

SEINFELD

"PLUMBERS"

ACT ONE

A

FADE IN:

INT. DINER - DAY

JERRY AND ELAINE SIT AT A TABLE DRINKING COFFEE.

ELAINE

I ought to write a book on dating,
Jerry. I've just got too many moves
to waste on only me.

JERRY

Let's see, you're 36 and never married.
Yeah, I don't see how the gals could
resist *your* advice.

ELAINE

Just listen. So I'm walking out of
Bloomingdale's with bags up to my
eyeballs, and I almost trip over the
cutest guy I've seen in a month.

JERRY

And your brilliant move was...?

ELAINE

(PROUD)

I tripped.

JERRY

Genius.

ELAINE

On purpose, Jerry, and the guy had no choice but to help me pick up my packages. Then he carried them six blocks back to my apartment, and he wasn't even breathing hard.

JERRY

But you were.

ELAINE

I couldn't help myself. He's an adonis.
ELAINE HOLDS HER HAND A FOOT ABOVE HER BICEP.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

Muscles, Jerry.

JERRY

I've heard of 'em.

ELAINE

And we're going out tonight right after work.

JERRY

What, pray tell, does Atlas do for a living?

ELAINE

Roger is a plumber.

JERRY

(CONDESCENDING)

Oh, works with his hands, does he?

ELAINE

With his huge, *muscular* hands. You got a problem with that, Jokeboy?

JERRY

Actually, I met a girl last night myself, and compared to her, *you're* kind of muscular.

ELAINE

What's that supposed to mean?

JERRY

Oh nothing, Jokeboy was just pointing out how muscles can be a two way street.

ELAINE

Are you saying I'm butch or something?

JERRY

You're no delicate flower.

ELAINE

I am so a flower.

JERRY

A shrub, maybe, but not a flower.

ELAINE SULKS FOR A MOMENT. SHE OPENS HER MOUTH TO RETORT, BUT JERRY SHAKES HIS FINGER.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Don't match wits with Jokeboy. He eats hecklers like you for breakfast.

CUT TO:

B

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY - NIGHT

JERRY AND GEORGE WALK OFF THE ELEVATOR TOWARD JERRY'S DOOR.

JERRY

Just wait 'til you meet her, George.

She may be the one.

GEORGE

Really, what's so special about her?

THEY STOP.

JERRY

What's so special? I'll tell you what's so special, she's dainty.

GEORGE

Dainty? Really? I've always wanted to date a dainty woman, but I always end up with a lot closer to burly.

THEY WALK AGAIN.

JERRY

You know why that is, don't you? It's because the dainty are never on the market. They don't make enough of them.

GEORGE

Then how'd you get one?

JERRY

Comedic timing.

GEORGE

You made her laugh?

JERRY

No, her boyfriend broke up with her at
a comedy club I was working.

(BEAT)

Then Jokeboy slid in to pick up the
pieces.

GEORGE

Jokeboy?

JERRY

I picked it up from Elaine. No good?

GEORGE

It's not worthy of you. You should
call yourself Rodman.

JERRY SHRUGS.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You know, like Dennis Rodman, the king
of the rebound.

JERRY

I can see that.

THEY REACH JERRY'S DOOR WHERE KRAMER, IN FULL
WELDER'S GEAR INCLUDING MASK, IS TORCHING JERRY'S
DOORKNOB.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Kramer, what are you doing?

KRAMER

Your doorknob was loose, so I'm soldering it for you.

JERRY

How did my doorknob get loose?

KRAMER

I banged on it with a hammer.

JERRY SHAKES HIS HEAD.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

I had to, Jerry. You know I need the practice.

GEORGE

Practice for what?

JERRY

He's taking a correspondence welding course.

GEORGE

What for?

KRAMER

Self-improvement, buddy, you ought to look into it.

GEORGE

Okay, you keep up the good work.

GEORGE WALKS PAST JERRY AND INTO THE APARTMENT.

JERRY

Why don't you practice on your own doorknob?

KRAMER

'Cause I busted it into a million
pieces.

JERRY

Go home.

KRAMER

But...

