

**Seinfeld**

"The Girl Scout Mafia"  
(an original story)

Written by

Dan Jones

upallnight@protonmail.com

MORE CONTENT HERE:

<https://upallnight8.wixsite.com/danjones-animator>

ACT ONE

EXT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

Pedestrians pass casually. A brown van sits running in the loading area.

AT THE ENTRANCE

A tenant hits the buzzer and reaches for the door handle.

The door crashes open as...

Four little Girl Scouts drag a taped and bound Kramer kicking and flailing out of the main entrance.

GIRL SCOUT  
Stop making this hard on yourself!

KRAMER  
(taped-mouth mumbles)

They toss him through the sliding door of a brown van, jump in, slam the door, and peel out leaving a puff of black smoke. Two observers watch.

OBSERVER ONE  
(to observer two)  
Kids that age are just adorable.

OBSERVER TWO  
I'll say.

INT. MONK'S - DAY (EARLIER)

Jerry, George, Elaine and Kramer finish their breakfast.

GEORGE  
So there I was. Hand on my zipper.  
Ready to... you know.

ELAINE  
Oh just say it.

JERRY  
Were you freein' the man-weasel?

Elaine whacks Jerry's arm, then points to her food.

KRAMER  
That's a good metaphor.

GEORGE

I was standing at the urinal...  
"freeing the man-weasel," as you  
say, when all of a sudden in walks  
a ten-year-old girl.

They react.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

In the stall she goes, locks the  
door, and saddle's up like it's  
another day in the park.

JERRY

You can't expect the stream to flow  
with virgin ears in the room.

ELAINE

What did the other guys do?

GEORGE

Not a flinch.

KRAMER

What about the parents?

GEORGE

She was outside. Waiting. Something  
about a line at the girls room.  
Apparently, for them, this was  
completely normal.

JERRY

It's hard enough with guys peering  
over your shoulder. A little girl  
in the room is just... no thanks.

GEORGE

I don't get it. Everyone acts like  
these kids are completely  
invisible.

A young child in the booth next to them starts clanking his  
silverware on the table obnoxiously.

ELAINE

That's my cue.

Elaine grabs her purse and stands up.

WAITRESS  
(to the child's mother)  
Isn't he just adorable?

GEORGE  
See, right there...

George points to the child.

GEORGE  
...perfect example.

ELAINE  
That's why I'm not a kid person.  
All they have to do is flash a cute  
little smile and they get away with  
whatever they want.

JERRY  
What kind of twisted creature would  
do that?

Elaine takes a step toward the door but stops and smiles at  
Jerry after his comment. Jerry gestures toward the door.

JERRY  
You may proceed.

Elaine exits.

KRAMER  
(to the child's mother)  
Would you mind telling him to keep  
it down?

MOM  
(shrugs)  
Boys will be boys.

Jerry pulls out his wallet and tosses a bill on the table.

JERRY  
I'm done.

George grabs his coat. The clanking continues. Kramer points  
to the rest of Jerry and George's food.

KRAMER  
You've got twenty bucks worth of  
crepe's there.

JERRY  
Knock yourself out.

Jerry and George exit.

EXT. MONK'S - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

George and Jerry exit the restaurant and walk casually down the sidewalk. Cars and pedestrians pass. Street noise.

GEORGE  
(rubs his head)  
I can finally hear myself think.

JERRY  
You know, if she would have at least tried to keep him quiet, I would give her the benefit of the doubt.

GEORGE  
What were we talking about?

George and Jerry stop in front of a dark alleyway.

Just as Jerry takes a step, A tall and rugged man in a long, brown trench-coat steps out of the dark alleyway and creeps up slowly behind them.

MUGGER  
(mean)  
Alright.

The mugger pulls up a gun underneath the coat and pokes Jerry in the back. Jerry stiffens up.

MUGGER  
Not a word.

Jerry glances quickly at George and back again. He manages a quick, wide-eyed nod.

EXT. J PETERMAN BUILDING - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A normal day at the office.

INT. ELAINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Elaine plops down her purse, sits, and starts thumbing through a stack of paper.

In the door pops...

J PETERMAN

Elaine!

ELAINE

Mr. Peterman, I...

J PETERMAN

You're not gonna believe the  
adventure I've got cooked up for  
you today!

ELAINE

I've been working all week on the  
edits for this month's catalog.

J PETERSON

Not today you're not! You've been  
hand picked for a top level  
assignment.

ELAINE

Assignment?

J PETERSON

You see. There comes a time in a  
man's life where he's forced to  
come face-to-face with one haunting  
fact. That one day... he will die.

ELAINE

Die?

J PETERSON

And in that moment a man realizes  
the things that bring true value to  
life. Song, dance... the cute  
little lips of a puckering Koi fish  
as it chases the last breadcrumb.

ELAINE

Koi fish?

J PETERSON

Most important... a man must spend  
the little time he has left doing  
that which he loves most. Which is  
why I'm taking the day off.

ELAINE

Oh.

J PETERMAN

And need your personal assistance.  
Watching my niece.

ELAINE

(cracks up in laughter)  
You want me to...  
(laughter)  
...babysit?

J PETERMAN

Does my decision amuse you?

