

I'M NOT GAY, I'M JUST A PIZZA GUY

Written by

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INT/EXT. APARTMENT- DAY

Tall with some acne, wearing a red PAUL'S PIZZA PALACE T-SHIRT, JOHN (19)- sits in the doorway of the apartment. He talks to NICOLE (32), who is sitting and eating a pizza.

JOHN

So I'm delivering to this guy and he says "Hey wanna see my action figure collection?" So I walk in to his house and...

John checks his watch.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Oh, shoot. Sorry I need to get back to work. Enjoy your pizza!

Nicole waves goodbye as John runs off.

INT. PAUL'S PIZZA PALACE- DAY

A small pizza parlor. It is mostly quiet, until...

John roars into the parking lot in a crappy sedan featuring a PAUL'S PIZZA PALACE TOPPER. He runs into the store.

PAUL (50)- fat and mean, gives John a death stare.

PAUL

John, your last delivery took almost an hour.

He sets a pizza on the counter between him and John.

PAUL (CONT'D)

If you're not back in 15 minutes, you're fired.

John gulps. He checks his watch. 4:46. He grabs the pizza and runs out of the building.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME- DAY

The home is small but fairly nice. John parks on the street and walks swiftly up to the front door. THREE KNOCKS.

Beat.

The door swings open. KAITLIN (22)- stands inside. She is wearing a nice red dress. Only one eye is made up.

KAITLIN

Oh, you must be Samuel! You look different from your profile picture. But I guess I do too.

She laughs awkwardly.

JOHN

I'm sorry ma'am. My name is actually John. I work at Paul's Pizza Palace. I just came to deliver this. \$10.56, please.

Kaitlin pauses for a moment, then laughs.

KAITLIN

Oh, I should have expected you were a jokester! Come on in.

John hesitantly enters the house.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME- DAY

Kaitlin closes the door, making John a bit uncomfortable.

KAITLIN

Just give me a minute to finish getting ready and then we can go.

She jogs up the stairs.

JOHN

No, ma'am I'm not your date. I just need...

His voice trails off as she disappears upstairs. John sighs. He checks his watch. 4:50.

A SUDDEN KNOCK.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey! Someone's at the door!

No answer from Kaitlin. Another knock. John opens the door.

SAMUEL (23)- looks like John but more attractive, leans in the doorway, looking off to the side. He holds a bottle of wine. He turns toward John with a seductive smile.

SAMUEL

Hell...

His smile turns to shock when he sees John's face.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Oh.

Samuel gets exasperated.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Damn it. Why does every hot
internet girl turn out to be a man.

John is beyond confused, then has a realization.

JOHN

You must be Samuel! Your date is
upstairs.

John holds out the pizza.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Did you order this for her?

SAMUEL

Huh, well that's a new one.

JOHN

What?

SAMUEL

Look, I know it can be hard for
guys like you to get dates, but
don't try and trick people. I'm
sorry, I don't swing that way.

JOHN

What? Oh! Oh no, I'm not gay, I'm
just a pizza guy.

SAMUEL

Oh yeah, the pizza guy in a
seemingly empty house with a closed
front door.

JOHN

Ok, it seems weird but...

SAMUEL

Why would a girl who's about to go
on a date even order a pizza?

JOHN

I don't know man, I just deliver
it.

SAMUEL

Take your fake profile off tinder,
dude. It's just weird.

Sam walks away. John closes the door, then glances at the
clock. 4:53.

JOHN

Shit.

He runs upstairs.

INT. KAITLIN'S ROOM- DAY

John runs in, startling Kaitlin, who is halfway through her
second eye.

KAITLIN

Sorry, I'm almost done.

JOHN

Look, this is a huge
misunderstanding. I am not your
date. In fact I think I just scared
him away. But I really need you to
pay for this pizza.

Kaitlin looks at John, as if judging him.

KAITLIN

You're actually a pizza guy?

JOHN

Yes! That's why I said "I am a pizza
guy."

KAITLIN

Well I didn't order a pizza and my
roommate isn't here.

John hands her a paper with the delivery address.

JOHN

I don't know who ordered it but I
have to deliver it right now!