JERRY

(POINTING)

Home!

KRAMER

Yeah, alright.

KRAMER STANDS UP, TRIPS OVER HIS TOOLBOX, TRUDGES
TO HIS OWN DOOR, THEN FLASHES A SAD EXPRESSION.

KRAMER (CONT'D)

Can I work on it after you're gone?

JERRY

Alright.

KRAMER

Bingo.

CUT TO:

C

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

JERRY ENTERS. GEORGE COMES IN FROM THE BATHROOM DRYING HIS HANDS.

GEORGE

What's that smell?

JERRY

The sink's backed up, I've got a call into the super.

GEORGE TAKES A BIG WHIFF.

GEORGE

What's in there, broccoli?

JERRY

Hey, you want to order a pizza or something?

GEORGE

I can't. I've got a *big* dinner tonight.

GEORGE THROWS HIS HANDS IN THE AIR IN MOCK IMPORTANCE.

JERRY

A date?

GEORGE

I'm escorting Mr. Wilhelm to an interleague dinner. I mean, I give them eight hours a day; you'd think that'd be enough.

JERRY

But isn't that really like two hours,
not including naps?

GEORGE

Eight quality hours.

JERRY

And now they're making you eat dinner,
those slave drivers.

GEORGE

It's the principle, Jerry. Next it'll
be working breakfasts, midnight snacks,
and before you know it, we'll be
vacationing together.

JERRY

So I take it there are no women at
these dinners.

GEORGE

Never.

SFX: KNOCK AT DOOR.

JERRY OPENS THE DOOR TO FIND MR. BONILLI, A FIFTYISH
MAN IN A CHEAP SUIT.

JERRY

Mr. Bonilli, what are you doing here?
You're not raising the rent again are
you?

MR. BONILLI

Don't be silly, Jerry. The state won't let me raise it again after only three months. I'm here about your sink.

JERRY

You're going to fix it?

MR. BONILLI

There you go again. I'm surprised you haven't made it bigger as a comedian. No, I'm here to see if it's not so bad that it can't wait until Jesus gets back from vacation.

JERRY

When's he get back?

MR. BONILLI

Just three more weeks.

JERRY

I'm calling a plumber.

MR. BONILLI

No, Jerry, a plumber is so...

JERRY

Appropriate?

MR. BONILLI

Expensive. Don't worry, I'll find someone. It'll be fixed by tomorrow.

JERRY

You're not sending Knuckles, are you?

GEORGE

Who's Knuckles?

JERRY

The goon he sends around if we're late
with the rent.

MR. BONILLI

No Jerry. I'll get someone who knows
what he's doing. Goodbye.

MR. BONILLI EXITS.

CUT TO:

D

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT BUILDING, HALLWAY -
CONTINUOUS

MR. BONILLI EXITS JERRY'S APARTMENT JUST AS KRAMER
ENTERS THE HALL WITH HIS TOOLBOX.

UPON SEEING MR. BONILLI, KRAMER DOES AN IMMEDIATE
ABOUT FACE.

KRAMER

Oops, wrong number.

MR. BONILLI

Mr. Kramer.

KRAMER

(PANICKED)

Don't send Knuckles. I'll have your
rent money in the morning, I swear.

MR. BONILLI

No, Mr. Kramer, your rent is current.

KRAMER

(COMPOSING HIMSELF)

Oh, that's right.

MR. BONILLI

Mr. Kramer, I couldn't help noticing
your handsome toolbox. Are you handy
with those tools?

KRAMER SMILES.

CUT TO:

E

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

GEORGE SITS AT THE DINNER TABLE, BORED AND CLINKING HIS KNIFE AGAINST HIS WATER GLASS. HE LOOKS UP AT AN OLD MAN SLEEPING IN HIS CHAIR.

OUT OF NOWHERE, GLORIA, A STUNNING YOUNG WOMAN IN A BLACK DRESS SITS DOWN NEXT TO GEORGE.

GLORIA

Hi, I'm Gloria Clay, the new assistant to the traveling secretary for the Mets. How do you do?

