

CURB YOUR ENTHUSIASM (Original Spec)

"The Senator from Vermont"

By

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1 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

LARRY is seated across from his date CARLA.

LARRY
I gotta say. You look, exactly like
your picture.

CARLA
Of course I do. I don't
mis-represent.

Larry holds up his phone.

LARRY
You wouldn't believe people on this
thing. Their hair is flowing, the
sun is shining. They're holding a
glass of champagne. And then they
show up and it's not even close.

CARLA
(smiling)
Disgraceful!

LARRY
You wanna know what I think? I
think they're having professional
photo shoots for their profile
pictures.

CARLA
Oh I believe it. The thirst is real
on Tinder.

LARRY
The thirst is real. I like that. Of
course you're referring to the...
(leans in)
...sexual thirst?

CARLA
(laughing)
Yes the sexual thirst.

Larry smacks his lips together.

LARRY
Very thirsty...sexually speaking.

CARLA
(cringes)
You don't want to be called
thirsty.

LARRY

I don't want to be thirsty?

CARLA

No. That means you're coming across as way too desperate. You need to let it be known that you're down for whatever, but not that you need it.

LARRY

So I will drink the water if someone brings it to me, but I'm not telling people I crave the water.

CARLA

Right.

A WAITER quickly approaches and refills Larry's water glass.

LARRY

Thank you.

A 22 Year old MAN approaches the table, holding a notebook.

MAN

Excuse me, would you mind signing an autograph? I'm a huge fan.

LARRY

I mean, I'm kind of in the middle of some witty banter right now.

The man looks at Carla and then back to Larry.

MAN

It's just...you totally changed my life.

LARRY

(to Carla)

You hear that? I changed his life.

Larry grabs the notebook.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(to the Man)

If I may, you're coming across as...a bit thirsty. Has anyone ever told you that before?

MAN

No, I don't even know what the means. If I can just get your autograph that'd be great.

Larry thinks for a minute before scribbling his name on the page. He hands it back to the man.

LARRY

Here you go.

MAN

Unreal dude. Amazing. My friends aren't gonna believe this.

The man walks away.

LARRY

(to Carla)

Just another day as Larry David, life changer.

The man returns.

MAN

Hey, why did you write Larod Duvull on here?

LARRY

Huh? I wrote Larry David.

MAN

Why didn't you write Senator Bernie Sanders?

LARRY

Because I'm not Bernie Sanders.

MAN

You're not? But I saw you on TV.

LARRY

Yes, TV! Saturday Night Live to be exact.

MAN

I don't know what that is.

LARRY

You don't know what Saturday Night Live is?

MAN

I don't own a TV so I'm not into the new shows.

LARRY

What the fuck are you talking about!?!?!?

CARLA

(to the man)

Saturday Night Live is a comedy show. Larry was in a sketch.

MAN

A sketch. Like a drawing?

LARRY

Alright, you gotta go.

Larry gets up and starts pushing the man away but he doesn't want to budge.

MAN

But can you just write Senator Bernie Sanders on this please!?

Larry grabs the man by his collar and leans in closely.

LARRY

(angry whisper)

Get away from this table. I'm trying to quench my thirst. Do you understand? I'm thirsty. I'm very thirsty!

Larry pushes the man away before returning to the table.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about that.

CARLA

What kind of idiot has never heard of SNL?

LARRY

I don't even know what I signed. A legal pad? What good is that autograph?

CARLA

I gotta say, I'm a little turned on by your physicality.

LARRY
Oh really? Maybe this was one giant
ploy to show off my brute strength.

CARLA
I think it's working.

LARRY
(puts finger in the air)
Check!

2 INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Larry enters wearing the same clothes from dinner the night
before.

LEON is in the front hall, surrounded by dozens of boxes.

LEON
Well, well, look who the fuck it
is.

Larry smiles and points to himself.

LARRY
I hope you didn't wait up.

LEON
Damn Larry, it's a school night.

Leon walks over to Larry.

LARRY
So what?

LEON
I was fuckin' worried man. You
staying out all night on a mother
fuckin' Tuesday, you gotta tell me.

LARRY
Oh so now I gotta tell you if I'm
out all night?

Leon points to the TV with the news blaring in the other
room.

LEON
I'm watching the news because I
thought you got kidnapped by some
North Korean mother fuckers or
something.

LARRY

You think I'm kidnap worthy?

