

CURB YOUR ENTHUSIASM

"The Game Face"

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. LARRY AND CHERYL'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Larry is sitting at his desk typing. Cheryl enters the room and stands next to Larry.

CHERYL

Hey Larry, you know that fund raiser, that celebrity bingo game I've got coming up in a couple of days?

LARRY

Yeah, what about it?

CHERYL

Well, I just found out that Michael Clark Duncan, who was suppose to call the games for us, backed out at the last minute so I have to find someone else, someone else to call the games.

LARRY

Hmm. That's too bad. What happened to him?

CHERYL

I guess he got hit by a golf cart or something.

There is a moment of silence while Larry looks at her for more information which never comes. They just nod at each other as if "Isn't that interesting". Larry goes back to typing. He notices that Cheryl is still waiting expectantly.

LARRY

What? Do you want me to ask Jeff if he can find someone?

CHERYL

Well, actually, I was thinking maybe... you could do it. I can't get anyone else in time Larry. I mean you are a celebrity and we can't do it without one. So I thought you could do it for me.

LARRY

(considering how put out he might be)

I...hmm.

Larry makes an odd gesture and his eyebrows go up as he thinks about it.

CHERYL

You know what, never mind. I don't know what I was thinking.

LARRY

What?

CHERYL

I should have known you wouldn't want to do anything to help.

(giving up)

I just...aaah.

LARRY

What are you talking about, I didn't even give you an answer.

CHERYL

You made that gesture.

LARRY

What gesture?

CHERYL

The one you always make when you don't want to do something.

LARRY

Oh, so ah...You've catalogued all my gestures? You know what they all mean?

CHERYL

I know your gestures, Larry.

LARRY

No, I don't think you do. Otherwise you wouldn't be wrong now, which you are.

CHERYL

You didn't just make the "I don't want to do it" gesture?

LARRY

No. That wasn't the "I don't want to do it" gesture, it was the "I'm thinking about it" gesture. There is no gesture for "I want to help and am thinking about doing it". There is no gesture for that.

CHERYL

(Non-believing)

Larry...

LARRY

You know, you just spring this on me, so I just grabbed the closest gesture available to me at the time. And you just assumed it was the "I don't want to do it" gesture. Here look.

Larry re-creates the gesture in slow motion.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Hmm, In what ways can I help my lovely, lovely wife in her moment of need? There you see? It was a general contemplative gesture. You really need to examine your, your interpretation of gestures, because you clearly don't have a handle on them.

CHERYL

So, you want to do it?

LARRY

No. What I want to do is to think of a way out of it. But since I can't, I guess I'll have to.

CHERYL

So you'll do it?

LARRY

Yeah, yeah, I'll do it. But I'm warning you, don't...don't expect too much.

CHERYL

What is that suppose to mean?

LARRY

It means I'm not going to be able to provide big, flashy, Vegas-style bingo calling on such short notice. It's going to be plain old garden variety bingo calling.

CHERYL

Larry, you'll be fine.

LARRY

Well, just don't expect too much, that's all I'm saying.

CHERYL

Now, there's a dinner Wednesday night, the night before the actual fund raiser. I need you to be my date and then people can meet you and we can help promote that you're going to be the caller.

LARRY

Okay, but let's not stay long. I hate those things.

CHERYL

I'll tell you what, if you behave yourself, you'll get some garden variety lovin' when we get home.

Larry pauses a moment and thinks to himself.

LARRY

What if we stay longer? Is the flashy Vegas lovin' still an option?

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING

Larry is sitting at a table with his comedian friends Richard Lewis and Bobcatcat Goldthwait. We hear them all laughing as we join them just after having heard a joke.

LARRY

Funny, that's funny..

RICHARD LEWIS

Well, I'm a funny man. By the way, did you ever hear back from Sandra Bullock about your show idea?

LARRY

Well...I've tried, but she never returns my calls. Jeff thinks she thinks I'm crude. He heard that she hated that masturbation episode I wrote for Seinfeld and, you know, because of that, I guess, she sort of thinks I'm a, you know, a pervert.

BOBCAT

You are a pervert Larry.

LARRY

Only my closest friends know I'm a pervert. Which, by the way, how did you know?

