Curb Your Enthusiasm

"Larry Gives Back"

Written by

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INT. DAVID RESIDENCE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Cheryl is under the covers. She's glued to her iPad. Larry is in the bathroom.

    LARRY (O.S.)
    So what do you think? Genius, right? I really think I'm onto something here.

Larry exits the bathroom in his pajamas. He climbs into bed.

    LARRY (CONT'D)
    This could revolutionize the way we live our lives. Could be my crowning achievement. Larry David solves energy crisis.

Cheryl doesn't look up. She's too preoccupied with her device.

    LARRY (CONT'D)
    So what do you think!?

    CHERYL
    (removed)
    About what?

    LARRY
    About what we were talking about.

    CHERYL
    Were we talking?

    LARRY
    Of course we were talking. You mean you didn't hear a word I said the last five minutes? I had an epiphany!

    CHERYL
    No, I'm playing Scrabble with some kid in Turkey. I thought you were doing a character in there altogether.

    LARRY
    What character?

    CHERYL
    How should I know? One of your characters. I don't know which one.

    LARRY
    Alright, will you put that thing away, already? I can't compete with that thing.

She turns it off.
CHERYL
Okay, Larry, I'm all ears. Tell me your epiphany.

LARRY
Okay, ready? *Glow in the dark walls.* Huh? Huh?

CHERYL
I'm not sure I--

LARRY
We get them in the house! That way when it's dark the walls will glow thus eliminating the need for light. It'll cut our electricity bill in half. Maybe two thirds!

CHERYL
You're saying you want to paint the walls in the house glow in the dark?

LARRY
Not just our house. This could go national, baby. Who knows how big it could get?

CHERYL
You really think people want to paint their walls glow in the dark?

LARRY
Yes, I do.

CHERYL
Wouldn't it make more sense just to go solar?

LARRY
To hell with solar. The future is glow.

CHERYL
Great, you got this all figured out. Good night, Larry.

She kisses him on the cheek, turns her lamp off, and closes her eyes.

LARRY
I knew you wouldn't understand. Most people can't see the potential in big ideas. This is what Einstein was up against his whole life.

Larry opens the drawer in his night stand. He reaches around but he can't find the item he wants. He looks inside.
LARRY (CONT'D)
The hell? Where the hell is my book?

He gets out of bed. He checks the drawer from a better angle.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Dammit, where's my book?

He scans the room. No luck. He scratches his head.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Cheryl, have you seen my book?

CHERYL
Which one?

LARRY
My idea book!

CHERYL
No.

LARRY
How am I supposed to write my ideas down if my idea book's gone!?

CHERYL
Did you check the drawer?

LARRY
Yes, I checked the drawer. It's not there.

CHERYL
Well I don't know but do you think we could look for it in the morning? I really need to get some sleep now.

Cheryl rolls over. Larry, distraught, stands there stuck.

INT. DAVID RESIDENCE -- BEDROOM -- MORNING

Cheryl wakes up. The room is a war zone. Larry is nowhere to be found.

CHERYL
Larry?

She gets out of bed. She has to step over piles of clothing and other bedroom paraphernalia to get to the door. She pokes her head out.

CHERYL (CONT'D)
Larry!? 
INT. DAVID RESIDENCE -- KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Cheryl looks around the room. It's worse than the bedroom. Nothing is where it belongs. Larry is under the kitchen sink.

CHERYL
What's going on, Larry?

LARRY (O.S.)
Looking for my book.

CHERYL
You really think it's under the kitchen sink?

LARRY (O.S.)
No I don't but I'm checking anyway. I'll tear this place apart if I have to.

CHERYL
I see that. I thought we agreed I'd help you when I got up.

Larry wiggles out from under the sink. He stands up.

LARRY
I couldn't sleep so I started without you. You can help me clean if you want.

CHERYL
I'll pass.

LARRY
Offer's on the table.

CHERYL
So you haven't slept at all then?

LARRY
Nope.

CHERYL
You're gonna regret that.

The phone rings. Larry grabs it.

LARRY (into phone)
Hello? No we don't. You too.

He hangs up.

CHERYL
Who was that?
LARRY
Clothing donation. Pleasant lady.

CHERYL
What about the bag of stuff in the garage!?

LARRY
Cheryl, you know I feel weird about that.

CHERYL
About what? Helping someone in need?

LARRY
Yes! What if I bump into some guy on the street and he's wearing my pants? No thanks, too painful.

CHERYL
It wouldn't kill you to do some charity once in a while, Larry. You might feel good about yourself.

