

Seinfeld: “The Streetcar”

By

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FADE IN:

INT. COMEDY CLUB — NIGHT

JERRY is performing a stand-up set in front of a brick wall.

JERRY

What is it with all these new ways
of getting around? "Take the
subway--no wait! Take the bus--no
wait! Take a cab--" [waves hands]

[AUDIENCE LAUGHS]

You know--what happened to taking
a good old train? I'll just uh--
put on my top hat here, grab my
cane... [mimics motions]

[AUDIENCE LAUGHS]

What if I wanna see the rolling
hills of Istanbul out my window?!

[AUDIENCE LAUGHS]

What if I wanna be served a cup of
tea in my cabin?! What if I wanna
solve a murder before the killer
strikes again?!

[AUDIENCE LAUGHS]

FADE TO:

INT. MONK'S CAFÉ — DAY

JERRY and GEORGE are seated across from ELAINE at a booth, all
with coffees in hand. ELAINE has a cleaned plate with used
utensils on it that's been pushed to the side.

ELAINE

You got Kramer a cookbook?

GEORGE

Oh, Elaine, you underestimate me.
This isn't just *any* cookbook!
[pulls out book and holds it
upright, showing cover]

ELAINE

[upward gaze] *Lord of the Wings?*
Really?

GEORGE

This is every man's dream, Elaine.
[gestures at displayed book in
hand] You wouldn't understand.
These are things in the domain of
men, after all. [pats chest with
fist, chuckles]

ELAINE

[raises eyebrow] You took that
from your mother's house, didn't
you?

GEORGE

[surprised] Elaine, I am *insulted*
you would accuse me of such a
thing! [chuckles, snorts] Why, I
oughta--

ELAINE

[turns to JERRY] Jerry, where did
he get this from?

JERRY

[puffs cheeks, shrugs shoulders]
Well--uh--Elaine, where *did* he get
it from? [raises finger,
confidently] Now, *that's* the
question at hand.

ELAINE

You know, George, Mr. Lippman
still is looking for some
recommendations...

GEORGE

Oh, come on, Elaine--don't give me
that--

ELAINE

He likes the new guy I brought in
so much that I *think* he's open to
me recommending one more...

JERRY gives a surprised look to GEORGE.

ELAINE

But... you know... I wouldn't want to
recommend anyone he couldn't...
trust. [grins widely]

GEORGE

Alright, alright [puts book down
and throws hands forward]--it was
a gift for my father.

ELAINE

From your mother?

JERRY

From his mother. For their
anniversary, too.

GEORGE looks over at JERRY, irritated. JERRY leans his elbows on the table.

JERRY

So, Elaine, you finally got on
Lippman's good side?

ELAINE

Ugh. *Finally*. I swear that man is
impossible to please. [grabs a
packet of sugar and opens it] This
Don guy? Mr. Lippman is *all over*
him. It's like there's some kind
of *spell* he's under.

JERRY

See Elaine? I told you he would be
a good recommendation.

GEORGE

Hey, how is it that you
recommended uh--this *Don* guy--
before me?

JERRY

[shrugs] Oh, Don and my buddy
Harry go way back.

GEORGE

[raises eyebrows] Way back you say?

JERRY

Yeah, and you know, I go way back with Harry--

GEORGE

Jerry!

JERRY

George?

GEORGE

We go way back! [gesturing at both of them] You and me! *Way back, Jerry!* Why wouldn't I get picked first! [pats chest, exasperated]

ELAINE smiles, amused.

JERRY

Well, it's nothing personal, George. [grinning] And don't give Harry any flack, either. He's coming to stay with me for a few days.

ELAINE

Why's he staying with you?

JERRY

[shrugs] His lease ends tomorrow.

ELAINE

So, why doesn't he stay with Don?

GEORGE

[muttering] I thought they went
way back, Jerry.

JERRY

[shrugs, takes sip of coffee] His new place is in Uptown; the lease starts Friday; I guess he just thought it would be more convenient to stay at my place.

ELAINE

What's he doing with his furniture?

JERRY

Oh, he hired a moving company.

ELAINE

[scrunches face, looking uncomfortable] Oh.

JERRY

What? What's that face?

ELAINE

Well, if he has all that money to hire a moving company, why would he stay with you?

JERRY

Oh--uh--I dunno. I guess he just didn't want to get a hotel in the city. They're pretty expensive.

