

Seinfeld, The Movie

an original screenplay  
by Mark Gavagan

based on the "Seinfeld" television series  
by Larry David and Jerry Seinfeld

contact: Cole House Productions  
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BLACK SCREEN:

TEXT: "One year later ..."

TEXT FADES:

DEPUTY (O.S.)  
Well folks. You've paid your debt to  
society. Good luck and say out of  
trouble.

FADE IN:

EXT. LOWELL MASSACHUSETTS JAIL -- MORNING

ROLL CREDITS.

JERRY, GEORGE and ELAINE look impatient as they stand empty-handed, waiting for something. The DEPUTY walks back towards the jail building behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. LOWELL MASSACHUSETTS JAIL

KRAMER is surrounded by teary-eyed guards and inmates. They love him. He's carrying a metal cafeteria tray covered with signatures, as well as scores of cards, notes and letters.

Several in the crowd hug KRAMER.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOWELL MASSACHUSETTS JAIL

KRAMER stumbles as he walks up to GEORGE, ELAINE and JERRY.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN RURAL MASSACHUSETTS -- DAY

We see an ugly old school bus at a dead stop with the flashers on. "LARRY'S NYC BUS SERVICE" is painted sloppily on the side.

An extremely old man herds dozens of stubborn sheep across the road. He's moving at an impossibly slow pace.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD SCHOOL BUS

JERRY, GEORGE and ELAINE are sitting in bus's original kid-sized bench seats. They look bored and uncomfortable.

Cheerful KRAMER is in the front row chatting with the DRIVER and pointing at the animals outside.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY IN FRONT OF JERRY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

KRAMER & JERRY walk wearily towards their doors.

END CREDITS

KRAMER

Well, it's been a long road.

JERRY

All I wanna do is take a long hot shower and sleep in my own bed.

KRAMER

Ohhhhh yeah. I am gonna sack out.

JERRY pulls out his keys and begins unlocking various dead bolts.

Keyless KRAMER just turns the handle on his door and opens it. Bright lights are on and loud music is coming from inside. The music is actually a skipping record playing the same half-second clip over and over.

KRAMER walks in and shuts the door.

One second goes by and KRAMER's door reopens. KRAMER is somehow wearing just a towel.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

You got any food in there?

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT

We hear the sound of KRAMER's door shut. JERRY opens the front door and walks in. He's astonished. All the living room furniture stacked in a corner and NEWMAN is sound asleep in JERRY's bed, which has been moved to the center of the room.

JERRY

Newman!

NEWMAN springs-up screaming and holding the covers over himself.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

NEWMAN

My bed isn't as comfortable as yours.  
I didn't think you were getting sprung  
until next month.

JERRY

It's been an entire year.

NEWMAN

Already?

JERRY

Yes already. Now get out of here.

NEWMAN

Fine.

NEWMAN gets out of the bed while still holding the covers  
over himself.

JERRY

I believe those are my blankets you're  
pilfering.

NEWMAN

I'll return them shortly.

JERRY

Just leave 'em and get out.

NEWMAN

I can't.

JERRY

Why?

NEWMAN

If you must know, I sleep in the  
nude.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S COFFEE SHOP -- MORNING

JERRY, GEORGE and KRAMER are sitting in their regular booth  
looking at the menus. KRAMER is wearing a plain grey shirt.

JERRY

-so I had to go to a hotel.

GEORGE

Why didn't you just change the sheets?

JERRY

Have we met?

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

The only way I'd get near that bed is in one of those suits they wear for handling toxic waste.

GEORGE senses an opportunity.

GEORGE

So what are you gonna do?

JERRY

Well I have no intention of keeping-

KRAMER

I'll take it!

GEORGE

(upset)

Kramer! You've got to let him finish first.

KRAMER

You gotta be quicker.

GEORGE

That's not fair. You can't-

JERRY

Oh stop it. The bed's already gone anyway.

GEORGE

What'd you do with it?

JERRY

I sold the whole thing to Newman.

GEORGE

How much?

JERRY

Twelve dollars.

GEORGE

That's it? For the frame and headboard and everything?

JERRY

I had to get it out of there immediately. It was like having a corpse in the room.

GEORGE

So now you've gotta buy a whole new bed?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK OUTSIDE ELAINE'S BUILDING

A city bus pulls away from the curb leaving a cloud of diesel fumes just before ELAINE steps outside through her building's front door. She's beaming with excitement at her first day of freedom back in New York. She smiles, looks up into the sunlight, and takes a deep breath. She begins coughing violently.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRICE'S BED & MATTRESS STORE -- DAY

New York City storefront with huge windows facing the sidewalk.

JERRY, GEORGE & KRAMER walk through the entrance.

Camera pans one block up the street and we see ELAINE enjoying a pleasant stroll in our direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIDEO STORE SIDEWALK

ELAINE's movement slows as she's drawn into something in a video store's window.

CUT TO:

INT. PRICE'S BED & MATTRESS STORE

Rows and rows of display beds.

KRAMER

Get a waterbed.

JERRY

I'm not getting a waterbed.

KRAMER

Why not?

JERRY

I'll probably get seasick.

KRAMER

That's ridiculous.

SALESMAN (O.S.)

Well hello.

They all turn around, startled by the SALESMAN who looks, dresses and sounds exactly like the late Vincent Price.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

May I help you?

GEORGE  
(defensive)  
Just looking.

KRAMER  
We're not just looking.

KRAMER puts his hand on JERRY's shoulder

KRAMER (CONT'D)  
He needs to buy a bed.

GEORGE throws his arms in the air.

KRAMER (CONT'D)  
Probably a waterbed.

SALESMAN  
I'm sorry. We don't carry waterbeds  
anymore. People kept complaining  
about getting seasick.

JERRY  
(staring at Kramer)  
Is that so?

SALESMAN  
Yes it is.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIDEO STORE SIDEWALK

ELAINE is staring lustfully at scores of movie posters in  
the window of the video store advertising "GEORGE CLOONEY  
WEEK". Her cheeks are flushed as she wipes her brow.

CUT TO:

INT. PRICE'S BED & MATTRESS STORE

GEORGE and JERRY are looking at beds.

GEORGE  
Six thousand dollars? How could a  
mattress be worth six thousand  
dollars?

JERRY  
Come on.

GEORGE  
Right here, look.

JERRY looks at the price tag.

JERRY

Wow.

GEORGE

Tell me about it. I should be in the mattress business.

JERRY

I may not be getting anything until we get going on this pilot or something.

GEORGE

(confidently)

Don't worry I'll find a deal in here somewhere.

JERRY

I hope so.

GEORGE

You called NBC right? You said you called, so they know we're available.

JERRY

Yes, I called and left two messages.

GEORGE

Did you speak with a human?

JERRY

No George, they have trained chimpanzees answering the phones now.

GEORGE

I mean a person. Did an actual person write down your message?

JERRY

Yes, an actual person wrote down the message.

GEORGE

Both times?

JERRY

Yes, both times.

GEORGE

(gathering intensity)

Because voicemail isn't real. They can just delete it and it's gone. As soon as a message is on paper, it becomes a tangible and undeniable part of the universe!

JERRY rolls his eyes and walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIDEO STORE SIDEWALK

ELAINE hesitantly walks away from the George Clooney posters in the direction of PRICE'S BED & MATTRESS STORE.

CUT TO:

INT. PRICE'S BED & MATTRESS STORE

KRAMER is bouncing wildly on a bed near the storefront.

JERRY

Kramer, what are you doing?

KRAMER

Checking for quality.

KRAMER's bouncing becomes louder and more absurd.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

The bounce-back response is *very* important.

JERRY

You're gonna get us kicked out of here.

KRAMER

I may conceive my children on this bed.

JERRY

Right here in the store window?

KRAMER

I like to keep my options open.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRICE'S BED & MATTRESS STORE

ELAINE looks through the store window and recognizes KRAMER bouncing on the bed.

ELAINE taps on the window. KRAMER and JERRY wave for her to come into the building.

CUT TO:

INT. PRICE'S BED & MATTRESS STORE

ELAINE & GEORGE walk up to JERRY & KRAMER at the same time.

ELAINE

Hey.

JERRY

Hey.

KRAMER

What's a girl like you doing in a nice place like this?

ELAINE

Play your cards right and one of you boys just might find out.

KRAMER

(flirting)

Ooh-la-la.

GEORGE starts coughing violently at ELAINE's suggestion.

JERRY

Elaine, we spent an entire year in jail and we're all on edge right now. The mere suggestion of that sort of activity is dangerous.

KRAMER

I beg your pardon, but we're not *all* on edge.

JERRY

Do you mean-

KRAMER

That's right.

GEORGE

Already? How is that possible?

KRAMER

I'm Kramer.

JERRY's expression reads "well there you have it".

GEORGE

(frustrated)

Amazing.

KRAMER

You know, for a guy, the first time when you get out of the cooler is very important.

JERRY

Really?

KRAMER

Oh yeah. Probably the most important  
in a man's lifetime.

ELAINE

More than your very first time?

KRAMER

Oh, by far. The first time ever,  
you don't know what you're doing.  
You're a cauldron of hormones boiling  
over in a fumbling moment of  
ineptitude.

ELAINE

That's true.

GEORGE

Unfortunately.

JERRY

(reflectively)

Sometimes it's even less than a  
moment.

Everyone looks at JERRY.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Not in my *personal* experience, but  
I've heard stories.

Everyone looks awkwardly at one another.

ELAINE

So why is the first time for a *man*  
out of prison so important.

JERRY

Yeah. I'm curious about this.

GEORGE

I don't want to know.

GEORGE starts walking away and looks back.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'm not good with pressure.

(to Jerry)

Let's find you a bed and get out of  
here.

GEORGE walks off.

JERRY

In a minute.

ELAINE

So go on-

KRAMER

Well, of course a lot of women are attracted to a man who's been locked-up for an extended period.

ELAINE

(sarcastic)

Of course.

KRAMER

Because of the man's built-up sexual appetite over time while behind bars.

ELAINE

That's ridiculous.

KRAMER

It's called "Chained Heat" Elaine!  
It's a medical fact.

ELAINE

Sure it is.

KRAMER

(to Jerry)

Women are dying for the chance to deflower you and experience that raw animal intensity.

JERRY

Interesting.

KRAMER

Very interesting.

ELAINE

Can you move-on already? Why is the first time for a *man* out of prison so important?

KRAMER

Well, lots of women are attracted, but there's also a downside. That first time you're with a woman, that's the very best performance you'll ever give, for the rest of your life. If you can't get the job done in that chained-heat condition, how can you possibly function as a capable man to a woman? The world has no use for you. You're useless.

GEORGE (O.S.)  
(yelling)  
I knew it!

GEORGE comes rushing out from behind a display.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
I knew this was going to create an enormous amount of pressure for me.

JERRY  
Why did you listen then?

GEORGE  
I couldn't help it.

JERRY  
Just relax.

GEORGE  
I've never relaxed in my life. I practically sleep standing-up.

JERRY  
You'll be fine.

GEORGE  
No I won't be fine. In fact, with this kind of pressure, I'm done. It's over for me. I'll probably never have sex again. There, are you happy?

JERRY  
I'm indifferent, but I bet quite a few women out there are relieved.

GEORGE  
Just the thought of having sex with a woman is giving me heart palpitations.

JERRY  
That's always given you heart palpitations.

GEORGE  
This is different. If I somehow got into the situation, I'd have a coronary. I know it.

JERRY  
Oh stop worrying. You're getting all worked-up over nothing.

ELAINE  
He's right. I'm sure you'll be...

ELAINE studies GEORGE for a second.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Adequate.

GEORGE

Adequate? That's your reassuring comment to me?

JERRY

You'd better take what you can get.

GEORGE walks away muttering to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. PRICE'S BED & MATTRESS STORE

ELAINE, JERRY and KRAMER continue to search, sitting on different beds and looking at price tags.

ELAINE

So the first time after jail is only important for a *man*? Why not a woman?

JERRY

It's completely different.

ELAINE

Not completely.

KRAMER

Completely!

JERRY

For a woman there's no issue.

ELAINE

Why not?

JERRY

Market forces. No matter what a woman does or doesn't do, she has total control of supply and there's always a constant insatiable demand. It's a monopoly.

KRAMER

It's very disturbing.

GEORGE excitedly runs up to the group. He starts to say something, but stops and listens to ELAINE.

ELAINE

Women may hold the cards for sex, but not for love. That's the equalizer.

GEORGE is fascinated by ELAINE's insights.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

And for women, sex isn't usually an end in itself, for its own sake. It's part of this great crusade. Most women are really in a lifelong desperate search for someone to love them.

JERRY

Which explains why most women are crazy.

ELAINE

They're insane.

KRAMER

You've got that right.

Beat.

ELAINE

Not me though.

JERRY

Of course not.

ELAINE

It's true. I've always shared the male psychology on this.

JERRY

(sarcastic)

Don't you believe in love Elaine?

ELAINE

Oh come on. It's a racket.

Upon hearing this, KRAMER looks away shaking his head.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

(blasé)

Love is something people convince themselves of when they get tired of the city but can't afford a house in the suburbs alone.

KRAMER

You've got a lot to learn about life missy.

ELAINE

Kramer, don't take this the wrong way, but SHUT UP! I'm not in the mood.

Moment of silence.

JERRY

So what were you so excited about  
Georgie-Boy?

GEORGE

Oh, right. I've *got* it Jerry. The  
best mattress deal in New York.

JERRY

You amaze me.

GEORGE snorts.

GEORGE

Frankly, I amaze myself sometimes.  
Not in terms of a career or success  
with women, but I can find a bargain.

KRAMER

You're like a bloodhound.

JERRY

Let's see what you've got, old boy.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK ROOM IN PRICE'S STORE

GEORGE proudly displays "The Custom Kiddie Cruiser" child-sized mattress, on "final clearance sale" for \$38, to JERRY, ELAINE and KRAMER.

JERRY

You're kidding me.

GEORGE

I am absolutely serious.

ELAINE

It's a children's mattress.

GEORGE

It's thirty-eight dollars.

ELAINE

It's still a children's mattress.

GEORGE

It's a temporary solution. He's  
only gonna have it a few weeks.  
Once our pilot gets on track he'll  
go out and get himself a really nice  
bed.

JERRY

What about a box spring?

GEORGE

Don't waste your money. Put this right on the floor. You'll be fine. It'll be like you're camping.

JERRY

I don't know.

KRAMER

What if Jerry should have the occasion of a female guest.

GEORGE

They can go to her place.

ELAINE

Unless she's really short, in which case you'd be all set.

CUT TO:

INT. PRICE'S BED & MATTRESS STORE -- CHECKOUT COUNTER

JERRY and the SALESMAN are completing the sale transaction. KRAMER eavesdrops from a few steps away.

JERRY

A hundred dollars for delivery? I'm four blocks away.

SALESMAN

I'm afraid that's our policy.

JERRY

But it's a thirty dollar mattress. Doesn't that seem out of proportion?

SALESMAN

(pleasant but unfazed)  
Yes, it does.

Silence as they look at one another. JERRY realizes he won't win.

JERRY

(quietly)  
What a rip-off.

JERRY begins writing a check.

KRAMER

Whoa. What are you doing?

JERRY  
What does it look like?

KRAMER  
You're gonna pay that delivery fee?

JERRY  
I guess so.

KRAMER  
What's wrong with you? Carry it yourself.

JERRY  
It's embarrassing. Everyone staring at me as I haul this thing through the streets.

KRAMER  
I'll do it.

JERRY  
No. You don't have to-

KRAMER  
I'll carry it.

