

Curb Your Enthusiasm  
"Hear We Go Again"  
by  
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FADE IN:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Jeff and Larry peruse the fruit isle of the supermarket. Larry carries a small shopping basket full of fruit and reads off of a small sheet of note paper.

LARRY

...Seedless grapes, mandarins,  
pineapple, kiwi, kiwi, kiwi....

The kiwifruits are nowhere to be found.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Where the hell's the kiwi?

Jeff's cell phone rings.

JEFF

Ask the guy.

Jeff motions over to a STOCKER. The stocker is in his (40's) and happens to be... cosmetically different. The stocker is stocking green beans one at a time with the utmost precision and care.

Jeff pulls out his cell phone and answers it.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Hello.

Larry walks over to the stocker, but chooses to stop and listen when he hears the stocker talking to a green bean.

STOCKER

(sexually)

Well now aren't you just the little  
perfect bean? Yes you are, but you  
already know that now don't ya?

The stocker speaks with an indiscernible lisp that sounds like he has an ounce or two of extra saliva present in his mouth.

Larry looks back at Jeff as if he can't believe what he's hearing.

Jeff is still talking on the phone, but he locks eyes with Larry. Jeff points at his watch and motions Larry to hurry it up.

Larry looks back to the stocker who is now smelling the green bean with unparalleled ecstasy.

LARRY

Excuse me...

The stocker nervously fumbles with the green bean and stands.

He turns and faces Larry.

STOCKER

Yes sir. How, how can I help you?

LARRY

Where do you guys keep the kiwi around here?

The Stocker's eyes widen with joy. Larry takes notice, and questions his excitement.

STOCKER

Kiwifruit?

LARRY

Uh-huh...

STOCKER

Well they're by the berries of course.

LARRY

No kiddin'? You would think they'd be by the peaches and nectarines, being in the same...fuzz...family and all.

STOCKER

Oh no sir. Kiwifruit definitely belongs in the berry family. It was once known as Yang Tao, or Chinese gooseberry. It used to be quite the delicacy of the Khans. It wasn't until 1904 that the States got to savor the wonderful flavors of the succulent kiwifruit.

LARRY

Wow...What's a guy like you working produce in a supermarket?

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

You should be an.. educator of some sort.

STOCKER

I was...once. But I like produce better. You see, the produce don't mind if I touch them, and they never tell. Oh no...never.

Larry just cannot find the words to express a response. He just repeatedly nods his head while backing away from the stocker in disbelief.

Larry turns and catches back up with Jeff.

JEFF

(into phone)

...Okay listen up Jenn, I'm not gonna say this again. Before you patch somebody through to me, always ask me if I want to talk to them before you put them on the God damn line okay? Ya understand? Good, talk to you later...

Jeff closes his phone.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Fuckin' interns.

Jeff and Larry walk toward the checkout lines.

LARRY

What was that about?

JEFF

Ah this new intern I got. She patches anyone through. I got this guy who keeps hounding me to see his show... says he's the best.

LARRY

What's his name?

JEFF

Ryan Christopher O'Neil?

LARRY

Never heard of him.

JEFF

Nobody has. He's been calling me once a day, and the damn intern keeps putting him through.

LARRY

Well, he's got persistence.

The checkout lines are full. Larry and Jeff get into the express lane marked, "10 Items or Less."

JEFF

Yeah well, he's gonna have to wait in line like everyone else.

LARRY

So why don't you fire her?

JEFF

Fire the intern? You can't fire an intern. They're there to learn.

LARRY

What's to learn? You either get it or you don't. Let her go, interns come a dime a dozen.

JEFF

Yeah, but not ones who look like this.

Larry watches an attractive WOMAN place her items on the conveyor belt. What was going to be a glance turns into a stare as the woman is clearly placing more than ten items onto the belt.

LARRY

(to Jeff)

You know this woman?

JEFF

Should I?

LARRY

Well she must be royalty. "Ten items or less" don't seem to apply to her.

JEFF  
How many she have?

