

SEINFELD - "THE PANDEMIC"

AN ORIGINAL SPEC SCRIPT

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COLD OPEN

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

THE STAGE OF A COMEDY CLUB IS EMPTY AND BLEAK.

INT. MONK'S COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

THE USUALLY BUSTLING COFFEE SHOP IS DARK AND CALM.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - MORNING

THE STREETS OF TIMES SQUARE ARE QUIET AND LIFELESS.

INT. UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE - DAY

NEWMAN STARES LONGINGLY AT THE AMAZON TRUCKS ZIPPING BY.

INT. KRAMER'S APARTMENT - DAY

KRAMER SITS BORED ON HIS LIVING ROOM COUCH.

INT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

ELAINE SITS BORED ON HER LIVING ROOM COUCH.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

JERRY SITS BORED ON HIS LIVING ROOM COUCH.

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT - DAY

GEORGE SITS BORED ON HIS LIVING ROOM COUCH. THE PHONE RINGS.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
(monotone)

Is this George Costanza?

GEORGE
(chipper)

You got 'em!

DOCTOR (V.O.)
(ominous)

You have tested positive for COVID-19.

GEORGE COCKS HIS HEAD TO THE SIDE.

GEORGE

Are you sure?

ACT 1

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

JERRY IS SITTING AT HIS DESK ON THE PHONE WITH HIS MOM.

JERRY
(very apprehensive)

Mom, I, uh, I need some money.

INT. MR. AND MRS. SEINFELD'S CONDO - DAY

MRS. SEINFELD IS STANDING IN THE KITCHEN ON THE PHONE.

MRS. SEINFELD

Oo, this is so exciting! Morty!

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MR. SEINFELD (O.C.)

What?!

JERRY SITS SULKING AND EMBARRASSED.

MORTY ENTERS THE KICTHEN.

MRS. SEINFELD

Jerry finally needs money!

MR. SEINFELD

Get out of here!

JERRY

I just need a little until the clubs
open back up.

MRS. SEINFELD

Oh, Jerry, I wish we could help. But we don't have any money.

JERRY

What? Why?

MRS. SEINFELD

Well, with everything going on, we've had to pitch in for all the funerals. They're running out of wood for the coffins.

JERRY

How do you run out of wood?

MRS. SEINFELD

People are dying very fast around here.

JERRY

Well, I hear Amazon's selling DIY coffins.

KRAMER BUSTS THROUGH JERRY'S DOOR AND WALKS TOWARD THE REFRIGERATOR.

MRS. SEINFELD (V.O.)

Don't be ridiculous, Jerry.

KRAMER'S HEAD IS IN THE FRIDGE.

KRAMER

There's NOTHING in here!

KRAMER THROWS OPEN THE CABINETS.

JERRY
(looking at Kramer)

Hey, I have to go Mom, bye.

KRAMER
(annoyed)

Ramen, Jerry? Ramen?

JERRY
I know, I know. I'm one bounced check
away from living in my own soup
kitchen.

KRAMER
Well, we can't keep living like this.

JERRY
We?

JERRY ROLLS HIS EYES. KRAMER PERKS UP, EXCITED.

KRAMER
Hey, has anyone called you back?

JERRY
No! Not one! But I plan on calling
every ex-girlfriend I've ever had.
Alphabetically, too. I've already
called about 25 and I'm not even past
the letter D.

KRAMER
Well, I figured it out.

JERRY
YOU figure out how to have socially
distanced sex?

KRAMER

Yeah, I called up the bubble boy and
we figured it out.

JERRY LOOKS ANNOYED, YET INTRIGUED.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

You gotta think OUTSIDE the box.

JERRY

More like inside the bubble.

A VOICE YELLS FROM OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT WINDOW.

GEORGE

Jerry!... Kramer!

JERRY WALKS OVER TO THE WINDOWSILL.

JERRY

Georgie! What are you doing here?

EXT. OUTSIDE JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

GEORGE IS BELOW HIS WINDOW ON THE SIDEWALK.

GEORGE

(ecstatic)

I had to come right away.

GEORGE THROWS UP HIS ARMS IN TRIUMPH.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I'M positive, Jerry!

JERRY IS NOW SITTING ON THE WINDOWSILL LOOKING DOWN AT
GEORGE.

JERRY

(over-the-top feigned
elation)

HIV-positive?

GEORGE, STILL BUOYANT, IGNORES THE JAB.

GEORGE

No! COVID! I'm positive for COVID!

SEVERAL PEOPLE NEAR HIM START BACKING AWAY QUICKLY.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

And get this, you're not going to believe it... I'm asymptomatic!

JERRY

You are??

GEORGE

Yeah!

JERRY

Wow, I'm surprised it hasn't torn through you like tissue paper!

GEORGE
(annoyed now)

Oh, you think YOU'LL survive this?

JERRY

George, my people have survived for 5,000 years. This virus has got nothin' on those Nazis!

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

KRAMER IS LEAFING WILDLY THROUGH THE MAIL.

JERRY
(to George)

Hold on a second!

JERRY WALKS TOWARD KRAMER IN THE KITCHEN.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Hey, what are you doing? Why are you going through my mail?

KRAMER

It's mine. I brought it over.

GEORGE (O.C.)

I'm coming up!

JERRY HALF-TURNS AND IS STARTLED FOR A SPLIT SECOND WONDERING IF GEORGE THINKS HE'S ALLOWED UP.

KRAMER

Here it is!

JERRY

Here what is? Is George actually coming up?

KRAMER

Back pay, Jerry! My stimulus check!

JERRY

Back pay for what? You haven't worked since 9/11.

KRAMER
(suddenly grim)

And I'm still grieving... You know I lost Bob Sacamano that day.

JERRY

You lost his phone number.

KRAMER STARES BLANKLY INTO THE DISTANCE.

KRAMER

I lost a lot of phone numbers that
day.

JERRY LOOKS ANNOYED. THE BUZZER GOES OFF AND HE WALKS TOWARD
THE DOOR. KRAMER SNAPS OUT OF IT.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

You know, ever since I furloughed
myself, I've been waiting for the
government to come through.

JERRY

Kramer, we've been over this, you
can't furlough yourself!

BUZZER GOES OFF AGAIN.

