

The Umbrella Intruder

by

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Based on Curb Your Enthusiasm

EXT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

LARRY DAVID and MARTY FUNKHOUSER exit a restaurant along a street in Los Angeles after a lunch together.

The sky is overcast, clearly about to rain.

Larry carries an umbrella in hand.

MARTY

Lar- that steak was just perfect.
How was yours?

LARRY

Oh the salmon was great. The
salad, though...

MARTY

What was wrong with the salad?

LARRY

Too much lettuce! Wasn't yours a
bit too leafy for your taste?

MARTY

I didn't think there was anything
wrong with the salad.

LARRY

No, no it was like I was eating a
bouquet. It became a chore. A
salad already feels like an
obligation, don't make it even
more of an ordeal. Was not a fan
of the salad.

MARTY

I had just a fine amount of
lettuce!

LARRY

Ehh. And the croutons, what about
those croutons?

MARTY

What about them?!

LARRY

They were soggy!

MARTY

Soggy croutons?

LARRY

Yes, sir, you better believe it!
You can't have soggy croutons!
They have to be crispy! If there
isn't a true crunch, then what's
the point. No, the crouton
crispiness was all off. Salmon was
great though.

MARTY

Well, I'm sorry you had such an
unacceptable lunch with me.

LARRY

Oh...next week, same time?

MARTY

Sure, buddy. My car's right up
here. Where are you parked?

LARRY

Ah I'm up in the parking garage.
Couldn't get a space earlier.

MARTY

Do you need a ride over there?
It's about to rain.

LARRY

Nah, I have an umbrella and I'd
like to take a stroll.

MARTY

All right, enjoy your *stroll* then.

Marty enters his car and Larry continues to walk down the
sidewalk.

EXT. SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

As Larry casually walks down the sidewalk, it begins to
rain.

Larry stops to open his umbrella before continuing on
towards the parking garage.

Behind Larry, a MAN exits a shop and notices the rain. He
looks annoyed as he raises a shopping bag from the store to
cover him while he runs down the sidewalk trying to avoid
the raindrops.

As the man runs, he catches up to Larry and, seeing the
umbrella, gets under it with Larry.

Larry stops and the man stops with him. The two stare at each other.

LARRY
(bewildered)
Hey, hey excuse me, sir. What the hell do you think you're doing?

MAN/UMBRELLA INTRUDER
What? It's raining. I don't have an umbrella.

LARRY
And you think that gives you the right to get under mine?

MAN/UMBRELLA INTRUDER
Well, it's a common courtesy.

LARRY
A common courtesy is respecting the sanctity of my personal umbrella zone. You, sir, have molested my personal zone.

MAN/UMBRELLA INTRUDER
I don't want to get rained on, c'mon man!

LARRY
You're really not going to get out from my zone?

MAN/UMBRELLA INTRUDER
No...it's raining.

LARRY
I am aware of the quality of the weather. Hence, why I, like a decent human, have come prepared with my own personal umbrella so I would not feel entitled to the use of a stranger's.

MAN/UMBRELLA INTRUDER
But you would use my umbrella if I had one and you didn't?

LARRY
No, I would simply endure my fate as a lesser being whom forgot to check the weather. You should do the same.

MAN/UMBRELLA INTRUDER
I'm not getting out of your
"zone."

Larry stares at the man again before taking off running down the sidewalk.

LARRY
(yelling)
Take that, asshole!

Larry then slips on a puddle of water, landing with a groan.

INT. KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Larry and LEON are in Larry's kitchen discussing the prior event.

LEON
And he got up under yo umbrella?

LARRY
Right up under it!

LEON
That's messed up, man.

LARRY
Completely!

LEON
Well then what'd you do?

LARRY
I told the umbrella intruder that he needed to evacuate the personal zone.

LEON
And did he leave?

LARRY
He did not!

LEON
Did you beat his ass? You should've beat his ass. He basically raped your personal bubble.

LARRY

My zone. But no I did not beat his ass. I just ran away from him so he couldn't be under the umbrella.

LEON

(laughing)

You ran away? Yeah that sounds like you.

LARRY

Thanks, Leon. But get this, I slipped!

LEON

(laughing even harder now)

You slipped?! That's what you get. Should've beat his ass.

(beat)

Hey...when it rains it pours, am I right, L.D.?

LARRY

You're very funny, very good.

(sighing)

Umbrella intrusion is a serious crime. I feel totally violated now!

LEON

Mhm, you know what the real umbrella problem is? When the wind comes up real hard and flips yo umbrella open and the whole thing is inside out like you holdin a big wine glass tryna catch the rain in yo broke ass umbrella.

