knickers are everywhere. I guess you just have to accept them even if you don't like them.

African-American woman drops her salad fork in disbelief.

WOMAN

Excuse me, what did you just say? About Scotland?

LARRY

Say about Scotland? That there's no knickers... er...underwear.

WOMAN

Don't try and cover it up now! I distinctly heard you using the n-word you crusty old bigot!

LARRY

Oh no...I...you misheard. I...

WOMAN

Oh now I's don't even know what I's be a-hearin'. We colored folk is simple. Dat's why we don't be wearing no drawers.

LARRY

Miss, please we were talking about Scotland. Bag-pipes, plaid, er...the cuisine as well. They eat haggis. A delicacy. That's the entrails of the piglets.

WOMAN

Big lips?! You chrome-dome cracker!

A waiter arrives.

WAITER

Gentleman can I get you a drink?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN

That man will have the Grand Dragon special and bring him an extra long straw so he can drink it through his hood.

WAITER

(oblivious)

Oh we took that drink off of the menu. The Tom Collins is pretty similar though.

LARRY

Lady, you are way off base. I love Black people. We have a friend named Wanda who..

WOMAN

(quaking with emotion)

FREE AT LAST, FREE AT LAST...THANK
GOD ALMIGHTY
WE ARE FREE AT LAST!

She stalks out.

ROB

(getting up to leave)

Call me, Larry. By the way, there is a play tonight a friend of mine is directing, love it if you could come. It's an alternative piece. You will dig it.

Rob slips a fork from the table into his pocket and winks at Larry.

ROB (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Sssh.

LARRY

Yeah, O.k.

As Rob leaves, Jeff walks in and sits down across from Larry.

JEFF

Sorry I'm late,
(to waiter)
give us a minute would you?

Waiter walks off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JEFF (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Some lady outside kicked over a
recycling bin. Such rage. What
could cause someone to be so angry?

LARRY
I don't know. Hey, is that your
wallet lying on the floor?

JEFF
No. Let's see here. Oh this is
Robs, he must have dropped it.
Maybe you can still catch him.

EXT. RESTAURANT

Larry steps outside looking for rob. A young latino kid
brushes by him quickly. In the background an old chinese man
is yelling and pointing furiously.

OLD CHINESE MAN
Help! Help!

LARRY
What's wrong?

OLD CHINESE MAN
He stole my wallet! He stole my
wallet!

LARRY
Who? That kid over there?

OLD CHINESE MAN
He stole my wallet!

Larry shuffles after the kid.

LARRY
Hey you! Give me the wallet.

KID
Que?

LARRY
Give me the wallet. I don't want
any trouble, just hand it over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The kid doesn't react so Larry starts tussling with him. The kid breaks away but not before Larry gets the wallet from him. The kid runs off.

LARRY (cont'd)
 (to Old Chinese Man)
 I got it! I got it!

A small crowd has gathered. The Old Chinese man is pointing to each one of them accusingly as Larry walks over.

OLD CHINESE MAN
 He stole my wallet! No, he stole my
 wallet! No, she stole my wallet!

Larry sees this and realizes he has just stepped in karmic dogshit. He opens the wallet he has just taken from the Latino kid and sees the Latino kid's picture on the driver's license.

VOICE
 That's the bendejo who robbed you
 Paco? The bald one?

Larry turns to see Latino kid with his angry father.

LARRY
 Wait a minute, wait a minute. It
 was a mistake. That old man told me
 the kid stole his wallet.
 (to Old Chinese Man)
 Tell him! I was trying to help you

OLD CHINESE MAN
 (pointing to Larry)
 He stole my wallet!

The small crowd mumbles with disdain.

ANGRY FATHER
 Give me that! You ought to be
 ashamed of yourself.

LARRY
 Here! Listen, please. I didn't do
 this on purpose. Look at me. I
 don't need money, I have money! I
 am not a thief! That old guy is a
 nut!

Jeff walks out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LARRY (cont'd)
 Jeff tell him I don't steal peoples
 wallets.

