

LOST BOYS PIZZA

Written by

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THIRD DRAFT

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INT. DANCE FLOOR OF CENTRAL LONDON PIZZA PARLOUR - NIGHT

EMMA, 20, wearing a Newsies Halloween costume: culottes, suspenders, and a newsboy cap with scraps of newspaper sticking out of her pockets, stands unmoving amidst a dancing crowd of fashionably costumed pizza parlour GUESTS.

THE MONSTER MASH BOOMS as the party guests LAUGH and SING ALONG, many eating a slice of pizza or sipping at a drink as they dance.

Several guests bump into Emma as she clutches her phone close to her face and attempts to read the small text of an email.

The email reads:

"From: U of M Musical Theatre Department."

"Subject: Re: Emma's Newsies Audition - Abroad"

"... We're sorry, without an in person audition you are ineligible to be in the Spring Musical: Newsies. In the meantime, enjoy your time abroad..."

Emma blinks rapidly, her eyes quickly re-skimming the email's contents, tearing up as she reads. Emma looks up and continues to blink rapidly, not allowing any tears to fall.

Emma's phone BUZZES, drawing her attention to the new text notification from "Lizbeth (emoji sparkle heart, emoji dancing girls)" covering the email. Emma reads the text:

"Help! Bathroom! Now!"

INT. BACK HALLWAY OF PIZZA PARLOUR - NIGHT

The dark narrow hallway is covered in colorful posters and graffiti involving vampires eating pizza.

THE MONSTER MASH FAINTLY PLAYS in the distance. DRACULA, sexy and ageless (looking remarkably like a 26 year old), and BARBIE, 23, are in the middle of a heated make-out session.

Emma clutches her phone to her chest as she attempts to squeeze past the couple in the narrow hallway but stumbles forward in the last moment, bumping into Dracula's back, interrupting their make-out session.

Dracula whips around and HISSES at Emma. Emma releases a LITTLE SQUEAK of fear and embarrassment as she quickly continues towards the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Emma enters the dimly lit seemingly empty bathroom and takes in the array of black and white posters and sigils covering every inch of the walls, she SIGHS.

EMMA

Lizabeth!?

Approaching the mirror, Emma places her phone on the counter as she inspects her costume, repeatedly adjusting it along with her hair and makeup. SHUFFLING is heard from the nearby stall.

LIZBETH, 21, decked out with bronze and gold makeup covering her face, peeks her head over the stall's wall and looks down at Emma.

LIZBETH

Finally! I thought you'd never come.

Lizabeth's head disappears as she hops down, her golden boots landing with a THUD. The stall door swings open revealing Lizabeth's full costume in its bronze and gold glory: a print out Twix logo haphazardly taped to the front of her shirt.

The moody lighting in the bathroom catches every metallic element to her costume and gives her an iridescent glow.

Emma discreetly touches up her smudged eye makeup before Lizabeth can notice and resumes readjusting her costume.

EMMA

What happened?

Lizabeth joins Emma at the mirror and attempts to straighten the Twix logo taped on her shirt. Lizabeth readjusts it several times, each time looking more and more crooked.

LIZBETH

Some PERV dressed as a vampire was following me on the dance floor so I came to hide in here.

EMMA

Like...Dracula?

LIZBETH

Yeah! He had fangs and everything!

EMMA

Yeah I'm pretty sure he's moved on...

(MORE)

EMMA (CONT'D)

He's probably leaving a pretty nasty hickey on Barbie in the hallway right now.

LIZBETH

No way!

Lizbeth runs and peeks her head out the bathroom door and returns CACKLING.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

(in a cliche vampire accent)

What do you think? Who wants to suck who?

Emma lets out a half-hearted laugh.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

Oh come on! That was funny.

Lizbeth observes Emma fidgeting with a piece of newspaper in her pocket.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

Emma...

EMMA

It's just not my night. I got -

LIZBETH

What do you mean!? It's Halloween! It's every Bad Bitches night here in London FRICKEN' England babes. You look amazing, this lighting is amazing- OH! A few mirror pics here would be so...!

