

# The Demolition of Yankees Stadium

*Written by*

*Bryan A. Thompson*

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<Jerry's Apartment >

**Lainey:** "So, I guess I'd better be going..."

**Jerry:** "Wait a minute, Sister, you're not going anywhere 'till you tell us about your date with the X-Files guy!"

**Lainey:** "He's not a CIA guy, he's with the \*FBI\*!"

**Kramer:** "Wow, that's like two whole steps above the CIA."

**Jerry:** "Two steps above the CIA? I think not. Two steps sideways, maybe, but not above."

**Kramer:** "Did he leave a tip? That's how to tell, you know, the tip. Everyone knows that CIA guys never tip. They don't have to."

**Elaine:** "What? What kind of stupid thing that to say? Everyone has to tip."

<George enters >

**Jerry:** "For a minute there, I almost went along with you."

**George:** "What? <Pause, while looking at everybody> I am not cheap."

**Elaine:** "So-so"

**Jerry:** "What?"

**Elaine:** "So-so. The date. He kept trying to impress me with the size of his 'computer'."

**Jerry:** "His computer, who cares about his computer?"

**Elaine:** "That's what I finally said. There's just so much 'hard drive' innuendo I can tolerate before I \*puke\*!"

**Kramer:** "What does he do for the FBI? Is he a spy?"

**Elaine:** "A spy? Why would you ask a thing like that? Who told you to ask that?"

**Kramer:** "Remember when New man and I ran into you at the theater? Newman thought that he

recognized him as one of the agents from Americas Most Wanted."

**Jerry:** "The TV show starring Robert Stack? I love that show. They almost always catch the bad guy."

**Elaine:** "No, he *\*isn't\** a spy. No, he isn't *\*on TV\**. He's the guy that tracks all that space junk so that it won't hit satellites or the space shuttle or anything."

**Kramer:** "I wonder if they have one of those roadside cleanup programs, like on my 5/8 mile of the Van Wyck. Yeah, I'd like to get my name on *\*that\** road sign, brother."

**Jerry:** *<Pause>* "Why?"

**Kramer:** "Because, when *\*they\** come, they'll know what a conscientious guy I am."

**Jerry:** "What if they come before you find a way to get up there and straighten up a little?"

**Kramer:** "Well, ..."

**Jerry:** "A space traffic controller, now that's a cool job. If you screw up, you can always blame the whole thing on a meteorite, and no one will be the wiser!"

**Elaine:** "That's the stupidest thing that I've ever heard. Who's going to believe that when they see those things coming 26 years in advance?"

**Kramer:** "You tell that to the dinosaurs."

**Jerry:** *<to George>* "So, you're being awfully quiet."

**George:** "They're tearing down Yankee's Stadium. Now I'll *\*never\** get my old job back."

**Kramer:** "What happened?"

**George:** "The upper deck fell. There wasn't a game at the time, but it hit a new peanut vendor - apparently he was practicing going up and down the stairs and making change at the same time."

**Jerry:** "So, now even the Yankees are homeless? Who's Steinbrenner going to fire now? The Mayor?"

**Elaine:** "He can't do that, can he?"

**George:** "I once saw him fire a stray cat outside a Starbucks."

*<To the surprise of everyone, re-enter Kramer>*

**Jerry:** "Where did you go?"

**Kramer:** "Ah - Never mind. I just heard on the radio that they're tearing it down next Tuesday, and that in protest, 'The Big Stein' is leading an 'Impeach Rudy Guillani' rally tonight at Madison Square Garden. Turn on the TV."

**TV :** "...and the first 30,000 that attend tonight's rally will receive a baseball autographed by Daryl Strawberry and the San Diego Chicken, as well as a turkey dog complements of Oscar Meyer Weiners."

**Jerry, Elaine, George and Kramer:** "I'm there!"

*<Later that night, all return to Jerry's apartment, wearing the same T-Shirts that said, 'The Mayor sucks Oscar Meyer Weiners' on one side, and 'Why did the famous chicken cross the Hudson? Because they tore down the damn stadium, that's why.' on the back>*

**George:** "...and if it wasn't for Newman, we'd have got turkey dogs instead of three Daryl Strawberry autographs."

**Elaine:** "Yeah, I can't understand why no one wanted his autograph. He's really good, isn't he? I got a \*bunch\* of them!"

