

Round 3: Flip Flop

NOTHING TO LOSE

(Losing Virginity-SciFi)

shiley740/Gregory J. Smith

BLACK.

GIRL (V.O.)

I can't remember when things began to change-

OPEN ON:

Fuzzy home video footage. It captures a quaint high school gymnasium decorated like a discount winter wonderland. Cardboard snowflakes & dollar store tinsel hang down from the rafters while cottony "snow drifts" bunch around any available surface that isn't the sad excuse of a dance floor.

GIRL (V.O.)

It was more of a crawl than a crash, for sure, but I should've known there was *something* wrong-

Focusing primarily on a couple awash in an electric blue spotlight, the camera follows their heartfelt embrace as they slow dance the night away.

GIRL (V.O.)

A year ago we were just a yearbook photo; a status update; a snapshot of the typical American teen, but I guess things don't last forever-

Not even the overabundance of disappointing decorations can persuade the two lovebirds to move away from one another like the flock of disgusted students evacuating the area as fast as possible seem to be.

GIRL (V.O.)

Maybe if I paid more attention; maybe if I knew what I was doing; maybe maybes don't make much of a fucking difference at all-

CU ON:

The two as they sway back & forth; the girl's lost in a trance of fantasy & fairytales, but the boy's eyes immediately lock on the camera, the sight of it warping his expression into one of indignation.

GIRL (V.O.)

But for some reason, being a virgin
does.

CUT TO BLACK.

BEAT. The sound of whipping wind permeates the black.

FADE IN:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The day is overcast, with snow raining down on the freshly plowed road in droves, setting the stage for an atmosphere that would otherwise be perfectly seasonal if it weren't so vacant.

The icy wind bombards the bare trees canopying the road, threatening to snap frozen branches off, but never quite reaching the velocity to do so.

Accompanying the already hectic weather is a ramshackle little car, speeding on down the snow-capped pathway. It passes by a sign disclaiming "*Adger's Peak Lodging Association: For All Your Holiday Necessities!*"

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DAY

Maneuvering the car through the snow is none other than the boy we just got up close & personal with.

Regardless of the task at hand, **MARTIN "MARTY" MIKOWSKI (22, frustrated, stubborn, & impatient)** eyes twinkling in an erratic manner, finds the time to grope for the passenger seat-

where his fidgeting & shivering girlfriend, **MINERVA "MINNIE" TURNBLATT (21, naive, curious, & timid)** is seated, inched up to the passenger door as much as possible to escape his wandering hand.

MINNIE

(agitated)

Shouldn't you keep both hands on the wheel?

MARTY

(turning to her)

You don't trust my driving?

MINNIE

(sighing)

No, it's not that-

Before she can continue, a series of jarring bumps in the road drives Marty's other hand back to the steering wheel as he tries to regain control.

Uncomfortable relief washes over Minnie's face as the brief conversation is immediately forgotten, her turning over to look out her window at the scenery with an expressionless look.

CUT TO:

EXT. LODGE - NIGHT

As homely as one would expect from a family lodging company, the two-story wooden structure towers above the clearing with a pointed roof. Smoke billows up from the stone chimney & light from within the building illuminates the otherwise shadowy surrounding area.

Marty's car pulls up alongside a lengthy line of vehicles situated off to one side of the lodge, before stopping. As the two step out from the car, the front door of the lodge SLAMS open, pouring out a plethora of their companions-

First & foremost is **BUNNY BUFFINGTON (22, graceful, assertive, & promiscuous)**, who's scantily-clad form takes it upon herself to *tackle* Marty into the snow, shocking both halves of the couple with her action.

BUNNY

(frisky)

What's up barf breath?

MARTY

(faux agitation)

Doing fine 'til you got here.

BUNNY

(rolling her eyes)

I'm sure that's a lie, but I'll let you off an one condition.

MARTY

Oh?

Her answer is in the form of a snowball smashing into his face. Quickly jumping up, she runs away, laughing, while Marty follows suit, grabbing up snow before he leaves the ground.

MINNIE
(exasperated)
What about the bags?

MARTY
(perturbed)
What *about* the bags?

With that, the conversation is as finished as the brief discussion in the car earlier, leaving Minnie to do the heavy lifting while Marty has fun.

