

Seinfeld
“Attack of the Killer Tomatoes”
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Prologue

MUSIC:

START-OF-SHOW IN-CUE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK,
SOMEWHERE ALONG NEWMAN’S
MAIL ROUTE – DAY

(NEWMAN IS WALKING ALONG HIS ROUTE, DELIVERING MAIL. HE STOPS AT A MAILBOX ATTACHED TO THE WALL NEXT TO A DOOR, PULLS A HANDFUL OF MAIL FROM HIS BAG, LOOKS BOTH WAYS, AND CRAMS THE MAIL INTO THE SLOT, CAUSING THE MAIL TO BE TORN AND CRUMPLED)

NEWMAN

(MUTTERING TO HIMSELF) I’ll teach you to treat a federal employee that way! You’ll be sorry.

(HE FINISHES, LOOKS BOTH WAYS AGAIN, THEN CONTINUES ON HIS WAY. HE WALKS A FEW PACES THEN STOPS WHEN HE HEARS A VOICE SOME DISTANCE AWAY)

MALE VOICE (VO)

Hey, mail man! You’re only an hour late today! What’s your hurry?

(NEWMAN TRIES TO SCAMPER AWAY, BUT A TOMATO HITS HIM IN THE BACK AND SPLATTERS ALL OVER HIS UNIFORM)

MUSIC:

OUT-CUE TO COMMERCIAL

FADE OUT:

Act One

MUSIC:

IN-CUE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY, OUTSIDE
MONK’S CAFE – DAY

CUT TO:

INT. MONK’S CAFE

(JERRY AND GEORGE ARE IN THE COFFEE SHOP HAVING LUNCH IN THEIR REGULAR BOOTH. A WAITRESS COMES OVER AND SERVES JERRY A BOWL OF CHEERIOS, THEN SERVES GEORGE A BIG SALAD. GEORGE LOOKS DOWN AT IT. THE WAITRESS STARTS TO WALK AWAY)

GEORGE

Excuse me, miss? (SHE COMES BACK)
Don’t you usually chop up the tomatoes on these salads?

WAITRESS

We used to, but now we just slice them.
(SHE WALKS AWAY. GEORGE LOOKS BACK DOWN AT THE SALAD)

JERRY

So, how’s life, now that you’re back in the ranks of the unemployed?

GEORGE

Well, I’ll tell you. I’m sort of ambivalent about it. I mean, naturally I’m glad I don’t have to get up early and trudge into work everyday.

JERRY

Naturally.

GEORGE

On the other hand, I’d gotten used to things with the Yankees. That was the longest I’d ever been with one employer. I had a comfort zone there. I knew how to weasel out of work and waste time with impunity. I had it down pat.

JERRY

No one can pat better than you.

GEORGE

But now that's all over, and wherever I go, I'm back to square one. Sure, it's good to have absolutely *no* responsibility now, as opposed to *almost* no responsibility with the Yankees, but I miss what I built there.

JERRY

Not to mention that nice regular paycheck. How long till you move back in with your parents?

GEORGE

Very funny, but it's not gonna happen – I got that all taken care of, as of this morning. (HE GOES BACK TO EXAMINING HIS SALAD)

JERRY

Well don't keep me in suspense. You've been in a slump lately, you know. I've been waiting a long time to hear the next crazy scheme from George Costanza. (GEORGE SAYS NOTHING)

JERRY

C'mon! I'm like Ed Norton over here with no Ralph Kramden!

GEORGE

All right, all right. Remember when I was trying to get fired from the Yankees? I ran across Yankee Stadium during a game wearing nothing but a flesh-colored body suit?

JERRY

Yes, you became a crowd favorite instantly. Everyone was talking about Body-Suit Man: "Did you see Body-Suit Man at the Yankees game yesterday?" "Yes, wasn't that hilarious? I'd like to shake that guy's hand." It might have been your greatest moment ever.

GEORGE

Yeah, and that little stunt made such an impression on the management over at WXYZ that they want me, as Body-Suit

Man, to join their announcing team when they broadcast the Yankee games on the radio.

JERRY

Get out!

GEORGE

They called me this morning and made an offer, right over the phone.

JERRY

When were you gonna tell me about this?

GEORGE

Well, I didn't tell you because, to be honest ... I'm still not completely sure I want the job.

JERRY

Are you kidding? Why not? Aside from the fact that you're not qualified, it would be perfect for you: working three hours a day, six months a year. Isn't that slack enough for you?

GEORGE

Jerry, it's not that simple. I'd have all that pressure to talk and say witty things on the radio. You know I'm not very good performing under pressure. Plus, they broadcast all the *away* games, too, ya know. I don't want to go back on the road – I'm not up to it.

JERRY

Not up to it? But you'll get to visit all the great cities in North America again: Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Toronto ...

GEORGE

(INTERRUPTING) ... Milwaukee, Pittsburgh, Cleveland. Besides, you and I have been to L.A., and it wasn't exactly heaven, remember? Plus, I want to be more of a home body. I'm not like you – I don't enjoy traveling that much.

JERRY

But don't forget about staying in the nice hotels, eating in the nice restaurants. Plus, you'll still be here for half the games.

