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Episode 11 - The Statue

pc: 210, season 2, episode 6

Broadcast date: April 11, 1991

Written By Larry David

Directed By Tom Cheronos

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The Cast

Regulars:

Jerry Seinfeld ..... Jerry Seinfeld

Jason Alexander ..... George Costanza

Julia Louis-Dreyfus ..... Elaine Benes

Michael Richards ..... Kramer

Guest Stars:

Michael D. Conway ..... Ray

Nurit Koppel ..... Rava

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INT. COMEDY CLUB – NIGHT

(Jerry is on stage, performing.)

JERRY: I have to tell you that I did some very exciting news recently, and I don't know if I should really tell you exactly what it is because it's really not a definite thing yet.

(crowd cheers him on to tell them) Well, I will tell you what I know so far. According to the information that I have in the envelope that I've received, it seems that I may have already won some very valuable prizes. (audience applauds) Well, thank you, thank you very much, well thank you. That's very nice to hear that. But, in all honesty, I have to say, I didn't even know I was in this thing. But, according to the readout, it looks like I am among the top people that they are considering. You know, that's what annoys me about the sweepstakes companies, they always tease you with that, "You may have already won." I'd like once for a sweepstakes company to have some guts, come out with the truth, just tell people the truth one time. Send out envelopes, "You have definitely lost!" You turn it over, giant printing, "Not even close!" You open it up, there's this whole letter of explanation, "Even we cannot believe how badly you have done in this contest."

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT – DAY

(George is reading a newspaper. Kramer and Jerry struggle to fit a large cardboard box with the name Seinfeld on it, through the doorway.)

JERRY: (to Kramer) To the right.

(They get it through, and walk towards the table.)

GEORGE: That took awhile.

JERRY: Don't get up.

GEORGE: I'd like to help, but my neck..

(They set the box on the table.)

GEORGE: So how long has it been in the basement?

JERRY: Since my grandfather died. I was suppose to send it down to my parents in Florida, but they didn't want it. They told me to get rid of it, but I felt funny and then I sort of forgot about it. And it's been sitting down there for three years until he saw it. (to Kramer) All right, so, just take what you want and let's get it out of here.

(They open the box, and start going through it.)

GEORGE: What's in it?

JERRY: Grandpa clothes, I can't wear 'em.

(Kramer pulls out some black socks.)

KRAMER: You want these? Knee socks. You don't wear knee socks.

JERRY: No, go ahead. Look at this place. I can't wait to get it cleaned.

GEORGE: I know someone who'll do it. She's good. She's honest.

JERRY: No, Elaine's got this writer friend from Finland, Rava. Her boyfriend goes to Columbia grad school, and he's suppose to do it.

GEORGE: Students can't clean. It's anathema. (explaining) They don't like it.

JERRY: How long have you been waiting to squeeze that into a conversation?

(Kramer pulls a statue out of the box.)

KRAMER: Now this I like.

GEORGE: Wait a second. (George gets up and heads for the statue in Kramer's hands.) I can't believe this! Let me see this.

KRAMER: Wait, wait, wait...

(George grabs the statue.)

GEORGE: Let me just see it.

KRAMER: Come on...

GEORGE: Let me just see it for a second.

(He pries it from Kramer's hands.)

GEORGE: Oh my God, it's exactly the same!

JERRY: What?

GEORGE: When I was ten years old, my parents had this very same statue on the mantle of our apartment. Exactly. And, one day, I grabbed it, and I was using it as a microphone. I was singing, "MacArthur Park", and I got to the part about, "I'll never have that recipe again," and it slipped out of my hand and it broke. My parents looked at me like I smashed the ten commandments. To this day, they bring it up. It was the single most damaging experience in my life, aside from seeing my father naked.

(Kramer grabs the statue back. George grips it, but Kramer wont let go. They start to fight for it.)

KRAMER: C'mon, George. I saw it first.

GEORGE: No, Kramer. I have to have this statue.

KRAMER: No, I got dibs!

GEORGE: What? No dibs! I need this statue. C'mon, give it!

(Jerry breaks it up.)

JERRY: Spread out, spread out you numbskulls. Why don't you just settle it like mature adults?

(Kramer sticks out his fist.)

KRAMER: Potato man!

GEORGE: No, no, no potato man. Inka-dink.

(Kramer and George both add up in their heads to see who would lose if Inka-Dink was the way to go.)

