



# Abbott And Costello Meet Larry David

by Dale Dobson

FLYMF April 2007, The Play Ball Issue, Volume 4 Issue 4

*SCENE: A hot late-summer night in the back alley behind the prestigious Fuggenheim Wax Museum. Sitting in a parked 1938 Ford are BUD ABBOTT and LOU COSTELLO. Bud is in a seersucker suit and hat, Lou is in a security guard's uniform.*

BUD: I'm tellin' ya, Lou, you've gotta keep your mind on your work. I had to pull a lotta strings with my pal in the Mayor's office to get you this job.

LOU: Don'tchoo worry 'bout dat, buddy boy! I'm gonna do a great job!

BUD: That's what you said the last time. Now there's a big charity shindig goin' on tonight, so you better be on your best behavior!

*A contemporary Lexus approaches rapidly and slams on its brakes too late, ramming the Ford from behind. LOU tumbles headfirst out of the half-open door onto the pavement. LARRY DAVID climbs out of the Lexus, stressed out and agitated as BUD emerges from the Ford.*

LARRY: Oh my gosh! Oh, my gosh! Are you all right? I am so sorry!

BUD: Oh, he's all right. What's your hurry, mac?

LARRY: I'm late, I'm really, really late. I've been driving around for two, three hours trying to find this place. My wife gave me bad directions.

*LOU staggers to his feet with a bloody nose.*

LOU: ABBOTT!

BUD: What's the matter?

LOU: I t'ink he broke my freakin' nose!

BUD: Hey! What are you trying to pull?

LARRY: I'm not trying to pull anything! It was an accident!

*LOU staggers around the alley, tripping over his own feet and nearly tumbling into a dumpster.*

LOU: Owwwwwww!

BUD: Look at him, he's blind!

LARRY: That's not my fault!

BUD: Not your fault? Then whose fault is it?

LARRY: Well, you shouldn't have been parked out here in the alley like that! Who parks in the alley with the lights off? Nobody does that! That's crazy!

BUD: What are you gonna do about it?

LARRY: Do about it? Why should I do anything about it?

BUD: Well, he's an injured man!

LARRY: I asked you if he was all right, and you said he was all right! You can't just, just take it back! That's not fair! If you had said he was hurt, then I could have, I would have done something about it, but you said he was all right!

*LOU wipes the blood off of his face with his shirttail.*

BUD: Well, you ought to at least give him a little money for his trouble!

LARRY: Money? He wants money?

LOU: Abbott?

BUD: We're over here!

LARRY: Look, I'm not giving him any fucking money! You said he was all right! And you were parked in the alleyway with the lights off!

*LOU decides he is on duty and holds the back door of the museum open for LARRY.*

LOU: A good evening to you, sir!

BUD: You don't have to be nice to him, Lou!

LOU: I gotta do a good job, ain't I?

LARRY: Look, look, I'm not going in, okay? Cheryl got sick and couldn't make it, so she just sent me with a dish for the fundraiser.

BUD: Look at him! His uniform's all stained!

LOU: As you wish, sir!

BUD: It's gonna cost him ten bucks just to get it cleaned!

LARRY: Look, look, okay? Okay? Look. Here's twenty bucks. Would you please take this dish inside for me? It's for the charity thing in there. I really don't want to go in.

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LOU: Always glad to be of service, sir! Where wouldjoo like it delivered?

LARRY: ... I don't know. I suppose there's a table or something in there. They've probably set up a, a table or something. Wouldn't you think?

*LOU takes the dish and enters the building. LARRY turns to BUD with a knowing look.*

LARRY: So did you hear that?

BUD: Hear what?

LARRY: Nothing. I just thought, you know, maybe you might have heard that.

BUD: What was I supposed to hear?

LARRY: Didn't you hear the way he asked me that?

BUD: Asked you what?

LARRY: "Would JEW"? "Where would JEW like it delivered?"

BUD: Look, buddy, I've had about enough of you and your fancy-pants...

*LOU emerges, looking agitated. Ambulance sirens can be heard in the distance.*

LOU: Oh, boy, oh, boy, oh, boy. There's some pretty sick people in there.

BUD: What did you do now?

LOU: All's I did was deliver the dish! Then people started eatin' it! And then they started gettin' sick!

BUD: All right, mac, what's going on here?

LARRY: What? Sick? People are... ?

BUD: Are you some kinda commie pinko terrorist goon, tryin' to get my buddy in trouble his first night on the job?

LARRY: I didn't do anything! It's just a plate of little tuna fish sandwiches!

BUD: You've been driving around Los Angeles in this heat with tuna fish sandwiches?

LARRY: Yeah! It took me forever to find this fucking place, this museum, and I, I didn't even want to come down here in the first place, and Cheryl told me I had to go because she already spent all

this money, and so, and now you're, you're what? Accusing me of poisoning people?

BUD: Don't you know that tuna fish has to be refrigerated?

LARRY: Tuna fish has to be refrigerated?

BUD: Of course, you idiot! Don't you know anything?

LARRY: Well, I, I don't know these things! I thought they did something to it!

BUD: Did something to it?

LARRY: Yeah! You know, to keep it from going bad? I think, maybe, they can do something with the mayonnaise? Don't they, don't they know how to do that?

LOU: ABBOTT!

*LOU and BUD rush to the aid of the paramedics, while LARRY looks after them in dismay.*

LARRY: I had bad directions!

*Cue theme music.*