The waitress has just come to the table and gives Larry an odd look after hearing Bobcat's comment. She then switches on her "service" face and addresses the table.

WAITRESS

Hello, my name is Katrina and I'll be your server. What can I get you fella's?

LARRY

I'll take a BLT and a ice tea.

RICHARD LEWIS

Bring him only things that end with "T".

The others all ad-lib brief orders. And the waitress exits.

LARRY

So, get this, next week I'm calling a bingo game.

BOBCAT

Do you know how to call bingo?

LARRY

Yeah, I guess. The only thing I'm not clear on is when do you sing the song?

BOBCAT

No, you don't sing anything.

LARRY

You don't sing the song about the dog?

RICHARD LEWIS

No, there's no singing at all. It's not like the chorus of Hallelujah when you leave a room.

LARRY

What do I know about bingo?

BOBCAT

Oh my god, you're going to have to do all those shitty bingo jokes. Sexy legs B-11!

(whistles)

LARRY

You seem to be well versed in the language of bingo, Bob.

BOBCAT

Oh yeah. I was the Bingo King! I used to call bingo for my Grandmother's bingo club when I was a teenager. That's how I got comfortable on a microphone.

RICHARD

That's odd, I got comfortable on a chair. What kind of freaky family did you grow up in?

BOBCAT

Well, look at me.

Richard Lewis nods his head to the side as if to say "fair enough".

LARRY

Well, I don't know what I'm going to do, just call the numbers I guess.

RICHARD LEWIS

Hey, if you get bored you could always tell your code orange "Monkey Fuck" joke.

BOBCAT

His what is orange?

RICHARD LEWIS

His monkey fuck joke. You know, the one really funny joke that you can never tell cause it's too disgusting or offensive.

BOBCAT

You must have a lot of those Larry.

RICHARD LEWIS

His whole life is a monkey fuck joke.

LARRY

Hey, if it weren't for monkeys fucking you wouldn't be here Richard.

BOBCAT

So, let's hear it?

LARRY

Oh, I can't tell you.

BOBCAT

Why not?

LARRY

I promised Cheryl I wouldn't tell it and...and

(tongue in cheek)

...you know...my word is my bond.



RICHARD LEWIS

Since when? Since the waitress took our order?

BOBCAT

Well, Larry, you say it's really funny but you won't tell me the joke. I mean geeze, you told Richard.

RICHARD LEWIS

Yeah but I had to have Jeff give him head to hear it.

We break away from the table as Larry starts telling his joke to see a serving tray full of appetizers from the perspective of the young man carrying them toward the table. As he sets them on a stand and begins placing the items on the table we hear the tail end of the joke.

LARRY

And the other guy says, "No, not then, now. I just shit my pants."

Everyone at the table reels in disgust and laughter at hearing the punch line.

LARRY (CONT'D)

See, I told you it was funny.

RICHARD LEWIS

So, who wants Jeff's number?

BOBCAT

I think it's great.

RICHARD LEWIS

Are you kidding? Chris Rock wouldn't tell that joke in a Quentin Tarantino movie.

BOBCAT

It is out of the park, that's for sure, but I think it could work, if the mood is right in the room. Have you ever tried it with a crowd?

LARRY

No way! No. No.  
(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

Yes, of course I've wanted to but I get shit about the stuff I already use. No. This joke can never be used. And don't let Cheryl know that I told you. She'd kill me if she knew I was telling anyone. Kill me, I mean, she hates it.

Larry notices that the person serving the appetizers is different than the person who took the order.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(To the appetizer guy)

Uh, excuse me.

APPETIZER GUY

Yes?

LARRY

Are you our waiter now?

APPETIZER GUY

No sir, I'm just bringing the appetizers.

LARRY

What happened to our waitress?

APPETIZER GUY

She's over there, sir, taking someone's order.

LARRY

Okay, so then, who's bringing us our food now, you?

APPETIZER GUY

No, that'll be the food runner, I only do appetizers.

LARRY

The food runner? You mean... The busboy.

APPETIZER GUY

No sir, he's the food runner, the busboy clears the plates.

LARRY

I don't understand. What happened to the same person taking your order, bringing your food and clearing the table. If I want to change my order, how do I know who I'm suppose to talk to?