KRAMER: Okay...yea well uh start with me.

GEORGE: Yeah, good, good.

(Jerry begins the childish choosing game of Inka-dink, pointing alternately between

Kramer and George with every accented syllable.)

JERRY: Inka-dink, a bottle of ink, the cork fell out, and you stink.

(He lands on George. George starts to recalculate his choice.)

JERRY: Not because you're dirty, not because you're clean – just because you kissed the girl behind the magazine...

(He lands on Kramer. Kramer smiles.)

JERRY: And you are it!

(He lands on George.)

KRAMER: What?! Wait a minute. No, no, no. What are you doing? No, no, oh, oh, okay. He's out. I get it.

GEORGE: No, no, no, no, I'm It. I win.

JERRY: No, he's It. He wins. It is good.

KRAMER: Do over – start with him.

JERRY: No, no, no, come on, Kramer. Now, you got the socks.

KRAMER: All right, you can have it. (Kramer tosses the statue to George.)

GEORGE: (not expecting the statue to be thrown) Dit.

KRAMER: Okay, I'm gonna take the suit, and the shoes, and the hat.

JERRY: All right, c'mon. Let's go.

(Kramer puts on the hat.)

KRAMER: Hey, I look like Joe Friday in Dragnet.

(He hums the theme song.)

GEORGE: I can't believe I won at Inka-dink.

JERRY: Come on, let's go.

GEORGE: Yea.

(They go to the door. George sets down the statue on the kitchen counter.)

JERRY: Aren't you gonna take it?

GEORGE: No, no, no, I don't want to carry it around all night. I'll pick it up later.

GEORGE: (to Kramer) What about your stuff?

KRAMER: Oh, uh, well - okay.

(He balls up the clothes in his hands, throws them into his apartment and leaves.)

JERRY: All right, let's go. Hey, you know, you owe me one.

GEORGE: What?

JERRY: The Inka-dink.. You were It.

GEORGE: It's bad?

JERRY: It's very bad.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT

(Elaine and a writer, RAVA, are in the living room.)

RAVA: Well, if they don't let you be my editor on this book, I'll go to another publisher. It's that simple.

ELAINE: You told them that?

RAVA: Of course.

ELAINE: (excited) This is so fantastic. I don't know how to thank you.

(Jerry enters for the bedroom, carrying luggage.)

JERRY: (to Rava) So, where's this boyfriend of yours? I can't wait much longer. I've got a flight.

ELAINE: Oh, probably caught in traffic.

RAVA: Or maybe he's dead.

JERRY: So what do you write, children's books?

(There's a knock at the door.)

RAVA: That's Ray.

(Ray enters with cleaning gear.)

RAY: Ah, greetings, greetings, and salutations. I beg your forgiveness. My tardiness was unavoidable. Rava, my love. Elaine, my dear friend. And you must be Jerry. Lord of the manor. Ah, my liege. A pleasure to serve you.

(Ray bows.)

JERRY: All right...

RAVA: And we have to get back to work.

(She exits with Elaine.)

JERRY: I gotta get to the airport.

RAY: Your palace shall sparkle like the stars in heaven upon your save arrival, Sire.

JERRY: The uh toilet brush is under the sink.

(Jerry exits.)

INT. COMEDY CLUB – NIGHT

(Jerry is on stage, performing.)

JERRY: I don't really feel that comfortable with a maid, either, because there's that guilt when you have someone cleaning your house. You know, you're sitting there on your sofa, and they go by with the vacuum, "I'm really sorry about this. I don't know why I left that stuff over there." And that's why I could never be a maid, because I'd have an attitude. I'd find them, wherever they are in the house, "Oh, I suppose you couldn't do this? No, don't get up, let me clean up your filth. No, you couldn't dust. No, this is too tough, isn't it?"

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT – DAY

(Jerry is talking to Elaine.)

JERRY: He really did an amazing job. Look! He uncoagulated the top of the dishwashing liquid! (Jerry opens refrigerator.) He cleaned out the bottom of the little egg cups! Come here, look at this. (He gets on his knees and points.) He cleaned the little one-inch area between the refrigerator and the counter. How did he get in there?! He must be like Rubber Man!

ELAINE: There's no Rubber Man.

JERRY: Why did I think there was a Rubber Man? There's Elastic Man... Plastic Man...

ELAINE: I'm leaving.

JERRY: Where are you going?

