

BLOODY MARY IS FREAKING GAY!!! (SNEAK PEEK)

Written by

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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 (she/her), mid-20s, a hard-and-soft tomboy, opens her
eyes, her face stern. Pondering. Calculating.

SAM
What if God is gay?

SUPER: SAM

Sam lies, splayed out on the carpet with her friend, BERG
(they/them), mid-20s, muscle-bound and in a coral tie with
palm trees on it. 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)
Delirious laughter.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Berg and Sam make arepas in a galley kitchen. 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, and 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
Mmm, maybe she's gay.

SAM
You think?

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

Sam smiles to herself, having an innocent gay thought or two.

SAM (CONT'D)
Hm...