

CURB YOUR ENTHUSIASM

"First-Date Anniversary"

Written by

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&

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FADE IN:

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

We are TIGHT ON an AQUARIUM OF TROPICAL FISH, angled THROUGH THE GLASS on LARRY, as he stares skeptically at the fish.

LARRY

You know, Cheryl... I don't understand where this new fish thing comes from. I mean, what is it? Some kind of mid-life aquatic thing?

CHERYL

Larry... why do you have to question everything? I've always liked fish. They're calming, don't you think?

LARRY

(Zenned-out)

No... uh, no...

CHERYL

I've always wanted an aquarium, but it's much easier now that we have our little fish-tank expert Satchel next door. He's going to come by once a week and do all of the maintenance.

LARRY

Ahhhh, SATCHEL! Satchel this, Satchel that. I've been hearing quite a bit about Satchel the past weeks. It's like the fish-tank man is the poolman, or the milkman, or the *pizza man*.

CHERYL

Larry... he's only 13.

LARRY

Yeah, but I've seen the way he looks at you. He's creepy. You know those kinda guys, when they get around women, they get all weird. Satchel's gonna be one of them. Mark my words.

Larry demonstrates "creepy" by leaning in close and making darting glances at Cheryl's bosom.

CHERYL

Yeah, I'm familiar with that kind.

LARRY

You're lucky you have a nice guy like me.

CHERYL

Oh, don't I know it. I've known it since our first date.

LARRY

Yep!

CHERYL

Speaking of first dates, do you know what's coming up?

LARRY

(no idea)

Uh, yeah. Of course...

CHERYL

You do? What's coming up?

LARRY

It's not for a while actually, but it'll be here soon.

CHERYL

Yes, very soon.

LARRY

I know.

CHERYL

You don't remember, do you?

LARRY

Give me a little refresher.

CHERYL

It's our first date anniversary! I KNEW you were going to forget!

LARRY

I forgot last year, didn't I?

CHERYL

You bought me an iced coffee with Happy First Date written on the cup.

LARRY

When you get married, the wedding anniversary *replaces* the first date anniversary. Am I right?

CHERYL

You know what? Just forget it.

LARRY

Plus we broke up a few times before we got married. So haven't we *really* *only* been going out since the last time we got back together?

CHERYL

I just thought it could've been a nice evening.

LARRY

Maybe *Satchel* will take you out.

The DOOR BELL RINGS.

LARRY

Speak of the devil.

Cheryl answers and SATCHEL, a lanky 13-year-old with a surfer haircut enters. He carries a plastic bag of water and a brightly colored fish.

CHERYL

Hi Satchel!

SATCHEL

Hi, Cheryl.

LARRY

Hello, Satchel.

SATCHEL

Mr. David. I can't stay long, Cheryl. I'm volunteering at the homeless shelter today.

Larry rolls his eyes and nods impatiently.

SATCHEL (CONT'D)

I just wanted to pop in to bring you a rare Amazonian Yearning Fish from my private stock.

CHERYL

That is so sweet of you!

Satchel dumps the fish into the tank.

LARRY

Your private stock! Well that's mighty wide of you, Satchel... *mighty wide!* I don't know where we'd be without you here to guide us along.

SATCHEL

It's really nothing, Mr. David. Just doing something nice for Cheryl.

Larry and Satchel nod and stare, sizing each other up.

LARRY

Those homeless people aren't going to stay homeless forever, Satchel.

SATCHEL

Yes. I should go.

(to Cheryl; warmly squeezes her hand)  
I'll be by later with the reverse osmosis pump I was telling you about.

Satchel leaves. Larry is close to fury.

LARRY

Satchel! *Perfect* Satchel! The kid's got a name like a Negro League baseball player!

CHERYL

Larry, he's just trying to be nice.

LARRY

Let's not question perfect Satchel! We can't criticize Satchel! He's an angel sent straight from heaven!

CHERYL

You don't like him because his parents are Agents at ICM and represent Jim Belushi. You've never forgiven him.

LARRY

And that's another thing! Why do we have to go to this stupid beer-tasting party they're throwing? Why do neighbors have to be so neighborly? Why can't we just have a feud with our neighbors, like in Kentucky?

(*Southern accent*)

A good ol' Kentucky feud. That's what I'd like. No trendy *beer-tasting* theme parties, just tobaccy spittoons.

CHERYL

Well, Colonel... I have to head out myself. I'm meeting Jen for lunch.  
(kisses his cheek)

LARRY

Pick us up some prairie oysters for dinner on your way home!

CHERYL  
 (sarcastic nod)  
 I'll do that. Love you!

LARRY  
 Love you too, Missy!

Cheryl starts to leave, just as JEFF ENTERS. He is wearing shorts, a t-shirt, and a baseball cap. He holds the last few bites of a once-enormous burrito.

CHERYL  
 Jeff!

JEFF  
 Hey! Heading out?

CHERYL  
 Yeah. Larry's right here. Bye!

Cheryl leaves as Jeff takes a bite from the burrito, and licks salsa from his lips.

JEFF  
 Mr. David, just the man I want to see!

LARRY  
 I've been "Mr. David-ed" enough today, Jeff. What's up?

JEFF  
 Getting right down to business! I like that. Well, I've got some *hot news*. A unique opportunity. Now don't dismiss this outright, just hear what I have to say.

As Jeff speaks, he repeatedly gestures with the burrito. Larry's eyes follow it nervously.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
 I got a call from some really *powerful* entertainers. And they want *you* to write their new sitcom Pilot.

LARRY  
 I don't know, Jeff. This freelance work-for-hire stuff --

JEFF  
 These clients are different, Larry. *Different.*

Jeff finishes the last of his burrito and tosses the wrapper into the trash. Larry watches in trepidation as Jeff hitches his shorts, grunts, and heads down the hall.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Here, come on. Walk with me and I'll tell you all about it.

LARRY

Wh - Where are we going?

JEFF

To the bathroom.