ELAINE

Hiring a *moving company* in the city is pretty expensive. I *think* he can afford a hotel room.

JERRY

I don't think he should have to spend even *more* money just because he already spent *some*.

ELAINE

Jerry, that's called being *tacky*.

GEORGE

I'm siding with Elaine on this one, Jerry.

JERRY

[turns to GEORGE] Ah, so Mr. Cheapskate has an opinion he'd like to share?

ELAINE

[gasps, looking at her watch] Oh my god, I'm late! I've gotta get back to work. [fixing hair] Can one of you guys cover for me?

JERRY and GEORGE look at each other, both gesturing at the table.

GEORGE

Well, don't look at me, I'm the Cheapskate, remember?

ELAINE is getting up from her seat in a hurry as the scene fades out.

FADE TO:

INT. ELAINE'S OFFICE - DAY

ELAINE is sneaking back into the main office space, down the hallway, trying to not be noticed. LIPPMAN suddenly appears behind ELAINE, standing in the doorway of his office.

LIPPMAN

Elaine.

ELAINE

[cringes, doesn't turn around]
Yes, Mr. Lippman?

LIPPMAN

You're seven minutes late. Where'd you have lunch, Chinatown or China itself?

ELAINE

[slowly turning around] I'm so sorry, Mr. Lippman. I totally tried to get here on time, but it was a disaster--[nervously laughs] it's a long story.

LIPPMAN

[leans against the doorframe, looks at ELAINE sternly] I've got time.

ELAINE

[sucks teeth] Oh, O-kay...
[nervously laughs] Well public transit can just be such a pain--you know how it is, Mr. Lippman, you know public transit? [stares hopefully]

LIPPMAN

No, Elaine, I can't say I do.

DON is passing by, holding a stack of papers, and needs to cross between ELAINE and LIPPMAN. Relief washes over ELAINE's face.

ELAINE

[pats DON's shoulder] Don! Don--you know how bad the transit over here can be, right?

DON

Oh, yeah, I've noticed that. The streetcars here can be really hit or miss.

ELAINE

[initially relieved, then confused] [deadpan] *Streetcars?*

DON

[nods nonchalantly] Yeah! The stations can get *really* rowdy, too!

ELAINE

Do you mean the *subway*?

DON

I mean, sure. But I just find "streetcar" so much more fun to say.

ELAINE

[laughs, annoyed but trying to hide irritation] But it's called the *subway*.

LIPPMAN

[heartily laughs] Wow, Don, another good one! You *really* do keep them coming!

LIPPMAN gives a firm pat to DON's shoulder and DON continues, peacefully, down the rest of the hallway, and LIPPMAN, still chuckling to himself, strolls back into his office, leaving ELAINE alone. The camera pans and zooms on ELAINE'S face, looking obsessed, furious. The scene fades out.

FADE TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

GEORGE is sitting on the couch, hugging the wrapped gift in his arms. He looks around nervously, head gleaming with sweat. JERRY is stood at the counter, eating dry cereal from the box.

GEORGE

He's still coming, right?

JERRY

For the hundredth time, yes!
What's gotten into you?

GEORGE

I get nervous giving people gifts!
[looks around more]

JERRY

Oh? Why's that?

GEORGE

[stops hugging book with one arm,
throws hand in the air] I just
wish we were like those countries
where people can't open gifts in
front of each other!

JERRY

Oh yeah, isn't that a thing in the
uh--Philippines, or something?

GEORGE

It's a lot of pressure! You know how you can tell when someone hates it? You know, as much as they try and pretend they like it, you can just tell?

JERRY

[points at GEORGE] Well, I'm sure that would happen a lot less if you stopped stealing all of them.

KRAMER suddenly bursts into the room, NEWMAN following behind him. NEWMAN is dragging a medium-sized roller-cooler behind him.

JERRY

[smiles and throws arms up] Hey Kramer, happy birthday. [sees NEWMAN, drops smile and arms]
Hello... Newman.

NEWMAN

I'm not in the mood to talk right now, Jerry. [folds arms, dramatically faces away from JERRY]

JERRY

[turns to KRAMER, gestures to NEWMAN] What's up with him?

KRAMER

[matter-of-factly] Oh, well--he got letter-lunched, Jerry.

JERRY

Letter-lunched?

