

PIZZA

Written by

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EXT. THE VAMPS' HOUSE. ON A QUIET SUBURBAN STREET. DUSK

A dark, slightly broken down craftsman house squats on a quiet suburban street. The shades are drawn and there is no sign of life on the inside.

INT. VAMP#1'S BEDROOM. THE VAMP'S HOUSE. DUSK

The room is pitch dark save for a large glow-in-the dark dial clock. The number flips to 6:00 PM and the ALARM BUZZES.

Someone STIRS in bed. An arm flings out and shuts the Alarm off. A dim bedside lamp switches on.

INT. HALLWAY. THE VAMPS' HOUSE-DUSK

The Hallway light switches on. Moments later, Pink Bunny Slippers trudge down the short hallway to the kitchen.

We behold what we presume to be a petite, female figure wrapped in a pink terry cloth bathrobe with curlers in her hair. (VAMP #1)

INT. KITCHEN. THE VAMP'S HOUSE

A CAT MEOWS.

The Kitchen light flicks on to reveal a cat pacing about and rubbing against the cabinets affectionately.

VAMP#1

Are you hungry Mr. Twinkles?

Vamp#1 picks up the cat, strokes and kisses it. Cradling the kitty under one arm, Vamp#1 opens the refrigerator door with "her" free hand and peers inside.

Empty save for 1 single, half-empty can of cat food. Vamp#1 grabs the can and shuts the refrigerator door.

INT. LIVING ROOM. VAMPS' HOUSE - DUSK

Bookcases are lined with self help titles by assorted new age gurus. "Assertiveness Training for Earth Angels", "Irritable Bowel Syndrome", "The Anxiety Cure" etc..." The Omnivore's Dilemma".

INT. KITCHEN. THE VAMPS' HOUSE -DUSK

Mr. Twinkles is chowing down his food.

INT. HALLWAY.

Vamp#1 ambles down the hallway. "She" knocks on the door of the second bedroom.

VAMP#1

Get up! You're gonna be late!

Vamp#1 saunters into the bathroom and shuts the door.

INT. BATHROOM.

Vamp#1 looks in the mirror, then lifts off her hair with the curlers and we realize that it is a wig.

"She" surveys "her" miniscule stubble with a critical eye.

VAMP#1

Tsk. Tsk.

Then takes out "her" "NoNo" device and tackles the stubble.

EXT. CLAIRE AND PAUL'S HOUSE. ACROSS THE STREET-SAME

A large, well-manicured and attractive suburban house complete with SUV parked in the driveway.

INT. LIVING ROOM. CLAIRE AND PAUL'S HOUSE. DUSK

Slightly hunkered down so as not to be seen, CLAIRE, a 40 something suburban housewife, peers out at the broken down craftsman across the street.

CLAIRE

(in a forced whisper)

The neighbors are weird, Paul!

PAUL

(not looking up from his
cross word puzzle)

Don't be so homophobic, Claire.

CLAIRE

(hissing)

That's not what I mean.

PAUL
So what if they're a little er...
flam... boyant. It's the 2000s.
Weird is the new normal.

CLAIRE
Lower your voice!

PAUL
Why are you whispering? They can't
hear us.

CLAIRE
I don't want them to know that I'm
watching them.

PAUL
This is ridiculous! Would you stop
spying on the neighbors?

Claire glances at her watch. It reads 6:45 pm.

CLAIRE
Any second now...

PAUL
Why? What do you think is going to
happen?

Paul gets up and joins Claire at her post by the window.

CLAIRE
(nose pressed to the glass
of the window)
They're going to order Pizza.

PAUL
Then we'd better call the cops!

Claire gives him a look. Paul throws up his hands in disgust.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I'm going to take a dip in the
pool. Try not to embarrass me.

He heads for the stairs, leaving Claire still glued to her
post.

INT. THE VAMP'S HOUSE- DUSK

VAMP #2, "Dennis Rodman meets Divine", bolts out of the
bathroom and lurches across the hallway directly in the path
of Vamp #1. Vamp #1 nearly jumps out of "her" skin.

VAMP#1
 (clutching "her" chest)
 JesusMaryJosephBuddhaBarbarellaChrist!

