

THE BREADSTICK

Written by

Mary-Margaret Russo, Dylan Wallace, Libby Welman, Sarah Garron,
Robert Hertenstein

Based on

SEINFELD - THE CHINESE RESTAURANT

By

Larry David and Jerry Seinfeld

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT (MARY-MARGARET)

Dinnertime, a crowded Sunday night. Outside the warm restaurant, snow falls steadily in the busy sidewalks of the city. JERRY (30s), GEORGE (30s), and ELAINE (30s), enter and remove their hats and scarves.

We see a podium with a sign in front of it "PLEASE WAIT TO BE SEATED". The friends are in mid-conversation as they approach the hostess stand.

ELAINE

I'm telling you THE tri state area is Kentucky, Ohio, and West Virginia.

GEORGE

You only think that because you're from Kentucky.

JERRY

That is ONE of the tri state areas, but EVERYONE knows that THE tri state area is New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

Elaine pulls her Iphone out of her purse and begins typing ferociously.

ELAINE

Then why does google show me this?

She holds up her phone revealing an image of a map of Kentucky, Ohio, and West Virginia.

GEORGE

Show me your search history.

ELAINE

No!

GEORGE

If you're telling the truth then show me your search history.

Elaine puts her phone back in her purse, George reaches for it.

ELAINE

I don't have to prove myself to you. It was the first image that came up!

GEORGE

That's funny because when I search it up, the first image I see is of New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut.

ELAINE

Whatever! Geez where's the hostess? I'm starving.

GEORGE

(under his breath)
I couldn't tell by your hangry-ness.

Elaine looks at her watch and steps side to side impatiently.

The host, BRUCE (40s) slips out of the kitchen in the back of the restaurant and makes his way to the podium.

BRUCE

Hi, how many?

ELAINE

Three please.

Bruce flips through a list on the podium.

BRUCE

It won't be more than ten minutes.

JERRY

What do you want to do?

ELAINE

Let's go someplace else. I'm too hungry I can't wait.

GEORGE

It's Friday night, we're not going to get seated anywhere else without a reservation.

JERRY

That's true. It's just ten minutes.

ELAINE

Jerry go get some menus so we can at least order right when we sit down.

JERRY

Part of the restaurant experience
is looking at the menu while
sitting down. If I already know
what I'm getting before I sit down
then I may as well just go to a
fast food joint.

Elaine scrunches her face with a look of disgust.

ELAINE

That is so absurd. Do you hear how
crazy you sound?

JERRY

If I'm going out I really want to
savor every moment.

ELAINE

Yeah well I really like to savor my
food, which I'd be able to do
SOONER if you pick out what you
want BEFORE we sit.

GEORGE

I doubt it will make that much of a
difference if we order as soon as
we sit down or wait five more
minutes.

They sit down on a bench in the lobby.

ELAINE

Fine I give up.

She waves her hands in the air, signaling her surrender.

BRUCE

(CALLING OUT)

Lashbrook, four.

The Lashbrook's get up and follow Bruce to their table.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER IN THE NIGHT (MARY-MARGARET)

Elaine, Jerry, and George are still sitting on the bench.
Jerry and George are scrolling on their phones, Elaine is
staring at the wall.

BRUCE

(CALLING OUT)

Smiths, six.

The Smiths stand up and follow Bruce into the restaurant. Elaine snaps out of her daydream and shoots George and Jerry a look of annoyance.

ELAINE
Are they for real?

GEORGE
What?

ELAINE
What time is it?

JERRY
Seven forty-five.

Elaine stands up.

ELAINE
It's been way longer than ten minutes!

GEORGE
I'm sure we're next on the list.

ELAINE
Yeah I'm going over there to make sure we are.

She walks towards the podium. She stands waiting for a few moments before Bruce walks back over, but does not acknowledge Elaine.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
Excuse me.

BRUCE
Yes?

ELAINE
Can you tell me how long it will be until we're seated?

BRUCE
What's the name?

ELAINE
Seinfeld.

Bruce flips through the list.

BRUCE
Ah. Seinfeld.