Pulling luggage out from the trunk by herself, Minnie subtly directs her attention to the two every now & then, eyes clouding with uncertainty when they disappear from her line of sight.

Lost in her thoughts, she jumps when **LEONARD "LENNY" CARRUTHERS (21, uncoordinated, cooperative, & easygoing)** moves in to help her with the load.

LENNY
(sarcastically)
Fun ride up, huh?

MINNIE
(puzzled)
What?

LENNY
The blizzard?

MINNIE
Where?

LENNY
(bemused)
All around us? How long've you been shooting to the moon for, Min?

Unsure as to how she should respond, she stands in perplexed silence for a BEAT before he starts laughing at her, walking away with his arms filled with bags.

LENNY

Woo, you've gonna have to get Marty to hit me up with whatever you're on cause you're *trashed*.

MINNIE
(sotto)
Nice to see you too.

BOY (O.S.)
Don't mind him.

Once again jumping out of her skin like a frightened rabbit, Minnie directs her attention to **HUBERT "HUGH" GRIMBRIDGE (22, ironic, observant, & lighthearted)**, who somehow managed to go unnoticed in his walk from the lodge.

HUGH (CONT.)
(matter-of-factly)
He's been having a bit *too* much fun while we've waited for the two of you.

MINNIE
(sarcastically)
So you've stooped to guilt-tripping; gonna be a *fun* holiday.

HUGH
(playful)
Looks like Marty isn't the only one with a stick up his ass here.

MINNIE
(dumfounded)
Hey, I can be fun.

HUGH
If you say so.

He bops her on the nose before walking off as she grabs the remainder of the bags while rolling her eyes.

As if remembering something, he addresses her once more.

HUGH (CONT.)
Oh & I hope you're not hungry, dinner's gonna be running rather late tonight.

MINNIE
What're we having?

HUGH
 (vaguely)
 Think of something *fancy*.

Leaving her to ponder over the possibilities, he spins on his heels, returning to his trek towards the lodge.

Meanwhile, Minnie assures that the car is locked, before retrieving the bags from their temporarily discarded positions on the ground & making her way to the lodge as well.

Behind her, however, comes a guttural clicking sound resembling that of the ravings of a starving animal. The sound could *almost* fade into the wind if it weren't so distinct & *ravenous*.

CUT TO:

INT. LODGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

HUGH (O.S.)
 And this would be your room..

Swinging the door open from outside the room, he ushers Minnie into the spacious living quarters, astonishment overtaking her features as she surveys the space.

Looking like a lumberjack's dream, the bedroom consists of a variety of wooden or animalistic elements, including the predictable bearskin rug & the possibly romantic stone fireplace already ignited to set the perfect mood.

HUGH (CONT.)
 We thought you might enjoy the privacy.

She crosses over to the series of small windows lining the other wall, opening one & looking out before replying-

MINNIE
 You really didn't have to do this. It's way too big of a room for the two of us.

HUGH
 (knowing)
 Yes, I did.

(BEAT)
 Not like anyone else would get any use out of it anyway.

MINNIE

What about you & Lucy?

HUGH

(implying)

Oh, we don't need much room for our extracurriculars.

The two share an awkward laugh before Marty storms into the room, eyes excitedly whirring when he gets the implication that this room gives off.

MARTY

(enthusiastically)

Oh shit, dude, you were reading my fucking mind.

Like a kid in a candy store, Marty hops around the room, even the adjoining bathroom, while both Minnie & Hugh stand by eying his movement throughout the area.

MARTY (CONT.)

Shoulda let me know you were gonna be so generous so I could repay your sorry ass.

HUGH

(insincere)

No need, this was a team effort.

(BEAT)

Now, I'll let you two settle in. Don't forget dinner's at ten.

Hugh side-steps out of the room, shutting the door as he does so, leaving Minnie & Marty to their own devices.

Minnie automatically turns toward their luggage, placing things in their respective drawers according to her liking while Marty attempts to get her attention.

MARTY

Min? Min, come on, are you listening?

(BEAT)

God dammit, Minnie, just put the clothes down.

He moves over to her, snatching a pair of underwear out of her hands & tossing them into the drawer in frustration, startling her. As much as she tried to ignore him, he definitely has her attention now.

MINNIE
(cautiously)
What is it?

MARTY
You can deal with your fucking OCD later, we need to talk.

MINNIE
(irritated)
Oh? You don't say. Well, you better think hard about what you're going to say.

