

The Slaw

by

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A Script for the NBC Television Series "Seinfeld"

FADE IN:

INT. MONK'S CAFÉ - DAY

JERRY and ELAINE are sitting opposite of each other in a booth, eating lunch. It is raining quite heavily outside.

ELAINE

You know ... that sandwich looks good.

Jerry nods while his mouth is full of food, gesturing with his hands, indicating that he has something to say. He finishes swallowing.

JERRY

It is ... but it's missing something.

ELAINE

What?

JERRY

I don't know.

KRAMER enters, wearing sunglasses. He recognizes Jerry, who waves to him. He walks to Jerry and Elaine's booth and sits down next to Elaine.

KRAMER

Hey Jerry, Elaine.

ELAINE

Wow, you look good!

Kramer looks at her funny. Elaine stares at him.

KRAMER

I am good.

JERRY

One hell of a pair of sunglasses you have there.

KRAMER

Like it's sunny.

JERRY

But it's cloudy.

Kramer makes the old gunshot hand gesture, jerks his head back, and winks.

KRAMER

Exactly.

Jerry nods and takes another bite of the sandwich. He shakes his head, still disappointed with his lunch. Kramer cocks his head at Jerry.

KRAMER

What, no slaw?

Jerry points at Elaine.

JERRY

That's it!

Elaine breaks out of her daze of staring at Kramer.

ELAINE

Huh? What?

Jerry gestures to the sandwich.

JERRY

This sandwich, it's missing coleslaw.

ELAINE

Oh.

Elaine returns to staring at Kramer.

JERRY

You really are infatuated with Kramer's look today.

ELAINE

Where did you get those sunglasses?

Kramer points at his sunglasses.

KRAMER

These sunglasses?

GEORGE bursts in, waving his arms, with a letter in one hand.

GEORGE

I'm a winner, baby! I'm finally a winner!

He rushes to the booth, where he sits in the open seat next to Jerry. Kramer and Jerry exchange openmouthed looks.

JERRY

What happened?

GEORGE

I won a VCP.

JERRY

What's a VCP?

KRAMER

Isn't that a narcotic?

JERRY

No, I believe that's PCP.

GEORGE

It's a video cassette player. It's like a VCR but it doesn't "R." It only "P"s.

JERRY

It doesn't record?

GEORGE

No, because then it'd be a VCR.

KRAMER

Ahh.

JERRY

How did you win it?

GEORGE

I won it in a raffle draw down at the mall by my parents' house.

JERRY

You actually entered a raffle?

GEORGE

Yeah, I put my business card into a fishbowl two weeks ago, and they sent me this letter today.

George shows the letter in his hand to Jerry.

JERRY

Why do you have a business card? You don't even have a business!

GEORGE

(mumbling)

My mother thought I should make some up.

KRAMER

That mall right by where your parents live?

George nods.

GEORGE

That's what I said, isn't it?

KRAMER

That's where I got these sunglasses.

ELAINE

You got those in a mall? George, when do you have to pick up your VCR?

GEORGE, KRAMER, AND JERRY

"P."

ELAINE

Okay, "P."

GEORGE

Tomorrow, by 3 o'clock.

ELAINE

Great, I'll go with you. I can get some new sunglasses there, then.

KRAMER

You know, Jerry. There's some great slaw at that mall.

JERRY

I'm there.

ELAINE

Why don't we all meet there for lunch?

The other three nod in unison.

EXT. MALL - DAY

It is the next day, sunny. Jerry and Elaine are standing outside the mall. Elaine is shielding her eyes from the sunlight and squinting. Jerry is wearing sunglasses.

JERRY

So, you're sure you're not joining us for lunch? I understand they make some very good slaw.

ELAINE

No, I just want to get to the sunglass store. It's going to take me a while to pick out a pair.

Kramer and George show up. Kramer is wearing his designer sunglasses, and George is wearing clip-on sunglasses.

KRAMER

So, are we all ready for some slaw?

GEORGE

I, umm, ate before we left. My mother made me a bologna sandwich. I think I'll just go and get a candy bar.

He starts to leave, but Kramer grabs him.

KRAMER

What're you getting?

GEORGE

Mr. Goodbar.