ELAINE: To Rava's house. I've gotta pick up her manuscript.

JERRY: Oh wait. I'll go with you.

(They both head toward the door. Jerry opens it.)



JERRY: Elaine, he Windexed the little peep hole!

(Elaine and Jerry exit.)

INT. RAVA & RAY'S APARTMENT – DAY

(Jerry, Elaine, and Rava sit in the living room.)

ELAINE: (to Rava) So, the meeting with Lippman is all set. He's the editor-in-chief! I think because of your request-

RAVA: Demand.

ELAINE: They're going to promote me to editor.

RAVA: Daantotin. (There is a sound of the front door being unlocked.) There's Ray... late as usual.

(Ray enters.)

RAY: Well, this is an unexpected surprise – and delight! The once and future king of comedy, Jerry the First, gracing our humble abode. Rava, we're in the presence of royalty.

JERRY: Hey, Ray, listen, you really did a tremendous job cleaning that apartment.

RAY: But I didn't just clean your apartment. It was a ritual, a ceremony, a celebration of life.

JERRY: Shouldn't you be out on a ledge somewhere?

(They all laugh. Jerry looks at Ray's mantle. George's statue catches his eye.)

RAVA: The water is boiling. Are you having tea?

ELAINE & RAY: Yes.

(Jerry is not listening. Rava enters the kitchen.)

ELAINE: Jerry? Jerry!

(Jerry snaps out of it.)

JERRY: What?

RAVA: (from the kitchen) Ray, would you give me a hand?

RAY: Yeah, I'm coming!

(Ray enters the kitchen. As soon as both Rava and Ray are in the kitchen, Jerry and Elaine start talking in loud whispers.)

JERRY: I think that's the statue from my house. That looks like the statue from my house!

ELAINE: What statue?

JERRY: I had a statue!

ELAINE: You have a statue? I never saw a statue.

JERRY: My grandfather gave me a statue!

ELAINE: Since when?

JERRY: What's the difference?! That's the one! He ripped me off! This guy ripped me off!

(Ray pops his head back into the living room.)

RAY: Do you take sugar?

JERRY & ELAINE: Uhh... no.

(Ray goes back into the kitchen.)

JERRY: I can't believe it! This guy ripped me off!

ELAINE: Do you realize what you're saying?

JERRY: Yes! This guy ripped me off! He stole that statue right out of my house!

(Ray pops in again.)

RAY: Lemon?

JERRY & ELAINE: Uh... sure/yeah..

(Ray goes back into the kitchen.)

ELAINE: Are you sure?

JERRY: Pretty sure! Ninety-nine percent sure.

ELAINE: Ninety-nine percent sure?!

(Ray and Rava both enter, carrying a tray of tea.)

RAY: Ah, sweet elixir. It's fragrant nectar a soothing balm for the soul.

(Jerry smells it suspiciously. A ding from the kitchen can be heard.)

RAVA: Ah those are the pastries, Ray take care of that, I'm going to get Elaine the manuscript.

RAY: Ah, the pastries!

(Ray and Rava exit in different directions.)

ELAINE: Maybe it just looks the same. Maybe it's just a coincidence.

JERRY: Coincidence? This guy's in my apartment and then, just by coincidence, he has the same exact statue in his apartment?

ELAINE: I never saw the statue.

JERRY: I had a statue! What should I do?

ELAINE: I don't know.

JERRY: I'll call Kramer. He can check my house.

(Jerry grabs the phone and dials.)

ELAINE: Oh Jerry, don't blow this for me.

JERRY: Don't worry. (whispering into the phone) Kramer! Kramer!... It's Jerry!... Jerry!... From next door!... Never mind where I am!... Yes, Jerry Seinfeld!...

(Rava enters with a manuscript. Jerry starts talking casually into the phone.)

JERRY: Ma, I told you, just dip the bread in the batter, and put in right in the pan... Okay, bye. (Jerry hangs up; to Rava) My mother. She forgot how to make French toast. You know how mothers are.

RAVA: My mother left us when I was six years old. All seven of us. We never heard from her again. I hope she's rotting in an alley somewhere!

(Pause.)

JERRY: My mom's down in Florida. She's got uh one of those condos. Hot down there in the summer. You ever been down there?

(Ray enters with a tray of pastries.)

RAY: I love these pastries. You know, in Scandinavian mythology, the pastries were the food of the gods.

JERRY: Listen, uh I just remembered... I'm... uh, getting a facial.