**Kramer:** "That was Keith Hernandez. Strawberry is the junkie."

**Elaine:** "So I've been carrying twelve baseballs around in my purse for the last three hours? Why didn't ya \*tell\* me?"

**George:** "I figured that you were going to donate them to charity and write it off your taxes. That's what I do.""

**Elaine:** "My Taxes? I don't pay taxes - thanks to Peterman, I'm an official ambassador to the Congo."

**Jerry:** "Really? Does that mean that you have diplomatic immunity? Can you just run over whatever you want to? Because, in your case, that'd be a good thing. Hey, why didn't you get the Chicken's autograph? Everyone loves the Famous Chicken!"

**Elaine:** "Ah, I got in the wrong line. I wondered why it was a lot shorter."

**Kramer:** "Now you know."

**Elaine:** "Why don't you kiss my a-"

*<Enter George, again to everyone's surprise, carrying a frosty malt>*

**Kramer:** "Where'd you go - hey - where'd you get the malt at this time of night?"

**Jerry:** "Did you get that out of the sewer? I know that's where you got that Zagnut."

**George:** "I was looking out the window, not paying attention, as usual, and I saw an..."

**Elaine:** "You \*saw\*? We're on the 5<sup>th</sup> floor!"

**George:** "Remember the squint? Anyway, I get down there, and it turns out that Steinbrenner has the ice cream vendors driving around in golf carts selling ice cream while the stadium is closed."

**Jerry:** "In the middle of the night?"

**George:** "Well, most of the games are at night, they're used to it."

**Kramer:** "A guy driving around NY at night with a fist full of \$1 bills. That doesn't sound safe. I'd better see if he needs someone to ride shotgun for protection."

**Jerry:** "It's not a stagecoach, you know, it's a golf cart. And they let \*you\* have a shotgun?"

**Kramer:** "Nah. Sock full of pennies." *<Exit Kramer>*

**Jerry:** "Anyway, Elaine, I got this parking ticket the other day, do you think you could-"

**Elaine:** "That I could...what?"

**Jerry:** "Well, you know, take care of it?"

**Elaine:** "Yeah, sure." *<Takes the ticket and tears it up and throws it out the window>*

**Jerry:** "That's cool! Really, that's it?"

**Elaine:** "No, they're going to be looking for you." *<Exit Elaine>*

**Jerry:** "So, they're tearing down the house that Ruth built."

**George:** "I'd like to think that if they'd started my canola oil popcorn idea sooner, this could have all been avoided. Just one cent per bag, it was definitely do-able."

**Jerry:** "Well, perhaps if you'd spent less time sleeping with your secretary, she'd have had time to type up that memo."

**George:** "You're making George very angry!"

**Jerry:** "Just a minute," *<out the window to Lainey>* "Putty was right, you are going to hell, sister," *<closes window>* "We're all meeting there Tuesday."

**George:** "Where?"

*<Shoe flies through the closed window, breaking it>*

**Jerry:** *<out the window>* "Hey!"

**George:** "You had that coming."

**Jerry:** "At - the, uh, services."

**George:** "You're going to watch them tear it down?!? If I may ask you, what the \*Hell\* are you thinking? First the city of NY rips out my heart, now I have to go to this thing?"

**Jerry:** "Its like hearing on the nightly news that there's going to be a fire at the lumber yard. I gotta go. I think it's a \*law\* or something. They're tearing down Yankee's Stadium, man!"

**George:** "And you sons-of-bitches wouldn't even help me unmask the chicken! You know, he's the reason that I lost my job, you know."

**Jerry:** "He's not the reason, and don't blame me if you're too much of a wussy to take off a chickens mask."

**George:** "I think it was buttoned to the suit. The suit of Injustice, the suit - of Tyranny."

**Jerry:** <laughing> "Wussy!"

**George:** "I think his head was made of plaster, it was like a hundred pounds."

**Jerry:** "Sic Semper \*Tyson\*!"

**George:** "Aah, Bite me." <Leaves>

<Lainey's apartment, with her watching TV and eating popcorn>

**TV:** "and it was announced tonight that Ted Georgoulas, aka the Famous Chicken, has been forced into early retirement due to an onset of Carpal Tunnel Syndrome following a recent autograph session at Madison Square Garden. Ex-con, current and three-time former Yankee Daryl Strawberry, who also staffed the autograph session, was uninjured."