Kramer lets him go. George flips up his clip-on sunglasses and walks into the mall.

KRAMER

It's his loss. (turns to Elaine)
Elaine?

Elaine, holding up both hands to shield her eyes now, turns to face Kramer.

ELAINE

No, I'm heading to the sunglass store.

She leaves. Kramer and Jerry look at each other. Jerry shrugs.

JERRY

It's her loss.

INT. SUNGLASS SHOP - DAY

Elaine walks in. The only other person, the SALESGIRL, is on the telephone. Elaine starts to browse.

INT. MALL RESTAURANT - DAY

Jerry and Kramer are sitting at a table. A WAITRESS comes and delivers each of them a huge heaping plate of coleslaw.

WAITRESS

Are you guys sure you don't want anything else?

Jerry and Kramer shake their heads vigorously.

KRAMER

We're here for the slaw.

The waitress shrugs and walks away. Jerry looks at Kramer.

JERRY

Should coleslaw be eaten with a fork or a spoon?

KRAMER

Spoon.

JERRY

Okay.

KRAMER

You've gotta get all the juices.

JERRY

Of course.

KRAMER

Juices.

JERRY

Juices.

Jerry alternately picks up a tablespoon and a teaspoon, holding one in each hand before Kramer.

JERRY

Table or tea?

KRAMER

Table. Teaspoon takes too long.

JERRY

Aha.

They both pick up their spoons and begin to eat. After several bites, Jerry looks up.

JERRY

Mmm, this is good slaw.

KRAMER

Told you so.

Jerry pauses and looks up pensively.

JERRY

You know, there's a flavor here. I can't quite place it though.

Kramer continues eating his coleslaw nonstop for the remainder of this scene and speaks all of his lines with his mouth full.

KRAMER

Chocolate?

JERRY

Chocolate? Somehow I don't think our society has advanced far enough to make a chocolate coleslaw.

KRAMER

Just a thought.

JERRY

And a good one at that. I was thinking of something along the lines of fruit.

KRAMER

Fruit?

JERRY

Yeah, fruit.

KRAMER

Tomato.

JERRY

Are you sure that's a fruit? I thought it was a vegetable.

KRAMER

It's got seeds; it's fruit.

JERRY

So it is.

KRAMER

Look, are you gonna eat your slaw, or are you gonna keep talking about it?

JERRY

All right, all right.

Jerry takes another bite.

JERRY

It is good slaw.

KRAMER

Of course it is. The best.

JERRY

Still, I wonder what this flavor is.

Kramer points his spoon, full of coleslaw, at Jerry.

KRAMER

Who says coleslaw has to have a
flavor?

JERRY

It usually doesn't. That's the beauty
of this coleslaw. It has flavor.

Kramer shrugs. They continue to eat a little more. Suddenly,
Jerry jerks up in his chair.

JERRY

Pears.

KRAMER

Pears?

JERRY

Pears.

KRAMER

What about 'em?

JERRY

That is the flavor in the coleslaw.
Pears.

Kramer shakes his head.

KRAMER

There're no pears in this slaw.

JERRY

Sure there are. The flavor is
distinct. I taste pears.

KRAMER

Cabbage.

JERRY

But cabbage has no flavor. I tell
you, I taste pear.

KRAMER

I taste cabbage.

JERRY

How can you taste cabbage? Cabbage has no taste.

KRAMER

Sure it does; it tastes like cabbage.

INT. MALL LOBBY - DAY

George is standing in front of the candy machine. He has a look of despair. The Mr. Goodbar he wants is in the space behind a Peanut M&M's bag. He rubs his chin while deciding what to do.

INT. SUNGLASS SHOP - DAY

The salesgirl is still on the phone, with her back to Elaine. Elaine holds her hand to her face like a phone and begins to mimic the girl, complete with her hand gestures. The girl notices this in the mirror and turns around.

SALESGIRL

May I help you?

Elaine tries to make it look like she wasn't caught mimicking.

ELAINE

(stammering)

Oh, not yet, I'm just looking.

The salesgirl goes back to her phone conversation.

INT. MALL LOBBY - DAY

George is still staring at the candy machine and does not know what to do. He gestures at the machine and at the bar he wants, which is still behind the M&M's, and shakes his head. A MAN walks up to the machine.