APPETIZER GUY

Do you want to change your order sir?

LARRY

Yes, I want coleslaw instead of fries with my sandwich.

APPETIZER GUY

Okay, I'll send your waitress over.

LARRY

You have to send her over? Why can't you just tell her.

APPETIZER GUY

I'm not allowed to take orders, sir. You have to be 21 to serve alcohol.

LARRY

I'm not ordering alcoholic coleslaw. I just want you to tell the waitress that I want virgin coleslaw.

APPETIZER GUY

Well, I can't sir, that's not part of my job.

LARRY

This is outrageous!

APPETIZER GUY

I'm sorry sir, that's just the way we do it.

(MORE)

## APPETIZER GUY (CONT'D)

The hostess seats the guests, the waitress takes the orders, I bring the appetizers, there's a food runner who'll bring you your food, a cocktail waitress to bring drinks and if you have any complaints Dennis is the manager, you'll have to talk to him. Now, is there anything else I can help you with?

LARRY

Are you sure you're not overstepping your authority by asking me that question?

BOBCAT

Geeze, Larry.

RICHARD LEWIS

Give the kid a break.

LARRY

A break? He's mastered the hierarchy of restaurant employee status but can't be trusted with vital coleslaw data!

APPETIZER GUY

I'm sorry, sir--

LARRY

I don't want your apology! I want your shredded cabbage!

BOBCAT

Man, and I thought I was high strung.

Appetizer guy begins to leave the table and when Larry thinks he's gone, he again begins to bitch.

LARRY

I guess I shouldn't be surprised. I mean look at him. If I were you I wouldn't trust him with your appetizer. You know? Potato skins being so "complicated"!

The appetizer guy looks back and glares at Larry having overheard his parting comment.

RICHARD

You want a Zanax?

LARRY

If it's wrapped in cabbage!

INT. HELEN'S HOUSE - EVENING

A posh Hollywood home is full of well-dressed people milling around. There are a few glittery bingo logos about as theme decoration. Larry and Cheryl are standing together making conversation with one of the guests.

STAN

So is Seinfeld as big a jerk as he seems on TV?

LARRY

Absolutely.

STAN

I knew it.

LARRY

Is it hot in here?

STAN

A bit.

LARRY

God, can't they crank up the AC?

CHERYL

They're probably trying to conserve energy.

LARRY

Really. That explains the Rolls Royce in the driveway.

STAN

So what, that thing's not fuel efficient?

LARRY

Sure, if you don't start it.

CHERYL

Larry, you're horrible.

STAN

Well, the bar is calling to me. Can I get either of you anything?

CHERYL

No thanks.

LARRY

See if there's a pamphlet on dehydration.

STAN

(chuckling)

Well, I'm hopin' it's a little cooler by the bar. See you two later.

LARRY

(mumbling)

Okay, see you.

Larry looks around and notices Sandra Bullock across the room.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh my god, there's Sandra Bullock!

CHERYL

Really? Where?

LARRY

Over there. Jeez, we've been trying to get a hold of her for weeks. You didn't tell me she was going to be here.

CHERYL

I didn't know.

LARRY

C'mon, I have to go talk to her.

Larry and Cheryl approach Sandra.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Sandra Bullock, hi!

SANDRA BULLOCK

Oh, Larry David, right? Hi.

LARRY

This is my wife, Cheryl. Cheryl, this is Sandra Bullock.

CHERYL

Very nice to meet you.

Cheryl and Sandra shake hands.

SANDRA BULLOCK

Oh, it's very nice to meet you.

LARRY

Listen, my manager and I have been trying to get a hold of you recently.

SANDRA BULLOCK

Yes, I know. I've just been really busy you know?

LARRY

Well, actually I'd heard you may have been a little put off by an episode of Seinfeld I did that mentioned...

(sotto)  
masturbation.

SANDRA BULLOCK

Ah yes. Look Larry...

LARRY

Well now, I wanted to explain about that.

SANDRA BULLOCK

Oh, no, you don't have to really.

LARRY

No, I want to.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

You're a woman of impeccable taste and class which is why we we're even interested in talking to you about a show and you deserve an explanation. In my defense it was all NBC's idea. They insisted we do it and so I had to write it but it...frankly, it disgusted me.