**Elaine:** "You suck!" <When she sees a picture of Strawberry>

<The next day, at Monk's>

**Kramer:** "Hey, Georgie - I forgot to ask you if I could borrow your new camera. I wanna get my picture with the cloud of debris. Yeah, I figured that I'd do one of those goofy shots, you know, where I press down on the top of the stadium and in the next frame, it collapses. I figured that I'd send it to my prison pen pal."

**Elaine:** "Your 'prison pen pal' is the reason that Brad broke up with me."

**Jerry:** "Brad? Oh, right, the FBI guy."

**George:** "Its the middle of the Bronx! It'll get stolen! I know it! Why do you ask me these things?"

**Elaine:** "Yeah, they never would have found out, except that Kramer used my 'Ambassador to the Congo' official stationery to impress the convict, and that caught their attention. So they did a little further checking, and matched Kramers typewriter to a resume that his grandmother sent them like 30 years ago. They said I was associating, Jerry, associating! I told him that I hardly ever \*talk\* at Kramer, and that I we certainly never 'associated', but they seemed to think that the weekly movie was enough."

**Jerry:** "He dumped you for the job, eh?"

**Elaine:** "Eh, I'd have done the same thing."

**Jerry:** "Well, its really no comparison, you the ambassador, and he, the responsible type."

**Elaine:** "The Peterman catalog is a \*huge\* responsibility! Deadlines, datelines,..."

**George:** "The Suburb Sun Hat was a stroke of genius!"

**Elaine:** "It was the Urban Sombrero, and it was the darkest hour of my life. I thought that I old you never to mention *<pushes George and a laughing Jerry>* it."

**George:** "Yeah, I think I remember that."

**Elaine:** "So why'd you bring it up?"

**George:** "Felt like it."

**Elaine:** "Same to you."

**George:** "What? That doesn't make sense."

**Jerry:** "Bud, Lou. Lou, Bud. Idiots."

*<At Yankee's Stadium, before the festivities>*

**Kramer:** "Did you bring it? Didja?"

**George:** *<Digging through an overstuffed tote bag>* "Yeah, yeah, gimme a minute. Why is the thing that you need most always at the bottom? I don't know how women deal with these things."

**Elaine:** "With a little something we women have, called 'dexterity'."

**George:** "Here. Be careful with it, Susan's father gave it to us for a wedding present. Its got great sentimental value."

**Jerry:** "I always thought that you'd been able to avoid the 'sentiment' trap."

**George:** "The - uh - pawn shop guy only offered me \$20 for it."

**Jerry:** "And suddenly, all is right in the world once again."

**George:** *<At the top of his voice, scaring all>* "Can I get a Hot Dog here?"

**Elaine:** "Did you \*have\* to yell that loud, you idiot? You hurt my ear."

**George:** *<Mumbles something about the 'delicate genius'>*

**Daryl Strawberry:** *<Dressed up as a vendor, with the hotdog box around his neck>* "How many?"

**George:** "Four."

**Jerry:** "You're going to eat \*four\*?"

**Daryl Strawberry:** "You want Mustard on those?"

**George:** "They're for everybody, Mr Smartypants."

**George:** *<to DS>* "What?"

**Daryl Strawberry:** "I asked if you wanted mustard on these. I already started putting mustard on them when you didn't answer."

**George:** "Who ordered mustard? I don't want mustard on mine."

**Elaine:** "I want relish, too."

**Daryl Strawberry:** "I got two with half-mustard on them. Break 'em in half."

**Jerry:** "Do you have ketchup?"

**Elaine:** "You want ketchup on your \*hot dog\*?"

**Jerry:** "Yes, I do."

**Elaine:** "Who puts ketchup on their hot dog? That's like putting ketchup on a steak or something."

**Jerry:** "Hey, I told you, I only do that when I order a \*chopped\* steak. And then only if I can talk them into bringing an extra piece of Texas Toast. It's like a Texas-sized hamburger, Elaine."