GEORGE

I do well, Gloria, very well.

CUT TO:

F

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

AT THE BAR OUTSIDE THE MAIN SHOWROOM, JERRY APPROACHES ELAINE, SARAH, AND ROGER.

SARAH

Oh Jerry, you were so funny tonight.

JERRY

I thought I heard you tittering.

Titter, titter, titter.

SARAH

Oh you.

SARAH GIVES JERRY THE WORLD'S SOFTEST TAP ON THE ARM.

JERRY

Don't hurt me now.

ELAINE STARTS RUBBING ROGER'S BULGING MUSCLES.

ROGER

Hey, why don't we all go out for coffee somewhere?

JERRY

Sarah doesn't does drink coffee at night. It wreaks havoc on her delicate little system.

SARAH TITTERS.

ELAINE

Has her system ever heard of decaf?

ROGER

I know, why don't we go out for a
nightcap instead?

ELAINE

You don't need to get *me* drunk. I'm
no delicate flower.

JERRY

Let's just go back to my place. I've
got coffee and brandy.

SARAH

That sounds lovely, Jerry.

ELAINE

(MOCKING)

Lovely.

CUT TO:

G

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JERRY, ELAINE, SARAH, AND ROGER ENTER.

ELAINE

What's that smell?

JERRY

My sink's backed up. It was supposed
to be fixed by now.

KRAMER POPS UP FROM UNDER THE SINK.

KRAMER

Hey, Buddy.

JERRY

Hey yourself. What are you doing here?

KRAMER

What's it look like? I'm fixing your
sink. Mr. Bonilli hired me as the
temporary super.

JERRY

But you can't change a light bulb
without getting shocked.

KRAMER

It's a challenge alright, but I'm up
for it.

KRAMER STARTS CLANGING ON JERRY'S PIPES WITH A
WRENCH.

ELAINE WALKS TO THE REFRIGERATOR AND SLIPS ON THE
FLOOR.

ELAINE

Whoa, this floor is covered in water.

KRAMER

Oh yeah, Jerry's got strong water pressure. Too strong, if you ask me.

JERRY

That's it, I'm calling a plumber.

ELAINE

Jerry, you've got a plumber right here.

ELAINE POINTS TO ROGER.

ROGER

Oh, I'm not a plumber.

ELAINE

Very funny.

ROGER

No, seriously. I do work at Ace Rooter, but I'm the receptionist.

ELAINE

The receptionist?

ROGER

That's right. I answer phones, make coffee... just let me know if you need a hand with that coffee, Jerry.

JERRY IS BEAMING.

JERRY

I will.

SARAH ROLLS UP THE SLEEVES ON HER DRESS AND WALKS TOWARD THE SINK.

SARAH

Why don't I take a look?

JERRY

You?

SARAH

Sure, plumbing is one of my favorite parts of the curriculum.

JERRY

I thought you taught kindergarten.

SARAH

What made you think that?

JERRY MOTIONS TO HER BODY.

JERRY

I don't know. When you told me you were a schoolteacher, I just pictured you with small children.

SARAH

High school shop, Jerry. Would you mind stepping aside.

JERRY

(CONFUSED)

I guess not.

JERRY CATCHES ELAINE'S EYE. NOW *SHE* IS BEAMING.

SARAH JOINS KRAMER UNDER THE SINK.

SARAH

Here's the problem. The seal is blown
on the elbow joint.

KRAMER

Of course, the elbow seal. How could
I have missed it?

SARAH

Can you hand me the wrench?

ROGER

Hey, how about if I bake us all some
cookies?

JERRY AND ELAINE OBSERVE WITH SOUR FACES.

CUT TO:

H

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

GEORGE AND GLORIA ARE ALONE ON THE DANCE FLOOR,
CHEEK TO CHEEK.

GLORIA

Oh George, this has been the greatest
business dinner of my life.

GEORGE

From this moment forward, I'll hold
the term *business dinner* sacred. When
can I see you again?

GLORIA

Must this night end?

GEORGE

I'll grab our coats and meet you at
the door.

GEORGE BREAKS THEIR EMBRACE, BUT GLORIA PULLS HIM
BACK.