LARRY  
Well over sixteen.

JEFF  
Are there any doubles?

LARRY  
What do ya mean are they any  
doubles?

JEFF  
Doubles count as one.

LARRY  
Since when?

JEFF  
Since always.

LARRY  
So if I had thirty of the same  
item, they would count as one?

JEFF  
Well in that case you gotta take  
into account size, weight, volume--

LARRY  
--It's the amount of scans,  
alright. It's how many times the  
cashier waves her hand over the  
scanner, anyone can tell you that.

JEFF  
Well, I beg to differ. I think it's  
more of a case by case call.

Larry watches the woman as she continues to pile more items  
onto the conveyor belt.

LARRY  
You can just tell that she's one of  
these disillusioned types that  
think they have been born into  
privilege.

(MORE)

LARRY(CONT'D)

The kind that purchase outfits for their pets, take daily mud baths, and think that they can get into your lane whenever they please...The nerve of some people.

EXT. SUPERMARKET / STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Larry and Jeff walk toward larry's car.

JEFF

Let's get a move on Lar. Susie's gonna have my ass if I'm not home by six. She's been all wound up with Sammy's birthday. You would think we were having the Kennedys over or something.

LARRY

Then maybe Susie should learn how to drive.

JEFF

Give her a break would ya. She got rear ended.

LARRY

She's finally letting you do that huh?

Larry spots DR. MADSEN walking toward them. Larry tries to hide his face.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Shit.

JEFF

What?

LARRY

It's my Optometrist.

JEFF

And?

Dr. Madsen sees Larry, and quickly makes his way over to him.

DR. MADSEN

NO SOUP FOR YOU!

Dr. Madsen lets out a gut wrenching obnoxious laugh.

Dr. Madsen is one of those fast-talking way-too-happy people that need to be sedated for the betterment of society.

JEFF

(sotto)

You got to be kidding.

LARRY

(sotto, through a clenched  
teeth smile)

Meet Dr. Madsen.

DR. MADSEN

Hey Larry. Where the hell ya been buddy? I haven't seen you in the office, down at the club, over at the yada yada yada...

Dr. Madsen lets out another obnoxious laugh.

LARRY

Well, I been busy Doc.

DR. MADSEN

(to Jeff)

This guy too busy? What's he do all day?...By the way, Dr. Madsen. I'm Larry's eye guy.

JEFF

Jeff Greene. I'm Larry's manager.

Jeff goes to shake hands, but Dr. Madsen delivers the trademark "Elaine from Seinfeld" shove.

DR. MADSEN

(in true Elaine fashion)

GET OUT.

Jeff is thrown off guard.

DR. MADSEN (CONT'D)

(to Larry)

This is the guy? This is the guy who made it happen?



LARRY

In the flesh.

DR. MADSEN

(to Jeff)

WOW. This is just...this is just an honor. I can't even begin to explain how much Seinfeld has influenced my life.

JEFF

I think I can see some affinities.

DR. MADSEN

Anyway, Lar. What's the deal? When are we gonna bang the ol' green fuzz around? How about you and Cheryl meet me and Mulva down at the club tomorrow? Ya free tomorrow?

LARRY

I'm afraid I don't play anymore Doc.

DR. MADSEN

What do you mean you don't play anymore? You think you can pull one on me you old dog?

Dr. Madsen delivers some fake punches to Larry's mid-section.

LARRY

No, I'm serious. It's my, it's my shoulders. They're shot.

DR. MADSEN

(overly concerned)

Oh yeah...What happened?

Larry looks to Jeff for any ideas. Jeff has none to give.

LARRY

I got...spurs. Rotator cuffs are just wearing away. I can't lift my arms past my chest.

DR. MADSEN

Oh wow...I'm sorry to hear that.

JEFF

Sorry guys, I don't mean to be rude, but I really need to get going.

(to Dr. Madsen)

Don't want to piss off the missus.

DR. MADSEN

Hey Larry, I guess this guy isn't master of his domain.