**Elaine:** "Make me \*sick\*!"

**Kramer:** "Hey, now there's an idea. Texas toast hot dog buns. Yeah, we could call them 'Western Dogs, or 'Rodeo Dogs'"

**Daryl Strawberry:** "That's a prison joke, is't it? Why not just call them, 'Jailbird dogs', or ex-con dogs, or ..."

**Kramer:** *<to DS>* "Do you have any mayo?"

**Daryl Strawberry:** "On a hot dog? We're not in Belgium, you know. You want Mustard, I got mustard. You want relish? Right here. You want mayo, go to a damn deli."

**George:** "Look, I couldn't get all the mustard off this one. Can I please have another?"

**Daryl Strawberry:** "Be \$17.00."

**George:** "For a hot dog?"

**Daryl Strawberry:** "No, for five hot dogs."

**George:** "I only wanted four."

**Daryl Strawberry:** "You still gotta pay for the other one. Not my fault you weren't paying attention when I asked what you wanted on them. That's how I got mixed up in the 80's. Not paying attention, next thing I know, I'm holding a bag for my buddy, and then along comes..."

**Kramer:** "The man. I knew it. It's always 'the man', Jerry, never give a guy a break."

**Jerry:** "Who are you supposed to be, Shaft?"

**Newman:** "He's a baaaad mother..."

**Elaine:** "Hush your mouth."

**Newman:** "I get carried away, sometimes."

**Daryl Strawberry:** "What do you want on this other one?"

**George:** *<To Kramer and Newman, who are now squabbling in the background about the best way to take a goofy picture>* "Quiet, you idiots, you're going to make him mess up this one, too. They're like \$8, so will you just be quiet for a second? *<then to DS>* Nothing."

**Daryl Strawberry:** "I see you weren't paying attention in math class, either. And you can't have it plain."

**George:** "Look, damn it, I don't want any mustard, I don't want any \*relish\*, I don't want any Mayo..."

**Daryl Strawberry:** "I don't have that."

**George:** "Good, then you can't accidentally put it on my hot dog...I don't want any \*Roundup\* dog..."

**Daryl Strawberry:** "Look, chump, I told you not to call it that. You want a knuckle sandwich?"

**George:** "No you didn't, you told him that." *<Pointing at Kramer>*

**Kramer:** "Hey, can he get mayo with that knuckle sandwich? On the side, please."

**Daryl Strawberry:** "I don't need this crap! I'm a major league baseball player." *<Throws down hotdog box and storms into the crowd>*

**George:** "Oh my God! Free hot dogs! The way that I want them! Someone get a picture of the rainbow."

**Elaine:** "How about one of the Leprechaun?"

**George:** "Jerry, help me get this thing before Newman sees it."

**Jerry:** "You're already carrying a 100 pound tote bag. You'll never be able to carry that thing."

**George:** "I'm not going to carry the box around, there's a reason that they didn't make me a vendor..."

**Jerry:** "You can't add?"

**George:** "No. I have a week back."

**Jerry:** "How long ago did that happen?"

**George:** "Oh, 'bout a week back."

**Jerry:** "How long have you been waiting to use that one?"

**George:** "Come on, help me offload some of these into the tote bag?"

**Jerry:** "How many do you want?"

**George:** "As many as I can get! They're free!" *<Then yells to Newman and Kramer, still screwing around in the background>* "Hey, would you be careful with that thing? Aw, just give it back to me. How am I going to take your picture if you have the camera anyway?"

**Elaine:** "They're getting ready to start."

**George:** "Alright, get ready...."

**PA System:** " Four...Three...Two...One..."

*<Flash, blinding everyone>*

**Jerry:** "Do you think the flash was necessary? Its the middle of the day, here."

**Kramer:** "Wow! Look at it go!"

**George:** "Hey! Someone stole my tote bag!"

**Elaine:** "Why'd you bring that thing in the first place?"

**George:** "Ever since the wallet incident, I don't trust them any more."

**Jerry:** "So it took a tote bag to carry everything that you used to have in the wallet? Hah!"

**George:** "No. I had the camera in there also."

**Kramer:** "Well, its over. Lets go."

**George:** "No, we can't go. We have to file a police report. I had a lot of valuable stuff in there. My drivers license was in there, my credit cards..."