KRAMER

You can, Jerry... I can... And I did.

JERRY
(into buzzer)

George, if you think I'm letting you
up-

GEORGE CUTS JERRY OFF.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Come on! Let's celebrate. I'm
asymptomatic!

KRAMER

Come on, let him up, buddy.

JERRY
(to Kramer)

You do realize that he still HAS
COVID, right?

JERRY (CONT'D)
(into buzzer)

I don't think you realize what
asymptomatic means.

KRAMER WALKS OVER NEAR THE BUZZER.

KRAMER

George! I'm having a party tomorrow
night! 8pm! I just got paid!

GEORGE (V.O.)

Alright, I'll be there!

JERRY
(indignant)

You realize if you do this, we can't
quarantine together anymore. It's been
just me and you for 4 months straight.
You're all I have left!

KRAMER

Sorry, buddy.

KRAMER SITS SATISFIED STRUGGLING TO OPEN HIS CHECKS, RIPPING
ONE ENVELOPE IN HALF.

JERRY
(snarky)

Enjoy the party.

INT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

ELAINE, LOOKING INQUISITIVE, SITS ON THE COUCH THINKING TO
HERSELF.

ELAINE (V.O.)

I read somewhere that it's raining
locusts in Yemen. Was the Bible right
all along?

ELAINE ADJUSTS HER GLASSES.

ELAINE (V.O.)

I should probably buy a bigger
umbrella.

PUDDY WALKS INTO LIVING ROOM WITH A SHIRT ON BUT NO PANTS.

ELAINE

Would you PLEASE put on pants?

PUDDY

You're not the boss of me.

A CELL PHONE RINGS. IT'S MR. PETERMAN. ELAINE PICKS UP.

ELAINE

Hi Mr. Peterman, how are you?

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

MR. PETERMAN IS HUNCHED DOWN IN AN UNDERGROUND BUNKER ALONE
IN DISTRESS.

MR. PETERMAN

Elaine, I don't have much time. I'm
hiding from this contemptuous virus in
a Manhattan bunker as we speak. I'm
currently surrounded by a cohort of
rather large sewer rats with the most
exquisite brown fur.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

ELAINE'S LIPS CURL IN DISGUST.

ELAINE

Mr. Peterman, I-

MR. PETERMAN CUTS HER OFF.

MR. PETERMAN

I need a designer mask from you on my metaphorical desk by Friday. Our company is going bankrupt. This mask might be our only hope. Elaine, the fate of this entire company and the health of the nation is in your hands.

ELAINE LOOKS SPEECHLESS.

ELAINE

What?! Why me? I can't design anything. I'm just a writer.

MR. PETERMAN (V.O.)

You're the only one left.

THE INDISGUISHABLE SHRIEK OF A RAT PIERCES ELAINE'S PHONE.
MR. PETERMAN LETS OUT A JUNGLE CALL.

MR. PETERMAN (V.O.)
(distant)

Back! Back, you unruly rodents!

ELAINE

Mr... Mr. Peterman?

THE CALL DROPS. ELAINE LOOKS DEEPLY CONFUSED. PUDDY IS NOW STANDING THERE WITH PANTS ON BUT THIS TIME, NO SHIRT. ELAINE GRABS HER HAIR IN FRUSTRATION AND ROCKS BACK AND FORTH.

EXT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

LOUD MUSIC FROM KRAMER'S PARTY BLARES THROUGH THE BUILDING.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JERRY'S SITTING AT HIS DESK ON THE PHONE.

JERRY
(yelling over music)

Well, I never even wanted to hang out
with you! ... Yeah, I know I called
you, but I know deep down you wanted
to call me!

YET ANOTHER EX-GIRLFRIEND HANGS UP.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Hello?

JERRY CROSSES OFF "#99. MULVA" ON LIST OF EX'S. HE WALKS
TOWARD THE KITCHEN. THERE'S A LOUD KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

GEORGE
(talking through door)

Jerry! It's George! You gotta come
over. I just met Bob Sacamano's twin
brother, Rob!

JERRY

Bob and Rob Sacamano?

GEORGE

They're chugging hand sanitizer over
here!

JERRY

Oh, sounds REAL enticing.

GEORGE

Anyway, I'm going to Queens tomorrow
to see my parents. Need me to pick
anything up?

JERRY

Who needs anything from Queens?

GEORGE

They got stuff.

JERRY

Wait, George, you know you can still
give your parents COVID, right?

GEORGE

Gotta go!

INT. MR. AND MRS. COSTANZA'S HOUSE - DAY

GEORGE BURSTS INTO THE HOUSE WITH NO MASK.

GEORGE

Hey hey!

ESTELLE

Georgie!

GEORGE

Hey Mah! Where's Dad?

ESTELLE

He's in our room. He hasn't come out
in weeks. He's making me sleep on the
couch. He doesn't trust me.

FRANK (O.C.)

WHO'S THAT?!

ESTELLE

IT'S GEORGE!

FRANK (O.C.)

TELL HIM HE IS UNWANTED IN THIS HOUSE!

GEORGE

C'mon Dad, I was thinking we could all hang out! I brought a movie, Outbreak. I thought it could take our mind off things.

FRANK (O.C.)

WHO'S IN IT?

GEORGE

Dustin Hoffman.

FRANK (O.C.)

I never liked him.

GEORGE

C'mon, he's a great actor!

FRANK (O.C.)

I DON'T LIKE METHOD ACTING!

GEORGE HANGS HIS HEAD IN DEFEAT.

INT. MR. AND MRS. SEINFELD'S CONDO - NEXT DAY

MR. SEINFELD IS ON HIS KNEES DRILLING INTO A MAKESHIFT COFFIN WITH MRS. SEINFELD STANDING OVER HIM TRYING TO HELP. THE PHONE RINGS. HE ANSWERS AND CONTINUES DRILLING.

MR. SEINFELD

Hello?!

INT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

ELAINE

Hi Mr. Seinfeld, it's Elaine.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

MR. SEINFELD (V.O.)

Speak up! I can't hear you!

ELAINE
(confused)

I was just calling because I need
advice on designing this mask for J
Peterman.

MR. SEINFELD

WHAT?!

MRS. SEINFELD

Morty, it's not big enough!

MR. SEINFELD DROPS THE PHONE FROM HIS EAR.