(Elaine takes the manuscript.)

ELAINE: Oh, see you tomorrow morning.

(They go to leave.)

RAY: How about dinner?

JERRY: No, I don't eat dinner. Dinner's for suckers.

(Elaine and Jerry exit.)

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT – DAY

(Jerry is on the phone. Jerry and Elaine are next to him. Kramer sits in the living room.)

JERRY: Uh huh... Yeah... Okay, thanks anyway... Bye.

(He hangs up.)

JERRY: Nope, the cop says it's my word against his. There's nothing they can do.

KRAMER: Let's go get him.

JERRY: Yeah, right.

GEORGE: We can't just let him get away with this.

JERRY: Do you realize how crazy he had to be to do something like this? He knew I was gonna know it's missing, and he took it! And of all things to take! I left my watch, tape recorder, stereo. He's crazy.

KRAMER: You wanna go get him?

ELAINE: Well, then, if he's crazy you should just forget it.

GEORGE: Forget it? I already called my parents. I told them to expect the surprise of a lifetime. My mother's making her roasted potatoes!

ELAINE: George, do you realize that Rava has asked me to edit her book?

GEORGE: Who is this Rava?

KRAMER: I say we get him.

ELAINE: No!

GEORGE: Let me just call him.

JERRY: I'll call him. (Jerry picks up the cordless phone. He points to the rotary phone on the coffee table. Kramer, George, and Elaine struggle for it.) Hello, Ray?... Hi, Ray, this is Rava's friend, Elaine's friend, Jerry... The King of Comedy, right. Listen, you know that statue on your mantle, the one with the blue lady? (He covers the receiver and yells at Kramer and George.) Would you shut up?! (to the phone) Yeah, you don't want to talk about it over the phone?.. You don't want Rava to hear?... Yeah, I understand... You know that coffee shop near my house, Monk's?... All right, tomorrow... One o'clock... Great, okay, bye.

(Jerry hangs up.)

ELAINE: All right, look, look, look. Let's say he stole it.

GEORGE: Oh, he stole it!

ELAINE: C'mon, you can't do anything about it. The cops won't do anything. What, are you going to fight him? Why don't you just forget it?

(Jerry and George look at each other.)

JERRY & GEORGE: No.

INT. MONK'S DINER – DAY

(Jerry sits alone at a booth. George sits in the booth behind him.)

GEORGE: I thought you said one o'clock.

JERRY: Relax, he's late. He's always late. It's part of his M.O.

GEORGE: Remember, don't take any crap.

JERRY: Yeah, yeah. Don't worry about it.

GEORGE: I'll be right here.

(Ray enters.)

JERRY: That's comforting. Shh. He's coming. (to Ray) Ray?

(Ray sits opposite Jerry.)

RAY: Oh, Jerry. I can't believe you asked me about that statue. Do you know how much trouble you could've got me into?

JERRY: Well, I didn't...

RAY: Rava was standing right next to me. I never told her where I got the statue.

GEORGE: (muttering to himself) I wonder why.

JERRY: Well, just give it back, and I won't say anything.

RAY: Give it back?

JERRY: Yeah.

RAY: What are you talking about?

JERRY: What are you talking about?

GEORGE: What is he talking about?

RAY: I'm talking about the statue.

JERRY: Yeah, me too.

RAY: Give it back to whom?

JERRY: Me.

GEORGE: Yeah, him.

RAY: You?

JERRY: Yeah. Me.

RAY: I'm not getting this.

GEORGE: You already got it.

JERRY: Ray, I had a statue in my house. You were in my house – and then I saw it in your house.

RAY: What are you saying?

JERRY: What am I saying?

GEORGE: Take a wild guess.

RAY: Are you saying I stole your statue?

GEORGE: What a mind.

JERRY: Well, I...

RAY: I can't believe what I'm hearing.

JERRY: I can't believe what I'm hearing.

GEORGE: I can't believe what I'm hearing.

RAY: For your information, I got that statue in a pawn shop.

GEORGE: Pawn shop?

JERRY: A pawn shop?

RAY: Yes. In Chinatown with the money I earned cleaning people's apartments.

GEORGE: Cleaning them out.

(Jerry elbows George in an attempt to shut him up.)

JERRY: Oh, excuse me... Look, Ray, you were the only person in my house.



RAY: What's behind this? It's Rava, isn't it?

GEORGE: Again with the Rava.

