

# The Drive Thru

(Now *there's* a show...)

*Written by*

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<On the way to the Hamptons, the gang in Georges new car>

**Jerry:** "Jon Voight, Jr.? Elaine, have you ever heard of such a \*stupid\* name for a car?"

**Elaine:** "I can't believe you \*named\* the car. Who names their car?"

**Kramer:** "I think I read somewhere that the name you choose for your car says something about you. For instance, both Jerry and I picked effeminate names for our cars. Interesting that \*you\* didn't. <pause> Not that there's anything wrong with that, of course."

**George:** "It's not a boat, you know! I didn't pick the name for the last \*one\*. The next one had to be called \*something\*, didn't it? What was I supposed to call it?"

**Kramer:** "I call mine Liza."

**Jerry:** "I never knew that. I thought you called it Bette."

**Kramer:** "After the \*incident\*, she got a restraining order, and it specifically included any and all usage of the -ah - defendant."

**Elaine:** "You can't even say the name 'Bette'?"

**Kramer:** "Ah, no. They thought that it was better that way."

**Jerry:** "Can't say as I blame them."

**Kramer:** "At least I didn't name my car after, shall we say, an old flame?"

**Jerry:** "I thought I told you \*never\* to talk about that? It was a long time ago, three, maybe four cars back."

**Elaine:** "Who was it? Tiffany?"

**Jerry:** "No."

**Elaine:** "Muffy?"

**Jerry:** "Stop it!"

**Elaine:** "Judy?"

**Jerry:** "Listen, who's up for a cheeseburger? Look! There's a Scooterburger! George, it's a Scooterburger! Pull over, quick!"

<Screech>

**Elaine:** "What the \*hell\* is a Scooterburger?"

**George:** "Back when we were in high school, they still had waitresses on roller skates. We used to come here all the time."

**Elaine:** "I think that's why they invented bell bottoms - to cover up the skates."

**Kramer:** "Now why would you want to do something silly like that?"

**Elaine:** "For the 'flying nun' look, I guess, I don't know. Look, I got into this one, I don't know how to get out. Just \*drop\* it!"

**George:** "Hey, they have a drive thru now. Look, Jerry!"

**Jerry:** "That sucks. What happened to the curb service? You know, they used to have like forty-seven individual spaces, and now they squeeze everyone through one little line. Don't do it, George."

**George:** "There isn't an inside, just the window. Look!"

**Elaine:** "No, George, don't! Have you ever been stuck in drive-thru jail? Because I have, and I can tell you, Mister, it ain't pretty."

**Kramer:** "Drive-thru jail?"

**Elaine:** "It's like voice-mail jail, but you can't hang up."

**Jerry:** "Voice mail jail? Drive-thru jail? Have you been watching Matlock again?"

**Elaine:** "Everyone knows about voice mail jail. Well, everyone that's had a \*job\* in the 90s."

**Jerry:** "What kind of crack is that. Just because I don't know about the various jails you've inhabited since Reagan took office doesn't mean that I don't have a real job. I make people laugh after you dash their spirits by selling them all that \*European\* crap."

**George:** "Settle down, you two. Don't make me pull this car over."

**Elaine:** "Look, you idiot! We \*are\* pulled over. We couldn't get any \*more\* pulled over! We're trapped in the drive thru line. Back up before someone pulls in behind us! Quick!"

**George:** "I thought that we wanted to eat. We're in the line where you get the food, and now you're getting \*scared\*? Ooooh."

**Jerry:** "It isn't just any line, it's the line of no return! Once you enter, they've got you! It's the Venus Fry trap!"

**Kramer:** "You can't get out between those yellow concrete posts. They're not there to protect the girl in

the window, you know, they're there to make sure you don't change your mind and go for tacos instead."

**George:** "I hit one of those posts once."

**Jerry:** "Ha! So you're driving 2 mph, tops, and what? It jumped out in front of you?"

**George:** "Nah, I was trying to back out, and I guess I didn't see it, and I sort of backed into it."

**Kramer:** "You know, if the door wasn't open, you would have missed it completely."

**Elaine:** "The door was open? \*Why\* would you ever open your door?"

**George:** "Someone dropped like eight dollars in change."

**Jerry:** "They should put up signs, like on roller coasters and city buses. 'Please remain seated till the ride comes to a full and complete stop'."

**Elaine:** "You know, that change belongs to the restaurant. When a customer drops it, they just give him more. The guy that scrapes gum off the parking lot picks it up later."

**George:** "It isn't a fountain, you know. You see a quarter on the ground, you pick it up. It's nature. You leave a quarter on the ground, you don't expect it to be there when you get back from lunch. It's a rule: The quarter is above water, it's mine. If, on the other hand, it's submerged, it's safe. It's like a water hazard - people don't go after the golf ball for the very same reason."

**Kramer:** "You know, I once rear-ended a couple in the drive thru."

**Jerry:** "How'd you manage that?"

**Kramer:** "Well, I got out and was switching around the menu to spell out clever new menu items, like the McMuttButt, and it was me that came up with the idea for the Mc Weasel-T! Yeah, it was a lightly grilled weasel on a bun, with pickle. Well, to make a long story short, I forgot to put on the parking brake, and it rolled down the concrete ramp and hit a volvo. Nobody was hurt, but the airbag went off and broke the guy's glasses. You know, those ramps can be quite steep, sometimes."

**Jerry:** "I thought you said you rear-ended them?"

**Kramer:** "Yeah, that's right. My rear end, not theirs."

**Elaine:** "While we were talking about how stupid you two are, somebody pulled in behind us."

**Jerry:** "Just get out and ask him to back up."

**Elaine:** "Why can't you - Oh, alright. Say, why does it always have to be me?"

**Jerry:** "Because you're sooooo charming."

**Elaine:** "Yeah, right."

**Jerry:** "Sooooo Goodlooking?"

**Kramer:** "Why not tell her the truth? It's because you never button the top two buttons on your blouse, and show your goodies to anyone that'll look."