LARRY

Huh, I've never had that happen. I don't think umbrella flipping is quite an epidemic like umbrella intrusion.

LEON

Well, that's cause they got technology to solve it now.

LARRY

(chuckling)

Technology? What, pray tell, is this modern advancement in umbrella sturdiness?

LEON

They got these umbrellas on QVC and shit that don't flip open. Saw the infomercial a few weeks back. It's *wind-proof*.

LARRY

Wind-proof? Ehhh I only need my umbrella to be rain proof.

LEON

Nah nah I want one of them mothafuckas. You could get it for me for Christmas.

LARRY

(confused)

You think you're getting a Christmas present from me?

LEON

You don't have the holiday spirit, L.D.?

LARRY

Jews patently don't have the holiday spirit. Scrooge McDuck was not a goy. But, that's besides the point. Me letting you live here is a present that I give to you every day!

LEON

That's real persnickety of you L.D.

LARRY

Are you giving me a Christmas present?

LEON

You know, I've been thinking, if I do give you a present, is it a Christmas present or a Hanukkah present?

LARRY

Well, I'd say, *if*, I were to give you a present it would be a Hanukkah present. I believe it is the gifter's religion, not the giftee's that takes precedent.

LEON

Hmm, now that is interesting because giving is about the person you are giving too, though, so wouldn't it be the giftee's religion that matters?

LARRY

If that's your belief, then when I give you our nonexistent holiday gift, you can consider it a Christmas one, if you'd like.

LEON

Thanks, L.D.!

Leon gets up and walks away leaving Larry just shaking his head.

INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

The next day JEFF GREENE and Larry are eating lunch together and Larry is finishing recounting the umbrella story.

JEFF

Wow what a piece of work that guy!

LARRY

I know!

A WAITER arrives at their table to take their finished plates.

WAITER

(chuckling)

Wow looks like you guys really hated the meal.

LARRY

Don't do that.

WAITER

Excuse me, sir?

LARRY

That stupid fucking joke.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(mocking the waiter)

"Oh you must have hated the food!"

LARRY (CONT'D)
It's awful, I've heard it.
Just...it's enough.

WAITER
(angrily)
What makes you the expert on
comedy!?

The waiter leaves the check and takes the plate in a huff before a surprised Larry can respond.

JEFF
(laughing)
Wow no one is doing you any favors
these days, huh?

LARRY
Yeah I'm not a popular man lately.
(sighing)
So what do I owe you?

Jeff looks at the check.

JEFF
Uhh \$45 is good.

Larry reaches for his wallet but sees he can't find it in any pocket.

LARRY
Oh damnit I forgot I don't have my
wallet.

JEFF
You just leave your house without
your wallet? What happened to your
wallet?

LARRY
I haven't been able to find it!
It's been days and I've looked
everywhere but no dice.

JEFF
Why don't you just get it
replaced?

LARRY
It's so much of a hassle! I don't
want to surrender to the
bureaucracy until I'm sure I don't
have the wallet anymore.

JEFF
 (sighing)
 So does this mean I'll be paying
 for your lunch now?

LARRY
 You really are a cheap piece of
 shit aren't you?

Larry looks at the time.

LARRY (CONT'D)
 Ah man I have to get back to my
 office, I have a meeting with a
 producer.

JEFF
 Hey, before you go, don't forget
 we're all going to the fair this
 weekend.

LARRY
 Who is "we," again?

JEFF
 You, me, Susie, Sammi, and Sammi's
 husband.

LARRY
 Ugh. I'm gonna be a fifth wheel?
 That's even worse than a third
 wheel! That's like the guy who is
 the third wheel's cousin that even
 the third wheel doesn't want
 there!

JEFF
 C'mon maybe you'll meet someone
 there so you won't be alone.

LARRY
 (disgusted)
 At the fair?

JEFF
 (laughing)
 Yes at the fair!

LARRY
 Who am I gonna meet at the fair, a
 carnie? Who goes to a fair looking
 to meet single men let alone
 single bald, old Jewish men?

JEFF
You never know!

LARRY
Yeah me and my carnie will see you
there.

Larry gets up to leave the restaurant.

INT. HOME - NIGHT

Larry sits in the living room on his laptop when Leon enters.

LEON
Whatcha looking at L.D.?

LARRY
Oh, I was just trying to pick out
a present for Cheryl and Ted's
wedding.

Leon leans over to look at Larry's screen and points at something on it.

LEON
Oh get them that.

LARRY
A stool?

LEON
Nah, nah it's a stool where you
put your feet up and it helps you
shit!