JERRY  
Maybe I'll-

KRAMER  
What's the big deal? Go out with George and Elaine. When you get back to your apartment this bad boy will be right there waiting for you.

JERRY  
Are you sure?

KRAMER  
Positive. Save the hundred bucks.

JERRY  
Well thank you very much. That's great.

KRAMER  
(bowing)  
At your service.

KRAMER scoops the mattress up over his head and moves towards the store entrance.

KRAMER looks back to flash JERRY the thumbs-up sign and the mattress knocks over an advertising display.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRICE'S BED & MATTRESS STORE

GEORGE ELAINE and JERRY exit the store and head in the direction ELAINE came from.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIDEO STORE SIDEWALK

GEORGE ELAINE and JERRY stroll casually.

GEORGE  
 ...I mean, at least in jail I had an  
 excuse for not dating.

ELAINE's movement slows as she's drawn into the Clooney posters in the video store's window again.

ELAINE  
 Hold on a second.

ELAINE studies the movie posters, obviously getting worked-up. GEORGE and JERRY recognize what's going on.

ELAINE focuses lustfully on *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* - This specific Clooney image sparks an idea. ELAINE hesitates, but finally breaks down and makes a call on her huge outdated cell phone.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
 (sultry voice)  
 Hello Puddy, it's Elaine

GEORGE and JERRY look at one another with raised eyebrows.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
 (annoyed)  
 Benes ... Elaine Benes.

*Beat.*

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
 (sultry again)  
 So ... what's goin' on?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK

KRAMER awkwardly carries the mattress on his head as people are forced to duck and dodge to avoid him.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIDEO STORE SIDEWALK

ELAINE  
(screaming)  
Hey pal, we are *both* going to hell!

ELAINE hangs up the phone, puts her head in her hands and starts sobbing uncontrollably.

GEORGE & JERRY are stunned and extremely uncomfortable. They look at one another having no idea what to do.

*Beat.*

ELAINE is suddenly composed as she looks up at them a bit too upbeat and smiling.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Gotcha!

GEORGE and JERRY are relieved, yet still off-balance.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Talk about an Oscar-winning performance.  
Yeah. That was pretty good.  
JERRY & GEORGE look at each other.

JERRY  
GEORGE  
You had me fooled.

ELAINE starts walking and stealthily wipes her eye.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM -- LATER

JERRY and KRAMER are setting down the new mattress.

JERRY  
It was strange. I'm not sure, but she really did seem genuinely upset for a moment.

KRAMER  
Oh come on. Elaine? She's pulling your leg.

JERRY  
You think?

KRAMER  
She was acting.

JERRY  
You're probably right.

KRAMER  
Of course I am.

They stand back and look at the ridiculously small mattress.

JERRY  
And there you have it - the Custom  
Kiddie Cruiser.

They continue staring at the mattress.

KRAMER  
You're gonna feel like a giant in  
there.

They continue staring at the mattress in silence.

KRAMER (CONT'D)  
Because it's so small and-

JERRY  
Yes. I get get what you mean.

JERRY moves towards the doorway.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Well ... thank you very much again.  
I appreciate the favor.

KRAMER  
No problem.

KRAMER doesn't get the hint to leave. He keeps staring ponderously at the mattress. Behind him, JERRY silently acts out his impatience at being trapped in the situation.

Finally, KRAMER turns and starts looking around the rest of the room. JERRY steps aside, making an obvious path for KRAMER to leave the room, but he doesn't take it.

KRAMER (CONT'D)  
You know what you should really put  
in here?

JERRY  
What?

KRAMER  
Bunk beds.

JERRY  
That is a very practical idea for a  
single guy.

JERRY begins ushering KRAMER out of the room.

KRAMER

This room is *begging* for bunk beds.  
Y'know, like we had in jail.

JERRY

I think that's all the time we have  
today.

JERRY accelerates the pace of KRAMER's exit.

KRAMER

It'd be great.

Finally near the room's exit, KRAMER turns his head back.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

We could have sleep-overs.

JERRY shoves him through the doorway.

EXT. MONK'S DINER -- DAY

GEORGE walks towards the entrance to Monk's and looks upward  
at the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER

A WAITRESS walks by.

KRAMER

Excuse me, do you have *powdered* eggs?

WAITRESS

Sorry, just regular eggs.

KRAMER

That's what I was afraid of. Thanks.

JERRY and GEORGE look at each other curiously.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

Ah, you know what? I'm gonna get  
going.

KRAMER heads for the door as ELAINE walks in.

ELAINE

Hey Kramer.

KRAMER

(dismissive)  
Yo baby.

ELAINE looks back curiously at KRAMER as he leaves. She  
walks over to the booth and remains standing.

ELAINE  
What's with him?

JERRY  
We've been wondering that for years.

GEORGE  
Did anyone notice it looks like it  
might rain?

ELAINE  
Ugh. It's impossible to get a cab  
in the rain.

GEORGE  
Tell me about it.

ELAINE  
I should just go. I'll probably be  
late otherwise.

ELAINE sits down, takes off her coat and looks at a menu.

JERRY  
(to Elaine)  
So how's it feel being back in the  
work force?

ELAINE  
I need a vacation.

JERRY  
Did they give you a hard time for  
being in jail?

ELAINE  
Not at all. In fact, Peterman thinks  
the whole prison experience is a  
fresh angle on the catalog.

JERRY  
Really?

ELAINE  
Yeah. He might even set-up a whole  
separate business just to focus on  
it.

JERRY  
I will never understand what goes on  
over there.

ELAINE  
Believe me, you're not the only one.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONK'S DINER -- LATER

It's pouring rain and ELAINE is beneath an awning. She's obviously frustrated in her hopeless search for a cab. GEORGE and JERRY walk out of Monk's and next to ELAINE and stare at the rain.

JERRY

Wow!

ELAINE becomes more annoyed, but JERRY doesn't notice.

JERRY (CONT'D)

It's like a monsoon!

ELAINE tries to ignore him. We see GEORGE and ELAINE observe an off-duty cab drive by.

JERRY (CONT'D)

(oblivious)

I don't think I've ever seen this much rain before.

GEORGE senses ELAINE's growing frustration and tries to neutralize it.

GEORGE

(innocently)

No luck getting a cab, huh?

ELAINE's evil glare fills GEORGE with regret as JERRY suddenly becomes aware of the situation.

ELAINE

What gives you that impression?

JERRY & GEORGE are terrified as they nervously inch away from ELAINE.

GEORGE

Maybe we should-

JERRY

Go back inside-

GEORGE

So you can focus on-

JERRY

Getting a cab-

GEORGE

In all this rain

JERRY & GEORGE bolt into Monk's.

CUT TO:

INT. HARDWARE STORE

KRAMER is soaking wet. He's at the counter holding several three foot long thin metal bars and directing the CASHIER towards a can of paint.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONK'S DINER

ELAINE is still beneath the awning hopelessly searching for a cab. A man with an umbrella is a bit farther down the street trying to hail a cab for himself. He's wearing a dark suit and looks very much like JFK Jr.

ELAINE spots an approaching unoccupied cab and runs out to catch it. She's in time, but it passes right by, splashing her with water. It stops for the man who was in the street.

ELAINE looks fed-up as the man opens the cab door. Just as he's stepping-in, he notices ELAINE. He calls to her and motions for her to take his cab.

ELAINE lights up, but demurs. He insists. Leaving the door open, he meets ELAINE halfway and covers her with his umbrella as they move towards the cab. ELAINE thanks him as he holds the door for her and then closes it.

ELAINE opens the door, invites him to share the cab. He accepts and climbs in.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

JERRY speaks into the intercom and holds the buzzer.

JERRY

C'mon up.

JERRY unlocks the door, opens the refrigerator and stares into it blankly.

As JERRY closes the refrigerator, the bathroom door opens and GEORGE walks out.

GEORGE

You know something? Your towels are exceptionally soft and fluffy.

JERRY

You know something else? I don't think most men have these discussions.

Front door opens and ELAINE walks in aristocratically. She's carrying an expensive shopping bag in one hand and a coat draped over her shoulder in the other.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What's with you?

ELAINE struts silently for a beat on a path between JERRY and GEORGE.

ELAINE

I-

ELAINE simultaneously tosses her shopping bag to GEORGE and her coat to JERRY as if they're her servants.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Have found-

GEORGE and JERRY give one another a look as ELAINE flops into the armchair. With cool confidence she puts her feet up on the coffee table and her hands behind her head.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

The *one*.

GEORGE

The *one*?

JERRY

Really?

GEORGE

What *one*?

ELAINE jumps up, unable to contain herself.

ELAINE

*The one. The guy. Ugh. He's amazing. He's handsome, he's sophisticated, friendly.*

JERRY

But...

ELAINE

(tongue-in-cheek)

That's good too.

GEORGE enjoys this.

JERRY

Oh stop it. Let's not be juvenile. This Mr. Wonderful is all of these things *except*...

ELAINE

Except nothing. I've finally found him - the breed standard.

JERRY hangs ELAINE's coat as he absentmindedly locks the front door.

GEORGE  
Does he live at home?

ELAINE  
Owns a co-op.

GEORGE  
Upper East Side?

ELAINE  
Lincoln Center.

JERRY  
Studio?

ELAINE  
Two bedroom.

GEORGE  
Hair?

ELAINE  
Thick and lustrous. Like the mane  
of a thoroughbred.

JERRY  
When have you ever seen a  
thoroughbred?

ELAINE  
I've seen 'em.

GEORGE  
How do you know what you saw was  
specifically a thoroughbred?

ELAINE  
Well it wasn't a tall dog. I think  
I'd know.

JERRY  
Orientation?

ELAINE  
Heterosexual. I've been down the  
other road before and it didn't turn  
out well.

JERRY  
I should say not.

GEORGE  
No, it didn't go well.

Beat of awkward silence.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
What about occupation?

ELAINE  
Ladies and gentlemen, we have our  
grand prize winner!

Beat.

JERRY  
No way.

ELAINE  
Yes indeed sir.

GEORGE  
What?

JERRY  
You know... Elaine's idea of a man's  
perfect occupation.

GEORGE  
An architect?

ELAINE  
No. Not an architect you boob.  
He's a doctor. An M.D. An actual  
real life, legitimate, board-certified  
practicing physician.

JERRY  
What do they call it "practicing"?

GEORGE  
I've never understood that.

JERRY  
For the money they charge-

ELAINE  
(aggravated)  
Alright!

ELAINE grabs her coat and shopping bag.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Forget it!

ELAINE tries to open the front door but it wont move. She  
begins to yank furiously.

JERRY  
You've got to turn the-

ELAINE gives JERRY a harsh look.

ELAINE

I think I can figure out how to open  
the stupid door.

ELAINE faces the door and gathers herself as GEORGE and JERRY share a look acknowledging the opportunity for a wisecrack but knowing not to say anything.

ELAINE calmly turns the knob, opens the door, and looks back.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I ought to have my head examined for  
even mentioning this to you two,  
especially when you have such  
important matters of the universe to  
contemplate like cereal and the thread-  
count in Superman's cape.

She walks out and slams the door shut.

Beat.

GEORGE

It's gotta be over 400 threads per  
square inch.

JERRY

But the *fabric* is what's important.

GEORGE

I disagree-

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK -- LATER

JERRY and GEORGE are walking as GEORGE scratches the inside of his ear.

GEORGE

It really bugs me that it's taking  
this long for them to get back to  
us.

JERRY

Who? NBC?

GEORGE

Of course NBC. Other than my parents,  
who else but NBC would have any valid  
reason for contacting me?

JERRY

And if you think about it, even your  
parents are questionable.

GEORGE  
They certainly are.

GEORGE motions for JERRY to stop walking and heads for a bank of pay phones.

JERRY  
What are you doing?

GEORGE  
I feel lucky.

GEORGE searches for change in the return slots of the pay phones while again scratching inside his ear with his elbow above his shoulder as he leans forward.

JERRY  
Do you realize you look like some kind of an alien drawing food from those phones?

GEORGE stops both activities and walks towards JERRY

GEORGE  
Oh stop it.

GEORGE looks out of the corner of his eye, zips over to the last phone, finds no change, then returns next to JERRY.

GEORGE starts scratching inside his ear again.

JERRY  
What's with your finger in your ear anyway? Just put your hands in your pockets like everyone else.

GEORGE  
I have an itch but I can't get to it.

JERRY  
Do you want a coat hanger or something?

GEORGE  
Is everything a joke with you?

JERRY  
I'm a comedian.

GEORGE  
Save it for the pilot.

BEAT.

JERRY

You know my car's still parked in  
NBC's garage?

GEORGE

What?

JERRY

It's in the parking garage near  
Rockefeller Center.

GEORGE

You mean it's been there for over a  
year?

JERRY

Yeah. Remember we had that meeting  
right before the trip? I drove us  
over with our luggage and the limo  
picked us up on the way to the  
airport.

GEORGE

That's right.

JERRY

Well there you go.

GEORGE

How are you gonna get it back?

JERRY

I still have the ticket.

GEORGE

It's been over a year.

JERRY

I assume they'll validate it at NBC.

GEORGE

You assume?

JERRY

Why not? They've validated my parking  
tickets before and it's there on  
business with their company.

GEORGE

For your sake let's hope so. That's  
gonna be a fifteen thousand dollar  
parking bill.

JERRY  
(gravely)  
Oh no.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- EVENING

ELAINE looks great in a distinctive outfit with her hair down as she checks her watch and hurries into her building.

CUT TO:

INT. ELAINE'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

ELAINE is rushing around the room and tearing through her wardrobe. Scores of dresses and shoes strewn about the room.

CUT TO:

INT. ELAINE'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

ELAINE's wearing a different dress with her hair pinned-up as she looks in the mirror trying to decide.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- MOMENTS LATER

ELAINE rushes outside, hails a cab, and checks her watch. She's wearing the same outfit and hairstyle as when she entered the building.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET OUTSIDE RESTAURANT -- MOMENTS LATER

A cab screeches to a halt. ELAINE bolts out the door, throws cash through the driver's window, and sprints towards the restaurant revolving door.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS

ELAINE looks very relaxed and collected as she emerges from the revolving doors into the lobby of this nice restaurant.

CLARK, the same man who surrendered the cab in the rain, is nicely dressed, including an unpatterned jacket and dress shirt. He's contentedly flipping through a J.Peterman catalogue.

ELAINE  
Hi Clark. Sorry I'm a few minutes late.

CLARK sees ELAINE and lights-up.

CLARK

Elaine.

He gives a quick-but-warm hug.

CLARK (CONT'D)

You look great.

ELAINE

This? It's just what I had on at work.

CLARK

It's *very* becoming.

CLARK deftly and elegantly spins her around one time, then pecks a kiss on her cheek. They're having fun.

CLARK (CONT'D)

So how are you?

ELAINE begins talking while they walk towards the dining area. He's engrossed listening to her.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY IN FRONT OF JERRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

We see an extension cord coming from underneath JERRY's door heading underneath KRAMER's door. We hear construction sounds from within KRAMER's apartment (hammering, power drill, etc.).

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

We hear the same muffled sounds of work going on in KRAMER's apartment. It's dark except for a small Superman night light plugged into the wall.

JERRY looks ridiculous on the child-sized mattress. He's having a hard time sleeping because of the racket in KRAMER's apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- MORNING

GEORGE, JERRY & KRAMER look through the menus in their regular booth. JERRY looks tired.

JERRY

(to Kramer)

What was all that noise in your apartment last night?

KRAMER

Nothing.

JERRY

Nothing? It sounded like a construction site.

KRAMER

Oh that? ... No, that was just my new electric toothbrush.