**Elaine:** <*Smacks Kramer*> "I thought I told you \*never\* to bring that up, doofus! On second thought, if it'll get us out of jail.." <*Gets out of car*>

**George:** "No, don't do that, there are only three or four cars ahead of us. It's kinda hard to see around the dumpster."

**Elaine:** <*To the guy behind Georges car, leaning waay over*> "Excuse me, but we seem to have \*accidentally\* wandered into the drive-thru line by mistake. My friend is new at this kind of thing and was misled by his appetite. Could you \*please\* find it in your heart to just back up, just for a second, and let us out? We'd reeeally appreciate it."

**Guy:** "I don't think so. The last time I tried that, I ran into one of those yellow posts. It was embarrassing, and my insurance rates went up."

**Elaine:** "The post was yellow, how could you hit it?"

**Guy:** "It was dark and I was really hungry. Look, you might as well button up and go back to your wayward friends, I'm not moving."

**Elaine:** "You suck." <*Gets back into the car*>

**Jerry:** "Not moving, eh?"

**Elaine:** "Nope, I gave him the show, and no dice. If I could take it back, I would. Jerry, what's the opposite of showing him my goodies?"

**Jerry:** "Showing him George's goodies. Hey, Buck - get out, go back and show him your goodies."

**George:** "Veery funny, Smartaleck. Face it, the trap is sprung. I guess we're just going to have to wait it out."

**Jerry:** "You planned it this way, didn't you?"

**George:** "Yeah, it was part of my master plan. Get us all stuck in the drive thru line, then practice my table dancing on the hood of a Buick."

**Elaine:** "I'll give you a dollar if you won't."

**George:** "Deal. Show me the money."

**Elaine:** "It was an expression, I'm not going to give you a dollar."

**George:** "Indian giver."

**Elaine:** "Don't you mean, 'person that gives something to someone, then takes it back'? Besides, I didn't give you anything, how can I be an Indian giver if I don't take back anything?"

*<A guy walks up to the window>*

**Hitchhiker:** "Excuse me, but I wonder if I might trouble you for a ride?"

**Jerry:** "Where you headed?"

**Hitchhiker:** "Oh, just through the drive thru. My car broke down, and I was one the way home when I saw the big neon motorcycle with pickles for wheels and suddenly had a craving for a Vespa shake with Butterfinger."

**Kramer:** "I thought those were buns. Jerry, what do they look like to you?"

**Jerry:** "I never noticed the wheels, but the handlebars are definitely those bendy soda straws."

**George:** "Sure, get in."

**Elaine:** "Hope you're not in a hurry."

**Kramer:** "It's kinda crowded in here, I'm going to ride on the hood."

**Jerry:** "You can't ride on the hood! Bad Kramer! Get back in the car."

**Kramer:** "Ah, come on, Jerry. It'll be like at the drive in movies. No one stays in the car for that, either. It's hot, and no one ever remembers to take Windex to clean the windshield, and it's summer, so there are all the bugs. I get headaches, Jerry, easy, too."

**George:** "Don't scratch Jr, Kramer, that's the last thing that I need is a scratch. Scratches lead to rust. Before you know it, Jr. will look like a Vega."

**Elaine:** "I thought that was the Pinto."

**Kramer:** *<Leaning his head in through the window>* "That was the gas tank. One little tap in the rear, and \*poof\*!"

**Jerry:** *<to the hitchhiker>* "That's what happened to his hair. Never quite the same after that."

**George:** "Ooh! We're moving! Hang on, Kramer."

**Elaine:** "Goody."

**George:** "I still can't see anything. Kramer, go up and see how long we're going to have to wait."

**Kramer:** "Yeah, OK." *<Kramer starts up around the bend>*

**Elaine:** *<To the hitchhiker>* "Come here often?"

**Hitchhiker:** "I'm married."

**Elaine:** "Figures."

**Hitchhiker:** "Try honking your horn."

**Elaine:** "What? I'm \*pretty sure\* that there's not a traffic light up there."

**Hitchhiker:** "It works where I'm from."

**George:** "I guess it can't hurt. Worst case, I give the 'I'm stupid' wave and we're off the hook."

*<Honk>*

**Jerry:** "It worked! We're moving. Where are you from?"

**Hitchhiker:** "Three blocks over."

**Elaine:** "Honk again."

**Jerry:** "I thought you didn't believe in the honk. It won't work, if you don't believe."

*<Kramer comes running back to the car>*

**George:** "What's he got now?"

**Kramer:** "Here you go. Here's one for you, George. Here, pass these back."

**Jerry:** "Menus? Oh, I don't \*believe\* this."

**Elaine:** "Ooh, these are nice! Look, Jerry, they're embossed."

**Kramer:** "That's so blind people can read them, too."

**George:** "Can I just ask you something? What the \*hell\* has the world come to? Drive-thru menus? I mean, what are these people thinking? No one's going to return them, they'll lose their shirts!"

**Jerry:** "That's right, it's why they make those big menu's at other drive thru's so big - so no one can carry them off!"

**George:** "That's right. My mother once hit one of those trash cans they cover in rocks to make you think they're a part of the landscape, and not really a trash can after all, but they still write "TRASH!" on the lid anyway. Well, it tipped over, and she made me get out and pick it back up, but I couldn't, because it was like 400 pounds, and then the guy whose job it is to scrape gum off the parking lot came over and looked really pissed, like it was my fault or something, like I made a grab for the tiny box of cookies and hit the shifter instead."

**Kramer:** "Hey, remember that 40 ft inflatable chicken they used to have out in front of the 'Go Chicken,

Go!?"

**Jerry:** "Yeah, it was there for ever! People used it as a landmark. Someone asked you where the park or the library was, the answer invariably included the big chicken. The bus station? Sure, just go three blocks east of the big chicken and hang a left, you can't miss it."

