

Reveal Party  
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INT. EDDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

A large townhouse: open plan, decadent, Gothic. Black velvet curtains, chandeliers and gruesome artwork.

GUESTS mill around the room, devouring snacks, chatting, drinking wine out of plastic dollar-store wineglasses.

EDDIE (35), the owner of the house, stands with FIONA (28), near the snack table.

Both sisters are dark-skinned, but otherwise they're opposites: Eddie's tall, all in black, and has natural hair; Fiona's short, wears pastels, her hair's relaxed -- and she's obviously pregnant.

Also, Fiona's cisgender and Eddie is trans.

FIONA

I can't believe all these people showed up. D'you think they brought gifts?

Fiona stuffs a handful of mini-quiches into her mouth.

FIONA (CONT'D)

(mouth full of quiche)

I really want a nursing pillow.

EDDIE

(sarcastic)

But you already have the greatest gift of all.

FIONA

Yeah, yeah, thanks for letting us use your space, sis. You could've lightened it up a bit though --

She gestures to a bookshelf containing "The Summoning and Banishment of Greater Demons".

FIONA (CONT'D)

-- We're here to celebrate the miracle of life, not the miracle of death metal.

EDDIE

The real miracle is that anything could grow in your cold, shriveled womb.

FIONA

Cause you're the expert on wombs?

EDDIE

Ouch Fi.

(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)

(beat)

You sure you're only four months along? You look like you're about to pop.

FIONA

Maybe it's triplets.

She shoves some more quiches in her mouth.

EDDIE

So where the fuck's Greg? Everyone else is here.

FIONA

He's on his way. Had some kind of testing session.

EDDIE

I hope it was an *emergency* testing session.

FIONA

It's close to the release date or something.

EDDIE

Board games have release dates?

Fiona shrugs.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

You should file for sole custody now and get it over with. He *is* the father, right?

FIONA

Don't be a jerk. What if the baby can hear you?

EDDIE

Oh come on, you've got a little brain-dead curled up avocado in there.

(to Fiona's stomach)

You can't hear anything, can you? Can you?

FIONA

Oh my god it kicked.

EDDIE

(to Fiona's stomach)

Hi baby, I'm your favourite aunt.

FIONA

You're the only aunt.

FIONA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Did you know it can pee now? The doctor told me. Now that it's over 14 weeks.

EDDIE

Stop calling it "it". You're growing a miniature person in there, not a cactus.

FIONA

Yeah, but we don't know what it is yet, I don't want to get attached to any pronouns.

EDDIE

You shouldn't do that anyway.

FIONA

Come on, Eddie. You know what I mean.

Fiona looks around the room.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Where did the cake go?

Eddie shrugs.

FIONA (CONT'D)

(immediately panicking)

How are we going to have a gender -- sorry sex reveal party with no cake?

She opens the fridge.

FIONA (CONT'D)

It's okay, it's in here.

She takes the cake out, puts it on the counter.

EDDIE

I don't know what cake has to do with anything.

FIONA

We gave the bakers the results from our doctor. If the inside of the cake is blue, it's a boy and if it's pink, it's a girl.

EDDIE

(sarcastically)

Cute.

FIONA

It's just for fun, we know it doesn't mean anything. I promise we won't get attached to any pronouns.

The door opens -- it's GREG (28): an overgrown white manboy wearing a videogame T-shirt.

As he approaches Fiona and Eddie, we can see he's got a few fresh bruises on his face.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Greg, you idiot. Did you fall *again*?  
I told you not to longboard in the  
city.

She inspects his face. Eddie gets an ice pack from the freezer, hands it to him.

GREG

What can I say? The testosterone gets pumping, and another man questions the Reiner Knizia-esque tile placement mechanic of your new eurogame, what's a guy supposed to do?

FIONA

Do not try to make that testosterone argument with me again!

EDDIE

I hate to say it Fi, but he's got a point.

FIONA

Whose side are you on, Brutus?

Greg pulls Fiona aside.

GREG

You're pretty tense right now, what's going on?

FIONA

Aside from you being late?

GREG

You know it doesn't matter what kind of chromosomes our baby has going on. I mean it's not going to be exactly the same; our girl might earn 87 cents on the dollar --

FIONA

Less than 87. She's half black.

GREG

Right, okay, but she'll get an income boost for being hot. My point is, she might not have any good lumberjack costume options for Halloween, and

(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

our little boy might have a hard time joining the cheer team, but they're still going to be ours.

FIONA

It's fine. I'm happy with anything. I'm going to love the little snot bucket no matter what.

GREG

But...