JERRY

Really?

KRAMER

Oh yeah. I'm fighting back against tarter. It's war.

JERRY

Whatever.

They all continue looking through the menus.

GEORGE

How do you think the chickens feel about having their eggs taken?

JERRY

Here we go.

KRAMER

No, George is right. That's a serious question.

GEORGE

Thank you.

KRAMER

Is there an emotional attachment between the chicken and each egg?

JERRY

And if so, which came first?

KRAMER

It has bearing on our whole society Jerry. If they do have an emotional bond, then reaching in under their little chicken butts and yanking the eggs out to eat them is barbaric.

JERRY

I can't believe we're having this discussion.

ELAINE walks up to the table.

KRAMER  
It's unconscionable.

ELAINE  
What's unconscionable?

KRAMER  
Well, if there's-

GEORGE  
Kramer suggests-

ELAINE raises her arms and halts the responses.

ELAINE  
You know what? On second thought,  
I'm pretty sure I'm not interested.

ELAINE sits just as the WAITRESS sets a cup of coffee down  
in front of GEORGE.

ELAINE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
(to WAITRESS)  
Could we get another coffee over  
here please?

ELAINE grabs GEORGE's coffee and starts drinking it.

GEORGE  
(indignant)  
Excuse me.

ELAINE  
What?

GEORGE  
I was drinking that.

ELAINE  
No. You weren't drinking it. You  
were *going* to drink it.

JERRY & KRAMER are enjoying the exchange.

GEORGE  
Regardless.

ELAINE  
You're too slow.

GEORGE  
I'm slow because I need the caffeine.

ELAINE  
You're slow because you're a slow  
guy.

Beat.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Besides-

WAITRESS puts another coffee in front of GEORGE.

ELAINE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

The issue's resolved.

GEORGE

No it's not resolved. Just because-

ELAINE

George, do you honestly have anything better to do today, or any other day for that matter, than sit in this booth and wait thirty extra seconds for a cup of coffee?

GEORGE searches for a response.

GEORGE

(defeated)

No.

JERRY

Well, I'd say the issue's resolved now.

ELAINE makes a "cheers" motion with her coffee and sips it.

KRAMER

Oh Elaine. I almost forgot. Congratulations on the One.

ELAINE

Thank you Kramer. We had a wonderful date last night.

KRAMER

Oh baby.

JERRY

Ah yes, the One. Flowers are blooming, birds are singing, and love is in the air.

ELAINE

Whoa whoa whoa. *Love* is not in the air.

JERRY

You seem smitten.

ELAINE

I am smitten.

GEORGE  
Smitten's a great word.

KRAMER  
I'm smitten all the time.

ELAINE  
But smitten's not love. It's just  
the brand-newness of it all. He's  
new. I'm new. We're new to each  
other, that's all.

JERRY  
Who knew?

ELAINE  
So what about you guys? Anything in  
the dating department?

GEORGE  
(sarcastic)  
Yeah. I can't keep 'em away. I'm  
gonna have to hire a security guard.

Upon hearing the words "security guard", everyone else is  
amused but we see KRAMER pause as an idea occurs to him.

KRAMER  
(distracted)  
You know what? I'll see ya later.

KRAMER heads for the front door. The others exchange "that  
was weird" looks.

ELAINE  
Gerald?

JERRY  
What?

ELAINE  
Anything in the dating department?

JERRY  
Actually, I've been out with this  
girl Sandra a few times.

ELAINE  
Really?

JERRY  
It's nothing serious. She's not-

JERRY looks at GEORGE

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 (sarcastic)  
*The One.*

GEORGE makes a "cheers" motion with his coffee.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK -- MOMENTS LATER

KRAMER is walking briskly when he comes upon a postman.

KRAMER  
 Hey buddy. Have you seen Newman  
 around?

POSTMAN  
 He called-in sick today.

KRAMER  
 Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY IN FRONT OF NEWMAN'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

KRAMER knocks. NEWMAN opens the door dressed in like a Revolutionary War soldier and holding a giant serving of cotton candy.

KRAMER  
 Can we talk for a minute?

NEWMAN  
 Come on in.

NEWMAN steps aside and KRAMER enters the apartment. NEWMAN checks for anyone else in the hallway, then closes the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK OUTSIDE CLARK'S BUILDING -- EVENING

CLARK has his arm around ELAINE's shoulders as they turn from the sidewalk into the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY IN CLARK'S BUILDING -- LATER

CLARK and ELAINE arrive at CLARK's door.

ELAINE  
 I can't wait to see your apartment.

CLARK  
I hope you like it. I feel like it  
truly reflects who I am as a person.

ELAINE  
In that case-

She kisses him.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
I know I will.

CLARK begins unlocking the door

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
How long did you say you've lived  
here?

CLARK  
Four years.

CLARK turns the door handle.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARK'S LIVING ROOM

CLARK and ELAINE are standing in the center of the room.  
Every surface is white and there's no furniture or decoration  
whatsoever.

ELAINE  
Well, this is ... homey.

CLARK  
You hate it.

ELAINE  
No I don't.

CLARK  
Yes you do. I can tell.

ELAINE  
I don't hate it. It's ... oh, what's  
the word ... it's very ...

CLARK  
White?

ELAINE  
Exactly. It's very white.

CLARK  
Too white?

ELAINE  
It's like being inside a giant empty  
Chinese food container.

CLARK  
Oh.

ELAINE  
Where's all your stuff?

CLARK  
What stuff?

ELAINE  
You know, books, maybe a table or a  
couch. And these completely bare  
walls-

CLARK puts both hands on ELAINE's shoulders and looks  
intensely at her for a bit too long.

CLARK  
Elaine, I'm a minimalist.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

GEORGE and JERRY are watching television. We hear one knock  
and ELAINE walks in.

JERRY  
Hey Elaine.

GEORGE  
(warmly)  
What a nice-

Door slams shut loudly.

ELAINE  
Clark's a minimalist.

JERRY  
Really?

ELAINE  
That's right.

JERRY  
So all you've got to do now is date  
a cannibal and you'll have completed  
the entire circuit.

ELAINE  
(sarcastic)  
Oh Jerome, you're so witty.

JERRY  
What exactly is minimalism anyway?

GEORGE  
I was just reading about minimalism.  
It's very interesting-

JERRY  
You were reading?

GEORGE  
I read.

JERRY  
Since when?

GEORGE  
You don't know everything about me.  
There are many aspects of George  
Costanza you have no idea about.

JERRY  
Wait a minute. Were you reading a  
*book* George?

GEORGE looks very uncomfortable.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Was it an actual book? Did you start  
at the beginning and read it all the  
way through to-

GEORGE  
(yelling)  
No. Are you happy? No, it was not  
a book.

JERRY  
(exuberant)  
Ah-ha!

GEORGE looks defeated.

GEORGE  
I found a Guggenheim brochure on the  
bus and brought it into the bathroom.

JERRY  
I do know everything about you.

GEORGE  
Oh like you're-

ELAINE  
Hello?

ELAINE snaps her fingers several times.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Let's focus. We're talkin' about my guy here.

GEORGE

As I was saying...

GEORGE pulls a brochure out of his pocket and begins reading.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Minimalism emerged as an art movement in the 1950's thriving on simplicity in both content and form, seeking to eliminate any sign of personal expression-

JERRY

Interesting.

ELAINE

He's an interesting guy.

JERRY

So a cornerstone of this man's existence is based on his having no signs of personal expression whatsoever?

GEORGE

(reading)

"Everything is stripped-down and reduced to its essential form, allowing a more intense experience without any distractions."

JERRY

Now that last part reads like a pretty steamy personal ad Elaine.

Something huge occurs to GEORGE.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Are you sure this guy has honorable intentions?

ELAINE

I hope not.

JERRY

Why you little tart.

GEORGE

I've gotta go.

ELAINE looks at her watch as GEORGE heads for the front door.

ELAINE

Hey me too. Wait up and we'll share a cab.

GEORGE

I can't. This is very important. I need time to focus and think. It could change my whole life.

ELAINE

I'll pay for the cab George.

GEORGE considers the offer. He's torn.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

And the tip.

GEORGE

Alright.

GEORGE and ELAINE leave.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

GEORGE & JERRY are sitting in their regular booth. We see KRAMER walk out of the bathroom towards them.

GEORGE

I can't believe you with the reading comments.

JERRY

What, in the apartment yesterday?

GEORGE

Yes. Like you're this big reader-

JERRY

No, I'm not saying that. However unlike you, I haven't relegated reading exclusively to rooms with ceramic bowls.

KRAMER sits down.

GEORGE

What am I supposed to do to pass the time when using the bathroom in that way?

KRAMER

I'll tell you what I do.

JERRY

We are not having this discussion.

JERRY rushes to escape out the front door.

KRAMER

I exercise.

Too late, JERRY heard KRAMER's comment. JERRY turns around and returns to his seat.

GEORGE

You exercise?

KRAMER

Of course. How do you think I got this body?

JERRY

Lord knows.

GEORGE

What kind of exercise?

KRAMER

The iron cross.

GEORGE

The iron cross? As in the gymnastics maneuver on the rings?

KRAMER

Slightly modified, but that's the one.

KRAMER pulls a vacant chair over to in front of the booth and sits in it.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

Eyes front, back straight, arms outstretched at ninety degrees away from the body. Next, and this is the key component, extend the legs forward perpendicular to the vertical plane, and hold it.

KRAMER positions his body in this deliberate way.

GEORGE

Is there some sort of dismount involved?

KRAMER accidentally tips over sideways and clumsily recovers.

JERRY

Nice try, but I don't believe it.

KRAMER

Why not?

JERRY

I've seen your bathroom. You've got long arms and it's way too narrow. You'd never fit like that.

KRAMER

Not so my friend. One arm goes through the shower curtain and has free reign in the tub area.

JERRY

That side's not the problem.

KRAMER

The other one goes right out the window.

JERRY

So let me get this right. When engaging in that bathroom activity, you exercise by holding the iron cross gymnastics position with one hand stuck out an open window?

KRAMER

You got it right.

JERRY

Even if this were true, wouldn't your hand freeze in wintertime?

KRAMER

It used to.

JERRY

Until?

KRAMER

May I present-

KRAMER pulls a white tissue object out of his coat pocket.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

The T.P. Glove. It's a glove made out of toilet paper.

KRAMER puts the glove on and admires it.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

Dual purpose, no waiting.

GEORGE

I feel a lot better about my reading.

JERRY

This is just unbelievable. It gets gets more and more-

KRAMER

Jerry

KRAMER reassuringly grabs JERRY's shoulder with the toilet paper-gloved hand.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

It's gonna be alright.

JERRY stares at his shoulder as KRAMER heads for the door.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

I'll see you guys later.

KRAMER points at GEORGE with a finger on his gloved hand and then leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT

JERRY's on the telephone.

JERRY

Okay, sure.

He listens.

JERRY (CONT'D)

That sounds great.

The front door bursts open and GEORGE walks in singing loudly. JERRY signals for GEORGE to be quiet.

JERRY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

No. I'm sorry about that. My neighbor's being taken away to an asylum.

JERRY listens.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Alright. We'll be there at one o'clock. Thank you.

GEORGE

Who was that?

JERRY

(cool)

NBC.

GEORGE

NBC?

JERRY  
(energized)  
NBC.

GEORGE  
NBC!

JERRY  
(screaming)  
It was NBC! They wanna meet with us  
about the pilot!

GEORGE  
(euphoric)  
They wanna meet with us about the  
pilot!

GEORGE raises his hands signaling a touchdown and they both  
begin celebrating wildly.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
This is fantastic!

JERRY  
I know!

GEORGE  
It's incredible!

JERRY  
I know!

They're dancing around in revelry.

GEORGE  
When?

JERRY  
Tomorrow!

The celebration halts abruptly.

GEORGE  
(offended)  
Tomorrow?

JERRY  
Yes tomorrow. What's the matter?

GEORGE  
You said we were available on such  
short notice?

JERRY  
We are available.

GEORGE  
 (indignant)  
 So they just snap their fingers and  
 we run right over there?

JERRY  
 Oh shut up.

CUT TO:

EXT. NBC HEADQUARTERS (ROCKEFELLER CENTER) -- DAY

GEORGE & JERRY are near the entrance of the massive building  
 staring upward. They walk through the entrance.

Our view moves up the block. ELAINE and CLARK are strolling,  
 holding hands and obviously enjoying themselves.

CUT TO:

INT. NBC HEADQUARTERS LOBBY

GEORGE and JERRY walk through the sumptuous marble lobby  
 towards a security desk near a bank of elevators.

CUT TO:

INT. NBC HEADQUARTERS ELEVATOR

GEORGE and JERRY are in the elevator alone.

JERRY  
 Well George, this is a pretty big  
 day.

GEORGE  
 Yes it is. It's a biggie.

JERRY  
 Let's be sure to put our best foot  
 forward.

GEORGE  
 Of course.

GEORGE raises his arms and quickly sniffs, checking for body  
 odor.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 That goes without saying.

JERRY  
 Of course.

Beat.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Oh, one other thing.

JERRY carefully pulls a parking garage ticket out of his wallet.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Remind me to get this validated.

GEORGE  
I will. Just don't lose it.

JERRY  
I know. It's like carrying around a winning lottery ticket.

CUT TO:

INT. UPPER-FLOOR LOBBY INSIDE NBC

JERRY is sitting calmly. GEORGE paces while speaking to himself

GEORGE  
You can do it. You can do it.

GEORGE starts clapping his hands against the side of his head trying to get his message to sink in.

JERRY  
(sarcastic)  
Can you do it?

GEORGE  
It's doubtful.

JERRY  
You'll be fine.

GEORGE starts taking ridiculously deep breaths.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Russell?

Russell Dalrymple, former President of NBC who first championed their sitcom, is pushing a mail cart through the lobby.

RUSSELL  
Jerry Seinfeld.

JERRY  
That's right.

GEORGE  
And George Costanza.

RUSSELL  
 (less friendly)  
 Hello.

JERRY  
 What are you doing here? I thought-

GEORGE  
 Jerry, the man was the President of  
 NBC. I'm sure he's quite busy.

RUSSELL starts to say something.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 (overly familiar)  
 By the way, that's a nice cart you've  
 got there. Did the mail flunky leave  
 it in your office?

RUSSELL  
 I'm the mail flunky!

GEORGE  
 I'm very sorry-

JERRY  
 He didn't mean-

RUSSELL  
 (deranged)  
 I'm clawing my way back to the top.  
 And when I get there, I'm gonna fire  
 everyone. Every person in the  
 company.

GEORGE  
 There's nothing more motivating than  
 revenge.

RUSSELL  
 (glaring at George)  
 Exactly.

Awkward moment of silence during which RUSSELL mouths  
 something to himself and becomes calm again.

JERRY  
 Well good luck to you Russell.

GEORGE  
 Yes, the best of luck in your  
 endeavors.

RUSSELL nods and begins moving the mail cart.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

By the way, how's your daughter these days?

RUSSELL spins around with a furious expression.

RUSSELL

Why? Do you want to look down her shirt again?

GEORGE

No I-

JERRY

He didn't mean-

RUSSELL

Didn't you see enough the first time?

GEORGE struggles to find words to pacify the situation.

GEORGE

*More than enough.*

GEORGE regrets this immediately. He and JERRY are both scared as RUSSELL fights to contain his rage.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I ... I-

RUSSELL bows his head downward and throws up both open hands demanding silence. The tiniest thing will send him over the edge.

JERRY observes RUSSELL mouth the words "Serenity Now" to himself.

