

Seinfeld Episode 101

"The Signature"

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INT.COMEDY CLUB

JERRY:

Who decided the signature is a good way to identify a person? Okay just scribble your name here just enough so no one can read it. Mine looks like my name if you wrote it in cursive with your left hand. You can barely read it but it makes anything you do 'official'.

Who decided that? Sign for this apartment, sign this card so they know its from you, signing contracts. I'm willing to bet that if you gathered up everyone in the worlds signature and matched them all up against each other no two would be the same. So anybody can copy your signature and not even you can tell if it's real or not. How do people prove that in court?

You need scientists that study hand writing and only they can come up and tell you if it's a fake or not. And then you have people who actually collect these signatures.

The ones I never get are the people who meet Charlie Sheen or something and want a napkin signed. What are you going to do with that napkin? Are you going to take the napkin in to get it framed? 'Be careful with that. I met, Charlie Sheen at a diner, he got the tuna melt.'

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT

George is sitting on the couch going through a TV Guide.

GEORGE:

I can't believe I found a girl thats into sports. It so great. We watched the Knicks game last night and tonight we are going to watch a recorded copy of Super Bowl III at her place. It's like hanging out with your best friend and then you get to have sex.

JERRY:
I really hope I'm not your best
friend.

GEORGE:

She's even got a room with mini gym
equipment in her place.

JERRY:
Oh a mini gym. But you don't work
out.

GEORGE:
I go to the gym.

JERRY:
You go to socialize. You go when
Kramer or I go. Do you ever go
alone?

GEORGE:
I've gone alone.

JERRY:
To work out?

GEORGE:
I like to use the sauna.

JERRY:
So how did you meet this girl
anyway?

GEORGE:
She's a sports writer for the
newspaper.

JERRY:
Oh national?

GEORGE:
No local.

Kramer pops in.

JERRY:
A reporter? You would think the
Yankees would try and keep you away
from the press.

GEORGE:

She was interviewing Steinbrenner and got lost on the way out so I escorted her to her car where at that point I decided to call it a day. And Bobbi and I went to happy hour.

JERRY:

Her name is Bobbi?

GEORGE:

Yeah what's wrong with that?

JERRY:

Well...

KRAMER:

That's a man's name.

GEORGE:

It's not a 'mans' name. Men spell Bobbi with an 'y'. She spells it with an 'I'.

GEORGE: (CONT'D)

She says she comes from a big family. 5 brothers.

KRAMER:

You know, when I was younger I dated a girl with 7 brothers.

JERRY:

Seven brothers?

KRAMER:

Oh yeah. She even had a twin brother that looked like just like her but with shorter hair and a mustache. Then one year he grew out his hair and cut his mustache and you could hardly tell the difference. That was an interesting Thanksgiving.

Both George and Jerry stare at Kramer in silence.

JERRY:
But it's still pronounced like
Bobby. Does she go by Bob for
short?

GEORGE:
No.

JERRY:
You think people might get the
wrong idea? What if I was dating a
Richard?

GEORGE:
What if you were dating a Richard?

George sits down on the couch and sits in thought.

GEORGE: (CONT'D)
Well... I would question.

GEORGE: (CONT'D)
You think? When I say I'm with
Bobbi you would think that I'm with
a guy?

GEORGE: (CONT'D)
She's a twin, they thought that she
was going to be a boy also.

JERRY:
So if the male nickname version of
Richard is 'Dick', what would that
make the female version?

GEORGE:
You think? When I say I'm with
Bobbi you would think that I'm with
a guy?

KRAMER:
Absolutely.

GEORGE:
Forget you guys, it's a girls name
too.

George begins to rush out of the apartment.

Kramer stops George and pulls out a baseball.

KRAMER:

Oh hey George. Before you go can you take a look at this for me? I bought this ball off a guy outside Yankee stadium selling Cuban cigars and he had some signatures of local celebrities for sale. I bought this signed ball of Don Mattingly. I need to know if this is his real signature?

Kramer shows the ball to George.

GEORGE:

You want me to tell you if this ball that you bought from a guy selling autographed baseballs outside of a outside Yankee stadium is real?