LARRY
I'm not getting them a shit stool.

LEON
Cause she yo ex-wife? Just cause
yall broke up doesn't mean she
deserves to be constipated man.

LARRY
No, it's because this stool is not
exactly a good wedding present.
You ever been to a wedding? You
don't give presents like a shit
stool.

LEON

I've been to weddings! But then again we probably haven't been to the same kinds of weddings huh?

LARRY

I'm just going to get them something from their registry I think.

Leon points at the screen again.

LEON

That's on their registry. Get em that fancy glass bowl thing.

LARRY

Hm, okay, why not?

Larry reaches into his pocket to retrieve the credit card needed but remembers the missing wallet.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Ah, fuck.

LEON

What's wrong?

LARRY

I still haven't found my wallet.

LEON

You gotta get that shit replaced man! You can't be living out here with no money!

LARRY

Well, I have the money. I just can't access it since I don't have any of my information around here.

LEON

Mhmm it's like yo money got to go inside the club but the bouncer ain't letting you in.

LARRY

Yeah, I guess you could say that. I'll probably have to just bite the bullet and replace everything, though. I shouldn't wait too long on this present.

LEON

You know what you need is one of those little beepers that you stick on yo shit and it tells you where it is.

LARRY

What's with you and all the infomercial shit lately?

LEON

I don't know L.D., they really can persuade a man.

EXT. BANK - AFTERNOON

Larry approaches the front doors of his bank only to find they are locked when he pulls on them.

Larry looks inside and taps on the glass to lure an employee to open the door for him but is ignored.

LARRY

Hey, hey! C'mon let me in! Ugh.

Larry looks at the hours on the door and then at his watch.

LARRY (CONT'D)

It's 12:02 you schmucks! Let me in!

Larry continues for a few seconds but is not let in by anyone in the bank.

Exasperated, Larry throws up his hands and leaves.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Larry enters his office where Leon sits at the desk.

LARRY

Get this, I just got back from the bank to replace my cards and they were closed!

LEON

Oh yeah, the bank closes at noon on Mondays.

LARRY

Why?! For what purpose? Who needs the bank for only 4 hours in the morning on Monday and no other time that day?!

LEON

That's just the rules, man. It's fucked up out there.

LARRY

Jeez, well look do I have anytime this week to go back? I really need to get these cards replaced.

Leon glances at the screen for a half second.

LEON

Nah, man you're booked solid.

LARRY

What was that? You didn't even check!

Leon sighs and takes a few moments longer to check over Larry's schedule on the desktop.

LEON

No, you ain't got no time this week! You busy as fuck.

LARRY

Okay, okay.

Larry sighs and walks into his office.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Larry is sitting on the couch when the doorbell rings. He answers it and finds Jeff.

JEFF

You ready to go?

LARRY

Yeah, yeah. Hey guess what, I found a debit card I had laying around!

JEFF

That's great! Your luck is already turning around. You could meet a woman tonight.

LARRY

Again, who the fuck would that be?

Larry grabs his jacket and follows Jeff out to his car.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Jeff and Susie are up front while Larry sits in the back on their way to the fair.

LARRY

Oh shit!

JEFF

What?

LARRY

The fair only takes cash don't they?

SUSIE

Yeah, why, you don't have any cash?

LARRY

No, no I was going to get some when I went to the bank but they were closed.

SUSIE

We'll just take you to an ATM on the way, then.

LARRY

No, no, no.

SUSIE

What? What's the problem?

LARRY

I cannot use an ATM. Will not do it. A guy like me at the ATM? Have you seen me? It's completely unsafe.

SUSIE

What, you fucking weirdo, just the use the fucking ATM.

LARRY

Jeff, tell her. I can't do it!

JEFF

He does have a thing about using
ATMs...

SUSIE

I don't care what his *thing* is,
he's using the goddamn ATM!

LARRY

She's endangering my life, Jeff.
Totally reckless.

SUSIE

Like I care about your life, Larry.
You're a grown man, use the
fucking ATM.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Larry looks back at the car where Jeff and Susie are
waiting and nervously walks to the machine.

He goes through the motions of taking out cash, looking
over his shoulder on alert throughout.

Just as he reaches down to grab the money out of the
machine, someone speaks to him.

MAN/UMBRELLA INTRUDER (O.S.)

Gimme the fuckin cash.

Larry looks up and sees the umbrella intruder holding a gun
to his head.

LARRY

Oh my god, no way.

MAN/UMBRELLA INTRUDER

I said gimme the money, man! I
ain't playin.

LARRY

You're the umbrella intruder!