LARRY
I don't know if I would.

INT. STAPLES -- DAY

Larry and RICHARD LEWIS are in the writing pads aisle. A Staples employee, DERRICK, 16, a technology snob, is stocking shelves in the background.

RICHARD LEWIS
I thought we were going to lunch. What is happening?

LARRY
I gotta grab something real quick, gimme a minute.

Larry looks for a new idea book but he can't find the kind he likes.

RICHARD LEWIS
See, this is why I don't carpool. I have no control over my own location.

LARRY
(to Derrick)
Excuse me.

DERRICK
Yes?
LARRY
I'm looking for a notepad you carry
but I don't see it.

DERRICK
What does it look like?

LARRY
It's navy and it's got a map on the
front.

DERRICK
Oh, I know that one. Let me take a
look.

Derrick scans the shelves.

DERRICK (CONT'D)
You're right, it's not here.

LARRY
I know. I'm the one who told you
that.

DERRICK
What is this for, anyway?

LARRY
Writing things down. Typical notepad
stuff.

DERRICK
Have you tried using your smart phone
instead? There should be a notepad
app on it.

LARRY
I'm more of a paper and pencil man
myself.

DERRICK
Really? Because you'd never have to
carry those things again. They're on
your phone. That's the beauty of
technology.

LARRY
I think I'll just stick with the old
fashioned kind.

DERRICK
Hey, it's your life.

Derrick walks off.
RICHARD LEWIS
Let's just grab any old notepad already, I'm starving here. Who cares what the design is?

LARRY
I need to get the same one I always get. I always get the same one.

A neighbor of Larry's, HERB ROSE, wheels a cart around the corner. He spots Larry and approaches him. They shake hands.

HERB ROSE
Hey, Larry.

RICHARD LEWIS
Ah, jeez.

LARRY
Oh, hi, Herb.

HERB ROSE
Did you hear about the Tooeys? Their house got broken into last night.

LARRY
No kidding, the Tooeys house got hit? That's the second one in the neighborhood this week.

HERB ROSE
I know. We're doing a homeowner's thing about it tonight, you should come. Alice checked into a hotel. She's convinced our house is next.

LARRY
Why would yours be next?

HERB ROSE
Well, why wouldn't it?

LARRY
I just mean, you know, because there's 30 houses on our street. It's a numbers game.

HERB ROSE
What do you know that I don't know, Larry?

LARRY
Nothing. Why would I know anything?

HERB ROSE
Well, what do you have against my house?
LARRY
Your house is fine. It's a house.

HERB ROSE
That's not what it sounds like to me. It sounds like you have a problem with my house.

LARRY
Why would I have a problem with your house?

HERB ROSE
I don't know, Larry, you're very particular. That's just how it seems.

LARRY
I don't even remember which house is yours. It's at the end of the block, I know that.

HERB ROSE
It isn't at the end of the block, Larry, it's three doors down from you! You're a lousy neighbor, you know that? See you at the meeting.

Herb Rose wheels his cart away in a huff.

RICHARD LEWIS
Nice, Larry, real nice. I don't understand why you're replacing this thing so soon. It's only been missing a day.

LARRY
Believe me, I looked everywhere.

RICHARD LEWIS
Well, where do you think it went?

LARRY
If I knew where it went we wouldn't be here right now.

RICHARD LEWIS
Hey, if you don't want my help I won't offer it.

LARRY
Fine, don't.

RICHARD LEWIS
Fine, I won't. Well did you at least offer a reward?
LARRY
Yes, Lewis, I did. On the inside cover.

RICHARD LEWIS
For how much?

LARRY
A thousand.

RICHARD LEWIS
A thousand dollars for a notebook!? Are you outta your mind?

LARRY
It's nothing compared to how much the ideas inside it are worth, trust me.

RICHARD LEWIS
You mean like your combination toilet bowl/foot massager?

LARRY
That's one of them, yes.

RICHARD LEWIS
I'd buy that.

LARRY
Of course you would. It's a brilliant idea.

INT. DAVID RESIDENCE -- GARAGE -- DAY
Cheryl closes her trunk and drives off.

INT. DAVID RESIDENCE -- FOYER -- DAY
TERRY, a skinny home alarm system technician with a goatee, completes his paperwork on a clipboard.

TERRY
So that's six door sensors, 26 window sensors, and 11 motion detectors, is that correct?

LARRY
I thought you were counting. I wasn't counting.

