

Seinfeld: “The Shave”

By

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FADE IN:

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

JERRY is performing a stand-up set in front of a brick wall.

JERRY

You ever notice how shaving is
like trying to mow a lawn that
grows back every four hours?

[AUDIENCE LAUGHS]

No, I'm serious! Why should I get
all these fancy blades, all the
after shave, deal with all the
little cuts on my face? For what?
A job interview? It's all gonna
grow back before the thing's done
anyway!

[AUDIENCE LAUGHS]

FADE TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY

JERRY is standing in the kitchen, holding a cup of coffee,
facing the couch where GEORGE is sitting.

JERRY

She wants you to do *what*?

GEORGE

That's what I'm saying! I'm a man—
a *man*, Jerry! She can't just
expect me to do something like
that!

JERRY

Huh. Well, what did you tell her?

GEORGE

[voice lowers, not looking at JERRY] I told her I'd think about it.

JERRY

You didn't say no?!

GEORGE

I panicked! What am I supposed to say? Never--*never* in my entire life have I been asked to make a decision like that!

KRAMER suddenly opens the front door, and swings around on one foot, doing a full 360-turn. He looks at JERRY and then at GEORGE, and then back to JERRY.

KRAMER

Hey--uh, whats--uh, what's going on over here?

JERRY

[dental click] Oh, nothing.
[gestures at GEORGE] George's girlfriend wants him to shave her legs.

KRAMER

[erratically jerks full body and faces GEORGE] She wants you to do WHAT?!

GEORGE

[speaks up a little bit but still has soft voice in shame] She wants me to... shave her legs...

KRAMER

[disgusted] Well that's just *sick*. You're not gonna *do* it, are ya?

JERRY

He told her he'd think about it.

KRAMER

[raises finger shakily and shakes his head] Oh, no, no, no, George, this is *bad* news.

GEORGE

What? What could you say that could *possibly* make this situation worse?!

KRAMER

I've met women like this, George. She's not going to stop once you shave her legs. This is some *perverted* way they get off, George; one moment you're shaving her legs, the next she's taking your job and you're forced to stay at home with the kids in some--
[raises hand in the air and throws

head back] deviant, never-ending,
sex role-play!

JERRY rolls his eyes and shakes his head. GEORGE leans in, attentively, showing more signs of distress.

GEORGE

Oh my god. I can't do that. I can't even keep a job for her to take!
[puts head in hands, hunched over, elbows on knees] How do I get out of this?! Tell me! How?!

KRAMER

[points at GEORGE] You gotta dump her--that's what you gotta do.

GEORGE

[looks over to JERRY] Jerry?

JERRY

[shrugs] I was gonna say, maybe you've found your girl, George.

GEORGE throws his hand up in exasperation, then puts his head back in his hands. The camera pans back over to JERRY and KRAMER who are standing on either side of the kitchen counter.

JERRY

So, Kramer, how's--uh--that girl you've been seeing? The uh--historian one?

KRAMER

Oh, I've got her all figured out,
Jerry.

JERRY

What do you mean?

KRAMER

She studies old literature, Jerry.
[takes out a small clump of
folded, raggedy pieces of paper,
yellowed with age, grins and
raises eyebrows] I've written her
some literature of my own.

JERRY

God, Kramer, what did you write
that on?

KRAMER

Oh these? I haven't bought paper
since the 70s. I took these from
my buddy's house when he died.

JERRY

[rolls eyes] What are you gonna do
with that thing?

KRAMER

Well, I'm gonna give it to her.

JERRY

And you think she's gonna... what?
Sleep with you?

KRAMER

Well, yeah, with writing like
this, who wouldn't?

JERRY

[exhales audibly, holds out hand]
Alright, let me read it.

KRAMER hands JERRY the folded papers and JERRY reluctantly
unfolds them. JERRY looks at KRAMER with a lowered head and
upward gaze.

JERRY

[deadpan] `The Lusty Milkmaid'?

KRAMER

[violently nodding] It's clever,
right?

JERRY

[pushes papers into KRAMER's
chest] No, Kramer! That's not
clever!

Scene fades out with KRAMER looking frazzled and confused,
furrowing his brows.

FADE TO:

INT. MONK'S CAFÉ - DAY

ELAINE is sitting across from GEORGE and JERRY at a booth,
GEORGE and JERRY have coffees; ELAINE is still waiting on hers.

