

IN-TRANSIT

(PILOT: PART ONE)

"WELCOME TO GOTHAM, SEBASTIAN"

By

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Based on actual events

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EPISODE ONE.

PART ONE.

"WELCOME TO GOTHAM, SEBASTIAN"

ACT ONE:

OPEN TO:

EXT. HELL'S KITCHEN/MANHATTAN-NIGHT
(Sebastian, Chloe,
Narrator)

Manhattan skyline. Zoom in on Hell's Kitchen. A loud scream comes from somewhere close by, and we focus in on a young man who is running from something unseen. He darts into a dark alleyway and discovers a dead end. He throws his back against the tall brick wall, to face what he was running from.

SEBASTIAN
(out of breath)
What the fuck do you want from me?

CHLOE
(faint whisper)
You.

A hand reaches out and grabs his throat.

SEBASTIAN
(Screaming)
KILL ME!!!!!! Just fucking do it!!!

Sebastian screams as tears roll down his cheek.

(Fade to black. We hear
the narrator's voice.)

INT. MOVING BUS/PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL-NIGHT
(bus driver, sebastian,
passenger, narrator)

NARRATOR
Haha. Just kidding. It was all a
dream. So cliché, I know.

BUS IS full of passengers as it enters the Port Authority Bus Terminal. Focus on our protagonist, Sebastian. Who is sleeping on his book bag, curled up in a fetal position on the outside seat.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

This is me. Perfect example of my exponential existence.

He's wearing a faded leather jacket and aviator sunglasses, with a trendy haircut and distressed jeans. Flamboyantly gay. He's having a bad dream.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Sleeping life away and dreaming that some day... it just might all come to an end.

Tossing and turning in his seat, he starts to sweat profusely.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I've wanted to die since the day I was born. But this isn't some sad sappy story about suicide or the hot topic of mental illness. I'm just a lonely fag at this point, but there's more to me than meets the eye. I mean, you really don't have to be gay or transgender to identify with these people's truth, and the true stories that I'm about to tell you. It all started the day I packed my bags and got on the nearest bus to New York City.

The bus rattles and shakes as it comes to a complete stop. The doors open and the loud speaker rings.

BUS DRIVER

(speaking loudly over the intercom)

We've arrived at the Port Authority bus terminal. Please exit accordingly and mind your fellow passengers.

NARRATOR

This is about survival, friendship, love, and searching for that honest true happiness that we are all searching for... and hookers.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yeah, It's about a whole bunch of hookers too. So stay tuned and don't say that I didn't warn you.

Sebastian is woken up by the commotion of passengers scrambling past him, heading for the exit. He turns to the guy sitting next to him on the inside seat.

SEBASTIAN

(looking perplexed)

Are we in Manhattan?

PASSENGER

Yeah, kid. The city where you go to die.

(he chuckles)

Good luck.

GUY brushes past Sebastian from the inside seat, as if in a hurry.

NARRATOR

I'm totally screwed, by the way. Didn't really plan this out, did you, Sebastian?

After taking a deep breath, Sebastian exits as well.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL-NIGHT

(Sebastian, Sheridan,
Narrator)

Sebastian walks through the bus terminal, taking the escalator down to the main section of Port Authority. He walks around in awe of it all. Soaking it in. He steps outside for a cigarette and just observes the crazy city he's in. Grinning the whole time. Sebastian's cell phone rings, and he answers.

SEBASTIAN

What's up?

SHERIDAN

Hey, you. Did you make it to the city yet?

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, I did. I actually just got here.

NARRATOR

This is my bestie. My rock. A little clingy. A little in love with me. But she's my heart and soul and I wouldn't trade her for anyone else.

SHERIDAN

I love you, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

You too. Listen, I can hear it in your voice that you're worried. Please don't get all crazy and stay up pacing the house. I'll be fine, Sheridan.

SHERIDAN

I know that. And I also know that inside your thick skull, you felt that you had to leave. But in reality-

Sebastian cuts her off.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, I did. You and I both know why I had to leave.

A car crash flashes before Sebastian's eyes

SHERIDAN

If you want my honest opinion...

NARRATOR

Not really.

SHERIDAN

I think you should have stayed and faced your problems. Running away isn't going to solve them.

Sebastian scoffs and rolls his eyes.

SEBASTIAN

I know this.

SHERIDAN

Don't get me wrong, I get it. I understand.

NARRATOR

I left my little "Sleepy Town", and I had my reasons. We'll leave it at that.

SHERIDAN

I just want you to be careful.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, yeah, I will. Don't worry yourself over me, please. I don't deserve it.

NARRATOR

I really don't.

SHERIDAN

I wish you wouldn't talk like that.

Sebastian laughs.

NARRATOR

If only you knew the monster I am.

SHERIDAN

Out of all seriousness, you know nothing about New York City.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, yeah... long story short, I'll be fine. I love you, Sheridan. And thank you for always being there for me.

NARRATOR

Oh, for Christ's sake, get her off the phone, quick. So you can stop feeling like the shit that you are. Totally self serving reasons, like always.

SEBASTIAN

Look, I should go.

SHERIDAN

Wait, not so fast.

SEBASTIAN

I just got here. Let me figure out a few things-

SHERIDAN
You're my best friend, Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN
I know.

SHERIDAN
I've known you since high school,
so, I have a right to worry.

SEBASTIAN
Yeah, but-

SHERIDAN
I'm not going to let you just cut
me off like-

NARRATOR
Ugh.

SEBASTIAN
(yells)
SHERIDAN!!!

SHERIDAN
Fine. Just remember, I'm always
here for you, and if you decide
that you've changed your mind,
you'll always have a place here
with me and the girls. Okay?

SEBASTIAN
Thank you. I love you.

SHERIDAN
I love you too.

NARRATOR
And again.

SEBASTIAN
Anyways, I'm gonna go.

SHERIDAN
Wait a second. Do you have a plan?
Do you know what you're gonna do
tonight?

NARRATOR
No.

SEBASTIAN

I'll figure it out. Again, don't worry so much. It'll give you wrinkles. Love ya!

Sebastian goes to hang up as we hear Sheridan's last words.

SHERIDAN

Wait! Don't forget that court is on the 4th.

The phone hangs up.

NARRATOR

I literally didn't have a fucking clue what I was going to do. No plan at all. Big city. Little dreams. Dreams that wanna fucking swallow you up and kill you. Dead. Ok, enough with the dead stuff. Moving on.

Sebastian flicks his cigarette into an oily puddle in the street, before returning inside.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I'll figure it out, though. Trust me. You can't kill a cockroach. Or so they say.

INT. PORT AUTHORITY WOMEN'S RESTROOM-NIGHT

(Sebastian, narrator,
junkie)

Sebastian enters the women's restroom, and locks himself in a stall. After sitting down to pee, he wipes his penis with a tissue in the same manner as a woman would with her vagina.

NARRATOR

Oh, do you find this weird?
(sarcastically)
So. Do. I.

Someone loudly enters the restroom, talking to herself and coming off as angry.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Sh-i-i-i-t.

Sebastian stops in his tracks to listen as the person approaches his stall. He hurries to pull up his pants and finally buckles his belt, as the footsteps stop outside the door. There's a loud bang on the door to the stall.

SEBASTIAN
(sounding exasperated)
Someone's in here!

JUNKIE
(raising her voice)
Well, get the fuck out. BITCH!

The Junkie bangs harder on the door and Sebastian puts his hands against the door to stop it from caving.

SEBASTIAN
Alright! Stop!

NARRATOR
I didn't come here looking for drama. I thought I left that shit back in 'Sleepy Town'.

As soon as Sebastian opens the latch to the door, the door swings open with a loud bang. The junkie lunges at Sebastian. It's clear she's holding a shank. Sebastian quickly dodges her, and slams her head on the toilet. He runs out of the stall, and glides through Port Authority. He runs right past a group of cops, but never looks back.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Not today, lil' piggies.

He hits the exit doors and takes a left onto the street. He keeps right on running. He runs through Times Square, taking in the atmosphere.

