

EXT. BASKET IN THE VOID, DESCENDING - DAY

The world is black and white. Clouds meander by, as baskets descend on the string of a ski lift that gives no ending, nor beginning. In an ornately bowed basket, ADAM (27) white non-binary with hair bun, and ALEC (32) a cis-black man with glasses and large, curly hair, make ribbons.

ADAM

(direct to camera)

Hi! Or, should I say hAAy?

ALEC

Very on brand.

The baskets stop moving. All BASKET PEOPLE wave, filling the edges of the screen, then disperse.

ADAM

(direct to camera)

Wow, opportunity nearly missed there. Thanks for choosing to watch this work of Americana, a historical, literature turned film-lecture. Thank you for choosing to watch MY story.

ALEC

(direct to camera)

Excuse me, bitch.

ADAM

(direct to camera)

Our story--

ALEC

(returning to bow work)

Thank you.

ADAM

(direct to camera)

But mostly mine. I know there are a million things you could've watched. The Fake Housebitches and Sad Bastardsettes are in their 45th season, so if we don't get equal episode orders on my story, go sue somebody for their prejudism! Thank you, agayn. It means a lot that you care about me. I know I may have been your diversity pick... but I'll take it.

"We're Dead"

ALEC  
Yeah I'm good with that.

Baskets shake, flames roar.

ADAM  
(direct to camera)  
There's no need to panic.

ALEC  
Who us?

ADAM  
(audience gesture)  
No, the people.

ALEC  
Y'all seeing dead people agayn?

ADAM  
(direct to camera)  
They're just seeing a black and white world, which is completely normal in whatever year this is. No need to adjust your TV monitors. Phone monitors. Your pirated computer--

ALEC  
ARGH.

ADAM  
(direct to camera)  
Peloton bikes, whatever you're watching this unfold on, don't worry. We're just on our way down for a picnic, somewhere. We brought plenty of snacks. There's... bows... and some fruit.

ALEC  
Bad joke.

ADAM  
I'm getting nervous and doing that thing where I ramble--I don't actually know how we got here. Or why there's no food in here? Alec's fault, I'm sure. But we'd love for you to join us in our picnic to... well, stop staring so intensely and it'll come to me. I can't just package it all up in a pretty bow. I don't gift wrap anymore.

"We're Dead"

ALEC

Alright Britney Spears, enough with the flight attendant thing. It doesn't suit you.

ADAM

Was that all aloud? Back on track--

The baskets resume movement.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Everything is totally AGAYZING--

ALEC

(perplexed by basket bow)  
Why's there no color?

ADAM

(looking at bow)  
Is it?

ALEC

What in the white privilege is this? You don't see color?

ADAM

No! I'm literally not seeing ANY color!

A HELLISH CREATURE glides by. Adam and Alec scream.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What in the expletive is going on!

ALEC

EXPLETIVE AF.

ADAM

EXPLETIVE EXPLETIVE.

Hellish Creature throws a self balancing scooter at the person in the ornate basket behind Adam and Alec, the person falls for many seconds, then with the sound of a fart, a flame erupts from below, charring where they fell.

ADAM (CONT'D)

AHHHH--

(calmly)

So what shade of grey would you say that this bow is?

ALEC

Light to lightish gray.

"We're Dead"

ADAM

Same.

ALEC

Have your own opinion.

ADAM

I SAID SAME! FIGHT ME.

Everyone puts their dukes up.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Tough crowd.

ALEC

Are you panicking?

ADAM

Totally! I always knew we would find ourselves in a difficult predicament such as this, given the karma of your diet and life choices. But why me?! WHY ME. Did I Meryl Speak it well?

ALEC

Eh. I've seen better.

ADAM

Very tough crowd. So, what does your grey-dar say about this?

Alec states, Adam gets Dickstracted by his own ass, which comes complete with a water park.

ADAM (CONT'D)

At least we've still got each other.

(to Alec)

Back to you, let's talk about... that grey-t bow you're making.

ALEC

Just stop. Let's ride in a basket in silence.

A basket of penises float by, gawking.

ADAM

I'm single--

ALEC

Don't.

ADAM

Ogay, I won't acknowledge the  
penises unattached to human bodies,  
AGayA my perfect lover.

(patting down front)

WHERE'S MY--

The basket of penises float back by, sticking their tongues  
out. Adam pats down Alec.

ALEC

Hey!

BASKET PEOPLE

hAAy!

ALEC

No! NO.

ADAM

(letting go of Alec)

Why do you get to keep yours?

ALEC

It's probably because of my diet  
and life choices.

