

PUBERTY 2.0

By

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First Draft

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FADE IN:

INT. RYAN'S BATHROOM - DAY

An untidy cramped bathroom with products around the sink.

RYAN WALLACE (20), awkward, funny, and tired, stares at himself in the bathroom mirror. He adjusts the collar of his shirt.

RYAN (PRE-LAP)

Mum? I have to tell you something.

INT. IKEA FOOD COURT - DAY

MARCIA WALLACE (48), warm, gentle, and casual, sits at the table in the food court with a coffee in front of her.

Ryan sits across from her, holding a coffee.

RYAN

It's... a bit of a big deal.

MARCIA

I can handle a big deal.

(beat)

Are you pregnant?

RYAN

(laughs awkwardly)

No. I'm not.

(beat)

I... I just wanted to tell you that I'm trans. Transgender, I mean.

Marcia stares at Ryan. It takes her a second to process this and respond.

MARCIA

Wow. That's... big. Are you sure about this, sweetheart?

RYAN

Yeah. I'm sure.

MARCIA

What do you plan on doing now?

RYAN

I wanna transition. I've got an appointment with our family doctor tomorrow. I just wanted to tell you, that's all.

Marcia nods, not making eye contact with Ryan. She fidgets with her coffee cup.

RYAN

Are you upset with me?

Marcia looks up at him.

MARCIA

No, sweetheart. I'm not. I just want you to be happy...

Ryan smiles, clearly relieved. He stands and walks around the table to give her a hug.

RYAN

My new name is Ryan.

MARCIA

I love you, Ryan.

Marcia hugs her son tightly, resting her cheek against the top of his head. Her expression is drawn and worried.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A clean and bright doctor's office.

RYAN

... and so, yeah. I'm interested in  
hormone therapy and top surgery.

The DOCTOR (50, male), formal and stiff, looks Ryan over the top of his glasses. Without saying a word, he makes a note on a sheet and steps out of the room.

Ryan gives him a blank look as he steps back in a moment later and hands Ryan a piece of paper.

DOCTOR

Let me know if there's anything I can  
do.

Ryan smiles tight-lipped. This isn't good news.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

The rain is drizzling as Ryan waits for the bus on the side of the road. Ryan looks down at his paper.

Ryan dials the phone number on his cell and holds it to his ear. A robotic automated message plays.

AUTOMATED VOICE

The number you have dialled is not  
available. Please try again.

The phone CLICKS and goes dead.

RYAN

(whispers)

Seriously?

INT. ANDREW'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A messy living room belonging to a college student.

ANDREW HUNT (21), scruffy but charming, sits with Ryan on a beat-up old couch. He gives Ryan a disbelieving look.

ANDREW

So... you're a boy, now.

RYAN

Well... yeah. More or less.

ANDREW

I... I really just don't see it, babe. I can't imagine you like... that.

RYAN

(hurt)

Whether or not you can "see" it doesn't really matter, babe. This is how I am, and this is how it's gonna be. You don't have to understand. All you need to know is... I have to do this. It's not a choice for me. I have to.

ANDREW

... Okay. I'll go along with it, I guess.

Ryan settles against Andrew on the couch with Andrew's arm over Ryan's shoulder. Ryan doesn't look happy.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

An empty hallway with lots of lockers. Ryan's on the phone.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

(filtered)

This is the Two Bridges trans care center, please leave your name, phone number, and details and we'll get back to you as soon as possible.

INT. RYAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

The messy bedroom of a college student, with a full length mirror propped against the floor.

RYAN (V.O.)

Hi, my name is Ryan Wallace.  
I'm calling so that I can get started on testosterone HRT. I'm also interested in top surgery as a long-term goal, but... uh... that might not happen for a while. So... uh... call me back? Thanks.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

- Ryan struggles to put on a chest binder.
- Ryan flexes at his reflection.
- Ryan darkens his eyebrows with an eyebrow pencil.
- Ryan rolls up a sock and analyzes its size.
- Ryan checks the front of his pants to make sure his sock packer is in the right place.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Ryan hangs up the phone with a sigh and leans against the lockers.

RYAN

Fuck! I forgot to leave my phone number!

EXT. THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL - DAY

A fairly empty sidewalk outside of the school building.

Ryan walks with his friend RILEY ALLEN (20), cute, bubbly, and perky.

RILEY

Does Andrew know, yet?

RYAN

Yeah. I've told him. He took it... okay.

Riley nudges his shoulder with hers as they continue to walk.

RILEY

You're a tough guy, Ryan. It'll work out, one way or another.

Ryan sighs. He picks up his phone again, and dials the number to the clinic.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

(filtered)

This is the Two Bridges trans care center...

INT. SMALL CAFE - DAY

While waiting in line at a small cafe, Ryan calls the clinic.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

(filtered)  
... Please leave your name, phone number,  
and details...

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Ryan stands between the bookshelves in a quiet library, biting at his thumbnail.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
... and we'll get back to you as soon as  
possible.

INT. ANDREW'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ryan is holding the phone to his ear as the answering machine at the clinic BEEPS in his ear. He hangs up with a sigh. Andrew sits next to him on the couch and puts an arm over his shoulders.

ANDREW  
Rough day, baby girl?

Ryan gives him a tight smile, displeased.

INT. MARCIA'S KITCHEN - DAY

A neat and tidy kitchen with warm lighting.

VOICEMAIL  
(filtered)  
... please leave your name, phone number,  
and details and we'll get back--

Ryan is slouched over the table. He hangs up before the voicemail can finish and groans, hitting his forehead on the table with a THUNK.