**Elaine:** "One day, it just up and disappeared. They had reward posters out everywhere. 'The Times' even ran his obituary!"

**George:** "Never to be seen again. He went the way of the Hoffa."

**Kramer:** "Yeah, well, me and some friends stole it, that's why. We were going to repaint it and enter it in the Macy's parade as a protest balloon."

**Elaine:** "What were you protesting?"

**Kramer:** "We could never agree, and by the time that we ponied up for all the Helium that it was going to take, the Beatles broke up and we all went our separate ways."

**Hitchhiker:** "There's no shakes! How can you have burgers and shakes without the shakes? All they have is soda."

**Kramer:** "Probably a conspiracy between all the soda manufacturers to force out the little guy."

**Jerry:** "How could that be? They \*use\* soda in shakes."

**Kramer:** "Yeah, but not all of them."

**Elaine:** "What I'd like to know is who needs menus at a burger joint anyway? You got the single double and triple, \*maybe\* you get the bacon option, then you have your fries and shakes. Thank you drive thru."

**Jerry:** "Now, I, on the other hand, have always wondered why they put the paper machines so close to the window. You'd think that they'd put it waaay at the other end of the line, so if there are a bunch of cars in line in front of you, you'd have something to do."

**George:** "I'll tell you why they do it. It's because they know how frustrating it is to sit behind someone that doesn't see the line advance. He just sits there, probably reading the stock page. I never understood all of those letters and numbers, they're very confusing, you know. I think they should take all the paper machines and shove them up their a-"

*<Honk!> <The guy behind them honks to let George know that the line has moved>*

**George:** "Do you see what I mean? Ha HA!"

**Kramer:** "Hey, look, they've got a game! George, make everyone's meal combo size so we get more chances to win!"

**Elaine:** "I don't \*want\* a thing of fries the size of a \*shoebox\*, you idiot!"

**Jerry:** "And have you seen the size of the drinks you get with those things? They don't give you a straw with those things, you get a \*hose\*!"

**Kramer:** "Aww, come on, guys! How are you going to win if you don't play?"

**Jerry:** "This isn't drive-thru lottery, you know. What happens if you win? What do you get, a lifetime supply of cholesterol? You get that anyway!"

**George:** "You've got it all wrong. The entire \*concept\* of the drive-thru is a gamble, from start to finish. First, you're betting that the guy in the rusty pinto four cars in front of you won't overheat and break down. The next chance you take is that they won't sell the last breakfast burrito to some chump inside between the time that you order and the time that you get to the food window. And why do you think you get that shoebox full of fries for 29 cents? It's to cover all the other stuff in the bag, so that you can't see that instead of the quarter pounder with cheese, but with no onions, you got a freakin' Fillet O'Fish instead. Oh, it isn't that they didn't have the time to make it your way, God \*knows\* they had the time, but by ordering it special, you somehow offended the delicate genius whose job it was to think up the perfect sandwich."

**Elaine:** "The idiot behind the register at *El Rojo Diablo* last week told me that they had a committee that designed their products, and that I couldn't have the 'Sloppy Sarape' without sour cream for that very reason! Their point was that if the customer knew more about what he or she wanted than the 'delicate food-thinker-upper', the food thinker-upper would be out on his ass, and since he was still working there, the thinker-upper must know better."

**Jerry:** "You don't like onions? How could you not like onions?"

**George:** "It's a Shriner thing. You know how they always sell those potato sack sized bags of onions? Well, my parents took me to the Thanksgiving parade when I was a child, and one of those little cars they drive went berserk and almost ran me over. I've been terrified of Shriners, onions and circuses ever since. You know what they should make? Onion rings without the onions."

**Elaine:** "So basically you want fried batter? And how are they going to get the batter to stay in the shape of a ring without something there to hold it?"

**George:** "The same way they get the funnel cake in the shape of the frisbee."

**Elaine:** "Idiot."

**George:** "Does anyone have money? I forgot to check. I once got in line, ordered, then forgot I didn't have my wallet with me."

**Elaine:** "What'd you do?"

**George:** "I tried to jimmy open the little plastic 'Widows and Orphans' donation box. Of course, my hand got caught. The fire department came, and they couldn't get through for a really long time, because of all the cars behind me. No one wanted to back up. Anyway, they had to smash the box to get my hand out. Then the guy called my parents, and my dad had to come down and pay for the food and the box."

**Hitchhiker:** "Why didn't you just try butter?"

**George:** "They didn't have any. Anyway, why do they make the drive thru so narrow? If they made them a little wider, when the pinto does break down, at least you could pass the guy, give him the finger, and get on with your day."

**Jerry:** "That's true - you see the signs that say '9ft Clearance', but you never see one that says 'Caution, 6 ft Wide, be careful not to knock your mirrors off, and if you do, don't get out to get it without puttin' your car in park, because it'll roll backward and break your door off on one of those yellow poles."

**George:** "Very funny, very funny. Why'd you have to be a comedian, anyway?"

**Jerry:** "Because I'd have made a really bad mortician, that's why! No one likes the guy that buries your relatives cracking jokes - I got fired after the first gig! The limo driver took me aside and said that I had to make a choice in life - either a mortician and give up the jokes, or a comedian."

**George:** "Oh, like you never did something stupid in the drive thru."

**Elaine:** "Ooh! Yes, he did! He did! Well, it wasn't a food drive thru, it was a bank. He was pullin' into the parking lot, and his car phone rang, and so he's reaching for it and not looking where he was going and we hit the curb and blew out two tires."

**George:** "Somehow there's always concrete involved."

**Scooterburger Employee at the first window:** "Welcome to Scooterburger, are we ready to order drinks, or do you still need some time?"

**Elaine:** "Drinks? Can't we order everything here?"

**Window girl:** "No, I just hand out menus and take your drink and condiment orders here."

**Elaine:** *<to Jerry>* "How old does that girl look to you?"

**Jerry:** *<Squinting>* "I can never tell. Why, you thinking of asking her out?"

**Elaine:** "Nooo. I think she's Peterman's daughter."

**Hitchhiker:** "If we have to order condiments here, we already have to know what we want to eat, so we'll know what we want to go with it."