ELAINE

(still chuckling)  
No. No, I'm just really not...you  
know... kids...  
(bursts into laughter  
again briefly, then  
regains her composure)  
Oh, Mr. Peterman, you're too funny.  
Shelly in accounting's got kids,  
I'm sure she'd be happy to...

J PETERMAN

I never thought of you as someone  
to walk away from such a fruitful  
opportunity.

ELAINE

It's not that. I just have trust  
issues. Kids, they always get away  
with so much, I don't know how  
to... you know... control them.  
Trust me it always ends poorly.

J PETERMAN

Well. It sounds like you could use  
some hands on experience...  
(slaps the desk)  
Now I'm certain I made the right  
choice.

Mr. Peterman calls into the hallway.

J PETERMAN

Darla!

ELAINE

What? No, Mr. Peterman. This really  
isn't going to...

In walks Darla, a ten-year-old girl holding a cute teddy bear.

J PETERMAN

Elaine, meet Darla. She's a firecracker, this one. Just like you.

Mr. Peterman tosses Elaine the keys to a company vehicle.

J PETERMAN

Take the company vehicle, and you girls can have a nice day on the town. Just the two of you.

ELAINE

No, no... I can't... No..  
(whining and squirming)  
Mr. Peter...

Mr. Peterman exits. Darla stands quietly and stares at Elaine. Elaine slams her head on the desk.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

George and Jerry stand on the sidewalk, the mugger just behind them. He pokes Jerry in the back with a gun.

MUGGER

Slowly.

The mugger ushers Jerry into the alleyway, just out of public sight. George stands alone on the sidewalk.

George cocks his head to the side like a confused dog and holds a look of bewilderment.

IN THE ALLEYWAY

The mugger reaches into Jerry's coat and grabs his billfold. He rubs the billfold in his fingers.

MUGGER

Fake leather? I swear... these days even celebrities are getting cheap.

Jerry smirks. The mugger opens the billfold and starts browsing.

Over Jerry's shoulder, George, still baffled, leans back and peers into the alleyway conspicuously.

He pauses for a moment and holds an awkward pose.

JERRY

There's like two hundred in there.  
Just take it.

MUGGER

Did I say talk?

While the mugger continues browsing Jerry's wallet, George raises his hands over his head like a robbery victim and starts to slowly baby-step his way over toward Jerry.

Jerry catches sight of George.

JERRY

(attempting to shoo  
George away)

Psst. Go!

The mugger swipes the cash from Jerry's wallet and tosses the wallet to Jerry cockily.

MUGGER

See ya around.

As the mugger turns to leave, he stops short as he comes face-to-face with George.

GEORGE

(superficially nervous)

Yep. You got us!

Without a flinch the mugger jolts past George like he's invisible, exits the alleyway, and disappears down the sidewalk.

JERRY

Just great.

GEORGE

Did you see that? He completely  
ignored me.

JERRY

What was that about?

GEORGE

He saw me. Looked right at me. But  
zip, nada, nothing!

JERRY

Guess he thought you weren't worth it.

GEORGE

Why would he think that?

JERRY

Face it George. You're not exactly, you know... muggable.

GEORGE

Muggable? What do you mean I'm not muggable?

JERRY

You know. Given a random selection of people worth mugging I don't think you'd rank too high on the list.

GEORGE

Jerry. See these shoes?  
(points to his shoes)  
These shoes are brand new.

JERRY

So?

GEORGE

I just bought these two days ago. Their worth fifty bucks at least.

JERRY

There you go. Fifty dollar shoes definitely don't make you muggable.

GEORGE

Says who?

JERRY

I can't believe you're serious. I'm out of money, and now I have to spend all day at the Police Station filing a report. But you're the victim? Incredible.

GEORGE

The point is they're brand new. He's a bum on the street. How does he know?

JERRY

He's a mugger. All day that's all  
he does is know. George, you're  
alot of things, but muggable?  
Muggable, you are not.

INT. ELAINE'S OFFICE - DAY

Darla sits quietly in a chair across from Elaine.

ELAINE (V.O.)

Oh, god. What do I do? Should I pet  
it? No. No, touching is a bad idea.  
Let's avoid the touching.

ELAINE

(overly nice)

Hi!

(to herself)

That was too nice! She's gonna  
sense your weakness. That's it. You  
gave up your power too soon.

Awkward silence. Elaine looks around awkwardly and taps her  
pen on the desk.

ELAINE (V.O.)

Hmmm. Let's see. What do kids like  
to do? I know. Ice cream! I'll take  
her for Ice cream! That way we  
won't have to talk.

ELAINE

(overly nice)

Say, how would you like a nice big  
bowl of ice cream?

DARLA

(shrugs)

Sure.

ELAINE (V.O.)

Hey. That's one-for-one. Maybe this  
won't be so hard after all.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

Steps lead up from the sidewalk to a two story Police  
station. Out front, a Group of Girl Scouts sit behind a  
table selling cookies to scattered customers.

An Officer escorts a criminal out of the building and down the front steps.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Jerry stands at the counter with an officer. Officers and secretaries bounce around the office. It's busy. Behind the counter, one of the secretaries takes a bite of a green and brown cookie.

