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Written by

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January 31, 2011

INT. BATHROOM/APARTMENT, NEW YORK CITY (PRESENT) - NIGHT

A YOUNG MAN in boxers and a white T-shirt sits on the edge of the bathtub, alone. He's short, with a dark beard, skinny legs, a strong jaw, long lashes and raw, thriving acne across his cheeks and forehead. TERRENCE COSTAS, 24. He sits, unmoving, staring off,

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT/OFF-CAMPUS HOUSE, MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE (2005) - NIGHT

A college party. Music. Eighty people packed into a dark, smoke-filled space. Concrete walls, old couches. After a moment, WE REALIZE the group is entirely FEMALE. A dyke TRIO does lines off a shaky glass table. Two WOMEN tend bar, opening bottles of Michelob.

An ALL-GIRL BAND, including TWINS in black WIGS (drums and lead guitar) set up on a make-shift plywood stage -- plugging in amps, tuning up.

A COUPLE makes-out on the stairs. In the corner, a SMALL GROUP herds around a Wii, playing basketball, riveted. A STONED GIRL dances by herself in denim cut-offs, no top.

The room gets suddenly quieter -- someone shut off the music. The stoned girl keeps dancing. Others look toward the stage...

A YOUNG WOMAN, butch, with short dark hair, a strong jaw, leather biker boots and long (undeniably pretty) eyelashes heads for the mic, playfully pulling the wig off one of the twins on her way. She's wearing a shiny blue CAPE, a black plastic mask pushed high on her forehead. THORA COSTAS, 20. She adjusts the mic:

THORA

Full moon, sistahs, can you feel
it?

The CROWD responds. Someone HOWLS. On THORA, grinning,

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM/APARTMENT, NEW YORK CITY (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Terrence sits in the same spot. He opens a small bottle, inserts a SYRINGE. Reverent, intent, he fills it with a clear, magical liquid.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT/OFF-CAMPUS HOUSE, MT. HOLYOKE (2005) - NIGHT

Thora stands at the mic.

THORA

Lady-friends. Are we ready?

Anticipatory hollers from the audience. A GAY BOY, splayed on the couch in a pile of lesbians, calls out.

GAY BOY

Fuck you, too, Thora.

THORA

Sorry, Matthew. My Bad. I meant, Ladies and Gentleman. Very gentle man. One of the gentlest...

(squints out at the crowd)

Are there more of you? We're sometimes hospitable to boy-folk here at Holyoke. So long as you're just visiting.

Some laughs from the crowd.

GIRL IN BACK

Fuck Amherst!

THORA

Thank you, that's right, thank you. Rally tomorrow Woodside Gate, five sharp. Show up or else. Surprises promised.

(snaps on mask, grabs mic)

Now are we ready?!

She nods to twin on lead guitar.

THORA (CONT'D)

This is "Libidinous Heat."

The MUSIC kicks in -- driving, frenetic, post-punk. The lyrics, when comprehensible, are dirty and direct, a rhythmic detailing of what the singer would like to do to her listener. Offensive from any man's mouth, from Thora's, in this room, they are simply electric -- ironic, erotic, aggressive -- exactly what the ladies want.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM/APARTMENT, NEW YORK CITY (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Terrence plunges the needle into his thigh, pushes down on the syringe. As he closes his eyes, taking it in,

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT/OFF-CAMPUS HOUSE, MT. HOLYOKE (2005) - NIGHT

MUSIC CONTINUES. Thora strides back-and-forth at the edge of the stage. She's sweaty, in a zone, ON. She bends low, briefly aiming her words at a BLONDE in the front.

PICK UP a YOUNGER GIRL, a freshman, long frizzy hair, Mount Holyoke T-shirt, leaning against a side wall, watching.

The song builds to a crescendo and Thora straightens for the finish. She plants herself center, one fist held high.

THORA

"Banish God if he won't love us
Banish God if he won't love this."

The music stops. Beat. Silence. Thora looks out at the crowd, making them wait.

THORA (CONT'D)

"Cuz my vagina is bigger than his."

Raucous cheers.

GAY BOY

Ew.

Thora sweeps her cape around herself and swoops into a bow. The Frizz-Haired Girl smiles.

INT. BATHROOM/APARTMENT, NEW YORK CITY (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Terrence tosses his spent syringe in the trash, places the VIAL in the medicine cabinet. He walks out of the room, switching off the light. A beat. The light goes back on. Terrence goes to the cabinet. He pulls out the VIAL, gets out a new syringe. He fills the syringe halfway, props a leg on the toilet. As he shoots up again,

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSET/OFF-CAMPUS HOUSE, MT. HOLYOKE (2005) - NIGHT

Thora fucks the Frizz-Haired Girl. We HEAR muffled NOISE and MUSIC from the party downstairs.

The Frizz-Haired Girl is naked, mouth open, eyes wide, making short high-pitched squeaks. Thora's fully dressed, pushing hard up against her. She's got one hand on the wall, braced, the other pumping fast below, in sync with the rest of her.

The girl reaches up to touch Thora's breasts. Thora KNOCKS her hand away.

FRIZZ-HAIRED GIRL

(breathless)

I want to touch you t --

THORA

-- Shhh... Lean back, gorgeous,
lemme take care of business...

Thora pulls a silver vibrator from a shelf of folded T-shirts. The Frizz-haired Girl looks at it, awed, if slightly frightened.

Thora turns the device on, lowering where it belongs. As the high-pitched squeaks resume, fast turning to frenzy,

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM/APARTMENT, NEW YORK CITY (PRESENT) - NIGHT

Terrence gets in bed next to a beautiful African-American woman, ALISON, 24, asleep, wearing panties and a tank top. Terrence looks at her, hopeful. He nudges her.

TERRENCE

(softly)

Hey.