FADE OUT.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE THEME:

"BOYS WANNA BE HER" BY PEACHES

MONTAGE OF TRANSSEXUALS IN MANHATTAN

SEBASTIAN RUNNING THROUGH THE CITY

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO:

EXT. CHRISTOPHER STREET/WEST VILLAGE/MANHATTAN-NIGHT
(Sebastian, narrator,
Jamie)

Sebastian steps off the 1 train on Christopher street. As he roams the streets, he looks around at the colorful crowd.

NARRATOR
So I wound up following a group of
gays to the gayest neighborhood
Gotham has to offer: Greenwich
Village.

Transsexuals hopping in and out of cars. Gays fighting with drag queens in the middle of the street. Rainbow flags adorn the closed down shops. A gay man (Jamie) bumps Sebastian as he swooshes past.

SEBASTIAN
Bitch!

Jamie never turns back, but flips Sebastian the bird.

JAMIE
Fuck off, cunt!

And just as quick as he came into frame, he disappears in the distance.

NARRATOR
Well, that wasn't very nice. But,
something tells me we're gonna be
friends someday.

Sebastian enters a bar called "Boots & Saddles".

INT. BOOTS & SADDLES BAR/WEST VILLAGE/MANHATTAN-NIGHT
(gay bartender,sebastian,
narrator,d-rock)

Sebastian plops down at the far end of the bar. He searches his pockets, and pulls out an assortment of cash, and throws it down in front of him.

NARRATOR
Great. Running low on cash.

GAY BARTENDER
What can I get you, gurl?

NARRATOR
Girl?

SEBASTIAN
Dirty Martini?

GAY BARTENDER
Of course! Coming right up.

The Gay Bartender wanders off to make his drink. Sebastian scopes the place with his eyes.

NARRATOR
No. No. Too thick. Too thin. Too hairy.

He notices an attractive man (D-Rock) staring at him from across the room.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Oh? Trouble.

D-Rock walks across the room and approaches Sebastian, grabbing the seat next to him.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
And trouble likes what he sees.

D-ROCK
Hey.

SEBASTIAN
Hey.

D-Rock looks around the room, and comes back around to Sebastian.

D-ROCK
So, Uh... Hey. What's up with you?

SEBASTIAN
Nothing much. What's up with you?

D-ROCK
Nothing. What's up with you?

SEBASTIAN
Same. What's up with you?

D-ROCK
Are you gonna talk or just repeat everything I say?

SEBASTIAN
Say something interesting.

D-ROCK
What you drinkin'?

SEBASTIAN
Dirty Martini, why?

D-Rock reaches in his pocket, and slaps a twenty dollar bill on the counter.

NARRATOR
Oooohh, big spender.

D-ROCK
You're hanging with me tonight.

SEBASTIAN
Oh, am I?

Sebastian smiles at him.

D-ROCK
Yeah. I'm D-Rock.

SEBASTIAN
Sebastian.

The Gay Bartender returns with the martini, and places it in front of Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Thanks.

As Sebastian sips his drink, The Gay Bartender grabs the twenty dollar bill off the bar. D-Rock pushes Sebastian's crinkled up cash in front of him.

D-ROCK
Come with me.

Sebastian chugs his drink and grabs his money. D-Rock grabs ahold of his hand and they rush to the back of the bar, entering the bathroom.

NARRATOR
Like I said... trouble. And it always has a way of finding me, wherever I go. But, life would be boring without a little danger.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM/BOOTS & SADDLES BAR/WEST
VILLAGE/MANHATTAN-NIGHT
(Sebastian, narrator,
D-Rock)

D-Rock and Sebastian enter the men's bathroom, and start making out passionately. After a moment, D-Rock pulls out a pipe and packs it with a white substance.

NARRATOR

Not exactly where I thought this was going.

Sebastian watches as D-Rock takes a hit, holds it, and exhales slowly. He starts geeking for a moment, and goes to hand it to Sebastian, who hesitates to take it.

SEBASTIAN

What is it?

D-Rock nods his head at him and grunts. After a short pause, manages to blurt out his words.

D-ROCK

It's rock, take it.

SEBASTIAN

Crack?

D-ROCK

Ssshhh.

D-Rock listens to the door and then nods at him.

SEBASTIAN

No, I'm good. I don't do that.

D-Rock takes another hit, and pulls Sebastian into another passionately lip lock, exhaling his smoke into Sebastian's mouth.

NARRATOR

The fuckery is real.

Sebastian pulls away and exhales a cloud of smoke. He hands the pipe to Sebastian, and lights it for him. He inhales a deep hit, coughing out the smoke. He leans back against the wall. D-Rock unlatches the door.

D-ROCK

Let's go.

SEBASTIAN

W-Where we going?

D-Rock grabs Sebastian's hand, and they exit the bathroom together.

INT. CHRISTOPHER STREET TRAIN STATION/WEST VILLAGE/MANHATTAN-NIGHT

D-Rock leads Sebastian down the stairs of the Christopher Street train station. Sebastian stops, and turns to D-Rock.

SEBASTIAN

I have to buy a metro card, hold on.

D-ROCK

No, you don't.

Sebastian watches as D-Rock hops the turnstile.

D-ROCK (CONT'D)

C'mon.

SEBASTIAN

Is that allowed?

D-ROCK

Does it matter?

NARRATOR

At this point, I'm too high to give a shit.

Sebastian shrugs his shoulders and hops the turnstile. The 1 train approaches the station, and they board. Heading uptown to the Bronx.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

At this point in my unplanned adventure, I had no fucking clue where we were headed. And quite frankly, I didn't really care one way or the other.

INT. STRANGER'S APARTMENT/SOMEWHERE IN THE BRONX-NIGHT

(Sebastian, Narrator,
D-Rock, man on couch)

Open to a messy, dirty apartment. Someone is sleeping on the couch, blanket covering his face. We focus on Sebastian and D-Rock, who are sitting on a bed that's located at the other end of the room, in front of the window. No bed frame. On the floor. D-Rock smokes crack while Sebastian drinks vodka and talks his ear off.

NARRATOR

So, I'm starting to come down off
that shit, thanks to my good ol'
trusty pal, grey goose.

SEBASTIAN

(continued from inaudible
chatter)

...I'm just glad that I don't have
to fake my way through shit
anymore, you know? I can do
whatever the fuck I want here. I'm
finally free to be... well... me.

D-ROCK

Not to cut you off, but there's
some Xanax on the table over there,
if you need a come down.

SEBASTIAN

No thanks, I'm good. I'm coming
down just fine without it.

NARRATOR

I've never done Xanax at this
point, but I'm not opposed to
trying it. Just not when I'm overly
inebriated.

D-Rock sets down the pipe, and tries kissing Sebastian. But
Sebastian quickly pulls away.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Whoa! Not the time.

SEBASTIAN

I ... I'm not really in the mood.
Want some vodka?

Sebastian holds up the bottle, and D-Rock pushes it away.

D-ROCK

What the fuck you talking about?
Suck my dick!

NARRATOR

Excuse me?

D-Rock shoves Sebastian's head down to his crotch, where his
penis is exposed.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

This isn't going to end well.

Sebastian hesitates, and grabs his dick.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Well, when your life is in danger... sometimes you just gotta suck a dick.

Sebastian starts to give him head.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Ugh. This is actually the last thing I wanna be doing right now.

Sebastian pulls up for air.

SEBASTIAN

You know, I'm just not feeling it.

D-ROCK

What you mean, not feeling it?

SEBASTIAN

Can I take a rain check?

D-ROCK

No, you can't take a fucking 'rain check'.

Sebastian continues blowing him.

NARRATOR

Ugh. Sweaty ball stench. Death.

D-Rock taps on Sebastian's head.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Yes? Can I help you?

D-ROCK

Yo, let me fuck you.

NARRATOR

Whoa!

Sebastian pulls back as D-Rock takes a hit off the pipe.

SEBASTIAN

Uuuuhhhh...

D-Rock puts down his pipe, never taking his eyes off Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not... really... I'm just gonna go.

D-Rock grabs Sebastian aggressively and flips him over. Sebastian tries to push back, but D-Rock over powers him. D-Rock shoves Sebastian's face into the pillow, while he pulls down Sebastian's pants.

NARRATOR

Now, you're just pissing me the fuck off!