**Window girl:** "That's why I asked you if you were ready to order yet."

**Elaine:** *<All snotty like, to the hitchhiker>* "Well, it \*isn't\* like you haven't had time to think about it. Why're you still here, anyway? I thought you wanted a shake."

**Hitchhiker:** "The talk about the shoebox of fries made me hungry."

**George:** "I'll have a diet coke with sweet and sour on the side."

**Elaine:** "That's a change, he usually likes ketchup on everything. Diet 7-Up, please."

**George:** <Mocking Elaine> "He usually likes ketchup on everything."

**Window Girl:** "We only have Coke and iced tea."

**Elaine:** "That sucks. Don't you have anything else? Spring water?"

**Hitchhiker:** "You've got a menu right there. It doesn't say spring water."

**Elaine:** "They don't always put it on the menu. It might be new! Is it new?"

**Window Girl:** "Bottled water? Nah, it's been around since bottles."

**Elaine:** "I'll have that, please."

**Window Girl:** "As if! We only have Coke and iced tea."

**Elaine:** "What do you make the tea with?"

**Window Girl:** "Tea."

**Elaine:** "Anything else?"

**Window Girl:** "I'll ask."

<Window Girl leaves>

**George:** "Nice going, Elaine. George is getting \*hungry\*, and we haven't even ordered yet!"

**Jerry:** "Alright, listen, Sister! When she gets back, you're going to let Kramer do all the talking. Kramer, keep it short and sweet, get us out of this line. We can stop at a Gas-N-Go and get you whatever you want to drink, but first, we've \*got\* to get out of this line."

**Elaine:** "So you're telling me I'm stuck in a car with a serial killer, a grouch, a chucker and a doofus? I'm riding on the hood."

<Elaine is wearing a red outfit>

**Jerry:** "I guess this is how Red Riding Hood got her start. Hey, if you see grandma, ask her how to make tea."

**Elaine:** "Make that two doofuses."

**Window Girl:** "Nope, nothing else, just tea."

**Elaine:** "I can't talk to you any more."

**Kramer:** "Make that four Cokes, and an iced tea with lemon."

**Window Girl:** "You order the drink condiments at the next window."

**Kramer:** "Why can't I order them here, instead?"

**Window Girl:** "Because they have the drink condiments down there. With the drinks."

**George:** "Excuse me - could I get a diet coke instead of a coke?"

**Window Girl:** "Sure."

**Elaine:** "I thought you just had Coke and tea? You said-"

**Window Girl:** "It's the same as the Coke, just without the caffeine. We have to have something for people that can't have caffeine."

**Elaine:** "No it isn't. Why do you think they have that cancer warning on the diet and not on the regular? It isn't like the caffeine keeps cancer away, you idiot! The diet doesn't have sugar, it has Nutri-Sweet, that's what causes the cancer."

**Window Girl:** "Are you hassling me? Because the manager said that I should come get him if you are."

**Elaine:** "Pointing out that you're stupid and hassling you aren't the same thing, dear."

**Jerry:** "So you're saying you want your phlegm *\*with\** or *\*without\** sugar?"

**Window Girl:** "Do you want the diet or not?"

**Elaine:** "Nah."

*<Exit Elaine>*

**George:** "I forgot - could I get mine without ice?"

**Jerry:** "No, George, don't-"

**George:** "Please, my friend, I think I know what I'm doing. You get like three times as much this way! It's cold enough when it comes out of the tap. You don't need ice! Ice is a scam!"

**Jerry:** "Yeah, well I once got mine that way once - it sloshes around stirring up the fizz like there's no tomorrow! It started shootin' out the top like Old Faithful, got all over the back seat of my dad's station wagon. He made me get out and walk for like a mile, like that was going to teach me a lesson about the Physics of soda pop or something."

**Kramer:** "At least you had the Coke."

**Jerry:** "Ah, I dropped it as I was getting out. The lid stayed on, but it all squirted out that little hole in the

top."

**George:** "That's why I got the cup holder - look, pops out and holds the drink in front of the air conditioner vent, further cooling it. What could go wrong? *<to the window girl>* "No ice, please."

**Jerry:** "You'll be sorry."

*<George pulls forward>*

**Kramer:** "Oh, that's just *\*great!\** We're going to place our orders, wait for them to make it, and get all our stuff, all at the next window? I'm getting out again."

**George:** "Where you going this time?"

**Kramer:** "Well, a bunch of us are going canoeing next weekend in the Hamptons, and I need someone to balance out the canoe, to keep the front end down so I can see. I'm going back to ask the girl at the window if she wants to go with me."

**Jerry:** "She doesn't know you - she's not just going to get in a canoe and go down the river with you. For all she knows, you could be some kind of serial killer."

**Kramer:** *<Surprised / Shocked>* "Well, we'll just see."

*<Exit Kramer, enter Elaine>*

**Elaine:** "Well, I got good news and I got bad news. Get a load of this: There's a *\*third\** window."

**George:** "I that was where they parked the people who had special orders. You mean to tell me that we have to do this all over again?"

**Hitchhiker:** "So, what's the good news?"

**Elaine:** *<Holds up a bottle>* "I found a liquor store around the corner."

**George:** "Oh, *\*here\** we go."

**Jerry:** "Give me the Schnapps, Elaine."

**Elaine:** "What? No, they had bottled water, too."

**Jerry:** "What kind of liquor store carries water? They're exact opposites. It's like cats and dogs."

**Hitchhiker:** "Hey, how's your friend going to order if he isn't here when we pull up?"

**George:** "Damn it! He's going to screw up everything. How's he going to order if he's back there playing footsie with the dame?"

