

SEINFELD

"The Critiki Snake"

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

INT. ELAINE'S OFFICE - DAY

(ELAINE, PETERMAN, ANDREW)

**ELAINE** WRITES AT HER DESK. **PETERMAN** ENTERS WITH **ANDREW**, A YOUNG MAN BARELY OUT OF HIS TEENS.

PETERMAN

Elaine, I'd like you to meet the newest addition to the Peterman line, your new assistant, Andrew.

ELAINE

(Happily Surprised)

An assistant? For moi?

PETERMAN

Yes, indeed. After your Urban Sombrero fiasco, I figured you could use a little help.

ELAINE

(Deflated)

Oh, thanks.

PETERMAN

There's no need to thank me, Elaine, but who could have guessed that the ticket to your good fortune would be a blowout in the garment district?

ELAINE

How's that?

PETERMAN

Like a knight on a steed, Elaine, this young Samaritan emerged from nowhere to help me change my tire.

ANDREW

(Squeaky Voiced)

Actually, I had just chained my moped to a tree around the corner.

PETERMAN

Nevertheless, if there's one thing J. Peterman can spot, it's a team player. What else could I do but cajole him into abandoning his internship at Isotoner gloves and offer him a salary comparable to your own?

ELAINE

A salary comparable to my...?

PETERMAN

From where I sit, this should be the last ingredient in the recipe for your success. And with the new catalogue going to print next week, well, I'm counting on you to come up with something... acceptable.

ELAINE

I'm already on top of it, Mr. Peterman.

PEDERMAN

See that you are, because another  
sombbrero could mean a permanent siesta.

**PETERMAN** EXITS.

ELAINE

(To herself, Oblivious To  
Andrew)

I'm not on top of it. I'm not even  
next to it. I'm like, underneath it.

ANDREW

Don't worry. Before I was fired from  
Isotoner, I was under the tutelage of  
their top creative guy.

ELAINE

Fired? I thought Peterman convinced  
you to quit.

ANDREW

(Squirming)

Yeah, um, semantics. Anyway, I've got  
a ton of ideas.

CUT TO:

SCENE TWO

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

(JERRY, GEORGE)

**JERRY** AND **GEORGE** SIT IN A BOOTH DRINKING COFFEE.

JERRY

So, how's your father's lawsuit going?

GEORGE

I can't tell. His lawyer's cape is blocking my view of the trial.

JERRY

Oh right, the caped crusader.

GEORGE

It's flowing, it's sweeping. Frankly, I don't see how the jury can keep their minds on what he's saying.

JERRY

Ah, so he knows what he's doing.

GEORGE

What's that supposed to mean?

JERRY

It means I don't even understand how you can sue a cab driver for having bad breath.

GEORGE

He reeked of curry, Jerry. That's totally unprofessional.

JERRY

Unprofessional, yes, but law suit worthy?

GEORGE

He made my father nauseous on the way to a very important lunch.

JERRY

I know, the snake sandwich.

GEORGE

The Critiki snake, Jerry, the Critiki snake... a delicacy so rare that they only ship ten off Critiki Island every year.

**JERRY** THROWS UP HIS ARMS IN MOCK RESIGNATION.

JERRY

Well, that is one rare snake. I don't know what was I thinking.

GEORGE

Alright then. So, you want to come with me to the courthouse?

JERRY

I can't. I'm on call as a potential replacement for a movie they're shooting downtown.

GEORGE

Hey, hey, a movie.

JERRY

Yeah, but only if David Caruso keeps  
making waves and gets thrown off the  
set.

**GEORGE** CROSSES HIS FINGERS IN A SIGN OF SOLIDARITY.

CUT TO:

SCENE THREE

INT. ELAINE'S OFFICE - DAY

(ELAINE, ANDREW, MODEL ONE, MODEL TWO, MODEL THREE)

**ANDREW** ENTERS ELAINE'S OFFICE.

ANDREW

The glove models are here.