Terry grabs his calculator and does some calculating.

TERRY
That's 292 plus 144 plus 320 plus 85 makes 841. Tell you what: I'll give you 90 off. How's 750?
LARRY
Why is that?

TERRY
Why is what?

LARRY
The 90 off.

TERRY
Actually, sir, I got a text from my wife on the way over here. Our daughter got into Princeton.

LARRY
Wow, congratulations! That's big. Okay, let's do it. 750.

They shake hands.

TERRY
I'll just need some information from you and we'll get started on the install.

Terry hands over the clipboard. Larry begins filling it out.

LARRY
Princeton, huh? That's a great school. Of course my cousin Andy went there and he's a horse's ass but you can't judge a school on one schmuck, right?

TERRY
I guess not.

Larry gets stuck on something in the paperwork.

LARRY
What's this about a password?

TERRY
That's the six digit code you'll enter to disarm the system. What happens is when you leave the house you'll press the arm button. When you return the alarm will sound and you'll have 60 seconds to enter the code. If you don't disarm it within that time frame we'll send someone out.

LARRY
I see, okay. But do I have to write it down here?
TERRY
I'm afraid so.

LARRY
I'm pretty private with my passwords. I don't usually write them down.

TERRY
I don't know what to tell you.

LARRY
Hmm.

Larry does his patented staredown.

TERRY
Without it I can't really complete the install.

LARRY
Why not?

TERRY
Because I can't make the system recognize it if I don't know what it is.

LARRY
I could tell it to you. No, that won't work either. I don't like to say my passwords out loud.

TERRY
So.

LARRY
So there's no getting around it?

TERRY
I mean without a password you won't be able to use your alarm system. It's pointless.

LARRY
What if I punch it in myself? Could I punch it in myself?

TERRY
Meaning...?

LARRY
Meaning when it's time for you to enter the code during the install you'll call me over and I'll do it myself.
TERRY
That's not usually the way it's done.

LARRY
So what?

TERRY
So I'm a stickler for protocol and that's not protocol. I don't see what the big deal is writing it down. Everyone does it.

LARRY
I'll tell you why. Because passwords are private. You don't go around giving random people your passwords.

TERRY
Well, no, but I'm not exactly some random person. I'm the guy installing your alarm system.

LARRY
Hey, I don't know you. This could be your thing. You break into homes with the passwords people write down.

TERRY
Are you accusing me of robbing my clients right now?

LARRY
I just meant if I were a thief I'd install home alarm systems for a living. It's so convenient.

TERRY
I'm actually, I'm slightly offended right now.

LARRY
Oh, c'mon. I just meant it'd be a good racket. You're probably fine.

TERRY
I work for the company protecting you. Why would I rob you?

LARRY
I don't know the inner workings of a criminal's brain!

TERRY
I'm not a criminal! You know what? Gimme that paperwork.
LARRY
Why?

TERRY
Give me that paperwork!

Terry grabs the clipboard from Larry's grip. He crosses something out and writes something else in.

LARRY
What are you doing?

TERRY
I'm adding the 90 back on.

LARRY
Why!?

TERRY
Because I don't appreciate your accusations.

LARRY
But we had a deal! We shook on it!

TERRY
New deal.

LARRY
But what about your daughter? Princeton!

TERRY
Sir, please don't talk about my daughter, okay? Or her school.

LARRY
C'mon.

TERRY
Or I could leave. I think I'll just do that. Have a good one, Mr. David.

Terry grabs his stuff and heads for the door.

LARRY
Don't leave, don't leave. 840's fine. But I get to punch it in.

TERRY
Actually it's 841. I took 91 off, I just didn't mention it. I always round down.

LARRY
Fine, 841, 841, but--
Cheryl enters.

CHERYL
Larry!

LARRY
Huh? Oh hey, Cheryl.

CHERYL
What's going on?

LARRY
Updating the alarm system.

CHERYL
(to Terry)
Is my husband bothering you?

TERRY
Do you want my honest opinion, ma'am?

CHERYL
Yes, I do.

TERRY
Yes, he is. Could you take him into another room, please?

CHERYL
Let's go Larry.

LARRY
But the password!

TERRY
I'll call you when I need you, sir!

Cheryl escorts Larry off.

INT. DAVID RESIDENCE -- KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

LARRY
I wouldn't be surprised if we already got hit.

CHERYL
Hit?

LARRY
Yeah, you know, burgled.

CHERYL
You mean because of your missing idea book?
LARRY
That's right, because of my missing idea book.