**Jerry:** "Playing footsie with the dame? You've been watching too much TNT, Georgie."

**Hitchhiker:** "I never watch that channel. That rat-bastard Turner keeps colorizing all those great movies, and I just can't stand another purple-faced Jimmy Stewart."

**Elaine:** "If he's not back, we're ordering for him."

**George:** "What are you going to get him?"

**Elaine:** "A cheeseburger and a big-ass box of fries. They probably don't have anything else anyway."

*<Kramer walks back to the car>*

**Jerry:** "Turned you down, eh?"

**Kramer:** "Oh contraire. She's going, \*and\* she's bringing a friend."

**Elaine:** "Where's the friend going to ride? They only have two seats, you know."

**Kramer:** "Well I never thought about that. Hey, I know - if I brought another friend, that'd balance thing out. Hey George, you want to come with us?"

**George:** "What's the friend look like?"

**Kramer:** "She's up here at the next window. You can see for yourself."

**Jerry:** "I don't believe this. I've heard of a blind date, but never a drive thru dating service. It's like we're in 'Vegas or something. No obligations, nothing more to buy."

*<George pulls forward to the next window>*

**Window Girl #2:** "Hi, Kramer. Which one is the friend?"

**Kramer:** *<Points at George>* "That's him."

**Window Girl #2:** "Oh. I guess the cooler can ride up front with me."

**George:** *<Turns around and whispers to Kramer>* "What happened to the 'no pressure' part? This isn't 'No pressure', this is pressure, baby!"

**Kramer:** "I never said that, he did." *<Points to Jerry>*

**Jerry:** "I never said 'no pressure', I said no obligation. As for the pressure, you turn her down, she's spittin' on your burger. They put that on the application under the 'incentives' section to get you to sign up. You either go along with this misguided expedition, Magellan, or you're getting special sauce on \*everything\*."

**Window Girl #2:** "Who's your other friend?" *<Looking at Elaine>*

**Kramer:** "Oh, that's Elaine, the one that wanted to know what was in tea."

**Window Girl #2:** "Listen, the cook, really wants to go with us, but then we'd need a sixth. Do you think she'd be interested?"

**George:** "Are you kidding? Of course she would. Fetch the cook!"

**Elaine:** "Damn it, George, I almost had us out of this line."

**George:** "No, don't you see? You make nice to the cook, we give the order directly to him, avoiding the middle-man! Cutting out the middle-man, Elaine, is the American way!"

**Elaine:** "You know, you shouldn't believe every discount furniture commercial you watch."

*<The cook comes over, he's not a he, but a she - all eyes shift to Elaine>*

**Cook:** "Hi, I'm Toni."

**Elaine:** "Hi, Toni. I'd luuuuuv to go with you."

**Cook:** "Cool. See ya Saturday." *<Cook leaves>*

**George:** "Wait, we forgot to order-"

*<Everyone looks at Elaine>*

**Elaine:** "What? I just said that so I wouldn't get special sauce, that's all. Not that there's anything wrong with that."

*<Everyone still staring at Elaine>*

**Elaine:** "For God's sake, I am \*not\* a lesbian! I'm backin' out of this trip the first cloud I see."

**Window Girl #2:** "Are you ready to order yet?"

**George:** *<Startled>* "What? Oh, yeah. We'll take four Mopeds and a 'Dirt Bike'."

**Hitchhiker:** "I just want a large fries."

**Elaine:** "I thought a Dirt Bike was a kids meal."

**George:** *<to the Hitchhiker>* "It was more that way, so I got you the value pack."

**Jerry:** *<to Elaine>* "I'm collecting the Superman toys. Besides, the hot dogs aren't bad. I'm startin' to like 'em."

**Window Girl #2:** "Here are your drinks."

**George:** "Ah, it's a new car - well, not new, but new for me. Anyway, I don't want anything spilled in it - could you put those in a drink carrier?"

*Window Girl #2:* "We don't have those any more. They wouldn't fit through people's windows, and we finally stopped ordering them."

**Kramer:** *<To Elaine>* "I probably should have mentioned this before, Elaine, but you know the girl back at the first window?"

**Elaine:** "The one that didn't know what was in tea?"

**Kramer:** "Yeah. Well, she's Peterman's daughter."

**Elaine:** "What?"

**Kramer:** "She's Peterman's-"

**Elaine:** "I heard that part, why'd you let me make a date with her little - friend, without telling me that? It's bound to get back to Peterman, then he'll think...Oh, my God! Not that there's anything wrong with that."

*<WG#2 passes drinks through, one by one>*

**Window Girl #2:** "We were out of tea, so I gave you a coke instead."

**Jerry:** "Would you look at the size of this cup? You could fit enough chicken in it to feed a family of four! It's even bigger than 'The Movie Coke'!"

**Elaine:** "I don't need mine, now. George, send it back. Besides, I didn't want Coke, anyway."

**George:** "I'm not doing anything till I get my food. It's too big a risk."

**Elaine:** "Tell her we already got five. She can't count, it probably happens all the time."

**Window Girl #2:** "Are you ready for the next one?"

**George:** "Go ahead."

**Elaine:** "George!"

**George:** "Quiet, Elaine."

**Window Girl:** "Here's the Coke without ice."

**George:** "Excuse me, but the diet Coke was the one without ice."

**Window Girl:** "They're all no ice."

**George:** "Here, Jerry, take it."

**Jerry:** "I don't want that! It's like a really big cartoon firecracker waitin' to go off - quick, throw it out the window."

**George:** "Just take it! There's another cup holder."

**Jerry:** "Oh, alright. I can't believe you screwed up everyone's order just because you had to have yours without ice."

