

The Pizza

Written by

Bryan A. Thompson

May 1998

<Elaine and Jerry in bed again...>

Elaine: "Not bad, Jerome, but I'm still hungry. I told you it wouldn't work."

Jerry: "I know. Before I was just a little bit hungry, and now I'm starving."

Elaine: "What are you doing? Get off of me and get dressed. If I don't get food soon, I'll starve."

Jerry: "What do you mean 'Get dressed'? We've got a six month supply of cereal right here! You know, if we'd taken George's advice, we wouldn't have this problem."

Elaine: "You've had all the 'Trix' that you're getting in this bed, Count Chocula. Newman was telling me about this new deli that opened last week. The sandwich of the month is the 'Fred Gwynne'."

Jerry: "I want to suck your...Newman! Wait, Fred Who?"

Elaine: "Fred Gwynne. You know, he played Herman on 'The Munsters'."

Jerry: "I would have called it the 'Eddie Munster,' because of the cheese."

Elaine: "That's not funny."

Jerry: "You're just grouchy because you're hungry."

Elaine: "Ya *think*?"

Jerry: "So what's on a 'Fred Gwynne,' anyway?"

Elaine: "I think it's bologna or something, how should I know?"

Jerry: "You'd think it would be Pepperoni. It's the tall thin member of the sausage family. Bologna should be like Pugsley, the short, fat kid on the other side of the family."

Elaine: "Would you *please* put on your shoes? And that doesn't make sense. Pugsley wasn't in 'The Munsters', he was in that other one."

Jerry: "Hey, I know. How about Pizza? I was walking by the place that Poppy just opened, and there was this kid out front passing out coupons. I think they advertise ten minute delivery. That's quicker than we could get to that deli, anyway. It's called, 'I got your pizza, right here'."

Elaine: "JerreeE! I just had pizza last night! And there's no *WAY* I'm eating at a place that Poppy owns."

Jerry: "Didn't you hear? He's a reformed pro-choicer. Seems that Poppy's priest was eating at 'Make of it what you will,' and started to choke. Poppy heard the commotion, jumped up off his couch, rushed out and Heimlich'd the Good Father. Well, it worked, and this latex glove comes flying out of his mouth! One of the cooks there must've left it behind. He was probably an out of work actor or something. Anyway, they both thought that it was a sign from Above, telling them they might want to rethink the whole

'right-to-be-cooked' position."

Elaine: "Wow! Okay, make the call."

Jerry: *<Calls the pizza place>* "Yeah, same to you, pal. Listen, I'd like a large, half 'All meat', and make the other half olive and tangerine."

Jerry: *<Covering the phone, now speaking to Elaine>* "I still think you're pregnant. Who ever heard of *tangerine* on a pizza, anyway? Thats not pizza, thats dessert."

Jerry: *<to the pizza guy>* "Oh, its 555-8487."

Jerry: "No, I didn't know that my phone number spelled that. Thats interesting."

Jerry: "Why do you need my ZIP code? What are you going to do, mail me the pizza?"

Pizza Guy: "We like to send out a mailer. It contains valuable coupons worth over twenty eight dollars on your next order."

<Newman walks in>

Jerry: "If they're so valuable, I wouldn't send them through the MAIL."

Pizza Guy: "Would you care for any breadsticks, buffalo wings, a salad, perhaps some ice-cold Coca-Cola?"

Jerry: *<To Elaine>* "Breadsticks? Cokes? Wings?"

Newman: "Ooh. Ooh. Buffalo Wings. Buffalo Wings."

Jerry: "If I get you the Buffalo Wings, will you leave?"

Newman: "Promise."

Jerry: "Oh, alright."

Jerry: *<To the pizza guy>* "And an order of wings."

Newman: "Two!"

Jerry: *<to the pizza guy>* "Make that two."

Pizza Guy: "That'll take another fifteen minutes."

Jerry: *<to all>* "Great. Now its going to take an extra fifteen minutes."

Elaine: "JerreEE! I'm starving."

Jerry: "Couldn't you just deliver the pizza, and then when they're ready, deliver the wings?"

Pizza Guy: "I don't think that we're allowed to do that."

Jerry: "Oh, alright, just hurry."

Pizza Guy: "Would you like delivery insurance on that?"

Jerry: "Delivery insurance? He wants to know if I want delivery insurance."

Elaine: "That's the stupidest thing that I've ever heard of."

<Enter George>

Elaine: "Make that the second stupidest."

George: "What was that about?"

Newman: "I don't think she likes you."

Jerry: "George, have you ever heard of delivery insurance on a pizza?"

George: "What? Is the guy going to steal the radio? Drive it off a pier?"

Jerry: <to the pizza guy> "Just what does this insurance protect?"

Pizza Guy: "In order to get the pizza there in ten minutes, we might have to break a traffic law or two. Its ticket insurance. The driver might trip going up the stairs and cause the cheese to become trapped on the top of the box. How do we know, you might have loose carpets on the stairs. You might be a robber for all I know. If the delivery professional gets killed, who's going to take care of his family? Its ticket, robbery and cheesy box-top insurance."

Jerry: "Its cheesy, alright. If you loose a leg, do I have to help you look for it?"

Pizza Guy: "Uh. I don't think so."

Jerry: "Listen, how much is it?"

Pizza Guy: "Three dollars."

Jerry: "Don't you guys use those little plastic tables? That'd keep the cheese off of the top of the box."

Pizza Guy: "If you get the insurance, we use them. They're not cheap, you know. It also ensures that you receive the correct pizza."

Jerry: "Listen, I think that I saw on '60 Minutes' or somewhere that my car insurance covers that?"

Pizza Guy: "I'm not sure. Perhaps your insurance agent could help you with that."

Jerry: "What if I pay with a credit card? Does that insurance cover it?"

Pizza Guy: "We don't accept credit cards."

Jerry: "So you can't take a credit card, but you are authorized to endanger unsuspecting motorists and sell insurance policies?"

Pizza Guy: "Only on pizzas. Not on cars or credit cards."

Jerry: "So if there's no way that I can prepay for this pizza, whats to keep me from sending it back if its got stuck cheese, or its late?"

Pizza Guy: "Oh, we do accept 'Vizza'"

Jerry: "What the hell is that?"

Pizza Guy: "Its a charge card exclusively for our customers. With your enrollment in the program, you'll receive a package of valuable coupons for up to twenty eight dollars off your next purchase. And when someone that you recommend joins, you receive a certificate good for a free breakfast pizza. Of course, all purchases made with your Vizza card include complementary delivery insurance."

Jerry: "What if I lose it. I don't want some guy running around town, charging pizzas on my account."

Pizza Guy: "The good news is that he should be easy to catch..."

Jerry: "Okay, you sold me. Sign me up, then I'll put you on the line with the guy I'm recommending. His name's - *Newman*."

<The End>

[Authors Comments - It was late, the pizza was all stuck to the top of the box, it had the wrong stuff on it, I think I saw pineapple at one point, and I went off on the driver. Here's how I thought the Seinfeld crew might have handled things. Interesting concepts to watch for here are the pizza delivery insurance and the 'Vizza' card. Also inspired by the woman that invented the pineapple and ham pizza. No, I don't know who it was, but it sure wasn't a guy...]

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