OFFICER

One last question. You said he was five-foot six, or six-foot five?

JERRY

Six-foot something. He was taller than me.

OFFICER

I think that's everything we need. We've got your report and we'll let you know once we hear something.

JERRY

Thank you, Officer.

The Officer takes Jerry's photo and pins it to a poster board of recent mugging victims. George takes note of the board.

GEORGE

Is that? Are those all the victims in Manhattan?

OFFICER

All so far this month. Hasn't been the busiest of years. For robbery at least. But, hey that's the goal, right?

Officer turns to file Jerry's paperwork but stops short when a Girl Scout steps up with a green and brown box of cookies. She hands the box to the officer.

OFFICER

Shawndra! Back so soon?

GIRL SCOUT

Morning Officer Randley. I thought you might be getting hungry again.

OFFICER

Chocolate-Caramel-Craze? The key to my heart. I'll say, You girls always know how to brighten up my day!

George steps up to the poster-board and inspects it closely. He reaches out and grabs the attention of a passing secretary.

GEORGE

Excuse me. Just a quick question?

SECRETARY

(sigh)

What.

GEORGE

If someone gave you a picture of me, and told you to put it up here... Do you think it would fit?

SECRETARY

Are you asking if you would blend in with the rest?

GEORGE

Exactly!

SECRETARY

Sure!

GEORGE

Really?!

SECRETARY

Oh yeah! We'd just get you some stilts, a wig, and handcuff you to a treadmill for a month or two... You'd fit right in!

The surrounding officers all crack-up in laughter. George hangs his head in shame. He and Jerry walk over to the door, ready to leave.

GEORGE

Come on, Jerry. Obviously nobody here understands the concept of basic manners! You're officers of the law! You can't just go around verbally assaulting the innocent!

INT. MONK'S - DAY

Elaine walks in the door with Darla. She catches the attention of a nearby waitress.

WAITRESS  
Elaine! Back so soon?

ELAINE  
I've got a visitor this time.

WAITRESS  
Oh, I just love kids at that age.  
They're so darn cute!

ELAINE  
Tell me about it. Can we get a cup  
of ice cream?

WAITRESS  
Of course.  
(to Darla)  
Sweetie, which flavor would you  
like?

Darla stands silently.

ELAINE  
She's not big on the whole talking  
thing. Any flavor is fine.

Elaine plops down into the booth. Darla remains standing.  
Elaine shuffles around in the booth anxiously.

ELAINE  
You know, you don't have to stand  
if you don't want.

Darla thinks for a second, then hops into the booth next to Elaine. She slides up nice and close. Elaine pauses, not sure how to react.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Just in front of the Police Station, a long table is packed with dozens of green and brown boxes of cookies. A group of Girl Scouts stand behind the table.

One Girl Scout counts a stack of dollars. Jerry and George exit the Police Station.

JERRY

Well, what did you think she was going to say?

GEORGE

I know, I know.

George reaches in his coat pocket and finds a shiny watch. He pulls it out slowly, surprised.

GEORGE

Aha!

JERRY

What now?

GEORGE

I knew something was off! If he'd of seen the watch! He would've... Things would have been completely different!

JERRY

What a shame. You could've been shoeless, watchless and... still hairless.

The Girl Scouts catch sight of them.

GIRL SCOUT

Hey mister! Free cookie?

JERRY

Not today, girls. I'm not in the mood.

All of the girls at the table simultaneously make a pouting face with poochie-lips aimed right at Jerry.

GIRL SCOUTS

Pleeeaaasssee!

JERRY

(sighs)

Just one and that's it.

One of the girls hands Jerry a sample.

JERRY

(takes a bite of the  
cookie)

Wow! The texture. Soft and flakey,  
bold... yet subtle.

GIRL SCOUT

If you like 'em maybe we'll cut you  
a deal.

JERRY

What do you have in mind?

GIRL SCOUT

Say... four boxes for twenty bucks.

JERRY

Twenty bucks? That's five dollars a  
box! I can get cookies at the store  
for three dollars a box. Brand name  
stuff too.

GIRL SCOUT

What... Oreos? Vanilla Wafers? Does  
it look like we're selling some  
cheap grocery store trash to you?  
This is the good stuff. The best  
ingredients in town. Fresh. And  
there's only one place you'll find  
'em.

JERRY

(takes another bite and  
pauses to contemplate)

Make it five boxes and you've got a  
deal.

Jerry reaches out and gives the Girl Scout a nice firm  
handshake.

GIRL SCOUT

One dollar from each sale goes to  
charity. You know, If your into  
that sort of thing.

JERRY

Of course. I'm a charitable guy.

GIRL SCOUT

You seem cheap.

JERRY

Oh, I'm anything but cheap. Tell her George.

GEORGE

(leans in to whisper)  
I once watched him wrestle baby food from a newborn just because it was his favorite flavor.

GIRL SCOUT

Is that a threat?

JERRY

Come on. Look...  
(pulls out his wallet and flips it open)  
The mugger! No! George. Let me borrow twenty bucks. I'll pay you back tomorrow.

GEORGE

I don't have twenty bucks.