LARRY

Well... we're leaving soon. Do you really have to go now?

JEFF

What do you mean do I have to go now? Did you see that burrito I just ate? Of course I have to go now! Come on!

Jeff enters and shuts the door, yelling to Larry from inside.

JEFF (O.S.; FROM BATHROOM)

Anyway, back to business --

*(grunts)*

Wow! So these clients who want to hire you, they've already been in one of the biggest sitcoms ever --

*(grunts again)*

Larry is listening, but wincing in disgust at the sound of fecal matter spraying the porcelain walls of the toilet.

LARRY

Do we have to talk about this now? My dad used to make me talk to him when he was growling one out, and --

JEFF (O.S.; FROM BATHROOM)

Don't worry about it! You're not making me uncomfortable.

A LOUD RIP rings out. Larry gags.

JEFF (O.S.; FROM BATHROOM) (CONT'D)

Anyway, these clients generate *more* revenue than almost any other living performers!

LARRY

Jesus, Jeff! Just spit it out! Who the hell are you talking about?

JEFF (O.S.; FROM BATHROOM)

Who the hell am I talking about? The Olsen Twins! I'm talking about the Olsen Twins, of course! Who else?!

LARRY

The Olsen Twins?! Jeff --

The TOILET FLUSHES, and Jeff pops out. Larry gags at the scent wafting out.

JEFF

No, not another word. I already promised them we'd meet for a light brunch. Come on! It'll be fun! Don't worry about it!

Larry looks at Jeff's hand suspiciously as he pats his shoulder.

LARRY

Did - did you wash your hands?

JEFF

Of course! Come on... we'll stop by my office on the way, so I can change.

Jeff heads out of frame. Larry sighs then follows.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFF'S CAR - DAY

Jeff, now in a suit, is driving Larry to the restaraunt.

LARRY

Do you and Susie ever celebrate the anniversary of your first date?

JEFF

WHAT?! No! *Hell no!* That's the kind of thing you do when you're single! When you get married, the wedding anniversary replaces the first date anniversary.

LARRY

(nodding in victory, waving finger)  
That's *exactly* what I thought!

JEFF

Besides, Susie and I broke up 3 or 4 times before we got married. Wouldn't our first date anniversary be the date of our last "get-back-together?"

LARRY

You're preaching to the choir.

JEFF

For God's sake, how many anniversaries do these women *want*?!



LARRY

Who can remember them all?

JEFF

Who? Tell me that? *Who?!*

LARRY

And the birthdays! Gosh!  
 (slaps Jeff's knee)  
 Good talk, my friend.

JEFF

So are you excited to meet the Olsen  
 Twins?

LARRY

It doesn't seem quite right to me.

JEFF

I don't know what you're so worried  
 about. The Olsen Twins are a hot  
 property. You should be excited to be  
 involved with their franchise.

LARRY

Jeff, I can't write for the Olsen  
 Twins. They're just kids!

JEFF

Come on! I want to meet them. I *like*  
 the Olsen Twins!

LARRY

Jesus, Jeff! You're a pederast!

JEFF

No, no, no! They're perfectly legal!  
 They're 18 now.

LARRY

Hmmm... you don't say. I guess that  
 makes sense. They've been kids  
 forever now.

JEFF

(lasciviously)  
 Well they ain't kids no more.

LARRY

Are you sure? This seems wrong to me.

JEFF

I promise! I had a website bookmarked  
 that had this whole countdown to their  
 18th birthday, kind of like one of  
 those millennium clocks.

LARRY

That's fucking disgusting. I bet Bill Clinton had that same home page.

JEFF

Well... I'm in good company then.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTARAUNT - SLIGHTLY LATER

We FOLLOW Larry and Jeff as they are led to a table.

LARRY

I feel so filthy... like I'm luring them into your gingerbread house.

JEFF

I'm harmless! I could never date a girl that my daughter has a poster of.

LARRY

I'm going to hell for this.

JEFF

(whispers)

I want you to pay attention, and see if you agree with me about something. I think Ashley is *way hotter* than Mary-Kate.

LARRY

You - you've got crackers in your head, my friend! They're TWINS!

JEFF

I don't know... she's just got this certain... *je ne sais quoi!*

They have reached the table. The OLSEN TWINS are already seated and smiling eagerly. Without any delay from his last lascivious line, Jeff bursts into a barrage of charming words.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Mary-Kate!

(kisses Mary-Kate on cheek)

Ashley!

(kisses Ashley on cheek)

It's great to finally meet you! I think we both know Roy Shilton --

ASHLEY

He's a hell of a business manager.

JEFF

A *hell* of a business manager!

MARY-KATE

He's been great to us.

Larry shifts uncomfortably.

JEFF

Let me introduce you to the man  
himself - the reason why we are all  
here - Mr. Larry David!

LARRY

Ah... hey! Yeah... big fan of you  
guys, I guess... I always thought you  
were one person for a while... uh...  
I... loved your work on... that baby  
show. And I... read those spy books.

ASHLEY

You can calm down, Larry. There's no  
reason to be obsequious. We're well  
aware of the public preconceptions  
about our work.

MARY-KATE

That's why we wanted to talk to you.  
We're entering a new phase --

ASHLEY

A shifting of the sands, if you will.

MARY-KATE

We need a wordsmith of your calibre on  
board to guide this vessel into port.

LARRY

Well... I'm --

JEFF

WONDERFUL! This is great! Sit down,  
Larry! Stop being rude! These gals  
are charming - *just charming!*

Ashley makes a commanding gesture to an off-screen waiter.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Larry, Jeff, and the Olsen Twins are in mid-meal.

ASHLEY

We want this show to be fresh.

MARY-KATE

A send-up of those stilted "living  
room" sitcoms.

ASHLEY

Definitely single camera.

MARY-KATE

No laugh-track.

ASHLEY

No way.

JEFF

No way. I hate those, don't you, Larry?

LARRY

Well, they work sometimes. I just don't know if I'm the guy you --

ASHLEY

Ah-ah! We're not going to let you say "no" today. You should sleep on it and get back to us.