ADAM

So you're saying you're a dick...  
Come back here penis!!!!

All baskets begin playing the penis gayme, until someone  
enthusiastically falls from their basket, and a flame emits  
from their fall. Adam is petrified. Alec fluffs his bow.

ALEC

Well, another grey-t moment.  
CLASSic.

(slaps Adam's ass)

Very tough crowd.

Humming bellows from below, and grows to a muffled scream.

ADAM

I'm sorry. Are you not phased by  
the person that just fell to their  
death and erupted into flames?

ALEC

I'm a fan of anything that gets you  
to shut up, and thereby brings  
peace to my fruit basket.

ADAM

Help! Psychopath!.. You are so cold these days. I knew we shouldn't watch Making A Murderer.

ALEC

We can't all be a basket case.

The penises enter with drums, do a rim shot.

ADAM

Still got it.

Penis tips foreskin hat. Penile basket exits.

ALEC

Listen! Do you hear that?

ADAM

Jeff on the drum?

Alec points below, as full blown screams growl.

ADAM (CONT'D)

My stomach does that sometimes. And oh look, we don't have anything to eat...

ALEC

It's not a picnic basket.

ADAM

What a perfect waste of a basket--

ALEC

Quick, what were we doing before we entered these baskets?

ADAM

This feels like a trap.

ALEC

The question is not a trap! But the basket may be.

ADAM

This is a LOVELY basket. She may lack sustenance, and she may not be up to code--

ALEC

Definitely not.

"We're Dead"

ADAM

But don't speak ill of her! She's the only thing holding us up from those fart flames. She's trying!

ALEC

I know we were arguing before we got in here, but what were we arguing about?

ADAM

Where to begin? June 27th, 19--  
(beat)  
Oh, I thought we were gonna get a flashback sequence.

ALEC

I can't remember, either.

ADAM

Hello... I know! I remember!

Adam knocks off Alec's bows with accidental excitement.

ALEC

My bow!!!!

ADAM

Aw, and it was the pretty gray one, that matched your... body.

VOICE BELOW (O.S.)

Oh, mauve, my favorite! I'll wear it to tortured Brunch--

Screams. Flames belch from below. Alec and Adam freeze.

ADAM

I don't wish to add stress and sorrow as you grieve for your lost bow...

(beat)

But I think we're on our way to hell in a handbasket.

SAINT ANNE, a black angel in all black, flies in on one incredibly small wing and a proportional wing. She is a mess.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Don't look down!

ALEC

I'm looking down! I'm looking down!

"We're Dead"

EXT. HELL - CONTINUOUS

Hell is a confusing pyre of rotating hypnosis and ass-flames, which emit the words "send fiber."

EXT. BASKET IN THE VOID - CONTINUOUS

Adam and Alec are stunned.

ADAM

I think we are going to hell.

SAINT ANNE

In a handbasket!

ADAM

We already did that joke.

ALEC

Yeah shoo-fly, get your own fruit stand.

SAINT ANNE

You're our one millionth soul of the day!

ADAM

Do we get a prize?

SAINT ANNE

How's about a souvenir picture?

ALEC

I was hoping more along the lines of, "free pass out of hell".

SAINT ANNE

Nope. Now bend in together and smile real pretty.

ADAM

Smile? Read the room expletive! Who the expletive do you think you are? Telling me to smile? In this climate?

ALEC

Also, slight technicality, I know that you're getting a lot of pointers for improvement, and we appreciate you listening, but there's two of us.

(beat)

(MORE)

"We're Dead"



ALEC (CONT'D)

So, one of us is the one millionth and oneth. Firtth? One millionth and--what is that? I don't have a lisp anymore! Don't look at me like that. I won't be made to feel self conscious. I got it fixtth.

ADAM

You did, you did. I'll be one millionth and second.

(turning on Saint Anne)

Does being nice get me clearance to go up, cause I'm willing to sacrifice him? KIDDING. But on the real, why're there so many souls going to hell? Seems like a failure on the powers at play!

ALEC

It was an election year.

ADAM

Oh, too true, too true.

SAINT ANNE

Boy will I be GLAAD to get rid of both of you.

ADAM

We just met.

ALEC

You came over here to us, rude expletive housefly.

SAINT ANNE

I've been with you your whole life.

ADAM

Stalker!

ALEC

Asking for OUR photograph.

ADAM

The nerve of some people, slash celestial beings!

The pair poses, thrice.

SAINT ANNE

Chin up. Don't forget to smile!

ADAM

(posing)

Make sure to get my good side. I  
wanna look good in this ca-piscit.