Alison stirs slightly, then settles. Out. Terrence stares at the ceiling. He's wide-awake, charged-up. No way he can sleep. He CRACKS HIS NECK.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM/OFF-CAMPUS HOUSE, MT. HOLYOKE (2005) - MORNING

Thora lies awake next to a petite, sleeping redhead with an elaborate tattoo, Pegasus, across her right shoulder blade. Her girlfriend, JOCELYN, also 20.

Thora lays her arm on Jocelyn's pillow. Jocelyn stirs, opens her eyes. Thora smiles, brushes a loose hair back from Jocelyn's face.

JOCELYN
You smell like pussy.

She gets out of bed, tossing the covers back on Thora.

THORA
I do have a pussy, Jocelyn.

Jocelyn's halfway to the bathroom.

JOCELYN
Not your pussy.

She goes. A beat. Thora lies back on her pillow. She stares at the ceiling. Thora CRACKS HER NECK.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM/APARTMENT, NEW YORK CITY (PRESENT) - MORNING

ALISON, still in panties and tank-top, quickly brushes her teeth with an electric toothbrush. Terrence comes into the doorway, in his boxers and t-shirt. As he watches Alison -

TERRENCE
Wondering whether it's your
intention to make me insane.
(very short beat)
Oh, fuck it, I am insane...

He PRESSES up behind Alison.

ALISON
I'm late for Con Law.

TERRENCE
How late? I'm T'd up here - super-
T'd up, in fact.
(still pressing)
I can feel your toothbrush
vibrating.

She clicks it off.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)
No, please, a little more
toothbrush - just a little more
toothbrush...

Alison puts the toothbrush on the sink. Terrence still presses against her, looks at her eyes in the mirror.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)
Just relax, baby, lemme take care
of business.

Alison rolls her eyes, extricates herself.

ALISON
You got your doctor's appointment
today, yes?

And she's gone down the hallway. Terrence looks at himself in the medicine cabinet mirror. Beat.

TERRENCE
Yup.

INT. BEDROOM/APARTMENT, NYC (PRESENT) - MORNING

C/U on COMPUTER SCREEN, on which is Terrence's RESUME. We SEE the name "M-O-U-N-T H-O-L-Y-O-K-E" being erased, and the word "A-M-H-E-R-S-T" being typed in its place.

INT. BEDROOM/APARTMENT, NYC (PRESENT) - MOMENTS LATER

Terrence is banging the HP PRINTER, which doesn't seem to be printing.

TERRENCE
Don't do this to me, Hewlett --

He takes a sip of coffee from a ceramic BATMAN MUG. Alison rushes in, fully dressed, grabbing her backpack.

ALISON
And they told me the ability to fix
stuff went along with the whole man
thing.

TERRENCE
(laughs)
They told me that too.

ALISON
We may need a new one.

TERRENCE
(banging it again)
Oh no, I won't be beaten.

ALISON
Don't hurt yourself.

On her way out, Alison notices Terrence's resume up on the screen - though Terrence does a good enough job of obscuring her view of anything specific. Alison SLOWS a moment.

ALISON (CONT'D)
I thought your interviews were tomorrow.

TERRENCE
Yeah... I'm doing one this morning.

ALISON
One of them switched?

TERRENCE
I'm doing one this morning.

Beat. She's in too much of a rush to compute whether or not he's actually answered her question.

ALISON
Well, good luck, *Teach* --

Alison heads down the hall to the FRONT DOOR. Calling back -

ALISON (CONT'D)
Finally putting that beautiful mind to work --

TERRENCE
I'm seeing you later?

ALISON
(still walking)
That's the plan.

TERRENCE
Here? Tonight?

ALISON
Uh-huh.

TERRENCE
Alone?

ALISON
You got it.

TERRENCE
(after a moment; hopeful)
Alone and naked?

No answer. She's already out the door. Terrence sips from his Bat-mug,

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM/OFF-CAMPUS HOUSE, MT. HOLYOKE (2005) - DAY

Thora comes down a beat-up central staircase, hair wet, zipping her hoodie. One of the musician twins is passed out on the sofa, wig over her face. There is a VERY LARGE BLACK CREATURE -- eight feet tall, paper mache, vaguely mammalian -- in the center of the room. Thora walks by it, then toward the kitchen, headed for caffeine.

INT. KITCHEN/OFF-CAMPUS HOUSE, MT. HOLYOKE (2005) - DAY

A communal mess. Four or five WOMEN in various states of awake and undress. Jocelyn leans against the counter, eating a banana. RITA, large, in pajamas, drinks tea, smokes, skims a History text. JESSIE, Asian-American, too skinny, in running clothes, stares into the open fridge, unsure what to eat, if anything. Thora comes in.

THORA

Nice work in the living room.

She pulls her large, ceramic Batman MUG from the cabinet, fills it with coffee.

RITA

(face in textbook, flat)
Yeah, someone finally got Olivia to sleep -

JESSIE

(staring in the fridge)
- At least we think it's Olivia -

RITA

(face in textbook)
- It could be Caitlyn -

THORA

No, the -

She notices a long strip of black newspaper stuck to the bottom of her boot.

THORA (CONT'D)

The mutant mascot.

RITA
 (face in textbook)
 Amherst Black Squirrel.

THORA
 It's good. It's big.
 (tugs the paper off)
 It's fucking sticky.

RITA
 (face in textbook)
 Weezer figured out how to blow him
 up tonight.

Thora glances at WEEZER, black ball cap, four-foot-nine, a nerdy Dungeons and Dragons playing high-school boy, except a girl, sitting at the kitchen table. Weezer's delicate, intensely-focused, working with some wires and a pile of M-80's on a small explosive device.

THORA
 Sweet.

RITA
 (face in textbook)
 We be a Women's College, boys...

THORA
 ...you think you be taking us over
 without a fight, you be mistaken...

Rita, still reading, impassively HOLDS UP her fist to be BUMPED -- Thora BUMPS IT as she goes to open another cabinet.

JESSIE
 (skeptical)
 What time's this happening? Five-
 thirty?

Thora's scanning the cereals.

THORA
 Trustees Meeting's five-thirty.
 Show up five sharp at Woodside.
 (then)
 Who took my Puffins?