LARRY

Well... Alright...

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE

Larry returns. Satchel and Cheryl are working on the fish tank.

CHERYL

How'd it go with Jeff, Larry?

LARRY

OK, I guess. You guys look like you're having a good time.

CHERYL

Satchel's told me some fascinating things about sea horses. Did you know that the male carries the eggs?

LARRY

Wow, they bring home the bacon *and* carry the eggs. Seems pretty unfair, huh, Satchel?

SATCHEL

I don't know, Mr. David. I think it's refreshing.

CHERYL

Yeah, me too.

LARRY

(giving him the once over)  
 You know, Satchel, there was a really nice fish tank where I was tonight. Big, bright, coral reef fish.

CHERYL

Where did you and Jeff go?

LARRY

Oh, just a little meet n' greet with Mary-Kate and Ashley Olsen.

SATCHEL

Really?!

LARRY

Oh yeah! They want me to write their Pilot. They *WANT* me.

CHERYL

Did you hang out with Hannah Montana, too? I'm just SO jealous.

SATCHEL

No WAY!

LARRY

You think I'm joking? You'll see.

CHERYL

I know what you're trying to do, Larry, and it's pretty sad. Why don't you two work on the tank together for a while?

LARRY

No! Cheryl! Where are you going?

CHERYL

The store.

LARRY

Don't leave me here with --

Cheryl departs with a DOOR SLAM.

SATCHEL

With me? What's wrong with me?

LARRY

Don't play dumb with me, kid. I'm on to your little scheme.

SATCHEL

What scheme?

LARRY

Yeah, you get near a woman and you get all tingly, right? Probably think she's feeling the same thing. You're way off, pal. *I'm the one who's got the Twins all over him.*

SATCHEL

Did you really meet them?

LARRY

See? Right there! You just betrayed yourself - just like you betrayed yourself earlier, in front of Cheryl! The only people interested in them are little kids. Little kids like you! You've lost Cheryl *forever!*

SATCHEL

(dejected)

So should I stop working on the tank?

LARRY

The tank? Aw Hell, go ahead! Work on your little tank. Or should I say MY tank! MY tank in MY house where I have sex with *MY woman.*

SATCHEL

I just have to install the filter.

LARRY

Fantastic! Well, I have important grown-up stuff to do. So you can let yourself out when you're done.

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S BATHROOM - LATER

Larry enters with a newspaper. He takes a cursory glance at the toilet and notices ONE LONE BUTT-HAIR on the seat. MEXICAN TRUMPET MUSIC, and we ZOOM INTO the strand of Jeff's butt-grass.

Larry *GROANS*. He tears a single square of toilet paper to shield his hand as he picks up the butt-hair, gagging and cursing Jeff's name. Still not satisfied, Larry grabs a bottle of cleanser from the sink and sprays vigorously.

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Cheryl has returned from the store with a bag of groceries, and finds Larry watching baseball and eating pistachios.

LARRY  
Hey! Welcome back!

CHERYL  
Watching the game, huh?

LARRY  
Yep! A little baseball.

Larry sighs contentedly. He feels great. Then this tranquility is broken by CHERYL'S SHRILL SCREAM OF:

CHERYL (O.S.)  
LARRRRRR-RRRRYYYYY!!!

Larry leaps to his feet and runs to Cheryl.

LARRY  
What? *WHAT?!*

She is in front of the fish tank. Inside, every single fish is floating upside down at the waters surface. They are dead, like some brightly-colored holocaust.

LARRY  
The - the fish! They're --

CHERYL  
They're all dead, Larry!

LARRY  
They're - they're... You know - you know - that *little weasel* Satchel --

CHERYL  
What happened, Larry?

LARRY  
Well... you left... you left us alone... and he was here --

CHERYL  
Um-*hmm*...

LARRY  
And we shared a few words. And --

CHERYL  
(*nodding*)  
A few words. Right, right...

LARRY  
This is - this is *clearly* the work of jealous rage... of a jilted man! No! *Boy!* A jilted boy!

CHERYL

Larry! All my fish are *dead!*

LARRY

I see that, I see that, Cheryl! I see that, and of course, I'm upset... I'm as upset as you! More, even! The purple one... I'd named him, I liked him so much.

CHERYL

Oh yeah? And what did you name him?

LARRY

Uh... Violet! That's right, I named her Violet.

CHERYL

You could tell it was a female, huh?

LARRY

As a matter of fact, I could. You just, uh, look underneath, and --

CHERYL

What really happened here? You think Satchel killed all of my fish? Why would he do that, Larry?

LARRY

Well who else could it be?

Cheryl eyes Larry, skeptically.

LARRY

Whoa-ho-ho! Not me? You think me? You think I could do this?

CHERYL

(*BEAT*)

No. No, you wouldn't do anything like this. But do you really think Satchel would?

LARRY

You know how he feels about you! It's a "Fatal Attraction" thing.

Cheryl shakes her head, sadly.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Don't you remember the scene with the rabbit?

CHERYL

OK.



LARRY (CONT'D)

Michael Douglas spurned her, so she  
boiled that bunny *like an egg!*

CHERYL

(doesn't want to hear anymore)

OK! I'll call his parents.

LARRY

Good! That kid is a *menace*.

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - SLIGHTLY LATER

Cheryl is on the phone with Satchel's parents. Larry hovers by,  
listening in agitation.

CHERYL

(talking on the phone)

Yes... yes, I understand Mrs.  
Bookman... yes, you explained that...  
I just thought you should be made  
aware, this is the kind of thing that  
could point to some serious mental  
instability on Satchel's part...

LARRY

(*low*; to Cheryl, nodding)

You're damn right, you're damn right!

CHERYL

No, we're not angry with you.

LARRY

We're not?!

CHERYL

Of course we'll still be coming to  
your beer-tasting party tomorrow  
night.

LARRY

(waving hands in "no" gesture)

*WHAT?!*

CHERYL

Well, I'll just have to take everyone  
at their word. That's all right...  
you have a good evening.