RUSSELL slowly lowers his hands, turns, and heads towards his cart.

GEORGE takes a breath and is about to say something. Without turning to face him, RUSSELL points threateningly at GEORGE, which silences him.

RUSSELL exits as JERRY stares at GEORGE in disbelief.

An ASSISTANT opens an office door and enters.

ASSISTANT

Mr. Seinfeld. Mr. Costanza. They're ready for you.

The ASSISTANT goes back into the office as GEORGE and JERRY stand. GEORGE nervously straightens his glasses.

GEORGE

Do I look alright? How's my hair?

JERRY

What hair?

JERRY heads towards the office.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE IN NBC HEADQUARTERS

GEORGE, JERRY and three NBC executives are all sitting on couches in a very large office. The ASSISTANT is sitting outside the circle writing a transcript of the discussion.

EXECUTIVE 1

As you know, some of the executives who preceded us were very enthusiastic about your sitcom project until ... until ... ahh.

EXECUTIVE 2

What is it that happened to you again?

The ASSISTANT is working diligently to keep up.

GEORGE

It was nothing really.

EXECUTIVE 3

Weren't you in jail for a year?

JERRY

Technically yes, but-

GEORGE

It was just a misunderstanding.

JERRY

Exactly.

GEORGE

The whole thing.

EXECUTIVE 1

How awful.

EXECUTIVE 2

It must have been just terrible.

GEORGE

What can you do?

EXECUTIVE 3

Are you planning a lawsuit?

JERRY

A lawsuit? No, no we're not.

GEORGE  
We're not really *litigious* people.

JERRY  
That's right.

EXECUTIVE 3  
But that's a year of your life.

JERRY  
That's true-

GEORGE  
But what's a year really? It's just  
a year.

JERRY  
As George mentioned, we're very  
forgiving.

GEORGE  
These things happen.

EXECUTIVE 3  
How refreshing.

EXECUTIVE 2  
Yes. You seem like just the kind of  
people we'd love to be in business  
with.

EXECUTIVE 1  
Definitely. As I was saying, we're  
here to have a fresh look at your  
program.

EXECUTIVE 2  
We don't know anything about it, but  
if it's as great as we think it's  
going to be, we'd like to move forward  
quickly.

JERRY  
Great.

GEORGE  
Fantastic.

EXECUTIVE 1  
So tell us about your program.

CUT TO:

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE IN NBC HEADQUARTERS -- MOMENTS LATER

EXECUTIVE 1

(disgusted)

About nothing? That makes no sense at all.

JERRY

But-

EXECUTIVE 3

It's kind of insulting.

EXECUTIVE 2

Very insulting.

GEORGE

We meant-

EXECUTIVE 3

I think you two had better get back to the drawing board.

JERRY

How about-

GEORGE

But you said we'd move forward. Let's move forward.

EXECUTIVE 1

I'm afraid there's no possibility we would ever do a show like that.

GEORGE

But-

EXECUTIVE 1

Period!

GEORGE

Alright then. We'll sue!

JERRY can't believe it.

EXECUTIVE 3

I thought you said you weren't litigious.

GEORGE

I lied. We're extremely litigious!

JERRY

We wouldn't really-

GEORGE  
 (screaming)  
 I'll sue! I'll sue every one of you  
 and your families. You'll be  
 penniless. Your children and parents  
 will be eating out of the garbage!

The executives are furious as they rush towards the door.

EXECUTIVE 1  
 Get out of this building and don't  
 ever contact us again.

EXECUTIVE 3  
 You're through in this business.

EXECUTIVE 1  
 Forever!

EXECUTIVE 2  
 I'm calling security.

The executives storm out and slam the door.

The room is silent for a moment. JERRY is stunned.

After a moment, they notice that the ASSISTANT is still  
 sitting, waiting expectantly to write down any further  
 comments.

GEORGE  
 (to Assistant)  
 Thank you very much. I think we're  
 all done here.

The ASSISTANT heads for the exit.

JERRY  
 (staring at George)  
 We certainly are.

JERRY's agitated comment goes unnoticed - GEORGE sighs while  
 gazing pensively out the window.

GEORGE  
 Why do bad things happen to good  
 people like us Jerry? Can you explain  
 that?

JERRY  
 It is a mystery.

GEORGE  
 Hey. Remember to get your parking  
 ticket validated.

JERRY

That's great. They'll never do it now.

GEORGE

We've just got to get to another floor where they don't know us. I guarantee we'll have no problem.

JERRY

Well now I feel confident.

EXECUTIVE 1 (O.S.)

(yelling)

Security! What took you so long?

Terrified GEORGE and JERRY look at each other.

GEORGE

Hide behind the couch!

EXECUTIVE 1 (O.S.)

I want Costanza and Seinfeld out of this building immediately or you're all fired!

GEORGE and JERRY scramble to lie down on the floor behind the couch, out of view.

EXECUTIVE 2 (O.S.)

They were right in there! You too Russell. Pitch-in and do something for once.

RUSSELL and two huge security guards rush into the room.

RUSSELL

(venomous)

Don't worry. They're dead meat.

Search-and-chase montage of GEORGE and JERRY running and hiding from RUSSELL and the security guards throughout the building. Music is similar to the theme song from the *Mission Impossible* television series.

GEORGE directs them into a hiding spot that JERRY protests.

The security guards race past them without a clue. GEORGE looks at JERRY with an expression that reads "I told you so. I'm a genius".

Suddenly they're both grabbed by the back of their collars. RUSSELL caught them.

CUT TO:

INT. NBC HEADQUARTERS LOBBY

GEORGE and JERRY are being escorted toward the exit by the security guards. JERRY looks embarrassed. GEORGE is crying hysterically. RUSSELL and the three executives look-on from near the elevators.

After JERRY and GEORGE are outside, Executive #1 slaps RUSSELL on the back.

EXECUTIVE 1  
Nice work Russell.

EXECUTIVE 3  
Great job.

EXECUTIVE 2  
No more mail cart. You've been promoted. Starting right now you're in charge of this lobby.

RUSSELL smiles deviously.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK -- MOMENTS LATER

JERRY and GEORGE walk in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

JERRY and GEORGE walk in through the front door.

JERRY  
George, I'd like to have a word with you about what happened at NBC.

GEORGE  
I-

JERRY  
I'd like to do the talking if you don't mind.

Beginning of multiple time lapses covering many hours during which we see, but do not hear, JERRY ranting and raving at GEORGE, chastising him over his actions at NBC. GEORGE is attentive, but clearly defeated and doesn't even try to speak the entire time.

At one point, JERRY has made a miniature recreation of people and office space from the NBC offices and people on the coffee table.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT -- LATER

The last moments of JERRY ranting at GEORGE have just wound down.

JERRY

Well George, you've apologized-

GEORGE

Yes.

JERRY

I've accepted your apology-

GEORGE

Yes.

JERRY

And we both agree you are certifiably insane.

GEORGE

Yes.

JERRY

And that's all there is to say about it. Let's never discuss this again.

GEORGE

Fair enough.

Just as they shake hands, the front door bursts open and KRAMER walks in. His attire is close to the plain outfits of inmates from the opening scenes.

KRAMER

Hey, there they are!

GEORGE, steps back out of JERRY's field of view and signals wildly for KRAMER not to say anything about the pilot.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

The future kings of television!  
Moguls in the making!

JERRY

Hey Kramer.

KRAMER

What's the matter?

GEORGE

We won't know anything for a while-

KRAMER

Why not? What happened?

GEORGE

There's a more pressing issue right now.

JERRY

(to Kramer)

By the way, what are you wearing?

KRAMER

Clothes.

JERRY

They're kind of odd, even for you.

GEORGE

I can't place it, but they seem ... familiar.

KRAMER

Just clothes man. Standard issue.

KRAMER flops down on the couch.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

So what's this pressing issue you guys are worried about? Lay it on me.

GEORGE

Jerry's car has been at the parking garage near NBC for over a year and-

KRAMER

Whew! That bill is gonna be enormous. It's a good thing it's on their dime or you'd be out a whole lotta dough.

JERRY

That's the problem.

KRAMER

What problem? It's there on NBC business, right?

GEORGE

We're at a very ... *delicate* stage of negotiations.

GEORGE glances nervously at JERRY.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It would be very awkward to approach NBC directly.

JERRY

Yet somehow we need to get the ticket validated.

KRAMER snaps his fingers.

KRAMER  
I've got just the thing.

JERRY  
Really?

KRAMER  
It's no problem at all.

GEORGE  
Fantastic. I've gotta go, but you  
two take care of the car and-

JERRY  
Hey George-

GEORGE  
everything will be just fine.

GEORGE rushes out the front door.

KRAMER  
We'd better get going. I've only  
got an hour or so.

CUT TO:

EXT. NBC HEADQUARTERS (ROCKEFELLER CENTER)

JERRY and KRAMER are hiding against the NBC building, out of  
view of anyone in the lobby.

JERRY  
Maybe this isn't such a good idea.

KRAMER  
Don't worry about it Jerry. Bob  
Sacamano used to do this all the  
time.

JERRY  
What if something goes wrong?

KRAMER  
Nothing's gonna go wrong. It's too  
easy.

JERRY  
(sarcastic)  
Sure it is.

KRAMER  
Look. I just stroll into the lobby  
and-

KRAMER reveals an 8 ounce plastic bottle.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

Discretely pour a little water on the floor. When I step into that puddle, wham, I'm on the ground in a classic slip-and-fall accident.

JERRY

So what?

KRAMER

These companies are terrified of lawsuits. They'll validate your ticket as a courtesy before they have any idea it's a year old.

JERRY

I don't know. It sounds illegal.

KRAMER

It's perfectly legal. It's in the bag. Now are we doing this or not?

JERRY

Okay fine. Be careful.

KRAMER

Always.

KRAMER spins around and nearly walks into a passerby.

CUT TO:

INT. NBC LOBBY MANGER'S OFFICE

RUSSELL DALRYMPLE looks devilishly pleased with his newfound power as he sits with his feet up on a small desk in this small office.

CUT TO:

INT. NBC HEADQUARTERS LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

KRAMER enters the busy lobby, making a very contrived effort to look casual. His hand with the water bottle is in his front pants pocket.

Our viewing angle changes and we see that the bottle has leaked and created a huge wet spot, appearing as though he peed his pants.

KRAMER remains clueless as tourists and employees in the lobby notice the wet spot.

A SECURITY GUARD takes-in the situation hurries towards an office door fifteen feet away.

KRAMER suddenly feels the dampness, stops dead in his tracks, and looks down.

CUT TO:

INT. NBC LOBBY MANGER'S OFFICE

SECURITY GUARD  
Mr. Dalrymple, we've got a situation.

RUSSELL  
What kind of situation?

SECURITY GUARD  
There's a man in the lobby with a pee stain.

RUSSELL's feet hit the floor as he sits up in his chair.

RUSSELL  
A pee stain?

SECURITY GUARD  
Yes sir. A huge pee stain.

The SECURITY GUARD peeks his head out the door to check on what's happening.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)  
Uh-oh.

RUSSELL stands.

RUSSELL  
(concerned)  
Uh-oh? What's uh-oh?

CUT TO:

INT. NBC HEADQUARTERS LOBBY

KRAMER is wearing his "T.P. Glove" invention, vigorously wiping and blotting the enormous wet spot on the front of his pants. He's oblivious to the repulsed tourists and employees looking-on. A protective mother scurries away covering the eyes of her young child in tow.

RUSSELL hurries over to KRAMER, looking around in hopes that no executives are in the lobby.

RUSSELL  
May I help you sir? Do you need a men's room?

KRAMER looks up.

KRAMER  
No, I'm good.

KRAMER begins blotting again.

RUSSELL  
Listen-

RUSSELL guides KRAMER around so he's facing away from the public's view.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
I don't know your-

RUSSELL glances down at the wet spot on KRAMER's pants.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
Situation. But I will give you anything, anything at all, if you'll cover yourself-

RUSSELL yanks a framed poster advertising NBC's *Today* program right off the wall.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
And walk right out those front doors.

KRAMER  
Anything?

RUSSELL  
Name it.

KRAMER looks at the poster.

KRAMER  
Gimmie a date with Katie Couric.

RUSSELL  
I can't do that.

The pace of the negotiation accelerates.

KRAMER  
Let me co-anchor the news.

RUSSELL  
I can't do that either.

KRAMER  
Fly me to Tokyo.

RUSSELL  
Nope.

KRAMER  
How about Miami?

RUSSELL  
 How about a free taxi ride anywhere  
 in the city? Maybe you'd like to  
 visit ABC's headquarters?

KRAMER whips out JERRY's ticket.

KRAMER  
 How about validating this parking  
 ticket and a case of champagne?

RUSSELL  
 I'll do the ticket and-

RUSSELL searches his pockets and pulls out a small white  
 box.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
 A box of Junior Mints.

KRAMER  
 (thrilled)  
 Done.

RUSSELL  
 Done.

RUSSELL grabs the ticket and hands it to the SECURITY GUARD  
 without looking at it.

SECURITY GUARD begins walking towards the desk and realizes  
 the ticket is more than a year old.

SECURITY GUARD  
 (to Russell)  
 Sir, I think you should-

RUSSELL  
 (annoyed)  
 Just validate the ticket and make a  
 note that it was on my authority.

SECURITY GUARD  
 Yes sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. NBC STUDIOS PARKING GARAGE -- DAY

JERRY and KRAMER walk down the entrance ramp to this parking  
 garage while eating Junior Mints.

KRAMER  
 What did I say? Huh?

JERRY  
I've got to hand it to you Kramer,  
you got the job done.

KRAMER  
You betcha.

CUT TO:

INT. NBC STUDIOS PARKING GARAGE

PARKING ATTENDANT is studying the worn-but-validated voucher ticket as KRAMER and JERRY look on.

PARKING ATTENDANT  
It's not our ticket.

JERRY  
It's a black Saab convertible. It's  
been here awhile.

PARKING ATTENDANT  
Not here it hasn't. The ticket's  
not ours.

JERRY  
But it has this address written right  
on it. Are you sure?

PARKING ATTENDANT  
Positive.

PARKING ATTENDANT walks into a nearby glass booth.

KRAMER  
Grease 'em.

JERRY  
What?

KRAMER  
Grease 'em Jerry. You know, payoff,  
payola. You've gotta *lubricate* the  
machinery.

JERRY  
I'm not gonna pay someone off for my  
own car.

KRAMER  
Then get used to walking.

JERRY  
So you're saying that unless I-

KRAMER  
YEP!

JERRY  
 Alright fine I'll pay him.

JERRY pulls out his wallet.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 How much?

KRAMER  
 Mmmmm ... two thousand.

JERRY  
 Two thousand dollars! I'm not paying  
 two thousand dollars.

KRAMER  
 Ever heard of inflation Jerry?

JERRY  
 We were gone a year, not a century.

KRAMER  
 Try ten bucks.

JERRY  
 What a rip-off.

JERRY walks over to the booth.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 I wonder if you could check for the  
 car-

JERRY hands the PARKING ATTENDANT his validated parking  
 receipt along with a ten dollar bill.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 -one more time.

PARKING ATTENDANT  
 (dryly)  
 What do you know. We seem to have  
 found your vehicle.

JERRY  
 (sarcastic)  
 Thank you very much. You've been a  
 big help.

PARKING ATTENDANT  
 It's on lower level G.

PARKING ATTENDANT points towards a filthy stairwell.

JERRY  
 Lower level G?  
 (MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Aren't you supposed to bring the car  
to me? Isn't that your job?

PARKING ATTENDANT  
Normally.

JERRY  
Didn't I just give you ten dollars?