ELAINE

Glove models?

ANDREW

(Toward The Door)

Come on in fellas!

THREE **MODELS** ENTER. **MODEL ONE** IS DRESSED IN A BUSINESS SUIT.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Isn't it maddening when you can't find  
your pen?

**MODEL ONE** LIFTS UP HIS ARM TO REVEAL A GLOVE WITH PENS AND PENCILS STICKING OUT. HE LOOKS LIKE AN ACCOUNTANT VERSION OF EDWARD SCISSORHANDS.

**ELAINE** SHRUGS.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

And check out this time saver.

**MODEL TWO** IS DRESSED LIKE A GARDENER WITH A GIANT CANNISTER STRAPPED TO HIS BACK. HE SQUEEZES A BULB IN ONE HAND, AND WATER SHOOTS OUT OF THE GLOVE FINGERS OF HIS OTHER HAND.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Every plant owner in America will want  
a pair.

**ELAINE** LOOKS AT **MODEL THREE** WHO HAS HIS HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK.

ELAINE

(To Model Three)

What are you, shy?

ANDREW

This last one is more of a specialty item.

ELAINE

*More of a specialty item, huh? Well, lay it on me.*

**MODEL THREE** SWINGS HIS ARM FROM BEHIND HIS BACK TO REVEAL A HOOK, WRAPPED IN A PIECE OF LEATHER.

CUT TO:



SCENE FOUR

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

(JERRY, KATIE, ELAINE, KRAMER, GEORGE, ANCHORMAN,  
FRANK, CABBIE)

**ELAINE** ENTERS.

JERRY

(On The Phone)

I got the part? Fantastic.

INTERCUT W/ INT. KATIE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

KATIE

They want you on the Carnegie Hall set  
at nine sharp. Now, I'll be there at  
eight-thirty and I'll wait for you,  
Jerry. You'll know it's me because  
I'll be wearing a beige hat.

JERRY

I know what you look like, Katie.  
You've been my agent for ten years.

KATIE

I know, Jerry, but you've never seen  
me in a hat. Tomorrow I'll be wearing  
a beige hat. You got that, a beige...

JERRY

Goodbye, Katie.

**JERRY** HANGS UP.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Lainey, I'm gonna be in a movie.

**ELAINE** PUSHES HIM.

ELAINE

Get out!

JERRY

It's true. David Caruso threw a cheese danish at the director and he's been banished from the set.

ELAINE

Did he have a hissy fit?

JERRY

A what?

ELAINE

A hissy fit. I hear that's what got Bryant Gumbel fired from the Today Show.

JERRY

You know, I'm not a hundred percent sure I know exactly what a hissy fit is... technically speaking.

**KRAMER** ENTERS AND SKIDS TO A HALT.

ELAINE

Hey Kramer, can you define a hissy fit?

KRAMER

Sure, it's an emotional outburst ranked roughly between a tantrum and a conniption.

**KRAMER** GRABS AN APPLE OFF THE COUNTER.

JERRY

Did you just make that up?

KRAMER

Yeah.

**KRAMER** BITES INTO THE APPLE AND TURNS TOWARD THE DOOR.

**GEORGE** BURSTS INTO THE ROOM.

GEORGE

Turn on the news, turn on the news.

ELAINE

What's going on?

**GEORGE** GRABS THE REMOTE.

GEORGE

My father won his case.

JERRY

The curry breath cabbie case?

GEORGE

Shhhhhh.

ON THE TV SCREEN, AN **ANCHORMAN** SPEAKS.

ANCHORMAN

In court today...

FRANK COSTANZA'S PICTURE APPEARS IN THE UPPER LEFT CORNER OF THE SCREEN.

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)

... Queens retiree Frank Costanza won  
a civil suit against a taxi cab driver

(MORE)

ANCHORMAN (CONT'D)

whose bad breath caused him to vomit  
all over himself and miss an important  
meal.

