

Sound of drizzling rain.

FADE IN

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Any guy's apartment. Dimly lit. Scattered books on biology, computer technology, robotics, neuroscience. Ontology.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

We're just worried about you,
honey, you know? We'd like to see
your face.

A young man, MARK, on the phone. Smoking, distracted. He's seen better days.

MARK

Yeah.

He toys with a pair of earrings.

WOMAN'S VOICE

It's okay if you need time. It's
okay. But you also need to -- take
steps. It's hard, baby. But she's
gone.

MARK

Yeah. I know that.

BEEP.

MARK

I gotta go, Mom.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Mark --

MARK

I really have to go.

(BEEP)

I love you, Mom. Thanks.

(switches lines)

What's up?

MAN'S VOICE

Get over here.

MARK

What happened?

MAN'S VOICE
She started coming to.

MARK
It worked?

MAN'S VOICE
Don't know yet. Don't get too
excited.

MARK
What do you mean? How is she?

MAN'S VOICE
Don't know. I put her back under.
I really think you need to be the
first thing she sees.

Mark is already out the door.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

A MAN, sleeping, on a mattress on the floor.

MARK (O.C.)
How long?

MAN FROM PHONE (O.C.)
Couldn't tell ya. Any minute.

Mark is looking down at the sleeping man with Frank, a burly, very capable guy in the process of lighting a joint, which he offers to Mark.

MARK
Are you fucking serious?

He crouches. Picks up the sleeping man's hand, holds it, releases. Touches the sleeping man's face. Holds out his hand for the joint. Franks hands it to him and he hits.

The sleeping man's eyes flick open. He is all fear and confusion.

Mark COUGHS and flings the joint aside. The man sees Mark and now there is recognition and pleading in his look.

Mark takes the man's head and cradles him.

MARK

It's okay... it's okay... it's
okay, baby... it's okay... it's
okay... it's okay now...

LATER

The man, apparently more lucid, clings to Mark, who strokes him slowly.

FRANK

What's the last thing you remember?

MAN

I don't know. The last few days
are hazy.

Mark and Frank look at each other.

MAN

What? What -- happened?

MARK

Okay, baby, you need to keep calm.

MAN

What? What is going on? Am I --

He looks down at himself. Feels.

MAN

What the fuck is this?

LATER

The man, visibly agitated, sits closed off on the mattress, legs tucked under him. Mark and Frank are seated opposite her.

MARK

It was eleven weeks ago. We had a
fight. I told you leave. I didn't
say it as politely as I could. You
were upset and you crashed -- and
you died.

(beat)

But then Frank said to me --

INT. ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A distraught Mark. Frank, all business, charges in.

FRANK
How's her head?

MARK
(uncomprehending)
Excuse me?

FRANK
(no time)
What condition is her head in?

BASEMENT

MAN
What am I?

FRANK
You are a Natronics prototype 71357
cybernetic organism.

MAN
I'm a robot?

FRANK
Only like 45 per cent.

INT./EXT. MARK'S CAR - LATER

The "man" is sitting in the passenger seat, hands in lap.
Frank confers with Mark.

FRANK
If the slightest thing happens,
call me ASAP.

MARK
Yeah.

Frank waves to her (from here on "he" will be she).

FRANK
G'night, Sonja.

SONJA
(leave me alone)
Good night.

Mark clutches Franks arm.

MARK
Thank you.

FRANK
Hard part's yours, man.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Mark and Sonja are in bed. There is space between them.

MARK
Will you --

SONJA
Yeah?

MARK
Will you hold me?

She enfolds him in her arms, staring at the ceiling.

DISSOLVE TO:

Sonja's staring face, pelted with water. We are

INT. BATHROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Slowly, she looks down.

KNOCK KNOCK.

MARK (O.S.)
You okay in there?

SONJA
Fine.

MINUTES LATER

She stands in front of the mirror with towel cinched high, woman style. She folds her arms over her flat chest.

DINING ROOM - LATER

Mark and Sonja sit over a very elaborate breakfast. She has little interest in eating.

MARK
How do you feel?

SONJA
My stomach is a little -- off.

MARK

He said it might take a few days
for your metabolism to kick into
gear.

SONJA

Oh.