PARKING ATTENDANT  
Ever heard of inflation?

JERRY  
Alright fine.

JERRY and KRAMER head towards the stairwell.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
What a rip-off!

CUT TO:

INT. LOWER LEVEL G, NBC STUDIOS PARKING GARAGE

JERRY and KRAMER walk into view.

JERRY  
Oh no, my car!

The convertible top from JERRY's car is mostly gone.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
What happened?

KRAMER leans in close to the bits of remaining uneven roof  
fabric.

KRAMER  
See these bite marks? I think your  
roof got eaten by moths.

Several moths fly up from under KRAMER's nose. He violently  
jerks his head away and nearly falls over backwards.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET -- LATER

JERRY and KRAMER are riding in the Saab. JERRY appears quite  
frustrated as KRAMER happily plays with the electric windows.

CUT TO:

EXT. STATEN ISLAND FERRY DECK -- EVENING

ELAINE and CLARK are looking out over New York Harbor.

CLARK  
These last few days have been amazing.

ELAINE  
Yeah. Not bad, right?

Beat.

CLARK  
(serious)  
Ever since I came out of the closet  
as a Minimalist, I feel so alive and  
unburdened. I was living a lie.  
Now I can finally be myself.

CLARK takes her hand.

ELAINE  
(flippant)  
It's about time.

CLARK  
It certainly is. And I owe it all  
to you.

ELAINE glances away and starts to say something sarcastic,  
but is taken aback because CLARK is down on one knee.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Elaine, will you marry me?

ELAINE pulls her hand away.

ELAINE  
Would you stand up and stop goofing  
around. We've barely known each  
other a week.

CLARK  
I'm not kidding at all.

CLARK stands.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
So what if it's only been a week.  
Why does everything need to take  
time? I'm sure. I've been waiting  
for you my whole life.

CLARK takes her hand again and kneels.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Elaine-

CLARK reveals an enormous diamond ring.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Will you marry me?

ELAINE's mesmerized. She stares at the ring for an extended moment of silence.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Elaine?

ELAINE

(still entranced)

I will definitely marry you.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S COFFEE SHOP -- AFTERNOON

GEORGE and JERRY are in their booth.

JERRY

So what are you gonna do now that the whole NBC thing is dead?

GEORGE

I can't believe I didn't mention this. I went to Kruger to ask for my old job back.

JERRY

Haven't you done enough damage to that company?

GEORGE

They don't seem to think so. It turns out that they never realized I was gone.

JERRY

Didn't you resign?

GEORGE

Apparently not. They thought I was transferred.

JERRY

Where?

GEORGE

I don't know. They've only got one office.

JERRY

So what did you do?

GEORGE

What choice did I have? I went along with it.

JERRY

You went along with it? So they've been paying you all this time believing you're at an office that doesn't exist?

GEORGE

Yeah. And not only that, I've gotten two raises and it looks like I'm up for a huge promotion.

JERRY

I think you've finally found your niche.

GEORGE takes a bow.

GEORGE

There is one thing though.

JERRY

Isn't there always?

GEORGE

They hired this operational efficiency officer, Mr. Wart. He's a real stickler.

JERRY

That doesn't sound good for you.

GEORGE

No it isn't. In fact, he's kind of my mortal enemy.

JERRY

He's your Lex Luthor.

GEORGE

Exactly.

KRAMER walks up and moves to sit at the table.

KRAMER

Hello boys.

JERRY

Hey. What's up?

KRAMER

I thought you'd never ask.

KRAMER excitedly hands each of them a professionally printed card.

JERRY  
(reading the card  
aloud)  
Kramer's new phone number: 555-0602

KRAMER  
That's my new phone number.

JERRY  
(sarcastic)  
Really?

GEORGE  
Why the new number?

KRAMER  
I got a new phone.

GEORGE's gesture reads "well there you go".

KRAMER (CONT'D)  
It's a pay phone though, so I can't  
receive incoming calls.

JERRY  
If you can't receive incoming calls,  
then why are you giving out your new  
number?

KRAMER is nonplused.

KRAMER  
I have no idea.

GEORGE again gestures "well there you go".

JERRY  
Why'd you get a pay phone anyway?

KRAMER  
For one thing, did you ever notice  
all the extra charges on your phone  
bill?

GEORGE  
It's outrageous.

KRAMER  
Tell me about it. Universal  
Connectivity Fee, 911 Surcharge,  
Regulatory Recovery fee. It goes on  
and on.

JERRY  
Wow.

KRAMER

Well I'm out. Now if I need to make a call I just drop-in a few coins.

GEORGE

Not a bad idea.

KRAMER

By the way, do you guys have any change on you?

JERRY

Here we go.

KRAMER

What? I'm good for it.

JERRY and GEORGE search their pockets. JERRY puts some coins on the table.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

Jackpot.

GEORGE flashes his empty hands.

GEORGE

Sorry, I don't have any change on me.

KRAMER sweeps JERRY's coins into his hand.

KRAMER

Don't worry about it. I'll get ya next time.

KRAMER stands.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

(to Jerry)

Thanks buddy. I'm gonna try out my new phone.

KRAMER turns and heads towards the door just as ELAINE walks in. She sees the guys, hides her left hand, and raises the other to wave hello.

ELAINE

Hey Kramer. I-

Before she realizes it's happening, KRAMER slaps a high five into ELAINE's waving hand.

KRAMER

Hey Elaine.

ELAINE is disoriented for a second. When she looks back, KRAMER's gone.

As ELAINE arrives at the booth, GEORGE pulls his coffee close and eyes ELAINE suspiciously.

ELAINE  
Hold on to your hats boys. I've got  
breaking news!

ELAINE moves with excessive slowness as she sits and gets comfortable in order to build-up drama for the announcement.

JERRY  
Let's go. Out with it woman.

GEORGE  
I'm all ears.

Just as ELAINE is about to speak, JERRY turns to GEORGE.

JERRY  
What does that mean, "I'm all ears"?  
Your whole body has somehow been  
transformed into a pile of ears?

ELAINE clears her throat impatiently.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Sorry Elaine. I lost my head.

ELAINE is just about to reveal her news.

GEORGE  
Well what does *that* mean? You lost  
your head? Where is it?

JERRY  
Well it's better than-

ELAINE  
(yelling)  
Will you two shut up!

ELAINE stands.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
There's always some stupid extra  
comment with you guys. Isn't there?

GEORGE & JERRY now resemble chastened schoolchildren.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
(still angry)  
Well listen up. Clark and I are  
getting married.

The guys are floored.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, we've only known each other a short while. So what? I'm not asking you, I'm telling you.

ELAINE takes a breath.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
 (softer)  
 We're getting married-

ELAINE reveals her engagement ring.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
 (even softer)  
 He gave me this beautiful ring and I'm not giving it back.

Moment of silence.

JERRY  
 Well ... congratulations.

GEORGE  
 Yes. Of course. Congratulations.

The guys stand and hug ELAINE.

As the guys sit down, ELAINE looks at her watch.

ELAINE  
 Hey I've gotta run. We'll catch-up later.

ELAINE heads towards the door and then pauses.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
 Oh, one more thing-

They turn to ELAINE.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
 The wedding's a week from this Saturday.

The guys are floored again. ELAINE leaves with a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S COFFEE SHOP -- LATER

GEORGE looks at the check as JERRY stands.

JERRY  
 I'll get this.

JERRY grabs the check.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Just leave the tip.

GEORGE doesn't budge.

GEORGE  
I still can't believe it. They barely know each other and they're getting *married*.

JERRY  
In *nine* days.

GEORGE  
We've never even met the guy.

JERRY  
Incredible.

GEORGE  
The only way I'd be more shocked is if they each got sex change operations so she became the groom and he became the bride.

JERRY  
I can't imagine the twisted house of horrors that must be inside your head to generate an idea like that.

GEORGE  
(flippant)  
It's not easy being George.

JERRY  
I wouldn't think so.

GEORGE stands and is about to leave a dollar bill as a tip, but reconsiders. He reaches into his pocket and leaves a bunch of coins as the tip.

JERRY looks at the change, then looks at GEORGE and shakes his head as if saying "I should have known".

GEORGE  
What? Eighty-five cents is a fine tip. It's over fifteen percent, so don't call me cheap!

JERRY  
I thought you told Kramer you didn't have any change.

JERRY walks off. GEORGE knows he's been caught.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT -- NEXT DAY

GEORGE is loafing while JERRY finishes wiping something on the floor.

JERRY

Hey, what was that whole life-changing idea you had a few days ago?

GEORGE thinks but comes up empty.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Oh come on. You nearly turned down a free cab ride from Elaine so you could focus and think. It was unprecedented.

GEORGE

I don't know. I guess I forgot.

JERRY motions "well there you go".

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The cab ride was nice.

The telephone rings. JERRY answers it.

JERRY

Hello? ... No. I will not accept the charges. Thank you.

JERRY hangs-up the phone as GEORGE looks at him inquiringly.

JERRY (CONT'D)

It was a collect call from Kramer.

GEORGE

From his apartment?

JERRY

Yeah. I'm gonna put a stop to this right away.

JERRY and GEORGE head for the front door.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I've gotta find out if he's gotten the damage to my car roof fixed yet anyway.

GEORGE

Kramer's fixing your car?

JERRY  
He knows somebody. I regretted the  
decision almost immediately.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY IN FRONT OF JERRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

GEORGE looks on as JERRY knocks on KRAMER's door. There's  
no answer.

JERRY  
I think I'm being shunned.

GEORGE  
I've been shunned my whole life.

JERRY knocks again.

JERRY  
C'mon Kramer. Open up.

The door opens slightly. It's apparent that KRAMER is trying  
to conceal himself and his apartment.

KRAMER  
Hello?

JERRY  
It's me-

KRAMER  
Elaine?

JERRY gives GEORGE a "can you believe this?" look.

JERRY  
No, it's Jerry. Is my car ready  
yet?

KRAMER  
Wait here a minute. I'll call  
Sacamano to check on it.

KRAMER closes the door, then opens slightly it a second later.

KRAMER (CONT'D)  
Do you have any change?

KRAMER's hand emerges through the door opening.

JERRY  
This pay phone is quite an  
arrangement.

KRAMER  
 (oblivious to the  
 sarcasm)  
 Thank you.

JERRY puts some coins into KRAMER's hand, which quickly retracts. The door closes firmly.

ELAINE (O.S.)  
 Well. Look who's here.

We turn to see ELAINE and CLARK walking up the hallway. ELAINE is carrying an enormous binder overflowing with papers.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
 Jerry and George. This is Clark.

The guys all shake hands.

JERRY  
 Nice to finally meet you.

CLARK  
 Yeah, both of you too.

GEORGE  
 Congratulations.

CLARK  
 Thank you. We're very excited.

The door opens a tiny bit.

KRAMER  
 The car's gonna be a few more days.

JERRY  
 Tell 'em I need it soon.

CLARK  
 (to Elaine)  
 Is that your friend Kramer?

ELAINE looks embarrassed.

ELAINE  
 (mumbling quietly)  
 Acquaintance really.

KRAMER  
 Who's out there?

ELAINE takes a deep breath.

ELAINE  
 Kramer, this is my fiancée Clark.

KRAMER's door bursts open and he's instantly hugging ELAINE and warmly shaking CLARK's hand.

KRAMER  
 Congratulations! She's a wonderful girl.

CLARK  
 Thank you.

KRAMER  
 And it's not too soon at all. If you see what you want in life, go for it. You can't wait around.

KRAMER's forgotten about concealing himself - he's dressed in a bright orange prison jump suit.

JERRY  
 Kramer, what are you wearing?

KRAMER realizes he's exposed and goes with it by striking a modeling pose.

KRAMER  
 What do you think?

JERRY  
 I think you look like a highway cone. What is going on with you?

KRAMER  
 (sheepish)  
 Nothing.

JERRY  
 You've been hiding something all this time-

JERRY glances and sees he's got a clear path into KRAMER's apartment.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 And I'm gonna find out what it is.

KRAMER looks distressed as JERRY marches through the door. After a BEAT, everyone else follows.

CUT TO:

INT. KRAMER'S APARTMENT INTERIOR

GEORGE, ELAINE, CLARK, and JERRY are in awe as they look around the apartment.

KRAMER has transformed his apartment to replicate a prison, including bars on the windows, gray cement floors & walls, a

pay phone, a guard's desk and chair, and an actual cell with bars and a cot. Other than a clipboard on the desk and a poster of Raquel Welch (à la *The Shawshank Redemption*) on a wall in the cell, the room is very sparse.

GEORGE

Oh my God.

ELAINE

Look at this place.

GEORGE looks at the clipboard on the desk.

KRAMER

(to George)

Better not touch anything. The Screw gets very upset.

GEORGE

The *Screw*? What Screw? You mean like a prison guard?

We hear the sound of a toilet flushing.

NEWMAN exits the bathroom.

NEWMAN's wearing a prison guard's uniform and hat and carrying "Correction Officer's Monthly" magazine. He's shocked to see all the people.

NEWMAN

Well, what's going on here?

NEWMAN glares at KRAMER, who looks away as if he's in trouble.

JERRY

You're asking us what's going on here? This is bizarre even for you two.

CUT TO:

INT. KRAMER'S APARTMENT INTERIOR -- LATER

NEWMAN's sitting at the desk while everyone else is in the cell area.

KRAMER

So that's when I realized what a good situation jail was for me.

GEORGE

You *missed* jail?

KRAMER

The food, the clothes, the structure ... it all feels right.

ELAINE is embarrassed.

JERRY

Incredible.

KRAMER

Besides, I'm not in here all the time. I get out for an hour or two a day for-

KRAMER looks to NEWMAN, who is looking back over the rim of his magazine.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

Good behavior.

Everyone else looks to NEWMAN, who immediately buries himself in the magazine.

CLARK

Would you mind if I said something?

KRAMER

Sure, go ahead.

CLARK

Have you considered the possibility that you don't actually miss being in a prison environment?

KRAMER

What d'ya mean? This is home.

CLARK

Maybe you've been searching for home for a long time. You know the saying "Any port in a storm?"

We see that CLARK's words are hitting home as KRAMER shakes his head "yes".

CLARK (CONT'D)

Look around. You're punishing yourself. Maybe deep down in your heart of hearts, even as a little boy, you've always felt-

CUT TO:

INT. KRAMER'S APARTMENT INTERIOR -- MOMENTS LATER

Long-held emotions pour out of KRAMER as he weeps in CLARK's arms.

CLARK is calm and comforting, while JERRY, ELAINE and GEORGE are extremely uncomfortable.

Scowling NEWMAN ignores everyone and reads his magazine.

CUT TO:

EXT. KRUGER HEADQUARTERS -- NEXT DAY

We see an illuminated sign on the building that would read "Kruger Industrial Smoothing", however the first "r" in "Kruger" is (still, from an episode in the television series) burnt out.

CUT TO:

INT. KRUGER HEADQUARTERS

GEORGE is in a windowless cubicle building a log cabin on his desk with dozens of unsharpened pencils.

The telephone rings. GEORGE answers it.

GEORGE

Kruger Industrial Smoothing. George speaking.

SPLIT SCREEN: GEORGE is still in cubicle in one screen and JERRY is calling from his apartment in the other screen.

JERRY

That is a very professional greeting George.

GEORGE

(hushed voice)

Hey Jerry. I can't really talk. Lex Luthor is not a fan of the personal call.

JERRY

Okay. I just wanted to see about grabbing lunch at the coffee shop.

GEORGE

It's pretty busy down here, but I'll call you if I can squeeze out.