CHERYL
So you think someone broke into our house just to steal your idea book.

LARRY
Where else could it be?

CHERYL
Larry, so far two entertainment centers have been taken. They don't want your idea book, they want your electronics.

LARRY
That's what they'd have you believe, Cheryl. Trust me, these guys are professional.

CHERYL
Here, I picked this up for you while I was out.

Cheryl hands Larry a flyer. He examines it.

LARRY
For me?

CHERYL
I thought you might wanna volunteer at a soup kitchen tomorrow.

LARRY
What on Earth gave you that impression?

CHERYL
You might like it.

LARRY
Somehow I doubt that. Where did you get this?

CHERYL
Well I already signed you up so I guess we'll see. When you get there ask for Vicky.

LARRY
You did what?

CHERYL
Punishment for destroying the house. (MORE)
CHERYL (CONT'D)
Also, don't forget we have that homeowner's thing tonight.

LARRY
I have to do both?

CHERYL
That's the way it goes.

INT. DAVID RESIDENCE -- FOYER -- LATER

Terry is ready for Larry's super secret password. Larry finishes a yawn first.

TERRY
Okay, now on my command you're gonna press the pound sign followed by your six digit code followed by the pound sign again. Got it?

LARRY
Pound, code, pound. Got it.

TERRY
Correct.

LARRY
And you'll look away for that, right?

TERRY
Fine, sir, I'll look away for that, okay? Now, remember, you only have one shot here so don't blow it. No re-do's or else I have to start all over again.

LARRY
Piece of cake.

TERRY
Great. On your mark, get set, go.

Larry enters the code as directed.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- EVENING

Cheryl is 20 paces in front of Larry.

CHERYL
Would you hurry up please? We're so late.

LARRY
I'm going as fast as I can. I'm running on fumes here.
CHERYL
We're always late for everything. I hate being late for everything!

INT. ROSE RESIDENCE -- LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Herb Rose is leading the homeowner's meeting. He wields a gavel.

HERB ROSE
So it's settled: The street lamps will stay lit until 10:18 pm. Nice compromise, everyone.

He bangs his gavel on his hand because he can't find a suitable surface to strike. He browses his notes.

HERB ROSE (CONT'D)
Next order of business, it's the main reason I called this meeting tonight, it's what everyone's talking about--

Larry and Cheryl enter. EVERYONE in the room looks over at them. Herb stops himself. He clears his throat. Cheryl looks embarrassed. Larry looks indifferent. They have to climb over people to get to their seats. Larry trips over SOMEONE.

HERB ROSE (CONT'D)
Nice of you to pop in.

Larry yawns.

HERB ROSE (CONT'D)
As I was saying, our next order of business is the matter of the break-ins. Our neighborhood has seen two robberies in five days and it's not gonna stop until we do something about it. So what are we gonna--

Herb stops and stares at Larry, who's asleep on Cheryl's shoulder. He's snoring. Cheryl nudges him.

CHERYL
(whispering)
Larry.

HERB ROSE
Do you mind? Does he mind!?

CHERYL
He didn't get any sleep last night. Wake up, Larry!

Cheryl gives Larry a stiffer nudge. He wakes up.
LARRY
Ow!

She directs Larry's attention to Herb. Larry sits up.

HERB ROSE
Did you have a nice nap?

LARRY
It was okay.

HERB ROSE
How's everything else? Everything else good?

LARRY
Everything else is fine, Herb.

HERB ROSE
Is the chair up to your satisfaction?

LARRY
The chair could use another inch of padding.

CHERYL
(under her breath)
Please don't make this a big thing, Larry.

HERB ROSE
I'm wondering why you bothered to show up tonight if you were just gonna sleep through the whole thing.

LARRY
Believe me, I would've preferred to stay home.

HERB ROSE
Oh really?

LARRY
Yes, yes, really, Herb. Cheryl dragged me. You think I would've come to this on my own?

HERB ROSE
Well, Mr. David, you're free to go then! I hereby release you.

LARRY
Thanks, but I think I'll stay. You may proceed.

HERB ROSE
No, please, by all means.
Cheryl has her head in her hands.

LARRY
Are you kicking me out right now?

HERB ROSE
What's the difference? You don't want to be here. You show up late. You yawn. You trip over people on your way to your seat--

LARRY
That's because you crammed too many rows in here! It's very tight!

HERB ROSE
You sleep and snore through the entire thing.

LARRY
That's impossible, I don't snore.