KRAMER

[nods violently] *Letter-lunched!*

GEORGE

[deadpan] *Letter-lunched?*

NEWMAN

[explosive, interrupting] Alright
I'll tell ya! It's when a backup
happens in the mail room, and
someone speaks too loudly, and
then... *it happens...* [stares into the
distance, remembering, somberly]

KRAMER and NEWMAN, in unison, look forward, briefly holding
right hand over heart in respect.

KRAMER

[holds up a shaky finger] Very few
survive, Jerry--and what a way to
go. It's worse than what happened
on Lenin Peak! [throws hand in the
air]

JERRY rolls his eyes and dental clicks. He looks over at GEORGE.

JERRY

Oh, by the way, George got you
something.

GEORGE

Don't put me on the spot like
this, Jerry!

NEWMAN

Good luck competing with *my gift*,
George. [grins, pats KRAMER on
back] I got him *every man's dream*.
[holds up hand in front of
himself, looks off into distance]

JERRY

What'd he get you, Kramer?

KRAMER

Well, only the best gift a man
could ever ask for. [smiles and
pats NEWMAN back]

GEORGE

Oh, just spit it out, you two!
[waves hands]

NEWMAN

[prideful] *Lord of the Wings*. The
world's greatest cookbook. [smiles
excitedly]

JERRY

[nods, amused] *Lord of the Wings*,
you say? [looks over at GEORGE]

GEORGE subtly starts putting the gift to his side, out of view
of everyone else, looking even more stressed.

KRAMER

Oh, yeah! [nods head] We've got
all the materials in there.
[shakily points at cooler behind
NEWMAN] We're about to start
cookin'.

JERRY

You're not cooking any wings here,
Kramer, you do know that, right?

KRAMER

Jerry, you know I've got no other
choice! [throws hand in the air]
My oven is broken!

JERRY

And whose fault is that?

KRAMER

[points shakily] The enhanced
self-clean cycle is gonna work,
Jerry; these ovens are just too
weak for it right now! [jolts head
back]

JERRY

[rolls eyes] I've got company
coming, Kramer!

KRAMER

[claps and gestures at JERRY]
Well, that's great! They can have

some of our wings! [rubs hands together]

JERRY

Kramer, can't you find some other oven to use?

KRAMER

Come on Jerry, you can't throw a man out on his birthday!

NEWMAN

How could you do that Jerry?!
How?!

JERRY

[throws hand up] Alright! Fine!
You got me! You can use *my* oven
for your chicken wings! Who the hell am I to tell ya you can't?
[rolls eyes]

KRAMER

[turns to GEORGE] Hey--uh--what were you saying you wanted to give me before?

GEORGE

[sliding gift farther between couch cushions] Uh--I forgot it, Kramer--I'll bring it to you later.

JERRY

Anyway, I gotta go meet up with Harry and Elaine.

GEORGE

[points at JERRY] Hey, wait--why's Elaine going with?

JERRY

[waves hand] We're picking up a couple things Harry's moving company accidentally packed away. [shrugs] Elaine also needed to go shopping.

GEORGE

And you didn't think to ask me if I wanted to go shopping?

JERRY

I didn't think you'd want to come.

GEORGE

I love department stores, Jerry! The smells, the hordes of beautiful women, the free samples?! I'm a shopper if there ever was one, Jerry!

JERRY

Alright, well then, you wanna come shopping?

GEORGE hurriedly gets up off the couch, leaving the still-wrapped gift between the cushions. The scene fades out as JERRY

and GEORGE leave through the front door, NEWMAN and KRAMER taking the cooler into the kitchen.

FADE TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - EVENING.

ELAINE and JERRY are walking down an aisle of the store, and HARRY can be seen standing next to GEORGE in the background, always down the same aisle. ELAINE is holding a few jackets in front of her torso, draped and layered over her arm.

JERRY

So, why exactly don't you want Harry to know?

ELAINE

Shhh! [whispering] Would you keep your voice down? [looks back towards HARRY and GEORGE, stressed]

JERRY

[whispering] I mean, is it really that big of a deal, Elaine?

ELAINE

[whispering, exasperated, making large, desperate and pleading hand gestures] A streetcar doesn't even look like a subway, Jerry! And it doesn't even make sense-a streetcar goes *on the street!* The subway doesn't even *go* on the street! That's why it's called the *sub-way*!

JERRY

[whispering] So, how'd Lippman take it?