JESSIE
 Are we sure this is a good idea?

THORA
 I love living with you ladies,
 except when you swipe my frigging
 Puffins --

Jocelyn PULLS the box of Puffins off the shelf right in front of Thora, puts it down on the counter, HARD. Jocelyn leaves.

THORA (CONT'D)

Ah.

Thora fills a big bowl of cereal.

JESSIE

I think maybe I'll run first.
(closes fridge)
Then eat.

THORA

You're coming tonight, Jess. I
don't want you bailing.

Jessie heads out. Jocelyn calls from the living room.

JOCELYN (O.S.)

It's not Olivia. It's Caitlyn.

RITA

(calls out)
Let her sleep!

Thora's standing over the table, crunching her Puffins, watching Weezer attach a wire.

WEEZER

(quiet, to herself)
Squirrel gonna go boom.

THORA

Dope.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY CAR/MOVING, NYC (PRESENT) - DAY

The 6-train hurtles uptown, bouncing and vibrating. Terrence holds onto one of the center metal poles, looking short next to a much taller woman. He's combed his hair to the side, wears a dark jacket, slacks and pressed cotton shirt. He's starting to sweat as his eyes rove about the train, falling on:

- the SEXY ANKLE of an Italian-American secretary.
- the REAR ENDS of THREE LARGE LATINA NURSES.
- a BLACK COUPLE making out.

His shiny metal pole is vibrating... *This is Mass Transit on testosterone high...*

Terrence checks out the rest of the secretary. She blows her nose. Not a beauty. Back to the pornographic ankle. We ZOOM IN close. Closer.

Train pulls into the 86th and Lex station, Terrence pulls it together. Doors open. Terrence steps aside, letting an OLDER WOMAN onto the train before he exits.

OLDER WOMAN

Why thank you, sir.

"Sir." He loves it every time. As he STEPS OFF the train,

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET NEAR CAMPUS, MT. HOLYOKE (2005) - DAY

STUDENTS hurry between classes. Thora stands in the middle of the sidewalk. She holds a stack of yellow flyers, hands one to a passing SOPHOMORE.

THORA

Rally at five. Woodside Gate.

SOPHOMORE takes it, keeps going. Thora hits her next target, a SHORT GIRL walking towards her.

THORA (CONT'D)

Help keep Holyoke holy. Stop the Merger. Five pm.

SHORT GIRL

I'm already there.

THORA

Thank you much.

(next student)

Rally at five. Woodside Gate.

(next STUDENT)

Rally at fi --

YOUNG WOMAN

I don't go here.

A YOUNG WOMAN, striking, African-American, tall afro, colorful scarf -- holds her hand up, passing Thora.

This is ALISON, at 20.

THORA

Good.

(holds out flyer,
following her)

We need support from the citizenry.
Help keep our campus testes-free.

ALISON

(still walking)

I think I'll leave that to you,
thanks. Fight the good fight.

Thora slows, watches her walk away -- her ass, in particular.
She calls out --

THORA

They're coming after us, you know.
Invading the motherland.

Alison's keeps going, shaking her head. Thora calls out
again.

THORA (CONT'D)

Hey --

Alison turns, slightly impatient. Beat. Thora's clearly
taken with her.

THORA (CONT'D)

I like your shoes. They're hot.

Alison looks down at her kelly-green All-Stars, then -
finally - SMILES slightly. She walks away. On Thora,

CUT TO:

EXT. COPY SHOP/THIRD AVENUE, NYC (PRESENT) - DAY

Terrence STEPS OUT the door, walks uptown, charged up,
feeling good. He holds a small stack of newly printed
resumes. His CELL PHONE RINGS -

TERRENCE (INTO PHONE)

Hey.

We HEAR an ANDROGYNOUS VOICE over the phone -

ANDROGYNOUS VOICE

Hey yourself.

TERRENCE

Wassup?

INTERCUT WITH: ANTHONY PAEZ, 24, calm, intelligent, formerly female (but still pre-op -- with quite visible breasts) -- he's been taking T for a couple of months, so is starting to grow sideburns, develop a deeper voice. He's currently setting out a circle of folding chairs in a small, first-floor room of the LGBT Community Center on West 13th Street.

ANTHONY

Wassup is whether you're planning on showing your face at Group today?

TERRENCE

(a brief moment, then:)
Oh, uh -

ANTHONY

- for the first time in, let's say charitably, a *month*? Month and a half - ?

Terrence hesitates.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

- You got something more important going on? More important than defending yourself?

TERRENCE

Actually, I've got a job interview. Defending myself from who?

ANTHONY

Come and find out. What's the job? Poet Laureate?

TERRENCE

Not quite. Defending myself from who?

ANTHONY

Come and find out. What you interviewing for?

TERRENCE

Just so you know, I've got you listed as a reference.

ANTHONY

A reference *for what*?
(Terrence hesitates)
Why so secretive? What is it -- the Army? Navy?

TERRENCE

(laughs)

Don't ask, don't tell, my friend.

ANTHONY

Oh, that's how you wanna play it --

(then)

-- Wait. Wait a second -- Holy motherfucker - you going stealth?!

Terrence says nothing. As he walks, he glances at his stack of resumes - particularly where it now says "Amherst".

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Are you fucking kidding me? This cat's covering up his past lives --

TERRENCE

- Maybe I'll see you later, Anthony --

ANTHONY

- Have you told Aliso -- ?

Terrence HANGS UP. He comes to a stop. Looks across the street: the NEW YORK SPORTS CLUB at 91st. Takes a deep breath, standing up straight and tall as possible...

BAM. Terrence is clocked by a large UPS GUY carrying a heavy box. As his resumes go flying,

CUT TO:

INT. SEMINAR CLASSROOM, MT. HOLYOKE (2005) - DAY

Twelve women, including Thora, around a large wooden table. At the head of the table is KATYA EDEN, 30, attractive, long straight brown hair, wire-rimmed glasses, Associate Professor of English. She READS from a Willa Cather book of stories, "Coming Aphrodite".