ON TV SCREEN, **FRANK** STANDS AT A PODIUM IN FRONT OF  
THE COURTHOUSE.

FRANK

(Shouting)

I'd waited my whole life for a Critiki  
snake, and that bum ruined it.

CABBIE

So I had curry for lunch, where's the  
crime? You can't tell a man what to  
eat.

FRANK

You could've used a breath mint.

CABBIE

This is a travesty, and I'm calling  
for all New York City cab drivers to  
join me in a strike tomorrow to protest  
this decision.

**GEORGE** CLICKS OFF THE TV.

GEORGE

Isn't this great?

KRAMER

Are you kidding?

(MORE)

KRAMER (CONT'D)

Your father is going to be responsible  
for transportational chaos.

GEORGE

Get outta here.

KRAMER

You heard the man. He's calling for a  
city wide strike.

GEORGE

Kramer, the only reason cab drivers  
even stop to look at each other is  
either to steal a fare or flip the  
high sign.

JERRY

He makes a valid point.

KRAMER

I'm predicting pedestrian gridlock.

ELAINE

So George, how much did he win?

GEORGE

I don't know yet, the arguments for  
damages are tomorrow... but our lawyer  
is asking for a hundred grand.

JERRY

*Our* lawyer.

GEORGE

Jerry, if my father gets this money, he's taking my mother on a month long cruise. A month. I'll feel like *I* hit the lottery.

JERRY

It's good of you to care.

KRAMER

I, for one, find it sickening that you're going to profit while the good citizens of this city can't get to work.

GEORGE

Jealous?

KRAMER

Bingo.

GEORGE

So, who's coming with me tomorrow to see the finale?

JERRY

I can't. I got the Caruso part.

**GEORGE** PUTS HIS ARMS IN FRONT OF HIM, A LA SUPERMAN.

GEORGE

But you're gonna miss superlawyer.

ELAINE

Ooooooh, you mean the lawyer with the cape?

GEORGE

None other.

ELAINE

I'm in. I need a new product for the Peterman catalogue and a line of men's capes might be perfect.

JERRY

(Sarcastic)

Perfect.

ELAINE

I'll get to see how a cape's worn in a professional situation.

**JERRY** ROLLS HIS EYES.

**KRAMER** LOOKS OFF INTO SPACE.

KRAMER

I can't make it.

GEORGE

(mumbling)

That's a shame.

(Loud)

Okay, so are we going to celebrate with some dinner or what?

ELAINE

I'm in for that too.

**ELAINE** AND **GEORGE** WALK OUT THE DOOR.

**JERRY** PICKS UP HIS COAT, BUT **KRAMER** GRABS HIS ARM.

KRAMER

Hey Jerry, can I borrow your car  
tomorrow?

JERRY

If you can give me a ride to Carnegie  
Hall in the morning. Why?

KRAMER

I want to turn it into a gypsy cab.

THEY WALK OUT OF THE APARTMENT.

JERRY

What?

CUT TO:



SCENE FIVE

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET - DAY

(JERRY, KRAMER)

**KRAMER** DRIVES JERRY'S CAR. **JERRY** RIDES IN BACK.

JERRY

I can't believe I agreed to this...  
and why do I have to ride in back?

KRAMER

I'm a gypsy cab driver now, Jerry. I  
have to get warmed up for my customers.

JERRY

I still don't see why you couldn't use  
your car.

KRAMER

You know, buddy, sometimes I have to  
question your sanity. I mean, what  
kind of big wig or fat cat would  
willingly get into my jalopy?

(BEAT)

This was the only way. And besides,  
I'm giving you ten percent of the money.

JERRY

Big deal. Ten percent.

KRAMER

(Mumbling)

After expenses.

JERRY

Hey, look at the sidewalk.

THRONGS OF PEDESTRIANS CROWD THE SIDEWALK, WITH SEVERAL PEOPLE BEING ELBOWED INTO THE STREET.