EMMA

(sarcastically)

Amazing?

Lizbeth gives Emma a knowing look and slowly reaches into her golden Twix-filled fanny pack and pulls out a Twix candy bar. She begins waving it back and forth in Emma's face attempting to hypnotize her.

LIZBETH

You WANT to take mirror pics with me.

Emma cracks a smile and snatches the Twix bar from Lizbeth's outstretched hand quickly eating it.

EMMA
 (mouth full)
 Whatever, fine.

Lizbeth reaches for Emma's phone on the counter and unlocks it. She sees the email and her eyes widen in shock.

LIZBETH
 Emma... I- Are you-

EMMA
 I don't- Let's just take some
 mirror pics... okay?

MIRROR PICS - MONTAGE

Emma and Lizbeth assume an array of theatrically inspired poses ranging from silly and smiley to moody and sexy.

Throughout the photo session, in the reflection of the mirror, the bathroom door cracks open wide enough for someone to slide through, but it looks as if no one enters.

LIZBETH
 Oh now a few selfies!

Lizbeth taps the flip camera function on the screen which reveals Barbie standing behind them making a duck face and holding up a peace sign. Barbie looks like an 80's-themed vampire victim with red eyes and a bloodied bitten neck.

Barbie opens her mouth revealing two sharp fangs and lunges forward with a HISS. Lizbeth and Emma SCREAM and quickly run to hide in a stall.

Barbie HISSES and chases after them, POUNDING her fists on the stall door.

INT. BATHROOM STALL - NIGHT

Emma and Lizbeth SCREAM as the POUNDING on the stall door continues.

Emma grabs a loose toilet paper roll and throws it over the door. It hits the ground next to Barbie's bloodied sneaker. The pounding stops.

BARBIE
 Are you like... serious right now?

LIZBETH

Are you like... seriously a vampire
right now?

BARBIE

Duh.

Lizbeth looks at Emma in shocked excitement, Emma returns a look of pure shock.

Now panicked, Emma turns around and looks in the large stall for more stuff to throw, Lizbeth joins her.

Several bathroom items fly over the stall door. Bundled up pieces of toilet paper, a toilet brush, Twix candy bars, two pairs of shoes, and a golden fanny pack. Barbie stares at the dented stall door unamused with her arms crossed.

Finally the porcelain lid of the toilet flies over the stall door, hits Barbie directly on the head, and SHATTERS. Barbie YAWNS and reaches forward. She pulls the stall door right off its hinges.

Emma and Lizbeth SCREAM.

Emma frantically waves a wooden plunger with a red rubber head at Barbie, attempting to fight her off while SCREAMING.

Lizbeth crouches over the small trashcan next to the toilet and frantically digs through its contents - still SCREAMING.

Barbie snatches the plunger from Emma's hands and snaps it in half, throwing the broken pieces at Emma's feet. LAUGHING MANICALLY Barbie creeps forward towards Emma and Lizbeth, her fangs gleaming in the dim light.

In a panic, Lizbeth launches a used tampon at Barbie's face. It lands on her cheek with a bloody SPLAT and slides down her face, falling to the floor: a second SPLAT.

SILENCE echoes as shock registers on all of their faces.

Barbie closes her eyes as she inhales deeply. Her tongue quickly darts out and licks the blood from her cheek.

Emma and Lizbeth look to each other with disgust.

Picking up the used tampon from the floor, Barbie begins to suck on it. MOANING with satisfaction.

Emma GAGS and Lizbeth launches another used tampon across the bathroom. Barbie runs for it.

LIZBETH

I can't believe vampires are actually real! I always hoped they were-

EMMA

THAT'S what you want to focus on right now? We can't defend ourselves with used tampons all night!

Lizbeth launches another tampon to Barbie in the distance who catches it in her mouth like a dog.

LIZBETH

Do you have any better ideas?