SANDRA BULLOCK

Really.

LARRY

Yeah, I, yes! I don't even masturbate myself.

CHERYL

(to Larry)

Really.

LARRY

To be honest I don't even like the word masturbate. I never say it. Except for those 3 times just now, but normally, never.

SANDRA BULLOCK

Frankly, I appreciate you making an effort to explain.

LARRY

It's the least I could do.

SANDRA BULLOCK

Well, I'll tell you what, Larry, I have to leave here in a minute...

(thinking)

Um, if you still want to talk about a show we could, say, have lunch tomorrow at Spago and...you can tell me what you have in mind.

LARRY

Yes! That's...I would love that. About one o'clock okay?



SANDRA BULLOCK

Sure, one's fine. Nice to meet you Cheryl.

Sandra walks away just as Cheryl spots Helen.

CHERYL

Oh, there's Helen. Let's go introduce you. She's one of the biggest sponsors, and she's the hostess of the party.

LARRY

Is this her house?

CHERYL

Yeah, it's beautiful, isn't it?

LARRY

Good, maybe we can get her to change the temperature.

CHERYL

Larry, please don't say anything.

Helen approaches.

HELEN

(with delight)

Cheryl, how are you darling?

CHERYL

I'm fine. Helen, this is my husband Larry.

HELEN

Very nice to meet our bingo man. We really appreciate your coming to our rescue.

LARRY

Hey, don't mention it. I'm a bingo-phile from way back.

HELEN

I see you were talking to my niece.

CHERYL

Sandra Bullock's your niece?

HELEN

Uh-huh. Isn't she adorable? She'll do anything to help promote the peoples education and awareness of energy conservation.

LARRY

Yes, she is wonderful. She looked a little warm though. It's warm out tonight, don't you think?

HELEN

Oh, yes, I heard it was a record high today.

CHERYL

I think what Larry means is that the summers in general are hot out here.

LARRY

Well...no, really what I meant was it's kind of warm in here.

HELEN

Well, ever since those rolling blackouts we've been keeping our eye on how much energy we use. We don't want to go through that again.

CHERYL

Well, good for you.

Larry is barely paying attention to Helen's speech and is rubbing an ice cube on his cheek.

HELEN

As a financial supporter for the energy conservation awareness campaign, I feel I have to set a good example. As you know, all of the proceeds for the bingo games go toward conservation awareness.

LARRY

Well it's certainly needed. People are totally unaware of energy consumption these days. Look at Las Vegas for example. All flashy!

Larry nudges Cheryl and winks.

HELEN

Well, I have to continue making the rounds. Nice to meet you at last Larry. We all look forward to having you call bingo tomorrow night.

LARRY

I'll be there.

Cheryl and Larry both look at each other as Helen walks away to attend to her other guests.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I have to go to the bathroom. Where's the bathroom?

CHERYL

(pointing)

It's down the hall there.

LARRY

Which is odd when you think about it because usually when you expel this much liquid through your pores you don't have to pee. Arabs never pee, did you know that?

CHERYL

Larry, stop it.

Larry leaves to the bathroom

CUT TO:

INT. HELEN'S HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Larry comes out of the bathroom into the hall still wiping the water off of his brow and neck and pauses to notice the thermostat on the wall. He looks around, then at the thermostat again. After one more look in the direction of the party, he subtly reaches up and adjusts the thermostat.

Just as he finishes, he glances back in the direction of the party where guests' bodies have parted and Helen is looking directly at him with a furrowed brow. Larry smiles and does the forehead in the air "hello" gesture as if nothing was wrong, thinking she might not have seen him. She just keeps looking at him as she moves away. He shrugs his shoulders and heads back to meet Cheryl.

INT. RICHARD LEWIS CAR - DAY

Richard is calling Larry on his car phone.

RICHARD

Hey, Larry, did you know that men with two first names are more likely to commit suicide in the first 50 years of life? I feel good today, how are you?

CUT TO:

INT. SPAGO RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Larry is talking to Richard Lewis on his cell phone.

LARRY

Ah, not so good.

(pause)

Who did?

(pause)

Bobcat did? He told it?

(pause angrily)

That's my joke!