MR. SEINFELD

We'll bend him at the knees- it'll be
fine.

ELAINE (V.O.)

Mr. Seinfeld, the mask?! Please, can
you help me?!

MR. SEINFELD, OUT OF BREATH, PUTS HIS BODY WEIGHT INTO
DRILLING THE COFFIN'S FINAL NAIL.

MR. SEINFELD

One...SECOND, Elaine.

MRS. SEINFELD
(wistful)

Poor Jack. I can't believe he got T-
boned driving off the Cadillac lot. He
only owned the car for 10 minutes,
Morty. It's just so sad.

MR. SEINFELD

Well, he's going to be buried in one.
Amazon says this is the Cadillac of
coffins!

ELAINE

Mr. Seinfeld, can you stop what you're
doing?!

MR. SEINFELD PUTS THE PHONE BACK TO HIS EAR AND LOOKS DOWN AT
THE COFFIN WHILE IT COMPLETELY FALLS APART.

MR. SEINFELD

Elaine, I gotta go!

INT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

ELAINE THROWS THE PHONE DOWN ON THE COUCH. PUDDY IS CASUALLY
WALKING OUT THE DOOR.

ELAINE

Where are YOU going?

PUDDY

New gig.

ELAINE

What new gig?

PUDDY

I'm the "Hearse Doctor."

ELAINE LOOKS PUZZLED.

PUDDY (CONT'D)

I fix hearses.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

JERRY SITS ON THE FLOOR AGAINST HIS DOOR. HE NO LONGER IS
QUARANTINING WITH KRAMER BECAUSE OF THE PARTY.

JERRY

So let me get this straight. You want to use all your government money to start an Uber-like business driving COVID positive people? Do you hear yourself?

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

KRAMER IS SITTING AGAINST JERRY'S DOOR EATING A BANANA.

KRAMER

You always put a negative spin on everything. It's all a conspiracy anyway.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

JERRY

Millions of people have COVID, Kramer. Thousands are dying every day!

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

KRAMER

And I'm gonna make a killing.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

JERRY ROLLS HIS EYES WHILE STANDING UP. JERRY WALKS TOWARD THE KITCHEN TO GRAB THE PHONE.

JERRY

Well, I don't want anything to do with this. I have to call my last ex now anyway.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

NEWMAN WALKS UP TO KRAMER SITTING ON THE FLOOR. HE'S WEARING A BLACK TUX AND A LIMO DRIVER HAT.

NEWMAN

Hey Kramer.

NEWMAN LOOKS UP AT JERRY'S CLOSED DOOR.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)
(speaking at door)

Hello Jerry.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

JERRY DROPS THE PHONE TO HIS SIDE.

JERRY
(speaking at door)

Hello Newman.

JERRY PAUSES AS HE CONTINUES LOOKING AT THE CLOSED DOOR. HIS HEAD TURNS QUICKLY.

JERRY (CONT'D)
(disappointed)

Not the same.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

KRAMER

What's with the get-up?

NEWMAN

Just a little side hustle I got going.
Let me ask you something. Does a dead
body make you queasy?

KRAMER

Uh, no.

NEWMAN

You still got that government cheese?

KRAMER

Under the mattress.

NEWMAN HANDS KRAMER A BUSINESS CARD THAT SHOWS HIS NEW COMPANY'S NAME, "BUDGET HEARSE." THE TAGLINE: "GOT A BODY? NEED A HAND?"

KRAMER LOOKS PUZZLED.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

Giddy up?

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

JERRY HAS THE PHONE UP TO HIS EAR AND HIS EYES ARE WIDE WITH EXCITEMENT.

JERRY

Really? 4pm this Friday? I'll be there!

JERRY HANGS UP AND RUSHES TO THE DOOR.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Kramer! I finally got a date!

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

THE HALLWAY IS EMPTY.

JERRY (V.O.)

KRAMER?!

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

JERRY HAS A LONGING LOOK IN HIS EYES.

JERRY

Newman?

MONTAGE - VARIOUS

BEACH BOYS' "I GET AROUND" PLAYS.

A) EXT. OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP - DAY - GEORGE GIVES RUTHY A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS AND COUGHS ON HER "ACCIDENTALLY."

B) INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT - LATER - GEORGE CROSSES RUTHY'S NAME OFF A SUSPICIOUS LIST OF PEOPLE.

C) EXT. GRAVEYARD - NEXT DAY - NEWMAN AND KRAMER ARE LOWERING A COFFIN INTO THE GRAVE. KRAMER STUMBLES AND FALLS IN.

D) INT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY - ELAINE LOOKS GIDDY AS PUDDY PUTS ON A CLEAR, PLASTIC MASK- ELAINE'S PROTOTYPE. PUDDY SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS. ELAINE SLAPS HIM.

E) EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEXT DAY - JERRY IS WALKING WITH EX WHO ISN'T WEARING A MASK. HE DITCHES HIS MASK, SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS AND PROCLAIMS, "OH WELL!" TWO HOMELESS MEN FIGHT OVER THE MASK.

F) INT. OUTSIDE STEINBRENNER'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY - GEORGE COUGHS INTO A BAG OF TO-GO FOOD AND BARGES INTO THE OFFICE TO DELIVER STEINBRENNER'S LUNCH. HIS MASK "BREAKS," FALLS TO THE FLOOR, AND HE SNEEZES WILDLY WHILE HANDING IT TO STEINBRENNER.

G) INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT - LATER - GEORGE CROSSES MR. STEINBRENNER'S NAME OFF THE LIST OF PEOPLE.

H) INT. FRONT SEAT OF A MOVING VEHICLE - NEXT DAY - KRAMER AND NEWMAN ARE LAUGHING WILDLY WHILE NEWMAN COUNTS CASH AND KRAMER MANEUVERS THE WHEEL SPORADICALLY. THE HEARSE SPEEDS DOWN THE STREET.

I) INT. IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY - ELAINE ACCEPTS AN AWARD FROM THE MAYOR OF NYC FOR DEVELOPING "THE MASK-LESS MASK" THAT'S GUARANTEED TO KEEP EVERYONE SAFE. EVERYONE'S WEARING ELAINE'S CLEAR MASK SO YOU CAN SEE THEM SMILING.

J) EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEXT DAY - JERRY AND THE SAME EX COME UPON A CROWD OF PEOPLE IN FRONT OF A STAGE WITH A SIGN SAYING, "JESUS DIDN'T WEAR A MASK." JERRY LOOKS AT SMILING EX IN DISGUST WHILE SHE HAPPILY PULLS HIM INTO CROWD. SOMEONE ON STAGE IS HOLDING A MICROPHONE AND VERY NOTICEABLY MOUTHS, "JERRY SEINFELD!" JERRY GETS WHISKED ONTO STAGE AND A MICROPHONE IS SHOVED INTO HIS HAND. HE LOOKS NERVOUSLY AT THE JESUS SIGN. JERRY PASSIVELY TELLS A JOKE AND THE CROWD LAUGHS UNCONTROLLABLY. A BIG SMILE GOES ACROSS HIS FACE. HE LOOKS RIGHT AND SEES THE CLOSE-TALKER COMING ONTO THE STAGE. JERRY FREAKS OUT AND RUNS OFF.

K) EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NEXT DAY - GEORGE CHECKMATES A HOMELESS MAN WITH MANY MORE WATCHING. HE JUMPS UP IN CELEBRATION, DANCING WITH ONE MAN TO THE NEXT.

INT. MR. AND MRS. COSTANZA'S HOUSE - DAY

MR. COSTANZA IS SITTING AT A DESK IN HIS ROOM READING THE PAPER. THE NEW YORK TIMES FRONT PAGE READS, "10 HOMELESS INTUBATED AT MOUNT SINAI HOSPITAL."

FRANK
(to no one in particular)

Stocks are down.

ESTELLE COUGHS FROM THE LIVING ROOM.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What the HELL was that?

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT - DAY

GEORGE IS SITTING COMFORTABLY ON HIS COUCH WITH A PEN AND A PAD. THE SAME NEW YORK TIMES STORY IS DISPLAYED ON THE COFFEE TABLE. HE LOOKS CONTENT.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Frank and Estelle Costanza lived a long time. They were survived by their only son, George Costanza...

GEORGE TAPS THE PEN ON HIS CHIN.

GEORGE

Welp, that's good enough for me!

THE PHONE RINGS AND GEORGE GLEEFULLY PICKS UP.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Yello!

FRANK (V.O.)
(hastily)

George! What are you doing?

GEORGE'S FACE DROPS.

GEORGE

Oh, uh, just... preparing.

FRANK (V.O.)

Your mother's sick. We're in an
ambulance. It's your fault. Goodbye.

GEORGE

MY fault?!

FRANK HANGS UP. GEORGE LOOKS OFFENDED AT THE ACCUSATION BUT
SUDDENLY CHANGES HIS TUNE.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(overjoyed)

It's happening! It's FINALLY
happening!

GEORGE COUGHS ALL OF A SUDDEN. HE LOOKS DEEPLY WORRIED.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

A PORTRAIT OF THE CLOSE-TALKER SITS ON AN EASEL WITH FLOWERS SURROUNDING IT. THERE'S A SMALL GROUP OF HIS FAMILY HUDDLED ABSURDLY CLOSE TO EACH OTHER. JERRY, ELAINE AND KRAMER STAND IN THE CROWD OFF TO THE SIDE. KRAMER HAS ON A TUX WITH A DRIVER'S HAT. EVERYONE IS WEARING ELAINE'S MASKLESS MASK.

ELAINE

I saw this one coming from a mile
away.

JERRY

Who would've thought a close talker
could be an anti-masker? A close-
talking anti-masker. Now there's a
concept I can't wrap my head around.

NEWMAN ANXIOUSLY BECKONS KRAMER TO COME OVER TO HIM. KRAMER SEES HIM AND SCAMPERS AWAY. UNCLE LEO STANDS UP FROM THE CROWD TO LEAVE, SEES JERRY, AND ENTHUSIASTICALLY MOUTHS AN INAUDIBLE "HELLO." JERRY CAN'T HIDE THE ANNOYED LOOK ON HIS FACE.

ELAINE

Where the hell is George?

JERRY SILENTLY MOUTHS "HELLO" TO UNCLE LEO BEFORE TURNING BACK TO ELAINE.

JERRY

He's still sick but he's alright- so are you going to give me this gig or not?

ELAINE

Alright fiiine! But you BETTER not mess this up for me! Why do you want to go on national television to promote my mask? We're only going to be on air for like 5 minutes. I'm doing all the talking anyway.

JERRY

Elaine, I'll take anything at this point. I almost took a job at a crematorium. That's one thing a Jew shouldn't do.

THE CROWD STARTS TO DISPERSE. NEWMAN WALKS UP TO JERRY AND ELAINE.

NEWMAN

Did you enjoy the show?

ELAINE

YOU'RE the one behind this?

NEWMAN

Delivering mail wasn't stimulating enough for me anymore.

JERRY

So you made the obvious choice to deliver bodies.

NEWMAN

More or less... I find it less taxing
on the mind.

JERRY

You're the last Uber ride nobody
wants.

KRAMER JOINS THEM.

KRAMER

How'd I do?

JERRY

Kramer, tell me you didn't spend any
of your money on this.

KRAMER
(confidently)

Every last penny.

NEWMAN

That's right.

KRAMER

It's an honest living.

JERRY

Burying the dead is an honest living?

KRAMER

It's a living.

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT - DAY

GEORGE SITS IN HIS RECLINER WITH A THERMOMETER IN HIS MOUTH.
HE PULLS IT OUT TO LOOK AT THE READING.

GEORGE

98.6!

THE PHONE RINGS. GEORGE JUMPS OUT OF HIS RECLINER TO PICK IT UP.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

George here!

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

JERRY

Georgie, how you feeling?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

GEORGE

98.6, Jerry. This virus can't take
down a Costanza.

GEORGE TAKES A BIG BITE OF CHEESE.

JERRY

How's your mom doing?

GEORGE COUGHS AWKWARDLY. A HUNK OF CHEESE GOES FLYING ACROSS THE ROOM.

GEORGE
(containing excitement)

They, uh, they moved her over to the
ICU today.

JERRY CAN SENSE THE EXCITEMENT.

JERRY
(digusted)

Did you.. you didn't do this on
purpose, did you?