Emma's eyes drift down to whats left of the plunger resting by her feet; a rubber head ending in a jagged wooden stake. Picking it up by its rubber head she practices a few choreographed stabbing motions and nods to Lizbeth.

EMMA

Count. Me. In.

Lizbeth returns the nod and winds up to throw a final handful of used tampons.

LIZBETH

A 5,6,7,8!

Lizbeth releases the tampons as Emma ROARS while running towards Barbie, plunger-stake held high above her head.

Emma's foot slips on one of the used tampons and she slides forward, SCREAMING as she loses her balance and falls. Barbie rushes towards her, fangs flashing.

Barbie catches Emma mid-fall, allowing the stake to perfectly pierce her heart, instantly killing her, which releases an EXPLOSION of glitter and golden confetti leaving no trace of Barbie behind.

Emma lands in the pile of glitter and confetti and used tampons on the floor with a THUD.

Lizbeth CHEERS and goes to help Emma up.

EMMA

EW! Don't touch me before washing your hands!

INT. BACK HALLWAY OF PIZZA PARLOUR - NIGHT

Emma storms out of the bathroom and down the narrow hall. SOMEBODY'S WATCHING ME FAINTLY PLAYS in the distance. The little light catches on the glitter covering her head to toe. Lizbeth runs behind her, make-shift plunger-stake in hand.

LIZBETH

But we have to celebrate what
you've just accomplished!

Emma stops in her tracks. Lizbeth runs into her back and both stumble forward. Emma turns to face Lizbeth and seethes.

EMMA

Lizbeth! You're just not thinking
this through! Dracula is somewhere
out there and I risked my life once
tonight, I am not gonna do that
again! Not for some STUPID pizza. I
just want to go home. Listen to
NEWSIES. And cry!

LIZBETH

CRY? What kind of best friend would
I be if I let you go home and CRY?
On Halloween!? No. You and I both
know what you did was amazing. This
is BIG! Totally Bad Bitch worthy!
And... The pizza here is the best
pizza in London! It'll make you
feel better! I promise!

Emma SCOFFS, turns, and begins to walk away again.

LIZBETH (CONT'D)

Oh COME ON!

Emma stops in her tracks yet again, taking in a "NEWSIES" poster hung up on the wall that says "Seize The Day!" Lizbeth runs into her back and both stumble forward, again.

Lizbeth sees the "NEWSIES" poster and quickly tears it down.

Emma turns to face Lizbeth and takes a ragged breath. Before she can begin to cry Lizbeth embraces her in a hug.

Emma forces a smile through the tears and takes the plunger-stake from Lizbeth.

EMMA

It better be the best pizza in the
god damn world...

Lizbeth smiles.

INT. DANCE FLOOR OF PIZZA PARLOUR - NIGHT

Emma and Lizbeth tensely dance while looking for Dracula amidst a crowd of dancing costumed pizza parlour guests as the last few moments of SOMEBODY'S WATCHING ME PLAYS. The next song begins to play, THRILLER.

LIZBETH

Maybe he left?

Emma's gaze locks onto Dracula drinking a bright red cocktail at the bar. She SIGHS.

EMMA

He seems to be enjoying another drink tonight.

Emma gestures towards the bar with her head and Lizbeth turns and looks, catching Dracula's eye.

LIZBETH

Well... at least he's all the way across the room, we'll just mind our business over-

In a flash Dracula appears before them. Emma and Lizbeth SCREAM, drawing everyone's attention to them in center of the dance floor.

DRACULA

(in a cliche vampire accent)

May I have this dance?

Dracula grabs Lizbeth by the hand and forcefully spins and dips her. He raises Lizbeth and runs his nose down her exposed neck.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

You smell... like chocolate.

LIZBETH

I have a Twix in my fanny-

DRACULA

Oooo... Naughty.

The Guests CHEER and quickly form a circle around Lizbeth and Dracula, separating Emma from Lizbeth.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Dracula begins to lead Lizbeth through an elaborate Tango that matches the beat of Thriller. Lizbeth cannot keep up with his dance moves and stumbles along, helpless.