(pause)

How could he tell that joke? That's my joke and besides the whole point of having a joke you can never tell is that you never tell it.

(pause)

I can't believe this. How do you know this, were you there?

(pause)

At the club. This is outrageous. Did you say anything to him?

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

(pause)

Well, you just don't do that, that's the point.

(pause)

Because, it's wrong. It's my monkey fuck joke. I've spent the last 7 years not telling it, if anyone was going to tell it, it should have been me!

(pause)

Listen, I'm waiting for Sandra Bullock, she'll be here any minute. I've got to go.

(pause)

Yeah, on your cell.

(pause)

Okay. Bye.

Larry hangs up the phone as his drink server comes to the table. It's the same guy he accused of being incompetent in the previous restaurant scene. You can see in the servers face that he recognizes Larry as the loudmouth. Larry looks up and recognizes him.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Well. You're working all over town.

DRINK GUY

Thanks to your complaint to my manager I found myself looking for work elsewhere.

LARRY

You should thank me.

DRINK GUY

Really? How do you figure?

LARRY

Well, it's worked out for you, you've been promoted to beverage delivery technician. I just hope it doesn't overwhelm you like the potato skins did.

As the drink guy sits the drink on the table, he tips it with his wrist as if he stumbled but has clearly done it on purpose.

DRINK GUY

(sarcastically)

Oooohhhhhh, I'm so sorry. I guess I can't even be trusted with the drinks.

LARRY

You idiot. I can't believe this.

DRINK GUY

I'll just go get the towel guy to come and help you.

LARRY

You did that on purpose. Damn it!

The drink guy leaves and Larry pushes his back into the booths cushion and pulls his pants out with one hand, hunches over and tries to rub the fabric dry with the other hand briskly under the table. Just then Sandra Bullock enters and sees Larry where it appears that he is masturbating. He senses someone is watching him and looks up still vigorously rubbing his crotch.

SANDRA BULLOCK

(shocked)

Oh, my god!

LARRY

Sandra, hi.

Larry looks back at his crotch and realizes what it looks like. Sandra looks disgusted.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh, no, it's not what it looks like. I can explain.

Sandra turns and rushes toward the door of the restaurant. She exits as Larry struggles to get out of the booth but can't move fast enough.

LARRY (CONT'D)

No! Shit! God damn it!

INT. JEFF'S OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Larry walks into Jeff's office where Jeff is finishing a phone conversation. Jeff hangs up the phone. Larry is pacing.

LARRY

My crotch is still damp from lunch.

JEFF

That Sandra Bullock is a hottie.

LARRY

No, I mean the goddamn waiter spilled a drink on me...on purpose.

JEFF

What was the waiter doing serving you drinks, shouldn't that be the other guy?

Larry shoots Jeff a steely look.

JEFF (CONT'D)

What?

LARRY

I was trying to dry off my pants and I think Sandra thought I was touching myself. She ran out of the restaurant.

JEFF

Oh Larry, no shit. You, uh...you weren't, were you?

LARRY

No, of course not. I knocked it around a little bit before I left the house but... Why am I telling you that!

JEFF

Look, why don't you just call her and tell her it was a mistake?

LARRY

She'll never talk to me again. We might as well scrap the whole idea.

JEFF

Well, wait now. Didn't you tell me that you met her aunt at the party the other night?

LARRY

(realizing)

Oh yeah, "Hot House Helen". I could get her number from Cheryl and try to get her to explain to Sandra that it was just a misunderstanding.

JEFF

There you go.

LARRY

You're brilliant, I'm stunned.

JEFF

Well, that's what you pay me for.

LARRY

Oh, guess what else.

JEFF

You're being sued for indecent exposure?

LARRY

No, you remember my monkey fuck joke?

JEFF

The one you told me that you weren't suppose to tell me?

LARRY

Yeah.

JEFF

The one about shitting your pants?

LARRY

Yeah.

JEFF

What about it?



LARRY

Bobcat did that joke, my joke, at a club last night. I just got off the phone with Richard who heard him do it.

JEFF

So he stole your joke?

LARRY

Yup. I mean if he's gonna steal one of my regular jokes, that's bad enough, but stealing the one joke I'd never tell, that's, that's, unforgivable.

JEFF

You want me to call his agent?