LEON

Maybe they snatched you and they wanted you to make a propaganda movie for them.

LARRY

I think they would snatch a director. I'm more of a writer.

LEON

How the hell do I know that Kim Jong-un didn't have his boys set up a meeting, say it's about some Seinfeld shit and then bam, you're in the mountains getting that Kim Jong haircut?

Leon stares at Larry waiting for an answer.

LARRY

(shrugs)

I didn't get kidnapped.

Larry walks past Leon, who follows him.

LEON

Anyways, what are you doing out all night?

LARRY

I was with a...lady friend.

LEON

God Damn LD! You're crushing it man. You are slangin' puss.

LARRY

Well I don't know about that.

Larry and Leon stop by the boxes.

LEON

No it's true. You out here just roasting that pussy.

LARRY

(smiling)

Roasting!?

LEON
Oven roasted baby. You roasting
deep.

LARRY
(smiling)
I'm roasting deep. How about that?

Leon rubs his hands together

LEON
(yelling)
Make way for the LD, the
pussopotamus!

Larry tilts his head to the side.

LARRY
Let's stick with roasting.
(points to the boxes)
What's all this?

LEON
That's my shit man.

Larry opens a box and pulls out a black baseball hat.

LARRY
Hats?

LEON
You like that? That's my new
hustle.

Larry puts the hat on and walks over to the mirror to see
how it looks.

LARRY
You know what? I think I do.

LEON
My man. That one's on the house.
Just tell me what you want it to
say.

LARRY
I like it blank, just like this.

LEON
No Larry, that's not how the hats
work. You tell me what you like and
we personalize that shit.

Larry shrugs and looks back in the mirror.

LARRY
Ehh, I kinda like it like this.

LEON
Larry don't be a dick.

LARRY
I'm not being a dick I just don't know what I'd write on a hat.

LEON
How about old ass rich white dude?

LARRY
I don't think so.

LEON
Wait, I got it! You ready?

LARRY
Hit me with it.

Leon uses his hands to make it like the words are going onto a billboard.

LEON
I. Slang. Puss.

LARRY
(shaking head)
What?

LEON
You slangin' puss right? So tell the world my man. Put "I Slang Puss" right on your head.

LARRY
There's no way I would walk around with a hat that says "I Slang Puss."

LEON
If a woman sees you wearing that hat they gonna be licking their lips being like, "oh he slangs puss? Well guess what, I got a puss. So maybe he'll slang mine?"

Larry laughs.

LARRY
Sometimes I think you need
professional help.

LEON
How you think I get mine?

LARRY
How do you get women by the way?
I've never understood that.

LEON
I'll tell you. Facebook.

LARRY
Facebook?

LEON
Damn right. I go on Facebook and
find a popular post on CNN or some
shit, and I attach my picture right
in the comments. Then I get an
endless stream of women hitting me
up in the private messages.

LARRY
Really? Just like that?

LEON
Then I hit em with the dirty talk.

LARRY
I love online dirty talk! That's my
move.

Larry high fives Leon.

LEON
Oh dirty talk for days man. For
days! Talking bout rubbing honey
all over my elbows and just
straight up plowing that interior
if you know what I mean?

LARRY
You don't say that.

LEON
I say all the shit man.

LARRY
(checks his watch)
I'm late. I gotta change and then
go meet Jeff.

Larry runs over and starts up the stairs.

LEON
 (yelling up to Larry)
 I'm gonna print that hat and you
 can thank me later.

3 INT. CAR - AN HOUR LATER

Larry is stopped at a light. A car pulls up to the left of him and beeps. He looks over and a YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE wave at him enthusiastically. Larry, confused, gives them a modest wave. They keep waving, so Larry starts waving back just as enthusiastically.

The light turns and they drive away. Larry sees they have a Bernie Sanders 2016 bumper sticker on the back of their car. Larry shakes his head.

4 EXT. FABRICA - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Larry pulls up to the restaurant, *Fabrica*. There is a sign out front that reads *Fabrica No Longer Has Valet Service, There Is A Public Lot Across The Street*.

Larry gets out of his car and tries to get the attention of the HOSTESS who is standing just inside the front door. After a few seconds of frantic waving, she spots Larry and walks outside.

HOSTESS
 Can I help you sir?

LARRY
 Yeah, I'm here for lunch and I just
 noticed your sign.