VAMP#2 (O.S.)
 (from the bedroom)
 What?!

VAMP#1
 Why must you insist on stomping
 around here like a cave bear in
 morning-- I'm sensitive to noise.
 And wipe off last night's makeup.
 You look like the clown from a
 horror movie!

VAMP#2
 Don't be such a friggin' drama
 queen!

Vamp #1 goes into the bathroom and immediately claps eyes on
 the raised toilet seat and the pool of yellow in the toilet
 bowl.

VAMP#1
 And for the love of Cain! How many
 times do I have to ask you to put
 the toilet seat down!!!

VAMP#2 (O.S.)
 I'm hungry!

INT. VAMP#2'S BEDROOM- SAME

The room is pitch dark. The shades have been duct taped shut,
 so as to block any "leakage" of light. The only light is a
 lava lamp and single, dim overhead bulb. A large poster of
 Rupaul's drag race hangs on the otherwise bare wall.

VAMP#2
 I'm ordering pizza!

Vamp #2 sits on the edge of his bed and pulls out a volume of
 yellow pages from under the bed. He flips through it then
 chucks it behind him on the bed. He pulls out another volume
 from under the bed and does the same thing with it.

VAMP#1 (O.S.)
 (from bathroom)
 Pizza! Again?

By now there is a heaping pile of yellow pages Books behind him. Vamp #2 fingers through the "p" section of the yellow pages. Pizza Ad after Pizza Ad has a red slash across it. Finally, he finds one Ad that has not been slashed.

He dials the number for "Pizzapeeps" pizza.

Vamp#1 pokes "her" head in the doorway of the bedroom.

VAMP#1 (CONT'D)

You know I'm lactose intolerant!
Why can't we order Thai or Chinese?

VAMP#2

(on the phone)

Yeah. I'd like to order the deep
dish meat lover's special. Extra
Cheese.

Vamp#1 rolls eyes and exits in an injured huff.

EXT. STREET BETWEEN VAMP AND NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE -SAME

Dark, oversized trench coat wrapped tightly about her thin frame, Claire crouches behind a large bush on the sidewalk in front of her house. She nudges the enormous Foster Grant sunglasses back up on her nose and peeps out at the Vamps' house.

All appears to be quiet.

Claire scuttles across the street to the Vamp's house, keeping low to the ground.

EXT. THE SIDE OF VAMP'S HOUSE-SAME

Claire steals along the side of the house making her way towards the back. Glancing about to make sure the coast is clear, she trips over a garden gnome and bites the dirt.
THUD!

CLAIRE

(her under breath)

Ouw, ouw, ouw, ouw ouw!!

She rolls around on the ground in agony. It takes some time before she is finally able to stop "ouwing". She takes a few deep breaths and gradually manages to drag herself back up by degrees.

She puts weight on her leg. Her leg buckles.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 (under her breath-high
 pitched)
 Turtles in a hand Basket!

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE -SAME

The deck door slides open and Paul enters wearing a towel,
 hair wet.

PAUL
 Dinner ready?

He glances around. No sign of Claire. He opens the fridge and
 gets a beer, then heads for the stairs.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Honey? Are you up there?

EXT. SIDE OF THE VAMPS' HOUSE-SAME

Claire half limps/half drags her way over to the garbage
 bins. She raises the lid of the garbage bin and peers into
 it's dinghy interior.

It's mostly empty.

Next she lifts the lid of the Recycle bin: Empty cans of cat
 food and soda etc...

Finally, she moves to the Compost bin and lifts that lid.

It's jammed with pizza boxes.

CLAIRE
 (with evident
 satisfaction)
 Uh HUH!

INT. CLAIRE'S HOUSE-SAME

Paul comes down the stairs.

PAUL
 Honey?

He walks back into the kitchen and glances about. A pot of
 water is boiling away madly on the stove. No sign of Claire.
 He turns off the heat under the water and frowns.

EXT. THE SIDE OF THE VAMP'S HOUSE-SAME

Claire has pulled out the top pizza box. She lifts the lid and GASPS.

A large pepperoni pizza, whole and untouched nestles inside.

The DOORBELL RINGS from inside the house.