GEORGE

I *knew* you'd make this decision hard for me. You're making me edgy. Yeah, I know all that, but the job itself ... there's just no opportunity there to slack off. I'd have to be sharp and funny and witty the whole time. You know me - I have to be able to slack off at work.

JERRY

But you're always talking about how funny and witty you are. I don't know about sharp, but even you can be funny and witty for three hours at a time. I've seen you do it.

GEORGE

Yeah, but that's only when there's been a chance for sex at stake. I can work for *that*, but work for work? Come on.

(GEORGE TAKES SEVERAL LARGE TOMATO SLICES FROM HIS SALAD, PUTS THEM IN A SAUCER, AND COVERS THEM WITH A NAPKIN. JERRY WATCHES)

JERRY

What are you doing?

GEORGE

I don't like tomato slices.

JERRY

When did this happen? You like tomatoes - I've seen you eat tomatoes plenty of times.

GEORGE

I can eat tomatoes if they're chopped up or if I don't have to look at them, but I can't eat tomato slices when they're staring me in the face like those were.

JERRY

Why?

(GEORGE PAUSES, LIKE HE DOESN'T WANT TO GO INTO THIS, BUT CONTINUES ANYWAY)

GEORGE

You know that ... gooey stuff that holds the seeds in place?

JERRY

Yeah, so?

GEORGE

(PERTURBED) I hate that stuff. I can't stand to look at it when I'm eating.

JERRY

There's nothing wrong with the gooey stuff. What's wrong with the gooey stuff?

GEORGE

(GETTING PROGRESSIVELY MORE PERTURBED) I don't know. It just looks so gooey and icky and disgusting. It's like the slime coming off a garden slug. Tomatoes are fine, but I can't eat them if I have to look at that gooey stuff. And when tomatoes are sliced like that, the gooey stuff is glaring right in your eyes like a laser beam!

JERRY

(PAUSES MOMENTARILY) I sense there's more to this story.

GEORGE

(CALMS BACK DOWN) You're right, there is. It was my ...

(JUST THEN, KRAMER COMES SLIDING THROUGH THE COFFEE SHOP DOOR AND PLOPS DOWN NEXT TO JERRY, INTERRUPTING GEORGE)

KRAMER

Hey, me and Newman are thinking about going out to the park. They're having a

sausage festival out there for the next couple of days. You guys wanna go?

JERRY
Doesn't Newman have mail to deliver?

KRAMER
Oh, he's got mail to deliver ... So, are you coming with us, or not?

GEORGE
(IRRITATED) Jerry and I were in the middle of a private discussion here.

KRAMER
Well, I don't mind. Go right ahead. (HE WATCHES GEORGE WITH ANTICIPATION)

GEORGE
(GEORGE RESIGNS HIMSELF TO KRAMER'S INTRUSION AND PICKS UP WHERE HE LEFT OFF)
It was my mother. I first became disgusted by tomato slices when I was a kid, and I didn't want to eat them. But my mother forced me to. "Eat your tomatoes – they're good for you!" I hated it! She always served them sliced. I tried to explain it to her, but she said it was the stupidest thing she'd ever heard, and she wouldn't let me off the hook.

JERRY
I'll grant you it's pretty stupid, but I've known you too long to believe that's the stupidest thing your mom ever saw in you as a kid.

GEORGE
Don't worry – she said *everything* I did was the stupidest thing she'd ever seen. Anyway, she made me eat them. It was horrible, having to eat that stuff. It was *serious trauma*, and I've never gotten over it, the way you'd expect a kid to get over things like that when he becomes an adult.

JERRY
Assuming he becomes an adult.

GEORGE
You're determined to make me edgy, aren't you? All right, make fun if you want, but I'll always associate that stuff with a horrible specter of disgust, and now that I'm a man, and I don't have to eat it anymore! Hah!

KRAMER
What's this all about?

JERRY
Oh, George won't eat sliced tomatoes because he thinks that gooey stuff around the seeds is disgusting.

KRAMER
(TO GEORGE) What are you, nuts? That gooey stuff is the best part. That's where all the flavor is.

GEORGE
(GETTING IMPATIENT) It's not the flavor that's disgusting. It's the way the gooey stuff looks.

KRAMER
But you don't know what you're missing. Some crispy bacon, a fresh piece of lettuce, and a perfect, vine-ripened tomato slice on some lightly-toasted sourdough, with just a little mayo ... It's heaven!

GEORGE
(MORE IMPATIENT) I can eat tomato slices on a sandwich, but not if I have to look at the gooey stuff.

KRAMER
You should get some help. This is an abnormal inhibition, a phobia even. I know a guy who can work with you on things like this. Yeah, he helped my friend Bob Sacamanno with his phobia about boloney. He put Bob in touch with his inner being, and now Bob's fryin' up boloney all the time. You know, things like

your goo phobia can keep building, and building, and building ...

GEORGE

(INTERRUPTING ANGRILY) That's enough! I can't eat anything now! Can't you see I'm edgy? I got a lot on my mind. I gotta get out of here and do some thinking. (HE GETS UP AND HURRIES OUT OF THE COFFEE SHOP)

KRAMER

Man, what's eating him?

JERRY

Oh, he's got a job offer, and he can't make up his mind what to do.

KRAMER

What job offer?