JERRY

Alright. Hey, before you go. What exactly is industrial smoothing?

GEORGE

I have no idea.

They hang-up.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE AT KRUGER -- LATER

GEORGE is still building a log cabin out of pencils when a door bursts open. GEORGE is startled and pencils fly everywhere.

MR. WART charges towards GEORGE's desk.

MR. WART is a tall gruff man with an obvious wart-like extension at the tip of his nose. He's wearing an expensive tie and white shirt with a huge coffee stain on the front.

GEORGE  
 (not looking at the  
 wart)  
 Good morning Mr. Wart. How are you  
 today?

MR. WART waves a three-hole punch in the air.

MR. WART  
 Do you know who belongs to this?

GEORGE looks at the object and then the coffee stain on Mr. Wart's shirt.

GEORGE  
 (cautious)  
 No .... no sir I can't say that I  
 do.

MR. WART  
 Are you quite sure?

GEORGE  
 Quite. Yes. Quite sure. I'd have  
 to say I have no idea who *belongs* to  
 it.

Mr. Wart begins to say something.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Or who *it* belongs to.

GEORGE sees Mr. Wart is confused and even more annoyed.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 Either one.

Mr. Wart flips the punch upside down and points it at GEORGE.

MR. WART  
 Well it says 'COSTANZA' right here.

GEORGE  
 (panicked)  
 Does it? I don't think so. I can't  
 ... these aren't my glasses, so I  
 can't really make it out.

MR. WART  
 Well how the hell are you getting  
 any work done if you can't see?

GEORGE struggles, painted into a corner.

GEORGE  
 Exactly!

MR. WART  
 What?

GEORGE  
 That is exactly the point. How are  
 any of us getting any work done?

GEORGE takes the object from Mr. Wart with both hands and  
 shakes it.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 We've got to end these distractions!

GEORGE throws the object into the trash basket in disgust.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 We've got to see the big picture and  
 focus!

GEORGE grabs his coat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 We *must* focus!

GEORGE begins stuffing all of the pencils into his otherwise  
 empty briefcase.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
 You are one hundred percent correct.  
 I'm gonna get out there and get things  
 moving, right now! I will not let  
 you down sir.

GEORGE storms out of the office as Mr. Wart looks on  
 admiringly, not noticing that GEORGE is barefoot with both  
 pant legs rolled-up high.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

GEORGE & JERRY are in the living room.

GEORGE  
... and I stormed right out of the building.

JERRY  
Wow.

GEORGE  
There was this surge of energy and testosterone. It was incredible.

Striking a manly, combative pose.

GEORGE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Like I was a warrior in Braveheart, going into battle with Mel Gibson.

JERRY  
As I recall, there weren't many bald guys with glasses in that movie.

Beat.

GEORGE  
You're very clever, aren't you?

JERRY smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- DAY

JERRY and KRAMER are sitting in their regular booth.

WAITRESS arrives and sets down an enormous slice of pie with whipped cream in front of KRAMER.

KRAMER  
Oh yeah.

KRAMER takes a huge forkful as WAITRESS puts down three cups of coffee. WAITRESS leaves and ELAINE is suddenly right in her spot.

ELAINE  
Hey boys.

KRAMER is startled and drops the forkful of pie in his lap.

JERRY  
Hey Elaine. Nice sidle.

ELAINE  
Thanks.  
(to WAITRESS)  
One more cup please.

ELAINE sits.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
Just trying to stay sharp.

ELAINE begins drinking a coffee from the table.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
So Kramer, that was quite a display  
yesterday. How are you feeling?

KRAMER  
Fantastic. Just needed to clean out  
the emotional pipes and get everything  
flowing again.

JERRY & ELAINE both appear nauseous at the imagery.

KRAMER scoops another huge forkful of pie.

KRAMER (CONT'D)  
I'm back and better than ever. Kramer  
2.0!

KRAMER attempts to eat the pie on his fork, but again it  
falls off and into his lap.

JERRY  
So Elaine, you seem very relaxed for  
someone getting married in six days.

ELAINE  
Not really worried about it. I guess  
it hasn't sunk-in yet.

JERRY  
Don't you have like a million things  
to do?

ELAINE  
(dismissive)  
Eh. It'll work out.

KRAMER  
(to Elaine)  
Can I ask you something?

ELAINE  
Sure.

KRAMER  
Have you and Clark consummated your  
relationship?

JERRY  
Kramer!

ELAINE  
That's a very personal question!

KRAMER  
What?

ELAINE  
Well for your information, no, we  
have not *consummated* our relationship.

JERRY  
Really?

WAITRESS delivers another cup of coffee.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
No test drive?

ELAINE  
Nope.

JERRY  
How about that.

KRAMER  
So it's a white wedding.

JERRY  
Not ... technically a white wedding.

KRAMER  
That's true. It's kind of a gray  
area.

JERRY  
It's a gray wedding!

ELAINE  
Could we change the subject please?

GEORGE walks up from the bathroom.

JERRY  
Come on Elaine. We're all friends  
here.

KRAMER  
First time stories are always a hot  
topic.

GEORGE sits.

GEORGE  
Not always. My first time ever was  
traumatic.

JERRY

That seems about right.

ELAINE

Let's hear it George.

GEORGE

No way. Absolutely not.

ELAINE

Tell me yours and I'll tell you mine.

GEORGE

In graphic detail?

ELAINE

No, not in *graphic* detail George.  
I'll tell you the story, but I'm not  
a 900 number.

KRAMER

Alright, fair enough. You're not a  
900 number. Come on George. Let's  
hear it.

GEORGE

(to Elaine)

No back outs. You can't back out  
later.

ELAINE

I won't. I promise.

GEORGE hesitates. KRAMER stands.

KRAMER

Wait for me. I need a napkin.

KRAMER heads towards the counter.

GEORGE

I can't. It's too embarrassing.

ELAINE

How's this? In addition, you can be  
the officiant for the wedding.

GEORGE

So?

JERRY

Don't ya see? You could wear velvet  
robes. You'd be ensconced in velvet!

GEORGE is torn.

ELAINE

All it takes is one story and one  
little form with the city.

KRAMER returns and sits.

GEORGE

Alright. But this is completely  
private. It's humiliating enough as  
it is.

KRAMER

It's just between us George.

JERRY

Absolutely

ELAINE

Totally private.

GEORGE

Alright.

GEORGE takes a deep breath.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

It was a Saturday morning. June  
sixth, 1981.

JERRY

(reminiscent of FDR's  
speech after the  
attack on Pearl Harbor)  
A date which will live in infamy.

GEORGE shoots JERRY an impatient look.

CUT TO:

INT. COSTANZA FAMILY APARTMENT -- FLASHBACK TO 1981

FRANK and ESTELLE are near the front door. FRANK is in a  
polyester leisure suit with a huge afro.

GEORGE (V.O.)

My parents just won a hundred dollars  
in a raffle on Friday night, so they  
went out to celebrate.

GEORGE appears anxious for them to get going. FRANK walks  
over to GEORGE and pulls out a wad of one dollar bills.

FRANK

George m'boy, we're on a roll.

FRANK peels-off three one-dollar bills in big-shot fashion  
and hands them to GEORGE.

GEORGE  
Thank you. I-

FRANK  
Don't do anything stupid.

GEORGE  
Alright then.

As the front door closes, GEORGE reaches beneath a couch cushion and pulls out an issue of National Geographic magazine. He eagerly flips to a section he's obviously familiar with and begins viewing the pictures lustfully.

GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Ten minutes after they left, the  
phone rang.

GEORGE picks up the telephone.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- PRESENT DAY

GEORGE  
(to Jerry)  
It was "Curvy Colleen".

JERRY  
The crossing guard? You're kidding.

GEORGE  
The very same. You know Mrs.  
Portamento, the older woman who lives  
next door to my parents?

JERRY  
Yeah. Haven't your parents and Mrs.  
Portamento played bridge every Tuesday  
for like twenty years?

GEORGE  
Yeah, that's her. You have a very  
sharp memory sometimes. You know  
that?

JERRY  
Thank you. I can't recall whether  
I've heard someone say that before  
or not.

ELAINE  
Is this really relevant?

KRAMER  
Get to the good stuff George.

GEORGE  
Patience people, patience.

ELAINE rolls her eyes.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Well Colleen, the girl on the  
telephone, is Mrs. Portamento's niece.  
And she's not the innocent virgin  
Mrs. Portamento thinks she is.

KRAMER  
Oh boy. This is gonna be a good one.

GEORGE  
So I ask Colleen why she's calling.  
She says she's been watching me grow  
up all these years and she's always  
had a crush on me. No one's ever  
had a crush on me, but she said she  
did, so I took this as a good thing.

JERRY  
Absolutely.

GEORGE  
She says, and this is the God's-honest  
truth, it's time for me to become a  
man and she's the one who wants to  
do it.

KRAMER  
George, that's incredible.

GEORGE  
Isn't it? And mind you, I hadn't  
spoken with her in years, but she  
invites me to come over to her place  
right then.

ELAINE  
Really?

GEORGE  
I kid you not.

CUT TO:

INT. COSTANZA FAMILY APARTMENT -- FLASHBACK TO 1981

GEORGE is rushing around the apartment.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
She lived ten blocks away. When I  
get to her street-

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN QUEENS -- FLASHBACK 1981

GEORGE is walking up and down the street searching every doorway and verifying the address on a sheet of paper.

GEORGE (V.O.)

-there aren't any building numbers  
so I can't find her apartment. I  
keep walking up and down the street,  
getting more and more anxious.

JERRY (V.O.)

Oh boy.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Finally, I notice her doorway is  
sort of recessed next to an Off-Track  
Betting place.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- PRESENT DAY

KRAMER

(excited)

107-40 Queens Boulevard in Forest  
Hills!

GEORGE

That's right. How did you know?

KRAMER

I used to have a little gambling  
problem.

ELAINE

What's Off-Track Betting?

JERRY

You know, OTB. They show live horse  
races on closed-circuit television  
and you can legally bet on them.

ELAINE

Oh.

JERRY

She didn't mention the OTB place to  
you as a landmark or anything?

GEORGE

That's what I thought. Not very  
considerate of her. But given the  
circumstances-

JERRY

Not really worth mentioning.

GEORGE  
Exactly. Though I think it's a pretty big business.

KRAMER  
(impassioned)  
It's a huge business! It's fantastic! The energy pulses through your body like-

JERRY  
Take it easy Kramer.

KRAMER struggles to contain himself.

GEORGE  
Nevertheless, I walked in the door and up the stairs to her apartment. I cannot emphasize enough how incredibly nervous I was. I almost turned around and went home. If I did, I'd probably still be a virgin today. She opened that door, my eyes almost popped out of my head.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEEN'S APARTMENT LIVING ROOM -- FLASHBACK 1981

COLLEEN, late-thirties, buxom with too much makeup, greets GEORGE in the doorway.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
I walk in the door and before I knew it was happening, she actually kneeled down, untied my shoes and removed them for me. I felt like a Persian king. Then she looks up at me and says-

COLLEEN  
Today George, you will become a man.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- PRESENT DAY

ELAINE JERRY & KRAMER are laughing.

GEORGE  
I almost passed out right on the spot.

ELAINE  
How come you never told us this story before?

GEORGE  
 Unbeknownst to me at the time, it  
 turns out that at just this moment-

CUT TO:

INT. OFF-TRACK BETTING PARLOR - FLASHBACK 1981

FRANK & ESTELLE COSTANZA enter the front door.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
 My parents went into the Off-Track  
 Betting parlor right below Colleen's  
 bedroom.

FRANK picks-up a racing form.

FRANK  
 Look at these names.

ESTELLE  
 What names?

FRANK hands ESTELLE the racing form.

FRANK  
 The horses.

FRANK points to a column on the form.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 They're absurd.

ESTELLE  
 Oh my. Why do they have names like  
 this?

FRANK  
 How should I know?

ESTELLE  
 Who names a horse "That Bastard"?

FRANK  
 It doesn't make any sense.

ESTELLE  
 Let's get out of here.

FRANK  
 We came here to make a score. We'll  
 each pick a horse and bet all the  
 money at once.

ESTELLE  
 Why don't we just throw the money  
 out the window?

FRANK  
You'll see. We're gonna hit it big.

ESTELLE  
Sure we are.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- PRESENT DAY

JERRY  
Boy. The odds of you and your parents randomly ending up in the very same building at the same time are incredible.

GEORGE  
(depressed)  
A billion to one.

CUT TO:

INT. OFF-TRACK BETTING PARLOR - FLASHBACK 1981

FRANK and ESTELLE move to the betting window. FRANK hands a wad of one dollar bills over to an impatient cashier.

FRANK  
(to cashier)  
Split that on the next race between

FRANK & ESTELLE scan the racing form.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Number four "M'Boy" and...

FRANK points to ESTELLE for a name.

ESTELLE  
I don't know.

FRANK  
Pick a horse.

ESTELLE  
I'm trying ... Here, number seven.

The cashier immediately prints the ticket and hands it to FRANK.

FRANK  
You picked a horse named "That's Disgusting"?

ESTELLE  
Seven's my lucky number.

FRANK

But still?

ESTELLE

(agitated)

Leave me alone.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- PRESENT DAY

JERRY ELAINE & KRAMER are in the booth listening to GEORGE's story.

GEORGE

So anyway-

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEEN'S BEDROOM -- FLASHBACK 1981

This is an incredibly cluttered but large bedroom with cheesy posters on the walls.

GEORGE (V.O.)

When we got to her bedroom, which was in the front of the building overlooking the street, I was sweating so much I thought I was going to dehydrate. My socks actually slosed and when I walked.

ELAINE (V.O.)

How romantic.

GEORGE paces nervously along the wall as COLLEEN removes her earrings. We see a trail of wet footprints where GEORGE walked in his socks.

COLLEEN

(sultry)

My parents will be gone for the entire day, so we have total privacy.

GEORGE

(voice cracking)

Great. Total privacy. Just what the doctor ordered.

COLLEEN

What?

GEORGE

Nevermind.

COLLEEN

Would you like a drink?

GEORGE thinks for a moment.

GEORGE  
Do you have any Gatorade?

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- PRESENT DAY

JERRY  
Gatorade?

GEORGE  
Yeah. I needed to re-hydrate and I thought there might be some kind of performance benefit from all the electrolytes and everything.

KRAMER  
I *like* that.

JERRY  
This man is always thinking.

GEORGE  
I try.

ELAINE  
So go on.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEEN'S APARTMENT -- FLASHBACK 1981

GEORGE is alone. He's pacing and talking to himself.

GEORGE  
You can do it. You can do it.

COLLEEN walks in carrying a huge glass of a orange liquid.

COLLEEN  
Is Tang alright? It's all we had.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- PRESENT DAY

JERRY  
Not a bad substitute.

GEORGE  
That's what I thought. Perfectly acceptable.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEEN'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK 1981

COLLEEN watches as GEORGE chugs most of the beverage. When he's nearly done, she seductively puts her hand on his back. He begins choking and spills Tang all over.

GEORGE  
(panicked)  
Oh God. I'm so sorry.

COLLEEN  
Don't worry about it. Are you  
alright?

GEORGE  
(coughing)  
I'm good. I'm good. Could we open  
a window? I just need some fresh  
air.

COLLEEN  
Sure.

COLLEEN struts over to the window. GEORGE is transfixed as she opens the window while posing provocatively.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)  
How's this?

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- PRESENT DAY

GEORGE  
My heart was racing. I knew it was  
either go ahead right then or it was  
never gonna happen.

KRAMER slaps GEORGE on the back.

KRAMER  
Go get 'em tiger.