JEFF
 Yeah. He found it in the
 restaurant.

The angry father punches Jeff in the stomach.

ANGRY FATHER
 Don't lie to me you fat bastard!

LARRY
 (in utter desperation)
 I am a writer for gods sake. I am
 the cocreator of Sienfeld.

ANGRY FATHER
 That's that show with the Puerto
 Rican day parade slur where you
 insulted Latinos!

LARRY
 I never meant to offend. It was
 just to be a slice of New York. One
 of the greatest attributes of that
 city is the Spaniards. Or any city.

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE

Cheryl sits across from larry with a glazed look of strained
 patience.

CHERYL
 Oh my god Larry! You called him a
 "Spaniard"? Nobody calls anybody
 that since...what was that mini-
 series with Richard Chamberlain?

LARRY
 It was the only word I could think
 of that sounded noble. "Spaniard"
 sounds great. People speak Spanish
 so Spaniard makes sense. There's
 Spanish mackerel, Spanish music,
 the Inquisition...

CHERYL
 The Inquisition? That was horrible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Yes, but it was historical and important. It wasn't like I was making small-talk about tacos or something. Tacos are important too, but I could see how they would be insulting, especially if I had said the word "beans". "Beans" would piss me off and I am not even a Spaniard. By the time I learn all the right names, they change, I say the wrong word, and everyone looks at me like I was reading Mien Kampf in temple.

CHERYL

Anyway, I know you don't want to go to this play but we should go because it would be a good opportunity for me to get the word out about my benefit. Listen, I have to pick up a couple of things. We are out of milk right?

LARRY

No, we have had almost a whole quart left this morning.

CHERYL

Well I didn't see it. Anyway, do you have cash on you?

LARRY

Yeah, hold on, tell me how much you...SHIT! I don't believe this! SHIT!

CHERYL

What is it?

LARRY

My wallet...it's gone.

CHERYL

Well when did you last have it? When you were at lunch with Jeff?

LARRY

He paid so I don't know. I had it this morning when I grabbed the milk out of the refrigerator.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LARRY (CONT'D)

I didn't have to use it after that
so I could have lost it anywhere.
Maybe it fell out in the car. But
here, take this in the meantime.

(he pulls some cash out of
Robs wallet)

CHERYL

Larry, that's Robs money, I don't
want...

LARRY

Look I'm gonna put it back as soon
as I find my wallet. I'm sure it is
in the car, so just take it. I'm
going to the car right now, see?
Here I go.

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S CAR

He digs around while Cheryl drives off. No wallet to be
found.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE

Richard Lewis is sitting on the couch. He is on the phone
with Larry.

RICHARD

So you save Rob's wallet then you
rob someone because you think you
are saving him after he got robbed.
But he didn't get robbed, he was
just a fucking nutbag and now you
lost your wallet. You know what?
I'll bet they robbed you.

LARRY

What? What do you mean?

RICHARD

What do I mean? Stop being such a
shmuck. You go around playing
Matlock and someone picks your
pockets. If your head wasn't up
your ass you would see the obvious!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

The obvious?! What is the obvious?
You weren't even there! What do you
know?

RICHARD

I know a con when I hear one. Don't
you see, those guys were a team.
One confuses, the other moves in on
the mark. You were the mark.

LARRY

"The mark". Where the hell did you
get that word? Are you running wild
in streets at night with a pack of
angry therapists? What are you a
gangster? "Don Provolone"?

RICHARD

I'm just telling you that you got
"taken". I've been robbed so I
know.

LARRY

When?! And who?

RICHARD

My manager and my agent...every
fucking day.

The doorbell RINGS. Richard gets up to answer it. Larry
follows him hailing insults.

LARRY

Better watch out, it might be the
fuzz. Want me to get your Tommy-gun
out of the violin case?

Richard opens the door. A young Hispanic kid is standing
there with a fruit basket delivery.

KID

Delivery for Mr. Lewis.

As Richard signs and fishes for a tip, Larry starts talking
to the kid.

