

Curb Your Enthusiasm

"The Jobo Doll"

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. RANDY AND SARA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (DAY 1)

LARRY snoops around the room while his wife, **CHERYL**, sits patiently on the couch.

CHERYL

Larry, why do you always snoop around our friends' homes when they're not in the room?

Larry notices on a bookshelf a stuffed chimpanzee doll dressed in a military uniform. He picks up the doll.

LARRY

What does this look like?... The uniform. Isn't this a Nazi uniform?

CHERYL

(rolling eyes)

Okay, Larry.

LARRY

Your friends are flaunting a Nazi monkey and you're "Okay, Larrying" me?

CHERYL

I hope they catch you.

LARRY

Bet you if I dig a little deeper I'd find an entire Gestapo Zoo.

CHERYL

It doesn't look like a Nazi, okay?

They hear faint voices coming from the other room. Larry quickly puts back the doll. **RANDY** and his wife, **SARA**, enter, carrying champagne glasses and a bottle of champagne.

SARA

Sorry we took so long. You must think we're rude hosts.

CHERYL

Not at all, Sara. No problem.

Sara hands Larry and Cheryl champagne glasses. As Randy pours:

RANDY

Just want to make a special toast to Larry.

LARRY

Me? You don't want to toast me.

Randy holds up his glass.

RANDY

Yes, you. When I first became an animal wrangler, I had no idea our prized chimp, Jobo, would end up starring in a Weinstein war movie. We owe it all to you. To you, Larry.

As they clink champagne glasses:

LARRY

No, actually Jobo is the talent.

RANDY

But, if you hadn't introduced us to your manager, Jobo wouldn't be starring opposite Cuba Gooding.

LARRY

No, it's just the right time. Before Obama, you couldn't get a black man/monkey script greenlit in the town.

CHERYL

Larry, be nice.

LARRY

What? I'm just saying, another barrier broken.

SARA

Before we sit down for dinner, I want to show you two what I made.

Sara grabs the chimpanzee doll from the shelf.

CHERYL

(feigns surprise)

Oooh, how cute. A little Jobo doll.

SARA

You like it?

CHERYL

It's adorable.

RANDY

That's a prototype. Sara's gonna sell them in her gift shop.

SARA
And look, it salutes.

When Sara squeezes the stomach of the Jobo doll, it lifts its left arm straight out almost like a Nazi salute.

SARA
(off Larry's silence)
Uh, Larry... you like it?

As Sara squeezes the Jobo doll at Larry and it Nazi salutes:

LARRY
What? Me? Do I like it?

SARA
You don't like it.

LARRY
You kidding? Too bad it's a prototype,
or I'd buy this off you right now.

SARA
Oh, no, take it. It's yours.

Sara tries giving it to Larry.

LARRY
No, I can't. It's yours.

As Sara forces the Jobo doll into Larry's hand:

RANDY
We insist. Sara's making more.

LARRY
Thank you.
(squeezes the doll)
Thank you very much.

SARA
Oh, I think I hear the baby.

Sara exits.

LARRY
(mouths to Cheryl)
Baby?

Cheryl shrugs.

RANDY
Hey, let me give you two our new number.
With all the publicity, we had to get it
changed.

Larry takes out his cell phone.

LARRY
Great. I'll put it in my spanking new
Blackberry. It has a touch screen
thingy.

CHERYL
Really? You're going to use that? You're
not very technical.

LARRY
Oh, I'm technical. Didn't I hook up our
Tivo?

CHERYL
Yes, and that's why I'm saying you're not
very technical.

LARRY
Okay, Randy, shoot.

RANDY
Five five five, four two six six.

LARRY
(enters the numbers)
Look at this. I'm doing it. And I'm
putting you under Jobo.

Sara enters and in her arms is a chimpanzee, **JOBO**.

SARA
(baby talk)
Guess who I found wide awake?

CHERYL
(baby talk)
Aw, it's Jobo.

SARA
(baby talk)
Say hi to Uncle Larry and Auntie Cheryl.
Say hi, Jobo.

Sara waves Jobo's hand at the Davids.

CHERYL
(baby talk)
Hi, Jobo.
(then)
The kids at the Children's Hospital are
going to love him. Thanks for letting
him perform.

SARA

No, thank you.

(baby talk to Jobo)

It's good publicity for our little star.

Jobo, say hi to Uncle Larry.