ELAINE

I just don't see what the big deal is.

GEORGE

You wouldn't understand something like this, Elaine--it's emasculating.

ELAINE

Maybe she just... wants you to shave her legs? And that's it?

GEORGE

No way. *No. Way.* Her and I *both* know the only man who would do such a thing is *sick*. *Sick* in the head!

ELAINE

[turns head to JERRY] And you agree with this?

JERRY

[puts a finger into the air] I've never met a respectable man who I'd look at and think, "that man would shave a woman's legs."

ELAINE

I don't think there's anything weird about that. I think you guys are reading way too far into this.

JERRY

I bet you can walk up to any guy
on the street, tell him you want
him to shave your legs, and the
only ones that do it have some
fetish thing.

ELAINE

[smiles widely, raises eyebrows]
You think so?

JERRY

[crosses arms] I know so,
actually.

ELAINE

And what if I find a guy who will
shave my legs for me?

JERRY

Then I guarantee you he'll be sick
and twisted.

GEORGE

[muttering] Sick and twisted.

ELAINE

And what if I find a *totally*
normal guy to shave my legs?

JERRY

[holds hand out, gesturing] Then I will be very impressed, Elaine. I might even buy you a new sweater. Your choice.

ELAINE

Then you better get yourself ready to go to Saks.

ELAINE licks the lipstick off her teeth and gives a large grin as the scene fades out.

FADE TO:

INT. ARCHIVES SECTION OF THE NYPL - NIGHT

KRAMER is with literary historian FRANCESCA, coming through a door into a large, dark room.

KRAMER

So, uh--what is this place?

FRANCESCA

We call it the Manuscripts and Archives division.

KRAMER

[looking around] I thought the public library was just where they kept the books.

FRANCESCA

[laughs] Oh, Cosmo, you are always
so hysterical.

FRANCESCA suddenly grabs KRAMER by the collar of his jacket and
pulls him against her.

KRAMER

Oh uh--what are we doing here?

FRANCESCA

Don't play dumb with me, Cosmo.
[looks into KRAMER's eyes] You
know, the moment I realized you
weren't like all these other men--
the ones who think they can just
write me some poem and get into my
pants--that was when I realized,
Cosmo, that I am so desperately in
love with you.

KRAMER smirks and raises one eyebrow, looking satisfied. KRAMER
and FRANCESCA embrace and it is implied that they are intensely
making out. Meanwhile, the camera pans down, showing that all
this action caused KRAMER's pages of poetry to fall out of his
jacket pocket, into a box labelled with large, stamped letters
spelling "UNASSIGNED MANUSCRIPTS - HISTORICAL".

FADE TO:

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - DAY.

JERRY is standing behind the couch, and GEORGE is sitting, again
with his head in his hands.

JERRY

So, you don't want to break up
with her?

GEORGE

I do! I do! Can't you tell?! I
just got... [voice quiets]
flustered.

JERRY

You got... "flustered"?

GEORGE

Don't patronize me, Jerry! You
have no idea what it's like over
there! And now she can't stop
talking about it! It's like it's
all she ever thinks about!

JERRY

Shaving your legs?

GEORGE

For the last time, Jerry! She
wants *me* to shave *her* legs!

The door buzzer buzzes, and JERRY starts walking over to it

JERRY

Hold on, I think that's Elaine.

JERRY holds his hand to the buzzer.

JERRY

Yeah.

ELAINE (O.S.)

It's Elaine.

JERRY

Come on up. [releases buzzer
button]

JERRY goes back to his spot standing behind the couch, as GEORGE continues being inconsolable. ELAINE comes through the front door holding a book and a packaged-up newspaper.

JERRY

Hey! You remembered my book!

ELAINE

And you forgot to bring in your
paper.

JERRY

Ah, Elaine, what would I ever do
without you?

JERRY takes the book and paper from ELAINE but scowls when he inspects the book.

JERRY

Hey, what's this?

ELAINE

[inspects the book as well] what
do you mean? It's a book.

JERRY

Elaine!

ELAINE

What?

JERRY

You dog-eared my Vonnegut! You
can't dog-ear Vonnegut!

ELAINE

Jerry, it's just a book.

JERRY

Do we have no morals anymore?
What's next, tomato soup in my
Tupperware? Are you trying to
stain my Tupperware, too?!