RAY: You want her.

JERRY: No, she's a little too cheery for me.

RAY: She's from Finland, for crying out loud. Finland! Do you understand?!

JERRY: I know Finland. They're neutral.

RAY: Is it me? Do I rub you the wrong way?

JERRY: No, I actually find you quite charming. A bit verbose at times...

GEORGE: "Oh, I find you so charming." You wuss.

JERRY: (to George) Did you call me a wuss?

RAY: What did you say?

JERRY: I said luss. I'm at a luss.

RAY: I would just love to take you down to the shop where I got it.

JERRY: That's not necessary. (George slams his menu down on the table repeatedly.)  
You know, maybe it's not that bad an idea.

RAY: And I would love to. Nothing would please me more. But, unfortunately, the guy retired and moved to Singapore.

GEORGE: Singapore?! Do you hear this?

RAY: If you really want, maybe I can contact the guy in Singapore and have him make a photostat of the receipt and send it over.

(George stands up and addresses Ray.)

GEORGE: That's it! That's it! I can't take it. I can't take it anymore! You stole the statue! You're a thief! You're a liar!

JERRY: George...

RAY: Who is this?

GEORGE: I'm the judge and the jury, pal. And the verdict is guilty!

RAY: What's going on here?

GEORGE: GUILTY!

RAY: Your friend is crazy.

GEORGE: Oh, I'm crazy!

JERRY: George, george...

RAY: I've got to get going. I have a class.

GEORGE: Oh ho! Class, huh? At Columbia? Let me tell you something, pal. I called the registrar's office. I checked you out. They have no record of a Ray Thomas at that school! You liar!

RAY: Well, that's because I'm registered under my full legal name, Raymond Thomas Wochinski. Ray Thomas is my professional name.

GEORGE: You mean alias.

RAY: You are starting to make me angry!

GEORGE: Well, that was bound to happen.

RAY: (to Jerry) I hope you think about what you've done here today. And if you want to call and apologize, you know where to reach me.

(Ray heads for the door.)

JERRY: Hey, Ray.

(Ray stops and turns around.)

RAY: Yes?

JERRY: How did you get the goop out of the top of the dishwashing liquid? It was like a brand-new nozzle!

INT. PENDANT PUBLISHING LOBBY – DAY

(Elaine and Rava are waiting for an elevator.)

ELAINE: Nervous?

RAVA: Why should I be?

ELAINE: Yeah. Right.

RAVA: Your notes are very insightful.

ELAINE: The book is great. Did you go out last night?

RAVA: No. We made love on the floor like two animals. Ray is insatiable.

ELAINE: They all are.

RAVA: Was Jerry?

ELAINE: I can't remember.

(The elevator doors open. They step in.)

RAVA: You know, Ray is very upset over these accusations.

ELAINE: Oh, well, I'm staying out of this one. This is between them. I am not getting involved.

(The elevator doors close.)

INT. PENDANT PUBLISHING – LATER

(Outside the elevator, on another floor. The doors open, revealing Rava and Elaine in front of a crowd of people.)

RAVA: So you think he stole it?!

ELAINE: Well, you have to admit... the circumstantial evidence...

RAVA: I admit nothing!

(The doors close.)

INT. PENDANT PUBLISHING ELEVATOR – CONTINUING

(A MAN behind them addresses Rava.)

MAN: Will you put that cigarette out, please?

(Rava ignores him.)

ELAINE: Well, I mean, he was in the apartment, and then it's gone and it's in your apartment.

RAVA: Maybe you think we're in cahoots.

ELAINE: No, no. But it is quite a coincidence.

RAVA: Yes, that's all: a coincidence!

ELAINE: A big coincidence.

RAVA: Not a big coincidence. A coincidence!

ELAINE: No, that's a big coincidence.

RAVA: That's what a coincidence is! There are no small coincidences and big coincidences!

ELAINE: No, there are degrees of coincidences.

RAVA: No, there are only coincidences! Ask anyone!

(Enraged, she poses the question to everyone in the elevator.)

RAVA: Are there big coincidences and small coincidences, or just coincidences? Well?! Well?!

(Everyone just shrugs and murmurs. The doors open.)

MAN: Will you put that cigarette out?!

RAVA: Maybe I put it out on your face! (To Elaine) It's just like Ray said. You and Jerry are jealous of our love. You're trying to destroy us.