(puts her ear to Jobo)

What? Jobo wants Uncle Larry to hold him?

LARRY

No, no. Animals don't like me.

Sara practically forces Jobo into Larry's arms.

SARA

(baby talk)

Jobo no animal. Jobo my baby.

LARRY

Well, Randy, you don't need a DNA test to know this one isn't yours.

SARA

(baby talk)

Larry, say hi, Jobo. Say Hi, Jobo.

LARRY

No. I don't talk to animals. Nothing against the monkey.

Sara suddenly looks a bit miffed, then:

LARRY

(off Sara)

Okay, I'll talk to the monkey.

SARA

(annoyed)

Chimpanzee.... Not monkey! Chimpanzee!

There's an awkward silence, then:

RANDY

Hey, honest mistake. No big deal.

LARRY

Okay... well.... Somebody grab the Chiiiiiiiiiiiiimmmmp!

Larry leans forward in pain as he hugs Jobo.

LARRY

Ooooooooooh! Ooooooooooooooh!

CHERYL
(annoyed)
Larry, stop acting silly.

LARRY
(moaning)
Jooooobooooo! Joooooboooo.

Randy tries pulling Jobo away, but then realizes:

RANDY
Shit, he's got Larry by the balls! Jobo,
release! Release!

Randy pries Jobo loose. Larry gasps.

EXT. RANDY AND SARA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 1)

Larry is in the passenger seat and Cheryl behind the wheel of their Prius. Randy and Sara are outside of Larry's window.

SARA
Larry, I am so sorry. Jobo's never done
that to anyone!

LARRY
I'm fine. Really.

RANDY
We'll make it up to you tomorrow night.
What's your favorite restaurant?

Larry looks at Cheryl, but she just smiles.

LARRY
I don't know--Pinot.

RANDY
Really? Well, perfect, say seven-thirty?

SARA
Oh, you almost forgot your Jobo doll!

Sara sticks the Jobo doll in Larry's face and makes it a Nazi salute. Larry takes the doll, and as he rolls up the window:

SARA
Bye, bye!

Cheryl drives off. And after a few beats, she grins.

LARRY
Yeah, go ahead, smirk. You're smirking
and that monkey almost took away your
greatest pleasure in life.

CHERYL

Oh really? Well, maybe you should have talked to Jobo.

LARRY

It's a monkey! It doesn't understand what we're saying!

CHERYL

You never know.

LARRY

One thing I do know, Sara is crazy, calling that monkey "baby."

CHERYL

She's just a little sensitive because she can't have her own kids.

LARRY

Why can't she adopt a Chinese baby like everybody else? You don't go out and get lower forms of primates like you've been having monkey fucking fantasies. And you shouldn't have Jobo, the-balls-grabber, performing at the Children's Hospital either.

CHERYL

Jobo won't even be near the kids.

LARRY

He's clearly a vicious beast.

CHERYL

I'm head of the organizing committee, so they really are expecting me to deliver Jobo. Randy assured me he's never done anything like this, so I don't know why he grabbed you.

LARRY

I think he's gay.

CHERYL

Randy? Because they can't have kids?

LARRY

No, the monkey. He grabbed my balls. And if you think he's smart enough to understand what people are saying, then he's smart enough to be gay.

CHERYL

So, that's how it works.

Larry picks up the Jobo doll.

LARRY

Notice how Sara insisted I take Nazi Monkey? I bet you Randy is doing more than just wrangling animals over there. Probably cloning more Jobos. Creating a race of Nazi monkeys, like "The Boys In Brazil."

CHERYL

Are you through?

LARRY

Except, this is going to be more like "Planet of the Apes." A master race of gay Nazi monkeys ruling the planet.... That may not be too bad.... Yep. I think I can deal with that.

Larry holds up the Jobo doll to Cheryl and makes it salute.

INT. RESTAURANT - EARLY MORNING (DAY 2)

Larry and his manager, JEFF, are at a table.

JEFF

I don't see why you just didn't talk to Jobo. Monkeys aren't that far from humans.

LARRY

You want to know why I didn't talk to the monkey? Because they were talking to him in baby talk, like it understands baby talk. Babies don't even understand baby talk.

JEFF

Well, I talk to Jobo.

LARRY

Only because you represent him.

A WAITER puts a check folder on the table. They stand to leave.

LARRY

I'm going to run to the john. Thanks for the breakfast.