ELAINE

[rolls eyes and looks over to
GEORGE] What's his deal?

JERRY

He doesn't want to break up with
the leg-shaving girl.

GEORGE

[looks up, agitated] I told you I
was flustered, Jerry! *Flustered!*

ELAINE

Oh, speaking of that, I was just in the neighborhood, on the way to meet a *perfectly normal* guy for a date. He seems like *just* the kind of guy who'd shave my legs for me.

JERRY

Huh. Where'd you meet this guy?

ELAINE

I met him at the pharmacy.

JERRY

Elaine, no normal man picks up women at the pharmacy!

ELAINE

[taken aback] Come on. The pharmacy is a perfectly acceptable place to meet someone.

JERRY

What's he doing there, hanging around the ointment aisle waiting for a woman with the perfect rash? Come on, Elaine! Use your brain!

ELAINE

[rolls eyes] Anyway, I've gotta get over to Roma Cucina--he's buying me Italian.

JERRY

Huh. Fancy already on the first date. Doesn't sound too normal to me.

ELAINE leaves through the front door. JERRY puts his book on the counter and starts removing the newspaper from its packaging.

GEORGE

I've got to find a way to break up with this woman, Jerry. You've got to help me.

JERRY

[looking at newspaper] Hold on, George, apparently there's some big commotion over at the library.

GEORGE

Oh, not again! I needed to return a CD there ages ago!

JERRY

No, no, listen, it says here, "...archivists discover lost poetry by Lord Byron. The priceless manuscript was hidden away in a box of unlabeled work stored in the archival section of the New York Public Library." [looks at GEORGE, smiling excitedly]

GEORGE

Hey! [pointing to the newspaper]
That's our library!

JERRY

[clears throat] "...The manuscript was unmarked, however, experts found a perfect match to the poet's handwriting and distinctive style. Though the document was unsigned, it did come with the title..." [looks up in astonishment]

GEORGE

What? Spit it out, Jerry!

JERRY

[deadpan] "...`The Lusty Milkmaid'."

GEORGE

[deadpan] "The Lusty Milkmaid"?

KRAMER busts through the front door, jolting in startle when he sees JERRY and GEORGE looking right at him.

KRAMER

Oh uh--hey, you guys. Didn't expect to see you here.

JERRY

Kramer, this is my apartment.

KRAMER

Well touché.

JERRY

Kramer, will you come here and
look at this?

KRAMER

[looks at the paper and points,
nods and looks back to JERRY] This
is a newspaper, Jerry.

JERRY

I know that, Kramer; I mean read
this. [points at the paper]

KRAMER

[pauses to read] I guess that Lord
Byron guy has a great taste in
names.

JERRY

[bumps the open newspaper against
KRAMER's head] No, you stupid
idiot, they think your dumb poem
was written by Lord Byron!

KRAMER

Well, why would they think that?

JERRY

Did you give Francesca the poem?

KRAMER

Well--uh--no--uh--we ended up
doing some--uh--other things..

[Kramer grins and raises an eyebrow]

KRAMER opens his jacket to find the papers to show JERRY. He then, in frenzy, checks the other side of his jacket. He looks forward in shock.

KRAMER

Oh, that's no good.

JERRY

What?

KRAMER

It must've fallen out of my jacket when we were in the archives.

JERRY

You lost your poem in the archives of the New York Public Library?!

KRAMER

[holds a shaky hand out, his palm facing JERRY] Oh no, you don't understand, Jerry. The archives get me going. The dust, the piles and piles of papers. It would drive any man *mad* with desire. You can't tell me otherwise.

JERRY

[rolls eyes] You have to tell them this is you, Kramer! [points to the article]

KRAMER

[erratically shakes head] Oh, no,
no, no, *no*, Jerry, I can't do
that.

JERRY

And why not?

KRAMER

This woman is *desperate* for a man
who doesn't write poetry, Jerry.
This woman is like an animal when
I'm alone with her. The moment she
finds out that's mine, it's game
over, Jerry! [throws his hands up
and jolts his head back]

GEORGE

[looks straight ahead, confused,
gesturing as if he's envisioning a
puzzle he's piecing together] So
Kramer is... or *isn't* Lord Byron?

JERRY slowly shakes his head and puffs his cheeks while exhaling
as the scene fades out.