JERRY

You don't have twenty bucks? You're going on all morning about how you're so muggable, and your shoes, and now you're telling me you don't have a measly twenty bucks?

GEORGE

I said I don't have twenty bucks.

JERRY

Sorry girls. Another time, I guess.

GIRL SCOUT

Oh, no. We shook, that means no take-backs.

The girls, standing just a bit closer now with their arms crossed, all nod simultaneously.

GEORGE

She's got a point.

JERRY

Thanks. (To the girls) Look, I've got a show later tonight. I can come back tomorrow to pay.

GIRL SCOUT

Oh, no. You'll pay now. One way...

One of the girls steps forward with a club held horizontally in her hand, smacking it up and down. Looking extra mean. Three of the Girl-Scouts surround George and Jerry.

GIRL SCOUT

...or another.

END ACT

ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Jerry and George stand face-to-face with a mob of angry Girl Scouts. The lead Scout eyes Jerry with a razor-sharp glare.

JERRY

Wait! We can make a deal.

GIRL SCOUT

(aggressively) Girls!

The girls grab Jerry and George and hold them in a threatening pose. An Officer walks up casually, grabs a cookie from the table and takes a bite.

OFFICER

You girls having any trouble?

The Girl Scout cocks her head at Jerry. Jerry shakes his head no in return.

JERRY

No trouble.

GIRL SCOUT

(in a sweet voice)

Thank you Officer.

The Officer nods his head and continues on into the Police Station.

OFFICER

Always here to help.

(to himself)

Just so darn cute.

JERRY

(anxiously)

Alright. This afternoon, twenty cash. But forget about repeat business.

The Girl Scout grabs Jerry's wallet from his hands, opens it up and investigates. She pulls out his driver's license.

GIRL SCOUT

You're not leaving until we get collateral.

Jerry looks at George desperately.

GEORGE  
(unsure of Jerry's  
intention)

What?

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY (2 MINUTES LATER)

The Girl Scout polishes George's watch as Jerry and George make off quickly down the street, arms packed with boxes of cookies.

INT. MONK'S - DAY

Darla sits extra close to Elaine. Her face covered in strawberry ice-cream. Elaine holds her own cup of ice cream.

ELAINE  
Well that wasn't nice of her! She actually said that about you?

DARLA  
(nods)  
And she still wanted to play with my animals.

Elaine swipes the last bit of ice cream from her cup and shoves it in her mouth.

ELAINE  
Well, I hope you told her off. Anyone who treats you like that isn't a real friend anyway.

Elaine looks down at Darla for a moment.

ELAINE (V.O.)  
(to herself)  
I can't believe we're actually getting along. Maybe I'm not so bad at this kid thing after all.

Elaine tosses her empty ice cream cup on the table.

ELAINE  
So, what now?

DARLA  
(shrugs)  
Some friends of mine asked me to help them with a school project today. You could drive us?

ELAINE

(relieved)

Of course! Now driving I can do. As long as I don't have to, you know... figure stuff out.

DARLA

Thanks Auntie Elaine. You're the best.

Elaine's jaw drops in shock.

EXT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A normal day outside. A bicyclist passes a few pedestrians on the sidewalk.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

George slams the boxes of cookies on Jerry's counter.

GEORGE

I've seen a lot in my day. But I've never seen anything like that!

JERRY

Girl Scouts. They used to be so cute and loveable. I guess these days everyone's just out to make a dollar.

GEORGE

Did you see the way she was staring at me? She was taunting me like a bull. Like a bull, Jerry!

JERRY

A bull, huh? Did she notice your horns or the fact that you have steam coming from your ears?

GEORGE

(takes a bite of a cookie)

My God. These are delicious!

JERRY

And the bull has been tamed.

GEORGE

So, how are you going to pay?

JERRY

George. Can I borrow the money?  
I've got a show tonight. I'll make  
it up to you...

GEORGE

(tosses the cookie down  
and brushes off his  
hands)

Well. First you insult my  
muggability, you poke fun at my  
shoes, you almost get me into a  
royal rumble with a pack of  
psychotic Girl Scouts. And now you  
want to borrow money?

JERRY

You know I'm good for it. When have  
I borrowed money from you like this  
before?

George grabs his coat and heads to the door.

GEORGE

When I get back I want to see a  
full contract. Right here.

(Points to an empty spot  
on the wall)

Framed! From this day forth every  
man, woman, or child who steps foot  
in this house shall know... Jerry  
Seinfeld borrowed money from George  
Costanza!

George jolts out of the room and slams the door behind him.

INT. J PETERMAN'S WORK VEHICLE - DAY

The interior has a closed design that separates the drivers  
area from the cargo area in the rear.

Only a small sliding window allows sight from the rear to  
the front areas. Darla sits in the middle seat next to  
Elaine.

Elaine pulls up to the curb.

DARLA

I don't know how to thank you. You  
really are the best.

ELAINE

You don't have to. Who would have  
thought this would be so much fun!

Darla hops out and opens the side door. Thumps in the back.  
The sliding window opens and Darla's face peeks through.

DARLA

We're all set!

Darla reaches through and hands Elaine an address written on  
a small piece of paper.

DARLA

Can we pick up a friend?

