

Schefken's Trail Mix

By

Bo BreitReed

Based on:

"Curb Your Enthusiasm"

Created by

Larry David

rbreitre@lion.lmu.edu

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER- DAY

Larry walks along the city sidewalk. He has a tangerine in his hand and removes the peel. He spots a trashcan ahead, but is cut off by a tall, white, and lanky street cleaner wearing cereal bowl-sized headphones. Larry can't get around him.

The street cleaner reaches the trash first, removes the trash bag, ties it, and sets it on the ground. Larry leaves, throwing up his arms as the cleaner switches through songs on his ipod.

Larry passes an Abercrombie & Fitch store, in front of which stand two models wearing only briefs and fur coats. Larry looks at his own reflection in the mirror as he walks on. He eats his tangerine.

He doesn't know what to do with the peel. He tosses it in a patch of bushes and moves toward the entrance of a CVS.

DOM BLEACH (O.S)
Hey asshole, you think you own this planet?!

Larry turns. DOM BLEACH, a chubby, abnormally hairy man in short cargo pants and a "tree-print" shirt stares back at him, chest heaving.

DOM BLEACH
Littering's against the law. Were you planning on leaving this here?

He gestures to the peel in the bush.

LARRY
The peel? That?

DOM BLEACH
I have a family.

LARRY
What's that got to do with anything?

DOM BLEACH
All I'm saying, *sir*, is that as an honest person, I can't let people walk all over this world like it's some sort of...I don't know...a dump! This bush helps you live! You don't throw orange peels--

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Okay, okay, calm down. But it's not trash. A tangerine peel isn't trash.

DOM BLEACH

It's trash! You ever heard of what weeds are?

LARRY

What!

DOM BLEACH

Weeds are-- this is trash because Earth doesn't want it here! Okay, sir? Are you gonna make earth's decisions?

LARRY

What are you talking about? Does a tree litter when uh...a lemon falls to the ground and nobody picks it up? Is that littering?

DOM BLEACH

There aren't any lemon trees in New York City, you son of a bitch!

Larry rolls his eyes, turns back around.

LARRY

This is ridiculous.

Dom points out the peel to a random passer-by.

DOM BLEACH (O.S)

Look, miss! Miss!

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Larry browses through the aisles. He takes a bottle of water then, on his way to the cashier, sees a display stand full of athletic bars.

The advertisement, which features pictures of bodybuilders with their shirts off, says "Prevent Heart Disease, Increase Libido, Enhance Muscle Development, and Provide enough energy for 24 hours, and Taste Great!"

Larry contemplates, then grabs a handful of them and walks to the cashier.

(CONTINUED)

He checks his watch, waits in line. Four people are ahead of him, but the person directly in front of him is PETER, a boy in his early teens. His lower jaw sags a bit and he breathes heavily, but is otherwise a normal looking kid.

Larry looks at his nails, which are orange from peeling the tangerine. Then he winces, wafts the air with his hand, and covers his nose. Larry taps Peter on the shoulder.

LARRY

You're, uh, making quite an
appearance back here.

Larry motions to the area between the two of them.

PETER

(twisting to Larry)
I didn't do anything!

Peter turns back to the front. Larry uncovers his nose. He sees a display stand full of *Oust*, an odor-eliminator. Larry winces again, covers his nose.

LARRY

Okay, do you think you could wait--

PETER

(twisting, angry)
It wasn't me!

LARRY

(losing his calm)
I'm standing in the evidence!

PETER

(whispers, turning back
around)
Stop.

Larry takes a can of *Oust* and sprays the area near Peter's hind quarters. He moves to put the can back, but is ambushed by Peter, who holds and sprays Larry with his own can of *AXE* body spray.

Larry hunches over until Peter stops.

PETER

I said *stop*.

CASHIER (O.S)

Next in line, please.

Peter walks to the cashier. Larry stands upright, with his face contorted, and rubs his tongue on his shirt.