KRAMER

I told you it was gonna be like this.

I'm gonna make a fortune shuttling businessmen back and forth to the airport.

**JERRY** GAZES INTO THE EMPTY STREET.

JERRY

I wonder where all the cabs are.

CUT TO:

SCENE SIX

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

(FRANK, GEORGE, ELAINE, ESTELLE)

THE COURTHOUSE ENTRANCE IS A SEA OF CABS AND PROTESTING CABBIES, MANY WITH PICKET SIGNS.

A CAR PULLS UP. **GEORGE ELAINE, ESTELLE**, AND FINALLY **FRANK** EMERGE. TWO CABBIES HURL TOMATOES AT FRANK.

FRANK

I dare you to fight me like a man.

ANOTHER TOMATO HITS **FRANK**.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Animals.

CUT TO:

SCENE SEVEN

INT. CARNEGIE HALL - DAY

(JERRY, USHER, KATIE, ROBINHOOD)

**JERRY** ENTERS LOBBY. IT IS EMPTY EXCEPT FOR AN **USHER** OF FORIEGN BIRTH PUSHING A CARPET SWEEPER.

**JERRY** CHECKS HIS WATCH.

JERRY

Excuse me, do you know where they're shooting the movie?

USHER

The matinee is at twelve-thirty.

JERRY

No, I'm not here to see a movie. They're supposed to be making a...

USHER

Twelve-thirty.

THE **USHER** TURNS AWAY AND RESUMES SWEEPING.

**JERRY** DIALS HIS CELLPHONE.

JERRY

Hello, Katie?

INTERCUT WITH BRONX STUDIOS -- CONTINUOUS

**KATIE** SPEAKS ON HER PHONE WHILE GRIPS AND GAFFERS WORK BEHIND HER ON THE SET.

**KATIE** WEARS A TAN "ROBIN HOOD" STYLE HAT WITH A FEATHER IN IT.

KATIE

Jerry, I'm glad you called.

(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)

I wanted to avoid any possible confusion so I put a feather in my hat.

JERRY

Katie, where are you? Carnegie Hall is completely empty.

KATIE

Jerry, you're supposed to be on the Carnegie Hall set at the Bronx Studios.

JERRY

The Bronx? Well, can you send a car for me?

KATIE

Don't be silly. Of course I can't. With the cab strike, there isn't a car available between here and Connecticut. You'll have to drive yourself.

**JERRY** BALLS UP HIS FIST.

JERRY

Kramer!

KATIE

What's that?

JERRY

Nothing, Katie. I'll be there as soon as I can.

AS SHE HANGS UP, AN ACTOR IN A **ROBIN HOOD** COSTUME WALKS BY.

ROBIN HOOD

Nice hat.

KATIE

Oh, thank you.

CUT TO:

SCENE EIGHT

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET - DAY

(KRAMER, BUSSINESSMAN)

**KRAMER** MOTIONS TOWARD A BOX IN THE BACK SEAT NEXT TO THE **BUSINESSMAN** HE IS CHAUFFERING.

KRAMER

Donut?

BUSINESSMAN

Oh? Don't mind if I do.

THE **BUSINESSMAN** CHOOSES A POWDERED SUGAR DONUT.

KRAMER

And I'm only charging you an extra  
five dollars for that. No need to fly  
on an empty stomach when Kramer's at  
your service.

THE **BUSINESSMAN** SLAMS THE DONUT BACK INTO THE BOX  
AND WIPES HIS HANDS ON JERRY'S INTERIOR.

CUT TO:

SCENE NINE

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

(JERRY)

**JERRY** WORMS HIS WAY THROUGH TO THE FRONT OF A CROWDED  
SUBWAY PLATFORM.

THE TRAIN ARRIVES AND OPENS ITS DOORS TO REVEAL A  
CAR SO PACKED, NOBODY CAN BOARD. THE DOORS CLOSE  
AND THE TRAIN PULLS AWAY.