He looks towards the tables and hesitates.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

It won't be more than five, ten minutes.

ELAINE

Are you sure? Because that's what you told us when we got here at seven twenty, and now it's almost eight.

Bruce does not look up from the list.

BRUCE

Yes ma'am.

Elaine lingers by the podium.

After an awkward minute of silence and a glare from Bruce, she slinks back towards the bench.

JERRY

Any luck?

ELAINE

No. I guess they just don't enjoy making money.

She sits down and leans her head back.

ELAINE (CONT'D)

I'm just saying if we had gone somewhere else we would have been seated by now.

JERRY

If we leave now that's just going to add double the time. Here see that couple over there?

He points to the table closest to them.

Elaine nods.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I'll give you five dollars if you go up to them and eat their breadsticks.

ELAINE

Jer I can't do that don't be ridiculous. Besides even the thought of going over there and eating is making my stomach hurt.

JERRY

Ten dollars.

ELAINE

Jerry quit it.

GEORGE

Seriously Jer make it worth her time.

JERRY

Fine. Twenty-five, and I'll get a menu to start looking at.

ELAINE

Swear?

JERRY

Swear.

ELAINE

Cross your heart Jerry.

JERRY

Ok ok geez, go ahead now.

Jerry holds up his hands after tracing an "X" on his chest while laughing at Elaine considering his proposal. George is anxiously watching, silently hoping she goes through with it. Elaine timidly stands up and leaves her friends. She mutters to herself to build confidence.

ELAINE

Ok, if he asks, I'm just going to see the restaurant, or maybe find the bathroom. Or I see a friend in there maybe? No no the bathroom story works. Ok.

Elaine approaches Bruce and slows her pace when passing. Bruce does not look up from the guest book.

INT - ITALIAN RESTAURANT - DINING ROOM (Wallace)

Elaine steps into the dining room. She turns over her shoulder to see Jerry and George holding in their laughter to not alert the other guests as to the heist.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
(murmuring)
Ok, Please let this be easy.

Elaine stands behind the group of four enjoying their meals. In front of her sits two men and two women. The women have DESIGNER BAGS hanging off the backs of their chairs, SUNGLASSES crowding their faces, and are chain smoking CIGARETTES held out by GOLDEN CIGARETTE HOLDERS. The men are in tank tops, stained with previous pasta dinners and ash, chest hair blossoming out of the top. Their oversized golden pinky RINGS ding their glasses each time they reach for their cups.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
Oh my god they're gonna put a hit
on me. Ok.
(loudly)
Hello.

Elaine tries to stay as still as possible with her back to Jerry and George. Partially so they can't see that she's bargaining with the group, and partially to not see them laughing at her.

ELAINE (CONT'D)
See those jackasses laughing in the
lobby behind me? They told me
they'd pay for my meal if I steal
one of your breadsticks. Do you
think-

MAN 1
Honey I'll pay you double if you
get outta here and leave us alone
to our meals.

WOMAN 1
Oh please would you cut it out
Tony. Come here sweetheart We all
have our dinners we're done with
our bread, here.

The woman takes a NAPKIN and starts wrapping up the remaining four breadsticks from their basket and shoves them into Elaine's coat pocket.

MAN 1
Aye aye aye, I'm the one paying for
those what are you doing giving all
of 'em away. What are ya crazy!

WOMAN 1

They're bottomless Tony! Just tell Ed to make you a new batch you know he will.

WOMAN 2

Always somethin with you ain't it Tony.

The second woman pulls a drag from her cigarette.

MAN 2

Oh c'mon you know how they are Tony I'll reimburse you.

MAN 1

It ain't the money Al, it's the principal. This woman is always undercutting me in everything I do.

The men continue bickering until a CIGAR is pulled out and shoved into the mouth of MAN 1 to quiet him down. The woman who smuggled bread turns to Elaine.

WOMAN 1

(whispering)

Don't be scared of him, he's all teddy bear with a big bark. Go make sure your friends pay up or I can send Tony over.

ELAINE

Oh thank you so much I'm starving. That won't be necessary though they're real pushovers. Thanks again.

