

OUT OF THE CLOSET INTO THE GAME

Written by

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*To survive her girlfriend, Cici's, family Super Bowl party, a nonchalant dreadhead, Zola, must go incognito as a dude, but as the game heats up, so does the risk of Cici being outed.*

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INT. CICI'S APARTMENT - DAY

ZOLA (22), a masc black lesbian, braids her girlfriend's hair while sitting on her bed. CICI (21), a fem white lesbian and Zola's girlfriend sits on the floor.

CICI  
I'm still not sure.

ZOLA  
We've been together for over a year. I want to meet them.

Cici turns around. Zola struggles with her braids from the new angle.

CICI  
But you don't get it. They're not accepting like your family. I genuinely think this would end our relationship.

ZOLA  
Cici, what the fuck?

CICI  
Ok, maybe not that far.

ZOLA  
Babe, nothing would make me want to break up with you.

Cici turns back around so Zola can continue her Dutch braids.

CICI  
Sometimes, I wish I was straight.

Zola smacks Cici lightly with the hair brush.

CICI (CONT'D)  
Ow.

ZOLA  
Cici, *what the fuck?*

CICI  
No, like, not actually, but it'd be easier if you were a guy...

Cici pauses.

CICI (CONT'D)  
HOLY SHIT! ZOLA BE A GUY. BE A GUY!

ZOLA

What?

Cici turns back around. Zola groans and gives up.

CICI

No, seriously, like... be a guy!

Zola stares blankly at her crazy fucking girlfriend.

ZOLA

Cici, I'm not going to pretend to be a guy to adhere to your white-ass family.

CICI

Trust, they'll never know.

Zola stands.

ZOLA

The fuck is that supposed to mean?

Cici stares at Zola. Zola looks down at her outfit.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

Ok fair. But still, there's no way I'm doing this shit.

Cici stands, her hair half braided.

CICI

(seductively)

Please...

ZOLA

Cici... no.

Cici walks closer.

CICI

(whispering)

I'll use the strap on you for a week.

Zola stops.

ZOLA

Deal.

They both stare at each other.

ZOLA (CONT'D)  
Starting now.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBS OF PHILLY - NIGHT

The two girls stand outside a one-story home. Laughter and music comes from inside.

Zola is now dressed in a baggy sweatshirt with an Eagles jersey. She has a mascara-made mustache and a backward cap, her locs covering most of her face. She stands uncomfortably.

Cici is dressed in full Chiefs attire and colored eyeblack. She smiles from ear to ear.

CICI  
This is so going to work.

ZOLA  
Uh-huh...

CICI  
Babe, I need you to lock in a bit,  
ok? Just like we practiced.

Zola sighs. She puffs out her chest and sags her jeans down.

CICI (CONT'D)  
Pull your fucking pants up.

ZOLA  
Sorry.

Zola clears her throat and sucks in her cheeks.

ZOLA (CONT'D)  
(deep voice)  
Sorry.

CICI  
It's perfect. You're perfect.

They begin to walk to the door.

CICI (CONT'D)  
This is perfect.

Cici and Zola take one last deep breath. Cici grabs the door knob.

INT. CICI'S FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Zola cringes as the smell of beer and shitty buffalo chicken dip fills the air. There is a hubbub of the family's chatter. UNCLE TIM (43), beer belly and all, stands butt out in front of the TV. AUNTIE PAM (42) sits on a reclining chair. NICOLE (57), the cause of the chicken dip smell, stirs a pot in the kitchen, GREG (60), beside her, beer in hand, stares at the TV.

AUNTIE PAM  
TIM GET YOUR ASS OUT OF THE WAY! I  
CAN'T SEE THE TV!

UNCLE TIM  
Quiet Pam! I'm 'tryna watch.

Auntie Pam smacks a newspaper at him. He flinches and turns, huffing back to his seat. He plops down.

UNCLE TIM (CONT'D)  
(hushed)  
Ye old bitch.

AUNTIE PAM  
EY! I heard that. Motherfucker...

Auntie Pam takes a swig of seltzer.

CLOSE ON TV SCREEN: The *Kansas City Chiefs* score a touchdown.

The living room goes ballistic. Nicole and Greg run into the living room and scream alongside everyone. Cici and Zola slowly walk forward, trying to make their presence known. Nicole, mid-jump, spots them.

NICOLE  
HOLY SHIT! IT'S CICI AND HER-

Zola takes the initiative.

ZOLA  
(deep voice)  
Yo! I'm Z.

The room goes dead silent. Everyone stares at Zola. They look her up and down.