ELAINE

(shrugs)

Okay. Well, just let me know if you  
girls need anything.

Elaine clicks the vehicle's shifter into drive.

ELAINE

Just adorable.

EXT. BANK - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

Customers enter and exit a rotating glass door at the bottom  
of a tall building.

INT. BANK - DAY

George stands in line at the bank. The attendant calls him  
forward. George steps up and hands her his I.D.

GEORGE

Withdrawl. Forty please.

ATTENDANT

(grabs his I.D.) Up to anything  
special today?

GEORGE

Just helping a friend out of a  
little trouble.

ATTENDANT

That's nice.

GEORGE

What are friends for, right?

ATTENDANT

(counting George's money  
onto the table)

You know, that's really admirable.  
If only more people were kind to  
each other the world would be such  
a better place.

GEORGE

I have a kind of a mantra I like to  
live by: "The splash of the  
smallest pebble can cause a tidal  
wave on the other side of the  
world."

ATTENDANT

That's beautiful. Is it true?

GEORGE

True enough.

ATTENDANT

I hope your friend the best. He's  
lucky to have you.

A man steps up from directly behind George and  
inconspicuously points a gun at the attendant.

ROBBER

Alright, lady. Clean out that  
drawer, and then everything in the  
safe.

George raises his hands.

INT. JERRY'S APARMENT - DAY

Jerry slouches on the couch alone watching T.V. He finishes  
one box of cookies, tosses it aside, and opens up another.  
He is surrounded by empty boxes.

INT. J PETERMAN'S WORK VEHICLE - DAY

Elaine pulls up to a curb and stops.

ELAINE

Well, here we are.

Darla slides the divider window open and peeks through.

DARLA

Back in a sec.

Elaine waits in the van with the passenger door open. She looks around, bored, starts tapping the steering wheel.

ELAINE (V.O.)

Why does this place seem so familiar? Eh, every building in this city looks the same.

INT. BANK - DAY

George stands in a line of victims, all with their hands in the air. The robber walks back and forth in front of the line with his gun out.

ROBBER

I'm gonna make this quick, so pay attention. I want everyone's wallets in their left hand. When I walk by, drop 'em in nice and slow.

Mild chatter. George grabs his wallet and holds it up compliantly, showing a mild smirk of satisfaction.

The robber continues down the line collecting the wallets of the customers one-by-one.

GEORGE

(turns to an old lady next to him)

Can you believe we're getting mugged? Who would've thought?

The lady shakes her head in confusion and looks away. The robber steps up and extends the bag. She throws in her money-fold.

OLD LADY

I have two coupons for five dollar-off cat-food. I expect you'll be using those.

The robber passes the lady and moves on to George. George stands tall and proud preparing his wallet-hand.

This is his glorious moment.

The robber walks directly past George without skipping a beat and on to the next customer.

The next customer tosses his wallet in the bag and the robber continues. George stares blankly in utter shock.

After a second of contemplation, George steps forward toward the mugger.

GEORGE  
(hesitantly)  
Sir?

The robber looks in the bag, then back up. He completely ignores George.

ROBBER  
Well, I guess that about wraps it  
up.

George slams his wallet on the ground furiously.

GEORGE  
Excuse me!

The old lady whacks George with her cane. George grabs his leg.

GEORGE  
(in pain)  
Ah!

OLD LADY  
Don't be a hero.

ROBBER  
Well, I thank you for your time...  
And I bid you all farewell.

The robber turns and exits the front door.

A couple standing on the side of George watches the situation intently. The man leans over to his wife.

MAN  
Not everyday you see something like  
that.

WIFE  
Can you believe it? That poor bald  
man. Shoes that cheap belong in a  
homeless shelter.

INT. J PETERMAN WORK VEHICLE - DAY

The van's sliding door grinds open and a loud thud followed by thumping noises come from the back.

Darla jumps in the cab and slams the door.

DARLA  
(screaming)  
Go, go, go!

ELAINE  
Huh?

DARLA  
I said move it!

Darla reaches down and slams on Elaine's foot, smashing the gas pedal underneath.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Surrounded by empty cookie boxes, Jerry looks at the clock.

JERRY  
(thinking to himself)  
What's taking him so long? I hope he didn't fall into a gutter somewhere and die. What is technically considered a gutter anyway? Do I even know what a gutter looks like? Come to think of it, I'm not sure I've ever actually seen one. I know I've seen sewers. Maybe he fell into a sewer. Like the Ninja Turtles! Of course! He fell into the sewer and was abducted by Ninja Turtles!

An aggressive sounding knock on the door snaps Jerry out of his daydream. Jerry cracks the door open slightly.

The Girl Scouts stand in the hallway. They hold Kramer in an awkwardly submissive pose by the collar of his shirt.

KRAMER  
They made me let them in, Jerry.  
They made me!

Jerry backs up into the apartment -- The girls push in.

GIRL SCOUT  
You're two hours late.

The Girl-Scout takes a look around the apartment at the empty boxes of cookies scattered around the floor. She picks up an empty box and inspects it.

GIRL SCOUT  
Working real hard to get our money,  
I see.

JERRY  
George is on his way with the  
money. He'll be back any minute!