Cheryl hangs up, and Larry immediately bursts into action.

LARRY

What the hell did she say?! Tell me  
what happened!

CHERYL

Satchel says he didn't do anything.

LARRY

That lying little shrimp!

CHERYL

He says you probably did it, to keep him from coming over. He said you were acting jealous, and accused him of trying to steal "your woman."

LARRY

I would never!

CHERYL

Oh you wouldn't, would you? You weren't jealous?

LARRY

No! Never!

CHERYL

You weren't jealous, earlier in the day? When you were talking to me, before Jeff came by?

LARRY

Ah! *Pssst!* No! You were reading too much into me! I'd never be jealous of a 13-year-old!

CHERYL

Hmm.

Cheryl looks at Larry, saying nothing, examining his face, just as he often does when he is seeking to see if someone is lying.

CUT TO:

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

We are TIGHT ON the MORNING PAPER. The front door opens, and a yawning Larry, still in his PJs, reaches down for it. Underneath is a handwritten note that reads: "**I'M SORRY**"

LARRY

I knew it!

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LARRY

(rushing across room)  
Cheryl! Cheryl! Your stalker left a confession on our doorstep!  
(triumphantly holds up note)

Cheryl is with an AQUARIUM TECHNICIAN, holding a beaker of water and conducting tests on the contents of the tank.

CHERYL

That doesn't mean he did it. Maybe he's sorry for the trouble we're going through... because the fish are dead!

LARRY

What?! People have gotten the chair for confessions more vague than this!

AQUARIUM TECHNICIAN

Wow! I've never seen anything like this before.

CHERYL

What is it?

AQUARIUM TECHNICIAN

It's almost like somebody poured a cup of bleach into the tank. Nothing could have survived!

LARRY

That little *bastard!* Turn my back for fifteen seconds! I'm just thankful he didn't try to poison me!

*(gasps)*

We're throwing out everything in the refrigerator!

CHERYL

Larry! Calm down! We have to go to the Bookmans's party tonight! I don't want you causing any scenes.

LARRY (O.S.; FROM KITCHEN)

It'll be a scene, all right!

CUT TO:

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - THAT NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

LARRY (O.S.; INSIDE HOUSE)

Cheryl!

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Larry, in suit & tie, yells upstairs, holding a bottle of wine.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Cheryl! Come on! I want to get this *over with!*

Cheryl comes down the stairs in a dress, putting on earrings.

CHERYL

Hold on, Larry! I'm coming.

LARRY

I don't know why we have to go to this thing. Lousy fish-killing --

CHERYL

You're bringing wine? Larry, this is a beer-tasting party.

LARRY

I don't drink beer, anymore. Too many carbs.

CHERYL

Alright, this carb-counting thing is getting ridiculous.

LARRY

Wha - what do you mean?

CHERYL

It's an out of date fad. Leave the wine here, Larry.

LARRY

This is a \$200 dollar '93 Rhone Red! I'll just drink from this tonight.

CHERYL

All right...

LARRY

(as he exits)

Who "tastes" beer, anyway?

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Larry almost steps on a bag of goldfish lying on the welcome mat.

CHERYL

*Ohhh!* That's so sweet! Larry, look.

LARRY

Real cute. Oh no, Satchel didn't do it! He just feels guilty for the Phantom Clorox Sprinkler.

CHERYL

Please behave yourself.

LARRY

I always behave.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BOOKMAN'S HOUSE - SLIGHTLY LATER

The house is full of LA glitterati & entertainment types, all drinking ornately labelled beers from obscure European breweries.

The hosts of this event are LUKE AND LAURA BOOKMAN, Satchel's hotshot agent parents. Laura is in a snooty cocktail dress, and Luke wears a Kansas City Monarchs Negro League baseball jersey.

Luke opens the front door to welcome Larry and Cheryl.

LUKE BOOKMAN  
Larry David! Cheryl! So glad you  
could make it!

CHERYL  
We wouldn't have missed it!

LARRY  
No, of course not.

CHERYL  
And we brought you a late "welcome to  
the neighborhood" gift.

Cheryl reveals a pair of matching crystal beer steins, with red bows wrapped around the handles.

LAURA BOOKMAN  
Matching beer steins! They're lovely!

LARRY  
Aren't they?

LUKE BOOKMAN  
Well I do like beer!  
(to Larry)  
Ya want a beer, buddy?

LARRY  
No, no... I'm fine.

LUKE BOOKMAN  
What?!

LAURA BOOKMAN  
And I'm sorry for that business about  
your fish-tank. I'm sure Satchel had  
*nothing* to do with it.

CHERYL  
I'm sure, Laura.

LARRY  
(nodding; skeptically)  
You really think so?

LUKE BOOKMAN

(bit of an edge)

Yes, I do.

(notices Larry's wine)

Whoa, buddy! What ya got there? Is that another house-warming gift?

LARRY

No... actually, Luke, it's for me. I don't really drink beer anymore.

LUKE BOOKMAN

Well we got some real rare brews tonight! Some stuff from Swiss breweries. Did you know that every village in Switzerland has their own town brewery? And they don't export! You can only buy it if you visit.

LARRY

Fascinating, fascinating. But you know, I think I'll stick to my wine tonight.

LUKE BOOKMAN

Nonsense. I've got a fruity lambic that tastes very similar to wine.

LARRY

No... I think I'm fine with the wine.

LAURA BOOKMAN

Well, it *is* a beer-tasting party, Larry... so I'll just *hold on to that* until you and Cheryl leave.

Laura takes the bottle and disappears. Larry is speechless, only able to muster a stammer. Cheryl gives an "I-told-you-so"-look

INT. THE BOOKMAN'S HOUSE - LATER

Larry and Cheryl are mingling - or at least Cheryl is. Larry is annoyed, and refuses to drink beer. He is examining the decor of the house. It seems Mr. Bookman is quite a collector of Negro League Baseball memorabilia.