MUSIC:

TRANSITION SEGUE

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK OF A STREET IN
JERRY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

(JERRY AND ELAINE ARE WALKING ALONG, HAVING A CHAT. ELAINE IS ENJOYING AN OLD-FASHIONED LOLLIPOP)

ELAINE

So what's this girl like? What's her name - Angela?

JERRY

Angelica. Oh, she's got a great personality.

ELAINE

Are you trying to be funny?

JERRY

Really. She's a very nice person. We get along great. She likes my wit, charm, good looks, and magnetic charisma. I like her personality ... and her name - Angelica. Makes her sound like a foreign supermodel. I've always admired that foreign supermodel type.

ELAINE

And I assume she also *looks* like a foreign supermodel?

JERRY

Well, Elaine, such assessments are so subjective. My perception of supermodelness might be totally different from yours.

ELAINE

All right, fine. How'd you meet her?

JERRY

She and some of her girlfriends saw my act at the comedy club a while back, and we started chatting after the show. And, I don't think I have to tell you - because you know from experience - but after that, she was completely enthralled.

ELAINE

Please. How many times have you been out with her?

JERRY

Twice. But I'm seeing her again tomorrow night ... You're just all over that sucker, aren't you? Where'd you get that? It looks like what they give kids at the doctor's office.

ELAINE

(COYLY) That's because it is.

JERRY

Because it's what?

ELAINE

A doctor's office sucker.

JERRY

(SUSPICIOUSLY) And how'd you get one of those?

ELAINE

(SMILING) I had dinner with a doctor last night.

JERRY

You're going out with a doctor? But I thought you were blacklisted by the whole medical community.

ELAINE

I was. But I met this handsome doctor in the grocery store. He was behind me in the check-out line. We started chatting, of course, and after I finished working my feminine wiles on him, he was completely wrapped around my finger. And, I didn't even know he was a doctor at that point.

JERRY

Does he know you were blacklisted?

ELAINE

When I found out he was a doctor, I told him about that mix-up with my medical chart, and how unfairly I was treated, and he said he'd take care of it for me. Then he asked me out to dinner. I'm off the blacklist.

JERRY

So you've been blacklisted from the blacklist.

ELAINE

Yeah, I guess. Is that how that works?

JERRY

How many times have you seen him?

ELAINE

Last night was our second date.

JERRY

So you had a doctor's appointment today?

ELAINE

No. Why?

JERRY

Then how'd you get the sucker if you didn't go to the doctor for an office visit?

ELAINE

He gave this to me after dinner last night. I couldn't go to him anyway - he's a pediatrician.

JERRY

He gave you one after dinner? So, he carries suckers around with him all the time?

ELAINE

I don't know. I guess so.

JERRY

Well, that's sort of strange, don't you think? What's his name - Dr. Seuss?

ELAINE

(IRRITATED) Why is it strange? And, no, his name is *not* Dr. Seuss.

JERRY

Well ... What is it?

ELAINE

(SMILING) You'll like this. His name is Tom Pepper.

JERRY

(PAUSES) Dr. Pepper?

ELAINE

(SMILING) Yep. Cool, huh? I'm dating Dr. Pepper.

(JERRY SAYS NOTHING AT FIRST, BUT AFTER A MOMENTARY PAUSE, BEGINS SINGING SOFTLY)

JERRY

(SINGING) I'm a pepper, they're a pepper, he's a pepper, she's a pepper, wouldn't you like to be ...

MUSIC:

TRANSITION SEGUE

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S APT.

(GEORGE IS ON THE TELEPHONE. HE SEEMS NERVOUS)

GEORGE

So that's all there is to it? I just sit there and wait for one of the announcers to ask me a question or cue me for a comment?

CUT TO:

INT. STATION MANAGER'S OFFICE
AT WXYZ

(STATION MANAGER IS SITTING BEHIND HIS DESK, TALKING ON THE TELEPHONE WITH GEORGE ABOUT THE JOB OFFER)

STATION MANAGER

That's right, George. We can work with someone who's never had broadcasting experience. If you'll just go in relaxed and put yourself in our hands, you'll do just fine. We won't let you become ... nonplussed or anything.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S APT.

GEORGE

Well okay. And let me make sure I understand one thing again: This job pays how much? (PAUSES) Really.

CUT TO:

INT. STATION MANAGER'S OFFICE

STATION MANAGER

So we have a deal?

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S APT.

GEORGE

(MUSTERING HIS COURAGE) Yes. Yes, we have a deal. And thank you for this opportunity. I won't let you down!

CUT TO:

INT. STATION MANAGER'S OFFICE

STATION MANAGER

Okay, Body-Suit Man. Just come by the station tomorrow and we'll go over a few details, and your first game will be tomor-

row night. And, you better pack ahead of time because you leave for Cleveland right after the game. Yes. See you tomorrow. (HE HANGS UP THE PHONE AND TURNS TOWARD HIS ASSISTANT SITTING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DESK)

ASSISTANT

So there's no way out of this?

STATION MANAGER

Ahh, I can't believe Steinbrenner is forcing this on us. This ... Costanza used to work for him, and the old man likes him. Can you believe that? Even after the body-suit stunt.

ASSISTANT

So what are we going to do?