KRAMER:

You got it.

GEORGE:

Done. It's not real.

JERRY:

I bet you Bobbi could tell us for sure.

KRAMER:

Why what's Bobbi do?

GEORGE:

She's a sports reporter for NBC.

KRAMER:

Ooooh National?

GEORGE:

No local but she covers the Yankees.

Kramer hands the ball to George.

KRAMER:

Here take this ball for me and ask Bobbi if this is real. I can't add a fake to my collection.

JERRY:

What are you going to do autographed baseballs?

KRAMER:
In time it'll be extremely
valuable, Jerry. Long term
investment.

JERRY:
Well okay

Kramer looks back to George.

KRAMER:
I need this George, rumor has it
that this will be his final season.

GEORGE:
I'll see what I can do.

George leaves the apartment.

KRAMER:
I hope that's real. That could be
worth a lot of money.

JERRY:
Okay, Warren Buffet. Well I've
gotta get going I've gotta meet
Elaine for lunch. Wanna tag along?

KRAMER:
No, I'm gonna go back to this guy
and stock up on some of these
Cubans since... you know, the last
time.

JERRY:
Well try not to start any fires
this time.

KRAMER:
Noted.

INT. MONKS DINER

ELAINE:
Jerry this heartburn has been
killing me! I've been going through
these things like candy. Candy that
tastes like chalk.

Elaine pulls out a bottle of TUMS and eats two.

JERRY:

Cherry flavored. You'd think that they'd just give up on calling things Cherry flavored. It doesn't taste like cherries at all. I've never had cherries that taste like that. They should give it own name if they can't make it actually taste like cherries.

ELAINE:

Well it's better than grape.

JERRY:

The worst.

A waitress comes up to take an order.

WAITRESS:

What can I get ya?

ELAINE:

Wedge Salad. No tomato. And a tea.

JERRY:

I'll take a black coffee and a pastrami on rye please.

The waitress walks away.

JERRY: (CONT'D)

Since when don't you like tomatoes?

ELAINE:

They say it's bad for heartburn. You don't understand it's like a million knives stabbing you in the chest.

JERRY:

How would you know what that feels like?

The waitress drops off their drinks.

JERRY: (CONT'D)

Well it sounds like you should go to the doctor and get the good stuff.

ELAINE:

Yeah. Well actually. Don't tell anybody but when I was at Tim Whatley's house he had a prescription pad in his bathroom drawer. So I took one.

JERRY:

You stole one of his prescription pads?

ELAINE:

Yeah. But just one note so he wouldn't notice. You think I would be able to use that to get me some heartburn medicine?

JERRY:

Oh this is how it starts! First with the heartburn medicine, then on to the harder stuff. Whats next? Foot cream?

ELAINE:

Quiet! No. But Jerry I'm dying here! When he gave you that label maker, did he give you a thank you card with it?

JERRY:

Of course.

ELAINE:

Did he sign it?

JERRY:

Oh no. You can't.

ELAINE:

Please Jerry! They will never know I promise. I'll even go to that one with the old woman on 3rd that smells like garlic. She can barely even see in the first place.

JERRY:

Oh alright, I'll give you the card. But I want nothing else to do with this.

ELAINE:

Deal!

EXT. CIGAR STAND

Kramer sees a photo of Jerry signed.

KRAMER:
Hey you know Jerry Seinfeld.

CIGAR STAND GUY:
Jerry? I love Jerry! Hometown
comedian.

KRAMER:
Well I think we can make a deal.

INT. BOBBIS APARTMENT

George comes walking out of the bathroom.

GEORGE:
Wow it's incredible you have like
last 2 years of Sports Illustrated
in there.

BOBBI:
Yeah my twin brother writes for
them.

GEORGE:
Does he have a mustache?

BOBBI:
Yeah. Why?

GEORGE:
No reason.

BOBBI:
Hey I was going to order a pizza
you okay with sausage?

GEORGE:
Yeah thats fine.

Bobbi picks up the phone.

GEORGE: (CONT'D)
Hey you want to make a bet? \$20
says the Jets win.