Larry examines a framed set of cards for the 1946 Montreal Royals hanging on the wall. Luke approaches from behind.

LUKE BOOKMAN

Ya like the Negro Leagues, do ya Larry? That's my main passion, besides beer.

LARRY

Really? I never saw them play.

LUKE BOOKMAN

Well... me neither! But they were cool!

LARRY

I know a little bit about those guys.

LUKE BOOKMAN

Why's your hand empty, partner? Let me get ya a beer!

LARRY

Uh, no... I can't drink beer... unless... well, no...

LUKE BOOKMAN

We got everything! What ya need?

LARRY

Do you have any --  
 (leans in, *whispers*)  
 -- MGD 64?

LUKE BOOKMAN

(BURSTS OUT LAUGHING)

I knew you were funny from that Seinfeld show! You still got it!

Luke walks away laughing, leaving Larry fuming. JEFF APPROACHES, double-fisting bottles of beer.

JEFF

I thought I'd find you here! Luke and I actually share a client. He's a good guy! Loves beer.

LARRY

Beer, beer, beer! A guy can't come to a beer-tasting party without drinking a beer!

(*idiot voice*)

"Can I get you a beer, Larry?"

(*different idiot voice*)

"How come you don't have a beer, Larry?"

JEFF

Well... it *is* a beer party.

LARRY

So what if it's a beer party? Is there some act of Congress that says you can only drink beer at a beer party? Some *divine edict* handed down from *the Lord on high* that says I must drink beer at beer parties?

JEFF

Calm down, Larry... it's a beer party.

LARRY

Alright, I'm gonna find Cheryl, and I have to pee.

JEFF

Catch you later. And go get a beer, Larry! It's a beer party!

Larry walks out of frame, disgusted.

PARTY-GOER #1 (O.S.)

Hey Larry! Can I grab ya a cold one?

CUT TO:

LARRY WALKING AROUND THE PARTY - CONTINUOUS

Looking for Cheryl, and not having much luck. He sees Satchel sitting in the corner.

LARRY

That little turd stain.

PARTY-GOER #2

Have you tried the Gollyknobber Pale Pilsner, Larry?

Satchel snatches an unattended beer, and takes a long gulp. Larry's mouth drops in shock.

LARRY

Now just hold on --

Larry rushes to Satchel and grabs him by the shoulder, as Satchel slips the bottle back on the table.

LARRY

I saw that, Fish-Killer! Adding to your list of delinquencies, huh? Starting on the sauce at 13!

SATCHEL

I didn't do anything!

LARRY

Cheryl and I found your little gift! The one you left on our doorstep. Sure makes you *look guilty!*

SATCHEL

I didn't do anything? Where is Cheryl, anyway... is she here?



Larry backs away with a smile, his eyes locked on Satchel. He points to his own eyes with fore-fingers, then to Satchel. He nods with an insane grin, and backs out of frame.

PARTY-GOER #3 (O.S.)

You need to get some suds, Larry!

CUT TO:

LARRY WALKING AROUND THE PARTY - SLIGHTLY LATER

A muttering Larry runs into Jeff, standing beside a door.

LARRY

Have you seen Cheryl? I gotta get out of here...

JEFF

Haven't seen her!

LARRY

Do you know that little *shit* of the Bookmans'? The little *fucker*...

JEFF

What? You mean Satchel? The kid's great! He's an actor! He did this *hilarious* ALPO commercial. I was thinking about repping him!

LARRY

(so enraged he can barely speak)  
Don't you dare! Little fish-killing trout-fucker!

(high "pansy" voice)

"Where's Cheryl? Where is she?!"

JEFF

You're jealous of a 13-year-old?

LARRY

That's ridiculous! I have to find Cheryl so we can leave. I have to *pee* really bad, and I can't find a john. The one upstairs is locked...

JEFF

(gestures to door)

The bathroom's right here! It's the only one that's open. I'm first in line, you can go in after me.

LARRY

WHY WOULD THEY ONLY HAVE ONE BATHROOM OPEN AT A BEER PARTY?!

JEFF

I don't know, man. But don't worry,  
as soon as I'm done, ya zip right in!

Larry fears Jeff might be taking a shit. He casually tries to suss out the situation.

LARRY

So... have to pee real bad, huh? Beer  
going right through you?

JEFF

I wish! No, I just ate sushi, and I  
feel like I'm gonna *explode!*

LARRY

Do you think I could go in front of  
you? I just have to pee. You're like  
the guy in line at the grocery store  
with fifty items, and I just have a  
carton of juice!

JEFF

I don't know if I can wait that long,  
Larry! I'm quivering down there.  
(has a brilliant idea)  
Hey! Let's go across the street to  
your house! You have three bathrooms!  
Then neither of us have to wait!

LARRY

(waving hands in front of face)  
Nooooooooooooo, nooooooooooooo! That's  
OK, Jeff! It's all locked-up...  
Cheryl's got the key... I don't. You  
wait here... you got first dibs! I'll  
just go out in the bushes.

JEFF

(*shrugs*; really has to crap)  
OK... whatever.

Larry staggers away, bent over in kidney pain.

PARTY-GOER #4

Lar! I don't see a beer in that hand!

Larry HALTS. His eyes fall on an empty beer bottle on a  
bookshelf. He walks over, and casually snatches it. He looks  
around, then walks to an empty room (that appears to be Laura's  
sewing room, based on the decor), whistling.

INT. SEWING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Larry makes sure no one is present, then reaches down. ZIP!!!  
He fumbles with his fly, lowers the bottle, and SWIFTLY FILLS IT.

LARRY  
 Ohhhh yeahhhh! That's -- NIAGARA  
 FALLLLLLS! Slowly I turned, step --

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM - SLIGHTLY LATER

Larry saunters out, a wan smile on his face, and what appears to be a full bottle of beer in his hand.

PARTY-GOER #2  
 Hey Larry! Glad to see you finally  
 got a beer!