Sebastian elbows him in the nose. D-Rock pulls back, and Sebastian punches him in the dick. D-Rock screams in pain, as Sebastian grabs his book bag off the floor and bolts towards the front door. He grabs the Xanax off the table and slams the door on the way out.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Gonna need these for later.

Sebastian rushes down the hall, but suddenly stops. He turns back around and returns to the apartment. He opens the front door. D-Rock is still lying on the floor screaming in pain.

D-ROCK

I'ma fucking kill you.

Sebastian runs up to him and kicks him in the face.

SEBASTIAN

FUCK YOU!

Sebastian spits on him. He rushes to the door, and slams it as hard as he can while screaming. He opens it back up and slams it repeatedly until the top hinge comes loose and snaps.

NARRATOR

I think I may have an anger problem.

The screaming and door slamming wakes the person who was sleeping on the couch.

MAN ON COUCH

Yo, what the fuck?

The bottom hinge is still in tact, but the door hangs slanted. At first in shock, Sebastian snaps out of it and rushes down the hall and down the stairwell as fast as he can. D-Rock comes to and rushes out the broken door after him.

D-ROCK
You fucking bitch, I'ma kill you!!!

By the time he gets outside, Sebastian is gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN THE BRONX-NIGHT
(Sebastian, Narrator,
Old Lady)

Sebastian is running down a deserted street in the Bronx,
suddenly liberated. He let's out a scream in excitement.

NARRATOR
He'll think twice next time he
wants to push up on a weak little
faggot. The gagger is that I'm not
the one.

Sebastian looks around, and realizes that he has no idea
where he is.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Well, isn't this lovely. Where the
fuck am I?

SEBASTIAN
Shit!

Sebastian starts walking down a hill, head hanging low.
Excitement gone. The buildings are falling apart and
dilapidated.

NARRATOR
Oh, Sebastian. Why do you do these
things to yourself?

He wanders the streets endlessly, running into dead ends and
making new discoveries. He winds up in the same area he
started, growing frustrated.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Ugh. What the fuck? I was just
here.

He starts down a different way, and notices an old Asian
woman collecting cans from the garbage on the street.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Maybe she can get me in the right
direction.

Sebastian approaches her.

SEBASTIAN
Excuse me, ma'am?

The old lady turns to him.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Can you please help me out? I'm
looking for the train station.

She points to the bottom of the hill, and we see train
station lights.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Sebastian walks over to the train station, and ascends the
stairs.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE:

INT. MANHATTAN SUBWAY-MORNING
(sebastian,narrator,
officer)

NARRATOR
I ended up on the 1 train at some
point, and fell asleep. I guess
that vodka finally hit me.

Sebastian is kicked and woken up on the train by a NYC Police
Officer.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Well, good morning New York.

POLICE OFFICER
Hey, kid! You can't sleep here. Get
up.

NARRATOR
My slumber didn't last long, as you
can see.

Sebastian looks around the train, and realizes it's full and
he's taking up four spots.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Ooops.

Sebastian rolls his eyes at the officer, and grabs his book bag that he was resting his head on.

SEBASTIAN

Ok, I'm going.

The police officer looks him up and down.

NARRATOR

Is this guy hitting on me?

Sebastian smiles, and winks at him.

POLICE OFFICER

Do you have a place to go?

Sebastian looks at him kind of ashamed, and shrugs his shoulders.

SEBASTIAN

Not really.

POLICE OFFICER

Take this train to 14th street.
That'll let you off on 7th Ave. Get
to 13th and 7th, you'll see the
building with the flag. Go there.
They'll help you.

SEBASTIAN

Thank you.

POLICE OFFICER

Don't let me catch you sleeping on
the train again. I'll have to write
you a ticket.

The officer winks at him, and gets off at the next stop.

NARRATOR

I fucking knew it.

INT. LGBT CENTER MANHATTAN-MORNING

(Sebastian, Narrator,
Receptionist, Merci,
Yasmina, Powell, Benji,
Tweety)

Sebastian walks into the LGBT Community Center on 13th street. He approaches the front desk.

NARRATOR

This is the day that everything
changed.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi, can I help you?

SEBASTIAN

(awkwardly)

Hi. I was told to come here and
you'd help me with housing?

RECEPTIONIST

We don't actually do that here, but
I can point you in the right
direction.

SEBASTIAN

Please.

NARRATOR

Yep, I'm just gonna wait here like
so.

The Receptionist pulls out a bunch of pamphlets, and starts
looking on her computer.

RECEPTIONIST

Just one sec, I'll have this
printed out for you.

SEBASTIAN

Great.

Sebastian looks annoyed with how long she's taking, and takes
a look around with his eyes, and all the "weirdos" lurking.

NARRATOR

Lively bunch, ain't it?

RECEPTIONIST

Here you go! I would suggest trying
the Ali Forney Day Center, which is
located in Chelsea. Even Marsha's
Place or Carmen's Place. It's all
right there for you.

SEBASTIAN

Got it, thanks.

RECEPTIONIST

The Marsha's Place drop in opens
tonight at 8, well, it's on the
post-it.

NARRATOR
(sarcastically)
You can shut up now, thanks.

Sebastian holds up the post-it, and walks off smiling at her. He turns and goes up the staircase in the main entrance. It leads him to the third floor, where he decides to sit down. After skimming the pages of the pamphlets and print outs quickly, he rummages through his book bag and pulls out a black nail polish bottle. He's doing his nails black, when he hears some commotion coming from the stairwell.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
And BOOM. The Gays. Lots of them.

Merci comes sauntering up to the top step, ahead of the pack. He locks eyes with Sebastian.

MERCI
Hot.

NARRATOR
Please, don't.

Yasmina, Tweety, Powell and Benji come up from behind.

MERCI
This'll do, girls.

NARRATOR
Great. Fags. Ugh.

Sebastian rolls his eyes and goes back to doing his nails. Merci and her group sit across from Sebastian. Merci perches herself on the windowsill, feet on the bench below it. Her followers crowd around her, and they gossip inaudibly. They all noticeably ignore Tweety. Sebastian is letting his nails dry at this point. And Merci calls out to him, flamboyantly.

MERCI
Hey, you. Over there! You're hot.
Come sit with us.

NARRATOR
(sarcastically)
How about not?

Sebastian shakes his head.

SEBASTIAN
No, thanks. I'm good.

Merci persistently replies.

MERCI

Come on. Do you really have something better to do?

Sebastian looks around the empty space, and shrugs his shoulders.

NARRATOR

Well, the ladyboy has a point.

MERCI

C'mon.

NARRATOR

Ugh! Fine.

Sebastian heads over to their side of the room. He sits on the bench below Merci.

YASMINA

I'm Yasmina.

POWELL

Hey, I'm Powell.

BENJI

Benji.

MERCI

Merci Geneva.

Merci puts out his hand, and Sebastian shakes it.

SEBASTIAN

I'm Sebastian. Sebastian Evans.

MERCI

You're not supposed to shake my hand silly. You're supposed to kiss it.

NARRATOR

Are you kidding me?

SEBASTIAN

(In a sarcastic tone)
Well, I'm not a lesbian.

Merci gasps.

YASMINA

(talking tranny slang)
Yaz bitch. She is ova.

Powell nods at Yasmina as Benji and Tweety look on.

POWELL

I live.

MERCI

(looking around at the
others' reactions)

So, what's your other name?

SEBASTIAN

(scoffs and then nervously
laughs)

What are you talking about, freak?
Sebastian is my name.

MERCI

No need to get hostile. I was
simply wondering. Maybe it was a
dumb assumption. Shoot me.

SEBASTIAN

What are you talking about?

YASMINA

You're trans, right? That's what
he's saying.

POWELL

With a pretty face like that...

BENJI

...how could she not be?

POWELL

Mhm. And them tight jeans.

SEBASTIAN

No! I'm not. And I kinda take
offense to you asking me that. I
mean, no offense to the trans
community.

Sebastian glances at Yasmina after saying this.

YASMINA

Yo! Why'd this bitch look at me
when she said that? You got
something against a strong
beautiful woman? I love my body,
baby. And so do my men.

She twirls around to show off her Puerto Rican curves, flipping her long beautiful hair. Benji and Powell cheer her on as Merci rolls his eyes.

MERCI

It's a weave.