ELAINE

[whispering] I think he's lost his *mind*, Jerry! He thought it was a *good one!* [makes quote-unquote gestures with hands, wearing a disgusted, confused face]

The camera cuts to GEORGE and HARRY looking at toothpaste. HARRY is grabbing one of the tubes off the shelf, holding a basket linked through his free arm.

GEORGE

Sensodyne?

HARRY

Sensodyne.

GEORGE

Why Sensodyne? That stuff costs a fortune. [gestures]

HARRY

[shrugs] I've got sensitive teeth.

GEORGE

Your teeth can't be sensitive-- they're teeth.

HARRY

[puts the toothpaste in the basket] My dentist told me I have sensitive teeth.

GEORGE

Under what pretense?!

JERRY and ELAINE come back over to GEORGE and HARRY.

JERRY

Alright, you got everything you need, Harry?

HARRY

Yep, Jerry.

GEORGE rolls his eyes at the exchange.

JERRY

Alright, then--uh, we can head back to my place?

GEORGE

Hey--wait, Jerry. I gotta find a new gift for Kramer.

JERRY

You can't go break into your parent's house and steal something else?

GEORGE

Come on, Jerry, you know I can't afford to be one-upped by... Newman.
[looks forward, into the camera]

JERRY

Why don't you just hang back here with Elaine? [turns to Elaine] You still got some shopping to do, right?

ELAINE

I dunno; I guess I can keep lookin' around.

JERRY and HARRY start making their way out of the aisle while GEORGE walks over to ELAINE. ELAINE creases her lips together and looks over at GEORGE, rocking back and forth on her heels.

FADE TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - NIGHT

JERRY and HARRY are walking down the hallway, which is encased in fog, and JERRY looks obviously confused.

JERRY

Gee--what *is* that?

HARRY

It smells like somethings *burning*.

JERRY and HARRY get to JERRY's apartment door, and JERRY opens it. JERRY is immediately taken back and scrunches his face, closing his eyes and turning his head away, and then steps in.

JERRY

Kramer, what the hell is going on
in here?!

The camera pans over to KRAMER and NEWMAN, encased in heavy smoke in the kitchen, both wearing wife beaters under aprons.

KRAMER

We're making chicken, Jerry.
[gestures at oven]

JERRY

[blinks rapidly] God Kramer, I
can't even open my eyes. What did
you do?!

KRAMER

It's all part of the recipe,
Jerry. You've gotta cook these bad
boys as hot as they'll go.

NEWMAN

[holding up his finger, the other
hand in an oven mitt] It ensures
the crispiest skin on the outside,
Jerry.

JERRY

And what? A medium rare chicken on
the inside? [wipes eyes with
shirt]

KRAMER

Well, you're not getting the *true*
chicken experience if it's well-
done, Jerry. [points at JERRY]
Would you over-cook a Filet
Mignon?

NEWMAN nods in agreement.

JERRY

[points thumb at HARRY] This is
the company I was talking about,
Kramer. [turns to HARRY] God, I
cannot believe it's the first time
you've been in my apartment, and
all this is going on. [gestures at
KRAMER and NEWMAN]

HARRY

Oh, I don't mind Jerry.

KRAMER

[Holds up a piece of chicken,
gesturing at HARRY] Hey, you--you
wanna give it a try?

HARRY

Sure! Why not? [walks towards the
kitchen]

JERRY stands over the kitchen counter on the opposite side of NEWMAN, KRAMER, and HARRY, who are all eating chicken wings.

JERRY

And Kramer, *what* are you wearing?!

KRAMER

You've never seen a wife-beater before? [grins and raises eyebrow]

JERRY

[rolls eyes] *Why* are you wearing that?

KRAMER

Well, you weren't here during the thick of it, Jerry. [gestures at the entire kitchen, jolts head back] This place turns into a sauna when you cook wings at 500 degrees!

JERRY

How did the smoke alarms not go off?

KRAMER

Oh, no need to mind those old things. [reaches into front pocket of apron and pulls out a screwdriver] I took care of all of those.

JERRY

You tampered with my smoke
alarms?!

KRAMER

We can cook all the wings we want
now, Jerry! [points shakily] Now
don't you try convincing me this
isn't a great idea.

JERRY

[exhales, rolls eyes] Kramer, I
don't even *know* what an *idea* is
anymore.