Dr. Madsen raises his eyebrows exits with one last laugh.

Jeff and Larry enter Larry's car.

JEFF

He's a clever one.

LARRY

Hey, what can I do? The guy gives me great discounts.

INT. LARRY'S HOME - DAY

Larry enters the house, places the groceries in the kitchen, and walks toward the living room. Cheryl is inside the living room on a yoga mat striking a very sexual yoga pose.

Larry sneaks in behind her without her noticing.

LARRY

Daddy like.

Cheryl is startled.

CHERYL

Jesus Larry, you just pulled me out of my special place.

LARRY

Well I was kind of hoping that we could go back there together.

Larry grabs her and kisses her neck.

CHERYL

Oh really?

LARRY

What are you doing home anyway? I thought you were going shopping.

CHERYL

Yeah well, I just didn't feel like going out.

Cheryl kisses Larry.

LARRY

Wait a minute. So you didn't get Sammy's present?

CHERYL

I just told you I didn't leave the house.

LARRY

Don't you and Wanda have that charity golf outing tomorrow?

CHERYL

Yeah.

LARRY

So when are you going to have time to the get the gift?

CHERYL

Well...I figured that you could do it.

LARRY

When? I happen to be booked tomorrow.

CHERYL

Oh yeah, with what?

LARRY

I got to go to the gym with Richard, I got to...got to go out to lunch with...people...Then I got to--

CHERYL

--Save it honey. I'm sure you can fit it in.

LARRY

Oh because Larry never has anything to do. Larry can go out and run all over town while Princess Cheryl stays home all day to find her special place. Larry can go out and buy a gift for an eight year-old girl because he knows so much about being one.

CHERYL

Well you sure are acting like one.

LARRY

I don't believe it, my own wife is turning into a mud bather.

CHERYL

What the hell is that supposed to mean?

LARRY

Forget it.

CHERYL

I think someone needs a nap. I'm going to take a shower.

Cheryl exits.

LARRY

Wait. What should I get Sammy?

CHERYL (V.O.)

I'm sure Larry will figure it out.

INT. FITNESS MULTIPLEX - DAY

Larry and Richard are on side by side treadmills in a glass walled room.

RICHARD

...She's great, you'll love her.

LARRY

What she do?

RICHARD

She's a social worker. She works over at one of those second start shelters.

LARRY

Good for her.

RICHARD

Yeah, the woman's completely selfless.

LARRY

So they do exist.

RICHARD

It's great. She always makes sure I'm fed, she's always giving me massages, she even does my laundry. It's like I never left home, and Larry, let me tell you, she's great in bed.

LARRY

Sounds a little Oedipal.

RICHARD

Call it what you will my friend, but you'll see what I mean tomorrow.

LARRY

Tomorrow?

RICHARD

Yeah, I'm bringing her over to Jeff's.

LARRY

Damn, I still got to get Sammy a gift. What are eight year-old girls going for nowadays?

RICHARD

Get her one of those electronic pets.

LARRY

Electronic pets? What do you mean,  
like that teddy bear in A.I.?

RICHARD

Not quite that advanced, but same  
gist. My niece has one, she loves  
it.

LARRY

...Electronic pets... How can they  
be any fun? There's no personality.  
No tug of war, no fetch, no leg  
humping...

RICHARD

You'd be amazed at the things they  
can do...

Both Richard and Larry power down their treadmills and  
dismount them. They make their way over to a free weight  
squat machine.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

...And besides, they won't piss and  
shit all over the place, or give  
anybody rabies.

Richard pulls a bench over to the squat machine so he can  
work his lats.

Larry sees that there are three fifty pound plates on each  
side of the bar. He then sees a sign in front of the squat  
machine that reads, "remove weight after use."

LARRY

Oh this is great.

RICHARD

What's that?

LARRY

Some Hercules left his weight on  
the bar. Do these people not know  
how to read, or do they think that  
everybody is hopped up on roids  
these days? My arms would  
disconnect from their sockets if I  
tried to remove one of these.