BOBBI:
Hi I'd like to place an order.
Large sausage, extra cheese. Yeah.
(MORE)

BOBBI: (CONT'D)
The building across the street from
you, 4D. For Bob. Thank you.

GEORGE:
For Bob?

BOBBI:
It's what my brothers call me. You
can call me that too if you want.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT

George is sitting at the counters eating cookies.

GEORGE:
I can't believe it. She actually
goes by Bob. She said I can call
her that if I want.

JERRY:
Are you gonna?

GEORGE:
No. It creeps me out. Calling her
Bobbi, that I was okay with but now
I can't get Bob out of my head. How
am I supposed to scream 'Bob' out
during sex and stay aroused? She's
awesome but I don't know if I can
do this Jerry.

JERRY:
What's her middle name?

GEORGE:
Richard.

JERRY:
Richard?!

GEORGE:
She's a twin, they thought that she
was going to be a boy also.

JERRY:
So if the male nickname version of
Richard is 'Dick', what would that
make the female version?

GEORGE:
A nickname. That's it! But what
nickname can you give a girl?"
Bobini. Bobbins. Bo. B.

JERRY:

B's not bad. Bambino? You both love the Yankees.

GEORGE:

B. I think I'm going to try that out the next time I see her.

Enter Kramer

KRAMER:

Hey George just the man I wanted to see. Find anything out about my ball?

GEORGE:

Yeah it's a fake. B said it was obvious, then she showed me what it really looks like. Something about the way he dots his 'i's. Not even close.

JERRY:

You would have thought that the guy illegally selling cigars outside a mall parking lot would be legit.

KRAMER:

Well what if she's got a fake and mine is the original.

JERRY:

I somehow don't think thats very likely.

KRAMER:

He's got a signature of you Jerry. I'm starting to wonder whether or not that's real too.

JERRY:

This guy is selling autographed photos of me?

KRAMER:

Yeah and I told him I can get him some more. One cigar per autographed photo. He says it's half the rate of what the guy who is doing it now is getting. It's a steal Jerry.

JERRY:

Yeah it sure is. Somebody's getting robbed here. I need to see this. Take me out to see what this guys got.

KRAMER:

I'll take you but if it's fake I don't want you starting anything.

JERRY:

I'm not starting anything. C'mon let's go. I need to see if these autographs are legit.

INT. PHARMACY

Elaine has a magazine in her hand.

ELAINE:

Oh and can I get this as well.

Elaine begins to hold her breathe to try and not breathe in the smell.

PHARMACIST:

Oh Doctor Whatley I love him. He's such a good dentist.

The pharmacist comes close to Elaine and smiles large.

PHARMACIST: (CONT'D)

He works on these bad boys every three months. He's so nice. Such a saint.

ELAINE:

He really is a saint. I don't know how he does it.

The pharmacist looks at the prescription.

PHARMACIST:

So what are we getting ya hun? 20 MG Omeprezole?

ELAINE:

I was gagging during teeth whitening.

PHARMACIST:

These dentists, I'll tell ya what,
they really think they are doctors.

ELAINE:

Gee you think? I'm flattered. I'll
see what I can do. See you in
thirty minutes.

Elaine walks out of the store.

EXT. MONKS DINER

George looks at menu.

GEORGE:

How come Philly owns the
Cheesesteak? If I eat it anywhere
else it's just a cheesesteak. I've
can eat a Chicago pizza in Queens,
Kansas City BBQ in Jersey and Maine
Lobster in Long Island but can't
get a Philly Cheesesteak outside of
Philly. Why is that?

BOBBI:

I just call it a Philly
Cheesesteak.

GEORGE:

But that's not right. It's just a
cheesesteak.

BOBBI:

Doesn't matter I'm not getting that
anyways.

WAITRESS:

Hey what can I get you two.

GEORGE:

I'll take the Cheesesteak with
fries and a water. And you B?

BOBBI:

I'm gonna get the turkey sandwich
and an iced tea please.

WAITRESS:

Turkey sandwich, Philly
cheesesteak. Got it.

The waitress walks away.

GEORGE:
Can you believe it she called it a
Philly Cheesesteak.

BOBBI:
Did you just call be 'B'?