He rubs his forehead, breathing in & out to prevent himself from blowing up at her.

MARTY
(calmly)
Why don't we ever do anything?

MINNIE
(playing dumb)
What do you mean? We're doing something right now, aren't we? We're at this cabin in the woods-

MARTY
(snapping)
Don't you fucking try it, *Minnie*, I'm not in the mood.

MINNIE
Okay, get it all out, then, but keep your voice down, we don't need everyone else getting involved.

Minnie crosses her arms over her chest, both aware that this was bound to happen & trying to stand her ground, despite his outbursts.

MARTY
We've been together for *two years*, Min, two fucking years & all you ever do is

wanna make out. You get me all hot & bothered, then you wanna act like a fucking *tease*, giving me that bullshit that you're 'not ready,' when we both know that that's just a load.

MINNIE

(incredulous)

Do you not know me at all or are you just thinking of your little snow *bunny* out there?

MARTY

What the fuck are you talking about?

MINNIE

Ya'know, I have eyes Marty, I can see how you look at her, so why don't you just go off & get you another prized pussy since that's all you seem to care about anyway? Or do you think the STDs aren't worth it, so you wanna just stick with the fresh one you already got?

MARTY

Now, wait a minute, *that's* uncalled for, Bunny & I are just friends, so I don't know *where* you're getting this from.

MINNIE

Oh, come off it, I saw the shit you were pulling outside, you didn't even help me with the bags.

MARTY

Ya, we were having *fun*, what we came up here to do in the first place, remember?

MINNIE

How do you expect me to have fun when this is what we've been doing for the past year? All you ever do is ask when we're gonna fuck instead of asking me what *I* wanna do.

The two fall silent as the fire continues to crackle. Things have gotten a *bit* too heated for these two.

MINNIE (CONT.)

What happened to the Marty I knew when we first met?

MARTY

(exhausted)

Don't pull that shit on me again, you know how I felt about high school.

MINNIE

(exasperated)

Why? Just because you weren't popular in high school means what? Didn't we still have fun? Didn't we still matter?

MARTY

(sotto)

Things change.

MINNIE

No, *you* changed.

He scoffs, moving towards the door, already finished with the argument, even though she's far from it.

MINNIE (CONT.)

Where are you going?

He swivels back around to her, eyes flaming & indicating she might wanna back off, even if she's already too worked up for that.

MARTY

I'm gonna go fucking wait for dinner, then *you're* gonna sleep on the couch tonight, & *we're* gonna leave in the morning if this is all *we're* gonna do this entire trip.

MINNIE

Wait, what, I don't-

MARTY

(cutting her off)

Like you said, we shouldn't get everyone else involved & I'd hate to ruin everyone's fun just because some *bitch* won't lay off.

With that, he marches out of the room, not even bothering to shut it behind him, leaving Minnie standing there as if she's just been caught in a pair of headlights.

CUT TO:

EXT. LODGE - NIGHT

A greenish POV watches Minnie through the many windows on the other side of the room, the guttural clicking frenzying about as it watches her begin to sob.

Moving on, the POV stares up at the balcony above, where a group of unIntroduced characters are busy grilling & preparing dinner, before moving on to the front door..

CUT TO:

INT. LODGE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Someone bundled up in winter gear gingerly walks towards the room designated for Minnie & Marty. Filmed from waist level, it is unable to determine the sex of said person before they stop, looking-

Through a halfway shut door, where they're given access to Minnie's breakdown. Doing her best to hide her sobs in the sleeves of her sweater, she tries to wipe the tears away, unaware that she's being watched.

With the sound of creaking wood alerting her to the presence of someone else, Minnie's head snaps up, confused & anxious over the possibility of someone witnessing this.

MINNIE

(whispered)

Hello? Is anyone there?

BEAT. Minnie climbs up from her position on the bed, moving over to completely shut the bedroom door when it FLIES open before her, giving her little time to react as the person steps into the room.

MINNIE

(gathering her bearings)
 Oh, hi. Did you guys finish dinner already?

Moving away from the person, she does her best to direct her attention elsewhere to appear casual, but based upon their unmoving stance & silence, it isn't working.

MINNIE
 Guess that's a no.

(BEAT, suspicious)
 Did you happen to catch any of that?