GEORGE

Now what kind of a person would that
make me?

JERRY

I think the person you've always been.

GEORGE IS RELIEVED TO SEE SOMEONE ELSE IS CALLING.

GEORGE

Got a call coming in!

GEORGE SWITCHES OVER TO THE NEW CALLER. IT'S FRANK.

FRANK (V.O.)

George, your mother is going to be here a while. I need to stay with you in the city until she gets better.

I'll be there in 10 minutes...George, are you there? I don't have any clothes. I'll have to borrow some of yours...

GEORGE'S EXCITEMENT QUICKLY FADES AWAY. HE HANGS UP THE PHONE SLOWLY WHILE FRANK CONTINUES TO RAMBLE AWAY.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NEXT DAY

KRAMER STANDS IN THE LOBBY OF HOSPITAL PASSING OUT "BUDGET HEARSE" BUSINESS CARDS.

KRAMER

Budget Hearse, budget hearse. Who needs a hearse? Cheap hearses for the masses. Got a body? Need a hand? Budget hearse.

A NURSE SAUNTERS BY.

NURSE

What is wrong with you?

KRAMER

Beat it, sis- just trying to get by.

THE TV BLARES LOUDLY.

NEWS ANCHOR

And coming up on the hour, we have the creator of the "Maskless Mask" and their celebrity spokesperson, Jerry Seinfeld.

FRANK WALKS INTO THE LOBBY FROM ESTELLE'S ROOM IN DISTRESS.

FRANK

You haven't seen the last of Frank Costanza!

KRAMER SPOTS FRANK.

KRAMER

Frank! How's Estelle?

FRANK

Hey Kramer. She's not okay.

FRANK TURNS TO THE ADMIN WORKER BEHIND THE DESK.

FRANK (CONT'D)

And neither am I!

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to Kramer)

I haven't had a hot meal in days.

KRAMER SLAPS FRANK ON THE BACK.

KRAMER

Cheer up, Frank, she'll get better.

But just in case.

KRAMER HANDS FRANK A BUDGET HEARSE BUSINESS CARD.

FRANK

What are you trying to say?

KRAMER

You gotta start planning sometime. And for yourself, too. Here, take another card- we'll make it a 2 for 1 kind of deal.

FRANK FREAKS OUT AND GRABS KRAMER BY THE COLLAR SHOUTING INCOHERENTLY. THE CARDS GO FLYING AS KRAMER TOPPLES OVER.

INT. ELAINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

ELAINE IS SCRAMBLING TO GET READY FOR THE MASKLESS MASK INTERVIEW. PUDDY IS SITTING ON THE COUCH.

ELAINE

Puddy, where are your keys?

PUDDY IS STARING FORWARD, UNMOVING.

PUDDY

Over there.

ELAINE

I'm going to be late! I need your car!

PUDDY

Car's in the shop.

ELAINE

You ARE the shop.

PUDDY

Not this kind of shop.

ELAINE

PUDDY!

PUDDY STANDS UP AND HEADS FOR THE DOOR.

PUDDY

Relax babe, I'll drive. Gotta test out
a car I'm working on.

ELAINE
(defeated)

No, please, no- please don't make me.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE ELAINE'S APARTMENT - DAY

PUDDY GETS INSIDE A HEARSE. ELAINE STANDS BESIDE IT,
APPREHENSIVE TO OPEN THE DOOR. A WOMAN PASSES BY AND GIVES
THEM A WEIRD LOOK.

ELAINE
(sheepishly)

There's no one back there... he's the
hearse doctor... he fixes hearses.

ANOTHER HEARSE WHIZZES BY THEM.

INT. NEWMAN'S HEARSE - DAY

NEWMAN'S FLYING DOWN A BUSY STREET WITH A BUSTY WOMAN IN THE
PASSENGER'S SEAT LEANING OVER AND STROKING HIS SHOULDER,
GIGGLING.

WOMAN
(dreamily)

I've always wanted to ride in a car
like this.

NEWMAN
Romantic, isn't it?

INT. PUDDY'S HEARSE - DAY

ELAINE
Would you PLEASE drive faster?!

PUDDY
Don't rush me.

ELAINE

I was supposed to meet Jerry at the TV
station 30 minutes ago!

INT. NEWMAN'S HEARSE - DAY

NEWMAN
(bragging)

You know, I met Alex Trebeck a while
back. Let's just say he wasn't riding
shotgun.

WOMAN

What's that smell?

NEWMAN

Just a little formaldehyde. Clears the
sinus'.

SHE GIGGLES AND PLAYFULLY KISSES HIS NECK. NEWMAN STARTS
GIGGLING TOO AND TAKES HIS EYES OFF THE ROAD.

INT. PUDDY'S HEARSE - DAY

ELAINE

Jerry's gonna kill me.

PUDDY

Look. Another hearse.

NEWMAN'S HEARSE IS DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THEM.

INT. NEWMAN'S HEARSE - DAY

THE MAIL TRUCK IN FRONT OF NEWMAN SLAMS ON ITS BREAKS.

WOMAN
(glancing up)

LOOK OUT!

NEWMAN REAR-ENDS THE MAIL TRUCK WHILE PUDDY SLAMS INTO
NEWMAN.

INT. NBC STUDIO GREEN ROOM - DAY

JERRY SITS COMFORTABLY IN THE GREEN ROOM, WAITING FOR ELAINE TO ARRIVE. A PRODUCER WALKS IN.

PRODUCER
(pointing to phone)

Mr. Seinfeld, you have a call on line
one.

CONFUSED, JERRY PICKS UP.

JERRY

Hello?

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - DAY

SMOKE RISES FROM THE HOODS OF THREE VEHICLES. PIECES OF MAIL ARE ALL AROUND.

ELAINE

JERRY I CAN'T MAKE IT. PUDDY CRASHED
HIS HEARSE INTO NEWMAN'S HEARSE AFTER
NEWMAN CRASHED HIS HEARSE INTO A MAIL
TRUCK. WE'RE FINE. NEWMAN'S NOT. MAIL
IS EVERYWHERE.

INT. NBC STUDIO GREEN ROOM - DAY

JERRY
(sarcastically chipper)

WHO is this?

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - DAY

ELAINE

JERRY!

