Dissertation – 'Out of Body' & 'Narrative of the Transgender Body'
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Submitted August 2025

Out of Body

By

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EXT. PENRYN RUGBY CLUB CARPARK. MORNING, OVERCAST, LIGHT RAIN. 20/12/15, SUNDAY

A black 5-door car parks in a busy carpark. There are a lot of boys, ranging from 7-15, along with their parents, filling the rugby club grounds. Some are in red and black, some are in white and black. Out of the black car, a TALL BOY in red and black leaps out of the car and jogs along the concrete towards the side entrance to the First Team Pitch. His parents, two men, step out after him. One of them is taller, chubbier, and has a cane, the other is smaller and slightly slimmer.

EXT. PENRYN RUGBY CLUB, FIRST TEAM PITCH. MORNING, OVERCAST, HEAVIER RAIN.

The tall boy is practicing with his team. He seems to be very well liked among his teammates.

INT. PENRYN RUGBY CLUB, CLUBHOUSE TOP FLOOR. MORNING, OVERCAST, THUNDER.

The tall boy's parents are looking out over the First Team Pitch from the windows, each sipping a can of Coca Cola. There is a Christmas tree in one of the corners near the jukebox. As they are looking out over the pitch, a muffled whistle is blown, and they both stand, cover their heads and leave the clubhouse.

EXT. PENRYN RUGBY CLUB, FIRST TEAM PITCH. LATE-MORNING, THUNDERSTORM.

Its a battleground as Penryn Under 15s face off against Falmouth. A Saracen head flag flies wildly in the wind above the First Team Pitch. The score is 12-10 to Penryn.

In the grandstands, the Penryn and Falmouth supporters stand separate. Each group is formed of parents, siblings and friends. They're huddled together and cheering on their teams. Both groups witness Falmouth's right-side winger, a red-haired boy, sprint down the length of the pitch from Falmouth's 22-metre line, and score a try.

FALMOUTH FATHER
THAT'S MY BLEDDY BOY! LET'S HAVE IT!

FALMOUTH MOTHER
Someone's had his Weetabix today!

FALMOUTH FRIEND
Only a ranga could be on fire in the rain!

The red-haired boy, FALMOUTH's CAPTAIN, pumps his fist and yells. His team embraces him, pull and push him, ruffle his hair. They aren't phased by the failed conversion that makes the score 12-15 to Falmouth. Both teams line up for the final kick-off, and the REFEREE checks with the captains if both teams are ready. Falmouth's Captain, and Tall Boy (Penryn's fly-half), both give a thumbs up.

FALMOUTH CAPTAIN
(shouting)
Ref, how much left on time?

The referee checks his watch: 12:48.

REFEREE
(shouting)
Two minutes.

He blows his whistle; the Tall Boy wellies the ball, sending it towards Falmouth's 10 metre line. Falmouth's captain catches it; he sidesteps and fakes-out the Penryn players and finds himself on the right-side wing, already at the halfway line, but a tackle from the Tall Boy sends the Falmouth Captain firmly into the touch line, sparking an eruption of cheers from the Penryn supporters. The Fly-Half picks himself up and offers his hand to the Falmouth Captain.

TALL BOY
Not a half-bad go there, mate.

FALMOUTH CAPTAIN
Better tackle though. Cheers for running the clock down though, Jake.

The Falmouth Captain takes JAKE's [14] hand.

JAKE
Ha! Good one.

It's Penryn's line-out. Their Hooker throws the ball overhead to the end of the line-out. It is then knocked back towards Penryn's backline, and lands at Jake's feat. He grips it tightly, and sprints. Glimpsing the wall of white and black, he does a small chip kick with the ball over the heads of the Falmouth players, giving it just enough air to run underneath it and catch it again. Jake's parents scream in jubilation.

HARRY
THAT'S IT JAKE!

JAMES
GO ON BABES!

The other Penryn supporters join them, cheering Jake on passionately. With only Falmouth's fall-back to contend him, Jake makes for the left corner, outpaces him, and slams the ball down.

Jake pumps his fist, jumps in the air and roars; his teammates run up to him doing the same. LOUIE [14], reaches him first and wraps himself around Jake, and kisses his forehead.

LOUIE
THAT'S OUR FUCKING BOY!

The Falmouth captain, with the rest his team, can't hide his annoyance. The final score as the referee blows his final whistle is 17-15 to Penryn, and as the Falmouth players form a tunnel for Penryn to walk under, Jake looks proud. His dads look down on him from the stands, beaming.

