

GULDENSTEIN (SEINFELD PARODY)

(Animated Sitcom Pilot)

"The Eggplant Stuffed with Pilaf and
Raisins"

Written by Rodney Ohebsion

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. JOE HENMENFLYCKE (45, male) is examining some papers while JERRY (35, a parody of Jerry Seinfeld) is seated next to him. The Doctor looks up.

DOCTOR

Alright. Your cholesterol is a little high.

JERRY

How high?

DOCTOR

Twenty points.

JERRY

So... I have too many points?

DOCTOR

Yeah.

JERRY

Fascinating. I mean, in basketball, it's good to have a lot of points. But in cholesterol, points are bad. Basketball, cholesterol. Two very different things.

DOCTOR

Yeah. So, I'm gonna give you a prescription for Mevacor.

JERRY

Oh. Well. You know. I'd rather not take any medication.

DOCTOR

(pauses, and then points to his diploma)

There's my medical degree. Do you want to spray your urine on it?

JERRY

Uh. I wasn't planning on it.

DOCTOR

Well, by not taking my prescription, you're basically doing the equivalent of opening your zipper and pointing your pee pee hole at my Harvard

diploma.

JERRY

... Uh. Dr. Henmenflycke. I can assure you that my zipper is up, and my pee pee hole is not pointed at anything. It's just, I don't want to take medication if my cholesterol is only a little high.

DOCTOR

... What do you do for a living?

JERRY

I'm a stand up comedian.

DOCTOR

Oh. A stand up comedian. As in, not a doctor. Well then, comedian--what makes you think you know anything about cholesterol? I'll bet you don't even know the difference between LDL cholesterol and HDL cholesterol, or the difference between your pee pee hole and your asshole!

JERRY

Well. I'll tell you this. I do know the difference between an MD who's a Medical Doctor, and an MD who's a Muffler-trucking Dillweed.

INT. CAROL'S APARTMENT (KITCHENETTE) - DAY

ELLIOT (35, parody of George Costanza) and CAROL (35) are eating at a kitchen table.

CAROL

Next time, can I make you something else? How about lasagna?

ELLIOT

Lasagna? Uh. No thanks.

CAROL

Chicken chow mein?

ELLIOT

I'm not into chowy things. I'm not a chow guy. I've never been into chowiness. Let's just stick with

Eggplant Stuffed with Pilaf and Raisins.

CAROL

Elliot. This is getting a little weird. I mean, every time you come over here, you ask me to make Eggplant Stuffed with Pilaf and Raisins.

ELLIOT

Carol. I'm a one dish kind of man.

CAROL

Well. I'm a very versatile kind of chef.

ELLIOT

That's great, honey. You should open a restaurant. I'll come there for the grand opening--and I'll be the first to order your Eggplant Stuffed with Pilaf and Raisins.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

BUSTAMENTE (40, male, Cuban with thick accent, a parody of Cosmo Kramer) is in the kitchenette, and wolfing down butter, raw eggs, and corned beef sandwiches.

Jerry is in the living room.

Elliot enters, and notices Bustamente.

ELLIOT

(to Jerry)

Uh. What is he doing?

JERRY

I'm on a low cholesterol diet. So Bustamente is disposing of all of my high cholesterol foods.

ELLIOT

By eating them?

BUSTAMENTE

I need to eat this stuff. My cholesterol levels are way too low.

ELLIOT

Says who?

BUSTAMENTE

... I don't know.

He chugs a one gallon container of whole milk.

JERRY

Well. My doctor told me that my cholesterol levels are a little high. He also told me that I don't know my pee pee hole from my asshole.

ELLIOT

He sounds like a real piece of work.

JERRY

He's more than that. He's an MD.

BUSTAMENTE

A Muffler-trucking Dillweed.

Elliot's phone rings. He looks at the screen.

ELLIOT

(annoyed)

It's Carol again. I just saw her an hour ago--and now she wants to talk to me.

He puts the phone away.

ELLIOT

Maybe I should block her phone number.

JERRY

(sarcastically)

So, how are things going with you two lovebirds? Are you gonna pop the question anytime soon?