**Jerry:** "Eighteen packs of Sweet-N-Low"

**Elaine:** "C'mon, Georgie, its gone. Get over it."

**George:** "Well, at least I've still got the camera."

**Kramer:** "Yeah, whoever it was knew what not to steal. A real pro."

*<At Jerry's apartment, watching the event on TV>*

**George:** "Hey, its us! Maybe we'll see who stole my tote bag."

*<TV screen goes blank when G takes the picture>*

**Kramer:** "Kinda looked like a nuclear bomb wiping out the stadium."

**George:** "Damn it!"

**Jerry:** "I told you you didn't need the flash."

**George:** *<Mocking Jerry>* "I told you you didn't need the flash."

*<Police station, at the Sergeant's desk>*

**Sgt:** "So let me get this straight -your tote bag contained your credit cards, ID, and \$251.60 worth of turkey dogs? What kind of scam are you trying to pull?"

**Jerry:** "He did, I saw the whole thing. Daryl Strawberry threw down the box and walked off."

**Sgt:** "So you were just putting the hotdogs in your totebag for safekeeping, till they could be returned to their rightful owners?"

**George:** "Uh, well, except for the five that I bought. Hey, that bastard never gave me my change."

**Sgt:** "Did it ever occur to you that people might not want to eat the hotdogs after you got lint all over them?"

**George:** "No. I used to be a Yankee, you know."

**Sgt:** "Well, if we find the perpetrator, we'll let you know."

*<Jerry's Apartment, a week later>*

**Kramer:** "Hey, George - I think I figured out why the pawn shop would only give you \$20 for the camera - it's a piece of \*crap\*! Look, none of these things turned out. They're all either dark or sideways or blurry!"

**Elaine:** "Which one is blurry?"

**Kramer:** "Only the best one! Where they're blowing it up!"

**Elaine:** "Wait a minute! Don't you see? The reason that it's blurry is that the robber ran in front of it to steal your bag!"

**George:** "Now I feel better."

**Elaine:** "You idiot! We can get Brad..."

**Jerry:** "Who?"

**Elaine:** "The CIA guy I was dating."

**Kramer:** "I thought that he was with the FBI."

**Elaine:** "Whatever. Anyway, you know how they're always using computers to clear up pictures in the movies? We could get him to do that with this one! Then you'll have your picture!"

**George:** "That's not a bad idea!"

**Jerry:** "Oh, yes it is, you just don't know why yet. Tell him why, Elaine."

**Elaine:** "He kinda dumped me because I was associating. But, he owes me. I let him get to second base on the first date."

**Jerry:** "What's 'second base' anyway. I wouldn't know if I got there. Elaine, how long did it take me to get to second base?"

**Elaine:** "Never mind."

**George:** "Do you think he'll do it?"

**Elaine:** "He will if he wants to get to third."

**Jerry:** "He dumped you!"

**Elaine:** "Yeah, but that was the relationship thing. This is sex."

<Enter Newman wearing a smoking jacket>

**Newman:** "Did someone say, 'sex'?"

**Jerry:** "Hello, \*Newman\*."

**Newman:** "Hello, \*Jerry\*. Hi, Elaine. Hey, Kramer, did you get the pictures back? I want to send it in to Americas Funniest home movies. There's a chance that we could win \$10,000."

**Jerry:** "Correct me if I'm wrong, but as the title implies, I think you have to send in home 'movies'."

**Kramer:** "They didn't turn out. Its all blurry. But Elaine has this friend at the FBI who'll use the computer

to clear it up if she'll schtuup him."

**Elaine:** "Excuse me? No one said anything about schtupping anyone."

**Kramer:** "But you said..."

**Elaine:** "I said 'third base'. No where \*near\* a schtuup."

**Kramer:** "Jerry, is that true?"

**Jerry:** "I don't know. I mean, I \*thought\* that I knew how to keep score, but all the little lines, and letters, its just all so confusing. I don't know."

**Newman:** "Hmm. A dilemma, to be sure. On the one hand, asking the beautiful Elaine to stoop to such depths, and on the other, \$10,000."