RICHARD  
I'll give you a hand.

The two remove the weight from the bar. Larry's already fatigued from the act.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
You should really start working out some more.

Richard puts a significantly smaller amount of weight on the bar.

LARRY  
What's that supposed to mean?

RICHARD  
Nothing, just friendly advice.

LARRY  
That's not advice, that was a vocal stab.

RICHARD  
It was not a vocal stab.

LARRY  
You've been needing to write some new material for years, but I've never vocalized it.

RICHARD  
Well if you've really felt that way, I would think that you would have the decency to tell me.

LARRY  
I just did.

Larry sits down and begins to do some reps. The reps consist of him lifting the bar high into the air and bringing it back down behind his neck.

RICHARD  
You got to admit you're a little out of shape. You should start playing tennis again, get the blood flowing.

LARRY

No thanks. I was just reminded why I left the sport yesterday. And he definitely reaffirmed my retirement.

RICHARD

You mean Madsen?

LARRY

The one and only.

RICHARD

I saw him around here earlier.

LARRY

You what? Where?

Dr. Madsen walks by on the other side of the glass wall across from where Larry has the weight bar fully extended above his head. Larry and Dr. Madsen lock eyes.

Dr. Madsen's eyes are full of shock and vengeful hurt while Larry's are filled with embarrassment, and acknowledgement of being caught in a lie.

EXT. TOY STORE - DAY

Larry exits the toy store talking on his cell phone.

LARRY

(into phone)

I'll be there in a bit...Well maybe if someone got the gift when they had said they would, we wouldn't be in this position...hello?

Larry walks down the parking lot and is cut off by a car that quickly pulls into the handicapped parking space, and parks.

The woman from the "10 items or less" lane steps out. Larry immediately recognizes her. He's had enough.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You know they make these spots for little old lady's that have lost their legs in war...I don't see what right you have to park in their spot.



The woman turns to Larry and mimes that she can't understand. She performs some sign language and walks off.

Larry thinks to himself. "Does being deaf give one the right to park in a handicapped spot?"

EXT. JEFF'S BACKYARD BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION - DAY

A party is in full swing. Little kids (6-8 years old) run around wreaking havoc. BOBO THE CLOWN is making balloon animals and performing magic tricks.

Some of the older teenage kids play volleyball by where Jeff stands with Richard grilling.

Larry and Cheryl enter with gift and fruit salad in hand where they are greeted by Susie and Sammy.

SUSIE

Look whose here Sammy, Cheryl and Mr. Burns, say hello.

Larry rolls his eyes.

SAMMY

Hi guys.

CHERYL

Happy birthday Sammy. I think we got something for you.

Cheryl takes the gift from Larry's hand and gives it to Sammy.

LARRY

More like I got something for you.

SAMMY

Really? Thanks Larry, your the best.

Larry smiles, actually feeling appreciated for once.

SUSIE

Go put it with rest dear, we'll open them later.

SAMMY

Okay.

Sammy runs off.

CHERYL  
I brought my famous fruit salad.

SUSIE  
Great. Let's go in the kitchen and set it up.

CHERYL  
Sounds good.

SUSIE  
(to Larry)  
The other two amigos are over by the grill. Make yourself at home.

LARRY  
Anything you want me to tell them for you mommy dearest?

SUSIE  
That the best you can come up with Lar? You have been out of work much too long.

Susie and Cheryl enter the house.

Larry makes his way over to Richard and Jeff.

LARRY  
(to Richard and Jeff)  
Gentlemen.

Hey Lar.           JEFF                           What's up. RICHARD

Jeff flips over some of meat on the grill.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
(to Richard)  
Where's the social worker?

RICHARD  
Oh, she's going to be late. She offered to go shopping for her elderly neighbor.

(MORE)

RICHARD(CONT'D)

She even insisted on picking out  
and buying Sammy's gift.

LARRY

(to Jeff)

That reminds me, guess who I saw at  
the toy store?