ELLIOT

I'm gonna pop the relationship. Well. I would. But the thing is, I'm addicted to her Eggplant Stuffed with Pilaf and Raisins.

JERRY

Is that a euphemism for a woman's Petticoat Lane?

ELLIOT

No. Carol makes this amazing dish. I

have to eat it every day. And no one makes it the way she does. I tried to get the recipe from her, and she told me that it's a secret. A secret, Jerry! A secret!

NATALIE (35, a parody Elaine Benes) enters.

NATALIE

So get this. You know Janice Jankman?

JERRY

Who?

NATALIE

My coworker.

JERRY

Why would I know your coworker?

NATALIE

You had intimate physical relations with her about a year ago.

JERRY

Is she the one with the Hello Kitty tattoo?

NATALIE

No. Anyways, apparently Janice Jankman is out of her mind. Whenever I get a drink from the vending machine, she gets the exact same drink one hour later! Today the drink was Snapple.

BUSTAMENTE

Well. Snapple comes in many varieties. Did she get the same kind of Snapple that you got?

NATALIE

Yes! Snapple Iced Tea!

ELLIOT

People still drink Snapple? I thought it was basically discontinued. Like Tang.

JERRY

Tang tastes like elephant urine. As for Snapple, it's a delicious

beverage. Plus, people like to say Snapple.

BUSTAMENTE

Snapple. ... Yes. That's very good. I enjoy using my lips and tongue to say Snapple.

ELLIOT

Well--I think the name is stupid. Snapple has nothing to do with a snapping apple.

JERRY

And Ovaltine has nothing to do with an oval. Do you have a problem with the name Ovaltine, too?

ELLIOT

As a matter of fact, I do.

NATALIE

Guys. Enough with the beverage name analysis. Can we please focus on the main issue here? There's a lunatic at my office who's copycatting my beverage consumption.

Bustamente stops eating.

BUSTAMENTE

A beverage copycat.

ELLIOT

A beverage copycat.

JERRY

A beverage copycat.

NATALIE

Yes. A beverage copycat. She's had the same drink as me twenty seven straight times.

BUSTAMENTE

... I have an idea. Donkey blood.

NATALIE

(confused)

I beg your pardon.

BUSTAMENTE

Tomorrow, drink a gallon of donkey blood in front of her. Then see if she drinks the same thing.

NATALIE

Well. You see, the thing is, our vending machine doesn't have donkey blood.

BUSTAMENTE

Just bring a donkey with you.

JERRY

Uh. Bustamente. Do you realize how impractical that sounds? I mean, what is she supposed to do? Slaughter the donkey?

BUSTAMENTE

Fine. Drink the donkey's milk instead.

NATALIE

What donkey?!

BUSTAMENTE

You know my friend Bob Caballero? He has a donkey rental business.

JERRY

Bob Caballero rents donkeys?

BUSTAMENTE

He rents donkey alright! He's a donkey renter.

ELLIOT

I thought he was a salsa manufacturer.

NATALIE

I thought he was a cigar roller.

BUSTAMENTE

Yes. He is those things, too.

JERRY

He's a veritable jack of all trades, that Bob Caballero.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Bustamente is seated at a table with his Cuban friends MANNY (30) and JOSE (60). Everyone at the table is smoking three cigars simultaneously.

BUSTAMENTE

You know what I love about Miami?

MANNY

The half naked women on the beaches?

BUSTAMENTE

Well, yes. But, uh, I was gonna say the smoking laws. In Miami, you can smoke almost anywhere. Other places are not like that. In LA, they have eight hundred restrictions on smoking. LA is like a... tyrannical dictatorship. Miami is great.

JOSE

It is. But you know what? I still miss Cuba a little.

BUSTAMENTE

Me, too.

MANNY

What the hell is there to miss about Cuba? Cuba is an actual tyrannical dictatorship. Cuba is stupid.

BUSTAMENTE

Maybe you're stupid.

JOSE

Maybe both of you are stupid.

BUSTAMENTE

... Maybe you're stupid.

JOSE

Let me ask you something, stupid.
What's with that donkey next to you?