LARRY  
 (*shrugs*)  
 Hunh! Two birds, one stone!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - LARRY AT THE PARTY, WITH HIS PISS-BOTTLE

PARTYGOERS compliment Larry for finally sampling the beer, set to  
 CHINTZY FRENCH CAFE MUSIC.

PARTY-GOER #4  
 Hey Lar! Pretty tasty stuff, huh?

LARRY  
 (*smacking lips*)  
 Um-UMM! My second bottle!

Luke Bookman approaches.

LUKE BOOKMAN  
 Larry David, as I live and breathe!  
 You seem to have grown a spine and  
 developed a taste for beer! Ya gave  
 in to the Gollyknobber, I see!

LARRY  
 As cool and fresh as a mountain  
 stream, Luke!

LUKE BOOKMAN  
 It's my favorite!

LARRY  
 (*offers him bottle*)  
 You know, this is an extra *special*  
 bottle... you should take a swig! I  
 know you love the Gollyknobber.

LUKE BOOKMAN  
 No, no... I wouldn't DREAM!

LARRY

Seriously, I can just go get another bottle. Seriously. Drink it.

LUKE BOOKMAN

HA HA! Trying to get the host drunk, huh? This is one of your party comedy routines, right? HA-HA! You enjoy that 'knobber, Lar! You're a-OK!

CUT TO:

INT. LUKE BOOKMAN'S STUDY - SLIGHTLY LATER

Luke's office is a museum to baseball's Negro Leagues -- Cards, balls, and jerseys adorn the walls. The centerpiece is a vintage Kansas City Monarch's jersey, worn by Cool Papa Bell.

A bored Larry ambles in, carrying his beer bottle of piss, and examines the items with great interest.

LARRY

(mutters to self)

*Hmm...* now I appreciate this Negro League stuff as much as the next guy.

*Hmmmm...* Luke's quite a fan.

(examining signed ball)

Satchel Paige... must be where the little *turd* got his name...

Larry notices Cool Papa Bell's jersey and mutters, "will ya look at that..." He puts down the piss-bottle on a table, *shrugs*, then opens the case to feel the jersey's material.

LARRY

Cool Papa Bell! *Hmm...* I understand this Negro League stuff is quite collectable... These were the heroes!

Behind Larry: Satchel creeps up to the piss bottle. He takes a mighty swig, then holds it in his mouth -- then he *wretches*, SPRAYING PISS, covering the jersey in yellow grossness.

LARRY

What are you doing in here?!

Larry grabs Satchel by the neck and wrenches the bottle from his hand. Satchel screams, urine dripping from his lips.

SATCHEL

Help! HELP! Dad! The neighbor's vandalizing your museum! Help!

LARRY

What?! Keep shut, ya little booger!

Luke bursts in. His eyes go from Larry to Satchel to the jersey.

LUKE BOOKMAN  
Cool Papa Bell! Noooooo!

He cradles the jersey in his arms, on the verge of weeping.

SATCHEL  
He poured beer on it, dad! I saw him!  
He said, "Now I'll have my revenge!"  
Then poured his beer on it!

LUKE BOOKMAN  
I welcomed you into my home... and  
offered you my beer! And you repay me  
by *defiling my antiques!*

A crowd has gathered -- including Cheryl and Jeff.

LARRY  
I didn't do it! Your son did! He's  
been sneaking beers all night!

LUKE BOOKMAN  
*Yooouuuuuuu!* How dare *yooouuu!*  
Falsely accusing my son, *AGAIN!*  
(sniffs jersey)  
What? This... isn't beer!

LARRY  
Ah, ah - no, no --

LUKE BOOKMAN  
You *pissed* on Cool Papa Bell! You  
*racist!*

LARRY  
Wha - wha'? I've done ads for The  
Nation! Come on!

LUKE BOOKMAN  
After everything those great Negroes  
did for us, and you reward them by  
opening your bladder on their  
memory... With *YELLOW SPITE!*

LARRY  
Well, maybe if you had more than one  
bathroom open...

Cheryl rolls her eyes and crosses her arms. Luke notices the  
bottle in Larry's hand, still half-full of piss.

LUKE BOOKMAN  
You didn't even have the balls to whip  
it right out and do it on your own.  
(MORE)

LUKE BOOKMAN (CONT'D)

You had to hide in a closet, and fill up a bottle of my Gollyknobber, didn't you? And then you *dumped it out*, all over this priceless heirloom!

*(gasps; remembering)*

You tried to get *ME* to *drink it!*

The gathered crowd GASPS IN DISGUST.

LARRY

Well it... would have been funny.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN PARTY-GOER

You're a disgusting man, Larry...

LAURA BOOKMAN

I think you'd better go.

LARRY

Well, uh --

CHERYL

Larry! Come on, let's go!

LARRY

*(tentatively)*

OK. Can I at least have my bottle of '93 Rhone Red back?

*(nobody replies, so -)*

What? It's a \$200 bottle!

LUKE BOOKMAN

Get off my property before I get my gun.

Cheryl drags Larry from the room.

LUKE BOOKMAN

*And as far as ICM is concerned, you're a dead man, Larry David! A dead man!*

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

Larry and Cheryl are drinking coffee. Larry slouches as much as possible, trying to hide from his wife's scorn.

CHERYL

Well Larry... I guess you showed Satchel... You really got revenge!

LARRY

I didn't piss on it! It was Satchel! He was drinking my urine, then he did a spit-take all over the jersey!

CHERYL

It's Satchel, isn't it? And what were you doing with a bottle of -- you know what, I don't even want to know.

LARRY

I had to pee *bad*, Cheryl! And it kept those morons from offering me beer.

CHERYL

Why didn't you just walk across the street and use *our* bathroom?!

LARRY

I didn't want Jeff's ass all over our bowl! I was protecting us!

CHERYL

Larry, this is a new low for you.

The PHONE RINGS. Larry answers, looking for any exit.

ASHLEY (O.S.; ON PHONE)

Hi Larry! It's Ashley!

MARY-KATE (O.S.; ON PHONE)

And Mary-Kate!