MAN/UMBRELLA INTRUDER

The what? Are you fuckin crazy
man, just gimme the money and you
won't get hurt!

LARRY

You're the guy who got under my
umbrella a few days ago!

MAN/UMBRELLA INTRUDER
What? Oh shit! You're the asshole
who ran away from me in the rain!
Yeah you definitely gotta give me
your money now.

LARRY
You are really quite the guy, huh?

Larry hands the money to the Umbrella Intruder.

MAN/UMBRELLA INTRUDER
Now take out more, get more cash!

Larry starts to take out more cash from the ATM as the man
waves the gun around.

LARRY
Wow, the greed on you.

MAN/UMBRELLA INTRUDER
Do you want to fucking die, old
man?

LARRY
Old man? I'm giving you all the
money it lets me take out and you
insult me?

Larry scoffs and hands the Intruder his money.

The man runs away and seconds later Jeff and Susie run out
of the car.

SUSIE
Oh my god, Lar are you okay?

LARRY
I can't believe it.

JEFF
What did he say?

LARRY
That was the umbrella intruder!

JEFF
What? The guy from the other day?

SUSIE
Larry, what the hell is going on?
We called the cops!

LARRY
The umbrella intruder just robbed
me! That man has no decency!

EXT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

The police have arrived and are taking Larry's statement.

LARRY
And then he just got up under my
umbrella!

POLICEMAN
Wow, that's quite a story. Small
world I guess.

LARRY
He seemed like the type to rob
someone. He's an umbrella
intruder, leads to a life of
crime.

POLICEMAN
Well, we'll look for him, Mr.
David.

LARRY
Alright, yeah, thanks.

Larry gets back into the car with Jeff and Susie.

JEFF
Hey, uh, I'll spot you the cash
for the fair.

Larry stares at Jeff in anger.

LARRY
(curtly)
Thanks.

EXT. FAIR - EVENING

Jeff, Susie, and Larry enter the fairgrounds.

JEFF
Susie and I are going to go meet
up with Sammi and Victor.

LARRY
You guys go ahead, I want to get
something to eat.

Larry gets in a long line for food, after some time, a WOMAN stands behind him.

The woman's name, as we soon learn, is LAURA. She is mid 50s with blonde hair and white.

WOMAN/LAURA

Wow, could this line be any slower?

LARRY

Don't say that too loud or they might slow it down just for you.

WOMAN/LAURA

(laughing)

Oh no, you're right, I should be quiet; I can't live without my funnel cake.

LARRY

(laughing lightly)

Yeah what's better than fried dough.

WOMAN/LAURA

Powdered sugar is.

LARRY

You're not wrong there.

WOMAN/LAURA

(smiling)

Are you here alone, funny guy?

LARRY

Are you hitting on *me* blonde woman?

WOMAN/LAURA

This blonde woman has a name and her name is Laura.

(beat)

And yes I am...um...white haired man?

LARRY

(laughing more now)

Thank you for not saying bald. It's quite the offense to my people. I'm Larry and I'm getting a corn dog.

LAURA

Well, Larry who is getting a corn dog, I'm thinking about going for the cotton candy.

LARRY

Ew. No, no cotton candy is the worst! Way too sticky.

LAURA

What do you suggest then as a connoisseur of fair food?

LARRY

If you're looking for sweet, you can't go wrong with ice cream. A classic, really.

LAURA

I don't know if I need ice cream. You're pretty sweet yourself.

LARRY

(surprised)

That was very cheesy, you know.

LAURA

(embarrassed)

Ah sorry I know! It's been awhile since I've been in "the game."

LARRY

You don't have to try hard with me. I'm no part of the game! I'm barely a warm-up!

LAURA

(laughing)

You're quite the modest man.

EXT. FAIR - EVENING

Larry and Laura are walking through the fair eating their respective corn dog and ice cream.

Laura points to a game with stacked bottles.

LAURA

Ooh, want to play?

LARRY

Are you kidding? That's like the poster child for most rigged game at a fair!

LAURA

Okay, okay you're right. How about the balloon game?

LARRY

Why do you want to play a game so bad? You do know the prizes cost way less than it would take to win one, right?

LAURA

Don't be so boring, Larry! And of course I know that but it's about the fun of winning it! Plus, it doesn't take that many tries to win one if you don't suck at it. I bet you suck at it.

LARRY

No, no I am a darts master. If you really want to play, we can. I just have to warn you that I will show no mercy.

Larry and Laura step up to the balloon game, the BOOTH WORKER hands them 5 darts in exchange for a \$5 bill.