ALEC

Casket picture!

SAINT ANNE

I just love your hyphen'd words.  
That's actually not sarcasm.

ADAM

Stop sucking up. You get my good  
side, or what?

SAINT ANNE

We both know you're face is  
perfectly symmetrical.

ADAM

You take that back!

SAINT ANNE

June 1996...

INT. ADAM'S CHILDHOOD HOME, BATHROOM IN JUNE '96 - DAY

Adam, is four and stares in the bathroom mirror. Covering,  
and surprising self with perfect symmetry. Kisses mirror.

SAINT ANNE (O.S.)

Such vanity...

EXT. BASKET IN THE VOID, PRESENT DAY - MOMENTS LATER

ADAM

Well clutch my non-existent pearls,  
you really have been there this  
whole time. Which means... Gaysps!  
So, you saw when I--

SAINT ANNE

(handing over polaroid)  
Mmhm.

ADAM

And when I--

SAINT ANNE

Unfortunately.

"We're Dead"

ALEC

And you even--

Saint Anne's short wing gives out, falling, she grabs onto the side of the basket.

ADAM

(to Alec)

What'd you do?!

SAINT ANNE

(crawling back)

Don't ask. You did some nasty things, but Alec's here is much worse. Nasty. Very, very nasty. But, hAAy, no judgement.

ALEC

Gulp.

SAINT ANNE

(standing proudly)

That's right. I'm your guardian angel, Saint Anne.

ALEC

(throwing the last basket  
bow at Saint Anne)

SATAN?!!

Saint Anne coolly watches the bow miss her and sink below.

ADAM

(whispering)

You missed. This is why we didn't play sports.

SAINT ANNE

No, your guardian angel. I am an angel. But I am also quite good at gardening. Get it? Garden angel--

ADAM

When I think angel, I think less...

The bow flies back up, hovering over Saint Anne, whom every inch of, is a royally hot mess. Bow incinerates in place.

SAINT ANNE

Less what? Finish that statement!

ADAM

(fanning with polaroid)

Nothing. You look great.

"We're Dead"

SAINT ANNE

Uh huh. That's what I thought.

ALEC

Shut up, Adam. We're talking to Satan. Oh, if my mother could see me now!

ADAM

This isn't our fault! She'd beter take that Catholic guilt and blame herself. She's the one that plagued us with Satan as a Garden gnome!

SAINT ANNE

I'm Saint... Anne. A literal angel and Saint, you better respect that! Get the picture?

ALEC

Yes!!!

ADAM

Yeah, whatever.  
(looking at polaroid)  
Now, hAAy! Wait a minute.

ALEC

This isn't cute. Where was I supposed to look?

ADAM

If you lied about this pic, what else're you lying about? You didn't even TRY and get my good side?

ALEC

I demand a re-do.

ADAM

Yeah, he's got a wonky tooth that he's very sensitive about.

ALEC

At least I HAVE teeth.

ADAM

(all gums)  
WHAT? No teefff? You take it back. I can't lose my penis AND my teeth. Not in the same day. What have I got left?

ADAM'S ASS

hAAy!

ADAM

Sorry bud. I didn't mean it.

ADAM'S ASS

(deflating, slowly)

It's ogay. I know you have a lot of great options outside of this.

ADAM

Don't you go on me! Bubbles!!

ALEC

I need a Klonopin.

ADAM

Whose my favorite asset?

ADAM'S ASS

(re-inflating)

Me! Me!

SAINT ANNE

(putting down "Angels Anonymous Ready to Pounce" Magazine)

Good luck y'all.

ALEC

Are you implying that we are gonna need it?

SAINT ANNE

Yep.

ADAM

Given the circumstances, will it really help?

SAINT ANNE

(winding small wing)

Deuces.

ALEC

Oh, Jesus, Moses and Jerry Springer.

Saint Anne's small wing wont crank, winds, rolling eyes.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Bless my soul! Somebody have mercy on us! I don't want to go to hell!

"We're Dead"

BASKET PEOPLE

Neither do we!

ADAM

Never thought I'd live to see  
this... it's almost like a prayer.  
Gotta say, Madonna did it better.

ALEC

Well, technically you didn't live  
to see it. We're dead as a  
doornail.

BASKET-NAIL, extremely nervous.

BASKET-NAIL

Oh no. The attention's on me?  
Hello. I'm a basket nail... I feel  
extremely anxious.

All stand, not noticing Basket-Nail continually shriek on.  
Adam namaste-bops Basket-Nail into basket, firmly. Silence.