GEORGE

(quietly)

Do you want some Peanut M&M's?

The man ignores George and buys something else. He walks away. An ELDERLY WOMAN walks up to the machine.

GEORGE

Excuse me, ma'am, how are you today?

The woman looks at George.

WOMAN

I'm fine, thank you.

GEORGE

Have you decided which candy bar you'll be purchasing this afternoon?

WOMAN

No, I have not.

GEORGE

If I may, perhaps I could interest you in some Peanut M&M's?

WOMAN

Why's that?

GEORGE

Well, you see ... it's my son, he's sick, and, well, the M&M's people pledged that they would pay a nickel of his bills for every bag sold. So far, they've raised nearly twenty thousand dollars.

WOMAN

Oh, that's horrible. What's wrong with him?

George ponders this for a moment. He is starting to sweat and wipes his forehead with a handkerchief.

GEORGE

Oh, he has (a beat) cancer.

WOMAN

What kind?

GEORGE

What kind? Does it matter what kind?

WOMAN

Well, it matters to me.

George pauses and wipes his forehead again.

GEORGE

It's bone cancer.

WOMAN

Oh my, that's terrible!

GEORGE

Oh yes, yes it is. So you must understand how important it is that you buy these Peanut M&M's.

WOMAN

But what about the plain ones? Those are my favorite.

GEORGE

They're only donating for the peanut ones.

WOMAN

But I'm allergic to peanuts.

GEORGE

My son's allergic to cancer, lady! Just buy the damn candy!

The woman turns her head and quickly walks away.

INT. SUNGLASS SHOP - DAY

Elaine runs out of patience.

ELAINE

Excuse me?

The salesgirl puts the phone aside and turns to Elaine.

SALESGIRL

Yes?

Elaine points at several pairs in the glass case.

ELAINE

I'd like to see these two, please.

The salesgirl takes out the sunglasses, places them on the counter, and returns to her phone call. The two pairs look almost identical. Elaine alternately tries them on and poses in the mirror.

INT. MALL LOBBY - DAY

A NUN walks out of the ladies room next to the candy machines. George waves at her.

GEORGE

Umm, excuse me, sister.

The nun stops.

NUN

Yes?

GEORGE

If you don't mind my saying, you seem to me like a Peanut M&M's type of gal.

The nun hits George with her purse and quickly runs away. George looks like he's ready to give up. A BEAUTIFUL SUPERMODEL approaches. George's face lights up.

GEORGE

Haven't I seen you someplace before?

MODEL

No, I don't think so.

GEORGE

Yes, I do think so. I'm a face guy, and I know your face. I've seen your face somewhere before.

MODEL

Well, I am a model. Maybe you've seen me in *Glamour* magazine?

GEORGE

Oh of course, *Glamour* magazine. I use it all the time.

The model cocks her head at George at looks at him strangely.

MODEL

Excuse me?

GEORGE

Read; I meant read.

The model walks away.

MODEL

Pervert!

GEORGE

I meant read! I meant read!

INT. MALL RESTAURANT - DAY

Jerry and Kramer are still eating their coleslaw.

JERRY

Say, it's almost 3 o'clock. I wonder if George has picked up his VCP yet.

A mall SECURITY OFFICER enters and sits at a table near them.

KRAMER

I've always wanted to work for mall security.

JERRY

Why? What's the point?

KRAMER

Respect. (a beat) I want to find out what it means to me.

JERRY

Respect?

KRAMER

Just a little bit.

JERRY

But who respects mall cops?

KRAMER

I do.

JERRY

That's a pretty low rung on the security ladder, y'know. They're below night security but just above school crossing guards.

KRAMER

I was a crossing guard.

JERRY

I see, so you want to take the next step up. And do you have aspirations to continue climbing the security ladder?

KRAMER

One step at a time.

JERRY

But what do they do, anyway?

KRAMER

What do who do?

JERRY

Mall cops.

KRAMER

Stop mall crime.

JERRY

With what?

They look over at the officer.

KRAMER

Walkie-talkies.

INT. SUNGLASS SHOP - DAY

Elaine seems to have made up her mind. She starts looking at herself in the mirror at various angles, wearing one of the pairs of sunglasses. The salesgirl is still on the phone. Elaine starts talking to herself, and her voice gets louder and louder until finally she is practically yelling.