**George:** "I didn't screw it up, they did."

**Hitchhiker:** "It's still his fault - he knew they were wrong and still wouldn't send them back."

**Elaine:** "He caused them to screw up the order by putting the \*no ice\* idea into their heads in the first place."

**George:** "Listen, Mister! One more word and I will \*pull\* this car over."

**Elaine:** "We are pulled over, you idiot. We couldn't possibly get any more over than this."

**Jerry:** "Okay, you two, enough arguing. You're starting to repeat."

*<Jerry fooling with the cupholder>*

**Jerry:** "It's just too small! They're always too small. Ah, I don't even know why they bother."

**George:** "Damn it. Mine's too small, too."

**Hitchhiker:** "Hey, you know what? The same guy probably designed 'em both!"

**Jerry:** "You're just gonna have to hold it."

**George:** "This sucks. What do you mean, hold it? I'm driving, here."

**Jerry:** "You're sittin' here like all the rest of us."

**George:** "It's a manual shift, Jerry, I need both feet free."

**Jerry:** "What? You're going to hold it with your feet?"

**George:** "No. I was going to hold it with my legs."

**Elaine:** "And you thought it shrunk before..."

**George:** "Yet another reason not to get the ice."

**Elaine:** "Why'd you get a manual shift, anyway? \*All\* of your driving is in the city, you're shifting like every block. What, are you stupid?"

**George:** "There wasn't a LeBaron with the Air Conditioner and the automatic. I guess it takes too much power. It was one or the other, and \*I need air, baby\*!"

**Hitchhiker:** "Should you have the AC on while we're just sitting here? Isn't the engine going to overheat?"

**George:** "Please, my friend, you're not riding in a Pinto. Overheating? I don't think so."

**Jerry:** "Then how come the thermometer needle is all the way over to the right?"

**George:** "It's stuck there. I think it's broken."

**Hitchhiker:** "How'd it get stuck over there if the car doesn't overheat? And how will you know when it does?"

**George:** "How should I know? Maybe the guy wasn't watching and hit a speed bump really fast."

**Elaine:** "No, George, I think it is overheating. It was really hot when I got out. There's smoke coming from under the hood."

**George:** "Why the hell didn't you say something before now?"

**Elaine:** "I thought it was coming from the car in front of you."

**Hitchhiker:** "So you didn't warn him, either? That's just *\*peachy\**!"

**Elaine:** "What's that supposed to mean? What's *\*peachy\** about me?"

**Hitchhiker:** "Nothing. It's just an expression, that's all."

**Elaine:** "I'll give you a *\*peach\** if you're not careful. Right in the ..."

**Jerry:** "Alright, you two, that's enough 'peach-where-the-sun-don't-shine' talk. Don't make me come back there."

*<The guy behind George honks, G pulls forward>*

**Jerry:** "Are you *\*having\** trouble keeping up? Because if you are, I could walk up and ask the guy in front of us to slow down a little."

**George:** "Don't you start with me, Jerry. I'm tryin to drive here, it's bad enough with them making all that racket, I do *\*not\** need your crap, too. Serenity Now!"

**Jerry:** "I'm starting to wish I never married you."

**Elaine:** "Jerry, I can't breathe, trade places with me."

**Jerry:** "No way, then I won't be able to breathe."

**Elaine:** "So you're saying you want me to tell everyone about the time that you -"

**Jerry:** "Oh, alright."

*<Jerry and Elaine trade places, Elaine gets back in and smoke rises from her as she closes the door>*

**Elaine:** "It's really getting bad, George"

*<George fiddles with the knob and turns off the AC and turns on the heat>*

**Elaine:** "Why'd you turn on the heat?"

**George:** "I figured that it'd help cool the car off faster."

**Elaine:** "By turning on the heat."

**George:** "I meant cool the engine."

**Elaine:** "So because you got the \*air conditioning\*, we have to be \*hotter\* than it is outside?"

**George:** "Ironic, huh?"

**Elaine:** "More like moronic, if you ask me."

**George:** "I didn't."

**Elaine:** "Fine!"

**Jerry:** "You two -"

**Elaine:** "Yippee! Here comes the food! Here comes the food!"

**Window Girl #3:** *<Handing them some napkins and other stuff>* "Your order will be right up."

**Elaine:** "Well I thought it was the food."

**George:** "I have to get out."

**Jerry:** "Excuse me? We're almost through the window."

**George:** "It's the soda. I have to go to the rest room."

**Elaine:** "What, you can't hold it for another minute?"

**George:** "Nah, I never could. I was sitting here with the drink in my hand, it was hot, and I drank almost the whole thing! Here, Jerry, you're going to have to take over."

*<George starts to unbuckle and get out>*

**Jerry:** "Hey, wait, you forgot to put it in Park!"

<Car starts to roll backward, all have the surprised look on their face>

<Switch scenes to the Peterman office, Elaine and a coworker standing near the coffee maker>

**J. Peterman:** "Elaine, could I see you in my office, please?"

**Elaine:** <to the coworker> "Wonder what stupid idea it is now, 'The Airport Burro' motorized luggage?"

**Coworker:** "Hey, that's not bad."

**Elaine:** "It isn't, is it?"

<Writes something in the organizer, then goes into Petermans Office>

**J. Peterman:** "Elaine, it's just come to my attention that our benefits policies may be in need of a few changes."

**Elaine:** "Mr. Peterman, if it's about the insurance claim, it wasn't my fault! We were in the drive thru, and my idiot friend George got out of the car without putting it in park, and we rolled back and rear ended a guy."

**J. Peterman:::** "I thought you said you rolled backward."

**Elaine:** "Our rear end, not his."

**J. Peterman:** "Ah, yes, the drive thru. I once hit a bright green pole in a Saskatchewan Denny's drive thru. Never saw it coming."

**Elaine:** "Denny's has a drive thru?"

**J. Peterman:** "It's Canada, Elaine, it's the law. They're very progressive, you know. Bi-lingual menus printed in raised letters, so the blind can read in two languages. Simply amazing. Now, getting back to the benefits."

**Elaine:** "It was just a small bill for a massage. My neck is still a little stiff, but I'm sure I'll be fine."

**J. Peterman:** "That's nice, Elaine, but I was referring to our policy on extending benefits to, shall we say, life partners."