INT. JEFF'S HOUSE - LATE MORNING

Jeff and Larry both sit on couches, across from one another, in the living room. Larry eats one of his protein bars.

JEFF

You're sure it was him? Maybe it was the person in front of him.

LARRY

No it was definitely him.

JEFF

Because sometimes it travels.

LARRY

I know. I know it does -- but he had that blank, "I'm trying not to show any emotion" face on. You know, the guilty face.

JEFF

The lying face, yeah. Alright. Well that's a give-away then. What was he buying?

LARRY

What was he buying?

JEFF

He could've had *Tums* in his basket.

LARRY

No I don't know, I wasn't looking at his basket. I was too busy...
(motions to throat)
They're here, you know, I can still taste it.

JEFF

Some of those bars have a laxative effect.

Larry points to it.

JEFF (CONT'D)

If you eat enough. I--

LARRY

From experience?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

It's a long story and it'll just
get interrupted and I know Susie'll
come down--

LARRY

Come on. There's no rush.

JEFF

A few years ago I bought--

SUSIE (O.S)

Larry is that you?!

Susie enters. Jeff throws up his arms.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

What, you fat piece of shit, am I
bothering you? Am I disturbing
you?

(not waiting for a response)

Listen, I don't care if you have to
go on some nature trail for the
afternoon with some other nancies,
but you better come home already
showered because I'm not going to
be around that again, alright?!

(to Larry)

You can go to Larry's.

Susie exits the room. Car keys JINGLE.

JEFF

Where are you going?

The door slams.

JEFF (CONT'D)

That's love, man.

LARRY

Nature trail, huh?

JEFF

Oh yeah, see I wanted to ask you
about this. I need you to go with
me to this thing.

LARRY

A thing? What thing?

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Near Brooklyn, there's this nature preserve--

LARRY

Oh the, uh, Jamaica--

JEFF

Yeah, yeah, the Jamaica Bay something. Well one of the guys from my work does a spend-a-day-with-an-underprivileged-child thing. And he asked me to help him out -- to join him; the office encourages it. You know, team building. But this guy is sort of insane so I need you to help--

LARRY

I don't know. I'm not used to doing charitable things.

JEFF

It won't take long; it's only a couple miles. I couldn't go if you don't. With just me and this guy, and then a child...it'd look bad.

LARRY

So more guys is less gay?

JEFF

More guys...is less gay, yes.

INT. JEFF'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Jeff drives and Larry sits in the passenger seat. They're still in the city. Larry has a hiking backpack between his legs. He takes the last bite of a protein bar.

He crumples the wrapper and places it in a cup holder. He has a dazed look about him.

Jeff puts his hand in front of an air-conditioning vent.

JEFF

There was a report or story or whatever you want to call it on the radio the other day. It was an environmental thing where this guy said that by using too much air

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JEFF (cont'd)
conditioning we're making the world warmer. And then we use more air conditioning to cool ourselves off again. It's a vicious cycle. He kept yammering about people needing to be more considerate, but I couldn't change the station because Susie was--

Jeff HONKS his horn. A taxi cuts him off.

JEFF
Fuck you! What a prick. Unbelievable.

Larry puts a hand on his stomach. Jeff looks.

JEFF
You alright? It's those bars, man, I'm telling you.

LARRY
Can we pull over?

Larry sees an open spot alongside the road.

LARRY
(points to spot)
There! Just pull in here.

He looks up for the signs on the buildings. There's a sign, "Museum of Modern Art."

LARRY
They have bathrooms in museums, right?

JEFF
Yeah I mean people standing around, staring at walls for hours-- gotta be a bathroom.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY

Larry runs through the museum's front room while Jeff feeds the meter. Larry sees the sign for the bathroom. It's around the corner.

He reaches it, but there's a turnstile that requires a one dollar payment. Larry lightly runs in place while digging into his wallet for quarters. A few fall to the ground. He picks them up, inserts them into the slot one at a time, four times, and enters the bathroom.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY

Jeff enters the building. A sexy Iranian woman, NASIM, approaches him. She wears heels, a black dress, and jewelry.