GEORGE:
Yeah what's wrong with that? It's
like a new nickname between you and
I. It's fun. I meant it with
affection.

BOBBI:
That't not my name.I told you that
you can call me Bob if you wanted.

GEORGE:
Yeah but that's what your brother's
call you. I wanted a nickname just
for us. Ya know?

BOBBI:
Well I don't like B. I already said
you can call me Bob or Bobbi.
George are you embarrassed by my
name?

GEORGE:
No. I just wanted to call you
something unique.

BOBBI:
Well don't. Hey lets go to a sports
bar and watch the Knicks. They are
in the finals!

GEORGE:
Well you have a great setup here.
Why can't we watch it here? First
row seats. All you can eat and
drink. How could it

EXT. CIGAR STAND

JERRY:
Well look at. The police doing
their jobs for once.

KRAMER:

Ah man I should have gotten more Cubans while I still could have Jerry. I can't go on another drought like that. I don't know if I'll make it.

JERRY:

Oh you'll be fine. I think the only reason people like Cuban cigars is because they are illegal. It's what the cool kids are doing.

KRAMER:

Children shouldn't be smoking cigars, Jerry.

Raul gets put into a cop car and they close the door. He sees Jerry and Kramer. Newman walks up with a shoebox.

JERRY:

Well hello Newman.

NEWMAN:

Oh, hello Jerry.

JERRY:

Here to drop off some mail Newman?

NEWMAN:

Just passing by. It's a beautiful day.

JERRY:

What you have in that box Newman?

Newman begins to get suspicious.

NEWMAN:

I got it as a gift. For being a great mailman.

JERRY:

I don't buy that one second.

NEWMAN:

Alright! I see signatures all day, just collecting them. I told him I knew you and I started to trade him cigars for signed photos of you. It pains me to say it but some people might consider you a bit of a local celebrity, Jerry.

(MORE)

NEWMAN: (CONT'D)

When I asked Raul here he said he was a big fan of you from the Tonight Show. I can't imagine why but I took advantage of the opportunity at hand. I traced that signature onto a piece of paper then traced that onto some photos. You can't even tell the difference Jerry. I know I messed up please don't tell the cops please!

JERRY:

Well you can't let him go down like this Newman.

KRAMER:

Maybe he doesn't even know the stuff he is selling isn't legit.

JERRY:

Relax I'm not going to call the cops. But we gotta do something.

KRAMER:

Well Jerry if you tell the cops they are real maybe he will let him go?

JERRY:

You think? Hey Newman you have any of those signed photos?

NEWMAN:

Nope.

JERRY:

C'mon Newman.

NEWMAN:

Oh okay fine!

Newman pulls out the mail and hands it to Jerry. Jerry looks at the cops chitchatting and laughing writing up the stolen goods.

JERRY:

Okay I'm gonna say something.

Jerry walks up to the police officers

JERRY: (CONT'D)

Excuse me officers. I have reason to believe you are arresting an innocent man?

COP 1:
Oh yeah? What makes you think that?

COP 2:
Get out of here kid.

JERRY:
There were photos he was selling
were real. See I have some more to
drop off to him.

Jerry holds up photo showing its his headshot.

COP 1:
Who are you?

JERRY:
Jerry Seinfeld. I'm a comedian.

COP 2:
You don't look very funny.

COP 1:
You're friend here isn't accused of
selling fake stuff. He's an illegal
alien from Nicaragua. He couldn't
provide ID when we asked for a
permit.

JERRY:
Nicaragua?

The cop car drives right past Jerry. Raul is just screaming
at the top of his lungs silenced out in the car.

COP 1:
Sending him back home to his
family.

INT. PRESS BOX

GEORGE:
Wow this is amazing. The snacks are
included?

BOBBI:
Yes George. Come over here George
lets go sit down.

GEORGE:
Is this ranch or blue cheese? They
look alike but are actually quite
different.

BOBBI:
Ranch.

GEORGE:
I'm more of a blue cheese guy. You think they have any of that too?

BOBBI:
George you're going to miss the game come over here and sit down with me.

Bobbi gestures at the Jumbotron.

BOBBI: (CONT'D)
Oh hey George look.