HERB ROSE
How would you know if you snored? You're sleeping every time you do it! Please leave now, Larry. I'd like to stop wasting everyone's time.

Larry stands. Cheryl stands with him.

HERB ROSE (CONT'D)
Cheryl, you can stay if you'd like.

Cheryl sits back down.

LARRY
C'mon, Cheryl, let's go.

CHERYL
I think I'm gonna stay. You go without me.

LARRY
But--

CHERYL
Just go, Larry!

LARRY
You want me to go, I'll go. But only because you asked, not him.

CHERYL
Fine, whatever.
LARRY
(shouting)
I'm going home because she asked, not him!

Larry trips over ANOTHER PERSON on the way out.

HERB ROSE
Your neighbor, Larry David, everyone!
Give him a round of applause. Larry David.

LARRY
To hell with you, Herb. I got an idea: let's all leave our houses at the same time when there's a robber on the loose. Real smart!

Larry exits.

HERB ROSE
So what are we gonna do about it, people?

A GUY raises his hand.

HERB ROSE (CONT'D)
Yes, Dennis.

EXT. DAVID RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

Larry is struggling to make it home. He's so tired he's walking like a zombie. He may even be blacked out.

When he gets to his front door he slaps himself in the face to stay awake. He reaches into his pockets for his keys but Cheryl has them. So Larry, in his state, decides it's a good idea to throw a rock through the stained glass window beside the door and unlock it that way—which is what he does. The alarm sounds. It's loud and annoying as hell. He goes to the keypad on the wall. He types 1-7-8-1-1-7. The alarm doesn't stop.

LARRY
Ergh!

He slaps himself in the face again. He knows he has to stop the alarm system before he crashes. He types the numbers in again. 1-7-8-1-1-7. Still doesn't stop.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Ahhh!

Another slap. He tries one last time. 1-7-8-1-1-7. Still doesn't stop.
A Police Officer, HERCK, steps over broken glass with his weapon drawn. The alarm is still sounding. Herck finds Larry sleeping in an uncomfortable position against the wall. He kicks Larry's foot. Larry mutters an unintelligible noise. Herck grabs his radio.

HERCK
(into radio)
We have a 211, that's a 211, on the 3300 block of Las Lomas. Suspect is 60 years old, bald, possibly intoxicated, currently unconscious in foyer. House is in disarray.
Visible forced entry.
(to Larry)
Let's go guy, up and at 'em!

Herck handcuffs Larry and brings him to his feet. Larry half wakes up. His speech is slurred.

LARRY
What's going on? What's happening?

HERCK
Sir, you're being arrested for breaking and entering. I'm taking you to the station.

LARRY
But this is my house, I live here.

HERCK
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be--

LARRY
You don't understand. This is my house.

Herck walks Larry to his cruiser and lowers his head into the backseat.

LARRY (CONT'D)
This is my house!

The cruiser drives off. EVERYONE from the homeowner's meeting watches from Herb Rose's front yard.

INT. POLICE STATION -- MORNING
A GUARD escorts Cheryl to the tank.

GUARD
We would have called earlier but he just seemed so comfortable.
CHERYL
Trust me, you could've waited longer.

GUARD
David, rise and shine!

INT. LARRY'S PRIUS -- MOVING -- MORNING

CHERYL
So what exactly do you remember from last night?

LARRY
I remember leaving Herb Rose's farshtinkina house. After that it's a blur.

CHERYL
You don't remember throwing a rock through the stained glass window?

LARRY
Not at all.

CHERYL
Well, you did. Know what else you did?

LARRY
What?

CHERYL
You entered the code in wrong during the install. It was supposed to be 1-7-8-1-1-7, right?

LARRY
Cheryl, shh!

CHERYL
No one's listening Larry, we're inside a moving car! It was supposed to be 1-7-8-1-1-7 but you entered 1-7-8-4-4-7. You should've let the alarm system guy do his job. Oh and now the whole neighborhood is convinced you're the burglar, too.

Larry honks the horn.

LARRY
(shouting out the window)
Let's move!

The two cars in front of Larry are stopped for no apparent reason.
LARRY (CONT'D)
Unbelievable. The guy in the front's blocking the way and the guy behind him won't honk! Nobody honks in this town!

Cheryl gazes out the window with an 'anywhere but here' look.

EXT. SOUP KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Larry is in his parked car across the street. He has a pained look on his face. The soup kitchen is in a bad area. BUMS are everywhere. HOOKERS and CRACKHEADS, too. He clutches the steering wheel with both hands.