JEFF

Who?

LARRY

The express lane over-loader.  
You'll never believe what she did.

JEFF

What's that?

LARRY

She parked in the handicapped  
parking space in front of the  
store. Can you believe it?

RICHARD

Well is she handicapped?

LARRY

No. So I try to call her out on it  
and she signs to me.

JEFF

What do you mean she signs? Like  
she's deaf?

LARRY

Yeah, like being deaf is a valid  
handicap parking disability.

RICHARD

Of course it is.

LARRY

How do you figure? You can walk  
fine, you can see--

RICHARD

--It's a disability like any other.  
And that's exactly what those  
parking spaces are for;

(MORE)

RICHARD(CONT'D)

for the handi-capped, being deaf happens to be her handicap, which gives her every right to park in any handicapped space.

JEFF

I didn't even know deaf people were allowed to drive.

LARRY

(to Richard)

So you're telling me that someone who is deaf and someone who has one leg and half an eye, both have equal right to park in the same handicapped parking space.

RICHARD

Now you're just reaching.

JEFF

Yeah Lar, the store should have multiple handicapped parking spaces anyway. I mean what happens during the busy shopping seasons?

Susie and Cheryl clear room on the picnic tables for food.

SUSIE

(over to Jeff)

IS THE MEAT READY?

JEFF

(over to Susie)

YES DEAR.

EXT. JEFF'S BACKYARD BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION - LATER

Richard, Larry, Jeff, Susie, Cheryl, and other random PARENTS sit at the picnic tables eating.

Richard cuts into his burnt steak and shows Larry the raw middle.

RICHARD

(to Jeff)

Great steak.

Jeff shoots him a look.

Sammy walks up to the table holding an electronic dog by it's rear paw.

Cheryl notices that she is upset.

CHERYL  
What's wrong Sammy?

SAMMY  
My dog, it's dead.

SUSIE  
(to Larry)  
You bought my kid a dead dog?

CHERYL  
Larry.

LARRY  
What?

JEFF  
(to Sammy)  
It's not dead sweetheart, it probably just needs batteries.

Jeff takes the electronic dog and opens up the battery compartment. There are six empty battery slots inside.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
(to Sammy)  
See, that's all don't cry baby.  
(to Larry)  
Where are the batteries Lar?

Larry tries to think of something.

SUSIE  
You didn't get batteries did ya?

CHERYL  
Larry.

LARRY  
What? I got the gift. There's no gift giving law that says that the giver of all battery powered items is required to supply batteries.

CHERYL

It's unwritten honey, everybody knows that.

LARRY

That's ridiculous. You know how many times I've gotten electronic gifts not gotten batteries?

SUSIE

So now you're taking it out on an eight year-old child?

RICHARD

(to Larry)

That's harsh.

LARRY

Look, I supplied the gift, my part is done.

SUSIE

It's not a gift without the batteries Larry, it's a chore.

CHERYL

Sammy baby, I'll go out and get you some batteries later, okay hun?

SAMMY

Thanks Cheryl, you're the best.

Sammy goes over and hugs Cheryl and runs off, but not before shooting Larry an evil glance.

The clown walks over to the table.

BOBO THE CLOWN

(to Susie)

I was wondering if you and the kids were ready for Bobo's magic and funnies show?

Bobo honks his horn.

EXT. JEFF'S BACKYARD BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION - LATER

A small makeshift stage with rear curtains and all. Sammy and the rest of the kids sit on the lawn in front of the stage while Larry, Richard, Jeff, Susie, Cheryl, and the rest of the adults stand behind them.

Bobo bursts through the curtains and runs onto stage. He grabs the microphone and turns it on. A screech from the small PA monitor is heard.

The kids clap with excitement.

BOBO THE CLOWN

Thank you, thank you.

The clapping dies down.

BOBO THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

Wow, what a great turn out. This is great...Sold out crowd.

The adults chuckle.

BOBO THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

So kids, tell me; what are we going to do about this administration? I mean can Bush make up his mind people?