He points at the sign.

HOSTESS
 Yes we have a new policy. There is
 a lot right across the street.

She points across the street.

LARRY
 I can see that. However, I feel
 like it's kind of late notice to
 tell people when they show up at
 the valet.

HOSTESS
It's on our website.

LARRY
As you may know, people don't usually check the website before every meal to see if their parking policy has changed.

HOSTESS
Did you want us to personally call you and inform you of the new policy?

LARRY
(excited)
Yes, now that's a great idea.

HOSTESS
OK we'll take note of that.

There is a long beat as Larry and the Hostess stare at each other.

LARRY
OK, so I guess I'll just go park this over there.

HOSTESS
(sarcastic)
Alright, sounds great.

LARRY
Unless...

HOSTESS
Unless?

LARRY
Unless maybe since I didn't know...

HOSTESS
You want me to park your car? Is that what you're hinting at?

LARRY
No hinting.

HOSTESS
You want me to just leave my post as the face of the restaurant?

Larry shrugs.

HOSTESS (CONT'D)

You want me to take the good name of our late, great, beloved owner, Franco Fabrica, who came to this country without a penny in his pocket, you want me to take his name, put it on a gas station napkin and wipe my asshole with it!? Is that right?

LARRY

Not sure why your asshole had to be brought into this but maybe someone in the back could move-.

HOSTESS

You mean someone who isn't that important? You know who started in the back? Franco Fabrica. Try telling the children in the village of Bormida for whom he provided soccer equipment to, that people in the back aren't that important.

LARRY

No! No, I didn't mean-

HOSTESS

I know exactly what you meant. And to think I almost voted for you.

LARRY

No I'm not who you think I am.

HOSTESS

You're damn right you're not.
(points across the street)
Lot's over there.

5 INT. FABRICA - MOMENTS LATER

Larry enters the restaurant and holds up a parking receipt to the Hostess. She feigns a smile. He looks past her and spots JEFF, sitting in the back of the restaurant. He walks over and sits down.

LARRY

Did you know about this?

Larry holds up the receipt.

JEFF

Oh the parking thing? Yeah I check their website.

LARRY

What is this? People checking websites?

JEFF

I like to see the menu beforehand so I'm ready to go.

LARRY

I've never known you to struggle ordering food.

JEFF

What's that, a fat joke?

LARRY

I'm all turned around. That lot is eight stories and each floor the ceiling gets lower and lower.

JEFF

Hate those things.

LARRY

I feel like at any moment the ceiling is going to come down and crush me.

Larry smashes his hands together.

LARRY (CONT'D)

And for what, this place? The food isn't that good.

JEFF

Come on it's great.

Larry shrugs.

LARRY

So what's this new gig? And don't say SNL again because every idiot in this town thinks I'm actually Bernie Sanders.

JEFF

(smiling)

It's not SNL.

LARRY
 (smiling)
 You know you have a shitty poker
 face.

JEFF
 (laughing)
 It's not SNL, I swear! But-

LARRY
 Oh there it is. But. The wonderful
 word that's used to soften the blow
 of bad news coming your way. But.

Larry cycles through saying "but" in several different
 tones.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 But. But. Buuuuuut. But.

Jeff stares at Larry in amusement. Larry smiles and gestures
 that the floor is Jeff's.

JEFF
 Charlize Theron has a foundation
 called "The Stage Is Ours." They
 pay for art programs for young
 girls all across the country.

LARRY
 Yeah, Yeah, I think I know that
 one.

JEFF
 It's a really great organization
 and they're holding a fundraiser
 next week. They want you as Bernie
 Sanders to do a little thing with
 Kate McKinnon as Hilary. It's gonna
 be hilarious.

LARRY
 No I don't think so.

JEFF
 Why not?

LARRY
 You don't understand, people talk
 to me like I'm Bernie
 Sanders. They're shaking my hand,
 taking selfies, asking me to vote
 on bills! Bills!

JEFF

Bills!?

LARRY

And I gotta say, I love Bernie, but this, not so much.

Larry picks up the menu.

JEFF

So they think you're Bernie Sanders, they are worse people to be mistaken for.

LARRY

I appreciate it, but I really don't wanna do it.

JEFF

They're gonna pay you 100 grand.

LARRY

You're kidding.

JEFF

Nope.

A WAITER approaches.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(to the waiter)

I'll have the chicken marsala with a side of caprese salad.

The waiter nods and looks to Larry.

LARRY

(to the waiter)

I really haven't had a chance to look yet.

The waiter frowns and walks away.

JEFF

(to Larry)

This is why I check the website.

LARRY

Eh.

Larry looks at his menu.

JEFF
 So you'll do it? 100 grand for 20
 minutes of work. How can you say
 no?

LARRY
 Fuck it. I'll do it.

JEFF
 There you go.

Jeff shakes Larry's hand.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 It'll be a fun story for one of
 your dates.

Larry holds up his phone.

LARRY
 I gotta say, I am cleaning up on
 this thing.

JEFF
 What's the secret?

LARRY
 You wanna know?

Larry looks around and then leans in.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Dirty talk.

JEFF
 (whispering)
 Dirty talk!?

LARRY
 Dirty talk.

He leans back.

JEFF
 I never took you for a dirty
 talker.

LARRY
 I'm not. In person I can barely say
 the word bra without combusting but
 online I turn into a poet.

JEFF
Walt Whitman for smut.

LARRY
(smiling)
Walt Whitman for smut.

Larry takes a sip of water.

LARRY (CONT'D)
You are missing out on this thing.

Jeff looks around before leaning in.

JEFF
(whispering)
I have an account.

LARRY
(whispering)
You have a Tinder account!?

JEFF
Shh!

Jeff leans back.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Gil Grape.

LARRY
What is that?

JEFF
That's my name.

LARRY
OK Gil, hate to break it to you but
this app is for us single people
only.

JEFF
Oh come on, why should you have all
the fun?

LARRY
You better hope Susie never catches
you. She'll cut your nuts off.

JEFF
Impossible, Gil Grape is a man of
mystery.

The waiter approaches the table again.

WAITER
 (to Larry)
 Do you know what you want?

LARRY
 You know what, I just need another
 minute.

JEFF
 (yelling)
 Come on!

6 INT. PARKING GARAGE - AN HOUR LATER

Larry pulls up to a gate to exit the parking garage. He hands the ATTENDANT a credit card.

ATTENDANT
 Oh sorry sir, we don't accept
 credit cards.

LARRY
 You don't accept cards? It's \$28 to
 park here.

ATTENDANT
 I'm sorry it's policy.

LARRY
 It's 2017, I think you should
 accept credit cards.

ATTENDANT
 I understand sir, it's just, we
 don't.

LARRY
 Well, I don't have any cash on me.

ATTENDANT
 Well, I can't let the gate up.

LARRY
 So you're just going to lock me in
 here?

A MANAGER wearing a red sports jacket and full goatee walks over.

MANAGER
 (very nice)
 Sir is there a problem?

LARRY

Yes, I don't have any cash and your parking garage is stuck in 1988. I mean who doesn't take credit cards?

The manager looks at Larry for a moment and thinks he's Bernie Sanders. He quickly changes his tone.

MANAGER

I'll tell you who, someone who is sick of getting fucked by fees, that's who.

LARRY

I think you're doing alright.

MANAGER

You ever get fucked by a fee? It doesn't feel so good.

LARRY

Oh I've been fucked by fees. It feels just fine.

MANAGER

Every spot in this lot has a monetary value. If I let you go, that means I have to pass those costs onto the next customer.

LARRY

To be honest, I don't really care what you have to do. I need to leave.

The manager leans into Larry's window.

MANAGER

So you want other people to pay for your parking? Not surprising coming from a guy who wanted to be the first Communist President.

LARRY

Oh I'm a commie? Nice goatee comrade.

MANAGER

You're a cuck!

LARRY

I'm a cuck?!?

MANAGER
Yeah, a real cuck!

LARRY
You're a cuck!

MANAGER
Man if there weren't cameras in
this lot I'd wipe the floor with
you, Captain Cuck.

LARRY
You're Captain Cuck. You're the
Derek Jeter of cucks.

A GUY gets out of his car behind Larry and approaches the booth.

GUY
Hey is there a problem?

The manager takes a step back from Larry's car.

MANAGER
(pointing at Larry)
You tell this free loader to quit
trying to raise everyones taxes and
pay for his parking spot.

The GUY looks into the car and is surprised to see who he thinks is Bernie Sanders.

GUY
Holy shit, are you Bernie Sanders?

LARRY
No I'm not Bernie Sanders.

MANAGER
Classic cuck move.

Larry gives the manager the finger.

LARRY
Fuck you cuck!

GUY
Oh man, if you were Bernie I was
gonna offer to pay for your spot. I
made calls for him last September.
I'd do anything for the guy.

Larry looks up at the manager who is rubbing his fists together and glaring at him. He decides to break out his Bernie Sanders impression.

LARRY
 (as Bernie)
 Well, let me just say, I appreciate your candor young man. And thank you for your help on the campaign trail.
 (pointing at the manager)
 This gentlemen is calling me a cuck and while I'm not totally sure what it means, I think he's very disrespectful and hopefully he'll die a painful and early death. Now, if you will...

Larry points at the register that says \$28. The guy takes out a wad of cash and hands it to the manager. The manager counts it, smiles tersely at Larry and then opens the gate. Larry drives away yelling out back at him.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
 Hey fuck you cuck!

MANAGER
 Fuck you back King Cuck!

7 INT. LARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT OF THE FUNDRAISER

Larry is in front of his bedroom mirror putting on a dress shirt.

Leon enters holding a black baseball hat that reads *I SLANG PUSS*.

LEON
 Hey Larry, I got you man.

Leon tosses the hat at Larry.

LARRY
 You are out of your mind if you think I'm going to wear this.

Larry tosses the hat back to Leon.

LEON
 Think of this like a loaded gun. You don't walk around pointing it at people, but you can pull it out when you need it.

LARRY
(sarcastic)
Great analogy.

Leon grabs Larry's jacket that is on the bed and stuffs the hat inside.

LEON
Just in case.

Larry walks into his closet. He takes a tie off the rack and starts tying it around his neck. His phone on the the bedroom counter vibrates.

LARRY
Hey can you check who that is?

Leon picks up the phone and it's a Tinder message from STEPHANIE.

LEON
Yo man you got a Tinder message
from Stephanie.

LARRY
What does it say?

LEON
(reading)
Hey, Can't wait to see you tonight.
I love your Bernie! Winky face.

LARRY
Oh OK. We went out a few times. She
actually knows Charlize Theron so
she's going to be at the event
tonight.

Larry is struggling with the tie, grunting.

LEON
Fuckin winky faces man. That means
she wants you to step up inside
that small intestine.

LARRY
Just put it down I'll respond in a
second.

Leon types on the phone.

LEON
(to himself)
Oh yeah I know just how to respond
to those winky faces.

He finishes typing and tosses the phone onto the bed.

LEON (CONT'D)
Alright Larry, I gotta run man.

Larry comes out from the closet, his tie looks horrible.

LARRY
I can't believe I gotta go to this
fundraiser.

LEON
What's the problem?

LARRY
I'm sick of people thinking I'm
really Bernie Sanders.

LEON
Welcome to a black man's world.

LARRY
Oh is this what's it's like?

LEON
You know some women in the
supermarket called me Shaq the
other day? Do I fuckin' look like
Shaq?

LARRY
(shaking head)
No not really.

LEON
Not really!?! Larry you better
chill with that shit.

LARRY
OK you don't, you don't.

LEON
That dude is 7 foot 2, 350 lbs.

LARRY
He must have back problems.

LEON
He does. That's why he uses that
Icy Hot shit.

LARRY
I love Icy Hot. It's great for my
shoulder.

Larry slowly rotates his arm.

LEON
Of course it's great. Who doesn't
love Icy Hot? You can rub that shit
all over your body, but Larry don't
put that shit on your balls?

LARRY
How come?

LEON
Whatever little weird ass straggly
hairs you got on you nutsack...
gone.

LARRY
Gone?

LEON
Singeing that shit right off.

LARRY
Good to know.

Leon points at Larry.

LEON
I got you man. Now go out there and
be that old ass Jewish man.

8 INT. RESTAURANT - A FEW HOURS LATER

Larry, dressed as Bernie Sanders, in a dark blue suit jacket and a tie, enters the restaurant. He looks around for a moment before spotting CHERYL at the end of the bar. He approaches her.

LARRY
Well, well, didn't think I'd see
you here tonight.

CHERYL
Hello!

She leans in and gives Larry a kiss on the cheek.

CHERYL

Ted and Mary invited me. It's for a good cause.

LARRY

It is for a good cause.

CHERYL

Plus I really love your Bernie Sanders impression.

LARRY

Get out of here.

CHERYL

I do, I think it's so funny.

LARRY

I thought you didn't care for my impressions.

CHERYL

I didn't care for your Vin Scully impression, or your Howard Cosell impression, or your-

LARRY

OK, I get it. You like this one.

Cheryl takes a sip of her martini.

CHERYL

You know Larry, I saw you on Tinder.

LARRY

You're on Tinder!?

CHERYL

Let's just say I signed up briefly. It was too weird.

LARRY

You didn't give me the right swipe?

CHERYL

It was too freaky. I had to delete it.

LARRY

Still, a swipe to the right goes a long way for one's confidence.

CHERYL
 Something tells me you don't need
 help with your confidence.

Jeff and SUSIE approach the group.

SUSIE
 Hey look who it is!

JEFF
 Senator Sanders!

Susie, Jeff, Cheryl and Jeff all greet each other.

LARRY
 Is this ridiculous or what?

SUSIE
 Lar, are you kidding? This is the
 best thing you've ever done.

LARRY
 You know, I created a pretty
 popular TV show.

SUSIE
 Oh forget that. This is great. It's
 totally with the zeitgeist.

JEFF
 All the stars lined up buddy, you
 just gotta ride the wave.

LARRY
 Oh I'm riding it alright.

A PRODUCER approaches the group.

PRODUCER
 (to Larry)
 Hey Larry we're gonna get started
 in just a minute.

LARRY
 OK, sounds good.

He leaves and CHARLIZE THERON approaches the group.

CHARLIZE
 Hey Larry.

LARRY
Charlize, how are you?

He leans in for a kiss but it quickly turns awkward as she's not interested in the greeting.

CHARLIZE
Hmm, I need to talk to you about something. You know my friend Stephanie...

She points over in the corner and Stephanie (from Tinder) is staring daggers directly at Larry.

LARRY
Oh yeah...
(yells)
Hi Stephanie!

Larry waves but realizes she wants nothing to do with him.

CHARLIZE
You guys have been messaging on Tinder.

SUSIE
(to Larry)
What the fuck is your bald ass doing on Tinder?

LARRY
(to Susie)
What does being bald have anything to do with Tinder!?

SUSIE
(to Larry)
That's an app for 25 year olds looking to get their dick wet. Not old fucks like you Larry.

JEFF
(to Larry)
Yeah man, Tinder? That is kinda sad.

Larry stares at Jeff, who apologetically shrugs.

LARRY
(to Jeff)
Hey Jeff why don't you mind your own business or I'll have to GIL you. I would never want to GIL you in front of all these people.

Larry stares at Jeff who is now violently shaking his head. Susie notices.

SUSIE

OK, what the fuck is going on here?

CHERYL

I think we should go, the show is about to start.

CHARLIZE

No please stay, I think everyone associated with Larry should know that he is sending women like my friend Stephanie, nasty messages on Tinder.

LARRY

Nasty? No nasty! Maybe a little ordinary dirty talk.

CHARLIZE

Does this sound like ordinary dirty talk to anyone?

(reading from phone)

I wanna decorate that interior with my shit, you feel me? I ain't talkin' lawn chairs, I'm talkin' rubbing honey all over my elbows and plowing your inner regions like a driveway with a bunch of bitch ass snow on it. I'll be like that dude from E.T. and I'm looking to get back to my planet but guess what, your titties are the gasoline. So let's douse this spaceshit in titty juice and find home.

Everyone is absolutely appalled.

LARRY

(to himself)

Leon!

JEFF

Now that's dirty talk.

SUSIE

Larry you said that? You sick prick. They should lock you up.

CHERYL

Larry, no, please tell me this
isn't true.

We hear the EMCEE from the other room announce Larry.

EMCEE (O.S.)

And now please welcome, the Senator
from Vermont, Bernie Sanders!

Larry makes a face and points to the other room. Nobody is
budging. Charlize is waiting for an answer.

CHARLIZE

Well, why did you say those
horrible things to my friend?

Larry shrugs. He opens his jacket, pulls out the hat Leon
gave him and puts it on his head.

LARRY

I did it because I'm Larry. I'm
thirsty. And I slang puss. Now if
you'll let me by, The King Cuck
needs to put on a show.

Everyone is horrified. Larry walks into the ballroom.

PLAY THEME MUSIC.

END.