INT. SOUP KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Larry walks into the place tentative as hell. There are more BUMS than he's ever seen in one room. He approaches a WOMAN who looks normal enough.

LARRY
Can you tell me where I can find Vicky?

The woman just hisses at Larry.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I'll ask someone else.

Larry approaches another woman who happens to be Vicky.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I'm looking for Vicky.

VICKY
I'm Vicky. You must be Larry. We're so happy to have you tonight! We've been really understaffed lately. And for five hours? So generous! Most people only sign up for one.

LARRY
Five hours, is that right? Yes, well, I love to give back. It's what I do.

VICKY
That's really special. Really special.

LARRY
It really is. Quick question: Who is that lady over there?

Larry indicates the woman who hissed at him.

VICKY
Oh, that's Snake, why?
LARRY
Because she hissed at me, but now
I'm beginning to understand.

VICKY
Yeah, she thinks she's a snake. Well,
I'll go grab you an apron so you can
get started.

LARRY
Actually, I'd rather not wear one if
that's okay.

VICKY
You don't want to wear an apron?

LARRY
Not especially.

VICKY
But you have to wear an apron.
Everyone wears the apron.

LARRY
I'd really rather not.

VICKY
But everyone wears the apron.

LARRY
That may be but I'm a smock guy. Do
you have a smock I could wear?

VICKY
Isn't that the same thing?

LARRY
To the untrained eye, yes. But
actually the apron and the smock are
quite different. Whereas the apron
only covers your front, the smock
covers your front plus your shoulders
and your arms. Therefore aprons are
inferior and I will not wear them.

VICKY
But wouldn't you rather get some
protection than none at all?

LARRY
No I wouldn't, Vicky, and I'll tell
you why. See I'm something of an
inventor myself and it's my duty as
inventor to invent effective
inventions and to support effective
inventors.

(MORE)
LARRY (CONT'D)
The apron was a half-assed idea by a
guy who didn't do his homework, plain
and simple. I can't support that.

VICKY
You're an inventor?

LARRY
Yes, I am.

VICKY
What have you invented?

LARRY
Well, I haven't actually invented
anything.

VICKY
So you're not an inventor, then.

LARRY
Not in the classical sense, no. I'm
more of an idea man.

VICKY
But you just said you were an
inventor. Why would you say you're
an inventor if you're not one?

LARRY
Because there's more to being an
inventor than just inventing. You
gotta think up the idea before you
can produce it.

VICKY
Yeah, but anyone can think of stuff.
The hard part is acting on it.
Alexander Graham Bell thought of the
telephone in two seconds. "Hey,
wouldn't it be great if I could speak
to someone in Jamaica right now
without leaving my apartment?" Boom.
Done. It's producing the actual
telephone that took time.

LARRY
Alright, then gimme your best idea
right now if it's so easy.

VICKY
We should really be getting to work.

LARRY
No, you said anyone can think of
stuff. Let's hear something.
VICKY
Fine, uh, let's see, um... Oh here's one: Socks with pockets. There, happy? Easy-peasy.

LARRY
Socks with pockets? What is that?

VICKY
It's socks. With pockets. To carry things.

LARRY
Who would want to carry things in their socks?

VICKY
Athletes? I don't know. Tourists? People who just need that little extra bit of storage?

LARRY
Maybe. I wouldn't personally wear a pocketsock, but what do I know?

VICKY
Well, why not?

LARRY
Well, because my feet sweat and I wouldn't want my belongings getting sweaty.

VICKY
Then I'd stick a plastic insert in to protect from sweat.

LARRY
Not my cup of tea.

VICKY
Fine, you give me an idea, then, if you're so smart.

LARRY
Fine, I will.

VICKY
But it's gotta be something off the cuff. Nothing premeditated.

LARRY
Not a problem. You ready?

VICKY
I'm waiting.
LARRY
The banana peeler.
Larry's really proud of himself for that one.

VICKY
Pardon?

LARRY
The banana peeler! It's a gadget for peeling bananas.

VICKY
Why would there need to be a gadget for that?

LARRY
Because bananas need to be peeled. You can't eat a banana without peeling it.

VICKY
But you can just peel it yourself.

LARRY
Why do it yourself when you could get a machine to do it for you?

VICKY
Because it's so easy.

LARRY
Sometimes it is and sometimes it isn't. Haven't you ever gone to peel a banana and the handle wouldn't rip and then the banana got all mushy?

VICKY
I don't eat bananas.