LARRY

Well, I don't know. He's my friend. Let me talk to him and see what he says and if he's a jerk about it, then, you can sic 'em.

JEFF

If he's going to use your material you at least deserve credit for it.

LARRY

Well, I'm not really sure that I want credit for it. For the rest of my life I'd be associated with the ultimate monkey fuck joke.

JEFF

Alright, I'll leave it in your hands. But let me know if he gives you attitude and we'll take some other kind of action.

LARRY

Okay, I'll be at home.

INT. LARRY & CHERYL'S KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

Larry comes into the kitchen where Cheryl is fixing a sandwich.

LARRY

Hey Cheryl, I need Helens' number from the party the other night.

CHERYL

Well, gosh Larry, I don't think she'll want to talk to you.

LARRY

Why not?

CHERYL

She called about an hour ago. When were you going to tell me about what you did at Helen's house last night?

LARRY

There was nothing...what?

CHERYL

She said she you saw you change the temperature on her thermostat when you came out of the bathroom.

LARRY

Are you kidding? She's upset about that?

CHERYL

So, you did touch her thermostat?

LARRY

Well...yeah, you know, it was hot...and...I made several very obvious comments about how uncomfortable it was in the house and she just ignored me. . And when I came out of the bathroom there it was.

CHERYL

So, you just took it upon yourself to adjust the woman's thermostat?

LARRY

My survival instincts took over.

CHERYL

It's an invasion of privacy, Larry.  
Not to mention the fact that she's the  
head of the Energy Conservation  
Committee.

LARRY

Everyone thought it was hot, I was  
doing her a favor. Besides, if she  
was so upset, why didn't she say  
something last night? The statute of  
limitations expired after the party.

CHERYL

Larry, you just don't touch a person's  
thermostat without asking.

LARRY

Why not? Who fucking cares?

CHERYL

It's an unwritten rule.

LARRY

There's a reason it's un-written....It's  
not a rule.

CHERYL

It's rude. It's like using a man's  
comb. You wouldn't just use a man's  
comb without asking would you?

LARRY

What?... When's the last time you saw  
anyone using a comb?

CHERYL

That's not the point, Larry.

LARRY

What is the point? I mean if you're  
going to use an analogy at least use  
one that's current. I haven't seen a  
comb since 1988.

CHERYL

You haven't needed a comb since 1988.

LARRY

Oh, we're going there huh?

CHERYL

You violated a trust.

LARRY

A trust?! A trust?!

CHERYL

Yes, Larry.

LARRY

Well look, give me her number and I'll apologize and besides, I have to ask her a favor.

CHERYL

What?

LARRY

There was a mix-up with Sandra Bullock today and she thinks I was masturbating at lunch.

CHERYL

(in disbelief)

Larry... I...whah...What is the matter with you.

LARRY

I wasn't! It was a misunderstanding. I need Helen to help me clear it up.

CHERYL

Well, then you better do a good job of apologizing.

LARRY

I will. Get her on the phone for me will you? I'll do it.

Cheryl grabs the phone and dials giving Larry an annoyed look. She hands the phone to Larry.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(joyfully)

Hi, Helen! It's Larry. Larry David.  
It's good to talk to you.

(pause)

Yeah.

(pause)

Well, no I didn't think that.

(pause)

Well, the thing is it was very hot and  
I...

(pause)

I just thought that if...

(pause)

Look, I just wanted to apologize and I  
thought...

(pause)

Actually I thought it was Celsius.

(pause)

Well of course I, everyone knows that's  
off limits. It's a private boundary.

(pause)

Yes, really I am so sorry.

(pause)

Yes.

(pause)

Yes.

(pause')

Listen, I hate to ask this but, I had  
a little misunderstanding with Sandra  
today.

(pause)

Yes, we met for lunch but the thing is  
the waiter spilled some water on my  
pants right before she came in and I  
was brushing the water off and I think  
she thought I was doing something  
obscene.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

(pause)

No, of course not.

(pause)

Well, if there's any way you could talk to her and let her know it was a misunderstanding.

(pause)

Well, I know the bingo game is important to you and if you want to see how the games go before you talk to her, I totally understand. And then you'll talk to Sandra?