RYAN

I just wanna talk to an actual person,  
not an answering machine.

Ryan's mother is making cookies.

MARCIA

Have you tried emailing them?

RYAN

Yep. All I get back is the automated  
"we've gotten your message" response.

MARCIA

Boo. I'm sorry. You wanna talk about it  
swee- sport? Buddy?

RYAN

You can call me sweetheart and sweetie,  
mum. I don't mind.

MARCIA

Okay, good. "Ryan" is already hard  
enough to remember. You know, I haven't  
even told your grandparents yet...

Ryan sighs and THUNKS his head back onto the table.

INT. ANDREW'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ryan sits on the couch with a heavy sigh and pulls his phone out  
once again. He dials the number. It RINGS on the other side.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

(filtered)

This is the Two Bridges trans care  
center, please leave your name--

RYAN

Oh for fuck's sake!

Ryan aggressively hangs up the call and puts his face in his hands.

Andrew walks into the room and leans against the doorframe.

ANDREW

Hey. Are you okay?

RYAN

No. I'm not.

(sniffles, wipes his eyes)

I need to go up to the clinic. Will you drive me?

Andrew steps closer to Ryan. He looks hesitant.

ANDREW

To the... trans clinic?

RYAN

Yes. Please. I'd like a ride so I can get there before it closes.

Andrew looks away from Ryan, his hands in his pockets.

Ryan gets to his feet. He touches his arm but doesn't embrace him.

RYAN

What's wrong?

ANDREW

(sighs)

I don't get what's going on. I know you said I don't "have" to but it's driving me crazy. You used to be my girlfriend, and now you're... not.

Ryan pulls his hand away and folds his arms around himself.

RYAN

I... I don't know how to explain it. I can't live my life as a girl. I can't be your girlfriend. I can't do it. All I want from you is for you to listen to me and be there for me.

ANDREW

I've been listening and I've been going along with it. It doesn't mean I have to like it.

RYAN

(hurt)

So you don't like me like this.

ANDREW

That's not what I--

RYAN

Andrew, if you don't like it now, how will you feel in six months when I'm growing chest hair and a beard?

(beat)

I have to leave right now if I want to get there before they close at five.

There's a long pause. Neither one of them look at each other.

ANDREW

Okay. Sure. Will I see you around?

RYAN

I don't know. Will you?

The silence sits heavy between the two of them. Ryan shakes his head and steps away from Andrew.

ANDREW

Good luck.

Ryan gives Andrew a long look as he grabs his coat. The sound of POURING RAIN grows louder when he opens the door. He shuts the door behind him as he leaves.

INT. CLINIC - DAY

The sterile waiting room of a clinic. At first it looks cold, intimidating, and unfriendly.

Ryan walks in the door and looks around nervously. He's drenched from the rain outside. He walks to the receptionist's desk and waits while she's on the phone.

He waits alone, and fidgets with the hem of his jacket.

The RECEPTIONIST (female, 40), well-groomed and proper, sits at her desk with the phone to her ear.

RECEPTIONIST

... Good afternoon, this is the Two Bridges clinic calling to follow up with you for beginning our intake program.

(beat)

Yes, I know. I'm very sorry for the wait. We have more clients than ever.

Ryan waits anxiously. He checks the time on his phone. 4:49 PM.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

I can get an appointment for you on Tuesday the fifth at nine A.M., does that work for you?

(beat)

Excellent. I'm so glad. We'll see you then. Great. Bye-bye.

The receptionist moves a file from the folder on her desk labelled "PATIENT INTAKE" to "PATIENT CALLED". Both folders are piled up with files and papers.

Ryan taps on the window. The receptionist spins in her chair and looks up at him.

RECEPTIONIST

Good afternoon. Do you have an appointment?

RYAN

Uh, no. I'm interested in the trans care program. I haven't gotten any calls back, I was wondering if they were getting through.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry for the long wait. We're experiencing an influx of patients for our trans care program this month.

(rifles through folders on desk)

Can I get your name? When did you call?

RYAN

Ryan Wallace. I called about four weeks ago, first.

The receptionist digs through the file folder with the right date. She finds the one with Ryan's name.

RECEPTIONIST

You're right at the top of the list,  
Ryan. We're booked solid for the next  
three weeks, but I can promise that  
your first appointment will happen  
before next month. I hope that helps.

RYAN

It really does. Thank you.

Ryan leaves the clinic with a little smile, relieved.

EXT. CLINIC - DAY

Ryan walks alone down a busy street in the rain, hands in his  
pockets.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: Eight Months Later

A busy house with pulsing PARTY MUSIC in the background and  
PEOPLE milling about with food and drinks. It's a lively  
environment.

Ryan stands and talks with Riley and a few new FRIENDS. His face  
is more masculine, there is some stubble on his jaw, his jacket  
has a trans pride flag patch on the shoulder.

RILEY

Guys? Guys. I am so ready for this  
summer.

RYAN

You say that every year. Literally,  
every year.

AIDEN (20), chubby and cute, links arms with Ryan.

AIDEN

Got any summer plans you're not telling me about?

RYAN

(winks)

I have an open schedule if that's what you're asking.

His friends laugh when his voice cracks.

Ryan laughs as well and looks across the party while he takes a drink from his cup.

Across the room he sees Andrew. Andrew locks eyes with him.

The two of them stare at each other for a moment. Andrew hesitantly gives a wave and a smile.

Ryan nods and raises two fingers to say hi, then he turns back to his friend group. When the conversation resumes, he grins widely.

Ryan doesn't see Andrew huff a slight sigh from across the room.

FADE OUT:

END