A donkey is tied to Bustamente's chair.

BUSTAMENTE

Oh. That? I got it from Bob Caballero.
It's for my friend Natalie.

The Doctor from before is sitting at the table next to theirs.

DOCTOR

Excuse me. Do you guys have to smoke so much?

JOSE

Hey. Smoking is legal here, stupid!

DOCTOR

Well, yeah. But I'm just saying. The three of you are smoking nine cigars simultaneously. That's not good for our health or your health.

BUSTAMENTE

Says who?

DOCTOR

Says me.

MANNY

Who the hell are you?

DOCTOR

I'm a Doctor.

MANNY

Well. Is this a doctor's office?

DOCTOR

No.

MANNY

Then maybe you should shut your freaking mouth, doctor.

INT. WHOLE FOODS MARKET - DAY

Jerry has a cart full of food. He walk up to a SHOPPER (male, 30, fit).

JERRY

Excuse me. Um. You seem like a healthy guy.

SHOPPER

What makes you say that?

JERRY

Well. You're in a Whole Foods Market,
and you're wearing moccasins. So, um,
let me ask you a question. This stuff
I have in my cart--is any of it high
in cholesterol?

SHOPPER

(looks at Jerry's items)

Well. I mean, these ten packs of
creamed cheese are high in
cholesterol.

JERRY

Well then what do you suggest I put on
my bagels instead of creamed cheese?

SHOPPER

Uh. Jelly?

JERRY

Uh. I think I'll pass. But thanks for
your suggestion.

SHOPPER

No problem.

He walks away.

JERRY

(rolls his eyes)
(to himself)

Jelly on bagels.

Jerry spots Elliot.

JERRY

Elliot.

ELLIOT

Hey, Jerry.

JERRY

I see you're shopping with a basket.

ELLIOT

Yeah. I like the basket, because it
gives you more room to maneuver.

JERRY

I can maneuver just fine with a cart.

ELLIOT

(derisively)

A cart? That's amateur hour, Jerry. You can't efficiently maneuver from point A to point B with a cart.

JERRY

Listen, buddy boy. I have refined the art of cart maneuvering to such a degree that when do it, I look like LeBron James taking it to the hole against the New York Knickerbockers.

ELLIOT

Well good for you. Maybe ESPN should record you carting your way to the papayas and toaster strudels. Now if you'll excuse me, I'm trying to shop for items that'll help me duplicate the Eggplant Stuffed with Pilaf and Raisins that Carol makes.

JERRY

You're still on that?

ELLIOT

Of course I am! I need to make the same thing Carol makes, so I can eat it without dating her! I checked fifteen different recipes online, and now I got about a hundred different ingredients in this basket.

JERRY

I think you're running out of room in that basket, kimosabe. Maybe you need a cart.

ELLIOT

I do not need a cart! I don't like carts, I don't use carts, I don't believe in carts! I maneuver!

He walks away, awkwardly lugging his full and very heavy basket.

INT. NATALIE'S OFFICE - DAY

JANICE (35) and other EMPLOYEES are working at their cubicles. Natalie leads a donkey into the office and to her cubicle. She grabs a bucket, and starts milking the donkey.

The donkey hee-haws. MR. SHMETERMAN (55) walks up to Natalie.

MR. SHMETERMAN
Natalie. Is that a jackass?

NATALIE
Um. Yes, Mr. Shmeterman.

MR. SHMETERMAN
I see. And what, pray tell, is that jackass doing in our office?

NATALIE
Oh. You know. She's standing here, while I, uh, milk her.

MR. SHMETERMAN
Natalie. You know perfectly well that we have a company rule prohibiting farm animals from the premises. Now, I will admit that fresh donkey milk is a fantastic source of vitamin K2. So, I'll tell you what. From now on, I'm gonna have you milk this animal elsewhere, and then bring a gallon of the milk over here for everyone in the office to drink.

NATALIE
Oh. But, I'm not really a dairy farmer...

MR. SHMETERMAN
It's settled. You're our company milkman. Bring in a gallon of donkey milk every day. And it better be farm fresh. Otherwise, you're fired.