ADAM

Honestly, I've been meditating on  
it--

ALEC

You were silent there for an  
awfully long time--

ADAM

And I think I might fit in there.

ALEC

Where?

ADAM

You know... in the hell.

ALEC

Yeah!!... Wait, what??

SAINT ANNE

You dear, trifling, problematic--

ADAM

I mean look at her. That outfit is  
dreadful. If I have to wear that, I  
don't wanna go to that.

SAINT ANNE

I beg your pardon. This is Chanel.

"We're Dead"

ADAM

Gaysp! And I do mean a proper gay-gasp.

SAINT ANNE

Oh, you gays are gonna be missed with all your quirks, and your drama, and even some of your continual, disappointing cliches.  
(sighs)

Yes, someone is going to miss you, but that someone will not be me.

ADAM

THIS IS HAPPENING BECAUSE WE'RE GAY?!

ALEC

Gaysp. Many, mini-gasps. My mother cannot be right! What a rigged expletive system. You expletive, expletive--

White surrounding cracks slightly, revealing GAYDS sitting in a viewing booth, wearing many bows. Gayds stop mid-cheers to look on at Adam and Alec waving fingers at them. Gayds slowly close their white blinds.

ALEC (CONT'D)

You bunch of expletive hypocrites, yeah I see you in your bad, knockoff clothing, all of you look awful. The bows don't even match!

Poof. Gayds and the viewing booth disappear.

SAINT ANNE

(grabbing Alec)  
This is Chanel!

ALEC

Lies!

SAINT ANNE

(showing tag #3.84 X  
10^68300)  
Look! It may not be number five, but it's still very much Chanel.

ADAM

This is homophobic as--!!

Baskets stop descending, everything shakes. Some fall from their baskets, fire emits in their place. Screams.

"We're Dead"

Sirens from the distance whirl forth. A traffic light visits from basket to basket towards Alec and Adam.

SAINT ANNE

Oh, now you've gone and done it.  
Just when I think I'm finally  
fixing to ride this wave out, you  
gotta go and pull this. It just  
never ends with you two, does it?

ALEC

What's that?

SAINT ANNE

Of all the souls I've counseled--

ALEC

No, not you. The siren.

SAINT ANNE

Well excuse me for dying and  
trying. That siren is...

ALEC

Dramatic pause, much?

ADAM

Mhmm, cause you don't know what it  
is! Don't worry. I've got this.  
Looks like you're gonna learn a  
thing or two from us, huh, Satan?

SAINT ANNE

Shut up. This is not a bonding  
moment. She's fixing to come over  
here, and it's not fixing to be  
good.

ALEC

She?

The whirling traffic light beeps, spews out citation ticker-tape, and transforms into KATHERINE HEPBURN.

HEPBURN

Well hello there stars and gents.  
What's this I hear about a citation  
violation most dubious and unfound?

ALEC

Is that--



ADAM

A transformer! I love you  
Bumblebee!!

HEPBURN

Oh you heard the buzz did you?

Saint Anne breathes deeply, produces a string cheese from  
between her wings.

SAINT ANNE

This'll Hep-burn.

HEPBURN

If we're lucky baby! Yes, tis I,  
Katherine Hepburn. *The African  
Queen*.

Saint Anne shakes her head in disapproval, eating.

HEPBURN (CONT'D)

Straight out of *On Golden Pond*!  
That's still relevant, right? I was  
amid a tan--

SAINT ANNE

More cultural appropriation! But I  
guess we ain't gonna discuss that.

HEPBURN

So, what seems to be the trouble  
lads and glorious non-binaries?

ALEC

Oh my! It really is THE--

ADAM

No, don't tell me, I'm gonna figure  
it out.

ALEC

She just told us! It's Katherine  
bloody Hepburn!

HEPBURN

Oh, stop. Don't make me blush!

SAINT ANNE

No, really don't. She'll explode.

Silence. Two baskets behind, Basket People are swinging their  
baskets.

"We're Dead"

HEPBURN

No swinging in the baskets!!!

Hepburn shoots a swinger with a long-range beam of light. The basket person falls, a belch of purple flames erupt.

HEPBURN (CONT'D)

Hepburns, don't it?

SAINT ANNE

We've only about 20 seconds before the blessed almighty shows up. Get a move with it.

HEPBURN

Oh, that must be... Anne... my little Saint. I barely recognized you, you cool glass of butter.

ADAM

Glass of what?

HEPBURN

Did you do something different with your hair, baby?

SAINT ANNE

(hiding wrapper)

I cut out dairy.