**Jerry:** "Even if she does, you \*still\* won't have a home movie. Its a \*picture\*."

**Newman:** "I've got a camcorder. We'll just hold the picture in front of the camcorder, and we'll have a home movie. Hah, you thought that you had me, didn't you."

**Jerry:** "Okay, say she does 3rd base with him and gets the picture back. Say you hold it in front of the camcorder and tape it. What are you going to have?"

**Newman:** "\$10,000, and a slightly sullied reputation for the lovely Elaine."

**George:** "I can live with that."

**Elaine:** "Thanks a \*lot\*."

**Jerry:** "I'll tell you what you're going to have. You'll have a picture of some guy standing in front of the three of you, stealing George's totebag. Nothing funny about that."

**Newman:** "Curse the fates!" *<Exit Newman>*

*<At the FBI headquarters, after hours. The picture on the screen is slowly becoming more clear>*

**Jerry:** "I don't like this. Brad, won't you get into trouble if we get caught?"

**Brad:** "Nah, We all do it."

*<Kramer drops something in the lab and it breaks>*

**George:** "Do you really think it'll work?"

**Brad:** "Come see for yourself. In the upper corner you can already see Daryl Strawberry punching a guy."

**George:** "Wow, that's great! I used to be a Yankee, you know."

**Brad:** "Yeah, so did he." <*Points to DS*>

**Jerry:** "There's the robber! Still kinda fuzzy, but it \*looks\* like Aquaman!"

**George:** "You're a big help."

**Kramer:** "Can Aquaman live on land?"

**Jerry:** "He's a man, isn't he? That's where the man part of Aquaman comes in."

**Elaine:** <*Sees something on the screen*> "Uh, Brad! I think I saw someone coming down the hall. Shouldn't we get out of here?" <*Nodding up and down to get him to go along with her*>

**Brad:** <*whispering in her ear*> "What is it?"

**Elaine:** <*also whispering*> "Well, I didn't think I was going to be in the picture."

**Brad:** "You were standing right next to them."

**Elaine:** "I know, but I thought that the burglar would be blocking us."

**Brad:** "Your friend has a wide lens."

**Elaine:** "Figures. Anyway, I kinda, well, flashed the camera."

**Brad:** "If you don't want them to see, shy did you flash?"

**Elaine:** "It started out as a joke. You see, Kramer took a picture of me to put on my Christmas cards. Unfortunately, there was a nipple showing and I didn't find out till I'd sent them all. I thought that since they'd already seen, what harm would there be?"

**Brad:** "That isn't funny."

**Elaine:** "Now that I've had time to think, I know that. Can you make it stop?"

**Brad:** "Nope, once its started, its too late."

**Elaine:** "My God! Cover the screen or something. Here comes Jerry."

**Brad:** "We can use white-out. I'll tell 'em that it's an informant they can't see or something."

**Jerry:** <*Walking over to the computer for another look*> "Ah, I see you've been teaching Elaine some of the finer points of computers."

**Brad:** "That's a blonde joke, isn't it? <*To Elaine*> I don't know why you had to bring them along anyway. I thought that we were going to..."

**Elaine:** "I told you, later. I'm allergic to broom closets."

**Brad:** <To Jerry, pointing to screen> "Informant. They were all over that day."

**Jerry:** "Guess you wouldn't want a terrorist blowing up the stadium before the Mayor got a chance, huh? Hey, how come he's standing where Elaine was? Hey, are you the informant? <to Elaine>

**Elaine:** "Yeah, I'm also an informant. The job at Petermans is just a cover. I turned in the soup Nazi and now I'm after the \*real\* ambassador to the Congo. Next, I'm going after people that don't pay parking tickets and sell hotdogs without a vendors license. Idiot."

**Kramer:** <Finds another monitor and calls the others> "Hey, cool! She's flashing the camera!"

**Newman:** "Where!?!> <Runs toward the voice of Kramer>

**Jerry:** "Informant? No. Exhibitionist, on the other hand..."

**Elaine:** "Oh, alright, I did it as a joke. I mean, how often do they blow up Yankee's Stadium?"

**Jerry:** "So you wanted a picture of Yankee's Stadium, and your \*breasts\*, and you figured that this was your last chance?"