ELAINE

Yeah, these are the ones. I like these a lot. I'm going to look great in these. I love these; they're just for me. They're definitely the right ones. Perfect. Excellent. Stupendous. Wonderful!

The salesgirl finally finishes her conversation and hangs up the phone. Elaine stares at her for a moment.

ELAINE

Excuse me?

SALESGIRL

Have you decided?

ELAINE

Yes. I think I have. I'd like to try these out.

SALESGIRL

But I thought you've already tried them on?

ELAINE

I have, but I want to try them out.

SALESGIRL

But what's the difference?

ELAINE

They're sunglasses, right? I want to see how well they block the sun.

SALESGIRL

Oh, that model is the Solar Flair - F-L-A-I-R. It blocks out 99.9% of all UV rays and is the equivalent of SPF 38 sunblock. It's one of our most popular models -

ELAINE

Yes, but -

SALESGIRL (Cont.)

It's made out of a special space-age titanium alloy. It's your best eye protection investment. They're light and virtually unbreakable -

ELAINE

That's nice, but -

SALESGIRL (Cont.)

They are normally priced at \$199.95, but they're on sale today only for just \$89.89.

ELAINE

I'd like to take them outside and see for myself.

SALESGIRL

But I just told you how they work.

ELAINE

Look, I'll bring them back.

SALESGIRL

I'm sorry, but it's our policy that nothing leaves the store unless you buy it.

Elaine pauses for a second, then reaches into her purse and takes out a credit card, which she places on the counter.

ELAINE

Fine, ring it up! I'll be right back.

Elaine walks out of the store.

INT. MALL LOBBY - DAY

George is still in front of the candy machine. The Peanut M&M's are still in front of the Mr. Goodbar. A LITTLE BOY and his MOTHER walk in, holding hands. The mother hands her son change and walks into the ladies room. The boy looks at the candy machine quizzically. George looks down at the boy and smiles.

GEORGE

Hello there, my little friend.

The boy looks up at George.

BOY

Hello.

GEORGE

And how are you this fine afternoon?

BOY

How come you have no hair, mister?

GEORGE

Well, I have some hair.

BOY

Not too much hair.

GEORGE

It's hereditary.

BOY

What does that mean?

GEORGE

Your mom will tell you when you're older. So, (a beat) you like M&M's?

BOY

Yeah.

GEORGE

Do you like the plain ones or the peanut variety?

BOY

What does variety mean?

George rolls his eyes.

GEORGE

Look kid, plain or peanut?

BOY

Peanut are my favorite.

GEORGE

And is that what you're going to purchase?

BOY

Purchase? What does that mean?

The boy's mother comes out of the ladies room.

GEORGE

Buy! Buy!! Are you going to buy the
Peanut M&M's?!

MOTHER

Why are you yelling at my son?

GEORGE

I'm not yelling; we're bonding over
the choice of candy.

MOTHER

What is that supposed to mean?

GEORGE

(exasperated)

What is this, a family trait?

While his mother and George are arguing, the little boy puts his money in the machine and presses the buttons to get a bag of Peanut M&M's, but from a different slot than the one in front of George's Mr. Goodbar.

MOTHER

I try to teach my son not to talk to
strangers, and you're not helping
much, mister.

GEORGE

But I'm his friend George.

The little boy opens the bag of M&M's and offers some to George.

BOY

Would you like an M&M George?

George whirls toward the candy machine, then whirls back toward the boy. He reaches to hug him, but the mother whisks him away and they exit. George goes to the candy machine, puts his money in, and then realizes the boy bought the candy from a different slot than he wanted him to. He quickly presses the coin return button and turns around to where the mother and the boy were.

GEORGE

You bought the wrong ones, you little bastard!

EXT. MALL - DAY

The camera shows the bright sun high in the sky.

ANGLE ON ELAINE

Elaine is staring right at the sun through her new sunglasses. She smiles and nods, then turns to walk back into the mall.

INT. MALL RESTAURANT - DAY

Jerry and Kramer are sitting at their table, empty plates in front of them.

JERRY

I tell you, it's pear.

KRAMER

I'll bet apple.

