

Seinfeld, The Movie

an original screenplay
by Mark Gavagan

based on the "Seinfeld" television series
by Larry David and Jerry Seinfeld

contact: Cole House Productions

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT -- DAY

JERRY speaks into the intercom and holds the buzzer.

JERRY

C'mon up.

JERRY unlocks the door, opens the refrigerator and stares into it blankly.

As JERRY closes the refrigerator, the bathroom door opens and GEORGE walks out.

GEORGE

You know something? Your towels are exceptionally soft and fluffy.

JERRY

You know something else? I don't think most men have these discussions.

Front door opens and ELAINE walks in aristocratically. She's carrying an expensive shopping bag in one hand and a coat draped over her shoulder in the other.

JERRY (CONT'D)

What's with you?

ELAINE struts silently for a beat on a path between JERRY and GEORGE.

ELAINE

I-

ELAINE simultaneously tosses her shopping bag to GEORGE and her coat to JERRY as if they're her servants.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Have found-

GEORGE and JERRY give one another a look as ELAINE flops into the armchair. With cool confidence she puts her feet up on the coffee table and her hands behind her head.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

The *one*.

GEORGE

The *one*?

JERRY

Really?

GEORGE

What *one*?

ELAINE jumps up, unable to contain herself.

ELAINE

The one. The guy. Ugh. He's amazing. He's handsome, he's sophisticated, friendly.

JERRY

But...

ELAINE

(tongue-in-cheek)
That's good too.

GEORGE enjoys this.

JERRY

Oh stop it. Let's not be juvenile. This Mr. Wonderful is all of these things *except*...

ELAINE

Except nothing. I've finally found him - the breed standard.

JERRY hangs ELAINE's coat as he absentmindedly locks the front door.

GEORGE

Does he live at home?

ELAINE

Owens a co-op.

GEORGE

Upper East Side?

ELAINE

Lincoln Center.

JERRY

Studio?

ELAINE

Two bedroom.

GEORGE

Hair?

ELAINE

Thick and lustrous. Like the mane of a thoroughbred.

JERRY

When have you ever seen a thoroughbred?

ELAINE

I've seen 'em.

GEORGE

How do you know what you saw was specifically a thoroughbred?

ELAINE

Well it wasn't a tall dog. I think I'd know.

JERRY

Orientation?

ELAINE

Heterosexual. I've been down the other road before and it didn't turn out well.

JERRY

I should say not.

GEORGE

No, it didn't go well.

Beat of awkward silence.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

What about occupation?

ELAINE

Ladies and gentlemen, we have our grand prize winner!

Beat.

JERRY

No way.

ELAINE

Yes indeed sir.

GEORGE

What?

JERRY

You know... Elaine's idea of a man's perfect occupation.

GEORGE

An architect?

ELAINE

No. Not an architect you boob. He's a doctor. An M.D. An actual real life, legitimate, board-certified practicing physician.

JERRY

What do they call it "practicing"?

GEORGE

I've never understood that.

JERRY
For the money they charge-

ELAINE
(aggravated)
Alright!

ELAINE grabs her coat and shopping bag.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
Forget it!

ELAINE tries to open the front door but it wont move. She begins to yank furiously.

JERRY
You've got to turn the-

ELAINE gives JERRY a harsh look.

ELAINE
I think I can figure out how to open
the stupid door.

ELAINE faces the door and gathers herself as GEORGE and JERRY share a look acknowledging the opportunity for a wisecrack but knowing not to say anything.

ELAINE calmly turns the knob, opens the door, and looks back.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
I ought to have my head examined for
even mentioning this to you two,
especially when you have such
important matters of the universe to
contemplate like cereal and the thread-
count in Superman's cape.

She walks out and slams the door shut.

Beat.

GEORGE
It's gotta be over 400 threads per
square inch.

JERRY
But the *fabric* is what's important.

GEORGE
I disagree-