INT - ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT (WALLACE)

Elaine begins walking back to Jerry and George who are now belly laughing after seeing the couple's bickering, assuming Elaine has lost the bet. She sits back between them.

JERRY

Well looks like you did great Laine. I'll give you props, I didn't think you had the chutzpah to actually do it.

GEORGE

I'd 've chickened out by the hostess Elaine I gotta say.

Without saying a word, Elaine pulls the napkins from her pocket, removes a breadstick, and begins mimicking the men she just left. She holds the breadstick between two fingers and blows pretend smoke in her friends faces between bites. The other two are beside themselves.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

(excited)

Elaine! You actually did it! Aw man, got any extras?!

JERRY

(disappointed)

aw man she actually did it.

Jerry reaches for his pocket and pulls out his WALLET.

GEORGE

Got any extras you could spare?

ELAINE

Sure do. Twenty a piece.

JERRY

Oh come on now don't be ridiculous.

ELAINE

What do you mean? That's their price. Unless I see a menu that tells me otherwise.

JERRY

Ok I see what this is.

Jerry begins to get up while Elaine hands George a breadstick. Jerry approaches Bruce's counter.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Hey can you hand me a menu so me and my friends can take a look before sitting down.

BRUCE

Sure, name?

JERRY

Seinfeld.

BRUCE

Seinfeld. Friends with that lady?

He points to Elaine and George who are gorging on the bread.

JERRY

Yes, why?

BRUCE

No eating in the lobby.

JERRY

Seriously? You're a restaurant
what's the big deal?

BRUCE

Yea we sell food, meaning you gotta
buy it, not bring it.

JERRY

Can you let us by this once? She'll
kill me if I tell her that.

Bruce looks back at his books.

BRUCE

Not my problem.

JERRY

Well how much longer do we have so
I can at least let her know.

BRUCE

Name?

JERRY

(exhausted)
Seinfeld.

Bruce flips a page.

BRUCE

Should be five minutes.

JERRY

(loudly)
Well that's a relief thanks for
that.

Jerry keeps eye contact with the top of Bruce's head as Bruce
never breaks gaze from his list of names. Jerry swipes a MENU
and returns to his friends.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Good news and bad news, which would
you like first.

Elaine and George look at Jerry with full mouths.

GEORGE (LIBBY)
(mouth full)
Bad news. Obviously.

George nods towards Elaine as if asking for her opinion. She nods back in agreement.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
What kind of sicko wants to hear
the bad news last?

Elaine swallows. She holds up the remainder of the breadstick, waving it around as she gestures with her hands.

ELAINE
Yeah c'mon, Jer, what kind of
question is that? "Which would you
like first" pftt.

He puts his hands up. Surrendering. Elaine takes another big bite of her breadstick.

JERRY
Alright, alright. I'm sorry I
asked.

GEORGE
Well what is it?

Elaine chews. Jerry observes her.

JERRY
(to Elaine)
Well I hope you enjoyed that cause
that's the last bite you'll have
until we sit down.

He takes the breadstick out of her hands.

ELAINE
Hey! What was that for?

JERRY
No eating in the lobby. Gotta "buy
it, not bring it," or so he says.

ELAINE
Well somebody bought it, just
wasn't me.

JERRY
Do you want a table or not?

Elaine rolls her eyes.

Made in Highland

GEORGE
Who brings breadsticks to an
Italian restaurant anyway?

ELAINE
Yeah that's like bringing your own
toilet paper to a public restroom.

GEORGE
(hesitantly)
Yeah... exactly...

George looks away, scratching his head.

JERRY
(to George)
You bring your own toilet paper?

GEORGE
Give me a break, that cheap one-
ply crap is always givin' me brown
ballerinas.
(beat)
Gotta do whatcha gotta do.

ELAINE
Brown ballerinas?

GEORGE
Y'know, it's when you're wiping
and your finger pushes through the
toilet paper and into your...
y'know... and then the paper looks
like a little tutu and your
finger's brown cause-

JERRY
Okay, enough! We got it, we got
it.