JERRY puts his hand on his head, puffs his cheeks, while HARRY,
KRAMER, and NEWMAN continue eating chicken. The scene fades out.

FADE TO:

INT. ELAINE'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

ELAINE is back in the office, looking strung out, staring at
something. The camera pans and shows she's staring at DON, who's
peacefully using the printer by himself. ELAINE walks over to
him.

ELAINE

*Hey, Don. How are things coming
along? You feeling at home, yet?*

DON

[looks up] Oh, hi, Elaine. Yeah.
Actually, that Mr. Lippman is *real*

nice. He's made me feel *so*
welcome.

ELAINE

[visibly irritated] You know, it
was pretty *packed* on the *subway*
this morning--you ever take the
subway when it's *packed* like that?
[losing her cool increasingly with
each word]

DON

Hm. You know, I usually try to
come a bit early to the office.

ELAINE relaxes her shoulders a bit, showing some level of self-awareness at how ridiculous she was being, after DON doesn't react.

DON

[gesturing at the printer] It
makes it a lot easier to use the
fax machine.

The camera zooms in on ELAINE's face, showing her angrier and strung out as ever as the scene fades out.

FADE TO:

INT. GYM LOCKER ROOM - DAY

JERRY is sitting on a bench, tying his shoes, while GEORGE is standing and filling in a locker combination.

GEORGE

[looks behind at JERRY] You didn't know this would happen? I thought you guys went way back.

JERRY

Him staying with me never came up before. [shrugs] We were never roommates or anything.

GEORGE

[grins] So, what's it like, staying with him?

JERRY

[exhales] I feel like I can't even go to the bathroom without him coming along! It's been *one day*, George, and I already feel like I'm gonna lose it!

GEORGE

I mean, how does a guy even know when he's doing that?

JERRY

You just *know*. I don't know. [throws hand forward] It's like asking someone how they know if food tastes bad or not.

GEORGE

[looks forward in thought] Huh. So, what are you gonna do?

JERRY

[shrugs] I guess I just gotta wait it out. It's only a couple more days. [points at GEORGE] Hey, why not come over this afternoon-- lighten my load with the guy?

GEORGE

I can't. I'm going shopping with Elaine.

JERRY

Again?

GEORGE

We couldn't find a gift for Kramer last night, so I'm gonna meet her at her office when she's done with work.

JERRY

Where are you gonna go?

GEORGE

Do I look like the kind of guy who can keep track of all that, Jerry?!

JERRY rolls his eyes, putting his hands on his knees, and GEORGE shuts his locker as the scene fades out.

FADE TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

JERRY is walking towards his apartment door, hazy, and makes a few concerned, then knowing faces, hastily unlocking and opening his apartment door. Again, he's taken aback and squints his eyes. The camera pans over to KRAMER and NEWMAN in the kitchen, again in wife beaters and aprons, smoke all around.

JERRY

[yells, slamming the front door]
KRAMER!

HARRY pops up from where he was bent behind the counter, cookbook in hand. HARRY is also dressed in a matching wife beater and apron. All three of them are soaked with sweat in the kitchen.

HARRY

Jerry! [gestures at book in hand]
We found another copy of *Lord of
the Wings*, hidden in your couch!
Isn't that crazy!

JERRY

[rolls eyes] Not you, too, Harry!
Look what they've done to you!
[gestures, appalled]

HARRY

You've gotta try these ones,
Jerry. We really managed to
perfect the crisp on the outside.

NEWMAN

[points finger in air] While
keeping them perfectly rare on the
inside.

JERRY

[throws hands out] Oh, will you be quiet, Newman?!

NEWMAN

[taken back] Well, I guess *someone* doesn't want any chicken, then.

JERRY

[turns to KRAMER] Kramer, you've gotta stop cooking these wings in my apartment! The neighbors are going to lose it--you can smell this thing from a mile away!

KRAMER

Jerry, are you *really* gonna throw out a man the *day after* his birthday?!

NEWMAN

I didn't think you had *that* in you, Jerry. I thought you were better.

HARRY

Yeah, Jerry, come on. His birthday was only yesterday.

JERRY

[throws hands in the air, defeated] Alright! Fine! Keep making chicken in my apartment!

But would ya open a window? It's
like a thousand degrees in here!

JERRY goes over to the window to open it and pokes his head out
as the scene fades.