GIRL SCOUT TWO  
He's lyin'.

GIRL SCOUT  
What do we do to liars?

Girl Scout Two knocks over Jerry's night stand.

JERRY  
Wait. Kramer! You've got twenty  
bucks I can borrow, right?

KRAMER  
All this over twenty bucks? Sure,  
just let me go...

Kramer motions to leave but the girls jolt him back into  
submission and hold him in place.

GIRL SCOUT  
Twenty was the original amount.  
Every hour you're late the price  
doubles.

JERRY  
What!

GIRL SCOUT  
You're up to sixty. And the clocks  
tickin'.

KRAMER  
Can't help you there.

JERRY  
Sixty bucks for some cookies? Look,  
this whole thing is getting out of  
hand.

Girl Scout Two grabs Kramer's thumb and twists. Kramer  
flails like a maniac as he falls to his knees.

KRAMER  
Jerry! Don't let them hurt me!

Girl Scout Two tapes Kramer's mouth shut and tapes his arms behind his back.

GIRL SCOUT

Cookie Kingdom parking lot. Nine O'clock. Alone. Bring the full sixty and an extra hundred for service fees. And If you try anything funny. Well, I guess it's bye bye for sissy boy.

KRAMER

(muffled)

I heard that!

The Girl Scouts slam the door behind them.

EXT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Girls toss Kramer into a brown van with dark tinted windows, slam the door, and peel out down the street leaving a puff of black smoke.

END ACT

TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jerry paces back and forth as he talks on the phone.

JERRY

That's right, Officer. Girl Scouts.

Mumbling buzzes from the phone.

JERRY

Not a prank! They left ten minutes ago. They were selling cookies and--

AT THE POLICE STATION

Officer Randley Sits with other officers around the front counter. They munch on cookies; surrounded by empty boxes.

OFFICER RANDLEY

(into the phone)

Let me get this straight. These Girl Scouts who kidnapped your friend. Were they ten-year-olds? Or twelve-year-olds?

Laughter erupts in the Police Station.

AT JERRY'S

JERRY

(hangs up)

Oh, what's the point.

George enters slowly, defeated.

GEORGE

What happened to the door?

JERRY

They broke the door too? Just great. Those Girl Scouts turned out to be something straight out of a nightmare. They come in here trying to harass me. They took Kramer.

GEORGE

Kramer?

JERRY

And the whole thing sounds so ridiculous the Police won't even take it seriously!

GEORGE

Why'd they take Kramer?

JERRY

I don't know... collateral. They want me to meet them at some parking lot at midnight or they... Well, who even knows.

GEORGE

I knew it! I knew those Girl Scouts were bad news! It was the eyes, Jerry. The eyes never lie!

JERRY

Yeah, yeah. What took you so long?

GEORGE

Nothing.

JERRY

You were gone for four hours!

GEORGE

(visibly anxious)

I said don't worry about it.

JERRY

(tosses his hands in the air)

Fine!

Breif pause.

GEORGE

I've got it.

JERRY

What?

GEORGE

One word -- "Boy Scouts."

JERRY

That's two words.

GEORGE

Think about it. What's a Girl Scout's natural enemy?

JERRY

(nods as he contemplates the idea)

A Boy Scout.

GEORGE

That's right. Those Police don't give two yanks. They've been munching on those Girl Scout cookies all day! But the Boy Scouts. They've got something to gain!

JERRY

What's that?

GEORGE

Increased Profit! Street cred! I don't know how Boy Scouts work, but there's gotta be somethin'!

JERRY

I'm just gonna pay.

GEORGE

Jerry!

JERRY

What if they hurt Kramer? This things gotten too far out of hand already.

GEORGE

You're gonna let some two-bit Girl Scouts push you around? How can you even stand here with a straight face and call yourself a man?

Jerry grabs his coat, puts his hand on the doorknob.

JERRY

Alright. But if anything happens to Kramer, It's on you.

GEORGE

Jerry. It's me. You're talking to George here!

JERRY

Exactly.

EXT. POLICE STATION - ACROSS THE STREET - DAY

A group of Boy Scouts stand behind a long table jam packed with boxes of overstocked cookies stacked absurdly high. No customers in sight.

In the far-off distance, the Girl Scouts continue to sell their cookies in front of the Police Station. Jerry and George step up.

JERRY

There's no way this is going to work.

GEORGE

Patience. Watch the master and learn.

They step up to table.

GEORGE

(stretches out his arms  
on the table)

Carnival-Crunch? Fudge-Fantasy?  
You've got some good stuff...

BOY SCOUT

Who's lookin'?

GEORGE

(shrugs)

Oh, you know. Could just be another customer, perusing around. Could be the Mayor of New York.

BOY SCOUT

The Mayor of New York has hair.  
I've seen him on T.V.

GEORGE

Let's not sweat the details. Say, is it just me or... is business a little light these days?

BOY SCOUT

Was better before those Girl Scouts moved in.

George glances over at the Girl Scout's table across the street. The line wraps around the building.

BOY SCOUT

It's like they've got some magic trick to get people to buy their stuff.

JERRY

Yeah. It's called assault and battery.