GEORGE  
She coached me through all the  
preliminaries.

ELAINE  
Every guy could use that kind of  
basic training.

KRAMER & GEORGE look at ELAINE and then JERRY.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
(to Jerry)  
No offense. I didn't mean you  
personally.

JERRY  
 (sarcastic)  
 Of course not.  
 (to George)  
 Go on.

GEORGE  
 So later, we're engaging in the act-

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEEN'S BEDROOM -- FLASHBACK 1981

A huge pile of covers is moving slightly.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
 She actually seemed like she was  
 enjoying it, or at least she didn't  
 find it objectionable. The  
 possibility of this never even  
 occurred to me.

GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I swear I even heard a faint moan.

COLLEEN  
 (moaning)  
 Oh George.

JERRY (V.O.)  
 Wow. A moan.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
 I couldn't believe it! Things were  
 going great. When suddenly, in the  
 back of my head-

Distressed GEORGE's head pops out of the covers.

GEORGE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I hear my mother's voice.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- PRESENT DAY

JERRY  
 Your mother's voice?

KRAMER  
 That's freaky.

GEORGE  
 Tell me about it. She was shaming  
 me about how disgusting I was.

ELAINE  
You have major issues George.

GEORGE  
(angrily to Elaine)  
Your story had better be *extremely*  
graphic.

JERRY  
So what happened?

GEORGE  
With the concentration of a Jedi  
Knight, I forced all extraneous  
thoughts out of my head.

KRAMER  
Good boy.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEEN'S BEDROOM -- FLASHBACK 1981

The pile of covers is moving again.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
We're headed in the right direction  
and I just want to get it over with.

JERRY (V.O.)  
It's a race to the finish.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- PRESENT DAY

GEORGE shoots JERRY an impatient look despite KRAMER &  
ELAINE's amusement at JERRY's comment.

GEORGE  
Now admittedly, it didn't take long,  
but I'm within fifteen or twenty  
seconds of...

JERRY  
The Victory Circle?

GEORGE  
Do you mind?

Beat.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
So meanwhile, downstairs-

CUT TO:

INT. OFF-TRACK BETTING PARLOR - FLASHBACK 1981

FRANK & ESTELLE are riveted to a television screen showing a horse race.

TELEVISION RACE ANNOUNCER  
And coming into the final turn, it's  
anyone's race from here!

FRANK & ESTELLE and everyone else excitedly rise to their feet.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEEN'S BEDROOM -- FLASHBACK 1981

The pile of covers is moving faster. GEORGE's face comically reflects his effort and passion.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
Just as I'm passing the point of no  
return, in what should be the greatest  
moment of my life-

COLLEEN  
(moaning)  
Oh.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
I hear my mother's voice again.

ESTELLE (O.S.)  
(rooting for her horse)  
"That's Disgusting"!

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- PRESENT DAY

JERRY KRAMER & ELAINE look very distressed.

GEORGE  
This time I'm sure it's not in my  
head. I glance over-

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEEN'S BEDROOM -- FLASHBACK 1981

The covers are moving rapidly as GEORGE looks towards the window.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
And realize the voice is coming  
through the open window.

ESTELLE (O.S.)  
Go on! Faster!

GEORGE's horrified expression conveys that he's torn by his impending culmination and his revulsion at his mother's voice.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- PRESENT DAY

JERRY KRAMER & ELAINE look ready to vomit.

GEORGE  
I can't stop at this point. Hormones  
and adrenaline are pulsing through  
every cell in my body. Remarkably,

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEEN'S BEDROOM -- FLASHBACK 1981

GEORGE (V.O.)  
Colleen still seems into it.

COLLEEN  
(moaning)  
Oh. Don't stop now.

GEORGE (V.O.)  
I'm seconds away when-

FRANK  
(screaming for his  
horse)  
Watch out M'Boy! That Bastard's  
right behind ya!

GEORGE looks over his shoulder as the covers continue to move quickly.

ESTELLE (O.S.)  
(to her horse)  
Is that the best you can do?

In a burst of passion, COLLEEN reaches her hand up and starts repeatedly whacking GEORGE's butt as if using a riding crop.

COLLEEN  
Yes! Yes!

FRANK (V.O.)  
He's right on your butt!

ESTELLE (O.S.)  
"That's Disgusting"!

COLLEEN  
 (moaning loudly)  
 Oh George.

FRANK (O.S.)  
 Come on "M'Boy"!

The covers stop moving as GEORGE winces in culmination. Simultaneously we hear the entire OTB crowd off-screen groan in disappointment.

CUT TO:

INT. OFF-TRACK BETTING PARLOR - FLASHBACK 1981

Nobody's horse won. The entire room is deflated.

FRANK  
 That's a disgrace.

FRANK & ESTELLE throw their race tickets on the floor and head for the exit. FRANK turns and looks back at the television.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 He should be taken to New Jersey and shot!

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEEN'S BEDROOM -- FLASHBACK 1981

GEORGE looks exhausted and traumatized as COLLEEN runs her hand through GEORGE's hair.

ESTELLE (O.S.)  
 What a waste!

GEORGE's expression registers his parents' parting comments.

COLLEEN stops rubbing GEORGE's head because something's in her hand. COLLEEN and GEORGE look in her hand and we see a clump of hair from GEORGE's head.

CUT TO:

INT. MONK'S DINER -- PRESENT DAY

JERRY ELAINE and KRAMER are shocked.

Just as GEORGE finishes speaking, he looks over and we see a crowd of customers who have all been riveted to his story.

GEORGE  
 Hello Mrs. Portamento.

A woman in her mid-sixties looks disgusted and storms off.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
That's nice. Now my parents and I  
will have something to talk about.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARK'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

CLARK and ELAINE are sitting on the floor surrounded by papers  
and writing out multi-page lists on legal pads.

CLARK  
Can you believe we're gonna be married  
in five days?

Stressed ELAINE scans her list.

ELAINE  
How is all this stuff gonna get done  
in time?

CLARK takes ELAINE's free hand in his.

CLARK  
(warmly)  
It'll be fine.

CLARK passes his list to ELAINE. She grabs it with the hand  
CLARK was holding she begins scanning it.

ELAINE  
This is encouraging. These are all  
the things taken care of?

CLARK  
No. That's more stuff to do.

ELAINE looks frenzied.

ELAINE  
Where's the list of stuff already  
done?

CLARK  
Right here.

CLARK hands her a single post-it note.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
Actually, it's less than five days.

He looks at his watch.

CLARK (CONT'D)  
A hundred and ten hours from right  
now, we'll be married for eternity.

He puts his arm around her lovingly, but ELAINE looks very apprehensive.

ELAINE  
That's a mighty long time.

He kisses her cheek and hugs her.

CLARK  
I can't wait.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT

ELAINE's on the couch going over the lists of things to do while JERRY speaks into the intercom.

JERRY  
C'mon up.

He presses the buzzer.

ELAINE  
How are things with Sandra?

JERRY  
Oh, that's over.

ELAINE  
Over? What happened?

JERRY  
I don't know.

ELAINE  
It seemed like you two had really hit it off.

JERRY shrugs dismissively.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
I bet it was something stupid.

JERRY  
That's ridiculous.

ELAINE  
Something completely stupid.

JERRY  
I'd rather not say.

ELAINE  
You know, you're never gonna meet anyone and have a real relationship  
(MORE)

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
 if you keep meticulously scrutinizing  
 every tiny facet of a person's  
 behavior and-

JERRY  
 For your information, it was nothing  
 like that. And why does anyone care  
 whether or not I meet somebody?

GEORGE enters through the front door.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 I'm perfectly happy meeting everybody,  
 but nobody for an extended period of  
 time.

ELAINE  
 That's so shallow.

JERRY  
 I am shallow.

GEORGE  
 That's true, he is shallow.

ELAINE  
 Stay out of this George.  
 (to Jerry)  
 You know what you are? You're  
 emotionally vacant.

JERRY  
 I am not. I'm just ... selective.

ELAINE  
 Sure you are.

GEORGE  
 She does make an interesting point-

JERRY  
 Stay out of this George. And what  
 is it with you people getting married  
 anyhow? You decide you're in love  
 and you're going to spend the rest  
 of your life with somebody. Great.  
 You should be happy. Instead, you  
 can't leave me alone.

GEORGE  
 We had a deal!

JERRY  
 It's like you've jumped into the  
 torrential waters above Niagara Falls  
 (MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

and you're being swept downstream towards the brink. You even seem to be swimming in that direction at full steam, apparently unconcerned about the enormous plunge or the jagged rocks below.

ELAINE

What a lovely vision of marriage Jerry.

JERRY

Meanwhile, I'm on the shoreline waving my arms trying to make you aware of the situation. I'm not trying to stop you or change your decision. I'm merely trying to ensure that you have a full perspective of the geography ahead.

ELAINE

You're so romantic.

JERRY

Just as you're rushing by, out of common decency and at my own peril, I reach my hand out over the open water so you have the means to either pause for reflection or extricate yourself from the situation altogether.

ELAINE

This is so stupid.

JERRY

At the exact moment you grasp my hand, the nanosecond where our flesh meets, I have this electrifying sense of purpose and meaning. It's transformational. Perhaps giving selfless aid to friends and strangers will become an important feature in my life-

(looks away longingly)  
just like Superman.

Beat.

JERRY (CONT'D)

The powerful current is stronger than I anticipate.

JERRY is standing at the end of the couch with his arms extended out over the furniture's length. His hands are grasped together in a pulling motion.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 I struggle to keep my balance and hold on, fighting tenaciously for our collective well-being. That is, until I look down and realize-

JERRY walks to the front of the couch.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 You-

JERRY points at GEORGE and ELAINE then lays face-up on the couch with his knees bent.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 -are in the water

JERRY braces his feet against the arm near where he was standing.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 With both feet braced against the shoreline.

JERRY leans forward with both hands grasped together and engages in an absurd pulling motion.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Heaving and pulling with all your might to get me into the perilous water with you. It seems that your only goal in life now is to get me to marry someone, anyone at all for that matter, and accompany you over the falls to near certain doom.

ELAINE is unimpressed.

ELAINE  
 So why did you break-up with her?

JERRY  
 (very sincere)  
 The truth is, when I tried to connect with her on an emotional level she-

GEORGE and JERRY burst out laughing.

ELAINE  
 You guys are idiots.

ELAINE stands.

GEORGE  
 That was beautiful.

JERRY

You- I couldn't keep a straight face.

GEORGE

JERRY

It almost-

They burst with laughter again.

ELAINE

Whatever. I know it was something stupid.

ELAINE leaves and slams the door shut. They're still laughing.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK -- LATER

JERRY and GEORGE are walking.

GEORGE

So really. Why did you break-up with her?

JERRY

Don't tell Elaine, but it was because of her comforter.

GEORGE

Her comforter? You broke up with a girl because of blankets?

JERRY

I know, on the surface it may not seem like a sound reason, but believe me, I had no choice.

GEORGE

Let's hear it.

JERRY

Well, since I have a child's bed, we always had to stay at her place.

GEORGE

Oh, so it's my fault.

JERRY

Would you calm down?

GEORGE

That bed was a great deal. A *temporary* solution!

JERRY

Yes George, I know. It's not your fault.

GEORGE takes a deep breath and silently mouths the phrase "Serenity Now".

GEORGE  
(very calm)  
Alright then. You mentioned some problem with her blankets. Go on.

JERRY  
She has this comforter that was incredibly heavy and she insisted on using it.

GEORGE  
Uh-huh.

They're nearing an intersection.

JERRY  
It was unbelievable. It's like it was filled with dirt.

GEORGE  
*That's* why you broke up with her?

JERRY  
Yes. Every time I tried to sleep I felt like I was being buried alive.

The crosswalk signal isn't in their favor, so they wait.

GEORGE  
Oh man. Elaine would kill to hear about this.

JERRY  
You can't say anything.

GEORGE  
The records are sealed.

Still waiting, GEORGE looks into a public trash can. Right on top of a newspaper is a safety pin that's caught his attention.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
Look at that. A safety pin.

JERRY  
So?

GEORGE  
They're handy to have around and someone just threw it away.

GEORGE reaches into the trash can and retrieves the pin.

GEORGE (CONT'D)  
What's wrong with our society?

GEORGE puts the pin in his pocket.

JERRY  
I'm not sure.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT

JERRY and ELAINE are here. ELAINE looks stressed as she goes over her well-worn wedding list.

KRAMER bursts through the door.

JERRY  
Hey Kramer.

KRAMER  
Aloha Jerry, Ms. Benes.

KRAMER looks around inside the fridge.

JERRY  
(to Elaine)  
How's it going?

ELAINE keeps her eyes on the papers. KRAMER heads over to see what ELAINE's working on.

ELAINE  
If this thing were happening in a year and a half, I'd be right on schedule.

KRAMER's now behind ELAINE, unbeknownst to her. He's craning to read her papers.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
I can't believe I meet Clark's parents tomorrow night and we get married the next day.

KRAMER keeps zooming-in closer and closer.

JERRY  
That's amazing.

KRAMER's head just about right next to ELAINE's when she turns her head. She's startled, reeling away and scattering papers. ELAINE's reaction startles KRAMER who lurches backwards and falls onto the floor.

ELAINE

Kramer! You're gonna give me a heart attack.

KRAMER

So what. You're marrying a doctor.

ELAINE

(upbeat)

This is true.

JERRY

Does Clark come from a family of doctors?

ELAINE

Nope. He's the only one. But listen to this, his father sold raincoats for thirty-eight years.

JERRY

Get out.

KRAMER

Jerry, *your* father sold raincoats for thirty-eight years, God bless 'em.

JERRY

I'm aware of that.

KRAMER

What are the odds? *Two* long term raincoat men?

ELAINE

So what are you saying?

KRAMER

Elaine, you obviously have a fixation on guys whose fathers sold raincoats.

ELAINE

What?

KRAMER

(studying Jerry)

Yeah. It all makes sense.

ELAINE

(irritated)

That's the dumbest thing you've ever come up with.

JERRY

Let's not exaggerate here-

ELAINE

Did it ever occur to you that it's  
just a coincidence?

KRAMER looks deeply into each person's eyes.

KRAMER

There are no coincidences. The  
universe has a plan for each of us.

Moment of silence as everyone considers this.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

It's true ... and Elaine's plan  
involves men whose fathers sold  
raincoats.

ELAINE can't take it and goes after KRAMER. Terrified KRAMER  
shrieks like a ten year old girl and runs.

ELAINE pursues KRAMER for a full lap around the couch as  
GEORGE opens the apartment door and walks in.

KRAMER escapes through the door and pulls it shut. ELAINE  
just misses him and comes up against the door.

GEORGE acts as though nothing is out of the ordinary.

GEORGE

Movie anyone?

ELAINE

(at the door)

Maybe something with lots of violence.

GEORGE sits down. ELAINE opens the refrigerator.

GEORGE

So what's going on.

JERRY

We were talking about Clark.

GEORGE

Ah yes, the Minimalist doctor.

ELAINE

Indeed.

JERRY

Isn't 'minimalism' kind of a lengthy  
word to describe such a thing?

GEORGE snorts.

GEORGE

Why did Clark become a doctor anyway?

ELAINE

He's passionate about leading a purpose-driven life. He really wants to help people and make a difference.

GEORGE

Not me.

ELAINE

Obviously.

JERRY

Me neither. I don't want help people. The very idea is ludicrous.

GEORGE

Preposterous. And I especially don't want my life to have any purpose at all.

JERRY

Certainly not.

ELAINE

I'd say you're both on the right track.

ELAINE grabs her papers and starts heading towards the door.