MARK

Drink lots of water.

SONJA

Okay.

Beat.

MARK

The way I missed you was like being
buried in a coffin a thousand feet
underground.

Beat. She reaches across the table and squeezes his hand.
Another beat.

MARK

Ow.

He tries to smile and make it a joke but she withdraws the
hand.

MARK

What was being dead like?

SONJA

I don't know. The last thing I
remember clearly was watching THE
O.C. I'm pretty sure I was alive.

She takes a drink of water.

BATHROOM - LATER

She looks at the toilet. Sits down and pees.

Stands in front of the mirror again. Rubs face. Looks at
Mark's razor.

BEDROOM

Mark is sorting his clothes. Sonja enters with bloody little
toilet paper Band-aids all over her chin.

SONJA
They didn't have any girl bodies?

MARK
It's a military contract. They
didn't want girls.

Sonja nods.

MARK
Here's some stuff that should fit
you. We'll have to go shopping.

She picks up a shirt, holds it up. Decent fit.

BEDROOM (FLASHBACK)

Pre-op Sonja approaches the bed. She is wearing the same
shirt. It is a nightgown on her female body.

BEDROOM (NOW)

Sonja puts the shirt down.

LATER

Sonja lies in bed reading one of Mark's books on Tao-ism.
Makes a face. Gets up and rummages through a cardboard box
marked SONJA. Stuff he couldn't throw away. Takes out a box
of tampons, regards it, puts it back. Gets a chick magazine
and returns to the bed.

MAIN ROOM - LATER

Frank stands in front of Sonja, draws his finger side to
side. Her eyes follow it. He fakes a punch and she
flinches.

FRANK
Excellent. So -- how's the
plumbing?

SONJA
Just fine, Frank.

FRANK
Maybe I should just have a quick
look-see.
(off her look)
Or you just let me know if there
are any irregularities.

SONJA
Irregularities. Sure.

BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mark and Sonja are lying in bed. Mark drapes his arm around her. Beat.

SONJA
How are we supposed to fuck?

MARK
We'll work that out?

SONJA
How are we going to work it out?
We have two male bodies but neither
of us is a gay male. Have you
thought about it?

MARK
Yes. I thought about it.

SONJA
Did you think about it long enough?

MARK
You have a real heart.

SONJA
What?

MARK
Your ribs are a titanium alloy but
your heart is human.

SONJA
Yeah?

MARK
You're alive, Sonja. Can't that be
enough for now?

SONJA
Baby, what about a year from now?

MARK
It'll be your birthday.

LATER

Sonja starts awake.

SONJA
Mark!

MARK
(instantly worried)
What?

SONJA
I have an erection.

MARK
Okay...

SONJA
What do I do?

MARK
What do you mean, what do you do?

SONJA
What should I do? I don't like it.

MARK
Jesus. Rub one out.

SONJA
I don't know how.

MARK
You do too.

SONJA
No I don't. This is different.

MARK
(lifts blanket)
Looks fairly standard to me.

Beat.

SONJA
Please help me.

MARK
Okay.

He puts his hand over hers. Tight on her as she is guided through her first male orgasm.

Conflicting emotion on Mark's face.

SONJA
Man.

MARK
Yeah.

SONJA
That's --

MARK
Yeah.

SONJA
-- really weird.

MARK
I guess it is.

SONJA
Thanks.

MARK
You're welcome.

Beat.

SONJA
Sweetie?

MARK
Yes?

SONJA
Will you go get me a Kleenex?

He gets her some tissues.

MARK
Luckily I have these handy for my
inconsolable tears.

She wipes and holds them up.

MARK
You're such a cunt.

He takes them and throws them away. Gets back in bed.

SONJA
So what about surgery?

MARK
How do you mean?

SONJA
Boys become girls all the time.

MARK

You can't get surgery.

SONJA

Why not?

MARK

What happens when the surgeon can't cut through your blood vessels because they're made from a polymer that doesn't officially exist?

SONJA

So I'm really stuck with this thing?

MARK

You'll adjust. Trust me, it grows on you.

SONJA

Mark, I will not adjust. I'm a woman.

MARK

Sonja, for five weeks you weren't anything. And those were the worst five weeks of my life. So if you had to have the biggest, ugliest cock in the world to be -- something, I'd be grateful for it, personally. That's all I'm saying.