FADE TO:

INT. ELAINE'S OFFICE - DAY

ELAINE is packing up her things at her cubicle, getting ready to
leave. GEORGE comes into view and stands next to her cubicle.

GEORGE

So, uh, you--uh... get 'er done?

ELAINE

[deadpan] get 'er done?

GEORGE

Well, I don't know, Elaine. I'm
just trying to make conversation.

ELAINE

If you want to make conversation
[chuckles] you ought to make it
with that *Don* guy. He just cannot
stop--

DON suddenly comes into view, passing by ELAINE's cubicle, right
behind GEORGE.

ELAINE

[nervously laughs, gets louder] --
Stop those *Bulls* from beating the
Knicks, of course!

DON

[stops walking, smiles] Oh, hey
Elaine. I didn't know you were a
basketball fan.

ELAINE

[nervously laughs more
exaggeratedly] Oh yeah. [large
head nod, wide eyes, swallows] Big
fan over here [points at herself
with her thumb]. [clears throat]
Uh, Don. This is my friend,
George. He knows Jerry, too.

GEORGE

[staring DON down] Jerry and I go
way back, actually.

DON

[nods] Oh, Jerry! Jerry's a great
guy. Well, uh--I would stay and
chat normally but uh--[checks
watch] I've got to head over to
the station. I don't want to miss
my streetcar [smiles in
amusement].

DON walks out, revealing GEORGE with jaw on the floor, and
ELAINE is sitting at her desk, stewing.

ELAINE

You see what I mean, George?!

GEORGE

God, it's so... *obnoxious*!

ELAINE

I don't know what I'm gonna do about this. I feel like I'm going *crazy*, George! *Crazy!* I called the vending machine a *claw machine* today! *That's not even clever!* And Lippman just eats it up!

LIPPMAN

[appearing next to the cubicle suddenly] What do I eat up?

ELAINE

[gasps wildly] Mr. *Lippman*!
[laughs nervously] Hi! I was um--
just finishing up here!

LIPPMAN

So, what were you talking about before, Elaine? I'm eager to hear what it is I've been... "eating up".

GEORGE

[blurting out] Don isn't who he says he is.

ELAINE hits GEORGE in the leg, out of view of LIPPMAN.

LIPPMAN

And who are you?

GEORGE

I'm a good friend of Don's.

LIPPMAN

So, why are you here... *without* Don?

GEORGE

[nervous, looking around, trying
to dig himself out] I've been
helping him. He has a real
problem.

LIPPMAN

[scowls in confusion] What kind of
problem? [turns to ELAINE] Did you
know he had a *problem* when you
recommended him?

GEORGE

No, Mr. Lippman, don't blame the
girl. [reaches a hand out to grasp
LIPPMAN's shoulder and LIPPMAN
promptly shakes him off, scowling]

ELAINE is taken aback by this, dismayed.

LIPPMAN

So, what is Don's problem,
exactly?

GEORGE

[gulps] He steals office materials. It's an addiction. He sees doctors about it. He-

ELAINE

Mr. Lippman--[swallows] I think what this man here is *trying* to say is-

LIPPMAN

[looking down, in thought] I'll have to have a conversation with Don first thing tomorrow. He's got a lot of potential. Maybe the kid needs some help.

LIPPMAN walks away, deep in thought. ELAINE starts hitting GEORGE in the leg with a manila envelope.

ELAINE

George?! [still smacking]

GEORGE

[using his hands to clumsily guard himself] What! I panicked! I *panicked*, Elaine!

ELAINE

[stops hitting, looks bummed] If Lippman talks to Don tomorrow, he's gonna know I lied to him!

GEORGE

[realization washes over his face]
What are the chances Lippman's
taken a look at Don's cubicle--ya
know--since *Don* left?

ELAINE

[shakes head] Don's cubicle is
past Lippman's office, it's on the
opposite side. [points away from
the exit direction] Why?

GEORGE

[grins, starts chuckling] Well,
Elaine. I've just found a way for
us to solve *both* of our problems.

ELAINE looks up at GEORGE, concerned, while GEORGE looks proud
of himself. The scene fades out.

FADE TO:

EXT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

JERRY and HARRY, side by side, are walking back to JERRY's
apartment building.

JERRY

I just don't get it.

HARRY

What isn't there to get?

JERRY

I guess I was just never a
dinosaur kid.

HARRY

You don't have to be *into*
dinosaurs to like *Jurassic Park*,
Jerry.

