

"Larry's Big Break"
for HBO's
The Larry Sander's Show
by
Kevin Miles

FADE IN:

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - AFTER THE SHOW

LARRY and ARTHUR sit across from each other. Larry is staring at the phone on his desk while Arthur puffs a cigar.

LARRY

I can do this, can't I Artie?

ARTHUR

Is Michael Jackson khaki? Of course you can. You're a major talent. There's nothing Mr. Larry Sanders can't do.

LARRY

Thanks, Artie.

ARTHUR

It's not you I'm doubting here.

Larry reaches for the phone on his desk and picks it up.

LARRY

C'mon, Artie. If this movie works out it could be my ticket out of TV.

ARTHUR

And if the Indians had greeted the pilgrims with flaming arrows instead of corn, we'd be holding this little powwow in a teepee.

Larry dials a number.

LARRY

And then there would be no Thanksgiving, no turkey and no 24 hour Butterball help line. Then where would we be?

ARTHUR

All I'm saying is this jerk has been known to stretch the truth-among other things. It's nothing personal. I'm just playing devil's advocate here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY
No, I believe the anti-Christ is who
you're playing.

ARTHUR
I promise to be a good boy. Just pretend
I'm not here.

Larry places the phone back in it's cradle. Now WE HEAR the
SPEAKERPHONE dialing and answered on the other end.

WOMAN
(on speakerphone)
Joel Gold's office.

LARRY
Hi. Is Joel around?

WOMAN
(on speakerphone)
May I tell him who's calling?

LARRY
Sure. Go right ahead.

A beat.

WOMAN
(on speakerphone)
I beg your pardon?

LARRY
I'm kidding. Tell him it's Larry.

WOMAN
(on speakerphone)
Larry David?

LARRY
No.

WOMAN
(on speakerphone)
Larry King?

LARRY
No.

WOMAN
(on speakerphone)
Larry Flynt?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY
Cute. Tell him it's Larry Sanders.

WOMAN
(on speakerphone)
Oh yes. Hank Kingsley's sidekick.

LARRY
Well, actually it's my show. Hank's my side...

WOMAN
(on speakerphone)
Hey now!

WE HEAR the call transferred and picked up on the other end.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Larry, my man. You get the script?

LARRY
Just got it. Oh, by the way, I'm here with my producer...you two know each other. Say hi to Joel, Artie.

ARTHUR
(reluctantly)
How's it swinging Joel?

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Hello Arthur...You're going to love the script Larry.

LARRY
My agent says it's very funny. But then, he thought "Million Dollar Baby" was funny.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Funny? It's hilarious. But more importantly Larry, this project was written specifically with you in mind.

LARRY
Wow. Really?

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Swear on my Jasper Johns. The green light
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEL (cont'd)
was pie in the sky without your name
attached to it.

ARTHUR
(quietly)
If you listen closely, you can actually
hear his nose shooting out like a cane
pole.

Larry motions to Arthur to keep quiet.

LARRY
I don't know what to say.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Say you'll do it, so we can crank this
puppy out. You know, Bob Peterson, the
screenwriter of "Finding Nemo" insisted
we talk with you before we even signed a
director.

LARRY
Hey, my goldfish did some stunt work on
that film.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
We're thrilled you're considering this
project, Larry.

LARRY
You should be. I'm very popular among the
young male movie going demographic.

ARTHUR
That's right, Gold. My boy here's got
offers coming out his ass. In triplicate.

A beat.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
You're shittin' me. Who with? Not that
hack Bruckheimer. Wait. You guys are
pulling my pud aren't you?

LARRY
We can't get anything pass you.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
You're a funny man, Larry Sanders.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY
Thanks, Joel.

ARTHUR
Mr. Gold, we really need to wrap this up.
My man here needs his beauty rest.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Who said that?

LARRY
Listen, Joel. I gotta go. I'll read the
script and get back to you.

A beat.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
You're going to read it? What? You don't
trust me, Lar?

LARRY
You don't want me to read the script?

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Whatever. Okay, gotta run. Give Jenny my
love.

LARRY
It's Jeanie and we've been divorced for
three years.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
So that wasn't a rumor?

LARRY
Have a pleasant evening, Joel.

Larry hangs the phone up.

ARTHUR
Fucking sycophant.

Larry eyes the script and puts his head down on his desk.

INT. ELEVATOR HALLWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Larry and Arthur are walking down the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

These A-holes are jerking you off. I can feel it in my bones.

LARRY

I'm a big boy, Artie. I think I know when I'm being jerked off.

ARTHUR

The motion picture industry is an enigma my boy. This isn't network TV we're talking about here.

LARRY

I enjoy being jerked off. Sometimes I even do it myself.

ARTHUR

I just don't want these Hollywood pricks blowing smoke up your ass for some B-movie piece of horseshit.

LARRY

Smoke up my ass? You know, a good therapist can clear that anal fixation right up.

They stop at the elevator. Arthur pushes the down button.

ARTHUR

Take it from me grasshopper. If there's one thing I've learned in this Kamikaze, crapshoot of a business, it's this; always stick with what you know. If Mr. Chevy Chase had lived by that creed, perhaps he wouldn't have to sell his soul for a decent table at Morton's. Morton's for God's sake, the poor bastard.

LARRY

Artie, this is going to be a big budget project, with "A list" talent.