(pause)

Great. Thank you and again, I'm awfully sorry about the misunderstanding. Now I know, Fahrenheit.

(pause)

Okay, good-bye.

Larry hangs up and looks at Cheryl.

CHERYL

I don't know how you do it.

LARRY

Social fiscal accounting?

CHERYL

What?

LARRY

I just gave an apology so now I'm going to Bobcat's house to get one from him. It all evens out. That's the secret.

Cheryl just gives him a look of "oh come on".

LARRY (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

Larry leaves the room.

EXT. BOBCAT'S HOUSE - DAY

Larry walks up to Bobcat's house and rings the doorbell.  
Bobcat answers and invites Larry in.

CUT TO:

INT. BOBCAT'S KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Larry and Bobcat enter the kitchen. Bobcat sits at the table while Larry stands at the counter.

LARRY

So, Bobcat.

BOBCAT

So, Larry.

LARRY

We've been friends a long time right?

BOBCAT

Yeah.

Larry looks around not quite ready to launch into the matter at hand. He notices a bowl of fruit.

LARRY

Your bananas are bad.

BOBCAT

Yeah, I don't know why I even buy them. I mean, I get them thinking they're good for me so then every time I want to eat one I figure I better save them for later. Then I just end up throwing them away.

LARRY

So, why'd you use my monkey fuck joke the other night?

BOBCAT

Oops, busted. Well, here's the thing. I was doing my act, having a killer set, doing a lot more improv than usual, when I suddenly realized I didn't have a closer that fit, you know, the direction I'd been taking the crowd.

LARRY

So, you just decided to steal my joke.

BOBCAT

Well, no, I borrowed it. I didn't really even think about it, it just seemed to fit. Next thing I knew, out it came. Besides, you never use it.

LARRY

That's not the point. No one can use it. But at least you could have asked first. What if I came to your house and just, you know, went in and changed your thermostat, you know, without asking first? How would you feel?

BOBCAT

Yeah, I see your point.

LARRY

You'd feel violated. And, you used my monkey fuck joke and didn't even give me credit and so...you violated me.

BOBCAT

Well, yeah, I guess you're right! For what it's worth, though, it killed.

There is a brief pause as Bobcat's comment get's Larry's complete attention.

LARRY

It what? It killed?

BOBCAT

Yeah, it worked! It was a killer joke.

Larry suddenly finds himself deep in thought with a slight smile on his face, relishing the idea that the joke he'd been saving all this time was well received.

LARRY

So they liked it, huh?

BOBCAT

It's a funny joke.



LARRY

You know I came up with that joke like,  
what, 7 years ago.

BOBCAT

It's very funny.

LARRY

(thinking)

Hum. They liked it. That's great. I  
mean, it is a great joke.

BOBCAT

Listen, Larry, if there's any way I  
can make it up to you, just, you know,  
say so.

LARRY

I don't know..... Wait! Well, actually  
there is. How'd you like to call bingo  
for me.

BOBCAT

You mean your fund raising thing?

LARRY

Yeah.

BOBCAT

Aren't you doing it?

LARRY

I was, but it has to be great and you're  
the bingo king. Besides, you owe me.

Bobcat thinks about it.

BOBCAT

Okay, sure, I guess. It's tonight,  
right?

LARRY

Yes.

BOBCAT

I'll do it. I'll do it for you Larry.

LARRY

Great. I'll have Cheryl call you and give you the details.

BOBCAT

Great.

LARRY

Okay. Stay by the phone.

Larry heads for the door.

BOBCAT

Got it. And have a banana.

LARRY

Okay, I'll take it, but I'm going to eat it later.

EXT. BINGO HALL - EVENING

Larry pulls up to the bingo hall in his car where a valet is standing at the key box. As he gets out of the car the valet turns from the key box to take Larry's keys and to reveal that it's the waiter Larry pissed off in the previous scenes.

LARRY

It's you!

VALET

Oh... my... God.

At this point Larry is aware of the traffic backing up behind him waiting to be parked and he sees Cheryl at the hall entrance waving him in.

LARRY

Listen, I don't want any funny business. This is a very expensive car.

VALET

(obtusely)

Why I'm quite sure I don't know what you mean... sir.