KAITLIN

This isn't my address.

John stares in disbelief. Kaitlin shows him the paper.

KAITLIN (CONT'D)
This is Pilson Avenue. The paper
says Pulson.

John looks at the paper, then grabs it and runs.

JOHN
I'm sorry ma'am! Have a nice day!

KAITLIN
What was that you said about
scaring off my date?

John is already out the door.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE- DAY

John zooms up to the house in his car, stopping abruptly.

INT. JOHN'S CAR- DAY

John looks at his passenger seat. The force of the brake sent
the pizza flying forward. It is lying all over his car floor.

John hastily gathers the pizza slices and arranges them back
in the box. The final product is a disgusting looking mess of
cheese, crust, and lots of dirt. He exits the car.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE- DAY

John walks up to the house. He knocks frantically.

Samuel opens the door.

Samuel's eyes widen. John gives an innocent looking smile.

Samuel goes to slam the door. John blocks it with his foot,
letting out a cry of pain.

INT. TOWNHOUSE- DAY

John pushes the door open and charges into the house with the
pizza. Samuel runs to the kitchen and hides behind the
island. John runs up so the two are divided by the island.

SAMUEL
What the hell is wrong with you!?

JOHN
I need to deliver this pizza!

John dashes left, but Samuel moves right. All they do is switch positions, still divided by the island. They both move slightly to one side or another, Samuel always making sure to be perfectly across from John.

SAMUEL

What is your obsession with me,
man!?

John tries to grab Samuel, but can't.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna call the police!

JOHN

Just pay for the pizza!

SAMUEL

I didn't order a pizza! Get away
from me!

John tosses the pizza on the counter and lunges over the island, taking Samuel down. John sits on top of Samuel.

John takes the paper with the address and shoves it in Samuel's face.

JOHN

Look!

Samuel SLAPS John across the face. John stays on top of him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This is your address!

Samuel SLAPS him again.

JOHN (CONT'D)

This is your pizza!

SLAP.

SAMUEL

I said. I didn't. Order. A pizza!

Samuel punches John, sending John reeling to the side. Samuel flips on top of him and pins his arms down.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Stop fighting me!

JOHN

No! Paul needs his money!

SAMUEL
Who the fuck is Paul?

NATHAN (22)- comes down the stairs, blasting music in his headphones.

NATHAN
Sammy?

Both guys stop. They are clearly exhausted from fighting.
Nathan removes his headphones.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
You okay?

Samuel slumps over next to John. John turns to Nathan.

JOHN
Did you, order a pizza?

John coughs and weakly motions toward the pizza box. Nathan is extremely confused.

NATHAN
Uh, yeah I did.

SAMUEL
Are you fucking kidding me.

JOHN
(to Samuel)
Told you, bitch.

John slowly stands and walks to Nathan.

JOHN (CONT'D)
\$10.56, please.

Nathan pulls out his wallet and hands John \$11.

NATHAN
Keep the change.

John is breathing heavily, but stands triumphant. He looks over at Samuel.

JOHN
I will.

He checks his watch. 4:56. Plenty of time.

John smiles and exits the house.

Nathan helps Samuel up.

NATHAN
Should I ask?

SAMUEL
No, in fact you should never speak
of this again.

Samuel sits down on the couch. Nathan walks over to the counter and grabs the pizza box.

He opens it. His face fills with disgust.

NATHAN
What the f--

CUT TO:

INT. PAUL'S PIZZA PALACE- DAY

John saunters up to Paul and slaps the money on the counter.

Paul picks it up. Then puts it in the cash register.

PAUL
Congratulations. You're not fired.

The door opens. Nathan and Samuel charge in with the pizza box.

NATHAN
Yo, delivery boy!

John turns. His smile fades instantly.

Nathan opens the box to reveal the disgusting dirty pizza.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
What the hell is this?

John turns to Paul.

PAUL
Guess I spoke to soon.

John sprints out the side door. Nathan and Samuel follow.

Paul gets back to work. Behind him in the window, we see John run to his car and drive away, chased down by Nathan and Samuel.

CUT TO BLACK