INT. NBC STUDIO GREEN ROOM - DAY

THE PRODUCER POPS HIS HEAD IN.

PRODUCER

Mr. Seinfeld, you're on.

JERRY PULLS THE PHONE AWAY AND SMIRKS.

JERRY

That's a shame.

INT. NBC STUDIO MAIN ROOM - DAY

JERRY SITS BESIDE THE ANCHOR. CAMERA AND LIGHTS SURROUND THE TWO. THE STUDIO AUDIENCE IS COMPLETELY EMPTY.

ANCHOR

New York's government mandated maskless mask has already taken New York and the nation by storm. Could it become an international success? We have Jerry Seinfeld here who is the face of this innovative see-through mask. Jerry, how did you get involved in this?

JERRY

(testing out a joke)

Well, you know, I kept asking myself, how do you smile with your eyes? The mouth is 50% of the smile. If you can't see the mouth, where's the smile?

THE EMPTY STUDIO AUDIENCE EXPLODES WITH PRE-PLANNED CANNED LAUGHTER. JERRY STILL BEAMS WIDELY.

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT - DAY

GEORGE IS WATCHING JERRY ON TV. FRANK STANDS RIGHT OUTSIDE THE DOOR IN THE HALLWAY. A NEIGHBOR HOLDING GROCERIES PASSES BY HIM CASUALLY.

FRANK
(abrasively)

Back up! Back up!

THE GROCERIES GO FLYING. FRANK SLAMS THE DOOR.

GEORGE

Dad, you can't go around yelling at
everyone in the building!

FRANK

George, we need to talk about your
mother's will. It's going to be slim-
pickins after these hospital bills.

GEORGE LOOKS PANICKED.

INT. PUDDY'S GARAGE - NEXT DAY

HALF OF PUDDY'S BODY IS UNDERNEATH THE TRUNK OF THE HEARSE.
NEWMAN PACES BACK AND FORTH- HIS LEFT ARM IN A SLING AND HIS
RIGHT FOOT IN A MEDICAL BOOT. KRAMER LEANS AGAINST THE SIDE
OF THE CAR WITH A NEWSPAPER IN HAND AND NO MASK ON. THE
NEWSPAPER SHOWS JERRY'S FACE WITH TITLE: "MASKLESS MASK
SAVING LIVES ACROSS THE NATION."

NEWMAN

If this thing is totaled, we're
through, finished, DONE!

KRAMER

Relax. Puddy can fix anything. Isn't
that right, Puddy?

PUDDY PULLS HIS HEAD OUT FROM UNDER THE HEARSE.

PUDDY

It's totaled.

NEWMAN DARTS OVER TO PUDDY AS HE'S STANDING UP.

NEWMAN

TOTALED?! Totaled? What kind of a
QUACK mechanic ARE you?

KRAMER

Well, I'm out.

KRAMER DROPS THE NEWSPAPER ON THE GROUND AND SAUNTERS OUT.

NEWMAN

(red in the face)

You can't quit! You're my bread and
butter! You financed this whole thing!
Who's going to DRIVE now?!

KRAMER'S ALREADY OUT THE DOOR.

PUDDY

(to Newman)

Sorry, pal.

PUDDY WALKS AWAY AND IS PASSED BY ANOTHER MECHANIC WHO SPOTS
JERRY ON THE FRONT PAGE.

MECHANIC

(heavy NYC accent)

I know that guy. Whadda hypocrite. Saw
'em at an anti-mask event downtown
couple weeks ago. Got a video of it
and everything.

NEWMAN'S FACE TWITCHES MISCHIEVOUSLY.

NEWMAN

You don't say.

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR - DAY

ELAINE, HURT FROM THE CRASH, GLOATS TO THE MASSEUSE AS SHE
GETS HER SHOULDER WORKED ON.

ELAINE

Jerry owes me big time. I can't believe that TV spot I gave him went national. His stupid jokes would've never made him THIS big.

THE FOREIGN MASSEUSE GIGGLES- CLEARLY NOT UNDERSTANDING A WORD. ELAINE LOOKS PLEASED WITH HERSELF UNTIL HER CELL PHONE RINGS.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
(annoyed)

Hello?

INT. MRS. COSTANZA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

HUDDLED IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM, GEORGE IS RIDDLED WITH ANXIETY.

GEORGE

ELAINE, it's George. I need your help.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

ELAINE

What? George, I'm busy.

GEORGE

I'm losing it over here! My mom's practically a vegetable. I'm bored out of my mind.

ELAINE

Just call Jerry.

ELAINE TRIES TO HANG UP.

GEORGE

ELAINE! I can't get ahold of Jerry.
Kramer's driving Uber now or whatever.

ELAINE
(deeply annoyed)

Okay! Okay! I'll be there in an hour.

GEORGE PULLS THE PHONE AWAY FROM HIS EAR WITH OVERJOYED RELIEF.

ELAINE HANGS UP. THE MASSEUSE LOOKS AT ELAINE IN DESPARATE HOPES SHE CAN CONTINUE HER WORK.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
(matter-of-factly)

I hate my life.

THE MASSEUSE FAKE LAUGHS LOUDER. ELAINE LOOKS EXTRA PLEASED THIS TIME.

INT. MRS. COSTANZA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

FRANK'S SLEEPING IN THE CORNER. MRS. COSTANZA APPEARS COMATOSE. THE DOCTOR AND GEORGE ARE STANDING NEAR THE BED.

GEORGE

Can you give me the rundown on the
plug pulling policy?

THE DOCTOR LOOKS DISGUSTED AND WALKS OUT. ELAINE ENTERS.

ELAINE

Hey, George.

GEORGE

Shh, shh!

FRANK LOOKS DEAD ASLEEP.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(whispering)

He's asleep. I gave him a bunch of
sleeping pills. He's been sleeping for
10 hours in that chair. This is the
first time in my life I've enjoyed my
parent's company.

ELAINE

10 hours? Is that normal?

GEORGE

Normal. What's normal with these
people?

ELAINE SHRUGS IN AGREEMENT.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I gotta step out for some fresh air or
something- anything.

ELAINE

What? I just GOT here.

GEORGE

(pleading)

Two minutes.