JEFF

No problem. Oh, did I tell you Randy and Jobo are having lunch with Harvey Weinstein on Friday?

LARRY

Weinstein? You never got me lunch with Weinstein. You got a monkey lunch with Weinstein and not me?

JEFF

It's a publicity thing they set up.

LARRY

Yeah. All I know is a monkey got a meeting with Harvey Weinstein.

Larry and Jeff head towards the restroom.

INT. RESTAURANT RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 2)

Larry is at the urinal taking a leak when Jeff enters.

JEFF

So, you want a meeting--

LARRY

Don't talk to me.

JEFF

Don't talk to--.

LARRY

Shush.

Larry finishes, then goes to the sink to wash his hands.

LARRY

I don't talk at the urinal.

JEFF

I've never heard of that rule.

LARRY

I didn't say it was a rule. It's my thing.

JEFF

Anyway, you want to meet with Weinstein?

LARRY

Why not? I have questions burning holes in my head for Harvey Weinstein.

JEFF

Okay, I'll get you a meeting.

LARRY

(smirking)

That's alright. I don't want to meet him.
I mean, come on, the man's meeting with
monkeys.

Larry finishes washing his hands, he steps back and notices a
small urine droplet on the upper thigh of his pants leg.

LARRY

(re: droplet)

Oh, will you look at this? Isn't this
embarrassing?

JEFF

Well, you can only see it when you look
at it. Who looks down there?

LARRY

Wonderful. First I find out a monkey's
meeting with Harvey Weinstein and now I
have to walk down Sunset with a urine
spot on my pants.

JEFF

Maybe the monkey broke something when he
grabbed you.

Jeff laughs. Larry grabs a paper towel and tries wiping it
dry.

LARRY

No, this is your fault.

JEFF

My fault?

LARRY

You talked to me.

JEFF

I always talk to you!

LARRY

Not at the urinal! You were talking to
me in the middle of the wiggle. I never
talk during the wiggle. Your talking
threw me off.

JEFF

What? You count the wiggles?!

LARRY

No, I don't count! I just know when to stop, that is, if there isn't anyone talking to me! Now look. People are going to know I had a post-urinating drip.

JEFF

Here, I'll fix it.

Jeff wets his hand with water from the faucet and then flings droplets of water on Larry's upper pants and lower shirt.

LARRY

Shit, what'd you do that for?!

JEFF

I fixed it! See! Now it looks like sink splatter and not insufficient wiggling! Yeah?

LARRY

No one's going to buy this! Have you ever done this?!

JEFF

What? This? Have "I" ever done this?

LARRY

Yes, you!

JEFF

All the time.

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 2)

Larry and Jeff ad-lib good-byes as they leave the restaurant. Larry walks with his eyes glued on his "sink splatter" until he looks up for his car and:

LARRY

It was.... Where's my fucking car?!
(searches pockets)
Fuck, my Blackberry's in the car.

An **LAPD OFFICER** happens by.

LARRY

Officer! Somebody stole my car!

LAPD OFFICER

Okay, okay, calm down.

As the officer pulls out a note pad:

LARRY

I was in there eating breakfast for no more than an hour! I come out-- gone! Who steals a Prius?!

LAPD OFFICER

Okay. What is your name, sir?

LARRY

Larry. Larry David.

LAPD OFFICER

(writing it down)

Larry David.... And where did you last leave the car, Mr. David?

LARRY

Across the street. At that meter. I'm absolutely sure of that.

The LAPD Officer glances down at Larry's sink splatter.

LARRY

It's... you know... sink splatter.

The officer looks suspiciously at Larry for a beat, then:

LAPD OFFICER

I don't think I can help you.

LARRY

What? Why not? It's just sink splatter.

LAPD OFFICER

The car's not in my jurisdiction.

LARRY

What? Grand theft auto is out of the jurisdiction of police now?

LAPD OFFICER

No. It's just that, see your car was parked across the street in West Hollywood.

LARRY

So, it's legal to steal cars in West Hollywood?

LAPD OFFICER

No, this side of the street is the City of Los Angeles and I'm with the LAPD. You're going to have to contact the West Hollywood Sheriffs.

LARRY

You gotta be kidding me. You're really not going to help me?

LAPD OFFICER

(realizing)

Wait a minute. Are you the Larry David of "Seinfeld"?

LARRY

Yes. Does that matter?

LAPD OFFICER

Wow, you probably can afford to buy a fleet of cars.