FADE TO:

INT. ROMA CUCINA - NIGHT

ELAINE is seated across from JOHNNY at a small, candle-lit
table, covered in a white tablecloth, surrounded by the dark,
intimate ambiance of the restaurant.

ELAINE

So, Johnny, tell me, what is the weirdest thing about you?

JOHNNY

I mean, send me to jail for this one, but I love looking at this beautiful woman sitting across from me.

ELAINE

[mouth agape, laughing, eyes lit up] Oh, you are a *good* one, aren't you?

JOHNNY holds his hand out beside the centered candle, and ELAINE reaches over and holds his hand, each having an arm outstretched across the table.

JOHNNY

So, Elaine, that leaves you. What should I know about?

ELAINE

[gives a look of excited realization] Well, Johnny, promise you won't think I'm this huge freak.

JOHNNY

I don't think there's anything you could do to scare me away, Elaine.

ELAINE

[giggles] Well, I've always wanted to... [looks up and to the side, uses her free hand to brush a strand of hair back] have a man... um... shave my legs.

JOHNNY

[smiles supportively] Oh, Elaine, I don't think there's anything weird about that.

ELAINE

[smiles back] You don't?

ELAINE (V.O.)

[thinking] That sweater is all mine, Seinfeld.

JOHNNY

Of course not, Elaine. We're both adults, after all.

ELAINE gives a few facial expressions of both relief and excitement, and the WAITER comes to take away an empty wine glass from ELAINE. ELAINE is occupied with signaling a silent but mouthed 'thank you' to the WAITER, and after he leaves, ELAINE looks back to JOHNNY, who has lifted the tablecloth with his free hand and is staring underneath it. After an uncomfortable amount of time, all the while ELAINE displays some concerned facial expressions, ELAINE begins to slowly move her hand on the table back away from his.

ELAINE

[nervously smiling] So, uh... what are you doing under there?

JOHNNY

[looks back up at ELAINE, a large, creepy smile across his face] Oh, nothing, just getting a head start.

The camera shows a closer shot of ELAINE's horrified face as the scene fades out.

FADE TO:

INT. MONK'S CAFÉ - DAY

JERRY and KRAMER are sat across from GEORGE and ELAINE at a booth, all with coffees either in hand or right in front of them.

ELAINE

So, Kramer dropped this poem in the New York Public Library, and now everyone thinks he's Lord Byron?

JERRY

Well, that was the case, until they took a closer look. [turns to KRAMER, and gives him a light slap with the back of his hand when KRAMER doesn't immediately respond]

KRAMER

How was I supposed to know she'd lose her job?!

ELAINE

Wait, Kramer, you got this woman *fired*?

JERRY

Apparently after they came out with all those stories about Lord Byron, they got some second opinions, and they had to make a statement about all the articles being false.

KRAMER

[holds a shaky finger up] She was the one who thought I was Lord Byron!

ELAINE

[makes yeesh face] So are you gonna see her again?

KRAMER

Well, I can't. She went back to Indiana to live with her parents.

GEORGE

[looking down in shame, gripping his coffee cup with both hands, soft voice] ...I did it.

JERRY

What did you do, George?

GEORGE

[ungrasps the coffee cup and throws his hands in the air] I shaved the woman's legs! God, do

you hear me?! I did it! [puts his head in his hands, arms propped up by elbows on the table]

JERRY

[grinning, trying not to laugh]
Oh, you did? And how was that, George?

GEORGE

[without looking up, head buried in hands, in shame] I loved it.

JERRY

[looks back to ELAINE] Oh, yeah, Elaine, how did it go with that guy--the fancy one?

ELAINE

[shrugs] Eh, he wasn't my type.

Slap bass sounds as the scene fades out.

FADE TO:

INT. COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT.

Lingering audience laughs can be heard fading in with the scene. JERRY is on stage performing his stand-up set.

JERRY

Why is it, when they find a long-lost document, it's always some masterpiece. Why aren't they out

finding Lord Byron's long-lost
shopping list?

[AUDIENCE LAUGHS]

Ah, yes, eggs, milk, one really
sharp razor... I mean, every man's
gotta endure his daily plague.

[AUDIENCE LAUGHS]

Freeze frame on JERRY; outro slap bass sounds; credits roll.

FADE OUT

THE END