GLORIA

Wait! Give me one kiss to hold me
before you walk all the way across the
room.

THEY KISS, THEN GEORGE HURRIES BACK TO HIS TABLE TO
GRAB THE COAT OFF THE BACK OF HIS CHAIR.

MR. WILHELM SITS THERE ALONE.

GEORGE

Mr. Wilhelm, I thought you'd left?

MR. WILHELM

You'd like that, wouldn't you?

GEORGE

What?

MR. WILHELM

I'm talking about you and your little
trollop from the Mets. We can't have
you fraternizing with the enemy, George.

GEORGE

The enemy?

FADE OUT.

END ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

I

FADE IN:

INT. DINER - DAY

JERRY, ELAINE, AND GEORGE SIT AT A TABLE.

GEORGE

So then he tells me that the Yankees
and the Mets are like the Hatfields
and the McCoys, feuding over the same
fan base. He says my seeing Gloria
could result in a dangerous leak of
information.

JERRY

I can see that, two assistants to
traveling secretaries, carving up major
league baseball.

GEORGE

Then he forbid me to see her.

ELAINE

He forbade you?

GEORGE

I'm forbidden!

ELAINE

Who is he, your father?

GEORGE

I told you it would happen, Jerry.

(MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D)

These people just don't know when to stop overstepping their bounds.

JERRY

So what are you going to do?

GEORGE

What can I do? I'll sneak around behind Mr. Wilhelm's back, he'll catch me, and I'll lose the only job I ever liked.

JERRY

You are such a realist.

GEORGE

Thank you.

(BEAT)

Oh, how are things working out with the dainty woman?

JERRY

Eh, well...

GEORGE

And the plumber?

ELAINE

Eh, y'know...

GEORGE

Alright, I've got to get going. I'm meeting Gloria under the boardwalk at Coney Island.

GEORGE GETS UP AND LEAVES.

ELAINE

What are we going to do about Sarah
and Roger?

JERRY

I'm breaking up with her. I don't
have any choice. Even in my dreams,
instead of having sex, she was fixing
my transmission.

ELAINE

Think about me. I can't stop picturing
Roger in an apron.

JERRY

We've been duped, Elaine. These people
are not what they pretended to be.

ELAINE

What are they even?

JERRY

I don't know, and I don't think I want
to know. I just want out.

ELAINE

Me too.

(BEAT)

How are you going to do it?

JERRY

I'll leave a message on her machine.
You?

ELAINE

Public place.

JERRY RAISES HIS CUP FOR A TOAST.

JERRY

To the avoidance of scenes.

THEY CLINKS COFFEE CUPS.

CUT TO:

J

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

GEORGE WAITS FOR A TRAIN. AS A TRAIN PULLS UP, GEORGE LOOKS OVER BOTH SHOULDERS. HE SEES MR. WILHELM SPYING ON HIM FROM BEHIND A NEWSPAPER.

GEORGE PACES AS IF HE IS WAITING FOR A DIFFERENT TRAIN, THEN AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT, HE HOPS ON THE TRAIN, JUST IN FRONT OF THE CLOSING DOORS.

WILHELM LUNGES FOR THE TRAIN BUT IS TOO LATE. HE BANGS ON THE GLASS. GEORGE LAUGHS. THEN THE DOORS REOPEN AND WILHELM REACHES IN AND PULLS GEORGE OFF THE TRAIN BY HIS COLLAR.

CUT TO:

K

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - DAY

GEORGE SITS AT HIS DESK.

SFX: PHONE RINGS.

GEORGE

Hello.

SCREEN SPLITS TO SHOW GLORIA IN SUN GLASSES AND A TRENCHCOAT AT THE BOARDWALK.

GLORIA

Maverick, it's Snowball. What happened?

GEORGE

Snowball, I was tailed. The Falcon nailed me and dragged me back to work.

GLORIA

I hate the Falcon.

GEORGE

Who doesn't? But Snowball, we won't be defeated, do you hear me?

GLORIA

I hear you, Maverick.