ARTHUR

Polish a turd all you want. All you end up with is a shiny turd. Ever see "Gigli"?

LARRY

C'mon Artie. I have a good feeling about this. I'm flattered they're even talking to me. Is it asking too much to have your blessing on this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

As long as it doesn't interfere with your duties on "The Larry Sanders Show", I'm behind you one hundred per cent. Just watch yer ass.

The elevator doors open and they get on.

LARRY

Geez Artie. There you go again with the anal reference. Get some help man.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - MID-MORNING

Phil is sitting at the table going over Larry's monologue for that evening's show. Jerry enters and sits down at the table.

PHIL

What's up?

JERRY

Mary Lou just told me Hank's the new spokesperson for that neo-Nazi human hair replacement cult.

Phil laughs.

PHIL

Run that by me in English.

JERRY

He's doing spots for the "Hair Club For Men".

PHIL

Greedy son of a bitch. He's gotta be pulling down at least two mil' a year in endorsements alone.

JERRY

Try five.

PHIL

Unbelievable. All the guy does is sit on his fat ass riding Larry's success, and people practically line up and hand him piles of cash.

JERRY

And here we are scratching by on a petty seven hundred g's a year. Like some low-life, third-rate, sit-com hacks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHIL

Jesus. The guy doesn't even create anything. He just sits there, taking up space. Sidekick my ass.

JERRY

We make Larry Sanders. Each and every night, we make Larry Sanders.

PHIL

There's no order in the universe.

(beat)

Jerry, did you just say you're making seven-hundred grand?

JERRY

Uh...

PHIL

You're getting seven hundred grand? We came over as a team and you're getting that? Seven-hundred-fucking grand?

JERRY

Is that what I said? Because I was...

Phil gets jumps up from his chair and jerks the door open.

JERRY (CON'T)

(cont'd)

What are you doing? We need to finish the opening.

Phil grabs his crotch.

PHIL

(pissed)

I got your opening right here.

JERRY

Phil...

Phil storms off down the hall. Jerry snickers.

INT. STUDIO OUTSIDE LARRY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Beverly is on the phone as Larry walks up and stops at her desk eyeing the mountain of mail piled high in front of her.

BEVERLY

Hank, I'm sure if you come around Larry will see you. Hold on Hank, he just walked up. Good morning Larry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Yes it is.

BEVERLY

Larry, Hank says good morning.

Larry thumbs through the mail.

LARRY

Good morning, Hank.

BEVERLY

No, Hank. Larry won't mind if you stop by. Yes I'm sure. Ask him? Okay. Hank wants to know if it would be alright with you if he stops by later.

LARRY

(shaking his head no)
Tell him that would be fine.

BEVERLY

Larry's okay with it Hank. Hank says thank you, Larry...Larry said you're welcome. Well that's because he said it low, so only I could hear it. Really. Uh huh. I have to go now, Hank. Good-bye.
(to Larry)
Hanks says bye.

Larry says nothing.

BEVERLY (cont'd)

Yes, Larry said bye, Hank.

Beverly finally hangs the phone up.

LARRY

How often does he do that?

BEVERLY

Two or three times a day.

LARRY

Is that all? Well, then. That's okay. Do you have a minute?

BEVERLY

I always have time for you. You're my boss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY
(pointing)
And don't you forget it.

Larry bumps the desk causing a stack of mail to fall. He motions to pick it up, hoping Beverly will stop him.

BEVERLY
That's okay. I'll get that.

LARRY
You sure? I don't mind.

BEVERLY
Leave it. What's up?

Larry sits on the edge of the desk causing even more mail to hit the floor. He pretends not to notice.

LARRY
Well, as you know, I'm doing this movie.

BEVERLY
Your motion picture debut. Congrats!

LARRY
Thanks. Thanks. Well, I was thinking about changing my name.

BEVERLY
Now why on earth would you want to do that?

LARRY
Larry Sanders doesn't say leading man to me. You know, like Russell Crowe or Vin Diesel. Admit it. Larry Sanders says middle-aged periodontist.

BEVERLY
Oh, I disagree. People love you. Jacked up name and all.

LARRY
Thank you, Beverly. But do you think Larry Sanders will pop on a marquee or a movie poster?

BEVERLY
It looks just fine on TV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Well, Beverly, as I'm sure you know, what works in this medium doesn't necessarily transfer to the silver screen.

BEVERLY

I think you're over thinking this.

LARRY

(trying to sound "black")
For reals tho?

BEVERLY

Oh no you didn't. Don't even go there Larry. You barely have the white guy thing down.

LARRY

Sorry.

BEVERLY

In my opinion, Larry Sanders is perfect.

Larry digs into his jacket pockets and takes out a small piece of paper.

LARRY

I have a short list and right now I'm leaning towards Larry Cooper.

BEVERLY

Larry, you're so crazy.

LARRY

What do you think, "Seventeen Again" starring Renee Zellweger and Larry Cooper?

Beverly Laughs.

LARRY (cont'd)

What? I'm serious. I think I'm on to something here. Larry Cooper. It rhymes with Gary Cooper. It's perfect. What do you think? I even look like the guy from a distance.

Larry saunters over to his office imitating Gary Cooper.

LARRY (cont'd)

See? How does my ass look?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEVERLY
Stick with Larry Sanders, Larry Sanders.

LARRY
Really?

BEVERLY
Definitely.

LARRY
Maybe we should set up a focus group.

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

Once again Larry is on the speakerphone with Joel.

LARRY
Joel, are you there?

JOEL
(on the speakerphone)
I'm here.

LARRY
I love the script.

JOEL
Really? Glad to hear it.

LARRY
It's terrific. As you know, the contracts
are signed. When do we start shooting?

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Soon. Soon. I told you it was perfect for
you babe. Did you get the rewrite yet?

LARRY
Rewrite?

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
I had it sent over. You should get it any
minute.

LARRY
We're not talking major changes here, are
we?

WE HEAR a knock at the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Course not. It's nearly perfect.

LARRY
Good. Because I've heard how these things
can begin to take on a life of their own.
I saw "The Player" twice.

Beverly enters, hands Larry a new script and exits.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Relax, Larry. That was just a movie. The
motion picture machine is nothing like
that.

LARRY
Got it, Joel. Hey, this has Dan
O'Bannon's name on it. Didn't he write,
"Alien"?

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
What? You didn't like "Alien"?

LARRY
I loved it. Especially the part where
Herve Villachez, bursts through John
Hurt's stomach. But I thought this is a
romantic comedy about a guy who overcomes
his mid-life crisis.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
That has not changed. We're talking minor
tweaks, Lar. Nuance. Polish, babe.

LARRY
My character still triumphs over his mid-
life crisis?

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
With his wit and sense of humor.

LARRY
Great.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
And a shit load of special effects.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

I see.

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

Now it takes place in the future and you're a recently retired talk show host, slash double-agent for the National Security Agency, caught up in a tangled web of inter-galactic intrigue...with marital problems.

LARRY

Interesting...And you still think I'm the man for the job?

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

Who else could pull this off?

LARRY

I take it Arnold's not interested?

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

Hello? He's a little busy running the state right now.

LARRY

Oh. That's right. He's our governor. I thought that was all just a bad dream. I'm pretty sure that's the first sign of the Apocalypse.

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

Funny. So, you ready to do this thing, Paco?

LARRY

I'm in like Flynn.

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

You da man, Larry.

LARRY

Yes I am.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE BULLPEN -- LATE MORNING

Phil is on the phone with his agent. And he's not happy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHIL
(yelling)
Look, either you renegotiate my deal by the end of the day, or I'm walking! I'm serious! I don't need this under the table, back-door bullshit! What?? That's your job you human leech! You talk to Arthur!

Beverly walk pasts trying her best to appear oblivious.

PHIL (cont'd)
A joke? Does it sound like I'm laughing here? Does it?

Phil uses the phone to beat a hole into the wall.

PHIL (cont'd)
(even louder)
Seven hundred grand! Seven hundred grand!
Seven hundred grand!

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Larry is reading a Hollywood trade paper with his feet propped up on his desk. WE HEAR A KNOCK at the door.

HANK (O.S.)
(muffled through the door)
Room service.

LARRY
Yes?

Larry's places the paper out of sight.

HANK (O.S.)
Larry, may I have a word with you? I believe Beverly mentioned my coming by.

Larry looks at the door, saying nothing.

HANK (O.S.)
(cont'd)
Larry? If I could trouble you for just a moment of your time, I'll be off and on my way.
(beat)
I know you're in there, Larry.

LARRY
What is it Hank?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK (O.S.)

May I enter? You have my word as your personal friend and peer, this won't take a second.

(beat)

Larry?

LARRY

(reluctant)

Come in, Hank.

Larry takes the phone off the hook, as the door opens, as if he's about to place a call. Hank enters and closes the door.

HANK

Thank you so much, Larry. I promise I'll be out of your hair in the twinkling of an eye. That's a lovely tie you're wearing today. Is that virgin silk?

LARRY

Hank, I'm expecting a really important call. What can I do for you?

HANK

(beat)

You're not leaving the show are you Larry? Kill me now if you're even thinking about making a move without me.

LARRY

Hank, you'll be the first to know when that ship sails. What can I do for you?

Larry reluctantly places the phone back on the hook.

HANK

You're not leaving then?

LARRY

No. I'm just doing a small part in a movie.

HANK

Praise Allah!

(beat)

Any room for me?

LARRY

What do you want, Hank?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

I'd like your thoughts on an exciting opportunity that has landed on my platter.

LARRY

Geez Hank, another endorsement deal? What are you hocking now?

HANK

The folks at the "Hair Club For Men" have approached me about representing their hair replacement system. And I have humbly accepted.

LARRY

Is that right? That's nice, Hank.

HANK

You really think so Larry?

LARRY

Are you serious? Those guys are still in business with all those hair transplant operations out there?

HANK

They're like Coke Classic, Lar.
They're the original.

LARRY

Well, then. I'm sure you will be an inspiration to the follically challenged everywhere. Now, if you don't mind...

Larry takes the phone off the hook and holds it up to his ear.

HANK

Because if you think for one minute I'm compromising the integrity of "The Larry Sanders Show" I'll walk away. The ink is still wet.

LARRY

It's fine, Hank. As long as it doesn't interfere with your duties on "The Larry Sanders Show".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

My priorities are well in line. First and foremost, I'm a disciple of Mr. Larry Sanders. A sheep in your bountiful fold.

LARRY

Hank?

HANK

Yes, Larry?

LARRY

Could you shut the door on your way out?

Hank finally rises to leave.

HANK

Will do. Thanks so much for penciling me in and for your undying support and friendship.

Hank shakes Larry's hand violently and turns for the door then turns for one last comment. After all, this is Hank.

HANK (cont'd)

Larry, should you or your loved ones ever require the cutting edge technology of the "Hair Club For Men", you and yours will receive an unprecedented discount package. That was part of the deal.

Larry is speechless. Hank sheepishly backs out of Larry's office and closes the door as Larry props his feet back up and takes the trade paper out again.

INT. BULLPEN- AFTERNOON

Phil, seated at the table, is still fuming when he spots Arthur rushing by outside the door.

PHIL

Arthur, you got a minute?

Arthur stops and looks at his watch.

ARTHUR

What's on your mind, Phil? I have a meeting with the network scum in five minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHIL

I don't usually like to discuss these kinds of issues, but my agent insists you hear it from me. It's about my deal...

ARTHUR

That reminds me, I meant to ask you about your agent. Where's he located?

PHIL

Broder, Kurland, Webb...

ARTHUR

And Uffner. Yes, I know them. Old friend of mine, Jim Burrows is with them. Fine outfit. Do you know if they're taking new clients on?

PHIL

I'm not sure. Why?

ARTHUR

Well, my Godson, he's a brilliant television writer, just brilliant, and he's looking to make a move out west.

PHIL

That's great Artie.

ARTHUR

He's with Letterman right now. He's doing very well, the talented little shit, but he's really sick of New York. It's making him crazy. He's seeking a change of pace. That sort of thing.

PHIL

New York is a good place to visit, but...

ARTHUR

You know, I love that young man as if he were my own son. Say Phil, would you happen to know what's going on in town?

PHIL

Me?

ARTHUR

I mean, would you be privy to any jobs out there? Through the grapevine, so to speak. You "writer types" hear things don't you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHIL
Sure. But LA's pretty locked down...

ARTHUR
Can I get your agent's number?

PHIL
Uh, yeah. Sure.

ARTHUR
You're a pal, Phil. You'll let me know if you hear of any developments?

PHIL
Sure, Artie.

Arthur looks at his watch again.

ARTHUR
I'm sorry, I've gotten off track, haven't I? What was it you wanted to talk about?

PHIL
(beat)
Nothing.

ARTHUR
You sure? I still have ninety seconds.

PHIL
It's nothing. No biggie.

Arthur takes off down the hall.

ARTHUR
I'm always here for you Phil. Take care.

Phil punches the wall and winces in pain.

PHIL
(under his breath)
Shit.

INT. HANKS OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Seated with Hank are FRANK GULICK, BOB SMITH and NED MARTEL, heads of marketing at the "Hair Club For Men". It's obvious these guys don't just work for the club, they're members, as the tiny corn rows of freshly planted hair plugs on their scalps attest.

FRANK
Mr. Kingsley...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

Please, gentlemen, call me Hank. We're all friends here.

FRANK

Hank, here's the way we see the campaign. Do you recall Kathleen Sullivan's work for "Weight Watcher's"?

HANK

Of course. In the mid 90's, right? You know, Ms. Sullivan lives not far from one of my homes. I run into her at the Vons' on Ventura from time to time.

(beat)

I'm sorry, go on.

FRANK

Well, Hank, F.Y.I., That campaign increased market share in an otherwise flat category. The industry hasn't seen growth like that since the "Spuds Mackenzie" campaign for Bud Light in the eighties.

HANK

I love that little guy.

BOB

Hank, sadly, "Spuds" is no longer with us.

HANK

Stop. Really?

NED

Dead to the world.

HANK

What a tragedy.

FRANK

He, she, that is, passed away in her sleep last year.

HANK

I'm sure she's wagging her tail this very moment in that big dog pound in the sky.

NED

Don't be ridiculous. Dogs don't have souls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

There's know way of knowing that for sure, now is there?

FRANK

You always have to put a negative spin on things, don't you?

NED

Sorry.

HANK

What does this have to do with the "Weight Watcher's" spots?

FRANK

We admired how they illustrated the step by step progress of Miss Sullivan's weight loss. We'd like to do the same with our new campaign.

BOB

Tracking your hair implantations from beginning to end, until we reach our target goal: A full head of hair.

HANK

That's brilliant.

NED

We think so.

HANK

So when do we start?

FRANK

Next spring.

HANK

Splendid.

NED

Now is as good a time as any to discuss the implantation process.

Bob rises from his chair and walks over to a huge easel.

FRANK

Hank, if you'll focus your attention on the diagram behind us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bob picks up a short pointer and flips the cover of the huge pad of paper on the easel in front of them, revealing a fine line drawing of Hank's pate.

BOB

(pointing as he talks)

There are two ways we can go here, Hank. Start at the anterior of the cranium working our way back, or at the posterior and work our way to the front.

FRANK

We recommend the latter.

HANK

What's the difference?

FRANK

It's much more aesthetically appealing.

NED

That's crucial.

BOB

And we don't quite know why, but the implants seem to take much better.

NED

There's also less risk of infection.

Frank and Bob shoot Ned a look. Hank notices this exchange.

HANK

Infection?

BOB

That almost never happens.

HANK

Almost?

FRANK

Only on rush jobs.

BOB

The whole process will take six months at the most, which increases the overall success rate by a full ninety percent.

Bob walks back over to his chair and sits back down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

And if this thing washes out to our expectations, we have plans to go global with the campaign.

HANK

Really?

FRANK

Concentrating on the far-east.

BOB

We've made arrangements to have you take Japanese lessons with the top tutor in Southern California.

HANK

Is that really necessary?

FRANK

Goes to credibility. The Japanese are very suspicious of western products.

BOB

When in Tokyo...

HANK

Say no more.

HANK (cont'd)

It all sounds very exciting. So why me?

NED

I know. You're thinking Rob Reiner, right? He's all wrong, Hank. Sure, he's got a lot of surface area to play with. But his head is all pointy on the top.

FRANK

Honestly, your popularity as Larry Sander's side-kick put you over the top.

HANK

Frank, I prefer the term, "Co-host".

FRANK

I'll make a mental note.

NED

Ted Danson was bounced around, but he still hasn't come out of the closet. Like everyone doesn't know that's a rug.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

And Ted Koppel was asking for Jerry Seinfeld money. Like he needs the dough.

FRANK

Our first choice was Matt Lauer, but you see how that abortion turned out.

NED

Somebody please give that man a hat.

HANK

Oh. Oh...that explains it.

NED

We have six months of qualitative research that tells us, based on your track record as a pitch-man, our long-term fiscal goals are reachable.

BOB

We love "The Garden Weasel" spots.

FRANK

Not to mention the fine job you're doing on the medical alert necklace and the adjustable beds.

NED

And isn't that you in the new Green Giant campaign?

HANK

You boys have really done your homework.

FRANK

We don't take chances, Hank.

NED

You also happen to have the most pronounced example of male-pattern baldness in network television.

BOB

Bar none.

Hank's face turns red.

HANK

I'm flattered.

BOB

You're going to be terrific Hank!

INT. ARTHUR'S OFFICE - MID AFTERNOON

Arthur is leaning up against his desk playing a Gameboy.
Jerry enters, slamming the door behind him.

ARTHUR
Holy Mary, sweet mother of Jesus!

JERRY
Sorry about that.

Arthur never looks away from the Gameboy.

ARTHUR
What the hell do you want?

JERRY
I just wanted to let you know Phil went
for it big time.

ARTHUR
I saw the hole in the wall. The repair of
which will come out of your salary.

JERRY
It was worth it to see him squirm.

Jerry walks over and stands next to Arthur.

ARTHUR
You remind me of myself in my pimple-
faced youth.

JERRY
Thanks.

ARTHUR
You pick up my Laker's tickets?

JERRY
Hell, yes.

ARTHUR
Next to Nicholson?

JERRY
Center court.

ARTHUR
You're a prince. Just put them in my coat
pocket dissolve yourself. You're breaking
my concentration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jerry places the tickets in Arthur's pocket and continues to watch him play the Gameboy.

ARTHUR (cont'd)
How would you like a fist sandwich, you little weasel? Shove off.

JERRY
Where'd you get the Gameboy?

ARTHUR
I borrowed it from one of those snot-nosed little crumb snatchers on the lot next door. Spoiled little fuckers.

JERRY
You know you're going straight to hell.

ARTHUR
Would you like to beat me to the gate?

JERRY
I'm out.

INT. HANK'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

Hank is admiring his reflection in a hand held mirror. Mary Lou, Hank's personal assistant, enters without knocking, startling Hank, causing him to drop said mirror shattering it on the floor. Mary Lou places Hank's fan club newsletter, mail and a small, gift-wrapped package, with a red bow attached to it on his desk.

MARY LOU
I'm really sorry, Hank. I didn't mean to.

HANK
(screaming)
Sorry? Sorry isn't good enough, Missy! Look at this mess. You had better march out of here, get a broom and get it cleaned up...and I mean now!

MARY LOU
Yes, sir!

HANK
Did you wash and dry my car?

MARY LOU
Yes, sir!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK

Well, what do you know everyone? As it turns out, Mary Lou can do something right. Now put that stuff down on my desk in a neat pile and get out. And don't you ever come in here again without knocking. "Capese"?

MARY LOU

Yes, sir!

Mary Lou exits.

MARY LOU (cont'd)

(under her breath)

Asshole!

Hank studies the mountain of fan mail and picks the gift-wrapped box up and shakes it for a hint of what it contains.

INT. WOMAN'S BATHROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Mary Lou, her face streaming with tears, tosses a pair of scissors, a bottle of glue, a photograph with a hole cut out of it and a small empty cardboard box in the trash.

BACK TO:

INT. HANK'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Hank unwraps the package. He carefully removes the contents of the box. WE SEE it's a Chia Pet with a full, luscious coat of beautiful, green grass. Over it's face, a mug-shot of Hank Kingsley, all teeth, is glued to it. Hank's jaw drops in horror. He slowly rises from his chair, walks around to the front of his desk and with all his might, hurls the Chia Pet onto the floor causing it to explode into a million pieces.

HANK

(screaming)

Phil! Jerry! You are history! History, do you hear?!!!

INT. WOMAN'S BATHROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

WE HEAR HANK SCREAMING, through the thin walls of the bathroom. Mary Lou is looking into the mirror. Through her tears and a ball of tissue, a smile forms on her face.

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Once more Larry finds himself on the speakerphone with Joel Gold. He's anxiously flipping through the notorious screenplay, now in it's third reincarnation.

LARRY
Joel, are you there? It's Larry.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Larry? Larry who?

LARRY
Larry Sanders.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Christ, why didn't you say so? Did you get the latest revision of the script?

LARRY
That's what I called.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
F.Y.I., we've got Jonathan Demme interested in this.

LARRY
So my agent tells me.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Danny Devito is licking his chops, too. The guy needs a hit after "Death To Smoochy" and "Duplex".

LARRY
That's nice. I see we have a new writer.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Really?

LARRY
You weren't aware?

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Who am I, God?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

I don't know what to think, Joel. I had no intention of doing a western.

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

Don't wimp out on me, Larry. That's an easy fix. F.Y.I., Darryl Hannah is out.

LARRY

I didn't know she was in.

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

She's doing "Splash Three". Now your love interest is Sean Young.

LARRY

(beat)

Sean Young?

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

Is there a problem?

LARRY

We have a history.

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

She's gone with the wind.

LARRY

Just like that?

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

As leading man, you have cart blanche.

LARRY

Except when it concerns trivial things like the script.

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

I hear Holly Hunter is chomping at the bit to do a western. Holly Hunter on a horse. How hot is that? Are you thinking what I'm thinking, Larry?

LARRY

Catherine The Great?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOEL

Hell yes. We're talking Holly Hunter on a big black horse.

LARRY

Why not just remake Caligula? I look great in a toga. And I'm sure as you've heard by now, I'm Milton Berle's love child so I'm hung like a rhinocerus.

A beat.

JOEL

Let me sleep on it and get back to you.

Beverly pokes her head in and motions for Larry to get off the phone. Larry is relieved.

LARRY

I gotta go Joel.

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

Hey, did I mention Tarantino's on board?

LARRY

Great.

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

Let's do dinner tomorrow. Your place, okay Larry? Tell Jenny to set for five.

Before Larry can react, Joel hangs up. Beverly enters.

BEVERLY

Larry. Steve and Stephanie from the network are here to see you.

LARRY

What? What the hell do they want? Tell them I'm busy.

BEVERLY

I can't. They're right outside.

LARRY

Where's Arty? I don't want to talk to those people. C'mon, Beverly. Help a brother out.

BEVERLY

Mmm hmmm. Brother my ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHANIE and STEVE, two network executives young enough to be Larry's kids walk right past Beverly and into Larry's office.

LARRY

Shit.

STEPHANIE

Thank you, Beverly.

LARRY

Yes, thank you so much, Beverly.

Beverly, unfazed, pulls the door shut and exits. Stephanie and Steve sit down in the chairs in front of Larry's desk.

LARRY (cont'd)

Please. Have a seat.

STEPHANIE

Larry, we won't take up too much of your time. I think you know why we're here.

LARRY

You and monkey boy are going to perform a sex act on my desk?

STEVE

Hey, now just wait a minute here...

LARRY

Didn't I see you at Venice Beach last weekend with that organ grinder? Remember me? I gave you a peanut?

STEPHANIE

Larry, there's a rumor going around that you signed on to do a movie without network approval. Is it true?

LARRY

Why? Do you want to be my fluffer?

STEPHANIE

A fluffer? What's a fluffer?

STEVE

That kind of talk is really uncalled for. We're just trying to do our jobs here, man. Just like you.

LARRY

What is it that you do exactly?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHANIE

Larry, I'm sure you're aware that you can't do anything outside The Larry Sander's Show without prior network consent. Commercials, interviews with the print and broadcast media, motion pictures, or any material that might reflect badly on the network, our sponsors or our parent company.

LARRY

We have parents? I thought we were bastards.

STEVE

You don't know when to quit, do you?

STEPHANIE

Look, Larry...

LARRY

You look. It's a done deal. I'm doing the picture.

STEPHANIE

Fine, Larry. We're just going to need a copy of the script.

LARRY

No problem.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - LATER

Hank leans in the doorway and glares at Phil and Jerry. They stare at him blankly, so he turns to walk away.

JERRY

(singing)
Chuh-chuh-chuh-Chia!

Hank sticks his head back in the room. Phil and Jerry laugh.

HANK

You smug little assholes.

PHIL

Hey, don't look at me. Hey...What's that?
(indicating Hank's scalp)
Right there. I was pre-med and that looks like cancerius pretensis to me. You better have that looked at.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HANK
(feeling his head)
Cancerius pratensis? Isn't that Latin?

PHIL
Yeah. Loosely translated I believe it means crabgrass.

HANK
Why, you little shit! Come here!

Hank lunges for Phil but Jerry step in between them.

HANK (cont'd)
If I find out you little fucks had anything to do with this, I'm going to eat your children!

Hank leaves in a huff and Phil and Jerry sit down at the table. Phil begins typing away at his PowerBook. Jerry watches him nervously. His PowerBook sits on the table closed shut.

JERRY
So we're cool here?

INT. MEN'S ROOM -- MID MORNING

Larry is at a urinal. Jerry comes in and walks up to him.

JERRY
Hey, Larry. How's it going.

LARRY
Everything's coming ut alright. Thanks for asking.

JERRY
I heard about your movie deal.

LARRY
I heard about that thing with Phil. I thought you guys were tight.

JERRY
Hey! Shhhh!

Jerry checks to make sure he and Larry are alone.

JERRY (cont'd)
It was a joke, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Hey, I'm not casting stones.

JERRY

Thanks so much for telling me you were interested in doing a movie, Larry.

LARRY

C'mon. Give me a break.

JERRY

I've been working on a script for you for two years and you go and run of with some Hollywood jerks who don't give a shit about you. Thanks a lot.

LARRY

Do we have to talk about this in the toilet? I'm trying to take a piss here.

JERRY

I bet the first thing they did was bring in new writers. Am I right? Tell me I'm wrong.

A beat.

LARRY

Do you have a copy of it on you?

JERRY

Really?

LARRY

Sure.

JERRY

Would you just take a look at it?

LARRY

I'd be happy to. It's not a western is it?

JERRY

You rock, Larry. I'll go print a copy out for you.

WE HEAR A TOILET FLUSH. Larry and Jerry look at each other.

INT. OUTSIDE LARRY'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

Larry is about to enter his office when Stephanie approaches him from behind in a rage.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STEPHANIE

Hey Larry...

Stephanie spins Larry around and when he see's it's her, it's obvious from the look of instant terror on his face he knows it's payback time for the fluffer remark. Stephanie's knees Larry in his groin causing him to drop to the floor like a sack of hammers.

STEPHANIE

(cont'd)

We're okay with the script.

Stephanie slowly walks away just as Beverly approaches from the other direction noticing Larry grabbing his crotch and writhing in pain.

BEVERLY

Larry, what happened? Are you okay?

LARRY

No.

BEVERLY

Do you want me to call an ambulance?

LARRY

No.

BEVERLY

Are you sure?

LARRY

No.

INT. LARRY'S THERAPIST'S OFFICE -- LATE AFTERNOON

Larry is seated in an oversized leather chair. DR. SETH FRIED sits opposite Larry in a matching chair.

LARRY

I don't know. I'm not sure if I can carry a film. Do I look fat?

DR. FRIED

Larry, whenever we venture out to try something new, it's only natural that we feel some apprehension. It's human nature. It's very normal to feel the way you're feeling Larry.

LARRY

It is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DR. FRIED

Sure. Absolutely. It's a big emotional risk putting yourself out there. Exposing yourself. Wondering if people will embrace you.

LARRY

So you don't think I'm fat?

DR. FRIED

Larry, I feel your anxiety stems from the lack of a well-defined arc in the growth of your character. I mean really, the second act just falls apart.

Seemingly from out of thin air, Dr. Fried hands Larry the latest version of the script.

DR. FRIED

(cont'd)

I think you're going to really like what I've done here, Larry. I already ran it past Joel. Take your time. It's on me.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER- A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE SHOW

Larry and Arthur are on their way to the set to tape the show.

LARRY

Arthur, you gotta get me out of this thing.

ARTHUR

Not panning out as expected, eh?

LARRY

This guy is starting to really make me nervous.

ARTHUR

One trick, Hollywood side-show act. Like I said, always stick with what you know.

LARRY

This guy is going to have me doing "Psycho Part Three" before it's all over.

Arthur Laughs.

LARRY (cont'd)

I'll end up on Sunset and Labrea selling out-dated maps to the homes of the stars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR

Nonsense Larry. We'll resolve this matter after the show.

LARRY

Thanks, Arthur.

ARTHUR

No problemo. I'll have that piece of horse hockey on his knees, licking your Kenneth Cole's.

INT. TALK SHOW SET - EVENING

On "The Larry Sanders Show" logo and montage opening. Over this we hear Hank's introduction.

HANK (V.O.)

Live, on tape from Hollywood, it's "The Larry Sanders Show"! Tonight, join Larry and his guests Fabio, Uma Thurman, Martin Lawrence and me, "Hey Now!" Hank Kingsley. And now, the man who proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, Soylent Green is indeed made out of people...Larry Sanders!

Larry enters through the curtain and crosses down to his mark for the monologue. The audience erupts in wild applause.

(MONOLOGUE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

We've got a simply super show for you this evening..."The elegant, ass kicking, star of "Kill Bill 2", Uma Thurman", "The Fabulous Fabio" (yes he's still alive) and my main man, "Mac Daddy" Martin Lawrence are on this very show. So don't inhale, we'll be right back before you can say, "Drop It Like It's Hot".

As the audience applauds dissolve to:

INT. TALK SHOW SET - LATER

Larry is interviewing God's second-born son, Fabio. Martin Lawrence and Hank are sitting off-camera on the couch.

LARRY (cont'd)

So Fabio, or should I call you Mr. Fabio?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FABIO

I am Fabio, of course.

LARRY

So Fabio, where do I start? Your career is really taking off. Again. I'm sure you must hear this all the time, but you are just stunning in person. Really. In fact, may I kiss you?

The audience laughs. Fabio does not.

LARRY (cont'd)

Things are really going well for you. You have a new CD, a new novel, a new perfume...you're a renaissance man for the new millennium. What, other than your enticing anatomy, do you think is the secret to your success?

FABIO

I am Fabio, of course.

Larry looks at the camera. The audience chuckles.

LARRY

Of course. I see.

(beat)

It's obvious there's more to you than your perfectly chiseled body and Euro-mullet. I listened to your CD, and I must tell you, I was aroused. How long have you been singing professionally?

FABIO

I am Fabio. Fabio does not sing.

LARRY

Are you sure. I'm sure I heard voices.

FABIO

Fabio does not sing. They were, how you say, studio musicians.

LARRY

That must be why I found your music original and yet, strangely reminiscent of early Milli Vanilli.

MARTIN

Damn, Larry. Milli Vanilli? How long ago was that? You trying to bring it back?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY
Not long enough.

MARTIN
True that.

The audience laughs again.

LARRY
(beat)
Well, Fabio, I understand your book is just flying off the shelves. Was this your first crack at the written word?

FABIO
Fabio does not write. I am too busy to write. I hire people. They write. I pay them. Everybody is very very happy.

LARRY
So you didn't sing on your CD and you didn't pen a single word of your book. Tell us about this new fragrance. Jeannie, the former Mrs. Sanders, just loves it.

FABIO
Fabio is allergic to cosmetics, of course.

LARRY
I did not know that. Hank, did you know that?

HANK (O.S.)
Negative Larry.

LARRY
So Fabio, if one were to sum up the essence of Fabio, one might say, "you think, therefore you am Fabio", of course. Is that correct?

FABIO
Of course. I am Fabio.

LARRY
That you am.

FABIO
Why do you ask Fabio so many questions?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Well Fabio, this is a talk show. In this format, as a rule, hosts tend to ask questions of their guests. Perhaps you would you like to ask me a question.

Fabio looks at Larry as if he has insulted his manhood.

FABIO

No. I am Fabio, of course.

Larry looks at the audience and then at Arthur standing behind one of the cameras.

MARTIN

I got a question.

A wide-shot of Larry, Fabio, Martin and Hank.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Yeah, I got a question, Larry.

LARRY

(relieved)
Is that right?
(motioning to Martin)
Well, come on down.
(to Fabio)
You don't mind do you?

Martin walks over, waiting for Fabio to move.

FABIO

I am Fabio, of course.

LARRY

Is that a yeh or a neh?

MARTIN LAWRENCE

Man, get your ass up. You ain't all that.

The audience laughs, as Fabio rises and slides down the couch toward Hank. Hank taps him on his leg for being such a good sport. Fabio looks at Hank threateningly. Hank freezes in fear.

Larry talking to Martin.

LARRY

Martin. How long has it been? six, seven minutes?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARTIN LAWRENCE

Oh, you the funny man now.

(referring to Fabio)

He ain't too, bright now is he? He got that chest and stringy hair and things, but he ain't exactly a threat in Final Jeopardy.

LARRY

Now, Martin, if you don't have anything nice to say.

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE

Larry and Arthur are on the speakerphone having a showdown with Joel Gold.

ARTHUR

The long and short of it is my boy wants out of this fiasco. Everybody walks, nobody gets hurt.

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

You're shittin' me, right?

ARTHUR

I'm deadly serious sir.

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

We have his John Handcock Arthur.

ARTHUR

That's "Hancock" you mindless lemming.

LARRY

Come on Joel, this script doesn't even remotely resemble the script I agreed to. Nine rewrites in a week? What the fuck is that?

JOEL

(on speakerphone)

Things change. Nature of the beast, Larry. Grow up.

ARTHUR

(yelling)

Look here, you over-weight, walking pile of yak shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY
 (quietly)
 Artie, be nice.

ARTHUR
 Fuck 'em.

LARRY
 Please, after you.

JOEL
 (on speakerphone)
 Go ahead. Just try and back out on me,
 Larry. I would love it.

ARTHUR
 You're skating on thin ice with sharp
 skates, you rat bastard.

JOEL
 (on speakerphone)
 Sticks and stones, Arthur. Sticks and
 stones. You two recall what happened to
 Kim Basinger when she tried to back out
 of a little film called "Boxing Helena"?
 She's still in the poor house, Larry.

ARTHUR
 (threatening)
 This is your last chance.

JOEL
 (on speakerphone)
 What are you going to do, insult me to
 death?

ARTHUR
 Okay, you want to get nasty, we'll play
 it your way. I hear on occasion you and
 your underage, illegal alien Venezuelan
 pool boy, Rico, like to play swallow the
 sword.

JOEL
 (on speakerphone)
 You son of a bitch.

ARTHUR
 (imitating Joel in the throws
 of passion)
 It's all for you, Rico Suave! Aye Papi
 Chulo! I'm cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs! Cuckoo
 for Coco Puffs! Should I go on? Or would
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARTHUR (cont'd)
you prefer I have some pictures of you
and boy wonder Fed-exed to the Mrs?

Dead silence.

ARTHUR (cont'd)
Cat got your tongue Mr. Gold?

JOEL
(long beat)
(on speakerphone)
Larry, sorry things didn't work out.

ARTHUR
Parting is such sweet sorrow.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
You know, we have Jeffrey Boam on the
current re-write. He wrote "Funny Farm",
you know.

LARRY
The Chevy Chase vehicle.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
You saw it?

LARRY
After "Vacation", it's perhaps my
favorite Chevy Chase film.

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
Are we still on for dinner, Lar?

LARRY
Eight o'clock good for you?

JOEL
(on speakerphone)
See you then.

LARRY
So long.

FADE TO:

BLACK

END OF SHO