BOOTH WORKER

All you have to do, folks, is hit and pop the balloon with a dart for a prize. The smaller the balloon, the bigger the prize. Good luck, folks!

Laura throws a dart and immediately hits a balloon.

At the sound of the popping balloon, Larry winces.

LAURA

Wooo!

LARRY

Alright, very good. You won one, let's go then.

LAURA

What? No! C'mon you're the master right? Show me what you've got!

LARRY

(reluctantly)
Okay, okay.

Larry throws the dart and misses.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Oh well, let's go.

LAURA
I still have all these darts! I
want to keep trying for the big
prize!

Laura starts throwing darts and hits all three balloons one
after another.

With each successive pop, Larry is irritated.

LARRY
For fuck's sake we get it! Stop
popping the fucking balloons!

LAURA
(shocked)
Jeez, I'm sorry, Larry.

LARRY
No, no I just...it was very loud.
Can we please just go do something
else?

LAURA
Yeah, of course. Sorry!

Laura and Larry awkwardly exit the booth.

The two come upon a dunk tank with a MAN sitting in it.

MAN
Hey baldy, betcha can't dunk me!

LARRY
(annoyed)
Alright, you got me, I'll give it
a try.

Larry retrieves a ball and throws it directly at the
target. It hits perfectly but doesn't tip the man in the
water.

LARRY (CONT'D)
What the hell?! I hit it! This
thing is fucking rigged you
asshole!

LAURA
Larry, calm down.

LARRY
I won't calm down! This guy is
tricking people!

MAN
It's not my fault you suck, man!

Laura quickly pulls along an angry Larry to prevent further dispute.

LARRY
This whole place is ridiculous.
Fairs are the worst.

LAURA
Okay, so let's just stay away from
the games! Why don't we go on the
spinnny ride?

LARRY
Oh god, no. Even if I didn't
absolutely hate that idea, what is
the point of those things anyways?
They aren't fun to be on, the
whole challenge is to not throw
up! How is that fun?!

LAURA
Well, what about the Ferris wheel?

LARRY
(sighing)
Okay, sure.

Larry and Laura board the ride, as they get to the top
Laura seems to be enjoying the ride while Larry is still
annoyed.

LAURA
Isn't it so beautiful? I love the
view from Ferris wheels!

LARRY
Ehh.

LAURA
What? You don't think this is fun?

LARRY
We're going like negative 2 miles
per hour. Not exactly
exhilarating.

LAURA

It's not supposed to be a fast ride. That's the whole reason we rode it, because you didn't want to go on the fast ride! You're supposed to enjoy the view! You don't think this is nice?

LARRY

There's nothing special about it. It's just a fair, not much to look at from up here is all.

LAURA

You're a real stick in the mud, you know that?

LARRY

So I've been told.

Larry and Laura exit the Ferris wheel.

LAURA

Look, since you hate everything I've suggested, why don't you pick a ride?

LARRY

Honestly, I don't want to get on any of these rides. They were put together in like a day by people with very little intelligence or aptitude for doing so.

LAURA

(exasperated)

You don't want to go on any of these rides?

LARRY

No, not particularly.

LAURA

Okay...how about the fun house then?

LARRY

Ehh...

LAURA

What?! What now?!

LARRY

It's just...why is it called a fun house? What's fun about looking at yourself in those mirrors? I already don't look great; I don't want to see myself look worse in a mirror!

LAURA

You know what, Larry? Forget it. I tried. Good luck with your life, you crazy piece of shit.

Laura storms off leaving a bewildered Larry behind.

EXT. FAIR - NIGHT

Later, the five are exiting the fairgrounds. Sammi and her husband leave for their car.

SUSIE

Bye, you guys!

JEFF

(to Larry)

No luck with the women, tonight?

LARRY

Unfortunately, no, but I will concede there were some pretty, pretty, pretty good corn dogs so the night wasn't a total loss.

Jeff laughs and as the three walk to the car, it begins to rain.

Larry opens his umbrella and continues walking.

A huge gust of wind comes by and turns Larry's umbrella inside out.

A shocked Larry tries to get under Jeff and Susie's umbrella.

SUSIE

Woah woah what are you doing?

LARRY

I need an umbrella, c'mon.

SUSIE

This is a strictly two person umbrella, Larry!

LARRY

Are you kidding me, I got robbed
tonight and you want to send me
out in the rain now, too?

JEFF

Sorry, man, I just don't think
there's room under here.

Larry sighs and starts running towards the car.

As he runs he tries to get under another couple's umbrella.

WOMAN

Hey! Get out!

The woman pushes Larry out and he keeps running, trying to
get under more umbrellas, met only with more protests and
pushing.

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