(beat)

And you don't have the biggest cock in the world, just so you know.

SONJA

It's bigger than yours.

MARK

We're not going there.

(beat)

Look, I know this is less than optimal. One could even argue it's tragically absurd. But what it also is is an indisputable miracle. And I can't imagine what this is like for you, but maybe you could keep that in mind.

SONJA

...

MARK

I have something for you.

He goes to the dresser, opens the drawer, takes something we can't see, and folds her hand around it. She uncurls her fingers. It's the earrings.

MARK

I took them -- when we stole your brain.

SONJA

My ears aren't pierced.

MARK

We can pierce your ears.

SONJA

I saw your face just now.

MARK

What?

SONJA

When you had to touch it.

MARK

... We're both going to have some adjusting to do.

SONJA

I just think -- you're being very optimistic.

MARK

I brought you back from the dead and you're calling me too fucking optimistic? Look. I made a choice and there is not an ounce of doubt inside me it was the right one. I've done living without you and I don't fucking like it.

Beat.

SONJA

Maybe I should be alone for a little while.

Beat.

MARK

I'll go home. That's where I'll be.

He leaves.

THE NEXT MORNING

Sonja lies in bed, awake.

BEDROOM (FLASHBACK)

Mark carrying a giggling pre-op Sonja through the door.

Sonja on the bed gasping. Mark's hand is down her pants.

Sonja sleeping with her head on Mark's chest.

MAIN ROOM (STILL FLASHBACK)

Sonja and Mark fighting.

SONJA

You just -- you make thoughtlessness an art form. I mean, before you do anything does it even enter your cognitive process that others might be affected? Should I consult the dictionary to define "others" for you?

MARK

Please go.

SONJA

Excuse me?

MARK

I'm not a perfect guy, but you don't need to take so much fucking pleasure in emasculating me. And I want you to leave. Because I don't want you here.

The door SHUTS --

and cyborg Sonja walks across the room with several bags.

BEDROOM

She puts the bags down and removes a shoebox. Opens it to reveal a very large pair of high heels.

EXT. STREET - DAY

CLICK, CLICK, CLICK - the heels walking. Pan up to reveal Sonja striding down the block in a black dress, fully made up.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Sonja stands before a grave, on which a floral wreath lies. She takes a wilted flower, sticks it behind her ear, kicks the wreath aside, and sits with her back to the headstone. She pulls a bottle of liquor from her purse, swigs, and sets it down heavily between her legs. It clips her balls and she is stunned by the pain.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Pre-op Sonja and Mark had sex for the first time minutes ago.

MARK

What about babies?

SONJA

What about 'em?

MARK

Pro or con?

SONJA

They're useful for the continuation of the race.

MARK

Think you'll have kids some day?

SONJA

Is there something I should know?

MARK

I'm just talking is all. Though I might get to know ya beyond, you know, biblically.

SONJA

And babies is the subject that immediately leaps to mind.

MARK

Yeah, well, I don't know, you're a woman.

SONJA

(laughs)

Yeah, feel free to kick me out if the ticking of my biological clock is keeping you up.

ANOTHER FIGHT

MARK

Maybe it's not apparent to you, but I try. I fucking try. What else can a person do?

SONJA

Try harder.

GETTING READY TO GO OUT

Sonja, shirtless, can't decide on an outfit. Mark, dressed and ready, SNAPS her bra. She turns and shoves him. He falls on the bed. She straddles him.

Smiles...

CEMETERY - THE NEXT MORNING

A hung over, disheveled Sonja wakes up on her grave.

Loooooooooong beat.

She makes a face. Gets up, walks to a tree, stands before it. Pees.

EXT. MALL - LATER

A hung over, disheveled young man in a black dress and heels approaches the entrance.

INT. MARK'S PARENTS' HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mark is absently eating a microwave burrito.

KNOCK KNOCK.

He answers the door. A cleaned up young man with traces of redness in the eyes stands on the doorstep, wearing an off-the-rack three-piece suit, earrings dangling from freshly pierced ears.

Beat. Mark starts to speak. Sonja pulls him into an embrace. Squeezes and lifts.

END