PROFESSOR EDEN

"You are naturally afraid of everything new, just as I naturally want to try everything -- "

Thora is bent over a worn spiral notebook, writing.

PROFESSOR EDEN (CONT'D)

"-- New people, new religions - new miseries even. It isn't gravitation that holds the world in place; it's the lazy, obese cowardice of the people on it."

Professor Eden looks up at them.

PROFESSOR EDEN (CONT'D)
Does our character believe this?
Or is she covering for a particular
fear of her own?

She scans the table of women. Thora's still writing in her notebook.

PROFESSOR EDEN (CONT'D)
Thora?

Thora looks up.

CUT TO:

C/U on a RESUME. We SEE select snippets of it:

"Terrence Costas"... "born: November 12, 1985"... "Amherst College"...

INT. OFFICE/NEW YORK SPORTS CLUB (PRESENT) - DAY

Terrence, quietly sweating - last night's extra T now fully kicked in - sits across the desk from GINNIFER (40, corporate, uptight, lonely). She's studying his resume. Silence. He looks at the nameplate on her desk: GINNIFER BRAND. She looks at Terrence. Back at the resume. Back at Terrence.

GINNIFER
My friend's brother went to Amherst
- Marty Beller - do you know Marty
Beller?

TERRENCE
Oh... actually, no -- It's, it's
really a bigger school than people
think, it's -

GINNIFER
- You don't know Marty Beller.

TERRENCE
Right. I do not. Right.

Beat. Ginnifer looks at the resume again. She reads:

GINNIFER
"The Gertrude Stein Poetry
Fellowship"--

TERRENCE

(surprised)

-- What? Oh -- that's -- that was,
uh, a long time ago, that's not...

(long beat)

I promise not to rhyme in front of
any prospective members.

GINNIFER

Do you work out?

TERRENCE

Do I...? Well, no, not at the
moment, I'm... no.

Silence. Ginnifer's just looking at him. Terrence wipes
sweat from his upper lip.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

I'm sort of getting over an injury.

GINNIFER

You injured yourself?

Beat. Where is this going?

TERRENCE

You could say that.

He vaguely touches his underarm-chest region.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

I kind of... Hurt. Something.

GINNIFER

Lat strain?

TERRENCE

No.

GINNIFER

Shoulder?

Christ, where is this going?

TERRENCE

Not exactly.

GINNIFER

Rotator cuff?

TERRENCE

(just wanting to end it)
Sure.

GINNIFER
Rotator cuff?!

TERRENCE
Okay.

She bangs on the desk.

GINNIFER
So interesting! I did the same
thing!

She pulls down the shoulder of her blazer and shirt, exposing
her bare shoulder.

GINNIFER (CONT'D)
We've got a great physical
therapist here, a great masseuse.
(points to her scars)
I got the double entry arthroscope.

She looks at him eagerly, obviously expecting Terrence to
show his scars. He moves not a muscle. Long sweaty beat.

TERRENCE
Huh.

Silence. Ginnifer covers her shoulder back up. Silence.

GINNIFER
Well.
(she picks up his resume,
business-like, quiet:)
I will be checking your references.

TERRENCE
All right -

GINNIFER
And I will be in touch as soon as
I've done so.

TERRENCE
That would be fi--

GINNIFER
(quietly)
I apologize if showing you my scars
made you uncomfortable.

TERRENCE
Not at all -

GINNIFER
I do that sometimes. Make
people... MIKE!

Terrence jumps in his chair as Ginnifer shouts and beckons to
a TRAINER on the floor. Terrence can't tell what's going on.

TERRENCE
So, we're done or -- ?

GINNIFER
Mike can show you around the gym,
show you the... MIKE!

MIKE walks in. He's a 26 year-old, very friendly, outer-
borough guy's guy with a tight NYSC shirt.

GINNIFER (CONT'D)
Mike, would you show Terrence -
(quick glance at resume)
- Costas around? Terrence may
start selling memberships for us.
Terrence, Mike Boyd.

Terrence stands. Mike steps over, shakes his hand -

MIKE
Hey, man, great to meet you -
(re: Terrence's handshake)
Nice grip.

He puts his arm around Terrence's shoulders and starts
leading him out -

MIKE (CONT'D)
Welcome aboard --

GINNIFER
Well, I haven't officially --

They're already out the door - Mike calling back to her -

MIKE
-- I'll give him the tour and drop
him back with you, Jennifer.

She points to her nameplate on the desk: GINNIFER BRAND.

GINNIFER
It's Ginnifer, not...

But no one's listening.

GINNIFER (CONT'D)

Forget it.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY/MOUNT HOLYOKE - DAY

Thora duct-tapes a yellow flyer to the side of a mailbox. She tears the tape with her teeth, holds her cell with one shoulder, listening to a message.

ROBBIE (ON MESSAGE)

Yo, T, it's Robbie, remember me, or are you so chin deep in your collegiate pussy-fest you forgot you have a family? Dude, Mom says she's left you like twelve messages. She's in a hissy-fit about Dad's retirement party -- are you coming, are you not coming? Would you get back to her, please, put her out of her misery? Put *me* out of her misery.

(a pause)

Okay, message over. You come up for air, call me. I'm lost without you.

He BELCHES LOUDLY on the message. BEEP. Thora stops for a moment, staring at the phone. She presses a button.

PHONE VOICE

Message delated.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK SPORTS CLUB, NYC (PRESENT) - MINUTES LATER

Mike gives Terrence the tour. He's very buddy-buddy - clearly having taken an immediate liking to Terrence. At the WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM:

MIKE

-- *Senoras'* here, ours' around the other side --

Mike leans in to Terrence, speaks confidentially -

MIKE (CONT'D)

And if you situate yourself right about here, when they open that door, you just might get a glimpse.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)

I've caught sight of some of the most beautiful bush on the Upper East side.