INT. DINER - DAY

Jerry, Bustamente, Natalie, and Natalie's donkey are seated at a table.

JERRY
So, How's your donkey doing?

NATALIE
He's fine. I'm actually gonna have to buy him from Bob Caballero, since my new job description involves milking a jackass for everyone at my office.

JERRY

I wouldn't mind drinking some of that milk myself.

BUSTAMENTE

Jerry. Donkey milk is very high in cholesterol.

JERRY

I love cholesterol! I want it! I need it!

BUSTAMENTE

You do not have to be a slave to your appetite. The appetite is a tyrannical dictator. You need to cross the water and leave the island.

JERRY

I don't know what that means.

BUSTAMENTE

It's a metaphor, Jerry. A metaphor.

Elliot enters and sits down at the table.

ELLIOT

Well. Carol broke up with me. She said I'm not affectionate enough. She cited a low frequency of hugging and kissing. And she called me an unromantic jackass.

A WAITRESS (30) walks up to the table.

WAITRESS

Can I take your orders?

ELLIOT

I'll have Carol's Eggplant Stuffed with Pilaf and Raisins.

WAITRESS

We don't have that here, Elliott.

ELLIOT

I'll have the ham on rye.

JERRY

Give me a double cheeseburger, with extra cholesterol.

BUSTAMENTE

That sounds good. I'll have that, too.

NATALIE

I'll have a tuna salad, with the usual amount of cholesterol.

WAITRESS

Alright.

She walks away.

Jerry notices his Doctor sitting several tables away from them.

JERRY

Hey. There's my ex-doctor.

NATALIE

That's my ex-boyfriend.

JERRY

Is that right?

NATALIE

Yeah. Joe Henmenflycke. I dated him for a while in college.

JERRY

Uh huh. And what kind of a dillweed was he back then?

NATALIE

A muffler-trucking dillweed.

JERRY

That's pretty impressive. He was an MD before he got his doctorate degree.

SANDRA (35) sits down across from the Doctor.

NATALIE

That's Sandra Van der Pol!

ELLIOT

Who?

NATALIE

Another one of my coworkers.

JERRY

Right! She's the one with the Hello Kitty Tattoo.

NATALIE

You know, she got married six months ago. To a real estate agent. And that guy she's with right now--he's not a real estate agent.

BUSTAMENTE

He is an MD.

JERRY

(to Natalie)

Let's go say hi.

Jerry and Natalie get up and walk to the Doctor's table.

JERRY

Hello, Henmenflycke.

DOCTOR

Hello, Jerry.

(notices Natalie)

And... Natalie Marshall.

NATALIE

Class of Two Thousand Three. Go Scallions!

DOCTOR

Wow. It's been a long time.

NATALIE

Hasn't it?

(to Sandra)

Hi, Sandra.

SANDRA

Uh. Hi, Natalie.

NATALIE

Yes. I'm Natalie. Natalie your coworker, and

(to Doctor)

Natalie your college girlfriend.

JERRY

And I'm still Jerry, in case anyone's wondering.

NATALIE
(to Sandra)
So, Sandra. How's your husband?

SANDRA
Listen. Natalie. This is not what it
looks like. He's just, uh...

NATALIE
Let me guess. He's your doctor, and
since he's such a good doctor, he's
buying you lunch before he examines
your Petticoat Lane.

JERRY
(to Doctor)
By the way, doctor. I lowered my
cholesterol ten points, through diet
and exercise. No pills.

DOCTOR
Kiss my ass, Jerry.

Jerry exits.

INT. SMALL COMEDY CLUB - DAY

Jerry is performing for an AUDIENCE of about 50 people.

JERRY
Isn't it weird how when we want to
insult someone, we use the expression,
"Kiss my ass!" I mean, a kiss is an
act of affection. But when we say
"kiss my ass," we say it as an insult.
I guess if you want to take the insult
to the next level, you should mention
an act that's even more affectionate
than a kiss. As in, you tell someone,
"Hug my ass! Don't just kiss it! I'm
trying to really insult you. So I want
you to hug and kiss my ass!"