LARRY

Would you mind if I asked you
something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KID
No, go ahead.

LARRY
Where are you from?

KID
East L.A.

LARRY
No, I mean your ethnic background.

KID
I'm half Mexican, half Ecuadorean.

LARRY
Good. That is great. Now what do
like to be called being that you
are from those places? I mean if
someone were to call you a
"Spaniard", would that be o.k.?
Would you be offended?

KID
It would be kind of like calling
you a...Hebrewite. People usually
say "Latino".

LARRY
(musing)
Latino...Latino.

Ad lib thanks and Richard closes the door.

LARRY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
So Shecky Brasco, who is the fruit
basket from?

RICHARD
My manager. Take a look at this.

LARRY
Someone's taken a bite out of the
apple. Who would do that?

RICHARD
Manager.

LARRY
Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICHARD
Fifteen percent commission.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME CHINESE RESTAURANT FROM EARLIER

Larry is posting self-drawn reward posters for the wallet on everything in sight. a hairy man approaches.

MAN
Hey Mr. David! How are you?

LARRY
Hello. I am sorry, have we met because I don't remember and I don't want to have to pretend that I do because it always backfires.

MAN
Yes. My name is Mario. I played an Italian waiter in one of the Sienfeld episodes. It was originally an extra part but it got bumped up to one line and it helped me get my union card.

LARRY
That is great Mario! Good good. Yes. I think I remember now. Mario the Italian. Yes.

MAN
Actually, I am not really Italian, I'm Iranian, but there is a lot more work for Italians than Iranians.

LARRY
Really? I never knew that. I thought it was the other way around.

(beat)
So you're Iranian?

MAN
Actually, Persian. That is the proper name for Iranian.

LARRY
Is Mario a common name in...in...Persia?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN

My real name is Farhad. Mario is for when I go out for Italian parts.

LARRY

My wife just a great Persian rug. It's got a whole lot of little guys on horses and they are all fighting each other. There seems to be a dispute about a small patch of fabric in the northeastern area.

Larry laughs.

MAN

War is not funny. I left my country because of political unrest. I don't what is funny about that.

LARRY

No that isn't funny. It was just the rug. The rug is funny. Actually it cost me so much I can't help but laugh.

MAN

Let me tell you something: There is a lot more to my country than RUGS! That's all anyone ever knows is rugs. You want to know how many Iranians have rugs? None! Because of all the poverty. We don't have the time to lay around on the living room floor on an expensive rug watching some stupid sitcom about nothing!

LARRY

Well maybe if you would have some sitcoms over there then you wouldn't have to come here to be Italian! I'd rather watch a show about nothing then have nothing to watch! And you know what else? Today when I get home the first thing I am going to do is laugh at the rug! Ha ha ha ha ha. Like that!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN
 (Italian style gesturing,
 farsi curses with
 subtitles)
 May you be reincarnated as the
 rectum of of a worm-ridden mongrel!

Man/Mario/Farhad kicks imaginary dust at Larry and stomps off, mortally insulted.

As Larry resumes putting up signs, a car driven by an old Chinese man pulls up.

OLD CHINESE MAN
 Excuse me please, where is the 405?

LARRY
 Hey, you! The wallet guy from this morning!

OLD CHINESE MAN
 Who?

LARRY
 Where's my wallet? Did you steal it with your "Latino" partner?! Don't act like you don't know; you and "The Cisco Kid" made me as a mark.

OLD CHINESE MAN
 Mark? Who is Mark? I want 405.

Window in back rolls down.

OLD CHINESE LADY
 Sir, you have made a mistake, my husband and I just flew in from San Francisco.

LARRY
 (realizing this is not the same guy)
 I am sorry. It's just that your husband bears a striking resemblance to another Chinaman I saw this morning. You two could be brothers.

OLD CHINESE MAN
 Chinaman?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LARRY

Well the guy was oriental...

OLD CHINESE LADY

You are a very ignorant man. We are Asian; an oriental is not an ethnicity, it is a rug!

LARRY

Is that the same as a Persian?