Terrence is: a) thrilled to be included in this fraternity, b) mildly horrified, c) utterly lost as to how to respond.

TERRENCE

(weakly)

Sweet.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK SPORTS CLUB, NYC (PRESENT) - DAY

At the STATIONARY BIKES and TREADMILLS: Machines vibrating. Footsteps pounding. Many female bodies sweating.

MIKE

Recumbents, treads...

(leaning in)

Mornings are filled with MILFs -- they drop the kids at school, then come here with the sole mission of making me insane with their thonglines and sweaty cameltoe.

Beat.

TERRENCE

Cameltoe is nice.

(beat)

Especially when swea -

MIKE

Whatup, Bruce?!

Mike nods toward a pale MAN, forties, in shorts, attempting to stretch his hamstrings, losing his balance.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(low)

-- lotta freelance-types with a lot of free time --

(then, louder)

Heya Woman. Looking good.

Mike waves at a BRUNETTE, thirty-five, working out on an elliptical.

WOMAN

(out of breath)

Thanks Mike.

MIKE

Katya, say hi to Terrence.
Looks like Terrence is taking over
Ned's slot in memberships --

Katya. Terrence looks up. It's Professor Eden. Shorter hair, a few crow's feet, but same glasses, the same. He's STUNNED to see her. Beat. Beat.

TERRENCE

Hi.

PROFESSOR EDEN

(out of breath)
Nice to meet you, Terrence.

Professor Eden keeps striding, reaching for her water bottle. She doesn't know him from Adam. Mike heads for the doorway --

MIKE

Weights are upstairs. We gotta
buncha new contraptions --

Terrence follows, glancing back at the Professor.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(re: Katya)
Ah, like 'em older, huh?

On Terrence,

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/EDEN-FANGER HOME, MT. HOLYOKE (2005) - DAY

Homey and bright. Old wood floors, Ikea cabinets, a burner on beneath the tea kettle. Thora leans against the counter, waiting. HEAR footsteps coming down the stairs.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Sorry --

Professor Eden walks in, slightly disheveled, holding a half-empty baby bottle.

PROFESSOR EDEN

He's finally out. Two bottom teeth
at once, wreaks havoc on nap-time.

THORA

That's cool.

Eden puts the bottle in the sink, tucks a loose hair into her clip. She turns to her student.

PROFESSOR EDEN

So -- ?

THORA

(digs in her knapsack)
I wrote another one. Not sure it works, but I kinda like the ending.

She tears a page from her notebook, hands it to Eden.

PROFESSOR EDEN

I still wish you'd submit those last two to the Journal. I think they'd publish them.

THORA

So you've said.

Thora watches Eden read her poem, gauging her reaction.

PROFESSOR EDEN

(clearly impressed)
This is what you were doing in class this morning?

THORA

I was inspired.

PROFESSOR EDEN

Apparently.

Thora, satisfied, takes it back, stuffs it in her knapsack.

PROFESSOR EDEN (CONT'D)

At least you managed to stay conscious. Did you spot Bethany? Near the window?

THORA

What -- asleep?

PROFESSOR EDEN

Catatonic.

THORA

Not teething, I guess.

Eden smiles. The kettle WHISTLES. She turns it off.

PROFESSOR EDEN

Earl Grey?

THORA
I'm good. Thanks.

Silence. Eden pulls a mug from the cabinet. Thora watches her, then looks at family photographs up on the fridge. Eden and her husband, Ross Fanger (46, AMHERST BALL-CAP), hiking; their towhead SON, fourteen months, in a pack on Dad's back.

THORA (CONT'D)
What's Ross hear about the merger?
He going to be at the big meeting?

PROFESSOR EDEN
As will you, I'm guessing.

THORA
I might swing by for a spell.
Should be exciting.

PROFESSOR EDEN
What does that mean?
(off her look)
Christ. Don't do anything stupid,
Thora.

THORA
Has he said what the status is?

PROFESSOR EDEN
He hasn't mentioned it lately.
(fills her mug)
Not that I've asked him. We don't
talk much about that stuff.

THORA
About work?

PROFESSOR EDEN
Work. School politics. Amherst
and Holyoke's co-dependent
dysfunction. I mean, how long can
this go on? Merge, don't merge.
Just decide.

THORA
You're talking about the two
colleges or you and Professor
Fanger?

PROFESSOR EDEN
Really?

A beat. She turns to look at Thora.

PROFESSOR EDEN (CONT'D)
We're back on this again? *Really?*

Thora shrugs.

PROFESSOR EDEN (CONT'D)
'Cause I'm not up for it. Not
today.

THORA
Hey, it's your life. Your unmerged
life. I happen to care if you're
happy.

PROFESSOR EDEN
Happy? I'm *tired*. I have a one-
year-old child.

THORA
"It ain't gravitation that holds
the world in place -- " Professor.

Eden snorts. This is great. She presses a hand to her brow.

THORA (CONT'D)
It's -- what was it again? -- "The
lazy, obese cowardice of people on
it?"

A beat. Then:

PROFESSOR EDEN
Did you just call me fat?

Thora smiles. Silence. Eden puts her mug on the counter.

PROFESSOR EDEN (CONT'D)
His last class ends at four. We're
going to do this, we should do it.

Beat. Thora walks slowly over to Eden. Thora kisses her,
holding the back of her head, sliding her tongue in her
mouth. Thora lets go, gestures toward the staircase.

THORA
After you, chubby.

Professor Eden walks upstairs. On Thora, following her up,

CUT TO:

EXT. LGBT CENTER, 13TH STREET (PRESENT) - DAY

From the street, we are looking through the window at the SMALL MEETING ROOM with the circle of chairs. Terrence sits in one of them, facing us. He's wound up. Sweaty. Trying his best to explain the state he's in, what a high he's on --

TERRENCE

-- I screwed the woman three times a week my entire sophomore year - I won't even get into the stuff I used to do to her - and all she says is "Hello, Terrence". Not a *glimmer* of recognition --

INT. MEETING ROOM/LGBT CENTER, 13TH STREET (PRESENT) - DAY

The other dozen or so GROUP MEMBERS listen in various states of impatience/amazement -- is he *still* talking?