LARRY

What are you saying? I can afford to have my car stolen?

LAPD OFFICER

Oh, no, Mr. David. It's just, I didn't really picture you driving a Prius.

The officer hands Larry a business card from his wallet.

LARRY

What's this?

(RE: card)

Jake Goldman, Mercedes Benz?

LAPD OFFICER

My uncle. They have the new hybrid.

LARRY

I'm not a Benz guy. What makes you think I want a Benz?

LAPD OFFICER

Hey, Benz makes a nice car. Good luck.

The officer walks off as Larry looks on, frustrated.

INT. LARRY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT MORNING (DAY 2)

Cheryl is on the couch reading a magazine when Larry enters.

CHERYL

Larry, I'm glad you're home. I was just on the phone with Sara and--

LARRY

Forget about Sara. You won't believe my morning. I had to take a cab home! The car was stolen!

CHERYL

The Prius?

LARRY

Yes. Gone! And my new cell was in it, too. Do you know how helpless I felt without my cell?

CHERYL

Why didn't you just use a pay phone?

LARRY

A public phone? Why don't I just dump my head in a vat of toxic waste?

CHERYL

Well, I'm just relieved to hear that because Sara called....

LARRY

Crazy Sara?

CHERYL

Yes. Anyway, she said, get this-- she saw you, "gratifying" yourself in the Prius on Santa Monica Blvd.

LARRY

Gratifying.... You mean....

CHERYL

(nods)

Masturbating.

LARRY

Crazy Sara said she saw "me," on Santa Monica?...

CHERYL

Yes.... Driving through traffic.

LARRY

(chuckles)

Driving through traffic? That wasn't me.

(then, realizing)

It must've been whoever stole our car! Who steals a Prius and masturbates in it? I mean, there's nothing erotic about that car. You'd have to be a sick fuck.

CHERYL

Pretty disturbing.

LARRY

After this, I hope they never find that car. I can't drive that.

CHERYL

I'll have to agree with you there.

LARRY

So, whoever stole it, must've looked like me. Now that's creepy.

CHERYL

Well, Sara didn't actually see his face.

LARRY

No face? What, she saw five fingers and a penis and assumed it was me?

CHERYL

Not exactly. See, they have that SUV, the one that sits really high, so she couldn't see your face, but....

LARRY

So, she ID'ed my penis? Sara's entire accusation is based on a penile I.D.?

CHERYL

And Jobo.

LARRY

Jobo? What, the monkey saw me too?

CHERYL

No, the Jobo doll. She could see it laying in the backseat. That's how she knew it was our car. But, hey, it wasn't you so... that's a relief.

Larry stares at Cheryl for a beat.

LARRY

You thought it was me.

CHERYL

What?

LARRY

You thought it was me Sara saw.

CHERYL

Hey, I think I know you, Larry.

LARRY

Then what's with all the relief?

CHERYL

Relief?

LARRY

When I said the car was stolen, you said, "I'm relieved to hear that." And just now, you said, "So, that's a relief." Obviously you're relieved because... because you thought your husband was driving down Santa Monica Blvd. whacking off!

CHERYL

No... not at first.

LARRY

You agreed with Crazy Sarah!

CHERYL

I mean, just for an instant. Sara saw Jobo... and, you know, I don't know how one reacts after.... That monkey grabbed you pretty hard.

LARRY

You think the reaction to having a monkey grab my balls is to drive down Santa Monica Blvd. whacking off?

CHERYL

(smirking)

Hey, I don't know how guys' minds work.

LARRY

Okay, Cheryl. I'm glad you're taking this seriously. If Jobo wasn't scheduled to be at the Children's Hospital, you would have said, "Sara, that was not my husband you saw you monkey-loving crazy woman."

CHERYL

Okay, I'll call Sara and tell her it wasn't you, alright?

Cheryl grabs the phone and dials.

LARRY

Yes. Now. You never know who else Crazy might blab this to.

CHERYL

I'm getting voice mail.

(into phone)

Hello, Sara. It's Cheryl David.

That wasn't Larry you saw. Get this-our Prius was stolen. So, you saw our car with the Jobo doll in it, but that wasn't Larry, uh... humping the horn, and well, the car and the Jobo doll are gone, so, the good news is, we're still on for dinner, 7:30 tonight, okay? Bye.

LARRY
"Humping the horn?"