INT. VAMP'S HOUSE-SAME

VAMP#2
(calling out from the
bedroom in a strained
falsetto)
Be right there!

VAMP#1
(coming out of the
bathroom)
Put your hair on "Shrek-ina"!
You'll scare him away.

Fully primped and dressed, Vamp #1 heads for the door. "She" pauses briefly for a minute adjustment to "her" eyelash and slight tug at her bust line before opening the door.

EXT. FRONT STOOP. VAMP'S HOUSE-EVE

The door opens to reveal a scrawny, pubescent PIZZA BOY balancing a large pizza box in one hand, texting with the other.

VAMP#1
(almost purring)
Why hello!

The Pizza Boy doesn't bother looking up--his eyes glued to his smart phone.

PIZZA BOY
(without pausing texting)
That'll be \$14.98.

EXT. SIDE OF VAMP'S HOUSE-SAME

Crouched against the side of the house, Claire inches her way up to the window sash until she can peer into the living room.

INT. FRONT STOOP. VAMP'S HOUSE-SAME

Vamp#1 goes through the motions of searching "her" pocketbook.

VAMP#1
Silly me! I don't have any cash.
Could I write you a check?

PIZZA BOY
(glancing up in sheer
disbelief)
A what?

VAMP#1
(exasperated)
Just come inside.

Pizza boy shrugs and steps inside. Vamp#1 peers up and down the street. It's empty. Vamp#1 closes the door and softly slides the bolt shut.

INT. LIVING ROOM. VAMP'S HOUSE-SAME

MONTAGE MOS (1812 Overture playing) Slow Motion.

A PAIR OF HOT PINK PLATFORM HEELS SIZE 15 approach. The Pizza Boy looks up and his apathetic expression melts into one of dumbfoundedness.

VAMP #2'S MAGENTA LIPS pull back in a smile, to reveal large teeth. The smile widens even more to reveal long, pointed cuspids.

VAMP#1 bares "her" fangs as she circles the Pizza Boy from behind.

THE PIZZA BOY'S FACE contorts into an expression of horror and revulsion.

VAMP#2 grabs the struggling Pizza Boy from behind and puts him in a headlock.

PIZZA BOY
(screaming MOS)
NOOOOOOOOOOOO!

VAMP#2 bares the Pizza boy's neck and sinks "her" teeth into his flesh.

EXT. SIDE OF VAMP'S HOUSE

Claire GASPS in horror.

INT. LIVING ROOM. VAMP'S HOUSE

Vamp#1 glances up, blood glistening on "her" lips. She cocks her head a moment as if listening.

EXT. SIDE OF VAMP'S HOUSE

Claire clamps her hand over her mouth and freezes. The SOUND OF Her HEART PUMPING.

INT. LIVING ROOM. VAMP'S HOUSE

VAMP#1 looks straight at the window and locks eyes with Claire.

END MONTAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM. VAMP'S HOUSE-SAME

MR. Twinkles MEOWS. Claire's eyes flutter. She is lying on the couch. Her eyes open. Vamp#1 looms over her.

VAMP#1
Hello sleepy head!

Claire starts. Her hands fly to her throat feeling for bite marks. Finding no trace.

CLAIRE
(barely a whisper)
What happened?

VAMP#1
You fainted.

The CLOMP CLOMP of size 15 platform heels approaching. Vamp #2 enters the field of her vision. Claire recoils.

CLAIRE
You...you you you...

VAMP#1
(shaking "her" head
sympathetically)
She's in shock.
(MORE)

VAMP#1 (CONT'D)
 (to Claire)
 There, there. You're alright.

Vamp#1 hands Claire a pill and a glass of water.

VAMP#1 (CONT'D)
 Have a Vicodin.

CLAIRE
 (staring at Vamp#2)
 I saw you...oh God!

Her gaze gravitates to the floor beside the couch and alights on the lifeless body of the Pizza Boy lying sprawled out beside her.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
 OH GOD! OH GOD!

Claire scrambles back.

VAMP#2
 Can't you shut her up? She's going to give me indigestion!

VAMP#1
 (sweetly)
 Well little Miss Sunshine, what are we going to do with you?

CLAIRE
 (recoiling against the couch)
 Don't hurt me.