JERRY

[shrugs] Oh, I don't know. I just
don't see what the big fuss is.
Maybe that zookeeper is also just
bothering me. He looks way too
much like Newman.

A FIREFIGHTER listening to a radio walks past JERRY and HARRY and stops them in their tracks. The camera pans to show a fleet of firetrucks, with lights flashing, parked outside of JERRY's apartment building.

JERRY

[softly] What the hell? [louder]
Hey! [gestures at the nearest
FIREFIGHTER] What's going on over
here?

FIREFIGHTER

[keeps eyes on radio for a few
beats, looks up] You need to get
in? [gestures casually to the
apartment building]

JERRY

Yeah, that's my apartment
building. [gestures] What's going
on with it?

FIREFIGHTER

[shrugs] I dunno. [goes back to looking at his radio]

JERRY

[aghast] What do you mean you don't know?!

FIREFIGHTER

Hey buddy, lose the 'tude. What do I look like? The answer fairy?

JERRY gives a concerned look to HARRY, and they both start walking into the entrance of the apartment building. Scene cuts to them in JERRY's hallway, and they see JERRY's door ajar and walk up to it. JERRY walks in to see KRAMER standing in front of the entrance.

JERRY

Kramer, what happened here?! Did someone call the fire department on you?!

JERRY steps in to see three FIREFIGHTERS, fully uniformed, standing in the kitchen, eating chicken with NEWMAN.

KRAMER

There's more chicken, Jerry.
[gestures to his hand shakily, holding a wing]

FIREFIGHTER

[mouth full] You've gotta try
some, man. The skin on the outside
is perfectly crisp!

JERRY puts his hand on his head and exhales, speechless.
Suddenly ELAINE and GEORGE enter, holding an office chair.

GEORGE

[chuckles nervously, looking
around] Surprise, Kramer!

ELAINE and GEORGE are smiling nervously, shaking from awkwardly holding up the office chair; KRAMER is smiling with excitement and surprise at the chair; JERRY is unresponsive, still unable to move past the first incident; HARRY is making his way to the kitchen to grab a piece of chicken; NEWMAN and the FIREFIGHTERS are still devouring chicken. The scene fades out.

FADE TO:

INT. MONK'S CAFÉ - DAY

JERRY and GEORGE are seated across from ELAINE at a booth. All are holding coffees.

ELAINE

I feel so guilty. I don't know
what to do.

JERRY

I mean, you could tell Lippman the
truth.

ELAINE

Nuh-uh. *No way.* I may be guilty
but at least I *never* have to hear
Don's *dumb names* ever again. I
mean, he called the *subway* a--

JERRY AND GEORGE

[in unison, bored] *A streetcar.*

ELAINE

[taken aback] Alright. Fine.
Besides, *I wasn't* the one who got
him fired. [glares at GEORGE]

GEORGE

[defensive] Hey! You were *just as*
involved in stealing that chair as
I was!

ELAINE

Well, *I wasn't* the one who started
blabbing my mouth to Lippman--

JERRY

[overwhelmed] *Quiet! Both of you!*
God, do you ever get tired of
hearing yourselves talk?!

GEORGE

So, I take it you still haven't
recovered from Clingy Harry?

JERRY

The only saving grace about you
two committing a *literal crime*--
I'm forever free of Harry. [throws
hand up, mood brightens] He was so
angry about Don, he left a day
early!

Camera zooms out showing the three seated at their booth,
continuing to talk without audio, as the scene fades out.

FADE TO:

INT. COMEDY CLUB — NIGHT

JERRY is performing a stand-up set in front of a brick wall. The
slap bass theme can be heard fading in with the scene.

JERRY

You know—I look at transit, and
sometimes I ask myself, what do
all these names even *mean*?

[AUDIENCE LAUGHS]

I mean, why are we calling
something a *streetcar*? A *car* is
already on the *street*!

[AUDIENCE LAUGHS]

What's next? What, we're gonna
call a bus a *road truck*? We've
already got *trucks* that go on the
road!

[AUDIENCE LAUGHS]

I guess the only one that makes
sense is the subway. You're taking
a way, down below. [nods] And I
mean, if we're thinking about it,
at the subway, the rats are eating
fresh!

[AUDIENCE LAUGHS]

Freeze frame on JERRY; slap bass plays louder; credits roll.

FADE OUT

THE END