GEORGE

You know. My associate and I...

Jerry shakes his head at George's ridiculous charade.

GEORGE

...we have an friend who works up at Cookie Kingdom. They've got a batch of brand new stuff coming out this week. Never tasted by a human tongue. Civilian that is. If you guys had these bad-boys, you could put those measly Girl Scouts out of business by next week.

BOY SCOUT

Really?

GEORGE

We would need some cooperation on your part, of course.

BOY SCOUT

What kind of Cooperation?

George leans in and whispers an inaudible sentence.

BOY SCOUT

(jolts back in terror)  
I'm not doing that! It's illegal!

A passing lady stops and scowls at George.

GEORGE

Look, kid. You want to sell some cookies, or you want to be remembered as the little Boy Scout who couldn't!

Boy Scout leans back and thinks for a second.

BOY SCOUT

How do we know you'll come through?

GEORGE

Tell him Jerry. There's nothing on this earth as rock solid as the honor and intergrity of George Costanza!

George looks at Jerry and then back at the Boy-Scout.

JERRY

(whisper)

I dont't think he's buying it.

George thinks for a second. He raises his right hand and gives the Boy Scout hand-sign.

GEORGE

Scouts Honor.

EXT. COOKIE KINGDOM PARKING LOT - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

A street light shines alone in a dark parking lot in an industrial part of town. Just behind, an un-lit three story factory building with a sign reads: "Cookie Kingdom."

Adjacent industrial buildings of different heights surround the lot. George and Jerry scope out the parking lot from George's car just down the street.

IN THE CAR

The windows are fogged up. George holds a walkie talkie.

JERRY

Look at us. We're out here in the dark. Staking out criminals. In this part of town? Just what if this whole thing goes belly-up?

GEORGE

I'm not the one who decided to get cookies from some nut-job gang of whatever their called... Wolf Scouts. If it was up to me we would have just walked right past and on with our day. But, No... Jerry falls for the old cookie trap!

JERRY

They stand out there looking all cute and make you feel guilty if you just walk past. They know what they're doing. It's an evil scheme, I tell ya. Evil.

GEORGE

Well, you could at least show a little appreciation. I go out of my way to give up my watch and stand two hours through a bank robbery just to help you out. Just a simple "thank you" would be nice.

JERRY

Bank robbery? George, did you get robbed while you were at the bank?

GEORGE

(ashamed)

Yes.

JERRY

That's great! See. I was wrong. You're not so un-muggable after all!

GEORGE

(under his breath)

They passed me up.

JERRY

What?

GEORGE

(raging)

They passed me up, okay! I had my wallet out and ready to go. All I had to do was throw it in and they walked right passed me like didn't exist! That's twice!

Jerry holds an awkward pause.

JERRY

Just think of it as a super power. But... practical.

The Girl Scout van zooms past George's car and swerves into the parking lot. Jerry swipes a crescent into the foggy windshield and peeks through.

## IN THE VAN

Kramer kicks and flails like a mental patient. A tiny hand reaches in and rips the tape from his mouth.

GIRL SCOUT

For such a big guy your kind of a wuss.

KRAMER

(exasperated)

Hey, don't I get a phone call?

GIRL SCOUT

Just keep quiet and don't try anything funny. If your friend is smart this will all be over soon.

She places the tape back over Kramer's mouth.

KRAMER

(muffled)

Mmmmmph. Mppph.

## IN THE CAR

JERRY

Lets go over this one more time.  
What do I do?

GEORGE

You hand them the money. Once you get Kramer and the watch -- very important, don't forget the watch -- then you give the signal.

JERRY

And you release the hounds.

GEORGE

Easier than buying cookies from a Girl Scout.

Jerry stares at George.

GEORGE

That was a...

JERRY

Oh, I get it.

Jerry cracks open the door and hops out.

INT. J PETERMAN WORK VEHICLE - NIGHT

The vehicle sits in a dark parking lot...

ELAINE

Where are we again?

DARLA

Don't worry. This is the last stop,  
I promise. Thanks for your help  
today. You're the best Auntie in  
the whole world.

Darla hands Elaine a box of cookies.

DARLA

Cookie?

EXT. COOKIE KINGDOM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The passenger door of the van is propped open. Three Girl Scouts stand watch outside. Ready to fight.

One of the girls taps the other and points to Jerry as he steps up hesitantly.

GIRL SCOUT

I thought for sure you were gonna  
chicken out.

JERRY

Where's Kramer?

GIRL SCOUT

(to the other girls)

Girls.

One of the girls grabs the door handle and yanks it. The door slides open and Kramer tumbles out of the van head over heels and lands sitting upright on the pavement.

He looks up at Jerry, his mouth still taped.

KRAMER

(muffled whine)

GIRL SCOUT

The money?

Jerry steps forward and hands her an envelope. The Girl Scout tosses the envelope to one of the other girls.

GIRL SCOUT  
 Make sure he's not light. This guys  
 a real cheapskate.

The Girl Scout reaches into her vest and grabs Jerry's I.D. Card and George's watch. She hands both over to Jerry.

IN GEORGE'S CAR

George wipes the fog from the windshield, trying to get a good view. He holds a walkie-talkie in one hand.