NARRATOR

Gag.

Yasmina gasps and flips around to face Merci.

MERCI

Anyways...

Merci turns to Sebastian, intrigued.

MERCI (CONT'D)

Where are you from? What's your story?

NARRATOR

It was live or let die. Tell the truth of where I came from and all the drama that comes with it, or lie my way out of having to feel vulnerable and make myself seem cool... Quick!

Sebastian looks around at the others. A car crash flashes before his eyes, and his vision becomes slightly blurred. He snaps out of it and lifts his head to Merci.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Well, I chose the latter.

SEBASTIAN

I'm from Orange County California. Born and raised.

MERCI

I see.

Merci looks as if he's studying Sebastian.

NARRATOR

I'm only half lying here. I was born in the OC, but I wasn't raised there. Unfortunately, I'm from upstate NY. But, we're not gonna get into all that just yet. Well, it's a long story, ok? Moving on.

SEBASTIAN

What about you? Where are you from?

MERCI

Doesn't matter... so!

(claps hands together to
get everyone's attention)

What brought you to New York?

NARRATOR

What is this, an interrogation?

SEBASTIAN

What's with all the questions? I
feel like I'm in the hot seat.

POWELL

Don't worry, baby. She does this
with everyone she meets.

(he turns to Merci)

He's not your play toy, Miss Thang.

MERCI

Never the case.

(Merci snaps his fingers
in Powell's face, and
then turns to Sebastian)

Like I was saying... what brought
you to the Big Apple?

Merci puts his hand to his chest, as if concerned.

MERCI (CONT'D)

(fake acting)

I genuinely wanna know.

NARRATOR

Quick! Think of a quick lie!!!

SEBASTIAN

Modeling?

Merci's eyes open wide in excitement.

YASMINA

(sarcastically)

Oh, my god. You two should be,
like, besties or something?!

BENJI

Merci aspires to be a top model.

SEBASTIAN

Really?

MERCI

Fashion is life. Life is fashion.

NARRATOR

Good one, Sebastian. Smooth.

SEBASTIAN

(in a confused way)

I guess so.

Sebastian looks over at Tweety.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

May I ask a question? Not to impose.

MERCI

Go right ahead.

SEBASTIAN

(Points to Tweety)

Why hasn't she said a word this whole time?

MERCI

Tweety is on punishment. She's not allowed to speak if she hangs with us.

SEBASTIAN

(Scoffs)

Why?

MERCI

Because TWEETY is a liar and a thief. And likes to steal shit from people.

SEBASTIAN

Then why hang out with her?

MERCI

Cuz it's fun. Watch.

Merci motions to Tweety.

MERCI (CONT'D)

Tweety. Fetch me a Vitamin Water.

Tweety runs off. Sebastian looks disgusted.

SEBASTIAN

You can't treat people like that.

Merci pulls out his compact mirror and checks his makeup.

MERCI

I just did.

Merci snaps his compact closed, and leans into Sebastian so he hears his every word.

MERCI (CONT'D)

See? She's like an assistant. That ugly bitch is just a fucking man in a dress and she looks like nothing more than a football player who suffers from Down Syndrome. She thinks she's a tranny, but I wouldn't call it that. That is what we call a mess. A crossdresser wannabe tranny thief. She's just a big 'ol man who thinks she's kunt.

(Merci sits back against the window)

I love Tweety, though. Don't get me wrong. But yeah, she's just ugly. And a thief and a whore.

(in a heartfelt, fake way)

I'm not being mean, I'm just being honest and forewarning you. You're welcome, by the way.

Sebastian rolls his eyes and shakes his head.

MERCI (CONT'D)

I'm serious. Watch your bag around her, she's a snake.

POWELL

She stole my chips once. I slapped the stupid right off her face after she tried denying it. She knew damn well she ate it. There were crumbs all over her face!

YASMINA

Cuz she eats like a pig. She never stole from me, but she did fuck my ex...

Yasmina pauses and closes her eyes as if remembering, and then holds up two fingers.

YASMINA (CONT'D)
(whispers)
...twice.

BENJI
Girl, that bitch will fuck
anything. No shade.

SEBASTIAN
Shade?

YASMINA
Yeah, shade. Like throwing shade.
It's a saying.

Sebastian looks perplexed.

MERCI
Relax, girls. She's new. They
probably talk different in Cali
anyways.

Sebastian gives a guilty look.

SEBASTIAN
Yeah.

Sebastian looks to Merci.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
And I'd really appreciate it if you
would stop referring to me as a
'she', cuz I'm NOT.

NARRATOR
Totally lying here... AGAIN. I
know, I'm shameless. But I have my
reasons. I know how they look at
people like me. I was born in the
wrong body.

MERCI
I didn't know it was that serious.

NARRATOR
I'm not gonna sit here and cry
about my misgivings, and I
certainly won't subject myself to
the harassment that'll probably
follow because of it. Cuz let's
face it, I'll just be a man in a
dress. And society will never
accept me that way.

Sebastian stares him down, and Merci rolls his eyes in annoyance.

MERCI

Fine. I'll give you what you want as long as you chill with me for the rest of the day. These two losers have plans, and poor little 'ol me is gonna be left all alone.

SEBASTIAN

I have nothing better to do.

YASMINA

Powell and I are going to an Extravaganza Ball.

POWELL

You should come sometime.

SEBASTIAN

I'll try to check it out. What about you, Benji? Are you going?

BENJI

No thanks.

(He chuckles)

I don't do all that faggot shit. I have a meeting to attend. Which I should be getting to.

NARRATOR

(whispering)

Take me with you.

YASMINA

(lowers voice)

Benji is going to a Narcotics Anonymous meeting.

BENJI

Hence the word ANONYMOUS, Yasmina! Gawd!

Yasmina gets in defense mode.

YASMINA

What?

Yasmina looks around at the dismayed crowd before her. Merci rolls her eyes. Powell shakes his head.

Sebastian looks locked into the conversation as he leans forward to hear more. Benji looks uncomfortably awkward, and breaks the silence.

BENJI
Later, Bitches.

Benji heads down the stairwell as the group waves him goodbye.

MERCI
Anyways...

SEBASTIAN
Tell me more of this... lingo?

MERCI
What lingo? Tranny talk?

Merci laughs mockingly, and loud.

YASMINA
(laughing)
Tranny talk, really?

POWELL
Girl, calm your shit. Don't be the angry tranny in the room. Cuz it ain't cute.

YASMINA
That jacket ain't cute.

POWELL
Ralph Lauren, baby! And it's always fucking cute.

Powell twirls around, almost whipping Yasmina with his dreads, that are swept up in a ponytail.

POWELL (CONT'D)
Im fucking fabulous, betch!

Powell snaps his fingers three times in a flamboyantly gay demeanor.

MERCI
Enough! It's not gonna be a shade fest up in this bitch. Is that any way to act in front of our new friend.
(Merci turns to Sebastian, talking in a ditzy way)
(MORE)

MERCI (CONT'D)

Now, back to what I was saying.
Tranny talk is basically a language
that is used by the GWARLS. The
girls meaning, well, transgender...

(Merci gives Sebastian a
look)

NARRATOR

You think he's on to me?

MERCI

...and you know, butch queens...
(He gives Powell a shady
glance)

POWELL

Well...

MERCI

Wait, let me finish.
(Merci puts up his hand in
Powell's face)

POWELL

The GWARLS...

MERCI

As I was saying, it's a language
used by the LGBT community and
kinda gained popularity in the
Village?

YASMINA

Christopher Street, Greenwich...

MERCI

We're not talking about the stroll.

SEBASTIAN

What's a stroll?

Yasmina looks shocked.

YASMINA

Red light district? Coins?

POWELL

Girl, you have a lot to learn.

MERCI

...it's just a way for our
community to... communicate in a
way where the breeders can't
understand us. It's KUNT.

SEBASTIAN

Well, where I come from, cunt is a bad word.

YASMINA

In our community it's a good thing.

MERCI

It means you look pussy. Real. Passable.

POWELL

Fish. Tuna on a MOTHERFUCKING platter, bitch.

MERCI

(in a ditzy way)

So... yeah... it's that... love it... live it... eat it... And throw it back up and start all over. Like, just eat it.