CHERYL
That's what Sara called it.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

CHERYL
Maybe that's her now.

Cheryl picks up the phone.

CHERYL
(into phone)
Hello.... Hold on.
(to Larry)
For you. It's the Sheriffs.

Larry slowly takes the phone.

LARRY
Hello.... Yes.... Oh, alright. I know where that is.... Thank you, officer. Bye.
(to Cheryl)
Found it. Fucking Lo-Jack.

CHERYL
Too bad.

LARRY
Can you drop me off at the police impound?

CHERYL
Sure.

LARRY
Did you know that one side of Sunset is West Hollywood and right across the street, it's Los Angeles?

CHERYL
Uh-huh. I knew that.

LARRY
Oh. You never said anything to me.

EXT. SHERIFF'S IMPOUND LOT - SOME TIME LATER (DAY 2)

Larry stands next to the Prius as the **LOT ATTENDANT** hands him a clipboard with papers to sign.

LOT ATTENDANT
Sign here.

LARRY
Okay....
 (signing)
So, did you guys find prints or my phone
in the car?

LOT ATTENDANT
The only thing found in it was a monkey
doll dressed like a Nazi.

The Lot Attendant gives Larry a judgemental once over.

LARRY
So, while dusting for prints, did they
find traces of anything else?

LOT ATTENDANT
Like, what? Drugs?

LARRY
No.... Someone in it might have been,
you know... humping the horn.

LOT ATTENDANT
Humping?

LARRY
The horn. You see what I'm saying?

The Lot Attendant stares at Larry bewildered for a beat,
then:

LARRY
 (sotto)
Traces of sperm.... I'm talking sperm.

LOT ATTENDANT
Look, are you taking this car or what?

LARRY
Yeah.... You don't happen to have rubber
gloves and a plastic tarp or something I
can lay on the front seat?

LOT ATTENDANT
Whatever turns you on.

INT. MOBILE PHONE STORE - LATER (DAY 2)

Larry is talking to a deadpan **SALESWOMAN**.

SALESWOMAN

So, you don't need me to show you how to use this phone?

LARRY

No. This is just like my old cell.

SALESWOMAN

You might want to get a Bluetooth, too.

LARRY

Bluetooth? What are you saying? The phone causes cancer?

SALESWOMAN

I advise everyone buying a phone to get a headset. It's legal when you're driving.

LARRY

What if I'm not driving?

SALESWOMAN

I would still advise you to get a headset.

LARRY

Because it causes cancer, right?! Shit, shit! I'm always on my cell!

(feels his skull)

You think it's too late?!

SALESWOMAN

Sir, calm down. It doesn't cause cancer. I get a commission so I try to push all our products. Okay?

LARRY

Oh. Of course. You're a salesperson. That makes sense. Very good. You are very good. You almost sold me. Whew. I'll just take the phone, okay?

SALESWOMAN

(deadpan)

I would strongly advise you to get the headset.

EXT. MERCEDES DEALERSHIP - AFTERNOON (DAY 2)

Larry drives up and parks the Prius on the street in front of a Mercedes Benz dealership.

He's wearing gloves and there is plastic on the front seat.
He's talking to Cheryl on his new cell phone through a
Bluetooth headset on his left ear.

LARRY
(loud)
Cheryl, I can't hear shit with this
headset, but it was strongly advised!
(louder)
Strongly advised!...

Larry steps out of the car, still wearing the rubber gloves.

LARRY
(loud)
Yes, they left the Nazi Monkey!...

Larry grabs the Jobo doll from the front seat, squeezes it
until it salutes.

LARRY
(loud)
Look, I'm at the Mercedes dealer! I have
get to rid of this car!... Yes, I know,
what else could you have thought with
Crazy Sara telling you all those
things!...

Sara drives up next to Larry in a SUV. From her POV, she
cannot see the Bluetooth on the opposite side of Larry's
head, so to her it looks like he's yelling to the Jobo doll
that he's holding.

LARRY
(loud)
Yes, I know you love me! I love you,
too!

Larry spots Sara in the SUV.

LARRY
Hey, Sara--

Larry waves the Jobo doll at Sara.

LARRY
I got Jobo! I got Jobo!

Sara burns rubber as she drives off through a red light.
Larry doesn't know what to make of it.

LARRY
(loud, to headset)
That was Sara. She's crazy.

Larry tosses the Jobo doll back into the car.