**Elaine:** "Mr. Peterman, I can explain!"

**J. Peterman:** "No need, Elaine, there's absolutely \*nothing\* wrong with that."

<Switch scenes to Jerry's apartment. Elaine is sitting on the couch with her shoes off, rubbing her feet>

**Elaine:** "So then Peterman tells me that the Scooterburger cook should be entitled to all the same health

and pension benefits that I get! Can you believe that?"

**Jerry:** "Didn't you explain about the first-foul-weather call-off?"

**Elaine:** "Yeah, but he wasn't listening. Kept telling \*me\* there was nothing wrong with that. Me, Jerry! I know there's nothing wrong with that, don't I always say there's nothing wrong with that?"

**Jerry:** "Nothing wrong."

**Elaine:** "That's what I said."

**Jerry:** "I know. I was just agreeing with you."

**Elaine:** "Well, stop it."

**Jerry:** "What's with the foot, anyway?"

**Elaine:** "It's that \*idiot\* George's fault. He had that heater up full blast, and it burned my foot. Look at it! It's all red, and I've had this little sore spot for a week!"

**Jerry:** "Why didn't you just reach over and turn it down? You're almost a grown up, you know."

**Elaine:** "I didn't want him to yell at me again."

**Jerry:** "You could have stuck your feet out the window -"

**Elaine:** "Like a townie? I don't think so. Besides, I lost a shoe that way once."

**Jerry:** "So what you going to do about the foot?"

**Elaine:** "I dunno. I'm thinking about puttin' a Band-Aid on it."

**Jerry:** "You know, if you \*think\* you might need a Band-Aid, you \*need\* a Band-Aid."

**Elaine:** "Yeah, but I don't want that white ring around my toe. Besides, since we never made it to the Hamptons, I just figured that I'd go tan tomorrow."

**Jerry:** "Ah, the dreaded white line. So you want to roast the other foot to match this one?"

**Elaine:** "Smart-ass."

**Jerry:** "What is it with Band-Aids and tanning, anyway? I thought you told me they were good for tanning, remember the time we were on our way to \*that beach\*, and we had to stop and get some. Either they're good or they're bad. Make up your mind, already."

**Elaine:** "You ever been sun burned \*there\*?"

**Jerry:** "I don't think guys burn there. I know I never have."

**Elaine:** "Never?"

**Jerry:** <Looks in shirt> "Nope."

**Elaine:** "Sometimes they're good, sometimes they're bad. It's a double-edged sword, the Band-Aid."

**Jerry:** "That didn't sound right."

**Elaine:** "It didn't, did it?"

**Jerry:** "Look, suntan lotion works everywhere else you put it, why not there? What's so special about \*there\* that it doesn't have to follow the laws of skin physics?"

**Elaine:** "I mean, I like 'em the color they are now, okay? Is that alright?"

**Jerry:** "Yes, they're very nice."

**Elaine:** "I know. As it is, I've got the whole contrast thing going for me. I don't need the Sun coming along and evening things out."

**Jerry:** "So, speaking of the Sun coming out tomorrow, have you checked the forecast for this weekend?"

**Elaine:** "Yeah, and it isn't looking good. Partly sunny and 84 degrees."

**Jerry:** "So, you going through with it?"

**Elaine:** "That's why I'm going to tan today. I figured that if I accidentally overtan, I've got an out."

**Jerry:** "How does that get you an out?"

**Elaine:** "Because! If I'm burned, I can't go out in the Sun!"

**Jerry:** "I thought that was why the T-shirt was invented."

**Elaine:** "Nooooo! The T-shirt is a preventive measure. Always has been. When you're Sun burned, you don't want it scraping up against you. What're you thinkin'?"

**Jerry:** "I don't know. Why don't you want to go on this thing, anyway? It's bound to be a hoot, and George and Kramer are bound to need someone to help them read the map."

**Elaine:** "Have you been canoeing? It's hard! Like walking a \*tightrope\*. I've only been once, so I'm bound to get stuck in the front."

**Jerry:** "The front is easier than the back? How could that be, they're both the same!"

**Elaine:** "I don't know, but it is. I started in the back and we almost got busted for drunk paddling. We would have, except there wasn't anyplace for me to walk a straight line so they had to let us go."

**Jerry:** "What's so bad about the front? You get to the end first, and the whole trip you've got a great

view."

**Elaine:** "So does she."

**Jerry:** "Oh."

**Elaine:** "Not that there's anything wrong with that or anything, I wouldn't want a guy that I wasn't interested in looking at my ass for an entire day either."

**Jerry:** "On the other hand, if you're in the front seat, you don't have to paddle as much."

**Elaine:** "Huh?"

**Jerry:** "That's why they made canoes that shape. You're like the carrot out in front of the horse."

**Elaine:** "You're saying all I have to do is just sit there and I get a free ride downstream?"

**Jerry:** "That\* is the beauty of the deal."

**Elaine:** "Hmm. Might be kinda nice. Maybe I could catch up on my reading."

**Jerry:** "Now you won't have to burn."

<Enter George>

**Elaine:** "Look what you did to my foot!"

**George:** "What? How did I do that? How could I \*possibly\* have done that?"

**Elaine:** "It was the heater! You turned the thing on full blast and it cooked my little toe!"

**George:** "That was never full blast."

**Elaine:** "It was all the way over on the red. There was no blue, just red."

**George:** "But the fan wasn't all the way up. You want to see full blast, baby? Let's go!"

**Elaine:** "I told you not to run the AC in the drive thru. Everyone over the age of twelve knows that."

**George:** "Speaking of adults, you're almost one now, why didn't you just stick your feet out the window?"

**Jerry:** "That's what I said."

**George:** "Well?"

**Jerry:** "Afraid of shoe loss."

**Elaine:** "They were Italian and I just got them broken in."

**George:** "So take 'em off."

**Elaine:** "I didn't want a bug to hit my foot. That'd be worse than the burn."

**Jerry:** "We still going to the gym this afternoon?"

**George:** "I gotta do a little shopping for the float trip."

**Jerry:** "What? What do you need for a float trip?"

**George:** "The usual stuff: Cooler, a Sun hat, new T-shirt."

**Elaine:** "You don't have a T-shirt? Who doesn't have a T-shirt?"

**George:** "Yes, I have plenty of T-shirts. Unfortunately I washed them with a red sock, and they're all pink. Besides, I want to get one with the cool design on the back."