Turning back to them tells her all she needs to know, even though we can't see their facial expression. With no need to keep it hidden anymore, Minnie returns to her sitting position on the bed with a sigh.

MINNIE
 I can't remember when things began to change. It was more of a crawl than a crash, for sure, but I should've *known* there was *something* wrong. He's been trying to pressure me into it, ya'know? 'Come on Minnie, it won't hurt; it'll be fun, you'll see; you don't understand, I *need* this,' but I know it's all a crock of shit.

She brushes her hair from her face, blinking & refusing to breakdown again in front of whomever this person may be, before continuing-

MINNIE (CONT.)
 A year ago we were just a yearbook photo; a status update; a snapshot of the typical American teen, but I guess things don't last forever...I can't believe I thought he really loved me.

Cutting herself off, she nervously climbs up again, fidgeting like she had been in the car earlier, & unable to stare the person in the face as she begins to pace the room, more or less lost in her own thoughts.

MINNIE (CONT.)

(hopeful)

Maybe if I paid more attention; maybe
if I knew what I was doing-

(BEAT, cynical)

Maybe maybes don't make much of a fuck-
ing difference at all...but for some rea-
son being a virgin does.

Halting in her moment of a reflection, another BEAT passes, the only discernible sound coming from the ticking of the grandfather clock somewhere from down the hallway. Suddenly, she begins to laugh resentfully, her spite just waiting to evolve from her distress.

MINNIE

(insinuating)

Could you help me?

With her back turned to them, she waits as they urge the door shut. The camera remains on the wooden door, the tick-tock of the clock once again becoming the only sound to repel the silence-

That is, until the guttural clicking becomes audible from beyond the door & putrid green light shines from a variety of sliver-like cracks in the door..

FADE TO:

INT. LODGE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With most of the group (sporting more people than expected for this picturesque little lodge) seated at the dining room table in the opposite room, Marty, Bunny, Lenny, Hugh, & **LUCINDA "LUCY" FROST (22, imaginative, sardonic, & conceited)** all take up space in the lowered arrangement of couches with their food.

Lucy is snuggled up against Hugh, opting for a salad instead of the varying steaks and/or ribs on everyone else' plates (sans Lenny, who's opted to use this time to film everyone). Almost immediately her features contort in annoyance, addressing Lenny-

LUCY

(scathingly)

You mind getting that thing out of my
face while I eat?

LENNY

(sarcastically)
Not like you eat much anyway, but because you asked so nicely.

He powers off the camera, setting it down beside him while Lucy squints daggers in his direction.

LUCY
Thanks so much.

BUNNY
Guys, come on, barf breath's already bummed enough, we don't need you two arguing.

(BEAT)
How about I spice things up a bit?

Setting her plate down & rushing over to the stereo system perpendicular to where she was sitting, she's off to get everyone into a more livelier mood with her patented Huffington strip tease.

LUCY
Oh great, now we've got her started again.

Climbing up while all the guys have their attention turned toward the sexpot of the bunch, Lucy moves away from the impending T&A zone.

However, before Bunny can reach the stereo, a hand presses down on a remote, blaring **MOTLEY CRUE-LOOKS THAT KILL** from it. Bunny stops in her tracks, confused.

Emerging from the darkness, moving as gracefully as a cat is none other than Minnie, decked in her most revealing ensemble, accentuating both her cleavage & her curves.

Even her face looks different, glossed up & teased to officially given off that appearance of allure.

Not only surprising the likes of Bunny, who stays planted in place while Minnie sultrily moves around her & into the little cove of couches, but the entire group of guys have nearly dropped their jaws at the sight of her.

Not even those at the dinner table have been spared from having their attention torn away from their food. Lucy, now with a

glass of freshly-poured wine, takes a hearty sip in stupefaction.

Meanwhile, Minnie is inching closer towards Marty, running her hands up & down her body & through her hair. Ushering him forward with a finger, she gets so close he can smell the intoxicating perfume she's doused her body in.

Letting him only unzip her top, she moves away, giggling, dancing her way back out of the living room, right past the startled Bunny, dropping her zippered top at her feet.

MINNIE

(re to: Bunny)

You can have that back if you want, I don't need it anymore.

(BEAT, calling out)

Are you coming or what?