INT. MERCEDES BENZ DEALER - LATER - (DAY 2)

Larry looks at Mercedes in the showroom as a very distinguished dealer, **JAKE GOLDMAN**, 60, stands behind him.

LARRY

You know, I never really thought about buying a Benz until today. It's the new hybrid.

JAKE

Are you sure you want to buy a "German" car?

LARRY

I might want a test drive first.

JAKE

You want to test drive this "German" car before you purchase?

Larry turns and looks at Jake, a bit perplexed.

LARRY

It may be me, but why do you keep putting an emphasis on German when you say it?

JAKE

You think I'm emphasizing "German"? Why would that be?

LARRY

I don't know. You're the one doing it.

JAKE

Tell me something, Mr. David. You're a Jew, right?

LARRY

And?

JAKE

Nothing. Nothing at all.

LARRY

What? Nothing? Then why--

JAKE

No, no. It's just that I find it very "interesting" that "you" would want to buy a "German" car.

LARRY

Are you saying because I'm Jewish I shouldn't be buying a German car?

JAKE

I didn't say that. I said, I find it...
"interesting."

LARRY

(chuckles)

You know what I find "interesting," Mr.
"Goldman"? The person telling me it's
"interesting" that a "Jew" wants to buy a
"German" car, is a "Jew" who's selling a
"German" car. That's "interesting."

JAKE

Mr. David, I know you're not a very
religious man.

LARRY

You do not know that. How do you know
that?

JAKE

Believe me, we know.

LARRY

We?

JAKE

You're not anonymous.

LARRY

This is insane! If you think these cars
are being built by Nazis, you shouldn't
be selling them at all!

JAKE

Let's just say I'm working for us on the
inside, alright? Now, I don't ask this
of all Jews who come in. But you, a man
of your success is a pillar of the
community. A role model. So, let me
take you across the street and buy a nice
American car.

LARRY

(calling out)

Uh, can somebody help me out here?!

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT AFTERNOON (DAY 2)

Larry is at a stop light in his Mercedes when **RICHARD LEWIS**
walks by in the cross walk and spots him.

RICHARD

Larry, what the hell are you doing?!

LARRY

Hey, Richard! I'm cruising in my new Mercedes! Get in!

RICHARD

Get in?! I'm not getting in that! It's a fucking Benz!

LARRY

What's wrong with you?! Just get in the car!

Richard tries walking away. Larry blows the horn.

RICHARD

Okay! Okay!

Richard pulls down his shades, gets in and slouches in the seat. Larry drives off.

RICHARD

You bought a Benz? How could you?! I thought I knew you, Larry!

LARRY

What! You used to own a Mercedes!

RICHARD

That was before my trip to Israel!

LARRY

What's with Jews not buying Mercedes? If Jews didn't buy Mercedes, the company would go out of business!

RICHARD

Exactly!

The car is nearing a Coffee Bean & Tea Leaf.

RICHARD

Let me out. Let me out!

LARRY

Out? You feel this nice ride?

RICHARD

Shit, I know, okay! But let me out! Drop me off at the Coffee Bean!

LARRY

How about I drive you to a Coffee Bean in Santa Monica?

RICHARD

No. No one makes double espressos like this Coffee Bean.

LARRY

What do you mean? It's a chain. They all make coffee alike.

RICHARD

No, trust me. No one makes double espressos like this one, so just let me out of your Nazi car before somebody sees me.

LARRY

Fine.

The car comes to a stop. Richard gets out.

RICHARD

Never pick me up in this again!

As Richard turns to go towards the Coffee Bean, two Hasidic Jews pass. Richard lifts up his jacket to cover his face as he heads towards the Coffee Bean.

INT. LARRY'S LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT EVENING (DAY 2)

Larry walks in. Cheryl is on the couch reading.

LARRY

Cheryl, the Mercedes drives great.

CHERYL

Randy called. Apparently, Sara is very upset because of you.

LARRY

What did I do now that I never did in the first place?

CHERYL

She thinks you're crazy. She told Randy she saw you cooing over the Jobo doll and telling it "I love you."

LARRY

I was talking to you, not the Nazi Monkey!

CHERYL

Well, she thinks I made up the stolen car story as an alibi for your joyride down Santa Monica Blvd.

LARRY

Didn't you explain it to Randy?