STATION MANAGER

Don't worry. This guy sounds like a complete idiot. He'll never make it on the air. After tomorrow night, Steinbrenner will want him fired quicker than you can say, "Billy Martin."

MUSIC:

TRANSITION SEGUE

CUT TO:

EXT. JERRY'S APT. BUILDING FROM
THE STREET - DUSK

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APT.

(LATER THAT SAME DAY, JERRY AND GEORGE ARE DISCUSSING GEORGE'S NEW JOB. JERRY IS CLEANING UP AROUND THE KITCHEN)

JERRY

What about not being able to slack off?

GEORGE

(ENTHUSIASTIC) That's the beauty of it, Jerry. The other announcers do all the work. I just lay back and wait for them to toss me a nice, easy cue to make a clever observation. It'll be like shooting fish in a barrel!

JERRY

Why would anyone shoot fish in a barrel? The fish are right there – they can't get away. All you have to do is reach in and grab 'em. If you shoot at them, you blow a hole in the barrel, then what've you got? A big, wet mess and a bunch of asphyxiated fish.

GEORGE

(IRRITATED) Are you through? (BACK TO ENTHUSIASTIC) This is gonna be better than my job with the Yankees. I'm not worried anymore about not being able to slack off – it'll be a cake walk. And, they seem really excited about having me there. They want to take care of me ... you know ... so I don't get nonplussed or anything.

JERRY

So they'll make sure you're adequately plussed.

GEORGE

Completely plussed.

JERRY

Do you even know what "nonplussed" means?

GEORGE

Well ... Doesn't it mean "edgy"?

JERRY

I think it's close to "edgy," but not exactly "edgy." Anyway, what about all the traveling?

SFX:

INTERCOM BUZZER

(JERRY WALKS OVER TO THE DOOR, PUSHES THE INTERCOM BUTTON, AND SPEAKS INTO THE INTERCOM)

JERRY

Yeah.

ELAINE

(ON THE INTERCOM)

It's me.

JERRY

C'mon up. (HE PUSHES THE BUTTON TO UNLOCK THE LOBBY DOOR AND OPENS HIS DOOR AJAR)

GEORGE

I've thought about that, too, and I think it'll be okay since I'll be in the nice hotels with the nice meals. And, here's the best part – since I'll be out of town half the time, it'll cut my housework in half! How could it be better?

JERRY

It would be better if it cut *my* housework in half.

(JUST THEN KRAMER COMES SLIDING INTO THE APARTMENT)

KRAMER

(TO GEORGE) So, did you take the job?

GEORGE

I'm now Body-Suit Man, Lord of the Airwaves.

KRAMER

Oh, you're the man! When do you go on the air?

GEORGE

Tomorrow night is my first game.

KRAMER

Tomorrow night? Would it be okay if I come along? I'd like to see how those guys work, I mean *you* guys work, and hang out in the press booth, and all that.

GEORGE

Well, I don't know ...

KRAMER
(INTERRUPTING) And, I've been thinking about your phobia with the gooey stuff in tomatoes. First, we have to focus in on the problem, and to do that, we need a name for the stuff. How's this: you got your tomato, you got your gooey ... tomgooeey. That's the focus of the fight against your phobia, George – tomgooeey.

GEORGE
Kramer, I don't have a phobia. I just don't like that gooey stuff ...

KRAMER
(INTERRUPTING) Uh uh uh! ... Tomgooeey.

(ELAINE OPENS THE DOOR AND ENTERS. SHE'S DRINKING A DR. PEPPER)

KRAMER
Elaine! What do you think of tomgooeey?

ELAINE
Huh? Who's Tom Gooeey?

KRAMER
No, no, no. I mean that gooey stuff around the seeds in tomatoes. What should it be called? Tomgooeey, right?

ELAINE
The gooey stuff?

KRAMER
Yeah, the gooey stuff in tomatoes. It should be called tomgooeey, shouldn't it?

ELAINE
Tomgooeey? (PAUSES) I don't really like the sound of that.

KRAMER
Oh come on. It's perfect! Now look, I gotta go, but you think about it. You, too, George, and I'll see you tomorrow. (HE SCRAMBLES OUT THE DOOR)

JERRY
(TO GEORGE) You know, before lunch today, I never really paid attention to that stuff, but since you pointed it out, I haven't felt very good about tomgooeey, either.

GEORGE
Ah hah! Ya see? It's disgusting, isn't it? Don't you think so, Elaine?

ELAINE
(PENSIVELY) Tomgooeey.

MUSIC:
OUT-CUE TO COMMERCIAL
FADE OUT:

Act Two

MUSIC:
IN-CUE
FADE IN:
EXT. WIDE SHOT OF YANKEE STADIUM – DUSK

CUT TO:
INT. YANKEE STADIUM HALLWAY
OUTSIDE THE PRESS BOOTH

(KRAMER IS OUTSIDE THE DOOR, LEANING AGAINST THE WALL. GEORGE WALKS AROUND A CORNER AT A FAST PACE, HUMMING TO HIMSELF AND CARRYING A SUITCASE. HE SEES KRAMER, SLOWS DOWN, AND GETS A CONFUSED LOOK ON HIS FACE)

GEORGE
Kramer, what are you doing here?