GEORGE  
 (into the walkie-talkie)  
 Testing. Are we clear for launch? I  
 repeat, are we clear for launch?

EXT. ADJACENT BUILDING - NIGHT (ESTABLISHING)

The boy scouts are hunched-up in the third floor of an abandoned warehouse office room.

IN THE ROOM

On the floor sits a bucket full of water balloons. Empty balloons scattered on the floor.

Two of the Boy Scouts push and pull at each other over who gets to use the walkie talkie.

BOY SCOUT ONE  
 Let go!

BOY SCOUT TWO  
 You let go!

BOY SCOUT ONE  
 I said drop it!

BACK IN THE PARKING LOT

Jerry stands uncomfortably in front of the girls as they finish counting the money.

GIRL SCOUT  
 All here.  
 (points to Kramer)  
 Let him go.

Jerry smiles awkwardly.

JERRY (V.O.)  
This is going so well. I've gotta  
call it off!

IN GEORGE'S CAR

George wipes the glass again to get a good view. He peeks through a small clear spot on the windshield and sees a blurry image of Jerry gesturing a cut-throat motion.

GEORGE  
The signal!

George fumbles with the walkie-talkie until he gets a clear reception.

GEORGE  
(into the walkie talkie)  
Commence with Operation Cookie  
Crumble. I repeat commence with  
Operation...

IN THE ABANDONED ROOM

The Boy Scouts continue their pushing and pulling, more aggressively now.

BOY SCOUT ONE  
Stop!

One pushes the other violently and the walkie talkie flies out of the Boy Scout's hand and crashes through a window.

BACK IN THE PARKING LOT

Jerry stands in front of the girls. Kramer still on the ground. The Girl Scouts attempt to un-tie Kramer.

The walkie talkie crashes through the window and lands on the pavement next to the girls. Over the walkie talkie, George's voice.

GEORGE  
(over walkie talkie)  
Commence with Operation Cookie  
Crumble!

The girls' eyes dart to Jerry who is signalling to George a cut-throat motion. They look up at the building and see the Boy Scouts standing in the window.

GIRL SCOUT  
(to the other Girl  
Scouts)

Abort!

The girls grab Kramer and pull him back into the van. Jerry grabs on to the envelope of money and fights the Girl Scout for it in a tug-of-war.

JERRY  
It's mine!

Water balloons splash onto the concrete from the Boy Scouts above.

INT. J PETERMAN WORK VEHICLE - NIGHT

Darla jumps into the vehicle and slams the door. Thumps.

DARLA  
(screams)  
Go!

ELAINE  
Alright, kid. I've about had it  
with you're...

DARLA  
Now!

Darla reaches over and slams on the gas and the vehicle takes off. A loud thump.

IN THE BACK OF THE VAN

Kramer kicks the rear door a few times until it flings open.

OUTSIDE

The Girl Scout kicks Jerry in the shin as she holds onto the envelope. Jerry falls backward onto the ground.

The Girl Scout hops into the van as it peels out. She slams the door closed. The back door swings open and Kramer tumbles out onto the concrete.

AT GEORGE'S CAR

George squirms as he tries to get a clear view through the foggy window.

GEORGE

Come on!

A klinking tap on the driver's window send chills through George's spine.

Outside the car, a man stands with a gun pointed straight at George. The door opens.

ROBBER

Let's go, baldy. Move.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Jerry helps Kramer up. He rips the tape from his mouth.

KRAMER

They got me. They got me bad!

Jerry tries to help Kramer, but he can't move. His leg is hurt. He tries to hop up but stumbles back to the ground.

INT. J PETERMAN WORK VEHICLE - NIGHT

Darla reaches over and grabs the steering wheel and yanks it to the side causing the vehicle to turn.

She presses on Elaine's knee which causes the vehicle to come to a screeching stop. The sliding door rumbles open.

IN THE PARKING LOT

The Girl Scout van squeels as it makes a sharp turn and heads back toward Jerry and Kramer.

KRAMER

Save yourself!

JERRY

Don't be ridiculous.

Jerry waves at George to drive the car and pick them up.

AT THE CAR

George looks at Jerry and Kramer through the window. He looks up at the robber.

ROBBER

Are you, deaf? I said move it!

George slowly places his hand on the shifter.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Jerry and Kramer continue waving at George.

JERRY

Come on!

KRAMER

George! Come on!

BACK IN THE CAR

You can see the dilemma on George's face.

GEORGE

(sighs)

He pulls his hand slowly away from the shifter, lifts his arms, and turns to the robber.

GEORGE

You got me.

IN THE PARKING LOT

The Girl Scout van screeches to a stop directly in front of Jerry and Kramer who are trying to hobble away helplessly.

The van's sliding-door opens. Elaine and Jerry spot each other through the passenger window.

JERRY

Elaine?

ELAINE

Jerry?

SLOW MOTION

From the darkness of the van's interior emerges a firing squad of tiny hands, each with a different color rubber band stretched tightly from index finger to thumb, in the shape of a gun.

Jerry and Kramer are caught mid-flinch as the tiny hands fire simultaneously, peppering them with a barrage of multi-colored rubber bands.

THE END