TERRENCE

Every single person I met in that gym knows me only as a man. This trainer from Staten Island - Mike - he's talking to me like I'm a charter member of his fraternity -- like I've always been one of the guys. Do you have any idea what that feels like?

Sammy has been taking testosterone - growing sideburns and deepening his voice - but, breasts and all, is PRE-OP.

SAMMY

(flat, ironic)
No, Terrence, what does that feel like?

TERRENCE

It's incredible, it's - I mean, this is what I've been trying to say to you - it's thrilling, it -- well, it's *completely offensive*, frankly, what he's saying to me, flat-out misogynist -

A TRUCK is now idling outside at the curb outside the window.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

- if Alison heard a word of it,
she'd go into immediate
anaphylactic shock -- and don't get
me wrong, *I would've too, before,*
but now it's.... Sublime... I am...
so fucking happy... to finally be
included... to have... *arrived.*

(re: the idling truck)

Oh, Jesus.

(he SHIFTS in his seat)

Anybody else feel that?

ANTHONY

Feel what?

TERRENCE

The vibration from the -
(shifts in his seat again)
Christ. I'm going insane.
I took an extra half of T last
night and I'm completely insane.

ANTHONY

You did *what*?

TERRENCE

Any vibrating entity is unsafe
around me. Subway poles, the Star-
Trac stairclimber... You ever been
around one of those things?

Silence. Terrence looks around at all the unhappy faces.

SAMMY

Can I ask a question?

TERRENCE

Sure.

SAMMY

What are you doing here?

TERRENCE

What am I -- ?

SAMMY

Yes.

Terrence looks at Anthony.

TERRENCE

Well... I... Anthony told me he thought I should probably come in, explain why I haven't been around for, uh, a few weeks -

PHIL

- Since the operation --

TERRENCE

- Okay - since the operation.

ANTHONY

You know we love you, my friend --
But, a few of us have been kinda getting the sense --

PHIL

- a few of us pre-ops --

SAMMY

- us *unfortunate* pre-ops --

PHIL

- that, post-op, you got attitude.

TERRENCE

What -- what attitude?

SAMMY

That you're too good for us. All because you got a girlfriend who can cover the bill. Your body's been fixed, all your problems are solved --

TERRENCE

Alison did not cover the bill. She loaned me the money.

SAMMY

I don't see the difference.

TERRENCE

Well, there -- there is a difference.

SAMMY

(to the others)
Do you boys see the difference?

TERRENCE

Jesus. You could just be happy for me --

PHIL
Be happy you're happy.

TERRENCE
Yes.

PHIL
That you've *arrived*.

TERRENCE
Well, yeah.

Beat. A JACKHAMMER starts up across the street.

PHIL
I'm sorry to say this, Terrence,
but you don't strike me as all that
happy. You seem sweaty and hopped
up and tense and even a teensy-bit
desperate.
(beat)
But that's just me. I could be
wrong.

TERRENCE
You *are* wrong -- I am happy. I was
miserable *before*, as a woman -- I
was...

He stops. All eyes are on Terrence, as the Jackhammer
vibrates and vibrates. He squirms a bit in his seat.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Oh, dear god.

ANTHONY
(protecting his friend)
What say we move on?

He turns to the still-clearly-female PERSON next to him.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
George! How's your week been?

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM/EDEN-FANGER HOME - DAY

Thora sits on the edge of the ruffled bed, pulling on her
boots. The shower is on in the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM/EDEN-FANGER HOME (2005) - DAY

Thora stands in the door-frame, taking in Eden's foggy nakedness.

PROFESSOR EDEN (FROM SHOWER)
God, I feel so much better.

THORA
Good.

PROFESSOR EDEN (FROM SHOWER)
I wish you'd let me reciprocate.

No response. Eden slides open the shower door, wet-faced, beautiful. She looks at Thora.

PROFESSOR EDEN (CONT'D)
It's crazy this way. You never let me do anything.

THORA
I'll take an "A" on my term paper.

Beat. They look at each other. Thora is hard to read.

PROFESSOR EDEN
I'm serious.

THORA
Catch you in class.

She leaves.

INT. BEDROOM/EDEN FANGER HOME (2005) - DAY

Thora's on her way out. She spots a faded AMHERST BALLCAP -- Ross Fanger's (from the photograph) -- sitting on the dresser. Thora GRABS the hat, goes.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, NYC (PRESENT) - DAY

Terrence sits on the exam table, clothed, sweaty. A red-headed NURSE, fifties, Southern, takes his blood pressure.

NURSE
Looking fine, Mister Costas.

TERRENCE

Why, thank you, Florence. But you say that to all the trannies.

NURSE

I do not. Look at those sideburns. They're like a rainforest.

TERRENCE

The rest of the hair line's receding, but --

NURSE

Receding's good, I like receding.

TERRENCE

Yeah? How about the acne? The love handles?

NURSE

Now you're talking. Bring 'em on.

Terrance laughs. Florence looks at the pressure gauge, confused -- it's sky-high. She pumps the cuff again.

TERRENCE

I should get you to talk to my girlfriend. She's been holding out on me till I get an actual note from the doctor.

NURSE

It's not a bad idea to wait. A lot of our patients jump the gun. They're home two days, they're back at it.

TERRENCE

Oh I tried my best to get her to jump my gun, believe me.

Florence laughs.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

She's been... nervous, I guess.

Florence now looks, troubled, at the gauge again.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

Something wrong?

She shakes her head, smiles cheerily, tears off the cuff.

NURSE

Dr. Fischer'll be with you in just a minute.