NICOLE  
(hesitant)  
I'm Nicole. This is Uncle Tim,  
Auntie Pam, and my husband Greg.

GREG  
Hello... son?

He sticks a hesitant hand out. Zola shakes it nervously. He raises an eyebrow.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Nice, uh... grip...

Zola smiles too widely. Greg flinches. Nicole opens the window leading to the backyard.

NICOLE  
JACKSON! GET YOUR ASS IN HERE NOW!  
WE GOT COMPANY AND THE DIP IS DONE.

JACKSON (18) and his cousin BILLY (16) run into the house through the sliding door as if their lives depend on it. The two slam into each other and pant as they stop in the living room. Jackson looks at Cici and Zola.

JACKSON  
Sup sis. Hey bro.

Jackson walks forward. He pulls Zola's arm and forces her into a back dap. Billy, still out of breath, gives Zola a nod of approval. Zola nods back. Nicole motions for Cici and Zola to sit on the couch while she brings the dip into the living room.

Suddenly, a mechanical whir is heard from the stairs behind them. GRANDMA BETS (80 and delirious) is on a stair lift, slowly coming down the stairs.

UNCLE TIM  
MA! Hurry up! We just got a  
touchdown!

GRANDMA BETS  
(slurring)  
Manny just won the race. I'm gonna  
be rich. Didn't I tell y'all I was  
gonna be rich?

AUNTIE PAM  
Come on 'Ma! Your rocking chair is  
waiting for you!

Zola and Cici hold back laughter as a crinkly woman shuffles over to the rocking chair. Before she sits, she stops. Grandma Bets smacks her lips.

GRANDMA BETS  
Someone's here that doesn't belong.

NICOLE  
Oh, hush. Z is welcome here.

UNCLE TIM  
No...

GREG  
Tim. Don't start.

Uncle Tim spits.

UNCLE TIM  
No... you all know I don't want  
their kind in this house.

Zola freezes up. Cici gasps softly. Greg puts his head in his hands.

CICI  
Uncle Tim, please!

Just as he stands, the Eagles score a touchdown. Zola cheers on instinct. The room goes silent.

ZOLA  
(hesitant)  
Go... birds?

Uncle Tim stands up.

UNCLE TIM  
You fucking freaks!

NICOLE  
Tim!

Zola stands up.

ZOLA  
Excuse me?

UNCLE TIM  
Oh, now it speaks.

Zola scoffs. She looks at Cici. Cici is ashamed and says nothing.

ZOLA  
Ok! Fine! I can't take this  
anymore.

Zola rips off her hat, tucks her hair behind her ears, and wipes off her mustache.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

I am a girl who is in love with  
your daughter!

Everyone stares at Zola.

NICOLE

Well, shit, we knew that.

Cici perks up. She stands next to Zola.

CICI

Yeah! We're lesbians, and we love-  
Sorry, what?

The family stares at them. They burst into laughter.

CICI (CONT'D)

Fuck you all! I'm very happy.

UNCLE TIM

Holy shit, Cici chill out, we know  
you're a lesbian.

CICI

You know I'm... what?! How? What's  
going on right now?

NICOLE

Honey, you had a photo of Dolly  
Parton with her tits out in your  
room your whole life. It was really  
obvious. Also, Z, that disguise is  
God-awful.

CICI

It's Zola... but how...

ZOLA

Ok, so what! That doesn't excuse  
you guys for being blatantly racist  
to me the second I walked in the  
door.

UNCLE TIM

WHOA!

AUNTIE PAM

NOW WAIT A MINUTE-

GREG

WE ARE NOT RACIST.

NICOLE

HOW DARE YOU IMPLY THAT-

GRANDMA BETS

I love black horses.

Uncle Tim walks closer to Zola. Zola stands her ground. He points at her jersey. She looks down. She gasps as it hits her.

NICOLE

Honey, we don't give a shit that you're black and gay. You're a fucking Eagles fan.

Zola stares in disbelief.

ZOLA

Holy shit. I'm so sorry.

UNCLE TIM

Sorry I came on a little strong. This game really means a lot to us.

The family audibly agrees.

NICOLE

Yeah, you're welcome anytime. Except right now. I'm going to need you to either change or get the fuck out.

Zola smirks.

CUT TO:

INT. ZOLA'S CAR - NIGHT

Zola clicks her seatbelt into place.

ZOLA

Well, that went better than you thought, huh.

Cici lightly smacks Zola.

CICI

Ok, you were right, whatever.

ZOLA

Hell yeah!

Zola starts the car. They begin to drive off.

ZOLA (CONT'D)

So... you on the strap eh?

CUT TO BLACK.