ADAM

Yeah right, you just ate a string cheese.

SAINT ANNE

Liars. Snitches get stitches.

Alec shoves his fist into Adam's mouth.

ALEC

Everybody shut up... are we really about to meet--

SAINT ANNE

No! Don't say it!

ALEC

G--

SAINT ANNE / HEPBURN

Noooooo--

ALEC

--AYD?!

"We're Dead"

SAINT ANNE  
--ow you've done it!

HEPBURN  
Great! Everybody, scat!

Hepburn begins to scat. The baskets shake. The world shakes. The basket of penises float in and collide, flopping upon two rolling balls that have suddenly appeared. The sky balls open into a brightening, colorful sky. GAYD appears, a hairy, cheek-mole unicorn-rainbow-mermaid, with cheerful-consistently even facial expression. Saint Anne shields Hepburn with her wings. Alec bows, Adam tries to fist bump.

GAYD  
hAAy.

HEPBURN  
Get your ping-ping out of my face-space Anne.

SAINT ANNE  
I'm shielding you so you don't chemically combust... again.

HEPBURN  
Oh, considerate little Anne. Don't make me blush. They tuned that up! Which I would say we can try later, but truly, let's leave the past is in the pASSt, darling.

ALEC  
Adam, get down--

ADAM  
(standing atop the basket)  
I've got this. BEHOLD! Almighty GAYD! We--

GAYD  
hAAy.

ADAM  
Yes, hAAy! We are Adam and Alec... of Earth!

ALEC  
Oh yeah, cause there aren't millions of those.

Adam kicks Alec.

ADAM

And we've been wrongly charged!

ALEC

With what, we're not quite sure,  
but we know it's wrong!

Adam jumps down and tap dances atop Alec.

ADAM

We've been wrongly dammed as two  
homosexuals.

HEPBURN

My brethren! Are thou not  
homosexuals?

SAINT ANNE

They're not very good at it, but  
yes.

(pointing to Adam)

They,

(pointing to Alec)

And he are.

HEPBURN

Good. I thought I smelt family.

ALEC

What's it-Ow, smell like? Ow!

HEPBURN

Like heaven.

ADAM

See, expletive. We exude heaven.  
Clearly, THAT'S where we belong.

ALEC

Ogay, ow. Could you-ow-stop the-ow-  
tap dancing nOW?

Saint Anne liters her string cheese wrapper towards hell.

HELLISH CREATURE (O.S.)

Ooh, a wrapper! I am in luck--

Screams from below. Flame shoots the wrapper back up. It  
reads: "No more presents." Saint Anne grabs this and stuffs  
it between two of her feathers. Adam hops off of Alec.

SAINT ANNE

Ugh. Fine.

ADAM

I HAVE THE MIC. Figuratively.  
Actually a mic would be great here.  
And maybe a little spotlight.  
Anyone? Going once. Going t--

SAINT ANNE

I wish you'd get on with it,  
already.

ADAM

We have been wrongfully charged--  
Committed! Via this injustice.  
This... oppression. This PREJUDICE.  
It is pure homophobia!

SAINT PEETA, with the face of a dog, is rapidly climbing  
between the taint in the sky, on a ladder, trumpeting up new  
heavenly ANGELS, most of which are animals.

ANGELS

Yay! The gaytes are finally opened.

PEETA

DJ Peeta! Another one in. Another  
one! Welcoming you all in. Another--

GAYD

(greeting each new Angel)  
hAAy! hAAy! hAAAAAAAAAay!

The world shakes. Peeta clings to the taint and ladder.

PEETA

Sorry to interrupt. It's just that  
these balls never open. And we're  
very backed up.

HEPBURN

Kat trick 101: fiber.

Hell emits flames reading: "yes, please." No one notices.

SAINT ANNE

Ew, girl. Not the time.

HEPBURN

What? I like this doggy's-style.

PEETA

Carry on. Don't mind us.  
(whispering)  
Another one. Another one.

"We're Dead"

GAYD  
(whispering)  
hAAy. hAAy.

SAINT ANNE  
Attention!  
(waving for Gayd's  
attention)  
Oh, for the love of--

ALEC  
hAAy! We should be welcomed too!

GAYD  
hAAy.

ADAM  
Yeah! Like *that*.

ALEC  
There's been a mistake! We should  
be up there! Climbing that ladder.  
Being welcomed to our eternal party-  
mode from the... dog.

ADAM  
Keep saying it. Keep saying the  
things!

ALEC  
Let the gays in the gaytes.

ADAM  
Let the gays in the gaytes! Let the-  
Oh, so we're not chanting it?