CUT TO:

INT. JEFF'S OFFICE

JEFF

So you posted up these signs with a fifty dollar reward for the wallet?

LARRY

If it didn't get stolen by the dynamic duo, maybe someone found it. In the meantime it seems that I have managed to offend every ethnic group except for Eskimos.

JEFF

How well do you know Rob Remson? I mean, did you know that he is a closet kleptomaniac?

LARRY

There was something...oh yeah, he put a fork in his pocket from the restaurant. I thought that was strange. Then he winked at me.

JEFF

Winked at you huh? That's ironic.

LARRY

Why?

JEFF

Well, Rob asked me last time I saw him, if you were gay.

LARRY

What? Why would he think that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFF

I dunno. He said that you flirted with him at that Halloween party. Like what was under the kilt and such.

LARRY

What?! I wasn't flirting! I was commenting on the comfort factor; wool and balls is a bad combination. He was the one talking about the decor. That was his topic.

JEFF

Well I told him you weren't.

LARRY

I hope so!

JEFF

I don't think he believed it though. But who cares?

LARRY

I do! I do! I don't want to be gay-cially profiled! I'm innocent! This is America! What ever happened to evidence? I don't even want to go to this play but I've got his wallet and now that I think about it, he might have stolen mine.

JEFF

I dunno. It's possible but not probable. He is just insecure because of his toupee.

LARRY

That's a toupee? It looked real.

JEFF

Just forget I said anything and go to the play.

LARRY

I never liked the whole "play" thing. I mean I try but they are excruciating to watch and there's usually someone who bursts out into song for no reason.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LARRY (CONT'D)

Plus I hate having to imagine props are there when they aren't; "look he's answering the imaginary phone". The only reason I am going is because Cheryl wants to promote her benefit.

JEFF

Yeah well..

LARRY

I don't even know why they are called "plays". There is nothing playful going on. It's just a symphony of pretense and English accents and no remote control to change the channel. Nobody likes plays but yet people go to them so they sit around afterwards and mumble about how riveting the experience was. It's all a crock of shit. I can't suspend my disbelief and that's why these things are so unappealing.

JEFF

Just do what I do; go in, make nice with everyone, then when it starts, think about all the actresses naked.

LARRY

That takes a certain level of relaxation I can't achieve. All I can think of is: "how can my seat be itching me through my pants", or I start wondering if there is a melting point for someone's ass when it gets hot. I can't mentally undress women when my ass is hot.

JEFF

My day is just a series of events connected by imagining all the women that I see naked and ready to fuck. That is what gets me through life. Well, that and Entenmans.

LARRY

So what is this play about anyway? Is it a love story about a highlander with a toupee and a heart of gold?!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LARRY (CONT'D)

Is he wrongly accused of stabbing someone with a stolen salad fork?! Or maybe a spoon would be better so the guy getting stabbed could really act it out for a couple more hours until the other 5 percent of my body that hasn't yet gone into a boredom coma gets numb and tingly.

JEFF

I don't know what it is about, I just put it in auto-drive and barrel on through. Trust me, just try what I've told you and you'll be out of there before you know it.

LARRY

Yeah. I'll just do that. A nice night of alternative theatre. Where's my black turtleneck?! I need my bongos, some absinthe and a tuft of facial hair because I want my face to look more like a crotch! Why have one crotch when you can have two?! This way you aren't hiding one unless you are a woman in the path of Jeff Garlins x-ray vision; then you can't hide even if you walk the streets in a sleeping bag!

JEFF

That is your problem; you won't try anything new! You have a closet full of three button unconstructed slouchy dark blazers. That says it all.

LARRY

What has that got to do with anything? What the hell is new about fantasizing about women?! Ask any 15 year old kid what he thinks about in class; banging the teacher.

JEFF

Or blowing them away with the high-powered rifle they smuggled in under their black trenchcoat.