JERRY

Terrific.

CUT TO:



SCENE TEN

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

(ELAINE, FRANK, JUDGE, CAPED ATTORNEY, JACKIE CHILES)

**ELAINE** SITS IN THE FRONT ROW, RIGHT BEHIND THE **CAPED ATTORNEY**.

ELAINE (V.O.)

Hmmm. The cape hangs elegantly enough while's he sitting, but how will it move when he's in action? Will it restrict him? Will it enhance his performance? God, I'm so excited.

THE **JUDGE** BANGS HIS GAVEL.

JUDGE

Plaintiff counsel, you may proceed.

THE **CAPED ATTORNEY** PUSHES HIS CHAIR BACKWARDS AS IF PREPARING TO RISE.

ELAINE (V.O.)

Oh God, here it comes.

THE **CAPED ATTORNEY** GESTURES HIS ARM TOWARD **JACKIE CHILES**, WHO RISES INSTEAD.

JACKIE

If it pleases the court, I will be speaking on behalf of my co-counsel for the remainder of the proceedings.

**JACKIE** TURNS AND SMILES AT THE AUDIENCE.

**ELAINE** SLUMPS.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Now why, you ask, would Jackie Chiles involve himself in such a controversial case, when everybody knows that I prefer to toil outside the public eye? I'll tell you why, because this is a case of pain and suffering, and I've known the pain of suffering, and I've suffered the pain of pain.

ANGLE ON BEFUDDLED **JUDGE**.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

And while no amount of money can undo this victim's trauma...

**FRANK** DABS HIS EYE.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Maybe Jackie can help you decide on a mega-dollar judgement that can ease not only your own consciences, but the collective conscience of society at large.

CUT TO:

SCENE ELEVEN

INT. SUBWAY STATION - DAY

(JERRY)

**JERRY** FIGHTS HIS WAY ONTO A TRAIN. THE DOORS SHUT AND THE TRAIN MOVES FOUR FEET, THEN THE DOOR OPEN.

PUBLIC ADDRESS ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Ladies and gentlemen, at this time we  
ask that you please disembark the train.  
The subway drivers have decided to  
honor the cab drivers' strike.

**JERRY** SLUMPS HIS HEAD.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOSCENE TWELVE

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

(JACKIE, FRANK, SOLDIER)

**FRANK** IS ON THE STAND.

JACKIE

Mr. Costanza, can you tell us how you first became acquainted with the ultra delicious Critiki snake.

FRANK

Certainly. It was during the the Korean war, and I was laid up in an army hospital.

FLASHBACK TO ARMY HOSPITAL -- CONTINUOUS

**FRANK** LIES IN BED. ANOTHER **SOLDIER** IS IN THE BED NEXT TO HIM. THEY BOTH HAVE BOWLS OF MUSH.

JACKIE (V.O.)

Shrapnel?

FRANK (V.O.)

Worse. I'd eaten an entire can of expired chipped beef, and I had to be air-lifted to Seoul to see a stomach specialist.

JACKIE (V.O.)

Tragic.

FRANK (V.O.)

You don't know the half of it. It turned out that the hospital grub was hardly better than the tainted rations that put me there.

JACKIE (V.O.)

Insult, allow me to introduce you to injury.

**FRANK** TAKES A BITES OF HIS MUSH AND GRIMACES.

FRANK (V.O.)

But then something wonderful happened. The guy next to me started to reminisce about this snake he used to eat back home.

JACKIE (V.O.)

Fascinating.

FRANK (V.O.)

He told me how it was the most mouth watering food in the world, and if he lived through war, the first thing he was going to do was go back to Critiki Island and fill up on this snake. I was hypnotized, and I begged him...

**FRANK** MOUTHES THE FOLLOWING PLEA.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Please, you've got to get me a snake. But he said no.

RETURN TO COURTROOM.