HEPBURN  
(holding sign)  
I was ready.

SAINT ANNE  
Why couldn't I have retired  
yesterday?

Saint Anne lifts Basket-nail up. Adam and Alec fall out of  
the basket, upward, through the sky for an eternity.

ALEC  
YAY WE'RE BEING BEAMED UP!

ADAM  
A LOT FASTER THAN I EXPECTED.

"We're Dead"

ALEC  
SEE WE WERE GOOD AFTER ALL.

ADAM  
I'M REALLY GRATEFUL. BUT COULD WE  
POSSIBLY DO THIS MORE SLOWLY?

The ascent speeds up exponentially.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
The other speed was fine!

ALEC  
YOU JUST HAD TO COMPLAIN.

The two fly past Gayd and out of sight.

SAINT ANNE  
That'll give us some time.

HEPBURN  
For you to state your case as their  
Guardian?

SAINT ANNE  
No, for some peace and quiet.

HEPBURN  
Oh Anne. You wanna make me blush?

SAINT ANNE  
What was that you said earlier? The  
past is...

HEPBURN  
Just testing the waters. Make  
haste...  
(removing cheese stick  
trash from Saint Anne's  
wings, eats it)  
Not waste.

EXT. THE VOID'S SKY - MOMENTS LATER

Alec and Adam fly upward through the air, screaming.

ALEC  
We're gonna die!!!

ADAM  
We are already dead.

"We're Dead"

ALEC

We're never going to see... any of those people we hated again.

ADAM

You're so negative.

ALEC

That was me trying to find the positives! Of course I'm going to miss my mother...

ADAM

What an opportune time to lie! We'll never get in with that attitude. Your mother's the worst!

ALEC

We'll never get in cause you're a cheater.

ADAM

You crook!

ALEC

THIEF!!

ADAM

That's the same thing! They're synonyms!

ALEC

I love cinnamon!

ADAM

I love you!

ALEC

I love youuuu!

Both do a power-up, Sailor Moon pose.

ADAM

We're flying!

ALEC

I always wanted to fly.

ADAM

ME TOO. This is kind of fierce.



EXT. THE VOID'S SKY - 5 MINUTES LATER

ALEC  
Ogay, we're still doing it!

EXT. THE VOID'S SKY - 60 SECONDS LATER

ALEC  
(hurling)  
Yeah, that's enough of that.

ADAM  
Enough of this expletive!!!

The two freeze, weightless. Adam's neck cracks.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Oh my, that worked.

ALEC  
Who knew the power was in us all  
along???

ADAM  
And it fixed my neck! Hell pending,  
this is the best day ever.

ALEC  
What do you think they're saying  
about us?

Adam and Alec act-out what they think is being said, far  
below where Hepburn, Saint Anne, and Gayd talk.

ADAM (O.S.)  
(imitating Hepburn)  
I think they should stay!

ALEC  
I wanted to be Hepburn... Ogay, go  
on.

ADAM  
She'd be supportive like that cause  
she gets us, right?

ALEC  
(to Hepburn)  
We love you, Queen!

ADAM  
We stan an icon!

"We're Dead"

ALEC (O.S.)  
(imitating Saint Anne)  
They should perish in a million  
flames.

ADAM  
What the Handmaid's Tale?

ALEC  
(to Saint Anne)  
You know her expletive isn't  
vouching for us.

ADAM  
Expletive!

ALEC  
(to Saint Anne)  
Such a little expletive! Just  
because you have whacked out wings,  
and bangs doesn't mean that you can  
take it out on our mortal souls!

ADAM  
(to Saint Anne)  
Yeah! Don't damn us for your--  
AHHHHH!

Adam and Alec fall agayn, clutching onto one another.

ALEC  
Uh oh. She must have heard us!

ADAM  
We're going to hell!

ALEC  
Outside of a handbasket!!!!!!

ADAM  
Oh my Gayd.

GAYD  
(reappearing)  
hAAy.

PEETA  
(hand stuck in the balls)  
AHHHH! Could somebody give me a  
hand?

Adam and Alec go back up, try to grab onto Peeta. But miss.

"We're Dead"

ADAM

Sorry.

PEETA

Thank you for trying!

ALEC

Here! Oh my Gayd!!

GAYD

(reappearing)

hAAy.

PEETA

(now free)

Thank you Gayd.

GAYD

(reappearing)

hAAy.

Peeta is bumped by Gayd, and falls for eternity. Adam and Alec begin falling, agayn, nauseously.