The phone rings. Jeff picks up. It is a Suzy tirade on speakerphone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SUZY

Jeff you Fat Fuck! Did you come by the house while I was gone?! Wait, don't answer because I already know the answer. You did! You know how I know?! Because one of the new chairs with the woven seating area is all fucked out from you your fat gorilla ass squatting in it while you go through the phone book and try to find a china shop that you haven't bulled through yet, you greasy chin numbnuts!!!

Jeff's eyes hood over with a Zen-like calm as Larry takes his cue to leave.

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE

Larry plays messages on answering machine, hoping for news of his wallet.

VOICE

Hey Larry, it's Rob. About tonight, in order to get in, you have to say a password. I know it is cheesy but that's just that whole alternative theatre thing. Anyway, the password is "cupcakes". That is c-u-p-cakes. Just tell the guy at the door and we will see you tonight. It is going to be genius.

LARRY

Cupcakes?! What kind of production is this? The last person who used a password was Harriet Tubman.

VOICE 2

I found a wallet a couple weeks ago. There is nothing left in it but it kinda fits the description. I'm at 733 La Cienaga. Don't forget the fifty bucks...

Larry angrily skips to:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE 3

Hi Mr. David. I found your wallet here and everything seems to be in it except the drivers license, so if you could bring some picture i.d. when you pick it up. My name is Chas and my number is...

CUT TO:

EXT. QUAIN T COTTAGE STYLE HOUSE WITH KITSCHY LAWN ORNAMENTS

One is particularly phallic and Larry tilts his head to observe it before ascending stairs. Larry rings bell. A man wearing nothing but A banana hammock answers.

LARRY

You must be Chas.

CHAS

Larry David I presume? Please come in.

Larry obeys uncomfortably.

CHAS (cont'd) (CONT'D)

Please have a seat on the couch. Do you want some echinachea tea?

LARRY

No thanks. I'm in kind of a hurry.

Across from Larry is a painting of an older nude man who looks slightly like a paunchier Larry writhes in ecstasy as he eats fruit in a utopian meadow.

CHAS

You brought some i.d.?

LARRY

I have my passport. Here. That's me on there. There was more hair at the time of the photo.

CHAS

I have to make sure you understand; there are people out there who will steal a whole identity.

LARRY

Yes, yes. Of course. I think I saw a film where that happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAS
(re passport)
Paris huh?

LARRY
Excuse me?

CHAS
You went to Paris?

LARRY
Yes. Last summer. Long flight.

CHAS
London too?

LARRY
Yes, I travel once in a while. Just like I traveled here to get my wallet. But no luggage, just a nice crisp fifty dollar bill.

CHAS
I'm just making conversation.

LARRY
Look Chas. I came for my wallet. You see my passport with me on it. What else do I need to give you, a semen sample?

CHAS
Larry, no need to be hostile. I just need to ask you a few questions to establish that you are really Larry David, and then you'll have your wallet.

LARRY
You can't be serious...

CHAS
Date of birth?

LARRY
October twenty-fifth, nineteen fifty seven. It's on the passport.

CHAS
Scorpio! So was Bob.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LARRY

Bob?

CHAS

My lover. That is him in the painting. You look alike. He died in a tanning booth during an earthquake. Very sad. Very very sad.

Chas starts sobbing. Larry is extremely uncomfortable.

LARRY

Look Chas, I'm sorry about Bob and I'm sure he is in a better place. Now if I could just get my wallet...without the crying.

CHAS

I'm not crying about Bob dammit!

LARRY

Why are you crying then?

CHAS

Because I lied!

LARRY

To Bob?

CHAS

No, to you! I don't have your wallet. I just saw your picture that you xeroxed on the flyer and you looked like Bob. I had to meet you and you do look like Bob. So lying was good...

LARRY

What kind of freak are you?! You lure me in here, interrogate me like a Turkish customs agent and you are the one that is lying! Bob is dead! No more Bob! I am not Bob! I don't frolic naked in a meadow! I don't even go to the beach!

CHAS

Don't talk about Bob like that!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LARRY

(directly to painting)

Hey Bob! Can you hear me?! Hows
hell Bob?! Are you getting nice and
crispy like a rotisserie chicken?!
Can't really frolic too much when
you are charred beyond recognition,
huh?! Bet you wish you'd brought
some sunblock...