VAMP#1
 Oh, honey don't flatter yourself. You're not on the menu.

VAMP#2
 (looming over Claire suddenly)
 She's gonna tattle.

Vamp#2 traces a long, magenta nail across Claire's collar bone.

CLAIRE
 (babbling hysterically)
 You can't hurt me! I'm vice president of the Home Owner's Association and Secretary Treasurer of the PTA.

VAMP#1
 (to Vamp#2)
 And I'm the First Lady.
 (to Vamp#2) Nobody's going to
 believe her.

The DOORBELL RINGS. The Vamps exchange looks.

VAMP#1 (CONT'D)
 (to Vamp#2)
 Tidy up!

Vamp#2 drags the Pizza Boy's lifeless body behind the couch.

VAMP#1 (CONT'D)
 (to Claire)
 Don't do anything stupid!

The Vamps straighten themselves up. Vamp #2 poses "herself"
 on the edge of the couch.

Vamp #1 goes to the door. "She's" about to open it when she
 remembers to check "her" lips. There's a drop of blood in the
 corner of "her" mouth. Hastily "she" licks it clean.

The DOORBELL RINGS again.

Vamp#1 opens the door.

EXT. FRONT STOOP. VAMP'S HOUSE-DUSK

Paul is standing on the stoop looking harried and frantic.

PAUL
 I am so sorry to disturb you, but
 my wife is missing. I have been up
 and down the street looking for her
 and I'm about ready to go to the
 police... have you by any chance...
 (Her locks eyes with
 Claire sitting on the
 couch)
 OH MY GOD, CLAIRE!!!

Claire cocks her head and tries to motion towards the back of
 the couch. Paul is oblivious.

PAUL (CONT'D)
 Claire? What on Earth?!!
 (to Vamp#1)
 I really apologize...

VAMP#1
Not at all. Come inside.

Vamp #1 shuts the door.

VAMP#1 (CONT'D)
We were just exchanging recipes.

Paul turns to his wife for confirmation.

PAUL
Well that's er... nice of you
honey.

Behind Vamp # 1's back, Claire tries to signal her husband.

CLAIRE
(mouthing the words)
Couch. Be-hind-the-cou-ch!

VAMP#1
Your face looks familiar. Wait,
aren't you that guy on the side of
the bus?

PAUL
Commissioner Morris. Fighting for
safer streets and smarter
kids.(Shaking her hand.) Call me
Paul. Are you a registered voter?

Claire's overt attempts to get his attention finally succeed
in getting his attention.

PAUL (CONT'D)
(leaning down to try to
hear her)
What? Speak up, honey!

Vamp #1 turns to look at them. Claire grabs Paul, yanks him
down and mashes a kiss against his lips.

CLAIRE
(mumbling the words
against his lips)
Couch. Couch.

PAUL
(when he can speak again)
Are you alright Claire?

With a wide-eyed, frozen smile Claire bobs her head up and
down emphatically.

PAUL (CONT'D)
I think we should be going.
We've imposed long enough.

VAMP#1
Nonsense. What are neighbors for?

He pulls Claire to her feet. She WHIMPERS. Paul catches her in time as her injured ankle buckles. He surveys her mystified.

VAMP#1 (CONT'D)
Oh dear, better go and ice that ankle!

PAUL
Thank you for your kindness.

Paul cinches her up and drags her towards the front door.

The Pizza Boy's cellphone RINGS from behind the couch.

The Vamps freeze. They exchange looks. Claire's eyes widen. Vamp#2 starts to reach behind the couch for the phone.

VAMP#1
(sharply)
Leave it!
(flashing a smile at Paul)
Probably telemarketers...

The phone stops RINGING and CHIMES to voicemail.

PAUL
Yeah, Tell me about it. Once they've got your number they never stop calling. Thanks again.

He hauls Claire out the front door and down the steps. Claire stares after Vamp#1 as Paul drags her away. Vamp#1 waves sweetly and blows her a kiss.

VAMP#1
Stay off that ankle, honey!

Vamp#1 shuts the door and turns to confronts Vamp#2.

VAMP#1 (CONT'D)
That's it! No more Pizza!

FADE OUT.