GEORGE

We'll rendezvous at the raven's nest at twenty-two hundred hours.

GLORIA

The safe house?

GEORGE

The safest.

CUT TO:

L

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

ELAINE AND ROGER ARE SITTING AT A TABLE IN A FAIRLY CROWDED PLACE. HE REACHES ACROSS THE TABLE AND TAKES HER HAND.

SHE WITHDRAWS HER HAND FROM HIS.

ROGER

Uh oh.

CUT TO:

M

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

JERRY IS ON THE PHONE.

JERRY

...so, I'm sorry things didn't work out, but I'm sure another guy will come along soon. And even if one doesn't, I'm sure you can build one yourself. Y'know, because you're good with your hands. Okay, have a nice day.

JERRY HANGS UP.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Time to celebrate with a cold drink.

JERRY TURNS HIS KITCHEN FAUCET AND WATER COMES SHOOTING UP INTO FACE.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Kramer!

CUT TO:

N

INT. KRAMER'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

KRAMER IS WELDING RABBIT EARS TO HIS TV.

JERRY (O.S.)

(SCREAMING)

Kramer!

KRAMER STOPS WELDING AND FLIPS UP HIS MASK.

CUT TO:

Q

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

ROGER IS ON HIS KNEES, CRYING AND PLEADING AS THE OTHER PATRONS STARE.

ROGER

Oh, please Elaine, no, anything but
that. I'll cook for you, I'll clean
for you. I just can't stand to be
alone. I'm afraid of the dark.

CUT TO:

P

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

KRAMER IS PULLING OFF THE KITCHEN FAUCET.

JERRY

Are you sure you know what you're doing?

KRAMER

I told you I've got it under control.

KRAMER IS TALKING WITH HIS HANDS AND BANGS HIMSELF
IN THE HEAD WITH A WRENCH.

SFX: BUZZER.

JERRY

(INTO INTERCOM)

Come on up.

(TO KRAMER)

Y'know, it's not like you have any
chance of making a career out of this.
Why don't you just tell Mr. Bonilli
that you're in over your head.

KRAMER

Yeah, and maybe he'll send Knuckles
over to accept my resignation. No
thank you. Besides, I told you I've
got everything under control. I've
got help on the way.

SFX: KNOCK AT DOOR.

JERRY

Help?

JERRY OPENS THE DOOR. SARAH IS WEARING OVERALLS AND CARRYING A TOOLBOX.

KRAMER

Sarah! Hey, thanks for coming over.

SARAH

No problem, Kramer. It takes a *real* man to not be afraid of a woman's help.

JERRY

I guess you got my message.

SARAH PULLS OUT A HAMMER AND SLOWLY DRUMS IT IN HER HAND.

SARAH

Hey Kramer, what would you say about a man who breaks up with his girlfriend on her answering machine?

KRAMER

I wouldn't even *call* him a man.

SARAH JOINS KRAMER UNDER THE SINK.

SFX: KNOCK AT DOOR.

JERRY

Excuse me.

JERRY OPENS THE DOOR. GLORIA IS IN HER TRENCHCOAT ENSEMBLE AND GEORGE IS WEARING A WIG AND A FAKE MOUSTACHE.

JERRY (CONT'D)

George?

GEORGE

Call me Maverick, Jerry, and you've got to hide us.

THEY STEP INSIDE, AND GEORGE SHUTS AND BOLTS THE DOOR.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

I think we were followed.

JERRY

Who am I, Harriet Tubman? You can't hide here. I'm having my kitchen torn apart.

GEORGE

Please, Jerry, just a few stolen moments. We'll stay in the bedroom and you won't even know we're here.

JERRY

Alright.

GLORIA

God bless you. By the way, I'm Snowball.

JERRY

Who else would you be?

GEORGE AND GLORIA DISAPPEAR INTO THE BEDROOM.

SFX: POUNDING ON THE DOOR.

JESUS (O.S.)

Let me in!

JERRY OPENS THE DOOR.

JERRY

Jesus! Thank god you're here. I thought you were on vacation.

JESUS

Where is he?

JERRY

Who?