CHAS

Get out of my house now!!

He flings Larry's passport at him. Larry ducks to pick it up,
and on the way up, his shoulder catches the edge of the Bob
painting. It falls off of the wall and is impaled on a
reproduction of Michelangelo's David. Larry vacates with
haste.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. QUAIN T COTTAGE STYLE HOUSE

Grief stricken Chas is yelling at the top of his lungs while
Larry fumbles for his car keys.

CHAS

Why don't you tell the world
Larry?! Tell them that you are
really Bob and that you love me!
Why do you have to hide the
passion?!

Larry covers his face with his jacket as neighbors gather.

CHAS (cont'd) (CONT'D)

How can you break my heart like
this?!

Larry drives over the phallic piece of sculpture on the lawn
as he backs out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINESE RESTAURANT

Larry is ripping down the signs he posted up earlier. A cop
approaches.

COP

Sir, what are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

I'm just taking down these signs.

COP

I'm going to have to issue you a citation. You can't remove public property without proper authorization.

LARRY

These are not public property. These are my signs. That's me on there. See?

COP

Once these are out here on public property, they become the property of the public. It's very simple.

LARRY

These are mine. I put them up! Now I am taking them down! What is the problem?!

COP

You put these up as well? I will have to issue you another citation. You can't put up advertisements without compliance from local merchants.

LARRY

This is crazy! I am just trying to find my wallet!

COP

Yes, but if everybody put up signs about everything then this neighborhood would be a mess. I need to see a drivers license.

LARRY

My wallet has been stolen, that is why I am putting up these signs. I don't have my license now.

COP

Where was the crime perpetrated?

LARRY

I'm not sure exactly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COP

What did the assailants look like?

LARRY

I don't know, they might have Chinese or Latino, but they might not. One could have been an agent.

COP

I don't understand, Chinese people and Hispanics look very different. Now, what do you mean by "agent"? Is there some international conspiracy to get your wallet? Are you one of these u.f.o abduction nuts 'cause I will haul your ass in quick as weasel shit!

LARRY

This is not...here; I have my passport! Just write me whatever tickets you have to. I pay taxes, tickets, and I vote. I am the victim here!

COP

What is that?

LARRY

A wallet. But it's not mine.

COP

(opening wallet)

So you are not Rob Remson?

LARRY

No.

COP

Why do you have Rob Remson's wallet? Is he a friend of yours?

LARRY

Not really a friend, he is a guy I know that wears a toupee. I found his wallet and even though he spreads rumors that I am gay, I am going to give him his wallet back tonight. He's the one you should be ticketing;

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LARRY (CONT'D)

he steals silverware from
restaurants and he may have stolen
my wallet. I am just trying to
help.

COP

It sounds to me like you are the
one spreading rumors and that good
samaritan wallet story is pretty
thin. You are supposed to be this
guys friend? Is that how you talk
about all your friends? Toupees are
very personal things. I happen to
have one and I wouldn't want my
friends telling every stranger they
meet.

LARRY

I am not judging toupees, I am just
saying he is a deceptive person.
Toupees are great. I had one once
but I lost it at sea during a
squall. It was a good one too with
nice side part and a Jack Lord
swoosh.

COP

Sir, are you mocking me?

LARRY

No. I just want to pay my tickets.
How does this work? Do I pay you?

COP

Are you offering me a bribe sir?
Because if you are, I will haul
your ass downtown quicker than
rabbits fuck!

LARRY

No, I am not trying to bribe you! I
just never got a ticket before for
putting up a sign!

COP

So you are admitting that you have
done this before today?

LARRY

No! I have never done any of this
before! It is all new! I could do
this all day!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

COP

Sir, have you taken any illegal drugs? If you lie, you are only hurting yourself.

LARRY

No! No I haven't! I can't even drink coffee any more because it tears up my prostate!

COP

I am going to recommend an anger management course on this citation.