NARRATOR

Word vomit? I'm a pro at that.

SEBASTIAN

Eat it? Really? What are we eating?

MERCI

(in a ditzy way)

Eat it means, like, you turned it. and you turned it means...

(Merci struggles to hold a straight face)

like you werrrked. And until you work, that just means...

SEBASTIAN

You're not explaining anything!

They both burst out laughing.

MERCI

Oh, it means like you did it... like better than before. Like, you really did it.

Merci seems to be enjoying his interaction with Sebastian.

MERCI (CONT'D)

You, know? That's what I'm talking about.

Sebastian laughs out loud.

POWELL
(To Yasmina)
We better get going if we're gonna
be in time for the Ball.

YASMINA
Got it.

She grabs her knockoff coach bag off the bench, near Merci's
feet.

YASMINA (CONT'D)

Bye ladies.

MERCI
Bye, kunt.

POWELL
Catch you later.

Powell follows Yasmina through the fire escape door, which is
a cement stairwell that leads to the outside.

MERCI
Since you're new here, what would
you like to do?

SEBASTIAN
I need some clothes.

MERCI
You do have that "Upstate Queen"
look.

SEBASTIAN
Thanks?

MERCI
I mean, well-

Sebastian cuts him off.

SEBASTIAN
Wanna do some window shopping?

MERCI
Always.

SEBASTIAN
I also have some Xanax in my bag if
you wanna snort some in the
bathroom.

MERCI

Say no more. Bathroom is right this way.

Merci directs Sebastian to the bathroom.

NARRATOR

And then there were none.

After a few moments of seeing the empty room, which at one point occupied six people, now quiet and desolate, we hear footsteps coming up the main stairwell, and we discover that it's Tweety, clutching a Vitamin Water.

TWEETY

Guys?

She looks around the empty space.

TWEETY (CONT'D)

Anyone?

She looks around the corner, eventually realizing she was forgotten.

TWEETY (CONT'D)

They left me. They really left me.

Tweety opens the Vitamin Water and starts chugging it, spilling it all over herself.

INT. BATHROOM/LGBT CENTER/MANHATTAN-AFTERNOON

(Sebastian, Narrator,
Merci)

Merci sits on the counter to the sink, as Sebastian uses the handicap stall. He sits to pee.

MERCI

Damn gurrll. You really had to go.

SEBASTIAN

Hey! What did I say about the girl thing?

MERCI

Sorry... betch.

SEBASTIAN

(ditzzy voice, mocking
Merci)

Thanxxx.

Merci hops off the counter and enters the stall next to Sebastian. He steps into the toilet and peaks his head over Sebastian's stall. Sebastian yells.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
What the fuck, Merci?

MERCI
Hold up! You sit and pee?

SEBASTIAN
Get out of here!

MERCI
And you don't want me calling you a girl?

SEBASTIAN
Merci!!!

MERCI
Alright, I'm going.

Merci hops down. Sebastian wipes his penis and flushes. He comes out of the stall, and brushes past Merci to wash his hands in the sink. Merci hops back onto the counter, staring at Sebastian and smiling.

MERCI (CONT'D)
So-

Sebastian cuts him off.

SEBASTIAN
Shut up!

MERCI
OK.

Merci laughs. Sebastian throws his book bag on the counter and rummages through it. He throws pills on the counter.

SEBASTIAN
Wanna do some drugs?

MERCI
(scoffs)
Do I ever?

Sebastian proceeds to crush them up with his library card. After doing a few lines, they start horse playing. They tee pee the bathroom. Sebastian gets too reckless and smashes out the light bulbs with his converse sneaker.

MERCI (CONT'D)

Time to go.

EXT. MANHATTAN/WEST VILLAGE-AFTERNOON/LIGHT RAIN
(Sebastian, Merci,
Narrator)

Merci and Sebastian break out onto the street, feeling a little high from the Xanax. It starts to drizzle, and Sebastian sticks out his tongue, to eat the rain. Merci grabs him, moving along.

MERCI

That's not what I meant by eating it. Besides, there's so much pollution floating in this city air, I don't recommend drinking the water that falls out of the sky. Now, come on.

SEBASTIAN

Where to?

MERCI

Clothes, remember? We'll start small. Midtown. But first, the train.

NARRATOR

I feel like we rode the train all that summer. It wasn't easy, but I got the hang of things. Everyone has to start somewhere, right?

INT. THRIFT STORE/SOMEWHERE IN MANHATTAN-EVE
(Sebastian, Narrator,
Merci, Cashier)

Merci and Sebastian enter the thrift store, looking around at the garments. Merci and Sebastian use the two changing stalls next to each other, so they can easily converse.

SEBASTIAN

So... you never told me anything about yourself.

MERCI

Like?

SEBASTIAN

(in a "Merci" type
voice)

(MORE)

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Like, where are you from? What's your story?

MERCI

Don't wreck your pretty brain over it. It's nothing exciting. Pretty boring if you ask me.

SEBASTIAN

That's what I'm doing. I'm asking you.

MERCI

Well...

Merci's voice trails off inaudibly as Sebastian tries on a skirt and blouse for the first time. He stands there and just stares at himself in the mirror, pinching his skin and pointing out his Adam's apple. He tears up a little, and rips the clothing off quickly. Merci's voice comes back.

MERCI (CONT'D)

...and that's my fucking story.

SEBASTIAN

Uh huh.

MERCI

You alright in there?

SEBASTIAN

(exasperated)

Yeah, I'm fine! So, where are you from?

MERCI

(to himself)

The gwarls wanna know your life.

SEBASTIAN

Well?

MERCI

Boring stuff... moving on.

SEBASTIAN

Where do you live?

Merci sighs.

MERCI

Midtown, Uh, Chelsea!

SEBASTIAN

Well, which is it? Midtown or Chelsea.

MERCI

(laughs)

I meant Chelsea. We're in midtown now, duh.

(Scoffs)

They are, like, right on top of each other, you know?

NARRATOR

No, I don't. Smart-ass.

SEBASTIAN

What brought you to NYC?

MERCI

I wanna model, and you already know this. Look, I wanna make it in this city and I definitely don't wanna end up just another statistic. I have my plans. And I sure as hell don't need any help from my shitty parents. I wanna do it on my own.

SEBASTIAN

Good reason.

MERCI

Why would you leave the beautiful beaches of California for the dark and gritty Big Apple?

Before Sebastian is able to answer, Merci continues speaking.

MERCI (CONT'D)

If you ask me, I think you're crazy for doing it.

SEBASTIAN

Why do you say that?

MERCI

Look, Sebastian. I came here with hopes and dreams too. But this city isn't what you see in the movies or on Sex and the City. It's more Girls, but more dangerous.

SEBASTIAN

Well, I'm not going to let that happen. I'm gonna figure this out, and survive.

MERCI

You sound determined.

SEBASTIAN

I am.

They both exit their stalls and Merci turns to Sebastian, holding garments of clothing.

MERCI

Find anything you liked?

SEBASTIAN

A few things, but I can't afford them. It's a thrift shop. This stuff isn't going anywhere. So I'll just hide them here and come back for it.

MERCI

Give it to me.

Sebastian hands him the clothes. Merci peaks at the clothes for a moment, smirks and shoves them into his designer handbag. He puts on his oversized Jackie-O sunglasses, looking like a villain in a bad B movie.

MERCI (CONT'D)

(Quietly)

Follow my lead.

(loud enough for the cashier to hear)

Are you ready to go?

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, this place sucks.

MERCI

Cheap. Very cheap.

They both laugh as they head for the exit. Sebastian shoots the cashier a guilty look, causing alarm.

CASHIER

Can I help you two?

MERCI

We're good, thanks.

The cashier notices something poking out of Merci's bag.

CASHIER

Hey! What's that in your bag? Get
back here!

Merci grabs ahold of Sebastian's arm.

MERCI

RUN!

EXT. MANHATTAN/MIDTOWN-EVE

(Merci, Sebastian)

They both burst out onto the street, and run down the
sidewalk.

NARRATOR

And this won't be the last time he
gets us in trouble. We're off to a
good start, though.