KRAMER
Last night you said I could hang out in the booth with you.

GEORGE
No, I didn't. Kramer, you can't do this now. It's my first day on the job. I have to make a good impression!

KRAMER
Well, I won't do anything or say anything. I'll just watch. C'mon, buddy.

GEORGE
Kramer, I can't! I'm the new guy, the rookie. How would it look for me to bring someone in the booth who doesn't belong there?

KRAMER
Then we'll tell 'em I'm your diction coach and you need me there. (PLEADINGLY)
C'mon, man, it's me – Cosmo!

GEORGE
Kramer ...

(KRAMER LOOKS AT GEORGE WITH PUPPY-DOG EYES. GEORGE PAUSES, CONSIDERS THINGS, AND GETS EXASPERATED)

GEORGE
You're making me very edgy!

MUSIC:
TRANSITION SEGUE

CUT TO:
INT. A MODERATELY FANCY RESTAURANT – NIGHT
(JERRY AND THE ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN KNOWN AS ANGELICA ARE AT A TABLE FOR TWO, WAITING FOR DINNER TO BE SERVED)

JERRY
So, what was Alexander Hamilton thinking when he got into that duel with Aaron Burr? Was it on his list of things to do that day? "Okay, we'll settle our differences here by walking 10 paces, turning around, and shooting each other. Oh, and I can't forget to stop by Sam Adams' place on the way home and pick up a six-pack." How is shooting each other going to settle anything, except for who's going to bleed to death first?

ANGELICA
Maybe he expected Burr to miss.

JERRY
Well, that's pretty risky, don't you think? Burr is only 20 paces away, and they're

both standing still. What was he thinking? I find the whole thing very ... nonplussing.

MUSIC:
TRANSITION SEGUE

CUT TO:
INT. WXYZ PRESS BOOTH – NIGHT
(ONE OF THE ANNOUNCERS IS TALKING TO GEORGE AT THE BACK OF THE BOOTH. KRAMER IS STANDING NEXT TO GEORGE, LISTENING IN)

ANNOUNCER 1
That's about all there is to it. Just remember the most important things: relax and be yourself; don't say anything until we toss you a cue; *and*, keep your comments brief. A lot of new announcers try to say way too much. Okay?

GEORGE
(SMILING CONFIDENTLY) I think I've got it.
(THE ANNOUNCER LOOKS OVER AT KRAMER)

ANNOUNCER 1
And, I guess your "diction coach" can stay, but he has to be quiet and stay back here during the game.

(THE ANNOUNCER WALKS AWAY. GEORGE AND KRAMER LOOK AT EACH OTHER. KRAMER GRINS AT GEORGE AND GIVES HIM THE THUMBS-UP SIGN)

MUSIC:
TRANSITION SEGUE

CUT TO:
JERRY AND ANGELICA BACK AT THE RESTAURANT
(THE WAITER ARRIVES WITH TWO SALADS. HE PLACES THEM IN FRONT OF JERRY AND ANGELICA, AND THEY BEGIN WORKING ON THEM)

JERRY
Boy, am I hungry!

ANGELICA

Me too. This salad looks terrific.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF JERRY'S SALAD PLATE

(JERRY CUTS A CHERRY TOMATO IN HALF. THE HALVES SEPARATE, REVEALING A PLETHORA OF TOMGOOEY WITHIN)

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF JERRY

(JERRY HAS A DISTURBED LOOK ON HIS FACE)

JERRY (VO)

Oh my God! These things are chock full of tomgooeey! Even more than regular tomatoes! I can't eat this! It's disgusting!

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT OF JERRY AND ANGELICA

(ANGELICA IS CUTTING AT HER SALAD WITH A KNIFE. JERRY LOOKS UP AT HER)

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF ANGELICA'S PLATE

(ANGELICA CUTS INTO A CHERRY TOMATO. TOMGOOEY SQUIRTS OUT IN JERRY'S DIRECTION)

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT OF JERRY AND ANGELICA

(JERRY IS WIPING AT HIS EYE WITH HIS NAPKIN. ANGELICA HAS HER HAND OVER HER MOUTH AND LOOKS STUNNED)

ANGELICA

Oh my God, Jerry! I'm so sorry! It was an accident!

JERRY

Hey, don't worry. You wouldn't believe all the tomatoes that were thrown at me when I first started doing stand-up. This is nothing.

JERRY (VO)

This is disgusting! (ANGELICA BEGINS SNICKERING) How can she laugh at this? I was just being polite! This is too disgusting to be funny!

ANGELICA

Oh, Jerry, that's one reason we get along so well. We laugh at the same things! (SHE FINISHES CUTTING THE CHERRY TOMATO, POPS HALF OF IT INTO HER MOUTH, AND BEGINS CHEWING)

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF JERRY

GEORGE (VO)

It just looks so goeey and icky and disgusting. It's like the slime coming off a garden slug.

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT OF JERRY AND ANGELICA

JERRY

So, you like those things, do you?