ALEC

That one's on YOU, Peeta.

ADAM

I'm fixing to be sick. Oh... my...

BOTH

Gayd!

GAYD

(reappearing)

hAAy.

The pair pause in front of Gayd.

ADAM

Would you make up your mind  
already??

ALEC

This is--

Adam and Alec are tossed up and down, rapidly. Gayd remains expressionless.

EXT. BASKET IN THE VOID - SAME TIME

Hepburn and Saint Anne sit together on the basket. Hepburn rocks it gently. Saint Anne, basically hovers. Adam and Alec rise and fall in the distance throughout.

HEPBURN

They can't be THAT bad.

SAINT ANNE

Out of all 506,00 souls I'm charged with currently, they're the biggest nut cases.

HEPBURN

Don't you have Mitch McConnell?

SAINT ANNE

Yes.

HEPBURN

Wow.

EXT. THE VOID'S SKY - CONTINUOUS

Adam and Alec, mid-fall.

ADAM

MY MY MY MY--

ALEC

Your mouth is literally in my ear, why're you yelling! I can hear you. SAVE your voice. We'll have all of eternity to scream.

Adam and Alec are rising.

ADAM

You raise me uppppp! Jgay, you terrify me.

They are falling, Adam pushes Alec lower.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Take him first, I don't deserve to suffer because of my association with this lunatic.

Alec and Adam vanish.

"We're Dead"

EXT. BASKET IN THE VOID - CONTINUOUS

HEPBURN  
Oh, they timed out.

SAINT ANNE  
Great. Now I gotta check on them in Purgatory.

HEPBURN  
(brushing Anne's cheek)  
What's the rush?

SAINT ANNE  
What about protocol?

HEPBURN  
I'm the pro-they-call for that.

SAINT ANNE  
Cheesy, but I'll let it slide.

HEPBURN  
Let them wait.

Hepburn and Saint Anne lock eyes.

SAINT ANNE  
Yeah, it can wait. So, dinner?

HEPBURN  
Oh, I'll definitely be eating.

SAINT ANNE  
Salmon?

HEPBURN  
Cooked fresh.

SAINT ANNE  
Merlot?

HEPBURN  
How'd you know?

SAINT ANNE  
... You're going home and eating your leftovers, aren't you?

HEPBURN  
This is why it'll never work, kid.

Hepburn transforms back into a traffic light and skirts away.

"We're Dead"

SAINT ANNE

Well Anne, you've done it agayn.  
Why must I squander every chance of  
love and affection I come-by? One  
week till retirement and who, WHOM  
is there to cherish it with??

Saint Anne produces yogurt, eats while she floats. Peeta struggles on tiny wings to put out a flame from his shoe.

PEETA

Do you know which way you-know-who  
went?

SAINT ANNE

Are you questioning the almighty!!!

PEETA

No! I would--

SAINT ANNE

I'm just pulling your leg. Paw...  
Chill. I have no idea.

(beat)

Hey, Peeta, would you like to have  
dinner?

PEETA

Is it Vegayn?

SAINT ANNE

Um...

PEETA

If it's Gluten and Soy Free, with  
no peppers I'm in. Oh and low  
sodium please--

(noticing Anne's gone)

Woof crowd.

Saint Anne's disappeared. Peeta gets in the basket, and the line shoots downward at hyper-speed. Gayd, expressionless grows, within their eye we see...

EXT. PURGATORY, MOURNINGSIDE HEIGHTS, NYC, SPRING - DAY

Adam and Alec land onto pavement, hard. Adam bounces back up twice, like a trampoline. A banner that reads "welcome 2 purgatory." It is a muted spring palette on the corner of 143rd Street and Broadway, Morningside Heights. Every time that Adam bounces, the earth jello-ricochets and Alec loses his footing.

"We're Dead"

ADAM

Ha-ha! That's what you get for  
being a literal dick.

ALEC

I would say it takes one to know  
one, butttttttt--

ADAM

YOU TAKE THAT BACK.

Adam launches at Alec's pants. Out flops a flask.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You LIAR.

ALEC

So what! Gender's irrelevant here  
anyway!

ADAM

(a toast)

Always was. Here, here!

A roaming CAT meows, tipping hat.

ALEC

(gives sip to cat)

Cheers.

ADAM

(snatching flask, resumes  
bouncing)

Great. Now you've got the upper  
hand in this environment! I wanted  
the upper hand!

ALEC

Wait. I remember this... We used to  
come here on my smoke break.

Adam bounces down where Alec is standing, knocking him over.

ADAM

Oh yeah? Break this!