**Elaine:** "I guess."

**Jerry:** "Hey, now the burglar is starting to look like Kenny G!"

**George:** "How do you get Kenny G out of that?"

**Jerry:** "I think that's his nose."

**Elaine:** "That isn't his nose, that's his..."

**Jerry:** "Elaine! You should be ashamed!"

**Elaine:** "If that's his - well, his *nose*, then *he* should be ashamed."

**Kramer:** "Alright, alright! That's enough. We're here to unmask a scofflaw, not to squabble like, well, I don't know. Elaine, what squabbles?"

**Elaine:** "How should I know?"

**Kramer:** "Well,"

**Brad:** "It's almost finished...here it comes...It's...It's...It's Ted Georgoulis, A.K.A. The San Diego Chicken!"

**Jerry:** "Wow! His arm may be hurt, but boy, he sure can run fast!"

**Kramer:** "It looks like the San Diego Chicken has, well, turned. To a life of crime, that is."

**George:** "That bastard stole my turkey dogs, and with God as my witness, I shall never rest until I've

tracked him down, captured him and sold him to Kenny Rogers Roasters. He'll be the next special of the week: San Diego Chicken Sandwich."

**Elaine:** "Well, I've had enough fun for one day. Come on, Brad, let's get this over with so that I can get some sleep."

**Brad:** "Just like that? You announce that you've had enough fun for the day, that you couldn't possibly add to your enjoyment of it, and then you still want to..."

**Elaine:** "Enjoying it was never a part of the deal. Jerry, tell him, I just lay there! Jerry?"

**Jerry:** "It's true. It's kind of her M.O. I'm not sure, but I *\*think\** it's why we broke up."

**Elaine:** "Really? You never told me that. You mean I'm not only expected to *\*do\** it, but that I also have to *\*enjoy\** it? That isn't right! You broke up with me because I didn't enjoy it? Well, I've got news for you, *\*Mister\**, *\*NONE\** of us enjoy it, *\*EVER\**! It isn't like tearing into a new box of Juicyfruit or anything. You know, the pony on the merry go-round doesn't enjoy the ride, either. It has the same view, day after day, eventually a kid throws up all over it and the ride's over."

**Kramer:** "Interesting analogy..."

**Elaine:** "How can I start liking *\*that\**, Jerry? The only thing about *\*that\** that gets me hot is that it'll be over soon."

**Jerry:** "I thought that I told you not to bring that up again!"

**Brad:** "Look, just forget it. If you're not going to be *\*into\** it, just never mind."

**Elaine:** "Maybe if I had a box of Juicyfruit. Yes! That's it! C'mon, Brad, let's try it."

**Jerry:** "I can't believe that I didn't think of that."

**George:** "I've tried ice cubes, Dijon mustard, even *\*the other\** with a mentholated cough drop. That's how I found out that I'm allergic to eucalyptus oil. But never the Juicyfruit."

**Brad:** "Where are we going to get a box of Juicyfruit?"

**Elaine:** "You'll think of something, dear."

*<Exit Elaine and Brad, all leave the building>*

**George:** "I can't believe that the Famous Chicken stole my bag!"

**Jerry:** "You know what you should do? You should call him and threaten to turn over the photo to the media, that's what you should do. You shouldn't let him get away with it. Next he'll be knocking over old ladies, stealing Social Security checks,..."