JESUS

Kramer! I'm going to kill him.

KRAMER STANDS.

KRAMER

Hey, what's up, Jesus?

JESUS

You steal my job and then have nerve
to ask me *what's up?* I'm going to
kill you.

JESUS LUNGES AT KRAMER.

SARAH STEPS BETWEEN THEM.

KRAMER

Slow down, Jesus. I'm not stealing
your job.

JESUS

Miss Landers, what are you doing here?

JERRY

You two know each other?

JESUS

Miss Landers was my shop teacher. She
is the reason I am who I am today.

SARAH

Really? I meant that much to you?

JESUS

Oh yes. Not a day has passed in the last five years that I haven't thought of you. You are my idol, my mentor, Socrates to my Plato.

SARAH

I don't know what to say... except you sure have grown up big and strong.

JESUS

And you are as beautiful as ever.

JERRY

This is perfect.

SARAH

Oh, and you don't have to worry about him...

SARAH POINTS AT KRAMER.

SARAH (CONT'D)

... he's not in your league.

JESUS

Are you still single, Miss Landers?

SARAH

(OFF JERRY)

Very much so, and if my math is right, you should be over twenty-one by now.

JESUS

Si.

SARAH

Let's go get a drink.

JESUS PUTS HIS ARM AROUND SARAH'S WAIST AND THEY
HEAD FOR THE DOOR.

JERRY

Hold on a second.

JESUS AND SARAH TURN BACK AROUND.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Jesus, can't you fix my sink before
you go?

JESUS

Sorry Jerry, I'm still on vacation for
another two and a half weeks.

JESUS AND SARAH EXIT.

JERRY SLUMPS ONTO THE COUCH.

KRAMER

Listen, buddy, I'm going to have to
get back to this later. Believe it or
not, I'm not a hundred percent on what
I'm doing.

JERRY

No kidding.

KRAMER SNAPS HIS FINGERS.

KRAMER

But you know what, I just remembered
that Newman has a couple of Time-Life
books. I'll be back in a few.

KRAMER LEAVES AND SHUTS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM.

JERRY SIGHS.

SFX: POUNDING ON THE DOOR.

JERRY NODS AS IF HE'S EXPECTING THIS, SIGHS AGAIN,
THEN GETS UP AND OPENS THE DOOR.

MR. WILHELM AND SEVEN OR EIGHT BAT-WIELDING YANKEES
IN UNIFORM ENTER.

WILHELM DIRECTS HIS MEGAPHONE TOWARD THE BEDROOM.

MR. WILHELM

We know you're in there, George. So
put your hands on your head and walk
backwards towards my voice.

GEORGE BACKS OUT.

MR. WILHELM (CONT'D)

That's it son, no sudden movements,
and nobody gets hurt.

GEORGE REACHES MR. WILHELM AND EMBRACES HIM.

MR. WILHELM (CONT'D)

It's going to be alright, George.
You're not my first assistant to be
bewitched by a seductress from the
Mets.

GEORGE

But you've got her all wrong.

MR. WILHELM

Do I?

MR. WILHELM PULLS A TAPE RECORDER OUT OF HIS POCKET
AND HITS PLAY.

TAPE RECORDER

(GLORIA'S VOICE)

Boris, it's Snowball. The chump spilled his guts. They'll be staying at the Ramada in Baltimore, followed by the Milwaukee Hilton, and then the Arlington Hyatt.

WILHELM TURNS OFF THE TAPE RECORDER.

SEVERAL YANKEES MARCH GLORIA OUT OF THE BEDROOM.

GEORGE

(TO GLORIA)

But... why?

GLORIA

'Cause I'm a mole, Maverick, a plumber.

CUT TO:

Q

INT. ROGER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

ROGER WEARS A ROBE AND HAS CURLERS IN HIS HAIR. HE LAYS ON HIS COUCH WATCHING TV AND EATING A HALF GALLON TUB OF ICE CREAM.

HE GLANCES AT A PICTURE OF ELAINE, GRABS A TISSUE, DABS HIS EYES, AND BLOWS HIS NOSE.

END SHOW.