INT. DINER - DAY

Jerry enters the diner and walks up to the Doctor's table.

JERRY
Okay. I'm back.

SANDRA

Natalie. Um. You're not gonna mention
this whole thing to anyone--right?

NATALIE

You mean the adultery?

JERRY

(to Sandra)

You know. I was just thinking. Maybe
there's a way your doctor friend can
help out one of our friends.

INT. CAROL'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

George, the Doctor, Jerry, and the donkey are standing
outside of Carol's door. George rings the doorbell. Carol
sees Elliot through the peephole.

CAROL

I don't want to talk to you, Elliot!

ELLIOT

Carol. I'm here with a doctor.

CAROL

Don't tell me you have an STD.

ELLIOT

No. I have an MFA: a mysterious food
allergy. And the doctor needs to know
what I've been eating. He needs to
know what's in your Eggplant Stuffed
with Pilaf and Raisins.

CAROL

It's a secret, Elliot.

ELLIOT

This is a medical emergency.

CAROL

Well how do I know that guy you're
with is really a doctor.

ELLIOT

(to Doctor)

Tell her you're a doctor.

DOCTOR
(to Carol)
I'm a doctor.

CAROL
Let me see your stethoscope and
medical degree.

He produces a stethoscope and medical degree, and holds them
up in front of the peephole.

Carol opens the door.

CAROL
Fine. Come in.

INT. CAROL'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Elliot, the Doctor, Jerry, and the donkey enter.

ELLIOT
You know Jerry.

CAROL
Yes I know Jerry. What the hell is
Jerry doing here?

JERRY
I'm here to get material for my stand
up act. By the way--it would be great
if you could integrate the word
Ovaltine into your conversation.

CAROL
I'll do you on better. I'll integrate
the expression "piss off" into our
conversation.
(looks at the donkey)
(to Elliot)
Why'd you bring a donkey?

ELLIOT
We're not sure. We got three or four
plots running, and sometimes they get
illogically intertwined. Anyways, I
need that recipe.
(to Doctor)
Right?

DOCTOR
Right. Because of the adultery. I

mean, because of the allergy. I'm a doctor.

CAROL

Fine. Here's the recipe. Eggplant. Pilaf. Raisins. Salt. Pepper...

ELLIOT

(impatient / annoyed)

Yeah--I know about the salt and pepper! Everyone knows about the salt and pepper! What else?

CAROL

Um. Olive oil. Onions. Cardamon. Coriander seeds. And dillweed. Lots of dillweed.

ELLIOT

Dillweed.

JERRY

Dillweed.

THE DONKEY

Dillweed.

JERRY

(to Elliot)

Well. You gotta give that Bob Caballero some credit. He has the most intelligent donkeys in all of Miami.

INT. SMALL COMEDY CLUB - DAY

Jerry is performing.

JERRY

Some jobs involve dealing with urgent situations. Like, if you're a doctor, you come across medical emergencies. My job isn't like that. I've never noticed an audience member and said, "This man needs to hear a joke about Pop Tarts, right away! Nurse. Give me 500 CCs of breakfast related comedy, stat!" You know which doctors I really find amusing? Alternative doctors. Apparently, these guys have found an alternative to saying things that actually make sense. One time I went

to an alternative doctor. He examined me. And then he said, "You're not getting enough kumquat in your diet." I was like, "Excuse me?" "You need to increase your intake of kumquats. And cumin. I mean, every good alternative doctor knows that the two alternative food groups are kumquat and cumin." Speaking of doctors, here's what I don't get about this Dr. Dre person. How come he's allowed to say the n-word, but I'm not? I think it's because he has a doctorate degree. Speaking of doctors, let me just say this. Doctors do lots of stuff to you that really pushes the limits of intimacy between one person and another. A doctor listens to your heart, he looks into your eyes, he looks down your throat, he looks into your ear, and then he puts his hand up your rectum. He just runs through that routine, without even making small talk or giving you a glass of wine. If I were a doctor, I'd go the extra mile to set the mood. I'd turn down the lights, and play some Barry White music, and maybe put a waterbed in the room.

THE END