Opening credits roll, and the title, Out of Body, opens the scene in Emily's bedroom.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, EMILY'S BEDROOM. MORNING, SUNNY. 04/11/16, FRIDAY

EMILY's [15] clock on her bedside table shows it's 7:00am, and the date as 04.11.16. Her room is adorned with posters of Sailor Moon and Undertale, coupled alongside pictures of her when she was younger whilst on holiday, as well as a trophy of a rugby ball inscribed "Most Valued Player 2014-2015". It is very messy; a 'floor-drobe' has been created from skirts, tights, t-shirts, crop tops, dresses, trousers, shirts, underwear, bras, socks, and jackets. There's almost no visible floor. Her drawers are pulled open and they're almost deprived of clothes; the bottom drawer remains shut. On her desk rests an old laptop, a small 16" TV and a PS4. A box of tissues rests next to her bed.

Emily tosses in her sleep. Her phone falls to the floor landing on her school uniform: a white polo shirt with a blue Penryn College emblem emblazoned onto it.

JAMES
(O.S. MUFFLED, LOUDLY)
Emily!

Emily stays asleep.

JAMES
(O.S. MUFFLED, LOUDLY)
EMILY!

She mumbles in her sleep.

JAMES
(O.S. SHOUTING)
EMILY PATRICIA VANCE!

Emily wakes up. She checks her clock.

EMILY
Dad! It's 7 in the morning What is it!?

JAMES [47] opens the door to her room. He's tall, with tawny-brown skin, short bleached hair with black roots and dark-red nails. He's quite slender and slim. He's dressed in a plain white shirt and blue trousers.

JAMES
No, it's 8! I told you last night your clock is wrong! You need to go to school!

EMILY
Oh for fuck's sake-

JAMES
Language young lady!

EMILY
Meh!

JAMES
Meh to you too! Get up, have breakfast, and get dressed. Your dad has done your lunch already.

EMILY
Can you drop me up so I'm not late?

JAMES
No, I can't Em, I have work in an hour! Stop being so bleddy lazy and get up!

EMILY
Fine...

Emily reluctantly gets up. It is important that, until Emily gets to the bathroom, her face is never shown.

She shares her skin-tone and height with James. She is broad shouldered, and has muscular legs. Her hair is shoulder-length, slightly curly, and is dyed dark-red. Her nails are bitten, with chipped green nail polish. Her arms are heavily scarred, with a many straight lines running both horizontally and vertically along her arms. She dresses, retrieving her phone as she does. She unlocks it and sees a Snapchat notification from 'Ames <3'. She puts her phone in her pocket and makes for the bathroom.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, UPSTAIRS LANDING.

HARRY
Morning, Em.

HARRY [45], shares his daughter's curly hair, but his is noticeably shorter. His skin is pale. He's taller than his husband, but not by much. He's chubby and has thick facial hair, dressed in a pink dressing gown and slippers. He is leaning on a walking stick adorned with anime stickers.

EMILY
Hi, Popsy.

HARRY
Sleep well?

EMILY
Mhmmmm...

Emily slumps into the bathroom.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, BATHROOM.

She shuts the door and locks it. The bathroom is small, with a seated shower which has some spots of mould. There is a small window near the shower. The bin in one of the corners is littered with make-up wipes. She splashes water on her face and, looking into the mirror, we see now that Emily, is Jake. She meticulously examines her face, slowly dragging her fingers over her jawline, chin, and lips. As she checks her neck, it prickles to her touch.

EMILY
Oh, fuck off you bitc-

HARRY
(outside the bathroom door, loudly)

Emily! Your dad has already mentioned to you about swearing not 2 minutes ago! Pack it in!

EMILY
Sorry it's just my stupid face.

A beat.

EMILY
Also: why were you standing outside!?

HARRY
Was just seeing if you need any help with anything-

EMILY
No Pops I'm fine-

HARRY
Have you-

EMILY
No I haven't cut myself!

HARRY
... good.

As Harry and Emily chat through the door, Emily picks up a can of shaving gel, and squirts some onto her finger. She spreads it across her face and begins shaving, mostly going against the grain.

EMILY
Can I sort myself out please?

HARRY
What do you want for breakfast?

EMILY
Uh... toast? I'll be late if I don't eat and walk.

HARRY
Marmite?

She cuts her neck on the blade.

EMILY
Owwwwww, you fuuuuunctional little brat! Sure- yeah- Marmite- great.