Emma struggles to squeeze through the crowd and into the dance circle.

Emma finally forces her way into the dance circle and begins to dance along to Thriller, using the classic Thriller choreography. Several Guests join in and dance along.

Emma uses the Thriller dance to approach Lizbeth and Dracula and nearly catches Lizbeth's extended hand.

Dracula continuously works to distance Emma from reaching Lizbeth by spinning Lizbeth out of her grasp.

Dracula releases Lizbeth, who is now too dizzy to stand and holds onto a PARTY GUEST(26, a sexy nurse) for support.

Dracula begins to dance along with Emma and the Guests, using the classic Thriller choreography.

The dance moves begin to look more and more like attacks as Emma and Dracula begin to fight each other through dance. The dancing Guests leave the dance circle.

Dracula quickly rushes at Emma, who SCREAMS and falls back into the Guests forming the dance circle.

Dracula begins to speak the spoken verses of THRILLER as he turns and closes in on Lizbeth. The Guests begin to draw in closer limiting Emma's ability to dance her way to Dracula.

DRACULA

"Darkness falls across the land,
the midnight hour is close at hand,
creatures crawl in search of blood,
to terrorize y'awl's neighborhood.
And whosoever shall be found,
without the soul for getting down
must stand and face the hounds of
hell, and rot inside a corpse's
shell."

Dracula catches Lizbeth by the wrist and begins to force her through a series of spins and lifts.

Lizbeth, further disoriented, loses sight of Emma amidst the Guests as the whole room spins before her eyes. Dracula draws her into his chest and as he speaks, his fangs glisten with venom.

DRACULA (CONT'D)

"The foulest stench is in the air
 the funk of forty thousand years...
 And grizzly ghouls from every tomb
 are closing in to seal your doom.
 And though you fight to stay alive
 your body starts to shiver
 for no mere mortal can resist...
 the evil of the Thriller."

Dracula begins to LAUGH along with the end of the song as he leans forward to bite Lizbeth's exposed neck.

Dracula freezes, mouth agape. His eyes grow wide before he suddenly BURSTS into a large cloud of glitter and golden confetti, revealing a smiling Emma clutching the plunger-stake in her hand.

The Guests CHEER and APPLAUD as Emma steadies Lizbeth. They embrace and LAUGH with relief.

Emma looks out to the crowd and takes a deep bow. The Guests CHEER.

INT. - BAR OF PIZZA PARLOUR - NIGHT

Emma and Lizbeth are surrounded with half eaten pizzas and empty cocktail glasses. The majority of the Pizza Parlor's Guests have cleared out for the night, except for the BARTENDER, 32, dressed as a witch.

An acoustic cover of (DONT FEAR) THE REAPER faintly plays.

BARTENDER

That performance tonight was brilliant! How did you get that bloke to disappear?

LIZBETH

If we told you, you'd go mental...

BARTENDER

(sarcastically)
 I'm gutted.

Emma and Lizbeth LAUGH along with the Bartender who moves down the bar collecting empty glasses.

EMMA

Honestly... Staying for the pizza was totally worth it.

LIZBETH

I told you it would make you feel better! It's bloody tasty!

(beat)

So... about the musical...?

Emma lets out a little CHUCKLE.

EMMA

Are you kidding!? I just had the performance of a lifetime thanks to you! Spring Musicals are old news!

Emma reaches into her pocket, grabs a few newspaper scraps, and throws them into the air like confetti.

Lizbeth LAUGHS and raises a large piece of pizza in triumph then takes a large bite.

Emma smiles and does the same.

EMMA (CONT'D)

Another selfie? For the memories?

Emma unlocks her phone and archives the email. She smiles to herself for a moment then goes to open her front facing camera revealing Emma and Lizbeth's glowing smiles and glitter-covered faces.

The plunger-stake is suctioned to the bar between them. A lone piece of golden confetti glimmers on its side.

FADE OUT.