

BLOODY MARY IS FREAKING GAY!!!

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BLACK. SUSPENSEFUL NOISE BUILDS. COLORFUL, HYPNOTIC WINGS
SOFTLY GLITCH IN AND OUT OF SIGHT. CUT TO--

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SAM, late 20s, a hard-and-soft tomboy, opens her eyes, her
brow stern. Pondering. Calculating.

SAM
What if God is gay?

SUPER: SAM

Sam lies, splayed out on the carpet with her friend, BERG,
late 20s, muscle-bound and in a goofy tie. Smoke circulates
the room.

BERG
So what if he's gay?

TINY SUPER, ON BERG'S FOREHEAD: BERG

SAM
I don't know. It'd be nice. What if
God's non-binary?

BERG
I don't know if God's non-binary,
but the Holy Spirit definitely is.

SAM
For real?

BERG
Sure. Father, Son, Holy Spirit. Two
guys and one non.

SAM
What about the lady? Who's the
lady?

BERG
Um... Jesus can be the lady. He has
feminine energy.

Wordlessly, the two lift their chins to meet eyes with each
other, staring for a moment.

SAM
I'm hungry.

BERG (CONT'D)
I'm hungry.

Woah. SAM Woah. BERG (CONT'D)

Hysterical laughter.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Berg and Sam make arepas. The pan on the left side of the stove sizzles as Berg plops down a lumpy disc of cornmeal dough. They promptly dig their fingers back into the mixing bowl and start shaping another, while Sam grills veggies on the right side of the stove.

SAM
This shit smells good.

BERG
Hell yeah it does. Food could start
its own cult if it wanted to. Food
is fucking God.

SAM
God is fucking who?

Sliver of lightning flashes in far distance outside window.

BERG
Never mind. I would die for food.

Sam inhales deeply and sighs.

SAM
I would kill for food.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Sam and Berg eat together at the table. Sam remembers something and slowly puts down her arepa.

SAM
(mouth full)
We forgot about Mary.

BERG
Mary... had a little lamb?

SAM
No. Mary, Jesus's mom.

BERG
Oh right, we did. Okay, so what do
we got: 2 ladies, 1 god, 1 non?

SAM
Uhhh. Yes?

BERG
Sounds good.

They eat in silence for a bit.

SAM
Remember Bloody Mary?

BERG
Sure.

SAM
Is she Mary, Mother of God, or is
she a completely different person?

BERG
Hmm.

SLOW ZOOM IN ON BERG: Berg leans back, considering this.

QUICK ZOOM OUT:

BERG (CONT'D)
I don't know.

SAM
I think she's her own thing. I
think she drives a Volkswagen
beetle, works at Hot Topic, and has
a crush on her coworker named Chad.

BERG
(mouth full)
Mmm, she could be gay?

SAM
You think?

Berg nods and chews, staring at their arepa in ecstasy.

Sam smirks to herself, coyly having gay thoughts.

SAM (CONT'D)
Good to know.

INT. BERG'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sam flushes the toilet and washes her hands with an absent-minded smile. She looks up at the mirror, her eyes bloodshot.

She glances at the door, then back to the mirror. She flicks the light switch off and clutches the counter. A red night-light pulses ominously beside her.

SAM
(whispering)
Bloody Mary. Bloody Mary. Bloody
Mary, come to me.

Silence.

Sam leans away from her reflection, chuckling dryly.

SAM (CONT'D)
Stupid.

SPLAT!

SAM (CONT'D)
AHH!

Sam jolts away from the counter. Something glistens in the red light.

Grimacing, Sam slowly leans forward to inspect it.

INSERT: Noodles.

SAM (CONT'D)
Noodles?

Noodles.

EXT. WOODS - MARY'S OFFICE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Sam looks up from the noodles to see MARY, late 20s, staring off into space, eating a box of takeout noodles.

Time slows...