LARRY

I am not angry! I love people! See?!

Larry hugs a passerby to emphasize this point. Passerby smiles happily and tries to prolong the hug, which Larry ends awkwardly.

LARRY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

No anger!

COP

(hands Larry tickets)

Don't leave town pal. I've got my eye on you.

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE

Larry and Cheryl get ready for the show.

LARRY

Which jacket? This or this?

CHERYL

They look exactly the same.

LARRY

No they don't. This one is black and this is navy.

CHERYL

They look the same. Three buttons, patch pockets, that unconstructed sweatery look; they look the same.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

But they look masculine right?

CHERYL

Well, they aren't coal miners
dungarees...

LARRY

What I mean is: one wouldn't say
that I dress in a like a man
who...likes other men.

CHERYL

Did someone question your sexuality
again?

LARRY

What do you mean "again"?

CHERYL

Every once in a while, some man
that wants to get into your pants
and hints that you are really gay.
You, instead of ignoring it, obsess
over it.

LARRY

I don't remember this happening
before.

CHERYL

Remember that stand-up comic who
kept asking you for career advice,
and we found out later that he'd
been living in the neighbors tool
shed?

LARRY

Yes. But that was more stalker-ish.
It seems that Rob told Jeff that he
thinks that I am gay. What bothers
me is that I don't know what
message I give off that certain
people as being gay. Is there some
twinkle in my eye that if you look
really fast seems like a wink? Do I
make scathing comments about Cher's
palazzo pants? Do I even know what
palazzo pants are?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHERYL

Look Larry, you bring it on yourself. Rob was the guy at the Halloween party dressed in drag. You stood there and talked to him the whole time. I walked by at one point and the word "cushions" was getting thrown around. What do you expect?

LARRY

He wasn't in drag, that was a kilt! He was the one talking about the cushions and the wallpaper and all that crap. I was standing there because I was starving and we were next to the kitchen door where the people with the trays of snacks were coming out of. I was commandeering hors de oeuvres before Jeff cornered them.

CHERYL

Whatever. A kilt is just closet drag. If you don't like the heat stay away from the flame. You shouldn't have waited all day to eat, then you wouldn't have been forced to stand there.

LARRY

I eat! I eat! I am just busy with things that get in the way. I tried to eat breakfast today but the phone rang and then I had to go.

CHERYL

That explains why the milk was on the night-table next to your keys.

LARRY

No it wasn't! I put it back into the refrigerator. I distinctly remember.

CHERYL

Well somehow it was on the nightstand. Maybe the comic in the toolshed crept in and put it there.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALTERNATIVE THEATRE

Door is unmarked except for ADDRESS. larry and cheryl are outside trying to figure out how to get in.

CHERYL

I guess you just knock or something.

LARRY

Is this a theatre or a battered wives shelter?

CHERYL

That's not funny. I have a benefit next month for battered wives.

LARRY

I thought it was for the clubbed baby seals.

Door opens. The guy Larry hugged in front of the cop pokes his head out.

GUY

Hey, it's you. Nice to see you again.

He hugs bewildered Larry.

LARRY

O.k. o.k. We have reservations. The name is...cupcakes.

GUY

I'm sorry, there is no cupcakes on this list.

CHERYL

What is with this cupcakes thing? The name is Larry David. I am Mrs. David.

GUY

Oh yes, right here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

(to Cheryl)

Rob told me to say "cupcakes",
because it was some kind of
password that would let them know
we were on the list.

GUY

Right this way Mrs. David and
Cupcakes.

CUT TO:

INT. OF THEATRE

Assorted artsy individuals inhabit the other seats.

LARRY

What a junkyard. Is that Fred
Sanford over there? I'll bet we get
out of here and our wheels have
been stolen by the set designer for
his next production.(beat)
When's this train wreck going to
start?

Rob ducks in and sits next to them.

ROB

Hey, it's man of the hour!

LARRY

Wow Rob, this is some nice
alternative thing here. What is it
an alternative to, anything that's
good?