Emily damps some toilet paper and presses it against her neck; the cut is small and shallow, but won't stop bleeding. Tired of waiting, Emily begins to do her make-up. Taking a pallet of foundation and blender, she vigorously dabs it over her face, concentrating hard on her lips and chin. Observing herself, she decides that her shadow is hidden. Next, her eyes: mascara first, done quickly; taking out a black pen, she goes to do her eyeliner. Pulling down her lashes of her left eye, she realises that she's just ruined her mascara as she smudges it against her fingers and eyes.

EMILY

Oh come on...

Very slowly and clumsily she manages to do her eyeliner. She's not happy with it. Looking around, she finds an empty pack of make-up wipes, sighing.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LANDING.

Rushing downstairs with her backpack stuffed full, she goes to put on her shoes, and realizes she's without socks.

EMILY
I'm gonna fucking kill myself I forgot my socks-

JAMES
(storming around the corner)
Emily!

EMILY
I'm joking!

JAMES
I don't care!

EMILY
... sorry Dad.

JAMES
And stop with the effing and jeffing! You're fifteen, for God's sake! Now eat; I'll find your bleddy socks.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM.

The living room is cramped, with an an old grey 2-seater sofa and a rough, red, faux-leather armchair stuck at the end. A coffee table sits in the centre, with several ring stains. A TV lines the opposite wall to the sofa, a TV cabinet beneath it housing a PS3 with various games.

Harry is sat on the sofa, a large Sports Direct mug on the table with steaming black coffee inside it. He's playing Grand Theft Auto 5. There is a plate of 4 half-slices of Marmite toast on the table.

HARRY
Come eat, then head to school babes. You'll be late, else.

Emily sits next to her dad, and starts absent-mindedly eating her toast. James enters the living room and chucks a pair of socks at Emily.

JAMES
Come on hurry up love. Socks on. Have you got everything?

EMILY
Yep.

JAMES
Really?

EMILY
Yes!

JAMES
What's this then?

He holds up a lunchbox.

EMILY
I was going to pick it up when I left, obviously...

James rolls his eyes, puts it on the coffee table and hands Emily her shoes. She puts them on, and snatches the toast.

EMILY
Okay, I'm going.

James gives her a hug. Harry pauses the game, gets up and opens the door for her.

JAMES
Have a good day, call us if you need anything, okay babes?

EXT. VANCE HOUSE, FRONT DOOR. MORNING, SUNNY.

EMILY
Yes Dad...

HARRY
We're going to the cricket ground in Falmouth tomorrow for fireworks night love, alright?

EMILY
Ughhhhhh...

HARRY
Don't you love having a teenage girl?

JAMES
It's what I always dreamed of!

EMILY
I'm actually going now. Love you Dad, love you Popsy.

JAMES
(overlapping)
Love you too darling.

HARRY
(overlapping)
Love you Em.

EXT. VANCE HOUSE, FRONT GARDEN. MORNING, SUNNY, WINDY.

Jogging away from her scruffy front garden, she stuffs 3 of the 4 slices of toast in her mouth and starts chewing them. She coughs shortly after.

Taking out her phone, Emily sees the time is now 8:20. Her eyes widen, and she breaks into a run down from her house straight towards Glasney Field.

EXT. BROOK PLACE. MORNING, SUNNY, WINDY.

Emily lives in one of Penryn's council estates; Brook Place in the borough of Glasney. On one end lies Glasney field (a plain field with an old BMX course and grass basketball court), and at the other is The Famous Barrel, one of Penryn's oldest pubs. Emily lives closer to Glasney Field.

EXT. GLASNEY FIELD. MORNING, SUNNY, WINDY.

She dodges over the spots of sodden ground. With only a few specks of mud near her ankles, she carries on up the hill to reach Saracen, the neighbouring estate.

EXT. SARACEN WAY, TOP OF. MORNING, SUNNY, WINDY.

Reaching flat ground once again, someone is waving to her.

AMY
C'mon Em, I'm gonna be late cos of you!

AMY [16], a short girl with dyed black hair and brown roots, laughs loudly as Emily trudges up towards her. Her cheeks are flushed. She eagerly takes Emily's hand as they reach each other. Amy seems very excited, but also anxious.

EXT. HELSTON ROAD. MORNING, SUNNY, WINDY.

EMILY
Shut up Ames, I'm so tired.

EXT. BLUE BRIDGE, STATION ROAD ENTRANCE. MORNING, SUNNY, WINDY.