ELAINE
Any other time that would've made
me lose my appetite, but
surprisingly, that didn't do it
for me.

Elaine pulls another breadstick out of her pocket. Bruce gives her the stink eye. She stares right back at him as she shoves a good amount into her mouth.

George and Jerry both give Elaine an I-can't-believe-you-just-did-that-look.

Made in Highland

ELAINE
What? *Honestly*, what's he gonna do?

She slaps her hands together, cleansing them of crumbs.

ELAINE
So, what's the good news?

JERRY
We should be seated any minute now, but after what you just pulled I-

BRUCE
Seinfeld. Party of 3.

ELAINE
See, I told you. What's he gonna do?

The group walks impatiently towards the host stand.

BRUCE
Seinfeld?

JERRY
That's us.

ELAINE
Ready for our table.

Elaine leans forward onto the host stand. A jar of mints sits upon the stand.

BRUCE
Wonderful! I just wanted to let you know it's going to be about another five to ten minutes.

ELAINE
Wha-- why would you-- ughhh!

She begrudgingly takes a mint from the jar. It will have to do for now.

George takes Elaine by the shoulders, leading her away from the host stand with Jerry.

ELAINE
He can't be serious!

She opens the mint and pops it into her mouth.

Made in Highland

JERRY
You've got nobody to blame but
yourself.

ELAINE
Alright, that's it! We're
splitting up. George, why don't
you go next door to that Chinese
restaurant-

GEORGE
Chinese?! I don't want Chinese.
(pointing to Jerry)
Make Jerry wait there.

JERRY
(dumfounded)
Huh...?

Jerry and Elaine are beyond confused. Elaine rubs her hand down
her face, stretching the skin.

ELAINE
What? That's not-- that's,
that's...

JERRY
(to George)
If you don't want Chinese, then
why would any of us wait there?

George is at a loss for words. He gives a small shrug.

ELAINE
Oh for God's sake, as long as you
two leave and put in our names
somewhere else, I could care less
if it's Italian, Chinese, or that
damn PetCo up the road.

Jerry gives Elaine a puzzled look. His eyes squint, he's taken
aback.

GEORGE
At that point let's just go with
Chinese.

JERRY
George!

GEORGE
What?! I don't wanna eat kibble.

ELAINE
I'm so hungry, I would eat kibble.

Made in Highland

JERRY
Oh, Lord. That's not what I
thought you... oh well alright,
(to George)
let's get outta here.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - LATER (LIBBY)

Elaine sits alone, slumped on the bench in the lobby. She taps her foot impatiently.

Bruce returns to the host stand from seating another party. He looks down at his papers, then back up.

BRUCE
Seinfeld. Party of three.

Elaine scrambles to her feet, clumsily gathering her purse and jacket as she heads to the stand.

ELAINE
Yes! Thank you, thank you. If you
could get a basket of breadsticks
out as soon as-

BRUCE
Where's the rest of your party?

ELAINE
Oh, umm... they'll be on their way
soon. I just have to call to let
them know our table is ready. Now
if you could kindly-

She pushes forward. Bruce puts out a hand to stop her.

BRUCE
I can't seat you until your entire
party arrives.

Elaine is barely holding herself together now. She looks as if she's about to burst.

ELAINE
WHAT?! When has that EVER been the
case? Anywhere?

BRUCE
Ma'am that is the case right
here... right now.
(MORE)

Made in Highland

BRUCE (CONT'D)

(beat)

I'll give you five minutes for
your friends to show up, or I'll
have to give your table away to
another group.

Made in Highland

CUT TO:

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT (SARAH)

George and Jerry walk into the Chinese restaurant and march up to the host stand.

JERRY

Hi, there how long-

Jerry is cut off as the girl - late teens - at the stand holds her finger up to Jerry's face. She takes the phone away from her ear and starts texting, her nametag reads Beverly.

JERRY

Um. Hello..!

BEVERLY

Hey.

(beat)

So, how can I like help you?

JERRY

I was wondering how long your current wait time is.

