

## *The Biggest Flicker of All*

*Note: The mood of this scene is mundane, sweet, and girlish. In the same breath, the anxiety held in the room is life or death, and not at all small. It is huge, and it's out to kill. It is not at all existential until it just is. At the end. The rest of it is painfully present. Silence, activity, awkward eye-contact and lack thereof, and reality in timing is encouraged.*

*Sam: Someone who is not a man. Clinging to their femininity, but not sure why. Desperate for simplicity and peace. Preferably in the form of romance.*

*Charlie: Someone who is not a man. Seemingly confident and really fucking cool. They know they what they want but proceed with caution in order to protect. Have a lot more going on inside than it looks like.*

*Camera up on Sam applying makeup in a mirror. She hurriedly fusses with her hair. There should be a full 30 seconds or so of her alone in the mirror getting ready for a house party (up to interpretation). Her phone beeps and she checks it. They're visually frustrated by the message. While on her phone, there's a knock at the door.*

*Sam: um—hey you uh—*

*Charlie: (laughing at her nervous response) hey are you good—can I just—*

*Sam puts down phone and pretends to continue doing makeup.*

*Sam: um you can come in!*

Charlie: (in the doorway) they're already taking shots down there but before we drink could you just finish my eyes for me?

Sam: oh ya of course come sit!

Charlie: ok cool thank you lovey\* (\*you may change this to any sort of endearing nickname that fits the actor. should not be "baby" or anything inherently romantic though)

*Sam starts fussing with a palate and awkwardly sits criss cross applesauce. She's a little too far away from Charlie, so much so that she has to reach a lot to get to her eyes.*

Charlie: oh my fucking god have you seen this (Charlie shows Sam her phone)

Sam: jesus christ no I haven't

*Both laugh. Ad lib as needed.*

Sam: what an idiot

Charlie: oh I don't know I think he has a point

Sam: oh fuck off

*Silence for a bit as Charlie looks into Sam's eyes while Sam does her eyebrows. Charlie knows she's making her nervous and they revel in it. Sam catches them looking and pulls away.*

Sam: okay so I'm thinking hot pink on you lower lash line? or is that too much pink with your shirt?

Charlie: no I think that's cute! I trust your professional opinion.

Sam: why thank you

Charlie: and I mean you look beautiful and you did your makeup so!

Sam: oh god—thank you I'm not used to--

Charlie: you really do.

*Silence.*

Sam: okay this is kind of weird but do you ever have one of those moments that like you know is like a core memory kind of or—I don't know—at least will be? Like when you're older I guess. but like it's a little tinier than a real core memory like someone dying or getting into college it's like one that you could forget in your brain but never in your *body* kind--

Charlie: kind of like a flicker?

Sam: um ya! yes. Like a flicker. I don't—um. (sarcastic) I don't know why I could have possibly brought that up in such a mundane moment—

*Sam is still clinging to laughter but Charlie isn't. It's really serious for her. Although, they're not upset or offended. She looks at Sam with endearment. Charlie just wants Sam to hear her.*

Charlie: hey I know this has been kind of weird and fast and everything but I just want you to know that I really care about you. And I just want you to feel comfortable.

Sam: um—thank you. really. and I uh—I want you to feel comfortable too I do!

Charlie: good

*Sam starts putting a lip gloss on Charlie's lips. there is tension again.*

Sam: hey so I hear Sarah turning on the music now should we—

Girl 2: Sam.

Sam: (knowing exactly what's coming) yes?

Charlie: can I please kiss you?

Sam: (letting out an excruciatingly awkward and endearing bottom-like groan) yes I'm so sorry I didn't mean for this to be awkward or anything I just—

*Charlie kisses Sam. It's romantic, but sweet. Sam doesn't move an inch while being kissed. Or open her mouth. Charlie pulls away and smiles and laughs.*

Sam: guh thank you. Thank you for being sweet about that I know I can be a lot.

Charlie: no. you kiss me now.

*Sam inches over to Charlie now, it's less awkward and more sexual. The line between friends and lovers is much clearer. They've crossed it.*

*The camera cuts to a black screen and shows quick clips of Sam. They should all of moments where she is alone, and her life is wildly different than it is in this exact moment. They should all be moments where she has felt full—bad and good. They should all be moments where she has felt above gender and above sexuality. They should all be moments where it felt like no one else in the world was watching, even if they were.*

*This is up to the creator's discretion, but it should feel like a movie montage of some sort. Some ideas would be her walking to class wearing headphones, her crying in the shower, her trying on clothes, her eating ice cream and laughing at something a friend said, her driving and singing. Any moment in which the*

*camera is focused on the mundane yet full activity. It should be quick. There should be music. After a few seconds of this we are quickly brought back to reality.*

*Close up on Charlie.*

Charlie: ready to go downstairs?