ANGELICA

I *love* tomatoes. Don't you? C'mon – eat up. (SHE STABS THE OTHER HALF WITH HER FORK)

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF ANGELICA'S MOUTH AS SHE TAKES IN THE TOMATO, WITH THE TOMGOOEY CLEARLY VISIBLE

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF JERRY

(JERRY WATCHES HER EAT THE TOMATO WITH A DISTURBED LOOK ON HIS FACE)

MUSIC:

TRANSITION SEGUE

CUT TO:

INT. YANKEE STADIUM PRESS BOOTH FOR WXYZ – NIGHT

(THE YANKEES GAME IS BEING PLAYED. GEORGE AND TWO OTHER WXYZ ANNOUNCERS ARE WATCHING AND CALLING THE GAME. KRAMER IS IN THE BACKGROUND)

ANNOUNCER 1

Ooo, that's a called strike three, and Jeter walks back to the dugout. Two outs here in the bottom of the 4th, Yankees down 3 to 1. Hey, Body-Suit Man, what'd you think of that pitch – slider or curve?

(GEORGE HESITATES AT FIRST, NOT KNOWING WHAT TO SAY)

GEORGE

(TRYING TO SOUND LIKE AN EXPERT) Well, it could've been a slider, you know, the way it sort of slid in there, but it was also curving, so ... it's hard to say. (THE OTHER ANNOUNCERS GLANCE AT GEORGE WITH BLANK EXPRESSIONS)

ANNOUNCER 1

Now Bernie Williams stands in – he's one-for-one on the night, and knocked in the Yankees' only run back in the first. Johnson smokes one in there on the inside corner, strike one! Johnson is just on fire tonight.

GEORGE

That reminds me of a funny story about fire. I was away for the weekend one time with my fiancée ... well, she wasn't my fiancée at the time. That didn't happen till later. But anyway, we were up-state at her parents' summer cabin for the weekend, and ... well, long story short,

SFX:

LOUD CRACK OF THE BAT HITTING A BASEBALL AND THE CROUD CHEERING

(GEORGE DOESN'T STOP TALKING) my diction coach showed up unexpectedly, and he accidentally burned the place down! Ha, it was a riot! Later, after we got engaged, my

fiancée died while licking the envelopes on our wedding invitations. That was actually *not* a riot ... more of a tragedy. But ... life goes on! (HE HAS A SELF-SATISFIED SMILE ON HIS FACE. THE OTHER ANNOUNCERS ARE WATCHING HIM WITH STERN EXPRESSIONS)

ANNOUNCER 2

And, while we listened to that interesting anecdote from Body-Suit Man, Williams sent a *rocket shot* to straight-away centerfield for a two-run homer. The Yankees have tied it up here in the 4th.

(THE OTHER ANNOUNCERS GIVE GEORGE SOME MORE STERN LOOKS. GEORGE SMILES NERVOUSLY. KRAMER SCOOTs UP, PULLS GEORGE'S HEADSET AWAY FROM ONE EAR, AND BENDS CLOSE TO SAY SOMETHING)

KRAMER

Now, *that* pitch was a slider. (ANNOUNCER 2 HEARS KRAMER AND LOOKS AT HIM WITH INTEREST)

MUSIC:

TRANSITION SEGUE

CUT TO:

INT. STEINBRENNER'S DEN

(STEINBRENNER IS SITTING IN AN EASY CHAIR, LISTENING TO THE GAME ON THE RADIO WHILE READING THE NEWSPAPER)

ANNOUNCER 2

(ON THE RADIO, IN THE BACKGROUND)

... sent a *rocket shot* to straight-away centerfield for a two-run homer. The Yankees have tied it up ...

STEINBRENNER

What is Costanza doing up there? He's the worst announcer I've ever heard. I'm getting pretty edgy!

MUSIC:

TRANSITION SEGUE

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE TOM
PEPPER'S APT.

(ELAINE AND TOM ARE COMING IN FROM A
DATE)

TOM

Come on in, and we'll have that coffee.

(TOM UNLOCKS AND OPENS THE DOOR WHILE
ELAINE LOOKS HIM OVER)

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF ELAINE

ELAINE (VO)

Definitely sponge-worthy.

CUT TO:

INT. TOM'S APT.

(TOM AND ELAINE ENTER. TOM TURNS ON THE
LIGHT)

TOM

Make yourself comfortable, and I'll get the
coffee going.

(HE EXITS TO THE KITCHEN. ELAINE PUTS
DOWN HER PURSE AND PACES AROUND,
LOOKING THE PLACE OVER)

ELAINE

Nice place you have here, Tom.

TOM (FROM THE KITCHEN)

Thanks. It's home.

(FROM THE KITCHEN, ELAINE HEARS WHAT
SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE MAKING FROTHING
NOISES WITH THEIR MOUTH, AS IF TRYING TO
IMITATE THE SOUND OF A CAPPUCCINO
MACHINE, BUT NOT VERY WELL. SHE GETS A
CURIOUS LOOK ON HER FACE)

ELAINE

Is that a cappuccino machine? I love
cappuccino.

(SHE SITS DOWN ON THE SOFA, THEN NOTICES
A LARGE GLASS JAR ON A LITTLE TABLE
AGAINST ONE WALL. THE JAR IS FULL OF
DOCTOR'S OFFICE SUCKERS. THE FROTHING
NOISE STOPS. TOM ENTERS WITH TWO CUPS OF
COFFEE)

TOM

Cappuccino!