GEORGE WHISKS OUT THE DOOR. ELAINE LEANS OVER AND GAZES AT
MRS. COSTANZA CLOSELY, BACKS UP AND GLANCES AT FRANK.

ELAINE

(inquisitive)

So this is what marriage looks like.

A LOUD BEEPING NOISE COMES FROM MRS. COSTANZA'S VENTILATOR.
ELAINE JUMPS, PANICKED. A DOCTOR AND NURSE RUSH IN AND HOVER
OVER MRS. COSTANZA.

DOCTOR

We're losing her!

THE NURSE TURNS TOWARD ELAINE.

NURSE

What happened?!

ARMS RAISED AND EYES ON THE CEILING, ELAINE QUICKLY SHRUGS
HER SHOULDERS. MRS. COSTANZA FLAT LINES. GEORGE BARGES IN
WITH A FULL MOUTH- TWIX CHOCOLATE BAR IN HAND. UNCONSCIOUS,
FRANK SLIDES OFF THE CHAIR.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATER THAT DAY

NEWMAN LEANS AGAINST JERRY'S DOOR, LEGS CROSSED, CAR ACCIDENT INJURIES ON DISPLAY, PACKING SOME CIGARETTES CLUMSILY. JERRY RETURNS HOME FROM ANOTHER MASKLESS MASK PHOTOSHOOT IN CHICAGO CARRYING LUGGAGE.

NEWMAN
(lighting a cigarette)

Enjoying your 15 minutes of fame?

JERRY LOOKS IN HORROR AT NEWMAN'S INJURIES.

JERRY
What happened to YOU?

NEWMAN
Nothing to cause concern over.

JERRY
(annoyed now)
Alright, what do you want, Newman?

NEWMAN
I may or may not have stumbled on a video of a certain someone at an anti-mask protest. And that video may or may not destroy this certain someone's 15 minutes of so-called "fame."

NEWMAN THROWS HIS GOOD HAND UP IN QUOTES.

JERRY
(wide-eyed)
How did you get a video of that?!

NEWMAN

Nevermind that! I own you, Seinfeld.
Kramer's out and I need a driver,
fast. I just booked a last minute
funeral gig in a few hours.

JERRY

Alright, FINE. You know blackmailing's
illegal in this country!

JERRY PUSHES NEWMAN OUT OF THE WAY AND PUTS HIS KEY IN THE
LOCK.

AN EVIL GRIMACE FLASHES ACROSS NEWMAN'S FACE.

NEWMAN

You're gonna want a front row seat to
this one.

JERRY

It's not a Broadway show!

A SQUEAMISH LOOK COMES ACROSS JERRY'S FACE.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Do I.. Do I have to touch the body?

NEWMAN

Just be downstairs in 10 minutes. Put
this on.

NEWMAN TOSSES JERRY A TUXEDO AND HAT. HE LAUGHS MANIACALLY
AND SPRINTS OFF, LEAVING JERRY STUNNED.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY

GEORGE IS STANDING WITH THE CORONER LOOKING UNEASY. HIS
PARENTS ARE LYING IN FRONT OF THEM.

GEORGE

So how long do these autopsies take?

CORONER

Well, we know how your mother died but
are unsure about your father.

GEORGE

It was heartbreak I tell you. They
loved each other... barely- DEARLY, I
mean.

GEORGE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM, UNCOMFORTABLE BUT TRYING TO
REMAIN CALM.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
(candidly)

Can I use your phone?

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

JERRY IS FRANTICALLY PUTTING ON THE HEARSE OUTFIT. THE PHONE
RINGS.

JERRY

Hello?!

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - DAY

GEORGE IS ON THE PHONE, HUDDLED IN THE CORNER AWAY FROM THE
CORONER.

GEORGE
(whispering frantically)

Jerry, my parents are dead.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

JERRY

What?! Your parents are dead?! What
the hell happened?

GEORGE

Yeah and I think I killed my father.

GEORGE LOOKS UP AND SEES THE CORONOR EAVESDROPPING. HE STARTS TALKING QUIETER.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

The funeral's in three hours. I need you to be there. You're my best man.

JERRY

This isn't a wedding! George, I have to be somewhere in three hours. And why is this happening so quickly?!

GEORGE

Are you telling me you won't be at my parent's funeral?

JERRY

Are you telling me that you killed your father?

GEORGE

Whatever, this company Budget Hearse does quick funerals. I found a business card in my dad's wallet. Are you going to be there or not?

JERRY

Budget Hearse?! That's NEWMAN'S business.

GEORGE

What?!

JERRY

Newman is making me drive a hearse to a funeral in THREE hours.

GEORGE

Wait, what?

JERRY
(high pitched yelling)

Am I driving your parents to their
funeral?!

GEORGE REALIZES THE GRAVITY OF HIS WHOLE SITUATION.

GEORGE

...Jerry?

HE LOOKS TOWARD THE CEILING WITH A DESPARATE LOOK IN HIS
EYES.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

How does confession work again?

JERRY

How am I supposed to know?!

GEORGE HANGS UP THE PHONE AND TURNS TO THE CORONER. THE
CORONER IS SUSPICIOUSLY STARING AT GEORGE WITH A CLIPBOARD IN
HIS HAND. HE HOLDS UP A PEN NEAR HIS FACE AND CLICKS IT
SLOWLY.

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - DAY

A USPS MAIL TRUCK, PAINTED ALL BLACK, DRIVES SLOWLY DOWN THE
STREET- NEWMAN'S DIY VERSION OF A HEARSE.

INT. NEWMAN'S MAKESHIFT HEARSE - DAY

NEWMAN

Would you step on it?!

JERRY

It's a funeral procession!

NEWMAN

I'll take this video to Dateline right
now! And you'll be through Seinfeld,
THROUGH!

EXT. STREETS OF NYC - DAY

THE HEARSE PICKS UP SPEED AND STARTS WEAVING THROUGH TRAFFIC.

INT. NEWMAN'S MAKESHIFT HEARSE - DAY

THE COFFINS IN THE BACK ARE SHIFTING WILDLY FROM SIDE TO
SIDE.

INT. PUDDY'S CAR - DAY

PUDDY IS DRIVING BEHIND THE MAKESHIFT HEARSE WITH ELAINE IN
THE PASSENGER SEAT AND GEORGE IN THE BACK. PUDDY STARTS TO
PICK UP SPEED TO FOLLOW JERRY AND NEWMAN.