FIONA

But I'm scared because of Eddie. I'm scared if it's a boy our baby will end up like her. These things run in families. I love Eddie to death, but the thought that our baby would have to go through life like that -- yes, I know there are worse things I mean it could be born inside out or green or something, but I worry it might really effect his options in life. I mean, look at Eddie -- she can't be a police officer, or a pilot, or an electrician or even an artist -- although I guess they say Van Gogh was now -- but anyway our baby better get a real job. And it makes it so much worse that it's my fault if it happens. It's in my genes, it runs in our family. I know there are hundreds of genetic diseases, and frankly I should be more worried that the baby will inherit your head shape. But I just can't stand thinking that my baby -- my little boy, or girl, or non-gender conforming individual, might grow up to be colourblind.

GREG

Heart disease runs in my family, and you're worried about *that*?

Fiona looks close to tears.

GREG (CONT'D)

You know what? That might happen. It might be colourblind, or regular blind or only have one leg, but it's our baby, so it's going to be awesome.

FIONA

I know. It's just --

GREG  
(hugging her)  
No more stressing. Let's go cut open  
a baby cake.

Fiona nods, and they go to the counter. Greg takes the cake  
out of the box, and Eddie turns off the music.

FIONA  
Thank you all for coming, and thanks  
to Eddie for letting us use her lair.

EDDIE  
Whatever.

GREG  
We are so fucking pumped for this  
baby. Woo!

FIONA  
Now, the moment we've all been waiting  
for. Greg and I are so excited to  
announce that our baby is...

Fiona and Greg cut into the cake together. They make a second  
cut, then use side of the knife to lift up a piece, revealing  
that the filling inside is -- BLACK.

GREG  
...black?

EDDIE  
No shit.

FIONA  
What the hell? What did you give to  
the cake shop?

GREG  
The envelope from the doctor.

Greg reaches into his jacket, pulls out an envelope.

GREG (CONT'D)  
Here, they sent it back.

He opens the envelope.

FIONA  
Okay, for real this time -- our baby  
is a --

Greg pulls the paper from the envelope -- there's a CHARRED  
HOLE in the centre of it.

There is a horrifying SHRIEK.

An enormous CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE materializes, sending papers flying across the room. The guests scream, take cover -- some of them manage to escape out the front door.

The cloud forms into a DENSE BLACK COLUMN, and hovers in the air -- it's the GREAT DEMON, BELPHEGOR.

Greg and Fiona look to Eddie, horrified.

Eddie runs to the bookcase, pulls out the "summoning and banishment of greater demons". She searches through it frantically.

BELPHEGOR

The child is mine.

GREG

Fiona, are you serious -- did you...?

FIONA

If I was going to cheat on you, don't you think I'd pick someone a little hotter?

BELPHEGOR

You have been chosen. You carry a great warrior of hell within you, human.

GREG

Our baby is a demon?

FIONA

...Okay, but is it a boy demon or a girl demon?

BELPHEGOR

It's a soldier in the army of hell. A creature of darkness. It has no need of your crude binary systems of classification.

A tendril of smoke reaches out to touch Fiona's belly. She shrinks back.

BELPHEGOR (CONT'D)

You will give me the infant, when it has been given corporeal form.

EDDIE

No fucking way.

As the demon turns towards Eddie, she starts to CHANT IN LATIN, consulting the demon book for the words.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

Daemonium, ad quos eieci te de hoc planum: et dimittere tuum carion tenaci fugere hinc deorsum!

The cloud of smoke begins to SHRIEK again. It TWISTS and CURLS, and SPURTS BLACK GOO all over the kitchen. Finally, it disappears.

The guests start to emerge from under tables. Fiona and Greg stare at Eddie, horrified.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

We'll find a way to get rid of it.

She pulls another book off the shelf, rifles through it.

FIONA

... I guess we have to.

GREG

You said you would love our baby even if it was noseless and looked like Lord Voldemort --

FIONA

-- Because that was the worst case scenario. Now it might have three mouths and five sets of teeth.

GREG

(to Eddie)

Is that a thing?

Eddie shrugs -- it's possible.

FIONA

We're just two idiots, Greg! We can't raise a *human* baby let alone this demon spawn.

GREG

Most people are idiots. Why shouldn't a freelance mathematician and a semi-successful boardgame designer make it work?

Fiona and Greg share a moment. They lean in, as if to kiss -- then Fiona looks confused.

FIONA

I think... I think my water just broke.

GREG

But you're only four months pregnant.

Fiona lets out an agonized scream.

CUT TO BLACK

The agonized screams continue through the credits.