NASIM

Good afternoon. Welcome to the
Museum of Modern Art.

JEFF

Well thank you very much. It's a
pleasure to be here.

NASIM

In case you're interested, tonight
we're having our "Meet the Artist"
- that's me - event at seven.

She points to a poster which advertises the event.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - BATHROOM - DAY

Larry exits the stall, stumbles slightly. He puts his hands underneath the soap dispenser, thinking it's automatic. It's not. He presses down, uses soap.

He goes to paper towel dispenser, looks for the dial/knob, realizes it's automatic - waves, but it doesn't work. Turns to sink to look for spare paper towels, but there aren't any - so he wipes his hands on his pants.

As he walks out of the bathroom, past the paper towel dispenser, a paper towel comes out. He makes some gesture of distress.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - DAY

Larry walks into one of the gallery rooms to find Jeff standing next to two strangers. All three of them are observing an "art" piece in the corner of one of the rooms. It's an air humidifier, but is modern looking and could be mistaken for part of the gallery.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

You ready?

JEFF

Larry take a look at this.

FRANCINE

It's inconspicuous and yet so
vividly captures a sense of
apparent...*loneliness*.

DUBS

Because it's in the corner.

FRANCINE

Exactly.

Larry overhears this, looks at the humidifier.

LARRY

Is this part of the museum? I
don't think this is part of the
gallery. There's no title card.

FRANCINE

Well yeah, but I think that's the
point.

DUBS

Definitely.

LARRY

How can that - what point? What
point is being made here? It's a
humidifier; they have them--
(points to the corners of the
room)
they have them in every
corner. It's not part of the
gallery.

Larry looks to Jeff. He nods his head in agreement.

DUBS

I don't know about you, Francine,
(turns to her)
but I've always thought that art
was less about formalism and more
about how it makes you feel --
thought provocation. And--

(CONTINUED)

LARRY
(to Jeff)
Aren't we gonna be late, or do you
want to stay for this?

They turn to walk out, but there's a large crowd gathering around an entrance to one of the other rooms. Jeff looks at Larry.

JEFF
We've got some time.

LARRY
If this is a room full of heaters
I'm going to - I don't know what
I'm going to do.

They reach the room. As the crowd shuffles in a cycle, alternating who gets to be up front, Larry and Jeff get a view of the display. It's a replica of a teenager's messy bedroom.

A dirty, queen-sized bed with "star-print" sheets and comforter strewn across the floor. Textbooks, shoes, stuffed animals, piles of dirty laundry, CDs outside of their cases, more shoes. A disco ball rotates on the vanity.

JEFF
What are they, renting this room
out?

LARRY
Is there a painting? Where's the
painting? It's just a room.

ART LOVER 1
The room *is* the painting.

Larry looks at one of the museum guides, who sits beside the opening of the bedroom exhibit.

LARRY
This is serious? This is-- this
isn't a joke?

The guide shakes his head.

LARRY
I just want to be sure, because
there are people over there (points
behind him) gathered around a
humidifier -- is this -- hold
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LARRY (cont'd)
on. Is this a museum? Are we in
the museum?

The guide nods. Meanwhile, a few of the people from the crowd glare at Larry and Jeff. The guide stands up and walks away.

JEFF
See. He's bored too. He's not
even looking at it he's so
disgusted.

LARRY
Isn't it strange?

JEFF
It is very strange.

Larry nudges a man in the crowd. He wears an audio headset.

LARRY
Excuse me, what is all this?

The man rolls his eyes and removes his headphones.

ART LOVER 2
This is Franz Schefkens' "Bedroom
of Youth."

JEFF
Bedroom of youth. I've seen this
before.

LARRY
Your daughter's made Bedroom of
Youth recently, hasn't she?

JEFF
Back home I've got this great piece
called "Bedroom of Man Long Since
Taken Over and Now Replaced With
Bedroom of Wife." That's what I
got at home.

LARRY
It's not Schefken.

JEFF
No, it's not Schefken.