As Sebastian screams in excitement, the Cashier yells off in
the distance, inaudibly. They finally turn onto a new block,
and Sebastian stops to catch his breath. Hands on his knees
and bent over, in puking position. Merci finds his reflection
in a storefront window, and readjusts his outfit, which is
slightly tussled.

SEBASTIAN

(gasping for air)

Oh. My. Fucking... Christ Merci!

MERCI

Hey! Don't get soft on me now,
Queen.

Sebastian scoffs, and they glare at each other... ultimately
having a stare off. They end up breaking face, laughing at
each other at the same time.

MERCI (CONT'D)

Besides, Miss Honey. I got the
things you wanted. And I must say,
we need to find you a new name.

(gives him a dirty look)

Tranny.

Sebastian smirks.

END OF ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR:

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE/MANHATTAN-NIGHT
(Sebastian, Merci,
Narrator, Thug #1, Thug
#2)

Merci and Sebastian are sitting on the statue, in the middle of Columbus Circle, drinking Four Loko.

SEBASTIAN
This city really lights up at
night, huh?

MERCI
Well...
(pauses)
you're not in Kansas anymore,
Dorothy.

NARRATOR
No shit, Captain Obvious.

SEBASTIAN
Hey! Fuck off, kunt.

MERCI
YASS, bitch. Go off!

Merci shakes his "tits", in a playful manner. And he starts dancing.

NARRATOR
I think I'm starting to like this
butch queen.

Merci climbs higher onto the statue.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
Oh, perfect... just what we need.

MERCI
(Screaming at the cars
passing by)
Welcome to Gotham, Sebastian!!!

Merci slips and almost falls, but Sebastian catches him.

NARRATOR
See? I saw that coming a mile away.

SEBASTIAN
GET DOWN HERE, STUPID! Before you
hurt yourself.

Sebastian helps Merci down and they have a seat at the base
of the statue. Merci stares at Sebastian for a moment,
adoringly.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
Ew. Why are you making that face,
weirdo?

MERCI
You remind me of someone.

SEBASTIAN
Yeah? Who?

NARRATOR
Adriana.

Merci is obviously intoxicated.

MERCI
It's not important.

SEBASTIAN
Oh, come on! You can't say
something like that and not tell me
the story. I'm all about the deets.
Carry on...

MERCI
I don't feel like getting into it.

SEBASTIAN
Spill, bitch. It's your turn.

MERCI
I don't know.

SEBASTIAN
You gotta be kidding me! You
totally grilled me earlier and now
it's like pulling teeth to get you
to open up.

MERCI
Fine! I'll tell you. But it's
fucking stupid, ok?

SEBASTIAN
I'm all ears.

MERCI

You remind me of this girl I used to know. She was this tall... tranny... from Georgia. Real sweet and, stuff. Well, at first.

Sebastian looks perplexed.

MERCI (CONT'D)

Why are you looking at me like that?

SEBASTIAN

Talk!

MERCI

We met when we were both new to the city. She had that same doe eyed look you have. Except, she was more like a deer in head lights, before the crash. Like, everyday.

NARRATOR

Damn.

MERCI

We were real close at first-

NARRATOR

Sounds it.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She was kinda crazy. Like do anything crazy. Lots of fun. But...

SEBASTIAN

But, what?

MERCI

Well, this bitch fucked me over in the end, and I always go back to those days... when we were close.

SEBASTIAN

How did she fuck you over?

MERCI

Like I said. It's not that important.

SEBASTIAN

C'mon!

MERCI
(yelling)
SHE FUCKED MY BOYFRIEND, ALL RIGHT?

Sebastian gasps in a dramatic fashion.

NARRATOR
(softly)
Savage.

MERCI
Yeah, a real piece of work. Moving
on.
(he motions to Sebastian)
Give me that.

Sebastian hands him the large can of alcohol. Merci takes
three long gulps.

SEBASTIAN
You OK?

MERCI
Yeah, I'm fine.

NARRATOR
At this point in our newfound
friendship, neither of us were
being very honest with each other.
And we have our reasons.

Sebastian opens a new can of Four Loko.

SEBASTIAN
Cherry.

Sebastian takes a few gulps.

MERCI
Let me get some?

Sebastian hands him the large can, and sits back on the
statue. Merci starts chugging the drink.

SEBASTIAN
You know, life isn't what I
expected it to be?

Merci comes up for air and wipes his lips with his forearm.

MERCI
Ain't that the truth. So, we're
gonna get all philosophical now?

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, let's talk about this. Think about it. I mean, we grow up and just glide our way through the shitshow we call life. We're faced with all these challenges and obstacles, because we're different. But we don't have a damn clue what the fuck we're doing.

MERCI

Exactly!

SEBASTIAN

We are raised and told to be self-sufficient.

MERCI

Preach, bitch.

SEBASTIAN

But in my opinion, I think with most of us, gay, trans, bi....

MERCI

Yaz.

SEBASTIAN

We come from shitty homes and unloving households. Broken. Lacking in structure and care. It's guidance that's needed for the preparation of adulthood.

MERCI

You come from a bad home, white girl, boy?

NARRATOR

Good save.

MERCI

Ahem! You come from a bad home, white boy?

SEBASTIAN

Well, I wouldn't call it bad. I was raised by a single mom. She didn't get married until I was a teen. But she did what she could to provide for me and my older brother.

MERCI

Brother? The plot thickens. Cute?

SEBASTIAN

Back off. Ew.

They both laugh.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Back to what I was saying, whore.
What the fuck do we do now? We
weren't handed a map telling us how
to live our lives.

MERCI

What do you expect? You're not
supposed to know how to navigate
this rollercoaster, ho. You're
supposed to learn how to ride that
fucking wave and survive it until
you make it.

SEBASTIAN

Well, when you put it like that,
what's more to say. Cheers.

Sebastian finishes off the last Four Loko, and seems to enjoy
that last gulp.

MERCI

SO... where do you see yourself in
10 years?

SEBASTIAN

I don't know, really. I guess I
haven't given it much thought. I'm
the type of person that prefers to
live in the NOW. 10 years is a long
time.

MERCI

Well, I plan on being somewhere in
the fashion industry. Whether it be
modeling, styling... fucking... I'm
just... OBSESSED.

SEBASTIAN

Good for you. Have you been to any
auditions?

MERCI

I just got back in town, so I'm
taking time off. Besides, I'm still
building my portfolio.

SEBASTIAN

I'll go with you

MERCI
(surprised)
Really?!?!

SEBASTIAN
I mean, only if you want the
company.

MERCI
(in a squeaky, excited
voice)
Of course! That would be hot. You
should audition with me. It would
be so much fun.

SEBASTIAN
I don't know. Am I really model
material?

MERCI
Hell fucking yeah. They would
totally eat you up. I see it.

SEBASTIAN
You too! I mean, I'm surprised
you're not signed yet. Your
features are... striking.

NARRATOR
I mean, hello Grace Jones.

MERCI
(ditzy voice)
Thanks, betch!

SEBASTIAN
(sarcastically)
You're welcome, fuckslut.

Merci checks the time on his watch.

MERCI
Shit, it's getting late. I should
be on my way. I was supposed to
meet my sugar daddy 20 minutes ago.

SEBASTIAN
Yeah, me too. I mean, I don't have
a sugar daddy... And I'm definitely
not judging....

NARRATOR
It's time to change the subject.

SEBASTIAN
Why didn't you say something?

MERCI
I was having too much fun, silly.
Where are you headed, anyway?

SEBASTIAN
Midtown.

MERCI
You can take the 1 train over
there. Downtown.

Merci points in the opposite direction.

SEBASTIAN
Awe. I don't want this night to
end.

MERCI
We always have tomorrow?

SEBASTIAN
I know.

MERCI
Let's meet at Sephora in the
afternoon. It's on 36th street,
near Herald's Square.

SEBASTIAN
Cool, OK.

Merci walks off.

MERCI
Bye, now.

Sebastian is collecting his things, and shoves them into his book bag. Miscellaneous items. Empty cans and trash. He hears arguing off in the distance, inaudible.

NARRATOR
It's like every time I'm alone in
this city so far...

Sebastian takes notice. It stops, and we hear whispering. It seems to be coming from the other side of the statue.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
...trouble again, just lurking
around the corner.