CHERYL

Yes. But I don't know if he believed me. He just said to please bring the Jobo doll with us to dinner. Sara wants it back. But I don't think we should go to dinner. Or maybe you shouldn't go.

LARRY

Me? If I don't go they'll think I'm lying about all this.

CHERYL

I don't know. It's been bad karma between you and Sara since Jobo grabbed you. And I really promised them Jobo at the hospital. I don't want you to screw it up.

LARRY

You say it like it's my fault.

CHERYL

I said bad karma.

LARRY

Randy and Jobo are having lunch with Harvey Weinstein tomorrow. What if Randy tells Weinstein I was whacking off on Santa Monica Blvd.?

CHERYL

Randy is going to bring up whacking off with Harvey Weinstein?

LARRY

Who knows? That could very well come up at lunch, especially with a monkey at the table. Monkey-- spank the Monkey. It's a logical leap.

CHERYL

That's ridiculous, Larry.

LARRY

Shit! When I traded in the Prius, I left Nazi Monkey in it. We'll have to stop by the Mercedes dealer to pick it up on the way to dinner.

CHERYL

This is a bad idea.

LARRY

Look, we don't even have to stay for dinner. After I explain what happened, I'll say I'm sick-- my crotch hurts... because of Jobo.

CHERYL

Your crotch hurts?

LARRY

Yes, that's the signal. When I say, my crotch hurts, grab your purse, because we are out.

Off Cheryl's doubting look:

INT. PINOT - NIGHT (DAY 2)

Larry and Cheryl are waiting patiently. Larry drinks his water. Cheryl checks her watch.

LARRY

They lied. No one stole Nazi Monkey. That Nazi Monkey is somewhere at that Mercedes dealership.

CHERYL

Why would the car salesmen lie about something like that? You bought a Mercedes from them.

LARRY

I'm a Jew with a Nazi Monkey that bought a Mercedes from them. I'm an outcast now, Cheryl. They may throw me out of temple.

CHERYL

You have to go to temple before they throw you out.

Randy walks up to the table in a huff.

LARRY

Hi, Randy. Where's the lovely Sara?

RANDY

(pissed off)

Waiting for me in the car, crying! We were going to let this go until you left that phone message!

LARRY

Message? What message?

Randy sits at the table.

RANDY
Let me refresh your memory: "Lick me,
Jobo."

LARRY
What?

RANDY
"Lick me, Jobo."

LARRY
"Lick me, Jobo?" You think I left you a
message saying, "Lick me, Jobo?"

RANDY
Don't deny it! I have your voice
recorded.

Randy pulls out a micro cassette recorder and plays it.

RECORDED VOICE
(moaning)
Liiiiick meeeee, Jooooooboooo. Liiiiick
meeeee, Jooooooboooo. Liiiiiiiick
meeeeeeeee, Jooooobooooooo!

LARRY
That's not me! If I were going to leave
an obscene message, I think I would be a
little more creative than, "Lick me,
Jobo."

RANDY
Don't fuck with me! Your cell phone
number was on our caller I.D.!

LARRY
My cell was stolen with the car! I listed
your number under Jobo! That's how they
called you!

CHERYL
Right. Show him your new phone.

Larry slowly pulls out a Blackberry that looks just like his
last one.

RANDY
That's the same fucking phone!

LARRY
(to Cheryl)
I bought the same phone.

RANDY

Say it!

LARRY

Say what?

RANDY

"Lick me, Jobo." Prove that it it's not you.

LARRY

I'm not saying that.

RANDY

Come on. Moan it. Like you did on the tape.

(moans)

Liiiiick meeeee, Joooooobooooo.

People are looking. Larry looks at Cheryl who nods.

CHERYL

So we can leave.

LARRY

(slight moan)

Liick, mee, Jooboo.

RANDY

No! Like the tape. Moan it like you mean it!

LARRY

Liiiiick, meeeee, Joooooobooooo.

Liiiiick, meeeee, Joooooobooooo.

RANDY

See?

LARRY

See what?

RANDY

You and your lying wife are crazy. So, you can forget about Jobo performing at the Children's Hospital! And if you or she comes near us again, it will get nasty-- real nasty.

Randy turns to leave but then stops.

RANDY

Where's the fucking Jobo doll?!

LARRY

You're not going to believe this-- it was stolen again. But, there's a bright side. That may mean it's going to be a big seller.

Randy storms out. After Cheryl stares at Larry for a beat:

LARRY

I think he believed me....