ELAINE

Boy, that was quick.

(HE SITS DOWN BESIDE HER, GIVES HER A CUP,
AND THEY EACH TAKE A SIP, GAZING INTO
EACH OTHER'S EYES LONGINGLY. SUDDENLY
THEY BOTH PUT THE CUPS ON THE COFFEE
TABLE AND JOIN IN A PASSIONATE KISS. THE
KISS ENDS AND TOM BEGINS KISSING HER
NECK)

ELAINE

Oh Tom! Tom! (ALMOST WHISPERING NOW)
Ohhhhh ... Tom ... gooey?

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF ELAINE

KRAMER (VO)

Elaine! What do you think of tomgooey?

ELAINE (VO)

Tomgooey? I don't really like the sound of
that.

JERRY (VO)

I haven't felt very good about tomgooey,
either.

GEORGE (VO)

It's disgusting, isn't it? Don't you think
so, Elaine?

CUT TO:

MEDIUM SHOT OF ELAINE AND TOM

(ELAINE PULLS BACK FROM TOM'S EMBRACE)

ELAINE

Tom, I don't think I can ... (PAUSES)

TOM
What's the matter?

ELAINE
I'm afraid I just can't ... (PAUSES)

TOM
There, there – don't be afraid. I promise it won't hurt. And when it's over, you get a sucker!

(ELAINE LOOKS AT HIM. SHE SEEMS NONPLUSSED)

MUSIC:
TRANSITION SEGUE

CUT TO:
INT. YANKEE STADIUM PRESS
BOOTH FOR WXYZ – NIGHT
(KRAMER AND GEORGE HAVE SWITCHED PLACES. GEORGE IS SITTING IN THE BACK OF THE BOOTH WITH HIS ARMS FOLDED OVER HIS CHEST AND A CROSS LOOK ON HIS FACE. KRAMER IS CALLING THE GAME WITH THE OTHER TWO ANNOUNCERS)

ANNOUNCER 1
Still tied 3-to-3 here in the bottom of the 8th. Bernie Williams steps to the plate. He's got three hits tonight, and remember, he tied the game back in the 4th with that two-run shot off Johnson. Let's see what Johnson's got for him this time. Whoa! Fastball, high and tight, right under Williams' chin.

KRAMER
I think Johnson might've been sending a little message there! Williams has had his way with Johnson tonight, and I think the left-hander's getting a little tired of Williams crowding the plate.

ANNOUNCER 2
Good point, Cosmo. (GEORGE GETS A DISGUSTED LOOK ON HIS FACE) Williams has been up on the plate all night, and Johnson's been stymied by it.

ANNOUNCER 1
Here comes the one-oh pitch ... swing-and-a-miss by Williams that time. Another inside fastball, but about belt-high.

KRAMER
Looks like Johnson's trying to set him up for the slider low-and-away. But, Johnson better pay some attention to the runner at 1st – he's getting a big lead.

ANNOUNCER 1
Johnson comes set ... he throws over to 1st, and the runner barely makes it back.

ANNOUNCER 2
You were right, Cosmo. Johnson has to know that a steal of 2nd base could give the Yankees the lead if Williams gets a hit.

KRAMER
Now, Williams has to expect a pitch low-and-away. And keep in mind that he's a good low-ball hitter.

ANNOUNCER 1
Johnson delivers ...

SFX:
LOUD CRACK OF THE BAT ON THE
BALL, AND THE CROWD CHEERING

ANNOUNCER 1
There's a fly ball, deep centerfield! Griffey drifts back to the track ... he's watching it ... and it's gone! Another two-run blast by Bernie Williams gives the Yankees a two-run lead here in the 8th! Oh my!

KRAMER
Just like we said, a slider low-and-away. It didn't cut very much, and Williams had enough savvy to be looking for it.

ANNOUNCER 2
Excellent call, Cosmo. It's a good thing Body-Suit Man brought his diction coach

to the game. Maybe you'd like to be *my* diction coach, eh? (GEORGE SHAKES HIS HEAD WITH DISGUST)

KRAMER

Well, we might figure out an arrangement, but I don't work cheap.

(KRAMER AND THE ANNOUNCERS HAVE A GOOD LAUGH. GEORGE WATCHES AND IS OBVIOUSLY DISTURBED BY THESE DEVELOPMENTS)

MUSIC:

OUT-CUE TO COMMERCIAL

FADE OUT:

Act Three

MUSIC:

IN-CUE

FADE IN:

EXT. JERRY'S APT. BUILDING FROM THE STREET – DAY

CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S APT.

(JERRY AND ELAINE ARE HAVING A DISCUSSION)

ELAINE

Right into your eye?

JERRY

Yes, *directly* into my eye. Then she started eating those cherry tomatoes with all that tomgoeey dripping out ... I can't date someone who likes that stuff and wants me to like it too.

ELAINE

Well, no one's gonna force tomgoeey on me, either. *I* decide whether I want tomgoeey, even if he *is* a doctor.

JERRY

So you think Dr. Pepper was in the kitchen making frothing noises with his mouth, like in those commercials?

ELAINE

Yeah, and it was so obvious. And he's a doctor – you'd think he could afford a cappuccino machine if he wanted one.