LARRY

Oh hi, girls...

*(covers phone; whispers to Cheryl)*  
It's the Olsen Twins.

Cheryl scoffs, not believing him, and walks away.

ASHLEY (O.S.; ON PHONE)

Now don't give us an answer yet!

MARY-KATE (O.S.; ON PHONE)

That isn't why we called!

LARRY

Why don't you girls come by and pick me up? I'm in dutch with the wife.

CUT TO:

INT. OLSEN TWINS'S CONVERTABLE - DAY

Larry is in the backseat of a Porsche Speedster, the twins in the front, wearing garish sunglasses and skimpy sundresses.

LARRY

I can't thank you girls enough. It was terrible back there!

MARY-KATE

No problem! You can come with us!

ASHLEY

We're giving blood!

LARRY

Good for you! You gals are so darn altruistic.

MARY-KATE

You're giving blood, too!

LARRY

Me? Noooo... I couldn't do that. I have common - common blood!

They stop at a light. The Olsens tickle and pinch him.

ASHLEY

Come on, Larry! *Pleeeeeeease...*

MARY-KATE

For us! You're not afraid of a little needle, are you?

LARRY

Yeah... well, no... yeah... NO!

ASHLEY

Please, Larry... we *all* have to help.

MARY-KATE

*Pleeeeeeeaaaasssse?*

LARRY

(he's been cuted into it)  
Well... OK!

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - LATER

Larry and the Twins are waiting. Larry is doubting his decision.

LARRY

How - how much blood do they take?

MARY-KATE

Just a pint!

LARRY

A whole pint?

ASHLEY

Awww! Larry! Are you scared?



MARY-KATE

Poor baby!  
(pinches his cheeks)

LARRY

You girls should be careful who you  
flirt with... there are a lot of dirty  
old men in this town.

ASHLEY

Awww! You're looking out for us!

A BLOOD BANK ORDERLY sticks his head out, a queeny chubby man.

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY

Mr. David, Ms. Olsen, and Ms. Olsen?  
We're ready for --  
(gasps)

Oh my GAWD! You're the Olsen Twins!

The Olsen Twins laugh. They and Larry rise and head into the  
room. The Orderly seems disappointed in Larry.

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY

Sheniqua will handle you two girls.  
And I'll take your blood, Mr. ... ?

LARRY

Larry David.

The Olsen Twins disappear as the Orderly escorts Larry to a  
table, and prepares to tap a vein.

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY

Larry David... that sounds familiar.  
Are you the Olsen Twins's father?

LARRY

Uh, no...

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY

Well have you done *anything* famous?

LARRY

Well... I created that Seinfeld show.

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY

Oh my God! I *LOVE* that show! It's my  
favorite! Wow! You must've have made  
a lot of money, huh?

He inserts the needle into Larry's vein. Larry winces.

LARRY

Yeah... I did OK. Ooo... I haven't  
done this in a while. Little scared!

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY  
 (patting Larry's head)  
 I'm right here! It'll be OK!  
 (takes Larry's hand)  
 So how do you know the Olsen Twins?

LARRY  
 Oh, don't worry! I'm not romantically  
 involved with them, or anything...  
 we're just pals!

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY  
 Ohhhh! Well most men love them...

LARRY  
 I'm definitely not that kind of man.

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY  
*Ohhhhhh! I understand, Larry...*

Larry is getting light-headed and scared. He squeezes the Orderly's hand and rests his head against his chest.

LARRY  
 Whew! Getting a little woozy! I'm  
 not made for this.

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY  
 Don't worry, Larry... I'm here.

The Orderly makes cooing sounds to Larry as he strokes his head. He's really getting into it, so much so, that he is taking too much blood. Larry is VERY light-headed, and is babbling.

LARRY  
 Say, what's your opinion of first date  
 anniversaries?

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY  
 Oh no, over four pints! Too much!  
*Not again!*

The Orderly pulls the needle from Larry's arm and lifts him up.

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY  
 You need to get up, Larry! You've got  
 to walk around! We have to get some  
 cookies and juice in you, stat!

LARRY  
 Sure! Who doesn't like cookies?

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Orderly drags out a staggering, drunk-like Larry. The Olsen Twins have bandages on their arms, and are reading magazines.

MARY-KATE & ASHLEY (*IN UNISON*)

Hi Larry!

LARRY

Girls! Did you get your cookies?

ASHLEY

No! We're on a strict Atkins.

MARY-KATE

We keep telling them to offer bacon or pork rinds as an alternative.

LARRY

Aw, that Atkins stuff is a fad! Say!  
I wanna get a camera of this! I  
brought my picture!

Larry pulls a digital camera from his pocket.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I want to remember this day forever!  
(to Orderly; highly slurred)  
Ca' you take our pi'ture?

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY

Uh... sure, Larry! But you really  
should eat a cookie.

LARRY

I don't need no cookies! I got the  
cutest little cookies right here!

Larry slings his arms around Mary-Kate and Ashley. They smile nervously as he leans on them with all of his sloppy weight. The Orderly says "cheese" and snaps the picture.

LARRY

Great!

The Olsen Twins are concerned, but trying to conceal it.

ASHLEY

Larry, can we meet you back here in  
fifteen minutes?

MARY-KATE

We're going to run across the street  
and get some pork rinds.

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY

Don't worry, girls... I'll take care  
of him.

The Olsen Twins exit. Larry turns to the Orderly, confused.

LARRY

Who are you?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - LATER

Larry waits impatiently, the Orderly trying to calm him down.

LARRY

Why am I just sitting around here?

(rises)

I need to get some air... I feel a  
little light-headed!

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY

No! Larry! Sir!

Larry stagger to a door and opens it. His face is engulfed in bright sunlight, and his face fills with glee. He scampers out excitedly, the Orderly close behind.

EXT. HOSPITAL - SLIGHTLY LATER

Larry is surprisingly fast. His eyes fill with curiosity as he enters a construction zone, full of lumber and cinder blocks.