We hear the click-clacking of heels on tile.

(CONTINUED)

NASIM (O.S)

The idea is to illustrate how, in
this world, each and every one of
us is an artist.

The whole crowd, including Larry and Jeff, turn to Nasim,
who walks towards them, and is accompanied by the guide from
before.

She reaches out a hand to Larry. Larry shakes it.

NASIM

Good afternoon. My name is
Nasim. I am an artist. I hear
you're having some questions about
the work?

LARRY

(points behind him)
You did this? Are you Franz?

NASIM

No I am Nasim. Franz is my
teacher. I am his pupil.

JEFF

His pupil?

Nasim turns to Jeff.

NASIM

Hello I'm Nasim.

JEFF

I know. We did this earlier.

LARRY

Wait hold on a second. So you're
telling me you took advice from
this guy? This is the stuff that
inspired--

NASIM

It wasn't a matter of advice. He
rewarded me with knowledge. I am
somewhat offended by the things you
say. Do you think you're superior
to, to this--

ART LOVER 3

(whisper)
It's way ahead of its time.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

I think I could do better.

The crowd gasps.

NASIM

Oh you do? Well let's see it then.

Larry feels his front and back pockets.

LARRY

I don't have anything on me.

NASIM

See! Liar!

LARRY

I am not. Forgive me for leaving
my modern art at home.

NASIM

You're a hypocrite.

LARRY

I'm not.

JEFF

We'll come back tonight.

LARRY

Will you be here later tonight?

NASIM

I'll be here all night...hypocrite.

LARRY

See you tonight then.

NASIM

Only weak men ride high horses.

Larry and Nasim hold eye contact.

Larry and Jeff start moving towards the entrance.

The crowd moves around Nasim and comforts her.

INT. JEFF'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Jeff and Larry drive on the highway towards Brooklyn.

LARRY

You have to be a little bit crazy
to be sexy, don't you?

JEFF

Who me?

LARRY

The woman. She's not "cute" and
she's not "pretty." But she's--

JEFF

You're thinking that her craziness
is what makes her sexy?

LARRY

I don't know if stable women can be
sexy. That's what I'm saying.

JEFF

I think you might be on to
something.

LARRY

I do, too. I think if that woman
was very nice, clear-headed,
sensitive -- I wouldn't be
attracted to her.

JEFF

You're attracted to her? Are you
attracted to Susie?

LARRY

Eh.

EXT. JAMAICA BAY WILDLIFE REFUGE - MID AFTERNOON

Larry and Jeff stand by their parked car, waiting for Jeff's
friend to arrive.

JEFF

I think you might actually like
this.

LARRY

I went here once when I was
younger; my mother took me, and I
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LARRY (cont'd)
had a traumatic experience with one
of the birds. A goose bit my
ankle.

JEFF
A goose bit you? And that was
traumatic to you?

LARRY
Being just a kid, I took it
personally.

A black Ford Explorer pulls into the parking lot and parks a
few spaces down.

JEFF
Here they are.

Larry focuses on the figures in the Explorer. He recognizes
them, but isn't sure why at first. Then it dawns on him...

LARRY
Oh my god, those are them!

JEFF
What d'you mean?

LARRY
This morning! With the tangerine
peel and the, the kid that was
farting in front of me in line.

JEFF
You got in a deodorant fight with a
mentally challenged kid?!

LARRY
What?

JEFF
He's disabled, Larry. This is the
underprivileged child!

LARRY
I had no idea.

Dom and Peter walk towards them. Dom's dressed in adult Cub
Scout gear with a wool vest over top. Peter wears a regular
tee shirt, a backpack, and shorts, but has a thick layer of
sunscreen on his face, not rubbed in.

Jeff meets them halfway and they share greetings. He brings
them over to meet Larry.

(CONTINUED)

JEFF

Larry this is Dom, and--

DOM BLEACH

And this is our scout for the day,
Peter.Dom and Peter both look at Larry; they recognize who he is
at the same time.

LARRY

I had no idea. I'm so sorry.