JERRY

For real?

KRAMER

Sure, a candy bar.

JERRY

A candy bar it is. You, my friend, have a bet.

They shake hands. A WAITRESS walks by their table.

KRAMER

Excuse me, Sharon.

WAITRESS

Oh, hi there, Kramer, how ya doin'?

KRAMER

Yeah, yeah. My friend here and I have a little wager.

WAITRESS

Oh, what is it?

KRAMER

What is the flavor in the slaw?

WAITRESS

Apples.

She walks away. Kramer celebrates.

KRAMER

Yeah!

Jerry shrugs.

JERRY

Tasted like pears to me.

KRAMER

Bartlett or bosc?

INT. SUNGLASS SHOP - DAY

Elaine walks back into the store. The salesgirl has been replaced by a SALESMAN. He is on the telephone. Elaine is still wearing the sunglasses, and she admires her view in a few mirrors before looking in vain for her credit card on the counter.

ELAINE

Excuse me?

The salesman puts down the phone.

SALESMAN

Yes?

ELAINE

I'm looking for my credit card.

SALESMAN

Did you leave it here?

ELAINE

Yes, of course I did.

The salesman looks around.

SALESMAN

Well, I don't see it.

ELAINE

There was a salesgirl here before. I left my credit card with her to ring up these sunglasses and took them outside to test them.

SALESMAN

You had to test the Solar Flair?

ELAINE

Yes, I had to test the Solar Flair. Where's the salesgirl?

SALESMAN

Her shift is over. It ended at three.

INT. MALL LOBBY - DAY

George is still at the machine. A YOUNG MAN walks up to the machine, inserts his money, and picks the Peanut M&M's in front of the Mr. Goodbar. George hugs the man and kisses him on both cheeks.

GEORGE

God bless you sir!

INT. SUNGLASS SHOP - DAY

Elaine now has a hold of the salesman's shirt and is holding him right in front of her face.

ELAINE

Look, you little minimum-wage twit. I know you have my credit card. I left it here, and I want it back now.

SALESMAN

I don't have it

Elaine starts to shake him a few times and then lets him go.

ELAINE

It's got to be here somewhere; it's not like you've had any other customers this week to confuse me with.

She starts looking around through the paperwork and brochures on the counter until she finds her credit card there. She grabs it and shoves it in his face.

ELAINE

Look, "Elaine Benes." That's me. This is my card.

Elaine walks out.

INT. MALL LOBBY - DAY

George, with a big beaming smile on his face, puts the change into the machine and presses the button for the Mr. Goodbar. The candy bar moves but does not quite fall. George looks at it, shakes his head. He then lightly taps the side of the machine to no avail. George kicks the machine once, as a mall security officer walks by and stops, looking at him.

INT. MALL - DAY

Elaine is leaving the sunglass shop and runs into Jerry and Kramer. She is still wearing the sunglasses.

KRAMER

Nice selection. The Solar Flair.

ELAINE

Ya. (a beat) It's ten after three. I wonder if George got his VCR.

JERRY AND KRAMER

"P."

JERRY

I wonder if George got his Mr. Goodbar.

KRAMER
Mmm, Mr. Goodbar.

INT. MALL LOBBY - DAY

George is attacking the candy machine with full force, but no luck. The security officer speaks into his walkie-talkie, and soon, several other OFFICERS arrive. Together, they approach George and grab him.

GEORGE
No, you don't understand! That's my Mr. Goodbar! The machine won't give it to me!

OFFICER
Sir, I'm afraid you're going to have to come with us.

They drag him away.

GEORGE
I'm an innocent man!

As they take George away, Kramer, Jerry, and Elaine approach.

JERRY
Isn't that...?

ELAINE
I think it might be....

Kramer points at the candy machine.

KRAMER
Mr. Goodbar.

JERRY AND ELAINE
Who?

KRAMER
Mr. Goodbar. That's the bar I want, Jerry.

JERRY
All right, then.

Jerry nods, takes change out of his pocket, and puts it into the machine. Kramer presses the button, and two Mr. Goodbars fall out. He grabs them both and places one in his shirt pocket. He rips the paper off the other.

KRAMER

Save one for later.

Kramer takes a bite out of the bar and smiles.

FADE OUT.