The kids exchanged confused glances.

The adults are a bit confused themselves.

BOBO THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

I mean seriously, He says we are not going to occupy Iraq, then he says we are going to occupy Iraq? I say if this country is still a democracy let the people vote on it...right?...Oh wait a minute, if we did that good ol' Jeb would fix that one too.

The kids just don't understand.

Jeff turns to Larry.

JEFF

(sotto)

What's this guy think he's doing?

LARRY

(sotto)

Not a strong opening, but I've seen worse.

BOBO THE CLOWN

(to kids)

So you are tomorrow's future?

Bobo The Clown sees a kid sneeze and ignore the snot that is now present on his face.

BOBO THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

Thank the Lord that I'll be long dead before then.

(to parents)

Am I right parents?

The adults are still trying to comprehend Bobo's act.

BOBO THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

No I'm just playing around here , I kid, it's what I do. So...this clown gig is gettin' me nowhere, I did three nights over at Dangerfield's welcome home weekend celebration and....

(with his best Rodney Dangerfield impersonation)

...I got no respect.

One of the adult fathers shoots out a laugh. The other parents give him a glare.

The adult who laughed gives a "what?" shrug.

The kids are yawning and picking at the lawn.

LARRY

(to Jeff)

Now that was just plain bad.

JEFF

I'm gonna get this guy out of here.



RICHARD

No wait a minute, give him one more.

JEFF

He's had plenty.

Jeff makes his way to the stage.

BOBO THE CLOWN

Ouch...tough crowd...I haven't seen this tough a crowd since Snoop Dogg's murder was not the case party. If I insult your mothers, the only guns you kids are gonna pull out on me will only squirt water.

Jeff grabs Bobo and pulls him off stage.

The kids cheer.

BOBO THE CLOWN (CONT'D)

(to kids)

That's my time.

Jeff leads Bobo over to the other adults.

JEFF

What the hell do you think your doing guy?

BOBO THE CLOWN

What, you looking for blue? I can do blue.

LARRY

(amusing Bobo)

Really? Give us a taste.

BOBO THE CLOWN

Yeah? Alright, how do you know you're at a gay picnic?

RICHARD

How?

BOBO THE CLOWN

All the hot dogs taste like shit.

One of the adult mothers gasps in shock.

Larry and Richard crack a smile whereas Susie and Cheryl aren't amused in the least.

JEFF  
(to the Parents)  
Would somebody like to escort this clown out of here?

A large BLACK MAN steps forward.

LARGE BLACK MAN  
(in a feminine manner)  
It would be my pleasure to take this one outside.

The large black man takes Bobo away.

BOBO THE CLOWN  
(to Larry)  
Wait...take my card.

Bobo hands Larry his card. Larry looks at it, and it reads, "Ryan Christopher O'Neil: COMEDIAN."

Larry looks up with realization, and hands Jeff the card.

LARRY  
(to Jeff)  
Isn't this your comedian stalker?

Jeff looks down at the card then immediately back up to Larry.

JEFF  
Holy shit...That's kind of scary.

Jeff sees the large black man walking Bobo past the teenagers, who are still playing volleyball.

LARRY  
Well at least now you've heard him.

Richard sees someone off screen and calls over to them.

RICHARD  
Hey KATHY! OVER HERE!

Richard meets Kathy half way, and they embrace. Larry recognizes her but can't place the face.

JEFF  
(to Larry)  
Hey, isn't that--

Larry realizes who Kathy is.

LARRY  
--The express lane over-loader-deaf-handicap-parker...

CHERYL  
(to Susie)  
She looks nice.

Richard brings her over to the group.

RICHARD  
Guys meet Kathy.

CHERYL  
Nice to meet you. I'm Cheryl.

KATHY  
Pleasure's mine.

ANGLE ON:

Larry's realization that Kathy is NOT DEAF!

SUSIE  
Richard has told us all about you.  
Any woman who does so much for our  
community, is welcome to our home  
any time.