Marty looks over at Hugh in surprise, giving him a shrug of approval, before he rushes off. The two disappear back down the hallway as Bunny retrieves her top from the floor, reflecting upon the entire situation in a wary matter while **LOOKS THAT KILL** fades out.

CUT TO:

INT. LODGE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Swiveling backwards while continuing to tease him forwards, Minnie moves back towards their designated room.

MARTY

Wait, what about earlier? Aren't you mad?

MINNIE

(shaking her head)

Nope.

He grabs ahold of her hand, stopping them both while he tries to make sense of this entire situation.

MARTY

Hold up, hold up, are you being serious right now or are you just fucking with me?

She moves forward, licking her way up his face & nibbling on his ear, one of his distinguishable weak spots based upon his whimpering reaction. Abruptly, she stops, whispering in his ear-

MINNIE

Did that convince you?

Now, she grabs his hand, no longer needing to urge him forward as he eagerly follows her to the bedroom.

Right outside the bedroom door, viridescent ooze bunches up around the floor, seeping through the cracks in the wood, but it goes unnoticed by either of them..

CUT TO:

INT. LODGE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Minnie pushes Marty into the room & slams the door shut in one fluid motion, never taking her eyes off of her beau.

As if reading her mind, he begins undressing while she sensually readies the fireplace before them, casually popping open a window to contrast the heat roaring through the room.

Having shed his clothes faster than anticipated, she gasps when he wraps her in an embrace from behind, before redistributing power to herself by turning around & pushing him back onto the bed.

While shimmying out of her undergarments, Marty reaches for the bedside table, presumably for a condom, but he's halted once again by a now stark naked Minnie, somehow more composed than he is.

MARTY

(credulous)

Are you sure?

MINNIE

(with a smirk)

More than you can imagine.

Before he can respond, she moves her hand below to determine how hard he is already, eliciting a gasp from his unsuspecting form.

MINNIE

(laughing)

Don't get too excited, nothing's happened yet.

Easing herself down onto him, Minnie takes control, pushing Marty onto his back as he's overcome with first time ecstasy. Her face isn't as impassioned as his, however. In fact, it's essentially stoic, starkly contrasting to her previous expression.

Doing all of the work while he lays back & enjoys it, Minnie's back convulses, the skin rippling & cracking as if something were trying to break free.

While his eyes are shut, she stares forward, eyes briefly rolling back into her skull, before turning a greenish hue & retreading back into her sockets.

Rocking back & forth on top of him, she plants her hands into the blanket they're on, sticking there almost immediately as if they're frozen in place.

Beside them, the windows *all* fly open, ushering in the cold air & snuffing out the fire with ease. As soon as the fire is extinguished, the guttural clicking commences.

Taking notice of the difference in the environment, Marty's eyes snap open in bewilderment as he registers the *thing* that used to be Minnie fucking him: green light shining from where her eyes used to be; cracked, leathery skin transitioning between liquid & solid; tongue snaking out of mouth like a removable proboscis.

Before he has the chance to scream, "Minnie" snaps her left arm at an unbelievable angle while still remaining attached & muffles his mouth with the broken stump.

"MINNIE"

(raspy)

Ssh, it won't be much longer now.

Struggling to both rip his mouth from the stump & his penis from her relentlessly pumping vagina, both of which are seemingly melded to her form, Marty lets out a smothered shriek as her right leg snaps forward with a sickening crack & breaks one of his arms backward.

Melding with the arm, she begins lowering herself further onto him while he tries to fruitlessly shove her off with one arm. Wasting no time, her chest turns into putty, letting his hand slip in without any way of exit as she absorbs him into her.

Wherever the two have melded together begins to freeze over while the remainder of "Minnie's" monstrous form begins to melt into him, her face sifting itself through his eye sockets, officially silencing him.

BEAT. The grotesque entanglement of melted & frozen body parts lay on the bed, unmoving as the putrid green glow returns.

Blinding light flashes as the bodies reform themselves like clay into the shapes of Minnie & Marty, as naked as they were when they started having sex.

Eyes shut, the two move off of each other & off the bed, leaving viridescent ooze (like before) behind on the covers as they stand parallel to each other while the green light subsides.

Their eyes snap open at the exact same time, the light absorbing itself back into the sockets & returning their eyes to their regular configurations.

Smiling eerily at one another, they hold hands, before turning toward the door.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

MINNIE (V.O.)
So, who's next?

THE END