LARRY
Well it happens all the time. But it'd never happen with the banana peeler because the banana peeler is foolproof. The banana peeler is a million dollar idea. And that is how that's done.

VICKY
If you say so. I think the sock pocket is a way better idea, but whatever.

LARRY
Lady, I promise you the sock pocket has nothing on the banana peeler. And that's not opinion. That's fact. Trust me, I know these things.
VICKY
Fine, Larry, I don't even know why we're talking about this.

An enormous homeless man, LUTHER, comes by. His voice is distinctly deep and he speaks slowly.

LUTHER
Um, Miss Vicky?

VICKY
Yes, Luther?

LUTHER
They're asking for you in the back.

VICKY
Thank you, Luther. Larry, come with me, please.

LARRY
Hold on. Luther, is it?

LUTHER
Yes?

LARRY
How you doing, tonight, Luther?

VICKY
Larry.

LUTHER
I'm homeless, ain't I? Not great.

LARRY
Could we could get your opinion on something, Luther?

VICKY
Larry, we don't have time for this.

LARRY
Just a second. Let's let Luther cast the deciding vote.

Vicky has known Larry David five minutes and she already hates him.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Alright Luther, we want to know which idea you think would make a better invention.

LUTHER
Okay.
LARRY
Okay. Option 1: Socks with pockets.
Or option 2: The Banana Peeler.

LUTHER
The what?

LARRY
The banana peeler! It's a gadget that peels bananas. Why is this so hard for everyone?

LUTHER
But you can just peel bananas yourself.

VICKY
That's what I said.

LUTHER
I choose socks with pockets.

LARRY
You what!?

VICKY
Told you.

LARRY
But--

VICKY
It's over, Larry. The banana peeler is a dumb idea.

LATER, AT THE SOUP LINE

Larry clumsily serves an overflowing ladle of soup. He splashes his shirt.

LARRY
Dammit!

Larry wipes his shirt, which is covered in soup spots all over (except his arms and shoulders). He pontificates to the busy LINE OF BUMS who aren't listening.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Why soup, anyway? It's not even cold outside. How bout danish? Mm, danish. Must be going on 20 years last time I had danish. You know what I could really go for right now? Nukio. You heard about it? Indonesian restaurant. So good. 75 a person but totally worth it. Seven course meal. I already went twice this week.
He looks at the soup with a skeptical look on his face.

LARRY (CONT'D)
What am I looking at here, anyway?

He tastes a spoonful. He winces and spits it out.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Larry dials a number on his phone.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Yes, I'd like to place an order for delivery.

LATER

A Nukio DELIVERY GUY finishes unloading Larry's seven course meal at a banquet table. He introduces each dish to Larry. He has a thick Indonesian accent.

DELIVERY GUY
Sate, soto, gado-gado, nasi goreng, bakso, tempe, pecal lele, and a coca cola.

The delivery guy bows and exits. Larry bows back.

Larry sniffs the food. He's in heaven. He takes his first bite. Each chew produces its own orgasmic sound. After he swallows he wipes his chin with his cloth napkin.

LARRY
They even let you keep your own fancy napkin!

He looks up to see EVERY BUM in the room staring back at him in disbelief. ONE BUM starts chanting.

ONE BUM
Bald asshole! Bald asshole!

EVERY BUM
(in unison)
Bald asshole! Bald asshole!

INT. DAVID RESIDENCE -- KITCHEN -- MORNING

The phone rings. Larry answers it.

LARRY
Hello? You do!? That's terrific!
(MORE)
LARRY (CONT'D)
Uh huh, 2 pm works. You got it, Sixth and Figueroa. Actually, you think we could do this on the west side? I have a couple errands--That's fine, Sixth and Figueroa, fine, fine. I'll bring it. Goodbye.

Larry hangs up the phone. He is visibly excited.

CHERYL
What!?

LARRY
Some guy found my book. He wants his reward. We're making the exchange at 2 pm.

INT. LARRY'S PRIUS -- MOVING -- DAY

LARRY
So are you proud of me? I survived the soup kitchen. I have to admit: It felt good to do good.

CHERYL
I'm so glad, Larry. There's hope for you yet. I was beginning to wonder.

LARRY
And now I'm getting my book back. Everything worked out in the end.

CHERYL
See that?

Larry honks his horn at the car in front of him.

LARRY
(shouting out the window)
Honk your horn!

CHERYL
Larry.

LARRY
(still out the window)
The button in the middle of the steering wheel! Press the button!