ROB

Larry always with the kvetching.
This seats are new, comfortable
right?

LARRY

They make my ass hot.

Rob looks at Larry and then at Cheryl.

CHERYL

Larry is sensitive to seats that
don't breath or whatever.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHERYL (CONT'D)

That is the kind of hot he is talking about. By the way Larry did you tell Rob about the wallet?

LARRY

Oh yes. You dropped your wallet this morning and I picked it up. Here.

ROB

Thanks, I was looking all over for this.

LARRY

Hey what was with the "cupcakes" password thing? I looked like an idiot. My name was under my name.

ROB

Oh, I forgot to tell you. They changed that policy. Listen, I'll talk to you afterwards, the play is about to start.

LARRY

Yeah you do that because I have something I have to talk to you about.

Lights go down. Curtains go up. A man steps onto the stage wearing nothing but a cod-piece.

MAN

Ladies and gentleman. I would like to welcome you to an evening of one-act plays brought to you by the gay men's da da theatre company. All proceeds of this event will go to the Bob Epperson fund; the man who founded this group and who died tragically in a tanning booth during an earthquake last December.

Ad lib sobs and cries of solidarity ring out. Larry rolls his eyes until nudged into submission by Cheryl.

CUT TO:

INT. THEATRE LOBBY

Larry stands by a juice bar during the intermission while Cheryl mingles. Rob walks over to Larry looking slightly perturbed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Rob, there was something...

ROB

Larry, where is the money that was in my wallet?

LARRY

Oh, I had to borrow some, I must have forgotten to put it back. I'll get it from Cheryl. The reason I...

ROB

That is stealing Larry.

LARRY

No Rob, stealing is when you stuff a fork in your pocket from a Chinese restaurant! The reason I BORROWED money from you Rob, is that shortly after you left I discovered that my wallet was missing. You wouldn't happen to know anything about that would you?!

ROB

Larry, I am an honest man, I would never...

LARRY

Honest?! What about that toupee that looks like a squirrel with syphilis perched on your head?! Huh? What about spreading rumors that I am gay?! What's so honest about that? Inviting me to this garbage and telling me to say my name is "cupcakes"!!

ROB

I don't know what you are talking about Larry. My hair is real.

LARRY

Oh really? That rug is a rug if I ever saw a rug!

Larry snatches Robs toupee from his head.

LARRY (cont'd) (CONT'D)

This is a rug!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mario walks over just as this is happening. He is holding a tray of appetizers.

LARRY (cont'd) (CONT'D)
 Perfect! Just who I needed to see.
 In your expert opinion would you
 say that this is a rug?

Mario drops his tray and has to be restrained by another caterer.

ROB
 Larry, I didn't STEAL the fork. It
 belongs to me. After a bout of food
 poisoning I developed a phobia
 about using restaurant utensils, so
 I bring my own to avoid germs. Why
 don't you have a juice and cool
 off.

LARRY
 I hate juice!!!

The guy wearing a yarmulke at the juice bar recoils in shock.

GUY
 I'm a Jew! Do you hate me?! Do you
 hate my people?! Do you hate
 yourself?! (chanting) NEVER AGAIN
 NEVER AGAIN!!!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE

He sits on the bed as Cheryl lies with her eyes shut.

CHERYL
 I have never been so embarrassed in
 my entire life. What has gotten in
 to you? You sabotage everything.

LARRY
 I need to eat something. I haven't
 eaten all day.

CHERYL
 Just don't leave the milk on the
 night stand again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

I thought I put the milk back
into...

He abruptly gets up and walks into the kitchen. He opens the refrigerator door. There, next to the butter, where the milk should be, is his wallet. He too quickly reaches forward to inspect it, and bumps into a shelf. A can falls from the shelf and hits him in the head. Upon closer inspection we see that it is a can of Spanish olives with Ricardo Montalban smiling triumphantly back at Larry. As Larry rubs his head, a flamenco guitar slowly begins to play the theme to his show, and he shuffles back to bed, walking the walk of a beaten gringo.

END