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY

Mr. David! I really think you should  
sit down! I took out enough blood to  
bring down a bull moose!

LARRY

Say, you ever had moose-burgers?  
They're pretty good.Behind Larry: a MOIST PLOP, and he turns in confusion -- on the ground is an ENORMOUS CARP. It's head has been cut off.

LARRY

A fish! It fell from the sky! Like  
in "Magnolia"... A sign from God!PLOP! Another decapitated carp. The Orderly looks up, and on the overpass above, there is a truck parked along the shoulder. Three MIGRANT WORKERS are hurriedly throwing fish from the bed.

LARRY (CONT'D)

It's a rain of fish - fishes! Like in  
the Bible!

Larry cradles the decapitated carp in his arms as the truck above PEELS OUT and SPEEDS AWAY.

LARRY (CONT'D)

It's a *Fortean event!* Rain of fish  
and frogs!

(to Orderly)

Did you see "Magnolia"? I must  
investigate further! Mothman's likely  
to be nearby...

Larry staggers off with the fish. The Orderly starts to follow,  
but quickly changes his mind.

BLOOD BANK ORDERLY

Screw it! As long as he doesn't die  
on hospital property...

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF FREEWAY - LATER

A sweating and fly-gathering Larry staggers down the road,  
clutching his carp and muttering to himself.

ANGLE FROM - THE OLSEN TWINS' APPROACHING CONVERTABLE

ASHLEY

Is that Larry? What is he *doing*?

They pull beside him, and he staggers up with the fish, his lips  
moist with froth, but cracked from his lack of precious fluids.

LARRY

Mary-Kate! Ashley! Can I have a  
ride? Larry rides with *hot girls*.

Their eyes fill with fear.

ASHLEY

Oh... hey Larry.  
(whispers to Mary-Kate)  
He's creepy. Let's just go.

They speed away quickly.

MARY-KATE

We'll call you!

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF FREEWAY - LATER

A dirty and sweaty Larry staggers home, clutching his carp, and  
clenching a large manila envelope in his teeth.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOOKMAN HOME - LATER

Larry is crouched before the Bookmans' door. The decapitated fish is at his feet, and he writes a note on the manila envelope.

LARRY  
Dear... Satchel! *Ha!* Take this...  
you little... BASTARD!

He places the envelope against the door, grabs his fish, and staggers to his own house.

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As Larry enters, the decapitated fish gives him pause.

LARRY  
Hmmm... Cheryl might think I'm nuts!  
(*BEAT*)  
But I gotta take it to the University,  
later... *Hmmm...*

Larry ponders, then a light bulb goes off. He props the fish against the wall beside his door, then clumsily conceals the fish with a garden stone, half the fishes' size.

LARRY  
Perfect! Think I need a bath...  
(staggers inside)

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Larry ambles upstairs, OUT OF FRAME. *From above:* the tub starts to fill with water.

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER THAT EVENING

Larry is passed out in bed, wearing a bathrobe, sleeping like a baby. This tranquility is broken by CHERYL'S SHRILL SCREAM of:

CHERYL (O.S.)  
LARRRRRR-RRRRYYYYY!!!

Larry pries his eyes open as Cheryl rushes in with the decapitated fish.

CHERYL  
You were right! He's gone off the deep end! Look what Satchel left on our door! It has to be a threat!

LARRY  
Uh... that's - that's like something from "The Godfather." Yep, a threat!

CHERYL

I'm calling his parents right now!

Cheryl throws the fish on the bureau, grabs the phone, and angrily dials the number.

CHERYL

Mrs. Bookman! Your son just left a decapitated fish at my front door, and... *Of course* it wasn't Larry! Well I don't care! This is getting dangerous... Laura, it *starts* with fish, but where does it end?

CUT TO:

EXT. BOOKMAN HOME - CONTINUOUS

Satchel is pulling a photograph from the envelope Larry left him. In it, Larry is locked in a sloppy embrace with the Olsen Twins.

LAURA BOOKMAN

*(in b.g.; yelling into phone)*

I can get a restraining order, too!

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHERYL

*(yelling into phone)*

Why yes I do know what a lawyer is, Mrs. Bookman! And you'll be hearing from mine! Good day!

*(hangs up)*

Larry's CELL RINGS. It is the AQUARIUM TECHNICIAN.

AQUARIUM TECHNICIAN (O.S.; ON PHONE)

Mr. David? Hi, this Clem Richards at Serenity Aquariums... I have some news for you about your tank.

LARRY

Uh... Yeah?

AQUARIUM TECHNICIAN (O.S.; ON PHONE)

That reverse osmosis pump you had... turns out there was a company recall on it. That's what threw the pH out of whack. I didn't know... I'm sorry.

LARRY

Oh... oh... well... that's OK.

AQUARIUM TECHNICIAN (O.S.; ON PHONE)  
You mean you're not mad?

LARRY  
HA HA! That sounds fantastic!

AQUARIUM TECHNICIAN (O.S.; ON PHONE)  
Huh? Are you OK, Mr. David!

LARRY  
All right! Talk soon! *Bye-bye!*

Larry hangs up and grins broadly at a suspicious Cheryl.

CHERYL  
Larry... who were you talking to?

Larry stammers nervously. His eyes dart back and forth from Cheryl, to the decapitated fish on the bureau.

LARRY  
Cheryl... I might as well come clean.

CHERYL  
I think you should.

LARRY  
I'm not gonna lie to you, Cheryl...  
That was... Serenity Hills Resort, in  
Taos.

(commits to the lie)  
I booked a romantic Four-Night Spa  
Getaway to celebrate our First Date  
Anniversary! We should cherish that  
day forever, Honey!

Cheryl's eyes moisten. Her mouth opens into a gorgeous smile,  
and she embraces Larry tenderly.

CHERYL  
Oh Larry! I love you!

LARRY  
Heh-heh! *Yeah...*

QUE THEME MUSIC & ROLL END CREDITS.