CHERYL

Larry... I'm the only one who believes you.

LARRY

Good.... Well, my crotch hurts.

EXT. STREET - LATER THAT NIGHT (DAY 2)

Larry and Cheryl are driving back in the Mercedes when Larry pulls over and parks near a Coffee Bean & Tea Leaf.

CHERYL

What, you suddenly need a latte?

LARRY

Restroom. I had all that water at Pinot. Did you know this Coffee Bean makes the best double espressos in the city? Did you know that?

CHERYL

Yes I did, Larry.

LARRY

How come you never tell me anything?

CHERYL

I'll just wait out here to make sure the Benz isn't stolen.

Larry gets out of the car.

INT. COFFEE BEAN AND TEA LEAF - MOMENTS LATER (DAY 2)

People wait in line. Larry enters and heads to the bathroom, but stops when he spots the Jobo doll on a table. Larry picks it up then suspiciously eyes the patrons in the cafe. After a beat, he goes to the **BARRISTA** who's making coffee.

LARRY

Excuse me, but did you see who left this doll at that table?

The Barrista stops working.

BARRISTA

You a cop? Was it involved in a crime?
Trying to track down the evidence trail
like they do in "Law and Order, huh?"
That's a good show.

LARRY

Look, I'm not a cop.

BARRISTA

Prosecutor?

LARRY

Have you seen anyone who might have been
a little suspicious?

The Barrista goes back to making coffee.

BARRISTA

If you're not a cop, I'm really busy,
mister.

Larry eyes the rest of the room. No one looks suspicious, so he exits into the bathroom. Just then, Cheryl walks in and stands in line.

INT. COFFEE BEAN RESTROOM - A MOMENT LATER (DAY 2)

There is a stall and one urinal. Larry is at the urinal. The Jobo doll is on the sink counter.

INT. COFFEE BEAN AND TEA LEAF - A MOMENT LATER (DAY 2)

Randy and Sara enter and stand behind Cheryl. They notice each other, then:

CHERYL

Oh, Sara, Randy... I'm so sorry, but let
me explain....

INT. COFFEE BEAN RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

Larry is washing his hands when he notices a urine spot on his pants. He tries drying it in vein, then attempts to sprinkle water on his pants, but douses them with way too much water. There is a toilet flush and out of the stall steps a shocked Jake, the Mercedes dealer. Larry eyes Jake, the Jobo doll and then Jake.

LARRY

(realizing)

I don't believe it. You stole Nazi
Monkey!

JAKE
(caught)
Ah,..., well...

Then as Jake slowly creeps towards the door:

JAKE
(turning tables)
It was your Nazi Monkey?! First you
buy a Mercedes, and then I discovered you
have a monkey dressed as a Nazi!

INT. COFFEE BEAN AND TEA LEAF - CONTINUOUS (DAY 2)

Cheryl, Randy and Sara are still in line.

CHERYL
So, some one at the Mercedes dealer must
have stolen the Jobo doll, so you can see
how all this must look.

SARA
You're right. I'm so sorry, Cheryl. You
must think so horribly of me....

JAKE (O.S.)
You disgust me! I hope you and your
little friend have fun driving around in
your fancy car, but for the book, I find
you disgusting!

Jake enters the cafe and storms pass the three as he exits. A
few beats later, Larry enters the cafe as he tries absorbing
the excess water from his pants with the head of the Jobo
doll until he looks up and sees Randy, Sara and Cheryl
staring at him, rubbing himself dry with the Jobo doll.
Larry holds up the Jobo doll.

LARRY
I found Jobo!

SARA
Oh, my God. He's doing it!

Larry realizes that all eyes are still on his wet spot.

LARRY
It's sink splatter! Sink splatter!

RANDY
You perverted fuck!

As Randy and Sara head out the door:

LARRY
Jobo wasn't licking me!

Cheryl glares at Larry. Then after a beat:

LARRY
You were right. Bad bad Karma....
Baaaaaad.... Mad? I should have stayed
home. Yep, I can admit that.

Cheryl shakes her head and exits out the door, leaving Larry standing there with the Jobo doll. An **OLD SCRUNGY HOMELESS MAN** is sitting at a table next to Larry. He looks at Larry's "sink splatter."

OLD SCRUNGY HOMELESS MAN
(chuckles)
I have that same problem.

Larry covers the wet spot with the Jobo doll and slowly exits out the door.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW