

FOR THE CHILDREN

WRITTEN BY:

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FADE IN:

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

LARRY whistles to himself with joy as he makes his way down stairs. He is then greeted by his wife, CHERYL.

CHERYL

Oh wow, someone must be in a good mood.

LARRY

A good mood? What are you talking about? I'm always in a good mood.

CHERYL

And... Now it's gone.

LARRY

(plops down on the couch)  
Well, if you want this good mood back, you can start by bringing me some coffee.

CHERYL

(rolling her eyes)  
God, you are irritating.

With his legs sprawled out on the coffee table, Larry is forced to adjust as Cheryl struts over to deliver him his coffee and mail.

The smell of Colombian Hazelnut coffee fills the air as Larry swiftly glances over his mail. A letter from the city of Los Angeles catches his eye. With little to no concern, Larry nonchalantly opens it.

LARRY

Oh, god, come on! You gotta be kidding me!

CHERYL

What?! What is it?

LARRY

This letter from the city! They are making me take this stupid, mandatory traffic class for the tickets I got a couple weeks ago.

CHERYL

Well, yeah. Most people have to pay the full fine and don't even get the option of taking a class instead.

LARRY

Yeah, but that's not the issue. The issue is we have that important dinner with AXEL OBERG at 6 o'clock tonight and this class runs from 1-6.

CHERYL

Oh yeah, the dinner... That's right...

LARRY

Ugh, damn it! This dinner is super important; I can't cancel!

(beat)

And who the hell mails a goddamn letter and has it arrive the day of the deadline? I mean, come on!

A loud sigh escapes Larry's mouth, he aggressively flings the envelope onto the coffee table.

The writing on the back of the envelope grab Larry's attention. With great concern, he springs forward to get a closer look. He examines the writing to find the date the letter was mailed out.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Wait... Wait... Wait... This letter should've arrived here four days ago!

CHERYL

Yeah, it might've. This was all your mail from this week.

LARRY

Wait... Then this is your fault!

CHERYL

Are you kidding me, Larry? Are you kidding me? How is this my fault?!

LARRY

Well, if you would've given me my mail the day it arrived, we wouldn't be in this predicament.

CHERYL

It's your mail, Larry. Your. Mail.  
It's your responsibility, not mine.  
And you're welcome for even bringing  
it to you today, because if I didn't,  
you would've ended up paying for both  
of those tickets without the option of  
even taking a class.

LARRY

I just don't see why if you grab the  
mail, you wouldn't give it to me that  
day?

CHERYL

I'm done with this conversation.  
You're literally a child, Larry, a  
fucking child.

Cheryl turns away as she beelines towards the kitchen.

LARRY

Well, even a child would know to give  
someone their mail the same day it  
arrived.

Cheryl halts and turns towards Larry.

CHERYL

Why are you still talking?

LARRY

(standing up from the couch)  
Because I am pissed off, okay? This  
dinner is really important to me and  
should be important to you, and now I  
have to reschedule because of some  
dumb class I have to take!

CHERYL

Hey, I got a crazy idea, Larry: Why  
don't you call him and push back the  
dinner an hour, you idiot.

LARRY

Oh, a genius you are! What happens  
when he asks why I need to reschedule?

CHERYL

Hmm, I don't know. Why don't you just tell him you have to take the class? It's not that big of a deal.

LARRY

I'm not telling him that: he'll think I'm a low life! And he's a very busy, man; I was lucky enough to even get this dinner with him.

CHERYL

I don't even know why I'm helping you. You're on your own, Larry.

Cheryl strides away.

Pondering his options, Larry pulls out his phone. He hesitates.

LARRY

Ehh, god. Whatever.

He boldly presses call and sits back down.

AXEL (O.S)

(answering phone)

This is Axel.

LARRY

Hey! Axel, buddy! It's Larry David. How's it going?

INT. AXEL'S OFFICE - MORNING

AXEL

Hey Larry, it's going pretty good. How are you?

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

LARRY

Good to hear, good to hear. And I'm fantastic, thanks for asking. But hey, Axel, um, something came up and I was wondering if we'd be able to push back our dinner an hour or so, to around, say, 7:30?

AXEL

Oh, okay. Let me just double check my schedule real quick.

LARRY

(politely)

Oh sure, yeah, take your time! Take your time.

Cheryl overhears Larry using his fake voice. Skeptical, she quietly creeps her way over to listen in.

AXEL

Yeah... That should work. Yeah, 7:30 should work.

LARRY

Oh great! Perfect! Thank you, Axel, this helps me out tremendously! I'll be seeing you around sev--

INT. AXEL'S OFFICE - MORNING

AXEL

But if you don't mind me asking, Larry, why an hour later?

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Nervousness builds through Larry's veins. Searching for an excuse, he notices an ad in the newspaper for a children's charity race from 4-6.

AXEL (CONT'D)

Hello? Larry?

LARRY

(clearing his throat)

Um, I, um, do a lot of charity work in my free time and one of the charity organizations I volunteer at has a race today... Um, for the children. So I'll be, um, pretty, pretty, a, yeah, pretty busy this afternoon, helping out at the race.

There is a brief moment of silence. Larry nervously awaits for a response, any response.

AXEL

...WOW, just, wow, Larry. I am impressed. A public figure like yourself, doing this volunteer work with no media around, no money involved and just from the kindness of your heart. Wow, good for you, Larry. Kudos to you; I am impressed.

LARRY

(all cocky now)

Yeah, it's really not a big deal. Just something I like to do in my free time. You know, give back to the community and help out with the children.

In disbelief, Cheryl raises her hand and slaps Larry right on top of his head.

Startled, Larry jumps to his feet and paces.

AXEL

Wow, good for you, Larry. That is awesome. Oh and by the way, this time actually works a little better for me anyways!

LARRY

Haha, oh great! See, it's a win win for both of us!

AXEL

I have some meetings this afternoon and maybe if one gets done a little early, I could possibly stop by the charity event.

Larry's anxious eyes meet Cheryl's death glare. Larry glances away, then back at Cheryl, to find her still staring at him.

LARRY

Oh no, don't. God, please don't. You don't have to. I know you're a busy man and I don't want you to go out of your way to--

INT. AXEL'S OFFICE - MORNING

AXEL

No, Larry, it would be an honor. But that's only if I can get out of my meetings early.

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - MORNING

LARRY

(awkwardly laughing)

Haha haha. That's very kind, but you really don't have to.

AXEL

Well, I guess we'll see. Hey Larry, I gotta run. I'm looking forward to our dinner tonight. Have fun at the race! I'll be seeing you very soon. Good bye, Larry.

LARRY

Yes, I'll see you very soon... At dinner. But hey, thanks again for rescheduling, Axel. Buh bye!

He exhales.

CHERYL

Really, Larry? A kid's charity event? You use a kid's charity event as an excuse? God, you're disgusting.

LARRY

I couldn't think of anything! I saw an ad in the paper for the race, and obviously, I had to use it! I couldn't just sit on the line and not say anything or he'd think I was lying!

CHERYL

Which you are?

LARRY

Exactly!

CHERYL

(disgusted)

You're ridiculous, Larry.



LARRY

Oh yeah, because you're so perfect.  
What, you're telling me you've never  
fibbed before?

CHERYL

Yeah, of course I fibbed before;  
everyone has! I've never used an  
innocent children's charity event as  
an excuse.

LARRY

You haven't used it as an excuse  
because you never had the opportunity  
to use it as an excuse!

CHERYL

You know what, Larry? This is going to  
come back to haunt you.

LARRY

Aw, Boo-frickity-who.

CHERYL

You are going to have bad karma. Just  
watch, Larry, just watch.

Larry strolls to the door.

LARRY

Mhmm. Sure. Whatever you say. Just be  
ready around 7 when I get back from  
the class.

CHERYL

Wait, where are you going? Your class  
isn't for an hour and a half!

LARRY

I'm going to Jeff's to scoop some  
information about Axel and his company  
pre-dinner. Then I'll probably get  
some food before the class. Just be  
ready around 7.

CHERYL

Okay, Larry. But be cautious and remember I told you that bad things are coming your way.

LARRY

And remember I told you that if you grab any of my mail today, give it to me today!

Cheryl flips Larry off as he walks out the door.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - LATE MORNING

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Larry drives in his car.

Larry notices a children's hospital billboard.

Larry shakes his head.

Larry notices a Boy's and Girl's Club billboard.

Larry shakes his head.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS.

INT. JEFF'S HOUSE - MIDDAY

Without any hesitation, Larry lets himself right into JEFF'S house, as if it's his own. He is greeted by Jeff's wife, SUSIE. She is a straight-forward, entitled, bossy woman, in her early 40's, with an aggressive East Coast accent, who doesn't take shit from anyone... Especially men.

SUSIE

Are you kidding me, Larry?

(beat)

What the hell do you think you're doing?

LARRY

(actually concerned)

No, what? What did I do?

SUSIE

You think it's just okay to walk into someone's house without knocking? Where the hell are your manners?!

LARRY

Oh, come on: Are you kidding me,  
Susie? We've been friends for a long  
time; I would hope I'd be able to just  
walk into your house without it being  
some big ordeal... But clearly it is!

SUSIE

(staring into Larry's soul)  
You know what, Larry?

LARRY

No, what?

Susie whips the door open and grabs Larry by his shirt and  
forcibly moves him outside, like a mother scolding her child.

LARRY

Hey! What the hell do you think you're  
doing?!

SUSIE

You are going back outside and  
knocking like the polite, normal  
person I hope you are.

LARRY

This is ridiculous; you're treating me  
like a child!

With all her might, Susie slams the door right in Larry's  
face.

SUSIE

(on the other side of the door)  
That's because you are acting like  
one!  
(beat)  
NOW KNOCK!

In disbelief, Larry grunts with frustration and politely  
knocks on the door.

SUSIE

(very politely)  
Who is it?

LARRY

It's me: come on, now let me in!

SUSIE

Hmm, I don't know a "me"...

LARRY

It's me, Larry. Now can I please come in?

Susie slowly opens the door and greets Larry with a bright big smile as if she hasn't seen him in years.

SUSIE

Now was that so hard, Larry?

Slowly and calmly, Larry walks in, holding back all of his anger. Without acknowledging Susie, Larry struts past her and leaps on the couch, making himself at home.

SUSIE

Jeff! Your boyfriend is here!

Irritated, Larry peers back at Susie, but she has already made her way to the kitchen.

JEFF, Larry's jolly, overweight, ditzzy agent, lumbers downstairs, clueless.

JEFF

(loudly)

Hey! Larry! How's it going?

LARRY

Ehh, it could be better. But hey, what info do you have for me about Axel? I really want this dinner to go well.

JEFF

You'll be fine. Relax! But I do know that, depending on how the dinner goes, he may be asking you about writing for a new TV series. So think of it like an interview.

LARRY

Yeah, yeah, I know that. That's why this dinner has to go good! But I need information about him, you know. Things he likes to do. What his companies do.

JEFF

Well, I do know that he and all of his companies are big into charity events and volunteer work.

A beat. Larry's eyes get real big, as if he had just witnessed a murder.

LARRY

(under his breath)

Fuck!

JEFF

What, what is it?

LARRY

Shit!

JEFF

What, what did you do?

LARRY

Ahh, god. Well, I had to reschedule the dinner with Axel to an hour or so later.

JEFF

Yeah? And... What's the big deal?

LARRY

Well, I had to push the dinner back because I have to take this stupid mandatory traffic class for these damn traffic tickets.

JEFF

...Yeah, so?

LARRY

I didn't want to tell him I'd be late to our dinner because I have to take some dumb traffic class!

JEFF

Well, then what did you tell him?

Larry apprehensively paces.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Jesus, Larry, can you stop pacing and tell me what you told him?

LARRY

God, damn it! I couldn't come up with an excuse when he asked why I had to push back our dinner. So I used the first thing I saw, which happened to be a newspaper ad for this charity event today. And he told me if his meetings get done early, he'll stop by and check out the event. And now that you've mentioned he does a lot of charity work, I have a pretty good feeling he might stop by!

Silence. Jeff and Larry both put their heads down trying so desperately to think of a solution.

JEFF

Wait... What if I go to the event and stall or keep him company?

LARRY

Would he know who you are?

JEFF

I mean, I'd hope so. I'm the one who got this dinner for you in the first place.

Larry thinks. His hand raises to his chin, and then he slowly paces the room, once again. He raises an eyebrow, intrigued by Jeff's plan, then gives Jeff a 5-second death glare. Jeff, unsure, serves up an awkward child-like smile.

LARRY

Well... This is about the only solution we got.

Jeff nods his head and agrees.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Well, I guess this will work!

JEFF

Wait... Wait... What if he asks where you are?

In sync, they both put hand to chin and think.

LARRY

Hey, how about you just tell him I'm in the back of the race with the slow kids?

JEFF

Oh, smart, smart.

LARRY

Okay, we got the plan. Go to the race, talk to him, suck up to him a little, you know, and tell him I'm helping with slow kids.

JEFF

Race. Talk to him. Slow kids. Got it.

LARRY

Alright, perfect. I'm going to head out and get some food before this dumb class... I'm counting on you, Jeff!

JEFF

You can count on me, Larry!

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - MIDDAY

Finally at peace, Larry can relax and get a bite to eat.

CASHIER

Hello, sir, can I take your order?

LARRY

Yeah, a, gimme a number 9 and a side of cajun fries.

CASHIER

Okay, a number 9 with a side of cajun fries. Will that be all, sir?

LARRY

Yup, that should do it.

CASHIER

Okay, your total comes to \$8.84. Would you like to donate a dollar to the local children's hospital?

LARRY

Ehh, na, I'm good.

The cashier's eyes get wide as if he is offended. He shakes his head in disbelief and under his breath lets out a very quiet "wow".

Larry notices these strange facial expressions.

LARRY

Um, is there a problem?

CASHIER

Nope, no problem at all.

LARRY

Hmm. Okay. Then what was with that face you just made?

CASHIER

Hmm? There was no face.

LARRY

Ehhh, you definitely made a face.

CASHIER

Look, it's just a dollar and it's going to children in need. I think it's just a little odd and quite frankly, a little rude to not donate One. Single. Dollar.

Larry clenches both fist and jaw.

To make matters worse, a CUSTOMER in line behind Larry chimes in.

CUSTOMER

I mean, come on, man, he has a point: it is just a dollar, dawg.

Turning around, Larry glares.

LARRY

Hey dawg, why don't you mind your own business? You aren't even in this conversation.

Other customers in line begin to listen in.



LARRY (CONT'D)  
(to cashier and customer)  
Both of you need to mind your own  
business. What I do with MY money is  
neither of your concern!

LARRY (CONT'D)  
(speaking for everyone to hear)  
And besides, do we really know where  
the money goes? We just give the  
restaurant our money and it magically  
goes straight to the children's  
hospital? Hmm? For all we know, it  
could go straight to the restaurant.  
Hell, the cashier could be pocketing  
it?!

The customers in line gasp; all of their jaws drop in  
disbelief.

CUSTOMERS IN LINE  
You asshole! You greedy piece of shit!  
Get out of line!

Larry marches out of line, to avoid more issues with the  
nosey customers.

Back turned, Larry patiently waits for his food. He hears his  
number called and goes up. As he leaves with his food in his  
hands, he notices he has no ketchup for his cajun fries. He  
obnoxiously waves his hand, trying so desperately to snag a  
worker's attention, but he can not. He has no choice but to  
ask the cashier.

LARRY  
(interrupting someone's order)  
Pssst. Hey... Hello?

CASHIER  
Sir, I'm helping out a customer.  
You'll need to go to the back of the  
line and wait your turn.

LARRY  
No, no, all I need are some ketchup  
packets.

CUSTOMERS IN LINE  
Get to the back, punk! Go wait your  
turn!

LARRY

(speaking for everyone to hear)  
I'm not going to the back of the line  
and wait just to get some ketchup  
packets.

CASHIER

Sir, I'm going to need you calm down.

LARRY

Calm down? I am calm! I just want some  
damn ketchup!

Other customers react as if Larry is dangerous. A beat.

CUSTOMERS IN LINE

Get out of here! Nobody likes you!  
Leave the restaurant you bald asshole!

LARRY

(under his breath)  
Fuck this.

Larry -- Ketchupless and humiliated -- skulks away.

INT. CLASS - EARLY AFTERNOON

Fed up, Larry retreats into the classroom.

He notices all the strange and creepy-looking people sitting among him. He feels like a rose in a field of dandelions. He decides to sit in the back next to a normal-looking pregnant lady, CASSANDRA. She's a young, good-looking girl, with long blonde hair. She may not be bright, but she has been able to get by in life through her looks. She doesn't notice Larry sit down next to her because she's always in her own little world.

INSTRUCTOR

Welcome, class. I'll be your  
instructor for the next five hours.

Larry notices Cassandra pull out snacks, a container of food, a water bottle and some other drink. Already aggravated, Larry grows distracted with all the chewing and drinking sounds.

LARRY  
(whispering)  
Hey, pssst, come on now.

CASSANDRA  
(in the middle of chewing)  
Hmm?

LARRY  
(whispering)  
Shhh, can you keep the food noises  
down.  
(beat)  
And come on. Is all this food really  
necessary?

CASSANDRA  
Umm yeah, as a matter of fact it is...  
I'm pregnant and--

LARRY  
Clearly...

CASSANDRA  
Umm, what did you say?

LARRY  
Oh, nothing.

CASSANDRA  
Anyways, yes it is necessary because  
I'm on a very strict eating schedule  
for my child. I need to eat certain  
foods at certain times. I'm a caring  
mother and want my child to be as  
healthy as possible.

LARRY  
Well, technically, you aren't a mother  
yet...

CASSANDRA  
Excuse me?

LARRY  
Well, in order to be a mother, you  
have to have a baby, and it looks like  
you haven't had the baby yet.

CASSANDRA

Look, I am a mother and I care about my child's health. I'm going to eat my food when I want, where I want, so when my son or daughter is born, he or she is healthy. Okay? Now mind your own business, weirdo.

LARRY

Pshhh, whatever. Just keep down the obnoxious sounds, lady.

EXT. COURTYARD - LATER

On break, the class sits and relaxes. Larry sits back with his arms crossed, judging everyone. Some classmates smoke, but Larry notices Cassandra using an electronic cigarette. He smiles to himself and giggles a little. Larry strolls on over to where she is sitting with his back straight and head held high.

LARRY

Hey.

CASSANDRA

Ew. What do you want?

LARRY

I was just curious as to what's in your hand.

CASSANDRA

It's an electronic cigarette.

(beat)

What, grandpa: You've never seen one before?

LARRY

No, no, I have. But I was just wondering why a mother who is so concerned about her unborn child's health would be using one of these things that could in fact very much harm an unborn child.

CASSANDRA

It's an E-lec-tronic cigarette: it's water vapor, and FYI, it's way healthier than a regular cigarette.

LARRY

Mhmm. Oh yeah. Wayyy healthier. You're right: What do I know?

CASSANDRA

You know nothing. So why don't you go away and mind your own business?

She hits her electronic cigarette for an impressive 10 seconds and blows a cloud of smoke right into Larry's face.

LARRY

(coughing)

Keep smoking that and your baby will come out as smart as you.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Class is dismissed and everyone hustles to the parking lot. Larry and Cassandra lock eyes before getting into their cars. They hold a solid stare, as they both squint their eyes like they're having a face off in the Old West. Finally, both roll their eyes and get into their cars.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Relieved that the class is over, Larry lets out a loud sigh and proceeds to check his phone. There are 3 missed calls and a text message from Jeff. Frustrated, he calls Jeff without even reading the message.

LARRY

Come on! Come on! Pick up, tubby!

JEFF

Hey! Larry!

LARRY

Jeff! Oh thank god. I got your calls. What, what is it? Did you see Axel? Is he at the race?

JEFF

Yes! He got here like 15 minutes ago.

LARRY

Well, did you talk to him? What happened?

JEFF

Yeah, we talked. I introduced myself again. He asked where you were and I told him you were in the race helping with some kids and he said he's going to stay until you finish the race.

LARRY

Oh shit. Well, where is he now? Are you by him?

JEFF

No, no... I'm not.

LARRY

Well, where is he?! And where are you?

JEFF

He's by the finish line waiting. I'm kind of... Uhhh... Taking a deuce.

LARRY

Jesus Christ, Jeff, I don't want to know that?

JEFF

You asked!

LARRY

God, whatever. I'll be there in 10 minutes.

(beat)

Just please occupy him after your "deuce"... Ehh, god.

JEFF

You got it.

INT. THE RACE - EVENING

Quickly but cautiously, Larry weaves through the crowd trying to get to Axel and Jeff without being seen.

To look as if he was actually participating in the race, Larry purchases the events t-shirt and swiftly throws it on.

Larry inconspicuously makes his way into the race.

Running and cheering on the kids around him, Axel notices

Larry as he passes the finish line.

AXEL

Hey, Larry!

LARRY

Oh, get out of town! Axel, what the heck are you doing here?

AXEL

I got out of one of my meetings a little early and thought I'd come check out the race!

LARRY

Aw good! I appreciate you coming out! It really does mean a lot to me!

AXEL

Oh, absolutely. I admire your generosity and love for giving back to the community. It's truly, very impressive.

LARRY

Oh it's just a hobby of mine. And oh, Axel, I see you met my agent, Jeff.

AXEL

Why, yes! Jeff was just telling me how you've been doing charity work for years!

Larry glances over at Jeff with a slight smile. Jeff gives Larry a small nod and a subtle thumbs up below his waistline.

LARRY

Oh, yes! Years! I just do it for the children, you know?

AXEL

I would love to work with you and plan a charity event sometime.

LARRY

I would love tha--

AXEL

Since we will more than likely be working together already. Haha.

Jeff peers over at Larry with a slight smirk and head nod. Larry peers back, biting his lip and raising his eyebrows up and down.

LARRY

Haha, yes. Very likely!

AXEL

Hey fellas, I'm going to head home. This is truly amazing what you do here, Larry.

(Beat)

Jeff, it was a pleasure meeting you. Larry, I'll be seeing you in an hour.

JEFF

Yes, nice meeting you, too, Mr.Oberg.

(Very Quietly)

Again...

LARRY

Yes, sir. I'll see you later, Axel. Drive safely!

Axel struts towards his car. As soon as he's out of sight, Jeff and Larry high five and jump with joy like two little kids.

LARRY

Jeff! I owe you one!

JEFF

Ahh, stop it. Don't mention it.

LARRY

You really saved my ass there. Woooo! Thank god that shit is over. It should be smooth sailing from here.

JEFF

Smooth sailing, baby.

LARRY

Alright, Jeff, I'm going to head out. I gotta get home and get ready for this dinner.

JEFF

Go on, leave. I'll see you soon. Drive safe.



LARRY

Thanks again, Jeff, I owe you big time! I'll see you soon.

JEFF

Give 'em hell, Larry!

As happy as can be, Larry whistles with joy as he makes his way to his car.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Dressed in their most expensive gear, both Larry and Cheryl are ready to conquer this dinner.

LARRY

Alright, Cheryl... Please, please, please, be on your best behavior tonight.

CHERYL

Larry, I'm not a child and if anything, I should be telling you to be on your best behavior. You're literally the queen of embarrassing yourself.

LARRY

Me? How? Are you kidding? Ahh, whatever, this doesn't matter. Just please be kind, laugh at all of his jokes and compliment both of them, okay?

CHERYL

You've literally said this five times already... I KNOW! God, relax, you are so nervous.

LARRY

I just want this to go well, okay?

Cheryl can tell Larry is stressed out. She leans over and kisses him on the cheek, calming him down.

CHERYL

You'll be fine, okay? I promise.

LARRY

Alright, alright, I know. Thank you.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

A BLARING CAR ALARM fills the air, as Larry locks the car while him and Cheryl make their way towards the restaurant.

EXT. PROVIDENCE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Before entering the restaurant, Larry turn to Cheryl.

LARRY  
Let's do this.

INT. PROVIDENCE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Entering a crowded waiting area, Larry and Cheryl make their way to the hostess.

HOSTESS  
Hello, welcome to Providence. How may I help you?

LARRY  
Um, hello, I have a reservation under David.

HOSTESS  
Welcome, Mr. David! Right this way.

With a beautiful view of the city and a complimentary bottle of wine, Larry has been treated to the best seat in the house.

CHERYL  
Oh, wow! Larry, do you know how expensive this wine is?

LARRY  
Yes, shhh. We need to act like this is normal to us.

CHERYL  
Right. Right.

Taking full advantage of the wine, Cheryl pours herself and Larry a glass.

Fidgety and nervous, Larry is on the lookout for Axel.

Before he knows it, Axel is strolling on over.

LARRY

There he is! Okay, Cheryl, he is coming. Act. Natural.

With a great big smile, Larry stands up to greet Axel.

LARRY

Axel! How's it going?

AXEL

Larry, how we doing?

The two exchange a firm handshake.

LARRY

Axel, this is my beautiful wife, Cheryl!

Cheryl stands up and makes her way to Axel.

AXEL

Cheryl, I've heard many great things. It's a pleasure to finally meet you!

CHERYL

The pleasure is all mine, Mr. Oberg.

AXEL

Oh please, call me Axel!

They all sit.

LARRY

Axel, would you like a glass of wine?

AXEL

Oh, please. Thank you!

Larry passes the bottle to Axel.

CHERYL

Axel, will your wife be joining us this evening?

AXEL

Yes! She is in the restroom right now and should be out momentarily.

CHERYL

I'm looking forward to meeting her.  
(beat)

How long have you two been together?

AXEL

We've been together just about four years now.

Larry happily sits back, relaxes and sips on his wine.

Peering to his right, Larry notices a familiar-looking pregnant woman exiting the restroom.

With a bewildered look, Larry tries to figure out how he knows this woman.

As she gets closer, it finally hits Larry. With wide eyes and a dropped jaw, Larry rapidly bows his head, in attempt to shield his face.

AXEL

Oh, hunny there you are.

(standing up)

Larry, Cheryl, this is my wife, Cassandra.

CHERYL

It is so nice to meet you. You look beautiful. How many months in are you?

CASSANDRA

Thank you! And I'm six-and-a-half months in. Wait, six and three quarters, I think...

With an awkward smile, Larry raises his head.

Cassandra takes one look at him and her jaw drops.

CASSANDRA

Oh. My. God. Ew. This guy again, uhhhh. You have to be kidding me.

AXEL

(nervously/awkwardly laughing)

Ha. Ha. Umm. Do you two know each other?

CASSANDRA LARRY

Yes. No.

Silence fills the table.

LARRY

Haha, well, you know, I don't know  
know her. Haha.

CASSANDRA

He was the one constantly harassing me  
about the food I was eating.

LARRY

Well... No... You see--

AXEL

Why were you harassing my--

LARRY

Because... I, um--

AXEL

Larry! Why were you harassing my wife?

(beat)

Wait... When did this happen,  
Cassandra?

Clueless as to what the hell is going on, Cheryl sits back  
silently, with her arms crossed.

CASSANDRA

At my traffic class today.

AXEL

What time was that at?

CASSANDRA

1 to 6.

AXEL

But that's impossible... Larry was at  
the charity race!

(beat)

Were you at that traffic class today,  
Larry?

LARRY

Well... Yeah, I--

CASSANDRA

Yeah, he was there... Harassing me!

LARRY

I wasn't trying to harass you. I just  
saw that you had all this food and I

was just curious as to why you had so much. But then you told me it was for the health of your--

CASSANDRA  
The health of my unborn child.

LARRY  
...Yes, the health of you unborn child. Which I totally understand. But then I saw you smoking that electronic cigarette and I just was concerned and thought that I should say something.

Silence. Axel's eyes widen as he turns to Cassandra.

Cassandra begins to nervously turn to Axel.

AXEL  
Cassandra... You told me you quit!

CASSANDRA  
I did, I swear! It was just this once, because the class was stressful!

Larry turns to Cheryl and smirks, as he completely flipped the conversation around.

Cheryl doesn't acknowledge Larry, as she is too locked in.

AXEL  
Cassandra, you know how dangerous the doctor told us this could be for our baby!

CASSANDRA  
I know! I know! I'm sorry! I'll stop tomorrow!

AXEL  
No! You'll stop right now!

Axel turns to Larry.

AXEL  
Thank you for telling me this, Larry.

Larry nods his head.

LARRY  
You are very welcome.

AXEL

You see, Cassandra, Larry didn't do this to harass you. He did this for the safety of our unborn child! Larry works with kids and charity groups all the time; he was just looking out for you.

Cheryl shakes her head in disbelief that Larry is wriggling free.

AXEL

Wait, Larry, you went to that traffic class and still were able to make it to the charity event?

LARRY

Yeah, yeah, I did.

AXEL

My god, you are impressive.

LARRY

Oh stop it Axel! But yes, thank you!

With a kind smile, Larry turns to Cassandra.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Oh and Cassandra. I'm sorry if it felt as if I was harassing you or coming off rude. That's the last thing I want to do, especially to the wife of my dear friend, Axel.

Axel peers up at Cassandra and smiles.

CASSANDRA

Oh, okay. I guess it's alright. Thank you for the apology.

AXEL

You see, now we have a funny how-we-met story!

CHERYL

Haha, we sure do, Axel!

Larry turns to Cheryl with a smile. She looks at Larry, shaking her head. She can't help but smile.

CHERYL  
(under her breath)  
You are seriously unbelievable.

LARRY  
Thank you. I know.

AXEL  
Well, let's start over! Larry, Cheryl,  
this is my non-smoking wife,  
Cassandra!

The table shares a laugh and a conversation starts up.

Not long after, the waiter arrives to the table: it's the customer who was behind Larry at the fast food place.

WAITER  
Welcome to Providence, folks. I'll be  
taking care of you this evening. Our  
specials are...

Peering down at Larry, he stops.

WAITER  
Hey! It's you! You're the prick who  
wouldn't donate a dollar to the  
children's hospital!

Axel, Casandra and Cheryl turn to Larry, confused as to what he's talking about.

Larry slinks low and lets out a loud sigh.

FADE OUT.

THE END