DOM BLEACH

You had no idea of what?

LARRY

I didn't know that he was...

(turns to Peter)

I didn't know that you were
mentally challenged.

PETER

What difference does that make?

LARRY

Well I wouldn't have done it if I
had known beforehand.

DOM BLEACH

How about the possibility that he
wasn't the one farting?

LARRY

Trust me. It was him.

DOM BLEACH

Like I'm going to trust the guy
that litters!

LARRY

I wasn't littering! It was
compost.

DOM BLEACH

Oh really! And carcinogens are
compost too?

LARRY

What?

(CONTINUED)

DOM BLEACH
Pff. Oust. Fuck you!

LARRY
Fuck you, Robin Williams!

JEFF
(steps in)
Alright, alright, let's all calm down. It was just a misunderstanding. It's a nice day, you know. The sun's out. Can we work out our differences and get some fresh air? Can we do that?

DOM BLEACH
Like *he* would know anything about fresh air.

JEFF
Dom, can we? Forgive and forget.

LARRY
Forgive and forget.

DOM BLEACH
For the greater good. I can handle that. I find it very selfish to put myself in front of others.

Dom looks at Jeff's backpack.

DOM BLEACH (CONT'D)
But I'm going to need to check your backpack for Styrofoam.

EXT. JAMAICA BAY WILDLIFE REFUGE - TRAIL - DAY

The landscape is made up, primarily, of marshlands and ponds surrounded by water grass. Spread throughout, however, is the occasional upland field or patch of forest.

The four of them walk together on an asphalt trail, with Peter in the lead, carrying the map.

LARRY
(whispers to Jeff)
Are you sure he's...you know? Maybe he just has A.D.D.

(CONTINUED)

They reach a "Y" in the trail. Peter holds up the trail map. He holds out his hand to stop everyone. He flips it upside-down, left to right, trying to become oriented with their surroundings.

Larry looks up ahead; this part of the trail is clearly marked; it's obvious where they should walk.

LARRY

I think it's--

DOM BLEACH

I would think that someone confused by the difference between a trashcan and a bush might not be the best person to seek advice for the navigation of a nature trail, as there are many bushes here!

Larry looks to Jeff, who shrugs.

EXT. JAMAICA BAY WILDLIFE REFUGE - DAY

The four of them continue, but on a different part of the trail. The trail leads to an upland field with an expanse of trees, shrubs, and other vegetation. Birds tweet.

Dom puts a hand on Peter's shoulder.

DOM BLEACH

This is truly incredible, isn't it? You know, I've talked to some people who don't have a sacred place in their life - nowhere to retreat to or to relax.

Larry spots a large pine cone a couple feet to the side of the trail.

DOM BLEACH (CONT'D)

I love it here. This is my sacred place.

Larry takes a step off the trail and picks up the pine cone. Dom whips around.

DOM BLEACH

On the trail! Get back on the trail!

He notices the pine cone in Larry's hand.

(CONTINUED)

DOM BLEACH
(sinister)
What are you doing with that?

LARRY
It's a pine cone. What's the big deal?

DOM BLEACH
The big deal is that it's against the law, *Larry*. These types of things get reported every day here.

LARRY
Pine cone theft?

PETER
I've seen it.

DOM BLEACH
It's a nature refuge. Pine cones have seeds. Didn't you know that? The pine cone brings new life. There could have been another pine tree there, *Larry*, but you fucked it all up.

LARRY
Oh come on, it was a foot off the trail.

DOM BLEACH
Put the pine cone down.

LARRY
You're being ridiculous.

JEFF
It's okay, *Larry*. Just--

LARRY
Alright, alright.

Larry motions to put it back, but before doing so, Dom grabs Larry's wrist with one hand and the pinecone with the other. They have a tug-of-war over the pinecone until Peter punches Larry in the kidney, causing him to let it go.

DOM BLEACH
(temper rising)
You're acting very hostile and I don't appreciate it!

(CONTINUED)

Dom throws the pinecone to the ground and stomps on it, losing control of himself.

DOM BLEACH (CONT'D)

Stop it.

JEFF

Dom--

DOM BLEACH

I've had enough! This is my sacred place. I won't tolerate it.

LARRY

Okay I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Let's keep going. Let's enjoy the rest of it.

They all exchange glances. Dom breathes heavily.

DOM BLEACH

Fine.

EXT. JAMAICA BAY WILDLIFE REFUGE - DAY

The four of them walk. The sun starts to fade. Larry trails behind by a couple of meters. Peter leads with the map, continuing to turn it upside-down and left to right.

The trail they had been walking on has now disappeared, and the area they're walking in becomes more and more wooded. Jeff looks back at Larry, and Larry points down at his shoes. They're collecting mud. Jeff looks forward.

DOM BLEACH

And so I said to them--

PETER

Is there a north on this map?

Dom rolls his eyes, irritated with being interrupted.

LARRY

We're lost. Hey Peter, do you--

Dom turns around.

DOM BLEACH

Hey!

He throws open one side of his vest to display a handgun.

(CONTINUED)

DOM BLEACH
Rubber bullets.

Larry starts to speak, but Jeff stops him.

JEFF
That's okay. We just want to make
sure we're headed in the right
direction. You seem upset.

Dom stops, rubs his forehead, scratches the back of his
neck.

DOM BLEACH
I know. I'm sorry, guys, if I seem
a little tense.

LARRY
A little!? It gets worse? So this
was what, just "losing your cool"?

DOM BLEACH
It's just that Peter's my
responsibility, you know, and I
have to make sure that he's happy
and safe at all times. Right
Peter? Peter?

Peter stands with the map at his side.

PETER
I think the park's upside down.

DOM BLEACH
(turns to Jeff)
Anyway, so then I said "Because if
it flew over the bay it would be
called a bagel!" Because they're
seagulls, right?

Jeff laughs louder than normal.

DOM BLEACH (CONT'D)
(to Peter)
You doin' alright up there, Pete?

Jeff looks back at Larry. Larry shrugs, gesturing, "what
the hell was that about?"

JEFF
(whispers)
I don't want to die.

EXT. JAMAICA BAY WILDLIFE REFUGE - SUNSET

Larry, Jeff, and Peter sit on the ground in a patch of grass while Dom holds up a finger to the wind. He's taking their loss of direction very seriously.

Peter finishes a banana and throws the peel into some grass/foilage a few meters away. He wipes his hands on his pants.

Everybody saw him throw it.

LARRY

Alright what the hell is that?

DOM BLEACH

What's the problem?

LARRY

He just threw a peel into the bushes.

DOM BLEACH

So?

LARRY

So? So...this morning, with the tangerine-- you were, you know, sort of aggressive with me when I threw it in the bushes instead of in the, uh, in the--

DOM BLEACH

We're in the wild now, Larry. There aren't any trashcans in the wild. That's why this is called a nature refuge; it hasn't been urbanized.

LARRY

Hasn't been urbanized? What are we, then? We're not tourists? Are we cavemen? Are cavemen allowed to touch pine cones?

DOM BLEACH

I'm not a tourist. In here, it's compost. Isn't that simple enough?

LARRY

No it's not. It's not even simple enough for Peter.

(CONTINUED)

DOM BLEACH

I think you need to get your facts straight. You seemed like a sharp guy and so I'm surprised you're being so...captious.

LARRY

(to Jeff)

Captious?

DOM BLEACH

Yes, captious. It means--

LARRY

(fed up)

Oh I know what it means.

(to Peter)

You believe this, too?

Peter stands and walks to Dom. Larry sighs.

LARRY

I don't believe it.

Larry looks at Peter's backpack, which has the folded map sticking out of the front pocket. He takes it.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(to Jeff)

Let me see your cell phone.

JEFF

What? Larry this guy--

LARRY

Your cell phone - mine's in my bag. Let me -- shine the light on the map!

Jeff takes out his phone and, tentatively, shines it on the map. Larry studies it.

LARRY

You've got to be kidding me.

Jeff looks to him, curious. Larry taps the map with the back of his hand.

LARRY (CONT'D)

We're a quarter of a mile from--

(CONTINUED)

PETER
Hey that's mine!

Larry stands, holds the map above his head.

LARRY
Peter, can you read?

Peter glares at Larry then jumps up and down to get the map, but can't reach.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Peter, you can't read. Why do you need a map if you don't know how to read? You'll be here all night.

DOM BLEACH
Larry you stop this right now!

Jeff stands to help.

Peter punches Larry in the stomach. Peter rears back to kick him, but slips on the mud and hits his head on the patch of grass. He cries out.

Dom rushes to Peter, kneels beside him. Peter pushes him away.

DOM BLEACH
You piece of shit, Larry! You've ruined everything! Today could have been a good day, but you took it and you littered on it! You took a shit on the day, Larry!

JEFF
(soft)
I think that maybe...we've just misunderstood one another again.

DOM BLEACH
Shut up, Jeff! Some manager you are! Team bonding? Really! How about we assign you to the deaf-mutes with a disinclination for sign language! My *god damn* sacred place! Get out!

Dom points in the direction they came. Peter sits up, glares at them.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

You know what? I think that's probably a good idea.

Larry turns to Jeff.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Don't you think-- are you ready--

JEFF

(nods, agrees)

We'll head back. We can head back.

Larry walks backwards a few steps, facing Dom, whose chest is heaving. They both turn and walk away.

DOM BLEACH

My sacred place, Larry!

INT. JEFF'S CAR - EVENING

Jeff and Larry drive on the highway towards NYC. Sunburnt. Dirty. Tired.

JEFF

Listen, I don't know if I can be yelled at again tonight.

LARRY

Most of that was at me. That was second-hand screaming that you got.

JEFF

Yes. Most of it...second-hand screaming. But I don't know if I can-- there was a moment, and I don't know why, but there was a point where I felt that my, my, my balls were in jeopardy.

LARRY

Your balls?

JEFF

I thought he was going to shoot my balls off. I don't know why. So we have to stop somewhere so I can clean up. Susie would seriously -- she'd probably leave me - no she'd smother me in my sleep - if I tracked mud into the house. I can't wait until your place. I'm sweating. I'm nervous.

(CONTINUED)

Larry looks down at his boots which are both covered in mud.

LARRY

We can go to the museum. This mud, though; you'd think they'd have some sort of cleaning mat for this kind of thing.

JEFF

You want to go to the museum?

LARRY

Make an appearance...and that woman. Boy. I could have a chance.

JEFF

If you forced yourself to like modern art.

LARRY

How hard could it be? She'll say, "I'll only be with you if you lose the hamper," and I'll say "forget the hamper."

JEFF

That simple, huh?

LARRY

That simple.

EXT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART- EVENING

Jeff and Larry pull up to the curb in front of the Museum of Modern Art.

Larry tosses the walking stick onto the sidewalk. His shoes still have a thick, wet layer of mud on them.

Larry attempts to fit the stick back in the car, but struggles.

LARRY

Hold on, my wallet's in my bag.

JEFF

Just bring it in. Bring it all in. I gotta take a leak, Larry. You're stressing me out.

He takes the backpack out, puts it on.

INT. MUSEUM OF MODERN ART - CONTINUOUS

Larry and Jeff enter the museum. Nobody notices their entrance, as they are all at the "Bedroom of Youth." They walk towards the bathroom, tracking mud.

Larry stops in the center of the room. He sets his backpack down and digs in it for his wallet.

LARRY

It's a dollar. Can you believe that?

JEFF

I cannot. The bathrooms in the Trump tower are free and Donald's toilets are made of gold.

Larry pulls out a bag of trail mix to get to his wallet. He sets it on the floor, pulls out the wallet, and picks up his bag, forgetting about the trail mix.

LARRY

Well these are modern toilets.

They walk around the corner to the bathrooms. Larry sets his bag and stick against the wall.

Larry pulls three quarters and some change out of his wallet. Jeff holds out two quarters and a few nickels. They look at each other.

A few new people enter the museum, following the mud tracks to the trail mix. They think it's part of the gallery; they're transfixed.

At the other side of the room, Nasim notices Larry and Jeff, then looks at the backpack and walking stick leaned up against the wall.

LARRY

Go ahead, I'm fine.

JEFF

You sure?

LARRY

My place is just a few blocks away.

JEFF

I feel like a mess, Larry. I feel like I've been doing yard work all day. I gotta--

(CONTINUED)

LARRY
I know. You--

JEFF
(whispers)
I feel like I've got a sandcastle
in my butt crack, Larry.

LARRY
That's uncomfortable.

JEFF
(putting quarters in slot)
It's very uncomfortable.

Jeff enters the bathroom.

NASIM (O.S)
You know how I recognize you?

Larry turns to her, eyebrows raised.

Nasim looks up to the lights on the ceiling.

NASIM
The light. The light bounces off
your bald spot. And I could see it
from over there.

LARRY
That's very kind of you. Thank you
for noticing.

She shrugs, then moves to Larry's backpack and walking
stick. She puts a hand to her chin, crouches, observes it
like she's looking at a piece of art.

NASIM
(stands upright)
This is...your art?

Larry almost says "no," but catches himself. He holds out
his open-palm.

LARRY
Yes it is. This is what I've
brought for you, my lady. This
is...my "Bedroom of Youth."

Nasim looks at it again - takes a step back.

(CONTINUED)

NASIM
I don't like it, I don't think.

LARRY
No? You don't? Why not?

NASIM
It's too...controlled. It's
stiff. It has no life.

A wave of Ooos and Ahhs travel from the trail mix spot. The
"Bedroom of Youth" crowd stand around the area.

Nasim turns around and, in seeing the crowd, moves towards
it. Larry follows her.

NASIM
What's going on?

As Nasim nears the area, a turquoise-wearing woman with
white hair comes up to her.

ART LOVER 4
(to Nasim)
Oh my god, what's the title of this
gem?

NASIM
This is not--

ART LOVER 4
Wait! Let me guess.

She pauses, thinks.

NASIM
This is--

ART LOVER 4
(grabs her shoulder)
Oh my god. Oh my god. It's
trail...mix. It's trail
mix. Trail mix...on a trail of...

Jeff comes out of the bathroom with his face and hands
dripping wet. He wipes his face with his shirt and dries
his hands on his pants. He looks distressed.

NASIM
This isn't part of my gallery,
ladies and gentlemen! This is a
mistake! Where is your
palette? Where is your
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NASIM (cont'd)
taste? You've come here and left
your artistic filters at
home. Active not passive! This is
just a mess on the floor.

She takes a moment to catch her breath. On the verge of
tears.

Larry, as quietly as possible, walks away from the scene and
towards Jeff and the backpack, as his feet are still covered
with mud.

ART LOVER 4
My lady, are you saying this is not
your art?

NASIM
I take all the blame. I am sorry
to have mislead you.

ART LOVER 4
So then these are just *regular* mud
tracks? These are *bad* mud tracks?

She and the rest of the crowd, in realizing this, follow the
tracks which lead to Larry. Nasim looks up, realizing who
actually is to blame.

LARRY
(whispers)
We gotta get out of here.

JEFF
(whispers)
That bathroom is fucked!

Larry, looking at Jeff, blindly reaches for his backpack but
his arm is stopped by a museum guide.

GUIDE
Sir. Please don't touch the
artwork.

LARRY
What? This isn't--

Larry and Jeff look over to the trail mix
gathering. Everyone glares at them. The calm before the
storm.

INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Larry reads the newspaper at the table. He comes across an advertisement for the "Museum of Modern Art." It reads, in large, block letters, "Nasim Parto Presents: Art of the Outer World (outdoors art)."

Larry looks up from the paper, blank-faced.

END.