Sebastian throws his book bag over his shoulder, and rushes into the opposite direction. He slams into the chest of a tall, stocky thug. He turns to run the other way, and a shorter guy comes from around the bend.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Well, when life gives you lemons...

SEBASTIAN

Look, I don't want any problems.

The short guy smashes a bottle over Sebastian's head, knocking him to the ground.

NARRATOR

...you suck it!

They both proceed to stomp on him. The little guy grabs his book bag off the ground, and starts rummaging through it.

THUG #2

(speaking Spanish)

¿Qué tenemos aquí?

(what do we have here?)

Suddenly, Merci comes into the frame and punches the short guy in the face, knocking him over. Merci grabs a large, wooden construction board.

NARRATOR

Merci... who knew you would have known?

The tall thug grabs Merci by the arm, and he smacks him upside the head with the wooden board, knocking him out of view. The smaller thug scrambles to his feet, and swings at Merci, but misses. Merci punches him in the back of the head, and kicks him in the back, pushing him forward with a hard force.

MERCI

Go to sleep.

Sebastian comes to on the ground, and grabs his book bag. He hits the tall guy in the face with it, and slams his head into the statue.

SEBASTIAN

Fuck you!

The two thugs run off.

THUG #1
Maricones
(Faggots!)

Sebastian turns to Merci, surprised.

MERCI
You gotta know how to fight, if
you're gonna live in New York City.

SEBASTIAN
You came back?

MERCI
Look, I'm part Dominican... I
understand Spanish. I heard them
arguing about robbing someone, so I
investigated. Just like any
normally nosy person would.

SEBASTIAN
Good thing you did, thank you.

MERCI
I'll walk you to the train. C'mon.

Merci puts his arm over Sebastian's shoulder, and acts as if
his legs aren't working. Putting all of his weight onto
Sebastian and almost knocking him over.

SEBASTIAN
Ow! Get off of me, you fat bitch.

They both burst out laughing as they stumble off, in pain.

NARRATOR
And that is the beginnings of my
first real friendships in this
city.

INT. MARSHA'S PLACE/MANHATTAN-NIGHT
(Sebastian, Kittie,
Narrator, Merci, Yasmina)

Sebastian enters the Marsha's Place LGBT Homeless Shelter.

NARRATOR
Marsha's Place.

He approaches the lady sitting at her desk.

SEBASTIAN
Are you Kittie?

KITTIE
Yes, can I help you?

SEBASTIAN
I was told to come to you for
intake?

KITTIE
Give me one sec.

Kittie turns and rummages through the filing cabinet pulling out a fresh folder. She starts filling out paperwork as she asks her the following questions.

NARRATOR
This is Kittie. Crazy old cat lady,
heart of gold and full of
compassion for the community.

KITTIE
Name?

SEBASTIAN
Sebastian Evans.

NARRATOR
Who just so happens to know ALL of
her lines...

KITTIE
Date of birth?

SEBASTIAN
6-14-94

NARRATOR
...right.

KITTIE
Are you looking for shelter
tonight?

SEBASTIAN
Yes.

NARRATOR
She's kinda like a drill sergeant.
The tranny avenger.

KITTIE
Sexual orientation?

SEBASTIAN
Uh...

NARRATOR

...uuuuuhhhh.

KITTIE

How would you like to be addressed?
Or to be referred as... ahem... in
here?

SEBASTIAN

What do you mean?

KITTIE

Are you trans? Non conforming? Ace?
Pan? Binary?

SEBASTIAN

Huh?

KITTIE

He? She? They? Them?

NARRATOR

Right to the point.

SEBASTIAN

I guess, she?

NARRATOR

Cuz, let's just be honest for a
change.

KITTIE

SO, you're transgender?

SEBASTIAN

Yes.

NARRATOR

It hurts to finally say it out
loud. It's something I've
suppressed since I turned thirteen
and had to pretend to like girls.
When all I wanted was to BE a girl.
All I really wanted was to be in
the right body, really. Why did
everyone else get to grow in the
right body?

KITTIE

How do you think we can help you
here?

NARRATOR

I don't think you can.

SEBASTIAN

I don't know, I was referred here by the LGBT Center earlier today. I'm just looking to not be forced to sleep on a train tonight.

KITTIE

OK. That's good enough reason for me.

Kittie points behind herself.

KITTIE (CONT'D)

There are blankets and pillows behind me in the cabinets, and the kitchen is behind you to YOUR left.

SEBASTIAN

Just like that?

KITTIE

Yeah, kid. Just like that.

SEBASTIAN

Thank you.

KITTIE

Cots are near the entrance. Wake up is 6:45, and you MUST be out the doors by 8am. There are chores that are assigned each morning.

SEBASTIAN

OK, got it.

NARRATOR

No, you don't.

KITTIE

Drop in is from 8-10 every night. Doors are closed and locked by midnight.

SEBASTIAN

Curfew?

Kittie gives Sebastian a perplexed look.

KITTIE

Will that be a problem?

SEBASTIAN

Nope. Not at all.

KITTIE

You're lucky, actually. Cuz you just made curfew. I was just about to lock up. Now, go on. Help yourself.

SEBASTIAN

Cool.

Sebastian gets up.

Thanks again.

Sebastian walks over and grabs some pillows and blankets. He happens to look over and sees Merci behind the gate, arguing with Kittie at the entrance. He walks over there, to be nosy.

MERCI

C'mon! Kittie! I swear, it's not my fault this time.

KITTIE

You know the rules, curfew is midnight. I'm not going over this again with you.

MERCI

But-

KITTIE

(raising her voice)

ENOUGH!

Sebastian steps in.

SEBASTIAN

Kittie?

KITTIE

What's up?

SEBASTIAN

It's actually my fault Merci was late.

KITTIE

Oh, really?

SEBASTIAN

You see, he was embarrassed to tell me his living situation all day, and he helped me get here. Putting into jeopardy his own spot.

Kittie gives Merci a look.

KITTIE
Is this true?

Yasmina steps into frame.

YASMINA
It's true, Miss Kittie. They were
chillin' all day. I was there when
they met.

Kittie looks over at Merci, and he shakes his head 'yes'.
Kittie pulls the latch off the gate, letting it swing open.

KITTIE
Alright, this is your last chance,
Merci. Behave yourself tonight.

Merci laughs.

KITTIE (CONT'D)
Hey! I fucking mean it, alright?

MERCI
OK, Kittie. Now off you go.

Merci helps Kittie into the right direction, and then flips
her off behind her back.

NARRATOR
The shade.

He turns to Sebastian, who hasn't taken his eyes off him.
Sebastian looks standoffish.

YASMINA
I'll let you two talk.

Yasmina walks off. Merci turns to Sebastian.

MERCI
Funny to find you here?

Sebastian pinches Merci in the nipple.

MERCI (CONT'D)
Ow! You bitch!

SEBASTIAN
No more lying. I want the truth.
From this point on, or I'll never
talk to you again.

MERCI

Alright, alright. Calm down Nancy Drew. I'll tell you everything.

SEBASTIAN

Waiting.

MERCI

Ugh. Fine.

NARRATOR

Here it comes. Drum roll, please.

Drum roll.

MERCI

I'm from New Jersey.

SEBASTIAN

Oh?

MERCI

Yeah... New Jersey. Ew.

SEBASTIAN

I'm sorry.

MERCI

I know! Me too. I don't really get along with my mother, so there's that. And I am pretty sure I'd wind up 19 and pregnant if I would've stayed, so...

Sebastian looks confused.

MERCI (CONT'D)

Kidding. I just couldn't be home anymore. Under HER rules.

SEBASTIAN

I get it. You don't have to lie to me, though.

NARRATOR

Yeah, Sebastian. No more lying.

MERCI

It's just that... which I'm sure you'll learn... it's just... I don't know who to be real with anymore. I was out here before, and I was burned real bad.

A flashback flashes over Merci's face. He's dressed in drag being attacked by an unseen man in the park.

MERCI (CONT'D)

I don't wanna go through that again.

SEBASTIAN

Well, I'm not her.

MERCI

Huh?

SEBASTIAN

The friend that fucked you over.

MERCI

Oh.

SEBASTIAN

No more lying.

MERCI

No more lying, promise.