ALEC

Back when I was... a clown.

ADAM

You said it!

ALEC

For kids parties.

"We're Dead"

ADAM

Ohhh... I'm remembering some things. You always got these odd jobs with kids. Like in our past lives, 9 times out of 10. And 10 out of 10, you were never good at it.

ALEC

I was... standing here. You had taken my flask--

ADAM

(waving flask)  
Guilty!

ALEC

And you were over there, when--

Adam bounces up, a car runs over Alec.

ADAM

Oh expletive--

Adam falls, flat like a leaf. The pair lay flat on the ground together.

A SHAKING PIER narrates with their best Rod Sterling impression.

SHAKING PIER

(direct to camera)  
They say a dream takes only a second or so, and yet in that second a person can live a lifetime. They can suffer and die, and who's to say which is the greater reality--

WOMAN yells out of her apartment window, shaking a cat towel.

WOMAN

So now you're quoting Rod Sterling?  
I thought you were supposed to be Shake--

SHAKING PIER

(direct to camera, British accent)  
Two fair friends of Verona--

WOMAN

Verona? This is Broadway.

"We're Dead"



SHAKING PIER

Thank you kind lass. You may return  
to your tower.

WOMAN

You call yourself Shake's Pier, and  
you can't even get the setting  
right! One of the most basic  
tenants of the play structure.

TRASSH MENDIE, a trash can that is Shaking Pier's secretary,  
lifts its trash lid in agreement.

TRASSH

I keep giving him that note.

WOMAN

Mmhm. I agrees with you on this.  
But you're still trASSh.

Woman slams her window down. Trassh muddles inaudible  
gibberish, slithering back into can.

SHAKING PIER

(direct to camera)

Two fair friends of Broadway, find  
themselves in the midway of up and  
down. Over the course of these next  
few acts we humble players will  
witness, grow, some of us even  
shrink, to find where they belong.  
Judgement awaits on a road--A road  
that is called... Hey! Cat lady!

Woman re-opens her window, beating the cat.

WOMAN

Broadway! It's Broadway. Say it  
with me, BROAD. WAY.  
(slams the window,  
promptly re-opens it)  
Call me cat lady one more time and  
I'll give you something to kvetch  
about.

SHAKING PIER

Sorry! Willy, I am...

Woman slams window down, beating her cat while staring  
intensely at Shaking Pier.

SHAKING PIER (CONT'D)

(direct to camera)

Stay tuned to see the drama unfold  
of this and more for Adam and Alec.  
It's bound to be, astorkable.

(knocking on TrASSh)

Whoo hoo! D'ya get that, Mendie?

Trassh pops out of its lid, with typed script notes in hand.

TRASSH

Got 'em!

Shaking Pier splinters, Trassh bounces, noisily, walking side-by-side.

TRASSH (CONT'D)

Do me a favor, walk a little  
further away, you're starting to  
splinter.

SHAKING PIER

Bag and Baggage, Trassh, you're a  
maggot.

TRASSH

Bravo. Tho, it hurts me to tell you  
this, I'm the only one that knows  
you're attempting a quote.

Adam and Alec slowly peel up from the ground. Alec sucks his thumb, inflating his head, downward. Adam covers their mouth, inflating ass first.

ADAM

A little bit more, yeah!

ALEC

That's better!

ADAM

That was truly exhilarating. Come  
back automobile! You want some more  
of this!!

ALEC

Stop it.

ADAM

You know you want some more! Hit  
me. I dare you!

"We're Dead"

ALEC

Well, looks like we're back in New York.

ADAM

Mother ex--

CREDITS

OVERLAY

EXT. EARTH SKY, 1940'S - AFTERNOON

Adam and Alec are storks, flying with a baby each. Adam's baby is in its sack asleep. Alec's is crawling around him, making him jolt up and down with laughter and rage.

ALEC STORK

Alright baby, quit clowning around!

Adam Stork looks directly to camera. Alec Stork is doing loops like a rollercoaster.

ADAM STORK

Just give the baby a narcotic.

ALEC STORK

Yeah cause I've got one on me!

ADAM STORK

Or a tranquilizer gun.

ALEC STORK

Now you're just making expletive up.

Adam Stork pulls out a tranquilizer gun and shoots at Alec Stork, misses.

ALEC STORK (CONT'D)

Oh Gayd!

Skies open up, balls first, blinding Alec Stork, whom drops his blue baby and crashes. Adam rams into a ball, beak first, and rolls along with it, flipping pink baby in circles.

GAYD

hAAy.

END OF EPISODE

"We're Dead"