BEVERLY

Hmm?

George and Jerry look at each other. They can't believe this girl has a job.

GEORGE

(impatiently)

The wait. How long is the wait?

Beverly rolls her eyes and looks up from her phone to the computer on the stand. She does some typing and then looks down at her phone again.

BEVERLY

It'd probs be about 5... maybe 10 minutes.

JERRY

Perfect! The last name is Seinfeld.

Beverly doesn't respond. She just continues to text. George and Jerry walk over to the couches and take a seat. George starts typing on his phone.

JERRY
Have you heard from Elaine?

GEORGE
No nothing yet.

BEVERLY
Johnson? Party of like...
(beat)
four?

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT (SARAH)

Elaine has the phone held up to her ear as she is pacing back and forth.

ELAINE
(annoyed)
They're not picking up! What the hell
are those two idiots doing?

BRUCE
Ma'am. If your whole party isn't here,
I'm going to have to give up your
table.
(beat)
As I said, very busy night.

Elaine shoots Bruce a glare before approaching the stand.

ELAINE
I'm going to go next door for two
seconds. DON'T give away the table.
Please.

Bruce glances down at his watch and then returns to stare back at Elaine.

BRUCE
Two minutes.

Elaine runs to the exit and pushes open the door.

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT (SARAH)

George and Jerry are still sitting on the couches waiting as Elaine bursts through the door.

ELAINE
What the hell guys? I've been calling
you!

George and Jerry look at each other, look down at their
phones, and then shrug their shoulders.

JERRY
I haven't gotten any calls...

GEORGE
Me neither...

ELAINE
It doesn't matter

Elaine grabs Jerry's arm.

ELAINE
Our table is ready, come on.

The three start rushing towards the door.

BEVERLY
Seinfeld? Um, party of three?

JERRY
Hold on, our table is ready.

GEORGE
No, come on let's go. I didn't even
want Chinese anyway.

ELAINE
George is right, let's get out of
here.

The three exit the restaurant and start running.

BEVERLY
I said... Seinfeld party of three!

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT (SARAH)

The three burst through the door and Elaine runs up to the
host stand.

ELAINE
(out of breath)
Were here! Seinfeld. Party of three.
We're all here.

Bruce barely looks up from his papers. He starts flipping through the pages.

BRUCE
Seinfeld? I called you guys five minutes ago. Your table is gone.

Elaine's eye starts twitching.

ELAINE
What do you mean gone?

Bruce gestures behind him to a table in the middle currently occupied by 4 people smiling, eating breadsticks, and looking at menus.

ELAINE
But... I told you I'd be right back.
We're here!

BRUCE
Sorry. It looks like it's going to be another five to ten minutes.

Elaine starts to get angry. Jerry grabs her shoulders and guilds her away from the stand.

JERRY
Thank you. We will be waiting here.

The three walk over and sit back down in their spots.

JERRY
Let me go run next door and see if our table is still available.

Elaine puts her head in her hands and lets out a large sigh. She waves her hand dismissively.

ELAINE
Go.

Jerry turns to leave, and rushes out the door.

CUT TO:

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT (SARAH)

Jerry bursts through the door and sprints up to the host's stand, scaring the phone right out of Beverly's hands.

JERRY
Seinfeld right? You called Seinfeld
party of three?

Beverly looks down at her computer and does some typing. Then looks back down at her phone and shakes her head.

BEVERLY
Yeah, I DID call Seinfeld party of
three.

JERRY
Perfect, let me go grab...

BEVERLY
Listen, man, I DID call Seinfeld. That
was then.

Beverly points to a table with three people sitting down with menus.

BEVERLY
Now... Your table has been reassigned.
It'd be like five to ten minutes for
the next table.

Jerry sighs.

JERRY
Listen, Beverly, can I call you Bev?

Beverly looks up from her phone with a weird look on her face. Jerry pulls out his wallet

JERRY
My friends and I are starving...How
much longer is it going to be for a
table?

He slides her a 20. Beverly looks at the 20 and then pockets it.

BEVERLY
(confused)
Like five to ten minutes?