She heads out.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOUNT HOLYOKE CAMPUS (2005) - AFTERNOON

Low afternoon sun. Thora heads down the sidewalk wearing Ross Fanger's hat. She's duct-taped over the A,M and T in AMHERST, so it now reads simply: "HERS". Several women nearby are clearly heading to the rally, carrying homemade cardboard signs. Thora stops. As she WATCHES a sea of signs gathering in the distance, near the campus,

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, NYC (PRESENT) - DAY

Terrence sits on the exam table, shirt off, pants on, his back to the CAMERA. DOCTOR JONATHAN FISCHER, fifty-nine, bald, is feeling Terrance's glands, looking in his eyes --

DOCTOR FISCHER

Bone pain?

TERRENCE

No.

DOCTOR FISCHER

Increased thirst? Loss of appetite?

TERRENCE

Not at all.

DOCTOR FISCHER

And you've been careful with the injections? Clear on dosage and frequency?

TERRENCE

(sweaty)
Right.

DOCTOR FISCHER

Your pulse rate and blood pressure are a little concerning.

TERRENCE

Look, you'd have high blood pressure, too, if you were about to get laid for the first time in three months.

DOCTOR FISCHER

(laughs)

Maybe I would.

(relaxing)

You do look great otherwise. Scars have healed nicely.

TERRENCE

Am I still getting my note for Alison?

Beat. The doctor takes out his prescription pad, writing --

DOCTOR FISCHER

"Please handle with care. But not too much care..."

Terrence smiles.

INT. EAST 28TH STREET, NYC (PRESENT) - DUSK

Terrence heads down the sidewalk, holding a deli-bought bouquet -- purple irises, one Gerbera daisy -- and leaving a message on his cell.

TERRENCE (INTO PHONE)

Hey, Dad, it's Terrence. I'm trying you back. Yeah -- I 'm cool for dinner next Thursday night.

Terrence turns into his building.

INT. LOBBY/221 EAST 28TH STREET, NYC (PRESENT) - CONTINUOUS

Terrence heads for the elevator. A large UPS GUY heads the other direction. Terrence gives him a wide berth.

TERRENCE (INTO PHONE)

(lowering his voice)

And -- can I ask you a favor? Would you try to get Robbie to call me? I still haven't heard from him. Now he's changed his number. I don't know if he's joined the priesthood, moved to Iceland -- Anyway, please get him to call me. Please.

He pushes the elevator button.

INT. HALLWAY/APARTMENT, NYC (PRESENT) - DAY

Terrence lets himself in, closes the front door behind him. He puts his keys and cell down on a small entry table, holds onto the flowers. HEAR a SMALL CRASH from the other room, a beat, then WOMEN laughing.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Best clean that up before the
Mistah gets home.

ALISON (O.S.)
Clean it up, fix my hair --

Terrence walks toward the kitchen, quietly.

VIV (O.S.)
Shave your legs.

INT. KITCHEN/APARTMENT, NYC (PRESENT) - CONTINUOUS

Terrence stands back from the doorway, looking in, unseen:

ALISON squats on the floor with a dust pan and brush. RITA, from the Mt. Holyoke house, stands above her, lit cigarette, holding a small plastic trash can.

RENEE and VIV, a couple, mid-twenties, sit at the table: VIV drinking beer, RENEE with tea.

RENEE
Shave your pits.

ALISON
Cook a roast.

RITA
Douche your poontang.

They all look at Rita, dumbfounded.

RITA (CONT'D)
What?

VIV
I don't even get that. Do straight
girls like to douche?

RITA
Ask Alison.

The lesbians crack up, Alison shaking her head.

ALISON
My life's surreal.

TERRENCE
Hello ladies.

Terrence stands in the doorway, with the irises.

RENEE
(under her breath)
- whoops -

VIV
Hey, T.

Beat.

ALISON
Rita dropped your Batman mug.

There are pieces of mug -- black and yellow, ceramic -- on the floor, in the dust pan.

TERRENCE
I can see that.

He gives Alison a look: *What happened to alone? Naked?*

ALISON
They're going for Indian, they stopped by on the way.

RENEE
(getting up, stretching)
You two should come. Viv found a new place on --

TERRENCE
We'd sort of planned to stay in.

VIV
It's these two dykes from Mumbai. They make a killer Alu Gobi.

TERRENCE
Maybe next time.

RENEE
(to Alison)
I'll call you later.

Renee gives Alison's arm a squeeze. The three women head out. Viv stops as she passes Terrence.

VIV
Nice jacket, by the way.

He just stares at her.

VIV (CONT'D)
No, I mean it. It works. What would you call that, a blazer?

TERRENCE
It's a jacket.

RENEE (O.S.)
Viv, let's move it --

VIV
(quick whisper, to Alison)
Bye.

And they're gone. A beat. Terrence and Alison look at each other. Then, from the stairwell.

RITA (O.C.)
Sorry about the bat-mug!

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE AMHERST CAMPUS (2005) - DUSK

Thora stands on the sidewalk, still wearing the HERS HAT.

Thora's POV: she's half a block away from the hundred or so Mt. Holyoke women - including Jocelyn, Rita, Weezer (and her eight-foot combustible BLACK SQUIRREL) - who have gathered to demonstrate on the Amherst campus.

Something catches Thora's eye across the street, in the other direction. She looks for several moments, clearly interested, *though we don't yet see what she's looking at.*

At that moment, two young, eager Holyoke freshmen walk by her, towards the rally. Thora TAKES THE HAT OFF, places it on the head of one of them. Then, Thora walks the other way, toward what's caught her attention...

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN/APARTMENT, NYC (PRESENT) - EVENING

Terrence and Alison stand across from each other. Alison nods toward the bouquet in his hand.

ALISON
Are those for me?

TERRENCE
(handing them to her)
Those are for you. A little pooped looking, but --

ALISON
They're pretty.

TERRENCE
You're pretty.

ALISON
(smiles, snorts)
Please --

She turns to reach for a vase in the cabinet --

TERRENCE
(walking towards her)
Leave it.

ALISON
I'll just get them some --

Terrence puts a hand on her shoulder.

TERRENCE
Don't.