**Jerry:** "What're you going to get?"

**George:** "I'm gonna try for one with the beer logo on the back. Chicks love those things."

**Jerry:**<Nodding> "Always popular."

**Elaine:** "I don't, I like the Nike ones with the little 'swoosh'"

**Jerry:** "And don't forget the snacks."

**Elaine:** "Hey, that's right. Better stock up, cause you're paddling for two."

**George:** "That's not funny, Elaine."

**Elaine:** "What? No, I meant - tell him about the paddling situation, Jerry."

**Jerry:** "She's right, you know. You're the horse, the window girl is the carrot."

**George:** "You're telling me she doesn't have to paddle? That sucks. Jerry, don't you think she should be required to paddle?"

**Jerry:** "I guess not. I think it's a pretty fair trade."

**George:** "A fair trade? What's in it for me?"

**Elaine:** "The view."

**George:** "What view? If anything, she has a better view than me. In fact she's the reason that I haven't got the view. The only view I get is...<pause> No, that's still not a fair trade, especially in the day of the long T-shirt."

**Jerry:** "I never thought of that. In my day, there wasn't the whole 'cover-up' that there is now. It started in

the 80's with the jacket tied around the waist, moved on to the long sweaters in the 90's, and now it's the suit jacket and T-shirt."

**George:** "When will it end?"

**Elaine:** "If we get our way? Never! That's when."

<Switch scenes to after the canoe trip - Jerry and Kramer in Jerry's appt>

<Buzz>

**Jerry:** <pushing the button> "Yeah?"

**George:** "Hey!"

**Jerry:** "'mon up."

**Jerry:**<to Kramer> "Wonder how the trip went."

<Enter G and Lainey - Lainey has a sunburn>

**Jerry:** "Hey, you two. How'd the trip go?"

**Elaine:** "Look at me!"

**Jerry:** "Didn't you use sun block?"

**Elaine:** "Of course I used sun block! I thought it said SPF 25, but it wasn't, it was 2.5. Look! The little decimal point is really small."

**Jerry:** "I can't even see it."

**Elaine:** "It kinda looks like the little dot on the top of the 'i' below it."

**Kramer:** "Hey, don't they have a name for that little dot?"

**Jerry:** "Yeah, I think I got that Trivial Pursuit question before. Elaine, you were the publisher, what do they call that?"

**Elaine:** "That little dot above the 'i'. <Pause> I have no idea."

**Jerry:** "So how 'bout you, Biff? Get to first base?"

**George:** "On a canoe trip? Who gets to first base on a canoe trip? Besides, she didn't even show."

**Jerry:** "The weather?"

**George:** "Yeah. I'd already paid for the canoe, so I figured I'd go by myself. I had the cooler, the snacks and my shoes in the front of the boat, and it still wasn't level. I ended up filling the front with rocks so I

could see."

**Jerry:** "So not only didn't you get the view, but the rocks got a free ride downstream?"

**George:** "Well, not \*all\* the way downstream. I was going around this corner and hit a log. I started taking on water, and the canoe sank like the Titanic, taking with it my food, the cooler and my favorite pair of shoes."

**Elaine:** <Laughing> "The other rocks are probably reading the papers checking for survivors as we speak!"

**Kramer:** "How'd you get the rest of the way downstream?"

**George:** "I didn't. I swam to shore, found a pay phone and called AAA."

**Jerry:** "The auto club? You called the auto club? What'd you tell 'em?"

**George:** "I told 'em I needed a tow! The guy showed up and I had it towed back to the rental place."

**Jerry:** "He didn't mind that he wasn't towing a car?"

**George:** "What does he care? He gets paid either way. Cost me 20 bucks to get this kid to swim down and tie a rope to the boat, though. I got a receipt and I'm gonna try and get 'em to reimburse me."

**Kramer:** "At least you got your stuff back."

**George:** "All the soda floated away, the chips were soggy and my shoes are still at the bottom of the whirlpool. One of these years there'll be a drought, and somebody's gonna get a damn fine pair of shoes."

**Jerry:** "Why didn't you have the kid swim down and get the shoes?"

**George:** "He wanted another twenty bucks, and I didn't think the car club would go for it."

<The End>

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[Inspirations: Every drive thru I've ever been in.

Also:

**The big chicken:** I once heard a guy give directions on how to get someplace *from* the big chicken in Atlanta, Ga. I don't have a picture of him, but I do have one of the giant penguin in North Kansas City, MO. [Click here](#) to see him.

**The giant inflatable chicken: an ex-roommate took it and never had the nerve to set it up anyplace.**

**The obituary for the big chicken: Elton John, *Levon* - "...and the New York Times said God is dead and the war's begun..."**

**The canoe trip: Happened pretty much that way.**

**The concrete post: Happened exactly as described.**

**The concrete trash can: Mom hit it, made me get out to try and pick it back up. They weigh like 400 pounds, you know. Between me, the parking lot guy and mom, we couldn't lift the thing.**

**The top two buttons: People try to sell me things like that all the time.**

**Forgetting money: Do it all the time. If it's rush hour and you've already ordered, they'll settle for anything you've got. I traded a CD for four value meals once.**

**The delicate genius whose job it was to think up the perfect menu items: A Taco Bell clerk in Houston who refused to leave off the sour cream.**

**The diet Coke fountain: Happens all the time. One guy gets his without ice, they're all without ice.**

**The heater incident: Yup, it happened too. It was winter, no AC was involved, but it happened.**

]