A picture of a heart with the words "George and Bob forever, Bob" and a picture of George beside it. George walks over with a plate full of food. Bobbi is looking through binoculars. All of a sudden the crowd and everyone goes crazy.

ANNOUNCER:
And that's a home run from Don Mattingly!

BOBBI:
Whooo home run! Oh I think its coming this way!

GEORGE:
Mine!

George uses his glove and puts it in front of a kids hat to grab the ball.

GUY IN STANDS:
Hey that's my kids ball give it back. You got in front of him.

Crowd agrees with the guy

GEORGE:
He had a had. He wasn't catching that!

GUY IN STANDS:
He's just a kid!

BOBBI:
George give it back.

GEORGE:
Give it back? I caught it? Why does
he deserve it? Because he's
younger? If anything that means I
should keep the ball. He's got
plenty more games to go to!

George gives the ball back to the kid.

INT. MONKS DINER

ELAINE:
Jerry! I feel great!

JERRY:
So it worked? You got you're drugs.

ELAINE:
It worked. But the pharmacist said
that we'd make a good couple.

JERRY:
Me and you?

ELAINE:
No dummy. Me and Tim Whatley.

JERRY:
So what are you going to do when
you run out of pills and need a
refill?

ELAINE:
Maybe I'll go on another date with
him.

Elaine takes a sip from her coffee.

JERRY:
Why did you break up anyway?

ELAINE:
He drinks canned soda with a straw.
Says it protects his teeth but I
just couldn't.

JERRY:
How about Yoohoo with a straw?

ELAINE:
I don't know I think I'm just going
to live with it.

KRAMER:

Hey Jerry. So I got a phone call from Raul today. He made it safely to Nicaragua. He thinks that you ratted on him though because you were talking to the cops.

JERRY:

I didn't say anything!

KRAMER:

I know but he thinks your a snitch.

JERRY:

Did you tell him that I'm not a snitch?

KRAMER:

No, its not for me to discuss your business.

JERRY:

Well at least he's 4000 miles away. So those weren't really Cubans you were smoking huh?

KRAMER:

I've tried but now that I know they aren't Cubans I just can't do it. If I were you Jerry, I'd stay out of Nicaragua for a while.

JERRY:

Noted.

George comes in and sits down.

GEORGE:

Well its over with Bobbi.

JERRY:

Now how did that happen?

GEORGE:

I fought a kid over a baseball.

Kramer scoots over in the booth away from George.

ELAINE:

You took a baseball from a kid?

GEORGE:

So Bobbi took me to the Yankee-Mets game in Shea and we sat in the press box. Jerry there was pop corn, chicken fingers...

JERRY:

Why do they call them chicken fingers? Chickens have no fingers.

KRAMER:

I think it's because they look like fingers.

ELAINE:

Guh! What. Happened. George.

GEORGE:

There was pop fly coming our way and I caught the ball. Apparently some little brat tried to catch the ball with his hat. There was no way he was going to catch it. I had a glove!

JERRY:

I'm sure it looked better in your head.

GEORGE:

Anyways, the kids father started a scene and I had to give it back. Bobbi was upset I took the ball from the kid. They aired it on TV. She said staying with me would be a bad look for her.

JERRY:

I can't imagine. Should've kept that ball.

A waiter comes up refills coffees and picks up the check.

WAITER:

Whoa boy. Jerry Seinfeld? Can I get your autograph?

The waiter grabs a napkin.

INT.COMEDY CLUB

JERRY:

Happy hour, folks. It's that time of day when suddenly, for just a brief moment, life seems... less horrible. I mean, think about it. We've got 24 hours in a day, and for the other 23, we're just slogging through the muck of existence. But that one hour, the "happy" hour, that's when things are looking up.

It's like the universe saying, "Hey, you've survived another day of traffic, office politics, and people who stand too close in elevators. Here's your reward: cheap booze!"

And don't you love the word "hour" in happy hour? It's as if we've all agreed that happiness can be measured and condensed into a neat little timeframe. It's not a happy day; it's not a happy week; it's just one measly hour. The other 23 hours? Well, they're fair game for misery and existential dread.