GEORGE

None of this would have happened if
you didn't kill my mother!

ELAINE

I didn't kill anybody! You're the one
who gave your mom COVID on purpose.
And you force-fed sleeping pills to
your father!

GEORGE
(offended)

What are you trying to say?

ELAINE

You JUST told us that you paid off the
coroner so they wouldn't, quote, "go
poking around my father."

GEORGE
(extremely agitated)

It's just a figure of speech! Anyway,
I didn't mean for it to go THIS far.

PUDDY

Hey look, it's Kramer.

KRAMER WHIZZES BY THEIR CAR. HE HAS A PASSENGER IN THE BACK SEAT. THE SIDE OF HIS CAR READS: COVID+ RIDES \$10.

INT. KRAMER'S CAR - DAY

COVID+ PASSENGER
(weathered)

Hey man, isn't the hospital the other
direction?

KRAMER
(flustered)

I know where I'm going. I've been to
the hospital 10 times today! All you
COVID people are the same. Just have
to get around this truck.

COVID+ PASSENGER

My lungs hurt. I'm having trouble
breathing.

KRAMER

I'll crack a window.

KRAMER CRACKS THE WINDOW WHILE DRIVING ALONGSIDE JERRY AND
NEWMAN. JERRY, DRIVING ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE MAKESHIFT
HEARSE, SPOTS KRAMER.

EXT. NEWMAN'S MAKESHIFT HEARSE - DAY

JERRY

Kramer!

EXT. KRAMER'S CAR - DAY

KRAMER LOOKS UP TO SEE JERRY, ROLLS THE WINDOW ALL THE WAY DOWN AND SWERVES A BIT.

KRAMER
(smiling)

Hey buddy!

EXT. NEWMAN'S MAKESHIFT HEARSE - DAY

JERRY IS BARELY KEEPING HIS EYES ON THE ROAD.

JERRY

Do you have any idea what's going on?!

NEWMAN LEANS OVER JERRY CAUSING THE CAR TO SWERVE SUDDENLY.

NEWMAN

Kramer, I'll never forgive you!

EXT. KRAMER'S CAR - DAY

KRAMER

Newman?

INT. KRAMER'S CAR - DAY

COVID+ PASSENGER

I'm really cold.

EXT. NEWMAN'S MAKESHIFT HEARSE - DAY

JERRY

I got Frank and Estelle back here!

EXT. KRAMER'S CAR - DAY

KRAMER

Back where?

EXT. NEWMAN'S MAKESHIFT HEARSE - DAY

JERRY SUDDENLY LUNGES INTO A POTHOLE CAUSING A LOUD POPPING NOISE NEAR THE REAR OF THE CAR. THE BACK DOORS OF THE MAKESHIFT HEARSE FLY OPEN.

INT. PUDDY'S CAR - DAY

THE TWO COFFINS COME FLYING OUT AND HIT THE PAVEMENT. PUDDY SWERVES BUT CAN'T AVOID SMASHING INTO THEM. THE CAR COMES TO A HALT. PUDDY, ELAINE, AND GEORGE GLANCE AT EACH OTHER IN DESPERATION. THEY ALL HYSTERICALLY START YELLING IN UNISON.

END OF ACT II

OUTRO

EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT

ELAINE
(to George)

I can't believe you're still going
through with this.

GEORGE
I already paid the deposit Elaine.
What was I supposed to do?

ELAINE
I'm talking about one of the coffins
falling apart.

GEORGE
It's not a big deal.

THE GRAVEDIGGER IS PATTING DOWN DIRT.

GRAVEDIGGER
(southern drawl)
Never had to cover up a hole I just
dug up before.

KRAMER HELPS JERRY LOWER THE OTHER COFFIN INTO THE GRAVE.
THEY'RE STRUGGLING WITH THE WEIGHT. KRAMER IS HOLDING ONTO
THE ROPE LIKE HE CAUGHT A BIG ONE.

JERRY
(loud whispering)

I can't believe Newman abandoned us
mid-funeral. That's not a good
business model.

KRAMER
(yelling)

Jerry, we're losing 'em!

JERRY

Would you keep it down? We're not deep
sea fishing.

GRAVEDIGGER
(southern drawl)

Never seen two bodies go in one
coffin before.

KRAMER AND JERRY LOWER THE COFFIN SUCCESSFULLY. THEY HAVE A TRIUMPHANT LOOK ON THEIR FACES. AN AUDIBLE SOUND OF WOOD FALLING APART COMES FROM DEEP INSIDE THE GRAVE. THEIR TRIUMPHANT LOOK SUDDENLY TURNS TO HORROR. JERRY FLIPPANTLY KICKS SOME DIRT INTO THE GRAVE AS THEY WALK TOWARD ELAINE AND GEORGE.

PRIEST

We gather here today... tonight- at
the final resting place of Frank and
Estelle Costanza.

A COP CAR PARKS ON THE SIDE STREET.

JERRY
(whispering to Elaine)

Who has a funeral at night? We look
like a pack of grave robbers.

A SUITED MAN AND A COP APPROACH THE FUNERAL PROCEEDINGS, THE FORMER FLASHING A BADGE. HE INTERRUPTS THE PRIEST.

DETECTIVE

Excuse us, everyone. Is one of you
George Costanza?

GEORGE
(sheepish)

Maybe.

DETECTIVE

We got a call from a coroner's office
earlier today. We have a few questions
for you Mr. Costanza. Come with us,
please.

THE DETECTIVE GRABS GEORGE. HE LOOKS TERRIFIED.

GEORGE

Jerry?? Kramer?? Elaine??

THEY ALL GIVE A LITTLE SHRUG. GEORGE IS PUT INTO A COP CAR. A
CROWD OF PEOPLE HOLDING TORCHES APPEARS AS THE COP CAR PULLS
AWAY. NEWMAN IS IN FRONT. SOME OF JERRY'S EX-GIRLFRIENDS ARE
STANDING BESIDE HIM- SEETHING.

NEWMAN
(pointing at Jerry, yelling)

There he is! The anti-masker! Get 'em!

JERRY LETS OUT A LITTLE SHRIEK AND RUNS AWAY.

END.