Merci puts up his pinky finger, and Sebastian connects his pinky.

SEBASTIAN

Thanks.

MERCI

C'mon, let me show you around.

Merci takes Sebastian's pillows, and helps him set up his cot.

SEBASTIAN

So, the sugar daddy-

Merci cuts him off.

MERCI

Total fucking lie.

They both laugh.

SEBASTIAN

Oooh... you dirty bitch.

MERCI

Thaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaannnnnnxxxxxxx.

They laugh like school girls.

MERCI (CONT'D)

So... have you figured out a name yet?

SEBASTIAN

Huh?

MERCI

Gwarl. I saw the clothes you picked out. Look who's lying now?

Sebastian scoffs, and Merci gives him a serious look.

SEBASTIAN

Ugh, fine! I... think... I'm trans?

NARRATOR

Finally, a moment of truth.

MERCI

And quite honestly, there's nothing wrong with that. You shouldn't feel ashamed to admit it out loud. It's OK.

Sebastian smiles.

SEBASTIAN

Thanks.

NARRATOR

Moral of the fucking story, don't lie to thy neighbor... you never know, they could wind up being your best friend.

Merci and Sebastian have set up their cots next to each other, and Yasmina moves her cot closer to them to annoyingly edge her way into their conversation. They stay up all night trading stories and joking in an animated way. Their dialogue becomes inaudible, as we hear the narrator's voice.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

I left Sleepy town for a reason, and I don't plan on going back. The memory of him, and everything in between... no thanks. I think I found myself a reset button, and I don't plan on going anywhere.

A flash of the car accident, Sebastian is in the driver's seat. Car is flipped upside down. Police lights flashing. Hard rain coming down.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR.

ACT FIVE:

INT. MARSHA'S PLACE SHELTER/MIDTOWN WEST/MANHATTAN-NIGHT
(Sebastian)

Sebastian is sleeping, and having a dream.

EXT. SOMEWHERE IN UPSTATE NEW YORK-NIGHT/HEAVY RAIN
(Sebastian, David)

We see Sebastian speeding down a windy road, rain pouring down hard. A State Trooper is chasing him. There's a guy in the passenger seat (David). They seem to be arguing, no audio. Sebastian takes his eyes off the road to stare David down after he says something seemingly hurtful.

DAVID

Look out!

We see the car miss the turn, hit a big boulder and flip over, rolling down a hill.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. MARSHA'S PLACE SHELTER/MIDTOWN WEST/MANHATTAN-NIGHT
(Sebastian, Merci)

Sebastian wakes up from a nightmare, slightly sweating. He looks at the time.

4:35am

Sebastian looks around the shelter. Merci is snoring nearby. Sebastian fluffs his pillows and lays back down.

INT. MARSHA'S PLACE SHELTER/MIDTOWN WEST/MANHATTAN-MORNING
(Sebastian, Merci, Kittie,
Kaira, Yasmina)

6:45am

KITTIE
(yelling)
It's about that time again, people!

Kittie starts banging on pots and pans.

KITTIE (CONT'D)
Everyone has their assigned chores.
If you do not know what your tasks
are this week, please see me at my
desk. We have to be out by eight,
guys.

People are waking up and getting ready.

KITTIE (CONT'D)
So c'mon, guys. Up and at 'em.
Let's go. Let's go. Let's go!!!

Sebastian is waiting in line for the bathroom. Someone comes
out, and Kaira jumps in, cutting Sebastian off.

SEBASTIAN
Hey, bitch!

Merci comes from behind.

MERCI
Leave it alone, girl. She's a mess,
and won't hesitate to cut you.
She's kinda psycho.

SEBASTIAN
Ugh. I don't care. She cut me off.

MERCI
Fine. Don't say that I didn't warn
you. Anyways, bring it back.

Merci motions to look at his face.

MERCI (CONT'D)
I have a job interview this
morning.

SEBASTIAN
Oh? Where? Doing what?

MERCI

Some stupid restaurant thingy, I don't even know the name of it.

SEBASTIAN

Sounds absolutely fascinating.

MERCI

So, I was talking it over with Yasmina over there...

Yasmina waves from across the shelter.

MERCI (CONT'D)

and she wants to chill. So, I was thinking we could all meet up after my interview.

SEBASTIAN

Sure. I'm down.

Kaira comes out of the bathroom.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Next time, you could try asking.

Kaira brushes past them, bumping Merci.

MERCI

Hey, kunt.

Once she's out of sight, Sebastian leans in to Merci and speaks softly.

SEBASTIAN

What a bitch, huh?

MERCI

(sarcastically)

Hm. You thought I was playing?

Sebastian goes into the bathroom, and turns to Merci.

SEBASTIAN

You coming?

MERCI

Cunty.

Merci enters. They giggle as the door closes.

EXT. MIDTOWN WEST/MANHATTAN STREETS-DAY

(Sebastian, Narrator,
Yasmina)

Sebastian and Yasmina leave Marsha's Place Shelter and start walking through midtown Manhattan on the west side.

YASMINA
What's on the agenda for today?

SEBASTIAN
I don't know. But...

YASMINA
But what, sis? Spit it out!

SEBASTIAN
So, I've been thinking about it a lot lately, and I think I wanna do it.

YASMINA
And what might that be, girl?

SEBASTIAN
I think I wanna transition.

YASMINA
DO IT!!!

Yasmina and Sebastian continue to walk.

YASMINA (CONT'D)
(to Sebastian)
Have you picked out a name yet?

SEBASTIAN
Well, no.

YASMINA
Girl. Seriously?

SEBASTIAN
I mean, I've given it some thought, yeah. I was thinking maybe Stephanie? Or Steffy for short?

YASMINA
No, it's too close to your government name. I'll tell you what. We'll head over to Barnes & Noble and find you a name.

SEBASTIAN
What's at Barnes & Noble?

YASMINA
Baby books.

SEBASTIAN
Ok?

YASMINA
And then we'll go over to Sephora.

SEBASTIAN
What's a Sephora?

YASMINA
Girl, you'll never wanna leave.

NARRATOR
Pure heaven.

INT. SEPHORA/MIDTOWN WEST/MANHATTAN-DAY
(Sebastian, Yasmina)

Sebastian is sitting at a makeup table. He's wearing a pink and grey leopard print tank top, with a white sequined blazer and a short white pleated skirt. Yasmina approaches him, hands full of products. She throws everything down on the counter in front of them.

YASMINA
Now let's work some fucking magic.

Yasmina proceeds to grab product, and apply it to Sebastian's face. Starting with concealer, then foundation and then the contour. Sebastian watches her through the mirror. Yasmina disappears again and returns with more makeup, eye shadow palettes and brushes. She gives him a smoky eye, thick lashes and a dramatic cat eye. Followed by a nude lip gloss. Yasmina spins him around so he can see the final result.

YASMINA (CONT'D)
All done! Bella!

SEBASTIAN
Wow. A little extreme, but... YASS,
bitch. You ate that.

On their way out of the store, Sebastian grabs a bottle of pink hair mousse. He pours some out into his hand, and streaks it through his bangs, leaving a bright pink streak.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
There. That's better.

They exit the store.

EXT. PENN STATION PLAZA/MIDTOWN WEST/MANHATTAN-AFTERNOON
(Sebastian/Chloe, Merci,
Yasmina, Narrator)

Merci is sitting on the steps across from Penn Station, near Madison Square Garden. Waiting patiently. Yasmina and Sebastian (dressed as Chloe), turn the corner doing a catwalk. Merci notices them, looking confused at first, until he realizes that it's Sebastian in girl clothes.

MERCI
(to himself)
She didn't.

Merci stands to his feet as they approach closer.

NARRATOR
As I walked down that sidewalk, I could barely feel my legs. I was just... numb. All eyes on me, and all I could think about, is crawling under a rock to die.

Merci runs up to them, screaming in excitement.

MERCI
You fucking bitch!!!

SEBASTIAN/CHLOE
Shush up, would you?

Merci starts clapping and chanting.

MERCI
Go off, miss honey! You better fucking werkk!

YASMINA
Merci? Meet Chloe Evans.

MERCI
Fabulous. Let's get a drink to celebrate.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FIVE.

END OF PART ONE.