EXT. WOODS - MARY'S OFFICE - NIGHT (SLO-MO)

A SOFT, GAY LOVE SONG (or Paradise by Coldplay) PLAYS as a stupid grin spreads dreamily across Sam's face.

Mary slurps a noodles and licks her lips.

Sam blinks.

Mary looks and meets eyes with Sam.

EXT. WOODS - MARY'S OFFICE - NIGHT (REG SPEED)

The dark irises of Mary's eyes burst to flame as she screams and flings hot noodles at Sam.

MARY

AHH!

SAM

AHH!

MARY

AHH!

SAM

AHH!

MARY

FUCK, WHO ARE YOU?

SAM

I'M SAM, WHO ARE YOU?

Mary's eyes cool back down to a beautiful dark brown color.

Sam looks around.

A lush forest spotted with fairy lights surrounds them. An orchestra of CRICKETS and WIND-CHIMES fills the night air.

Sam looks at Mary again, who sits at a mossy wooden desk with papers and office supplies strewn about it.

Sam (covered in noodles) smiles.

SAM (CONT'D)

Woah.

Mary regards Sam, quizzically.

MARY

I don't think you're supposed to be here.

SAM

(I have no idea what's
happening but I'm just
gonna have fun with this)

Aren't I?

Mary slowly, cautiously smirks. She makes her way around her desk toward Sam.

Sam straightens. Her ringed left hand twitches nervously at her side.

Mary stands a few feet away, examining her.

INSERT: Sam's ringed hand, twitching at her side.

INSERT: Sam's heavy-lidded eyes.

Realization alights on Mary's face.

MARY
You're stoned.

Mary finger-guns.

Sam looks at...

INSERT: Mary's nails painted black with skull decals.

INSERT: Mary's eyes so dark they could swallow up space.

Sam smiles bashfully.

SAM
Right. I'm stoned.

Mary chuckles softly and briefly looks Sam up and down, before resting on Sam's dreamy eyes. She gazes with a look of longing, sadness, and mirth. She glances back to her desk at a gold, ornate mirror angled away from them.

Mary looks back at Sam's soft face stenciled with hard lines. She thinks for a moment... then SNAPS her fingers--

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

XT CLOSE-UP: Berg CLICKS their lighter, a flame pluming out.

Sam wakes up on the couch, groggy and disheveled.

Berg takes a drag.

BERG
Wake up. Bake up. We got work.

Berg tosses the lighter to Sam. It bounces limply off her face to the floor. She doesn't flinch.

Berg walks away and the FRONT DOOR SHUTS.

Sam stays in a daze on the couch.

SLOW ZOOM IN: Sam's hand twitches toward lighter--

CAMERA STOPS: A foot kicks the lighter and it skids away.

CAMERA CONTINUES ZOOMING IN SLOWLY: There's something reflective under the couch.

SAM (O.S.)

Woah. Hi.

A hand, with skull nail decals, gently takes Sam's hand.

MARY (O.S.)

Come on.

Mary lifts her up off the couch. They stand there for a moment (**We only see their legs as cam continues slow-zoom**).

SAM (O.S.)

(coyly)

You know, I never caught your name.

MARY (O.S.)

Mary.

SAM (O.S.)

Bloody Mary, I presume.

MARY (O.S.)

Yep. That's my stage name for my prog-rock band.

SAM (O.S.)

Really?

MARY (O.S.)

No.

Mary and Sam walk out of frame toward the front door.

SAM (O.S.)

So... are you--

MARY (O.S.)

Gay? Yes.

SAM (O.S.)

...I was actually gonna ask if you were a demon.

MARY (O.S.)

Oh, honestly... kinda.

SAM (O.S.)
Honestly... hot.

Mary laughs, as the DOOR SHUTS. A small, gold compact mirror under the couch cracks.

CUT TO BLACK.

[Slumber Party (feat. Princess Nokia) by Ashnikko plays]