ELAINE: Shouldn't you be out on a ledge somewhere?

(The doors close.)

INT. PENDANT PUBLISHING – DAY

(Outside the elevator on yet another floor. The doors open. The elevator is empty except for Elaine. There is a janitor's cart parked right outside the doors. She steps out, throws the manuscript into the garbage can on the cart and exits.)

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT – DAY

(George is on the phone. Elaine and Jerry are beside him. Kramer is sitting on a living room chair again.)

GEORGE: Ma, will you stop?... It's just a statue!... How is it my fault?!... It was stolen. I

didn't even touch it this time... Okay, fine... I don't see why this should affect to potatoes!... Okay... Goodbye. (George hangs up.) She doesn't react to disappointment very well. Unlike me.

KRAMER: I'm not happy about this.

ELAINE: Why don't we just throw a Molotov cocktail through their window?

GEORGE: There's just no justice. This experience has changed me. It's made me more cynical, more bitter, more jaded.

JERRY: Really?

GEORGE: (casually) Sure, why not.

ELAINE: Well, how do you think I feel? Instead of editing the first novel of a major young writing talent, I am proofreading a food allergy cookbook.

JERRY: Can't you talk to your boss?

ELAINE: I did. He loves Rava. Worse, he loves Ray. And he didn't think you're funny at all.

KRAMER: (talking to himself) I'm not happy about this.

JERRY: Well, perhaps we can take comfort in the knowledge that in the next world, Ray will be the recipient of a much larger and more harsh brand of justice..

GEORGE: Yeah, he'll have my parents.

INT. RAVA & RAY'S APARTMENT – DAY

(Ray is home alone. There's a knock at the door.)

KRAMER: (from the other side of the door) Police! Open up!

RAY: Police?

(He opens the door a crack. Kramer barges in. He is wearing Jerry's grandfather's suit and hat. He forces Ray against the wall face first.)

KRAMER: Freeze, mother!

(Ray turns toward Kramer.)

RAY: Hey.

(Kramer shoves him against the wall.)

KRAMER: Shut up. Spread 'em. I said spread 'em! (looks around) You're in big trouble son. Burglary, grand larceny, possession of stolen goods... and uh, uh... murder.

(Ray turns toward Kramer.)

RAY: Murder?!

(Kramer shoves him against the wall.)

KRAMER: Shut up! Keep 'em spread! Just make love to that wall, pervert!

RAY: I think you have me confused with somebody else.

KRAMER: Is your name Ray?

RAY: Yeah.

KRAMER: Yeah, you're the punk I'm looking for!

(Kramer grabs the statue from the mantle and puts it in his bag. Ray turns toward Kramer.)

RAY: Hey, hey, are you a cop?

KRAMER: Yeah, I'm a cop. I'm a good cop. I'm a damn good cop! (On that line, Kramer points to Ray, and Ray turns back to the wall. Kramer heads for the door.) Today's your lucky day, junior, 'cause I'm gonna let you off with a warning. Any more of this criminal activity, and you'll be sorry. You got me?

RAY: Got you? I don't even know what the hell you're talking about.

KRAMER: Good, good. Let's uh keep it that way.

(Kramer exits.)

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT – DAY

(Kramer leads Jerry, Elaine, and George into the apartment.)

JERRY: All right, all right. What's the big hubbub, bub?

(Kramer runs to his apartment, then returns with a duffel bag. He places it on the table, and reveals the statue from it. Everyone is Shocked)

GEORGE: Kramer, I can't believe it. Oh, you're my hero!

KRAMER: Yeah.

JERRY: Kramer, what did you do?

KRAMER: Well, let's just say I didn't take him to People's Court.

GEORGE: I feel like a huge weight's been lifted off my shoulders. I... I... I feel happy!  
Kramer, I don't know how to thank you!

KRAMER: Well, I'll think of something.

(Kramer slaps George on the back, knocking the statue out of his hands and sending it crashing to the ground.)

INT. COMEDY CLUB – NIGHT

(Jerry is on stage, performing.)

JERRY: People are going to steal from you. You can't stop them. But, everybody has



their own little personal security things. Things that they think will foil the crooks, you know? In your own mind, right? You go to the beach, go in the water, put your wallet in the sneaker, who's gonna know? What criminal mind could penetrate this fortress of security? I tied a bow. They can't get through that. I put the wallet down by the toe of the sneaker. They never look there. They check the heel, they move on.

The End