CHERYL
Larry!
LARRY
The guy's causing a traffic jam
because he won't just honk his horn!
What's the problem with these people?
Nobody knows how to honk their horns!

CHERYL
It doesn't matter, though!

INT. LARRY'S PRIUS -- MOVING -- DAY

They're at Sixth and Figueroa. Larry dials the GUY WITH THE BOOK on speaker phone.

GUY WITH THE BOOK (V.O.)
Yeah?

LARRY
Yeah, it's Larry David. You told me to call when I got here.

GUY WITH THE BOOK (V.O.)
What kinda car you in, Larry?

LARRY
Prius.

GUY WITH THE BOOK (V.O.)
I see you. I'm on the southwest corner.

Larry looks at the southwest corner of the intersection. The only person over there is a bum sitting on a bus stop bench. This is the guy with the book. He waves at Larry.

LARRY
I'll be right there.

Larry ends the call. He does a U-turn, then parks in the street beside the bus stop. He rolls down Cheryl's window.

GUY WITH THE BOOK
You Larry David?

LARRY
Yeah.

GUY WITH THE BOOK
You got my money?

LARRY
I got your money. You got my book?

GUY WITH THE BOOK
I got your book.
LARRY
So how we doing this?

GUY WITH THE BOOK
First you're gonna hand me the money and then I'm gonna hand you the book.

LARRY
Right here in the open? I mean shouldn't we be more discreet?

GUY WITH THE BOOK
Why? We're not doing anything illegal.

LARRY
Where'd you find it, anyway?

GUY WITH THE BOOK
Find what?

LARRY
The book.

GUY WITH THE BOOK
What's the difference?

LARRY
It's my book, I'm curious how you got it. You the burglar?

GUY WITH THE BOOK
What burglar?

LARRY
The burglar who broke into my house and stole my idea book.

GUY WITH THE BOOK
I didn't break into your house.

LARRY
Then where'd you get my book?

GUY WITH THE BOOK
Came with the pants, alright!?

LARRY
I left it in my pants!
(realizing)
Those are my pants! I knew I liked those pants! How did you get my pants!?

GUY WITH THE BOOK
Goodwill. I bought 'em this morning.

Larry shoots Cheryl a look.
CHERYL
I may have donated your things to Goodwill.

LARRY
You what?

CHERYL
But it's okay because we found your book, yay! Everything worked out!

GUY WITH THE BOOK
Hey, don't I know you from somewhere?

LARRY
I don't think so.

GUY WITH THE BOOK
No, I definitely know you from somewhere.

LARRY
Can we just make the exchange, please? I can't look at you in those pants.

Larry takes 10 hundred dollar bills from his pocket and counts them.

GUY WITH THE BOOK
That's it! Yeah! You're the guy from the soup kitchen. You got kicked out for eating a seven course meal while the rest of us had the pleasure of eating lukewarm water with leeks. You're the bald asshole!

LARRY
That's me.

CHERYL
Felt good to do good, huh?

LARRY
I still don't see what the big deal is.

CHERYL
You ate a seven course meal at a soup kitchen, Larry. Pretty self explanatory.

LARRY
I'd like my book now, please.

GUY WITH THE BOOK
Well, I don't wanna sell it back anymore.
LARRY
What are you talking about? I have the thousand dollars right here!

GUY WITH THE BOOK
No, that was some cold shit you did last night, man. I mean who does shit like that?

LARRY
I was hungry. What was I supposed to eat?

GUY WITH THE BOOK
You weren't there to eat! You were there to serve! It's rude!

LARRY
Are you telling me you don't want the thousand dollars I'm about to give you?

GUY WITH THE BOOK
That's right, I am. Can you believe it? A bum with integrity. Money isn't everything Larry David. Plus I figure any one of the ideas in this book could make me rich. I mean, the bumper bumper? It's a car bumper for your car bumper. Real genius, Larry!

LARRY
The bumper bumper is genius and you know it. Now gimme my damn book!

GUY WITH THE BOOK
No way, I'm keeping it. How do you like that, Larry? How does it feel!? You're not gonna get away with that shit on my watch.

A city bus pulls behind Larry, who's blocking the bus stop. The BUS DRIVER lays on the horn for an eternity.

LARRY
What the...? Dammit. Alright already!

GUY WITH THE BOOK
Sayonara, Larry. Nice knowing you.

Larry is forced to drive away. In his rear view mirror Larry watches the guy with the book chant "Bald asshole, bald asshole" as PASSENGERS exit the bus.

The End