JACKIE

No?!?

FRANK

It turns out, they were some kind of breeding enigma, with ninety percent being homosexual. Normal mating was so rare that they barely stayed above endangered species status, and only natives were allowed to eat them.

JACKIE

But somehow, you kept the dream alive.

RETURN TO FLASHBACK.

**FRANK** SHAKES SPICES INTO HIS NEIGHBOR'S FOOD.

FRANK (V.O.)

That's right. For the rest of our hospital stay, I spiced up that man's mush with the dill and tarragon that I'd smuggled in, and he agreed to will me a Critiki snake upon his death.

RETURN TO COURTROOM

JACKIE

So for forty years, you waited to taste this tantalizing serpent, until mercifully, your old friend fell victim to a fatal wasp attack, and his legacy

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)

was flash frozen and sent to you via certified mail.

FRANK

Registered, actually. And when it arrived, I took it to the only Critiki restaurant in town to be prepared. They said it needed to be marinated over night. So I agreed to come back the next day.

JACKIE

Very carefully now, Mr. Costanza, what, dear God, happened next?

FRANK

At the agreed upon time, I took a cab ride back to the restaurant, and that bum blew curry in my face, totally eradicating my appetite.

**JACKIE** STARTS TO CRY.

CUT TO:

SCENE THIRTEEN

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET - DAY

(JERRY)

**JERRY** RUNS UP THE STREET UNTIL HE IS WINDED.

A TRUCK APPROACHES AND **JERRY** HOLDS UP A THUMB TO HITCH. THE TRUCKER SPEEDS RIGHT PAST HIM.

**JERRY** STARTS RUNNING AGAIN.

CUT TO:



SCENE FOURTEEN

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

(KRAMER, TOURIST, NEWMAN)

**KRAMER** PULLS UP TO AN AIRLINE TERMINAL AND SEES A **TOURIST** WEARING A HAWAIIAN SHIRT.

KRAMER

Hey Buddy, I'll drive you into the  
city for a hundred bucks.

THE **TOURIST** NODS AND MOVES TOWARD KRAMER.

OUT OF NOWHERE, **NEWMAN** STROLLS UP TO THE GUY.

NEWMAN

I'll take you for twenty.

KRAMER

Newman? What's the big idea?

NEWMAN

Sorry, Kramer. It's just business.

KRAMER

Okay, fine. But what do you have to  
give it away for?

NEWMAN

Don't worry about me. I'll get by.

**NEWMAN** MOTIONS TOWARD HIS POSTAL TRUCK, WHERE TWENTY  
PASSENGERS SIT ON MAIL BAGS.

CUT TO:

SCENE FIFTEEN

EXT. STREET - DAY

(JERRY)

WEARING GOGGLES, **JERRY** CLINGS FOR DEAR LIFE TO THE  
MOTORCYCLE SIDECAR IN WHICH HE HAS HITCHED A RIDE.

CUT TO:

SCENE SIXTEEN

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

(JACKIE, GEORGE, ELAINE)

**GEORGE** IS ON THE STAND.

JACKIE

Mr. Costanza. Can you tell us how far back your father's repulsion to curry goes?

GEORGE

Well, there was a horrifying incident when I was eight...

**ELAINE** STARES AT UNMOVING CAPE ON THE SEATED LAWYER.

ELAINE (V.O.)

Move!

GEORGE

My father and I had just won the pie eating contest at a father-son picnic.

JACKIE

But... that's sounds like a *proud* moment, not a horrifying one. Is there more?

GEORGE

Yes there is. We were up on the podium, about to receive our trophy, when a waiter walked by with a plate of half eaten curry lamb.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

One whiff, and my father became a  
geyser. In front of all the other  
kids, I was soaked with semi-digested  
rhubarb.