LARRY

I'm not kidding.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

I know we've had our disagreements but this is a very important night and I've got to get inside and I want you to promise me you'll be careful with my car.

Larry pulls out his wallet and hands the valet a hundred dollar bill.

LARRY (CONT'D)

There, that should take care of things.

VALET

I lost two jobs because of you.

Larry pulls out another hundred and hands it to the valet.

LARRY

There. You're not a valet you're an extortionist.

VALET

Sir, I'm a professional. I'll take very good care of your car.

LARRY

Okay, that's all I ask.

Larry heads inside and we see behind him as the valet gets into Larry's car and guns it, speeding out of frame followed by a screeching sound. Larry tries to look back to see what happened but Cheryl hurries him into the hall.

INT. BINGO HALL - LATER

Larry is watching Bobcat calling bingo. Cheryl comes up to Larry.

CHERYL

Well, so far this is going pretty well, but remember, you have to give the prizes away because you're the celebrity.

LARRY

Come on, this is me. It's handled.

CHERYL

It better be.

BOBCAT

Sexy legs, "B" eleven.

Bobcat cat-whistles and gives an empty chuckle. Larry steps onto the stage and approaches Bobcat who is between numbers.

LARRY

What are you doing?

Bobcat covers the microphone with his hand.

BOBCAT

What do you mean?

LARRY

I thought you were supposed to be the bingo king. Crank it up a notch would you? Cheryl is all over me.

BOBCAT

I was 13, Larry. It was a long time ago. I don't know what these people want to hear. I'm doing my best here.

LARRY

Well you'd better snap it up.

BOBCAT

Look, just because I owe you a favor doesn't mean you can be an asshole.

LARRY

Oh, I'm an asshole?

Bobcat releases his hand from the microphone and the whole room hears Larry loud and clear.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I'm an asshole!

Larry hears his voice resonate from the back wall and looks around the room he sees the whole room staring at him. He smiles and leaves the stage. Bobcat goes on calling and starts telling a "by the way, this reminds me" joke.

As Larry looks around the room, he sees out the front entrance of the hall where his car does a "Starsky and Hutch style" turn and speeds up the main street and away from the bingo hall. He runs out of the main hall, out of the lobby to chase his car but runs smack into a drink waiter splashing a tray of drinks all over both of them. He just watches, dripping, as his car speeds away. Larry looks at the drink waiter.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Sorry. Where is your rest room?

The drink waiter just points, trying to contain his anger.

INT. BINGO HALL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Larry comes out of the men's room drying his hands. He stands in the doorway and nods to Cheryl who is looking at him oddly. He just smiles. He sees Bobcat at the bingo machine and he notices something Bobcat says sounds familiar.

BOBCAT

No, not then, now. I just shit my pants.

The room erupts in disgust. Cheryl is looking furious as she starts making her way through the aisle to get to Larry.

LARRY

Holy fuck.

BOBCAT

Hey, hey, hey! Everybody, settle down, it's not even my joke. That joke is the creation of your former bingo caller, Mr. Larry David.

The room starts booing. Larry is now horrified and swings back out of view of the door and puts his hand on his chest as if to keep his heart from leaping out of it. As he becomes more aware of his surroundings he notices Helen and Sandra Bullock standing a few feet away looking at him sternly. He follows their gaze down his arm which is gripping the wall for balance. As their mutual focus moves down to his hand he realizes it has inadvertently come to rest on the building's thermostat. He looks back at the two of them who stare daggers at him and let out a growl of disdain.

CHERYL

(O.S.)

Larry!!!!

Larry follows Helen and Sandra's gaze down toward his crotch which has a large wet stain from the spilled drink tray. Larry quickly looks up in horror.

SANDRA BULLOCK

Oh my god!

LARRY

Aw hell, look right here...

Finally frustrated BEYOND belief, Larry points to his crotch.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(defiantly)

And it was damn good too!

Helen snaps her fingers to two security guards come over and take Larry by each shoulder.

EXT. BINGO HALL - CONTINUOUS

Larry's body goes flying through the air, out the hall entrance and into the bushes. Just as he looks up, his car comes speeding up and smashes into the light post near by. The valet gets out, walks to Larry in the bushes and hands him his keys.

VALET

Have a nice evening sir.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW