

Excerpt from

"ANIMAL RIGHTS"

*Curb your Enthusiasm* spec script

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FADE IN:

EXT. LARRY DAVID'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

It is bright and sunny. LARRY almost looks as if he could be happy for once--to the point of whistling--as he walks up to the mailbox by the entrance gate to his home.

And then he turns and steps in a disgusting pile of dog poop--liquidy diarrhea that has ruined his sneakers. Looking around, the ground is dotted with several other messy piles. He is horrified.

Just then, Larry's neighbor, DONALD, rounds a tall hedge, leading a yipping and yelping little dog. He nods at Larry, who glares back at him. The dog stops, and as if on cue, deposits another pile right beside Larry. Donald pets his dog and they start to walk off.

LARRY

Hey! Wait a second. What are you doing?

DONALD

What do you mean?

LARRY

You're just going to walk off?  
Without saying anything?

DONALD

What do you want me to say, Larry?

LARRY

You could apologize. Your dog has laid a mine-field in front of my house. My sneakers are ruined. And then you walk off without any kind of apology?

DONALD

You want me to say I'm sorry?

LARRY

Yeah, some kind of sentiment would be nice. Look at my shoes.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

I can't wear these again. Would you wear them, Donnie?

DONALD

It's Donald. I'm sorry this is troubling you so much, Larry.

LARRY

And look at this.  
(pointing at the ground)  
How am I supposed to check the mail?

DONALD

Look, my dog's got a condition. She's got IBS.

LARRY

Does this condition involve only crapping around my mailbox? I don't see anything over by your mailbox.

DONALD

Peaches has Irritable Bowel Syndrome and this just happens to be where she feels comfortable relieving herself. I think you're being insensitive. Peaches likes your yard. You should be more appreciative.

LARRY

You want appreciation? I would appreciate it if you would clean up after your little shit factory here. It's all over my property.

DONALD

There's no need to insult Peaches, Larry.

LARRY

You know, if I started relieving myself in your yard, I think you would have a problem.

DONALD

You know, technically, I don't even think this is your property here. This is a city easement.

LARRY

So, what are you saying? You're not going to clean it up?

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

(beat)

You know, Peaches looks like she's getting a little old. With this condition, and her age, maybe it's time to think about...

DONALD

Come along, Peaches.

LARRY

Peaches doesn't have to suffer, Donnie!

Larry stands there, watching Donald walk away.

INT. LARRY DAVID'S HOUSE--KITCHEN -- AFTERNOON

Larry walks in, holding the offensive shoes up before him. CHERYL, dressed up for an occasion, scrunches up her nose, disgusted.

CHERYL

What happened?

LARRY

There's a wall of fecal matter around our mailbox.

CHERYL

I told you we should have tipped the mailman this past Christmas.

LARRY

It wasn't the mailman. It was that little mutt next door.

CHERYL

The cute little Pomeranian?

LARRY

See, this is why we can't have a pet. My shoes are ruined and you think it's cute.

CHERYL

A cat would be different. They're cleaner, more independent.

LARRY

We're not getting a cat, Cheryl.

CHERYL

I think a pet might do you good. You might lose some of this bitterness.

LARRY

Bitterness is like 90 percent of my personality. The other 10 percent is a scared little boy. Do you want to be married to a scared little boy?

CHERYL

But kittens are so cute.

LARRY

The cuteness stops when they meet me. I think the whole animal kingdom has it in for me. In fact, I don't think I should go to this benefit tonight. Endangered animals have no business being around me. Besides, Janeane's your friend, not mine.

CHERYL

Oh, no, Larry, you're not getting out of this. Go get changed. Janeane will be waiting for us there. We made this commitment a long time ago.

LARRY

I was going to wear these shoes.

CHERYL

You've got other shoes.

Larry looks at his shoes, like a little boy who just dropped his ice cream.

LARRY

But not like these.

CHERYL

We're going to be late.

LARRY

You'll be right on time if you leave without me.

CHERYL

Larry. Change.

Cheryl ushers him toward the door and upstairs to change.

INT. LARRY DAVID'S CAR -- EVENING

Larry is driving, with Cheryl in the passenger seat.

LARRY

How many people did they invite to this benefit?

CHERYL

Not as many as you think. They were selective about who they invited. You should feel honored.

LARRY

The animals should feel honored that I'm showing up to this at all.

CHERYL

Here it is. Turn in here.

Larry turns into the parking lot of the Beverly Hilton. A sign indicates that a valet driver will attend to all vehicles. Larry pulls up in front of two VALET DRIVERS, who are talking to each other. They are both laughing hysterically. After several seconds, Larry gets annoyed when they still haven't looked over his way.

LARRY

What's the deal here? Why are we still waiting?

CHERYL

Do you think they see us?

LARRY

Of course they see us. We're ten feet away. Should I say something?

CHERYL

I don't know. Maybe. I'm sure they'll be over in a minute.

LARRY

I mean it would be one thing if it were about business. But the way they keep laughing...

Larry watches as one of them pulls out his cell phone.

LARRY (CONT'D)

What? He's making a personal call now?

CHERYL

Just be patient.

LARRY

No, I'm going to say something.

Larry starts to open his door. Just then, one of the VALET DRIVERS walks up to Larry's car with a smile. Larry gets out of the car.

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON -- CONTINUOUS

VALET DRIVER

Good evening, sir.

LARRY

Hello. Listen, I don't want to make anything of it, but didn't you notice us over here?

VALET DRIVER

Is something wrong, sir?

LARRY

Well, it's just that we've been sitting here waiting, and you're over there laughing with your co-worker.

VALET DRIVER

I didn't see you.

LARRY

Maybe if you hadn't been joking around with your friend...

VALET DRIVER

Sir, I didn't see you pull up.

Larry squints at the valet driver, scrutinizing him. Cheryl comes up behind him.

CHERYL

Larry, come on. There's a line of cars behind us.

Larry reluctantly hands over the keys to the valet driver, who shakes his head and gets in the car, slamming the door. Larry turns to watch him drive off, but Cheryl drags him toward the building.

LARRY

Did you see that? He slammed the door!

INT. BEVERLY HILTON -- EVENING

Posters of endangered animals hang from the walls. People mill around, getting ready to go into the auditorium. Cheryl spots Janeane Garafolo off to one side.

CHERYL

Janeane!

JANEANE

Hey! Cheryl, Larry!

Janeane comes up, beaming, and gives Cheryl a hug.

JANEANE (CONT'D)

Larry, I'm surprised to see you here. I didn't think this was your sort of affair.

LARRY

What? No...absolutely. I wouldn't want to be anywhere else. I'm a great friend to the animals. They love me. You should see the one shitting at the end of our driveway, it loves me so much.

Janeane looks at Cheryl for some kind of explanation.

CHERYL

Larry had a run-in with the neighbor today.

JANEANE

Well, I'm glad to see you here tonight. PETA is really hoping to increase awareness. Shall we?

Janeane points toward the auditorium entrance.

LARRY

By all means.

JANEANE

By the way, Larry, I like your shoes.

They head off into the auditorium.

INT. BEVERLY HILTON AUDITORIUM -- NIGHT

Larry, Cheryl and Janeane sit down at a table inside the auditorium, waiting for the benefit to begin. Larry keeps looking at his watch and sighing.

JANEANE

Cheryl, I'm putting together a campaign to increase awareness of adoption programs for stray animals. Is that something that you might want to help me with?

CHERYL

Sure. Send me some information.

JANEANE

How about you, Larry?

Larry has taken his cell phone out and is dialing.

CHERYL  
Who are you calling?

LARRY  
Jeff.

CHERYL  
What's so urgent that you need to call him now?

LARRY  
I want to know what the score is.

CHERYL  
Hang up, Larry. Janeane asked you a question.

JANEANE  
It's no big deal.

But Cheryl's angry look causes Larry to reluctantly hang up the phone.

CHERYL  
Well?

LARRY  
I don't know. My schedule is pretty full.

CHERYL  
Yeah, you're really burning the midnight oil these days. How long were you in the office yesterday? An hour?

JANEANE  
(looking past him)  
Hey, look at your little friend there.

Larry looks over and notices that an unusual, but cute-looking animal is sniffing his leg. An ANIMAL HANDLER, standing in the aisle, holds it on a leash.

ANIMAL HANDLER  
Don't worry. It's a Broad-Nosed Gentle Lemur. Like the name implies, they're very gentle.

Larry shoots Cheryl a worried look.

CHERYL  
Go on, pet it, Larry.

Larry reaches out and begins petting the lemur. The lemur nuzzles up against him.

LARRY

How about we get you one of these  
instead of a kitten, Cheryl?

ANIMAL HANDLER

You couldn't do that, sir. I'm afraid  
that there are very few of these  
left in the wild. We are very  
protective of this little girl.

LARRY

Oh I think I could handle...

Suddenly, Larry jumps back in his seat, holding his hand,  
screaming.

LARRY (CONT'D)

It bit me! The beast bit me!

ANIMAL HANDLER

She wouldn't do that! Buttercup has  
never harmed anyone.

LARRY

Get it away from me! I can see why  
there aren't many left!

As the Animal Handler leads the lemur away, Larry turns to  
Cheryl and Janeane, holding his finger.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I need alcohol on the wound!

He grabs Cheryl's wine glass and plunges his finger into the  
wine.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Do I need a rabies shot? Am I foaming  
at the mouth? What's the first sign  
of rabies? Madness?

CHERYL

Yeah, I think you're starting to  
show.

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON -- LATER

Cheryl, Larry and Janeane emerge from the building. Once  
again, they find themselves at the valet stand. Larry's  
still holding his hand.

CHERYL

(to Larry)  
It didn't even break the skin.

LARRY  
 (muttering)  
 It's a vile creature.

CHERYL  
 Yeah, Buttercup had us all trembling  
 with fear.

LARRY  
 You mock me, but you didn't have to  
 stare the beast in the eye, like I  
 did.

JANEANE  
 Well, thank you so much for coming,  
 Cheryl.  
 (beat)  
 Oh, you too, Larry.

CHERYL  
 We were glad to. Listen, you should  
 come by for dinner sometime.

JANEANE  
 I'd love that.

CHERYL  
 Larry, wouldn't it be nice to have  
 Janeane over...

She notices that he is distracted and not paying any  
 attention. He's eyeing the valet drivers talking to each  
 other again.

LARRY  
 Do you see that? He's ignoring us.

CHERYL  
 Not again, Larry.

LARRY  
 No, look.

The driver Larry argued with earlier actually turns, spots  
 Larry, and then returns to his conversation.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 Outrageous!

JANEANE  
 Maybe there's somebody we can talk  
 to, file a complaint with.

Larry looks at the empty valet stand. Keys are hanging on  
 hooks beneath the stall numbers. Larry spots the keys to  
 his car. He looks back and forth between the driver and the  
 keys.

LARRY

I'll tell you what I'm going to do.  
I'm going to go get the car myself.

Larry grabs the keys off the hook and marches out toward his car, which is parked only about fifteen feet away.

CHERYL

Larry!

As he's heading to his car, the valet driver sees him and begins to chase after him.

VALET DRIVER

Sir! Sir! What are you doing?

LARRY

What does it look like I'm doing?  
I'm getting my car.

VALET DRIVER

Customers aren't allowed to get their own cars. Liability reasons. Please give me your keys.

Larry is at his car now.

LARRY

You know, this whole thing wouldn't have happened if you'd just admitted to ignoring us in the first place.

VALET DRIVER

Sir, I didn't see you. Now, give me the keys.

LARRY

Admit you were lying to me.

VALET DRIVER

Listen, asshole, if I have to, I'll call the cops. Give me the keys.

LARRY

Admit you're a liar.

VALET DRIVER

I'm not a liar.

LARRY

You're lying now.

The driver lunges for the keys. He and Larry wrestle for a moment, before the driver snags the keys away from Larry. He gets into the car and starts it up. They continue arguing through the window.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You're a liar!

VALET DRIVER

Get out of my way!

The driver guns it in reverse, backing out of the space, and runs over something. The car screeches to a halt. Larry stands staring at something on the ground behind the car, looking back at the driver, whose eyes are wide with fright.

Suddenly, the driver jumps out of the car and runs away through the other parked cars. A crowd of people rush up to where Larry is standing. The ANIMAL HANDLER from before stands beside Larry in shock, holding a torn leash. There are horrified screams.

WOMAN 1

What have you done! You killed it!

CHERYL

(running up)

Larry? Larry! How could you?

JANEANE

What the hell have you done, Larry?

Everybody's looking down at the ground.

LARRY

I didn't do it! I wasn't driving!  
(looking at the animal  
handler)

You saw what happened. Aren't you  
going to back me up here?

ANIMAL HANDLER

(in tears)

Buttercup! No!

(to Larry)

I saw you arguing with him. It's as  
much your fault as it is his. You  
beast!

LARRY

What are you talking about? I didn't  
run over this...this...what is it  
that you called this thing?

WOMAN 2

A Broad Nosed Gentle Lemur. There  
are only three hundred left and you  
killed one! You horrible, horrible  
man.

LARRY  
(looking for help)  
Cheryl! Janeane! It wasn't me!

Cheryl and Janeane stand on the sideline, shaking their heads at Larry.