CUT TO:

SCENE SEVENTEEN

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

(KRAMER, STUDENT, NEWMAN)

**KRAMER** DRIVES, AN IMPOVERISHED FORIEGN EXCHANGE  
**STUDENT** RIDES IN THE BACK.

**KRAMER** PULLS UP ALONGSIDE NEWMAN'S POSTAL TRUCK.

KRAMER

Hold on.

STUDENT

What's that?

**KRAMER** BUMPS THE SIDE OF NEWMAN'S TRUCK.

NEWMAN

Kramer, what the hell are you doing?

KRAMER

It's just business, Buddy.

**KRAMER** SIDESWIPES NEWMAN AGAIN AND RUNS THE TRUCK  
OFF THE ROAD.

THE EXCHANGE **STUDENT** TIGHTLY GRIPS HIS SEAT.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

(Calm)

That ought to teach him, don't you

think?

WITH EYES BULGING, THE **STUDENT** FEARFULLY NODS.

CUT TO:

SCENE EIGHTEEN

INT. BRONX STUDIO - DAY

(JERRY, KATIE, KENNY BANIA)

**JERRY** RUSHES UP TO **KATIE** AND WHIPS OFF HIS GOGGLES.

HE IS BADLY WINDBURNED EXCEPT FOR THE WHITE CIRCLES AROUND HIS EYES.

JERRY

I'm ready for my close up.

KATIE

But Jerry...

**KATIE** CHECKS HER WATCH.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You're five hours late. They had to give your part to someone else. Oh, here he comes now.

**KENNY BANIA** WALKS UP. HIS FACE IS COVERED IN PANCAKE MAKEUP AND HE WEARS A BIB.

JERRY

Bania?

BANIA

Hi, Jerry. I didn't expect to see you here. I heard you couldn't make it.

JERRY

(To Katie)

You replaced me with Bania?

BANIA

Anyway, I'm glad you're here.

(MORE)

BANIA (CONT'D)

I wanted to ask you're advice about  
the love scene I'm about to shoot with  
Angelina Jolie.

JERRY

Aughhhhhhhhh!

**JERRY** STARTS CHOKING **BANIA**.

KATIE

(Stepping In)

Knock it off Jerry. This is no time  
for a hissy fit.

CUT TO:

SCENE NINETEEN

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

(ESTELLE, JACKIE, JUDGE, FRANK, DEFENSE ATTORNEY,  
ELAINE)

**ESTELLE** IS ON THE STAND.

JACKIE

Mrs. Costanza, can you elaborate on  
the intensity of your husband's  
preoccupation with the Critikian  
delicacy in question?

ESTELLE

You mean the snake?

JACKIE

Indeed I do. I'm trying to get your  
impression of his fascination with the  
most scrumptious reptile in this, or  
any other, universe.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Objection, your honor. He's leading  
the witness.

JACKIE

*You* object? Your honor. *I* object.  
How dare he insinuate that there is  
any doubt about the alleged savoriness  
of the evidence. I contend that he is  
simply trying to confuse everybody.



JUDGE

(To Estelle)

Just tell us what you know about the snake.

ESTELLE

All I know for sure is that I hated it.

FRANK

This is an outrage.

ESTELLE

It's true. For forty years, all I ever heard was, "I should have married a girl from Critiki, at least then I could've eaten some snake."

JUDGE

(To Elaine)

Excuse me, Miss, what are you doing?

**ELAINE** IS LEANING OVER THE RAILING AND POKING THE CAPED LAWYER WITH A PEN.

ELAINE

Huh?

JUDGE

I asked what you're doing.

ELAINE

Um, he dropped something on his way in, and I thought he should go over and pick it up.

JUDGE

What did he drop?

ELAINE

Um...

**ELAINE** LOOKS AROUND.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

This pen.

JUDGE

Then hand it to him and sit down.

ELAINE

(Tearful)

Alright.