She holds still. Terrence presses against her, like in the morning, says softly, firmly.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)
Put the flowers down.
(beat, then she does)
Good girl. Now put the vase down.
(she does)
Good. That's good. Now bend over.

ALISON
(laughs, turns to hit him)
What?! You're all sweaty --

TERRENCE
C'mere --

Terrence grabs Alison and kisses her. She lets him for a moment. It's tender. For a moment. Then Alison pulls back.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)

My God, you feel good. Today's been torture. You know that - ?

ALISON

- Did you see Dr. Fischer - ?

TERRENCE

I did.

ALISON

And -- ? What'd he say?

TERRENCE

He said we're great.

ALISON

Oh?

TERRENCE

Full steam ahead. No holds barred. He said I'm a perfect specimen, the very embodiment of manhood and he wasn't quite sure how you've resisted me this long.

She laughs, picks up the vase, moves to the sink to fill it.

ALISON

And the interview?
(Terrence freezes)
You said you had one --

TERRENCE

I did.

ALISON

And?

TERRENCE

Can we please fuck now? Please?
Please fuck?

ALISON

Just tell me how it went-

TERRENCE

I will. After we fuck.

He moves towards her.

ALISON
Which school was it?

TERRENCE
(shakes his head)
No more talking.

He moves in to kiss her again.

ALISON
Was it Dalton?

Terrence gives up, deeply frustrated, He looks at her.

TERRENCE
No. It wasn't Dalton.
(then)
Is there any more Heineken or did
the dyke-brigade drink it all?

He goes to the fridge, opens it, stares in. No more beer.

ALISON
What's the matter, Terrence? Did
it not go well?

He doesn't answer.

ALISON (CONT'D)
(ever the law student)
Did they give you a problem?
'Cause there are statutes which --

TERRENCE
It went great.

ALISON
It -- ? Oh. That's great.

TERRENCE
Yeah, it is. I won't know for sure
til Wednesday, but think I got the
job.

Terrence takes OJ from the fridge, drinks from the container.

ALISON
What! That's amazing! That is
completely... What school, where -?

TERRENCE
New York Sports Club.
(beat)
91st and Lex. Selling memberships.

Silence. Alison stares at him.

ALISON
Are you joking?

TERRENCE
I wasn't up for the drama. There's no way to get a teaching job without them going Gitmo on you. This way, no need to deal with transcripts, no background check, I change twelve letters on my resume and I'm done.

ALISON
Meaning you lied.

TERRENCE
I didn't lie. I deleted Holyoke and wrote in Amherst. It's one town over.

ALISON
It's that simple.

TERRENCE
It is. That's the beauty of it.
(beat)
In addition to the fact that you get half-price membership.
(then)
As my lover.

She just stares at him.

ALISON
I don't get it. I really don't.

TERRENCE
(now annoyed)
What's to get? They meet me as a man. They accept me as a man. They give a man a job. What does it matter what college I went to? It's a goddamn GYM--

ALISON
So you're free to lie? To bullshit them about --

TERRENCE
-- It's not a lie. It's the truth. I get to be myself. Who I am.
(MORE)

TERRENCE (CONT'D)
Without the bullshit. Without explaining everything to everyone --

ALISON
 I spend my life explaining! To everyone! "What are you doing with a guy?" "Didn't you used to be gay?" "I didn't know you liked men." *Well I didn't know either!* I spend every day explaining. To my friends. To my family. To the community.

TERRENCE
 Fuck the "community"--

ALISON
 Fuck yourself. You used to be part of it. You used to --

A long beat. Alison looks at Terrence.

ALISON (CONT'D)
 I'm a lesbian, Terrence. I'm trying really hard to --

TERRENCE
 (puts his hands up, starts toward the door)
 You know what - I can't do this. Not right now.

ALISON
 Where are you going?

TERRENCE
 You want me to change my resume, I'll change my resume. You want me to talk to strangers about the details of my private life? Our private life? Our "*surreal*" private life --

ALISON
 Terrence --

TERRENCE
 -- I'll go to the interviews tomorrow.

He leaves, the door slamming behind him. On Alison,

EXT. ACROSS FROM AMHERST CAMPUS (2005) - DUSK

CLOSE ON Thora watching something intently. The Amherst campus is visible behind her. Several moments, then we see what she's watching.

TEN MEN IN THEIR TWENTIES play a full-court pickup basketball game. Some have their shirts off, some don't; some are fit, some chubby; some black, white -- they all play hard - sweat, talk, run, shoot.

The kind of game you've seen a hundred times, but Thora watches intently. It's not sexual. She studies them, their bodies moving - strength, muscles, hairy bellies, sideburns...

CLOSE ON Thora, watching, studying... Amherst over her shoulder, in the distance, behind her...

BOOM. There's a SMALL EXPLOSION from the campus. She doesn't notice. A poof of SMOKE billows in the distance over her shoulder. She doesn't notice.

On Thora, watching the pickup basketball...

CUT TO:

INT. KINKOS, NYC (PRESENT) - EVENING

C/U on COMPUTER SCREEN. We see the word "A-M-H-E-R-S-T" being deleted; "M-O-U-N-T H-O-L-Y-O-K-E" typed in its place.

Terrence sits at a computer near the big window on 28th Street. It's getting dark outside. He hits print, removes his zip drive.

The LARGE XEROX PRINTER nearby starts to shudder and whirl. ZHHHOOP... ZHHHOOP... He walks over to watch the pages of his resume spit out onto the tray... "Mount Holyoke"... "Mount Holyoke"...

He can see his reflection in the window - his beard, his blazer, his acne. He can see the large printer vibrating next to him. He can feel it. ZHHHOOP... ZHHHOOP... "Mount Holyoke"...

Terrence moves closer to the vibrating machine. ZHHHOOP... ZHHHOOP... He presses his groin up against it. ZHHHOOP... ZHHHOOP... He closes his eyes. ZHHHOOP... ZHHHOOP... ZHHHOOP...

BLACKOUT