**George:** "Loaves of rye..."

**Jerry:** "I thought that I told you never to bring that up!"

**Kramer:** "Lot of skeletons in that closet, Jerry."

**George:** "So you think I should blackmail the San Diego chicken?"

**Kramer:** "How much do you think you could get?"

**George:** "A PBS tote bag and a bunch of found turkey dogs? And he *\*could\** have knocked me *\*down\**, Jerry."

**Jerry:** "Well, you didn't have far to go..."

**George:** "I've got to find the perfect amount. Too much and he'll squawk. Too little, and I'd be cheating myself."

**Kramer:** "You know who knows about blackmail - Newman. You should ask him."

**George:** "Nah. If he finds out that I have something on the chicken, then he'll have something on me."

**Kramer:** "Oh yeah."

**Jerry:** "Why not ask for a new tote bag and a bunch of turkey dogs?"

**George:** "That's it? I could have been killed!"

**Jerry:** "Hey George: 'Why did the chicken cross the road? To steal your tote bag!' Get it?"

**George:** "Smartass."

**Kramer:** "Hey, I know! George, this is perfect! Why not just ask for your old job back?"

**George:** "There isn't any job, you doofus, they tore the stadium down!"

**Jerry:** "You know, the team wasn't in it at the time, they're only moving to New Jersey."

**George:** "Might as well be Ohio."

**Kramer:** "You know, they've got three teams there. Maybe you could..."

**George:** "I'm not moving to Ohio!"

**Kramer:** "Oh, come on! Ohio isn't so bad. I need a new vacation spot. I need my rest and relaxation!"

**George:** "They have bears there, don't they?"

**Jerry:** "Yeah. In the *\*zoo\**. Idiot."

<Switch to Brad and Lainey, standing in line at the snack bar at the movies>

**Brad:** "I can't do this, I'm too nervous. I'll just wait outside."

**Elaine:** "Oh, that's real mature. <Yelling after Brad> "You know, if you're embarrassed to buy the Juicyfruit, maybe you're not ready for that kind of relationship!"

Lady at the snack bar (The lady that played Ellie the pharmacist on the Andy Griffith show): "Can I help you?"

**Elaine:** <Gulp> "Juicyfruit, please."

**Ellie:** "Would you like the small or the large box?"

**Elaine:** "Um, the, uh, ... large box. <Looking back at Brad> "Make that two."

**Ellie:** "Would you like any drinks or popcorn with those?"

**Elaine:** "No, they aren't for the movie. We're - uh..."

**Ellie:** <Knowing look, places Juicyfruit in small brown paper bag> "In that case, make sure you read \*and follow\* the directions on the back, and most important, make sure that \*you're\* ready."

**Elaine:** "Thanks." <Runs out>

<Brad and Lainey meet the rest of the gang going the other direction>

**Jerry:** "Ah, Elaine, see you've been doing a little shopping."

**Elaine:** "Yeah, the \*FBI\* was afraid to buy 'em"

**Jerry:** "You know, if you're not ready to \*buy\* Juicyfruit, you're probably not ready to..."

**Brad:** "I know, I know."

<Exit Lainey and Brad>

**George:** "The whole magic of the job was the stadium, Jerry, the house that Ruth built. It was Yankee's stadium, Jerry, Yankee's stadium."

**Kramer:** "Wonder what they'll call the new one."

**Jerry:** "Didn't you hear? They're naming it after the guy that plays the chicken. Part of a settlement in the whole repetitive strain injury lawsuit."

**George:** "Ted Georgoulas? That bastard that stole my tote bag? Ha \*HA\*!"

<Exit George>

**Jerry:** "He'll go back."

**Kramer:** "Oh, yeah."

<The End>

**[Authors Comments: Lots of different inspirations for this one:**

**The first was an incident between myself and the mascot for the KC Royals, Slugger. I was on my way to get an \$8 Coke, which wasn't even Coke, but that other one, when what do I see coming the other way? That rat bastard that I hate so much. They say that animals can sense fear, and if that's true, then they can also sense hatred. He's running by me at breakneck (I wish...) speed, and he sticks out his paw, which I can attest weighs in the neighborhood of ten pounds, and slugs me right in the stomach. Yeah, right in the stomach. My first instinct was to kick his ass, but then I remembered that they use two people in the costume, a guy and a girl. My luck the girl would be the one that hit me, and someone would get a videotape of me kicking her ass in front of a couple thousand kids. So I decided instead to yell at the top of my lungs at the handler, which happens to be the director of fan relations. He threatened to have me thrown out at the time if I didn't get out of his way, so I wrote him a letter and demanded a refund, and they apologized for nothing and said that most people liked him overall, and that they were keeping him. So the Soup Nazi in me said, "No more season tickets for me."**

**The next inspiration would have to be the collapse of Yankee's Stadium and the Mayor of NY's response of closing it for 5-6 games for 'inspection.' Payoff is more like it.**

**The ketchup on the steak thing really happened. It was a **CHOPPED** steak, there were two pieces of bread, in short, a hamburger.]**

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