GEORGE

Hey Elaine. What kind of doctor is he anyhow?

ELAINE

I don't know. I'll find out, but the important thing is that he *is* a doctor. I can't wait to stick that in the faces of all my female friends.

CUT TO:

INT. CLARK'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER

ELAINE is facing CLARK with a look of disbelief on her face.

ELAINE

Breast implants?

CLARK

Yep.

ELAINE

You mean reconstruction for cancer survivors and that sort of thing?

CLARK

Well, I mainly do elective augmentation procedures.

ELAINE

Boob jobs?

CLARK

Exactly.

ELAINE

That's your purpose-driven life dedicated to helping people?

CLARK

It's important work. I put these women on a career track they could never achieve without me.

ELAINE

Career track? What does that mean?

CLARK

My clients are in the entertainment industry, mostly strippers and porn stars.

ELAINE looks like she may faint.

ELAINE

I've gotta sit down.

She looks around, but there's no furniture in the room. CLARK helps her sit on the floor against a wall. She finally regains herself.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

So you install those ridiculously huge basketball breasts in womens' bodies?

CLARK looks away dreamily.

CLARK

I make 'em as big as their dreams Elaine.

ELAINE

I don't understand how you can be so dedicated to Minimalism, and yet you install these giant super boobs in woman as your job?

CLARK

It's that kind of contrast that gives us all texture as human beings.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

ELAINE

George, there's a problem.

GEORGE

What problem?

ELAINE

You can't do the ceremony.

GEORGE

(whining)

Why not? I've got the velvet robes and everything.

ELAINE displays a typed letter.

ELAINE

Warning letter from the City of New York. It seems that a local ordinance from the 1800's prohibits you from officiating a civil ceremony because of your religion.

GEORGE

My religion? What religion?

GEORGE searches for an answer. JERRY and ELAINE wait for him to figure it out.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I have no religion!

GEORGE looks to ELAINE. ELAINE looks to JERRY.

JERRY

Latvian Orthodox. ~~Or the~~ that some years ago, for the affections of a certain attractive woman, you formally converted to ~~GEORGE~~  
(defeated)

JERRY (CONT'D)

(cheery)

Latvian Orthodox.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Couldn't I just-

ELAINE holds up the warning letter.

ELAINE

No.

GEORGE

But what if-

ELAINE stuffs the letter into GEORGE's hand.

ELAINE

Sorry.

GEORGE

Who's gonna do the ceremony?

ELAINE

Kramer volunteered. He got the job.

GEORGE studies the letter.

GEORGE

How did they even find out about me?

ELAINE

Kramer mentioned the pending violation to his friend Bob Sacamano, who apparently turned you in to get himself out of some legal trouble.

GEORGE

How would Kramer have any idea about a local ordinance from the 1800's?

JERRY

I don't think he's aware that state and federal laws even exist today, but he has an encyclopedic knowledge of obscure local ordinances. It's actually quite impressive.

GEORGE

(sarcastic)

Yes, he's a very impressive guy.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT -- EVENING

We see a small crowd with a few familiar faces from the Seinfeld television series, along with a sign that reads "Private Party".

ELAINE rushes up to JERRY and GEORGE.

JERRY

(to Elaine)

So tomorrow's the big day!

ELAINE  
 (frenzied)  
 I need a safety pin. My wedding  
 dress isn't fitting right.

GEORGE  
 You know what? I have one right  
 here.

GEORGE hands a safety pin to ELAINE.

ELAINE  
 (sincere)  
 Oh thank goodness. Everything is  
 spinning out of control, but at least  
 this is done.

ELAINE quickly hugs GEORGE.

ELAINE (CONT'D)  
 You're a lifesaver.

ELAINE runs off. GEORGE looks smugly at JERRY.

JERRY  
 Why don't you tell her it came out  
 of the garbage?

GEORGE  
 (agitated)  
 It's not relevant.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT -- MOMENTS LATER

ELAINE stands expectantly as CLARK walks up with an arm around  
 each of his parents, who are breathtakingly ugly.

CLARK  
 Mom, Dad, this is my fiancée, Elaine  
*Bennett*.

GEORGE and JERRY look at each other.

CLARK'S FATHER  
 Oh, like Tony Bennett the singer.

ELAINE is about to say something.

CLARK  
 Exactly.

ELAINE glances awkwardly at JERRY and GEORGE, then turns  
 towards CLARK's parents.

ELAINE

It's so nice to meet you.

CLARK'S FATHER

Welcome to our family dear.

CLARK'S FATHER hugs her warmly.

CLARK'S FATHER (CONT'D)

We're so happy for you two.

CLARK'S MOTHER extends her hand coolly. She hates ELAINE.

CLARK'S MOTHER

Hello.

They shake hands. ELAINE puts on her friendliest smile and is about to say something.

CLARK'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Is that the bar?

CLARK'S MOTHER heads across the room. ELAINE's dumbfounded. No one else noticed what happened.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT BAR AREA -- LATER

CLARK'S MOTHER is emptying one drink with two more lined-up on the bar behind her. She's looking towards us and giving someone the evil eye.

CLARK'S MOTHER'S POV: ELAINE is the recipient of the evil eye. ELAINE looks very worried as she keeps looking towards CLARK'S MOTHER and then away.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT -- MOMENTS LATER

JERRY and ELAINE are talking. ELAINE looks extremely distressed.

JERRY

... she probably didn't mean anything by it.

ELAINE

Are you kidding? She'd like to cut-off my head and kick it around the room.

JERRY

Who wouldn't? It's probably good exercise.

ELAINE

(upset)

Thanks. That's very helpful.

JERRY

It's a joke.

ELAINE storms off.

JERRY (CONT'D)

(calling to Elaine)

I'm a comedian.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT BAR AREA

CLARK'S MOTHER is now pleasantly intoxicated. She lights up and stares lustfully at someone across the room.

CLARK'S MOTHER'S POV: we see that the person CLARK'S MOTHER is so attracted to is KRAMER. He's wiping a fresh stain on his pants with a T.P. Glove, unaware of CLARK'S MOTHER'S libidinous gaze.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT COAT ROOM

ELAINE stares off despondently at a line of coats.

CLARK (O.S.)

(full of life)

So this where you've been hiding.

CLARK enters and hugs ELAINE from behind.

CLARK (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

Moment of silence.

ELAINE

Honestly, I have no idea.

She faces him.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

What in the hell are we doing? We're getting married tomorrow.

CLARK

I know.

ELAINE

Besides everything being a disaster and your mother hating me, doesn't it seem a little ... I don't know, sudden?

CLARK shrugs.

CLARK

Not to me.

ELAINE

We just met. How could you possibly love me the way you say you do? There are billions of people in the world. Do you know the odds that I'm the right person for you?

CLARK

A hundred percent

ELAINE

How are you so sure?

CLARK

I just am. Yeah, the logical thinking part of me in my head is scared. But the feeling part of me, in my heart, that's what counts. And at this moment, which is all any of us really have, I'm in love and my heart is bursting with excitement over you. To me, that's all that matters.

CLARK kisses ELAINE very sweetly.

CLARK (CONT'D)

We can get married tomorrow or in five years. Whatever you want is okay with me.

ELAINE looks up into his eyes for a moment.

ELAINE

How about tomorrow then?

They embrace.

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

JERRY's dressed in a tuxedo, picking lint off the jacket.

GEORGE enters wearing a tuxedo and a huge smile.

JERRY  
Nice tuxedo George

GEORGE  
Thank you. Everything's velvet.  
One hundred percent.

JERRY  
I can see that.

GEORGE  
I mean *everything's* velvet, including  
my shirt, socks and underwear.

JERRY  
Really?

GEORGE  
I saw no reason to hold back.

JERRY  
Would you look at the time!

GEORGE  
What are you talking about? We're  
alright.

JERRY  
If we don't show-up at that wedding  
on time, and with Kramer to perform  
the ceremony, Elaine will hunt us  
down like dogs.

GEORGE  
Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY IN FRONT OF KRAMER'S APARTMENT

JERRY knocks on KRAMER's door. KRAMER doesn't answer.

JERRY  
Kramer! C'mon we've gotta go.

He knocks again and the door swings open. They quickly push  
through the doorway.

INT. KRAMER'S APARTMENT INTERIOR

The apartment has been partially restored to it's original  
state, though the pay phone remains.

JERRY and GEORGE are enter and see KRAMER's not inside.

JERRY  
We're dead.

GEORGE  
 Call Newman's apartment. He's gotta  
 be there.

JERRY picks up the phone and checks his pockets.

JERRY  
 Do you have any change?

We see GEORGE become tense.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 George!

GEORGE  
 (yelling)  
 Alright fine.

He hands coins to JERRY.

JERRY dials and listens. GEORGE takes deep breaths.

JERRY  
 How can all lines be busy?

JERRY slams down the phone.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
 Let's just run down there.

JERRY and GEORGE race into the hallway, slamming KRAMER's  
 door shut behind them.

Beat.

George races back in, checks the pay phone slot for unclaimed  
 returned coins, and races into the hallway, slamming KRAMER's  
 door shut behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY IN FRONT OF NEWMAN'S APARTMENT

JERRY pounds on the door repeatedly as we hear muffled music  
 from inside the apartment.

JERRY  
 KRAMER, are you in there? C'mon  
 open up. I need my car.

No response. JERRY finally reaches for the door handle.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWMAN'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

JERRY opens the door and steps into the blaring music.

JERRY looks around the unoccupied apartment as the *Theme From Ghostbusters* song asks "Who ya gonna call?" -

KRAMER and NEWMAN suddenly bound into the room wearing white zip-up coveralls and ski goggles. They each have fire extinguishers duct taped to their backs while pointing the nozzles at one another. They're both singing the lyrics.

NEWMAN & KRAMER  
Ghostbusters!

NEWMAN and KRAMER are dancing wildly and having a great time. They don't realize JERRY and GEORGE are in the room.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWMAN'S APARTMENT -- MOMENTS LATER

KRAMER and NEWMAN have removed their goggles and fire extinguishers.

JERRY  
Kramer!

GEORGE  
You're not even dressed.

JERRY  
We've got to be at the wedding in ten minutes!

KRAMER  
Is that today?

NEWMAN  
No it's tomorrow.

KRAMER  
Newman's right, it's tomorrow.

GEORGE & JERRY TOGETHER  
It's today!

KRAMER  
We're just teasing you buddy.

KRAMER and NEWMAN unzip and step out of their coveralls. Underneath, both have on tuxedos.

KRAMER opens the closet and pulls out a garment bag.

In a quick close-up of the back of KRAMER's tuxedo jacket, we see repair stitch marks in the outline of a huge upside-down "U".

KRAMER (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

JERRY  
Is my car ready?

KRAMER  
No, but I've arranged for a loaner.

KRAMER drops keys into JERRY's hand.

JERRY  
I can't wait to see this.

KRAMER spins and starts moving towards the door. The other three follow.

JERRY looks at NEWMAN.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
(annoyed)  
Do you need a ride Newman?

NEWMAN  
(defensive)  
I thought Kramer was driving. My date's meeting me there.

JERRY  
Your date?

NEWMAN glances at GEORGE for an instant.

NEWMAN  
She's quite a gal.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

All four doors close on a sad looking early-model Yugo (the poorly-received automobile not imported to the States since the early 1990's).

CUT TO:

INT. YUGO

JERRY's driving. KRAMER's shotgun. GEORGE and NEWMAN are in the back seat. KRAMER's cheery while everyone else looks uncomfortable.

KRAMER slaps the dashboard admiringly.

KRAMER  
Yugoslavia's finest.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEDDING

It's a beautiful day.

CUT TO:

INT. WEDDING

ELAINE is just starting down the aisle, looking expectant and beautiful, wearing a tasteful strapless wedding dress.

CLARK and KRAMER are at the end of the aisle. True to Minimalism, there are no bridesmaids or groomsmen.

Officiant KRAMER is wearing a flowing multicolor robe, reminiscent of the "Technicolor Dreamcoat".

GEORGE and JERRY are in the front row of ELAINE's side.

NEWMAN is right behind them with his date, Marissa Tomei.

GEORGE turns towards Marissa Tomei with a friendly smile. She scowls at him in disgust and snuggles closer to NEWMAN.

There are lots of familiar faces of characters from the Seinfeld television series on the bride's side of the aisle. All of the women are emotional and looking forward. The men are all continuously glancing and staring across the aisle towards the groom's side.

Our view shifts towards the groom's side. It's loaded with provocatively-dressed woman with enormous breasts (CLARK's breast implant clients - "strippers & porn stars mostly").

KRAMER is looking flirtatiously towards the groom's side of the aisle.

We see an attractive woman in the second row smiling back at him.

KRAMER winks suggestively at the woman.

CLARK'S MOTHER, directly in front of the woman KRAMER winked at, thinks KRAMER's been flirting with her. She mouths a suggestive kiss back at him.

KRAMER's startled when he realizes what's happening.

ELAINE arrives at the end of the aisle and takes CLARK's hand. They're beaming as they turn to face KRAMER, who smiles at them for a moment before he looks out towards the crowd.

KRAMER

Dearly beloved. We are gathered here today to join-

KRAMER points towards ELAINE.

KRAMER (CONT'D)  
This man and-

KRAMER points towards CLARK.

KRAMER (CONT'D)  
This woman-

CLARK and ELAINE glance at each other.

KRAMER (CONT'D)  
In holy matrimony.

CUT TO:

INT. WEDDING -- MOMENTS LATER

KRAMER  
... for all the days of my life.

CLARK  
(warmly emotional)  
For all the days of my life.

CLARK's mother sneaks a drink from a flask.

KRAMER turns to ELAINE.

KRAMER  
I Elaine take you Clark.

ELAINE  
I Elaine take you Clark.

KRAMER  
To be my lawfully wedded husband.

ELAINE  
To be my lawfully wedded husband.

KRAMER  
I promise to love you.

ELAINE  
I promise to love you.

KRAMER  
To honor you.

ELAINE  
To honor you.

KRAMER  
And to obey you.

ELAINE  
And to ... to-

An uncomfortable MOS as ELAINE swallows.

GEORGE and JERRY look at one another.

KRAMER  
Obey ... to obey you.

The whole audience is leaning in to listen.

ELAINE  
(inaudibly)  
And to obey you.

KRAMER  
Can't hear ya.

ELAINE  
(loudly)  
And to obey you.

KRAMER reels backwards, then composes himself.

KRAMER  
All the days of my life.

ELAINE looks lovingly into CLARK's eyes.

ELAINE  
All the days of my life.

CLARK's mother sneaks another sip from her flask.

CUT TO:

INT. WEDDING -- MOMENTS LATER

All the guys in the crowd are leering at the woman on CLARK's side of the aisle.

KRAMER  
I now pronounce you man and wife.

As ELAINE and CLARK kiss, we can see the safety pin on ELAINE's dress is loosening.

KRAMER (CONT'D)  
May I present Mr. and Mrs. *Kent*.

Just as CLARK and ELAINE turn to face the crowd and head down the aisle, we see the safety pin give way.

KRAMER's POV - the top of ELAINE's strapless gown falls down, revealing her bare upper body to the crowd. All the men in the crowd who have been staring at the outsize-breasted women on Clark's side of the aisle turn in unison to gape at Elaine's exposed breasts.

CLARK tries to check out ELAINE without turning his head.

NEWMAN stares at ELAINE lustfully.

CLARK'S MOTHER looks amused.

KRAMER is craning his neck trying to get a look at ELAINE.

JERRY

I can't wait to see this year's  
holiday card.

GEORGE snorts.

FADE OUT

THE END