CUT TO:

SCENE TWENTY

EXT. MIDTOWN STREET - DAY

(KRAMER, STUDENT, JERRY)

**KRAMER** SHIFTS JERRY'S CAR INTO PARK, THEN TURNS TO THE STUDENT IN THE BACKSEAT.

KRAMER

Alright, JFK to midtown, that'll be a hundred bucks.

STUDENT

I'm sorry, but it's like I told the man with the truck, I don't have any money, but I will happily share my lunch with you.

THE **STUDENT** EXTENDS HIS PAPER SACK.

KRAMER

Oh no you don't. Nobody stiffes the K-man.

**KRAMER** DIVES INTO THE BACKSEAT AND STARTS WRESTLING WITH THE GUY.

JUST THEN, **JERRY** AMBLES BY AND NOTICES HIS CAR IS ROCKING.

JERRY

Kramer, what are you doing? What happened to my car?

**KRAMER** PINS THE STUDENT.

KRAMER

There's no time to talk, Jerry. Just  
hop in and drive us downtown.

CUT TO:

SCENE TWENTY-ONE

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

(JACKIE, FRANK, JERRY, KRAMER, JUDGE, STUDENT,  
ESTELLE, ELAINE)

JACKIE

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, before  
you sits a simple man, with simple  
tastes, and the common dream of gorging  
himself on a succulent Critiki snake.  
Who among us can't relate?

**FRANK** LIFTS AN IMAGINARY FORK TO HIS LIPS.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Now, I'm not asking you to dress up as  
crack whores and rid our streets of  
prostitute-seeking johns. I'm not  
asking you to quit your jobs and hunt  
down Nazi war criminals. All I'm asking  
is a little justice for a man who hates  
curry and had curry blown in his face...  
a little justice in the form of a  
hundred thousand dollars. Is it even  
possible that I'm asking too much?

THE **JURY MEMBERS** SHAKE THEIR HEADS NO.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

The plaintiff rests.

**JACKIE** TURNS AWAY FROM THE JURY AND GIVES FRANK THE  
THUMBS UP.

**KRAMER** ENTERS, DRAGGING THE **STUDENT** IN A HEADLOCK.  
**JERRY** TRAILS.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Oh no, not him again.

KRAMER

Your honor, I want this parasite locked  
up for stiffing me on his cabfare.

JUDGE

We're in the middle of a trial.

KRAMER

But I need justice too.

FRANK

Hey, what's that odor?

**FRANK** POINTS AT THE STUDENT.

FRANK (CONT'D)

In that bag.

**FRANK** SNIFFS, THEN SWOONS.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Is that... curry?

KRAMER

He tried to give me that instead of  
money.

STUDENT

It is more valuable than money. It is  
a critiki snake sandwich... from my  
home country.

FRANK

Liar! That's curry!

STUDENT

Of course. Critiki snake is always prepared with curry. Always.

JACKIE

I object.

JUDGE

On what grounds?

JACKIE

On the grounds of...

**JACKIE GRABS KRAMER BY THE THROAT.**

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Who's paying you to ruin my life?

ESTELLE

(To Elaine)

What's he doing?

ELAINE

I'm not sure, but I think he's having a hissy fit.

CUT TO:

SCENE TWENTY-TWO

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

(PETERMAN, ELAINE)

MR. **PETERMAN** STANDS THE OF THE TABLE. **ELAINE** IS NEXT TO HIM.

PETERMAN

And now, to introduce the new garments  
for the fall catalogue, Elaine Benes.

EXECUTIVES SMATTER APPLAUSE.

**ELAINE** RAISES HER HAND TO REVEAL A GLOVE WITH PENS AND PENCILS.

THE APPLAUSE STOPS.

ELAINE

For people who... um... misplace their  
pens.

BEAT.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

And...

**ELAINE** BRINGS UP HER ARM AND HAS A LEATHER COVERED COAT HANGER IN THE SHAPE OF A HOOK STICKING OUT OF HER ARM HOLE.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

This one is more of a... um... specialty  
item.

END ACT TWO.