JERRY

So that's why you're not gonna see him anymore?

ELAINE

No, that's only part of it. Here's the *real* kicker – he tried to seduce me by promising me a sucker.

JERRY

A doctor's office sucker?

ELAINE

Well, I *guess* that's what he meant. Seduction by sucker – can you believe it? After that, I figured out why this handsome doctor is still single – he's a nut case.

JERRY

But, there *is* one advantage about him – you could be a pepper most anytime you wanted.

ELAINE

Yeah, right. I'd rather date Dr. Seuss.

JERRY

At least he didn't squirt tomgoeey in your eye. I might *never* get over that trauma, even if I *do* become an adult one day.

ELAINE

Don't worry, pal – he didn't get the chance.

(KRAMER COMES SLIDING THROUGH THE DOOR)

JERRY

(TO KRAMER) Hey, did you listen to George on the radio last night? We missed it.

KRAMER
No, no, I didn't listen to the radio. I was there.

ELAINE
You were there? What happened?

KRAMER
Well, he did okay.

JERRY
He did okay? Really?

KRAMER
No, that was a lie – he stunk. They let him stay on for four innings, then they asked me to sit in for him.

JERRY
You took his place? Why'd they ask you to take his place?

KRAMER
Well, Jerry, they're professionals, and they could tell I have a gift. You should've heard me. I was fantastic!

JERRY
What about George?

KRAMER
Oh, they asked him not to come back. In fact, after I started talking about his tomgoeey phobia in the top of the 9th, he sort of lost his cool. He jumped me, and we started wrestling. After that, they asked us *both* not to come back.

JERRY
Those poor fools. They had no idea what they were up against when they tried to keep George from becoming nonplussed.

MUSIC:

TRANSITION SEGUE

CUT TO:

INT. STEINBRENNER'S OFFICE AT
YANKEE STADIUM

(GEORGE ENTERS STEINBRENNER'S OFFICE SLOWLY AND HUMBL Y)

GEORGE
You wanted to see me, sir?

STEINBRENNER
Yes, Costanza, come over here and sit down. I understand you had a tough time on the air last night. Yes, that's a shame, quite a shame. I have to tell you I was listening. You were making me pretty edgy, *pretty edgy*. I thought maybe we should have a talk. I've ordered lunch here for both of us.

(GEORGE SITS IN A CHAIR IN FRONT OF STEINBRENNER'S DESK)

GEORGE
Oh, thanks, Mr. Steinbrenner, but I ...

STEINBRENNER
(INTERRUPTING) You know, when I was your age, I suffered some set-backs, too, just like you. Well, not just like you, but there were some set-backs. In fact, I sort of see myself in you, George, and that's why I've taken an interest. I want to keep you from making some of the same mistakes I made, and help you with your troubles.

(A DELIVERY BOY ENTERS WITH TWO STYROFOAM CARTONS AND TWO CANS OF DR. PEPPER ON A TRAY)

STEINBRENNER
Ah, here's lunch now!

(THE DELIVERY BOY PLACES THE CARTONS AND DRINKS ON THE DESK, THEN TURNS AND LEAVES. GEORGE OPENS HIS CARTON TO REVEAL A BIG SALAD WITH NUMEROUS SLICES OF TOMATO ON TOP)

STEINBRENNER
Go ahead – dig in. I heard your diction coach talk about your tomato phobia on

the radio last night. And you know what they say about phobias: the only way to beat 'em is to face 'em head-on. That's why I ordered these salads with plenty of tomato slices. I love tomatoes myself. And I've heard they can help prevent prostate cancer. So they're *good* for you, too! Yes sir, we'll beat this thing together, Costanza. I always take care of my own!

GEORGE

But ...

STEINBRENNER

No buts! Go ahead and eat – eat your tomatoes. C'mon, George, eat your tomatoes – they're good for you!

(GEORGE RELUCTANTLY PLACES PART OF A SLICED TOMATO IN HIS MOUTH AND DISPLAYS A LOOK OF SERIOUS DISGUST)

MUSIC:

END-OF-SHOW OUT-CUE

FREEZE FRAME:

SUPER OUTGOING CREDITS

FADE OUT:

Epilogue

FADE IN, SPLIT-SCREEN WITH CREDITS:

EXT. THE PARK WHERE THE SAUSAGE FESTIVAL IS BEING HELD
- DAY

(NEWMAN IS AT THE SAUSAGE FESTIVAL, HELPING HIMSELF TO A NICE BIG PIECE OF SAUSAGE. HE SITS DOWN AT A PICNIC TABLE, CLEARLY ANTICIPATING HIS FIRST BITE. BUT HE FREEZES WHEN HE HEARS A VOICE SOME DISTANCE AWAY)

MALE VOICE (VO)

Hey, mail man, slow down! Poland just called! They're running out of sausage!

(NEWMAN DOESN'T MOVE. THEN A PIECE OF SAUSAGE COMES FLYING INTO THE PICTURE AND HITS NEWMAN IN THE BACK, SPLATTERING ALL OVER HIS UNIFORM)

MUSIC:

END-OF-SHOW THEME

FREEZE FRAME:

CONTINUE OUTGOING CREDITS

FADE OUT:

THE END

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