KATHY  
Then you must be Sammy's mother...

Kathy pulls out an unwrapped electronic dog box, complete with a pack of batteries and hands them to Susie.

KATHY (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I didn't have time to  
wrap it, I was running late as it  
is; I even almost forgot to buy the  
batteries.

Everyone throws Larry a glance.

SUSIE  
I'm sure she'll love it. You  
hungry?

KATHY  
Starving.

CHERYL  
Well we have plenty. Come, let's  
get you fed.

Cheryl and Susie escort Kathy over to the picnic tables of  
food.

RICHARD  
(to Larry and Jeff)  
So, what do you think?

LARRY  
That's the woman.

RICHARD  
What woman?

LARRY  
The express lane over lane over-  
loader-deaf-handicap-parker.

RICHARD  
Kathy? No way.

JEFF  
That's the one. I saw her myself.

RICHARD  
I don't believe what I'm hearing.

LARRY  
Well my eyes haven't failed me yet.

TEENAGER (O.S.)  
HEADS UP.

ANGLE ON:

A volleyball flying through the air.

The volleyball smacks Larry in the face and knocks him off of his seat.

EXT. JEFF'S BACKYARD BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION - LATER

Cheryl, Susie, Kathy, Richard, and Jeff surround Larry who is lying on his back on the ground.

CHERYL

Larry? Can you hear me?

Larry comes to and sees everyone staring down at him. He sees everyone , but they are all slightly out of focus.

LARRY

What's going on? Why can't I see straight? Am I dead?

CHERYL

No honey. You got hit with a volleyball, and it broke your glasses.

LARRY

Why are you talking to me like I'm a retard? I'm blind, not stupid.

INT. DR. MADSEN'S WAITING ROOM - DAY

Larry sits with Cheryl among other PATIENTS in Dr. Madsen's waiting room.

CHERYL

...Oh relax, I'm sure he's a forgiving guy. Just come clean, and give him a sincere apology.

LARRY

How can it be sincere? He's going to know that I'm only apologizing because I am in need of his services.

CHERYL

Larry, he's a professional. Maybe you should start acting the same.

Dr. Madsen's ASSISTANT opens one of the doors to the waiting room and reads off of a clipboard.

ASSISTANT  
(to all waiting patients)  
Mr. David?

Larry sheepishly raises his hand. The assistant spots him and smiles.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
Come with me please.

Larry nervously smiles and stands. Before he walks over to the assistant, he turns to Cheryl.

LARRY  
(sotto)  
If I'm not out in fifteen minutes,  
send someone in.

CHERYL  
(sotto)  
You'll be fine.

Larry walks over to the assistant, and the two of them enter the office hallway.

The door closes shut behind them.

INT. DR. MADSEN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Madsen is dressed head to toe in the most menacing optometrist gear imaginable i.e. face-mask, rubber gloves, head lamp, etc.

ANGLE ON:

A CU FISH EYE LENS VIEW of Dr. Madsen's head.

DR. MADSEN  
(in a perfect Newman from  
Seinfeld impersonation )  
Hello Larry.

ANGLE ON:

A CU view of Larry's face. His eyes widen with fear.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - LATER

Cheryl waits in bumper to bumper traffic.

CHERYL  
(to Larry who is O.S.)  
It could have been worse...

LARRY (O.S.)  
Oh I'm sure it could have.

Cheryl looks over and we follow here eye-line as we PAN over to Larry, who sits shotgun.

He wears huge dark geriatric style sunglasses over two large gauze eye patches.

CHERYL  
I think you look kind of cute...You  
got the whole Ray Charles look  
going on.

LARRY  
Please, alright; you're not  
helping.

CHERYL  
I'm just trying to cheer you up,  
but suit yourself.

Larry turns head and looks out the window.

If he could see, he would see Kathy, the express lane over-loader-deaf-hadicap-parker, fly past him down the car pool lane with no one else in her car.

FADE TO BLACK.

(MORE)