AMY
(hugging her from the side)
Yeah I can see that.

Emily reciprocates.

EXT. BLUE BRIDGE. MORNING, SUNNY, WINDY.

AMY
So, what's the cause of your insomnia this time?

EMILY
Dad and I were playing games.

AMY
Minecraft?

EMILY
Nah CoD Zombies.

AMY
What round, what map?

EXT. BLUE BRIDGE, KERNICK ROAD ENTRANCE. MORNING, SUNNY, WINDY.

EMILY
30, Nuketown.

AMY
(mock teasing)
Not bad. For a girl.

EXT. KERNICK ROAD, BOTTOM OF. MORNING, SUNNY, WINDY.

Emily smacks Amy's arm.

AMY
Ow! You're still strong ya know Em!

Emily hugs her tightly.

EMILY
(toast still in hand near Amy's nose)
I'm sorryyyyyyy.

AMY
Ew, get that shit away from me!

Emily releases her and giggles.

AMY
How'd you get on with our biology homework?

Emily looks at Amy, her eyes widening in terror.

AMY
Yes dipshit, there WAS biology homework!

EMILY
I'm fucked aren't I?

AMY
Depends if you can do an entire mock paper in-

Amy checks her phone.

AMY
20 minutes?

EMILY
Yeah I'm fucked.

EXT. PENRYN COLLEGE, BACK GATE. MORNING, SUNNY, COLD.

Penryn College is closer to a small college campus than a secondary school. Comprised of 2 main buildings - referred to as Old Block and New Block for their respective ages - an astro-turf for rugby and football practice, a faux grass pitch for hockey and cricket, a tented-indoor-sports-area (TISA), and a fully fledged sports field for track, field, and contact sports.

EXT. PENRYN COLLEGE, OLD BLOCK ENTRANCE. MORNING, SUNNY, WINDY.

As the girls round the corner to the back-entrance to the school, past the faux-grass pitch, three students are leaning against the primary entrance to the Old Block that intersects between the Design & Technology classrooms and the join to the New Block. LIV [15] a short girl with curly ginger hair, LOUIE [16] a tallish boy with buzzed hair, and BRYONY

[15] a tallish girl with straight brown hair. Liv is wearing trousers and a polo-shirt with her jumper tied at her waist - she is not wearing any makeup and her hair is tied into a strict looking bun. Bryony is wearing a full face of makeup and she appears to be chewing something. Louie looks like he's just rolled out of bed.

EMILY
Oh shit, oh shit-

Liv looks up from her phone, giving way to a confident smirk.

LIV
Lou, Bry! It's Jake!

Louie and Bryony look up as Liv begins to walk over to Emily. Louie swaggers behind her, his nonplussed features contorting into something between a grin and a grimace; it is unsettling. Bryony stays further back, reserved, as she tries to convey a sense of apathy.

LIV
Did a cow do your makeup today Jake? It looks worse than usual.

LOUIE
Bet one his bumder dads did it for him!

BRYONY
(chewing)
Can you give it a rest for one day, I can't be assed.

LOUIE
Aw, whats wrong Bry? Still want a go on him?

Louie laughs heartily. Emily makes to confront Louie, but Liv, despite being substantially shorter than Emily, pulls her hair and yanks her down to her level; Emily does not show any sign of discomfort.

LIV
(*gesturing*)
Hmm... no Lou. His Dads are actually good at makeup. Whatever *that* is, it's his own work!

Liv releases Emily. She stands up, and over, Liv.

AMY
Em! Leave it!

Amy tugs Emily away; she follows reluctantly, as Liv and Louie laugh heartily.

EMILY
I can't fucking-

AMY
I know, I know, they're all pricks.

Amy pulls Emily away from the rest, enduring Liv's laughter and Louie's intermittent yells of "gayboy" and "tranny".

EXT. PENRYN COLLEGE, ENGLISH-SCIENCE-LANGUAGES COURTYARD. MORNING, SUNNY, WINDY.

The two walk down the outside steps that lead to the New Block, and enter the English-Science stairwell.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, ENGLISH-SCIENCE STAIRWELL. MORNING, SUNNY.

They both sit under the stairs. Amy pulls out her phone, and starts calling someone.

AMY
You okay?

EMILY
Yeah, just fucking great, fantastic actually.

AMY
Don't take it out on me- hi yeah we're at the bottom of the staircase that goes between English and Science.

Amy hangs up. Emily hits the floor with her hands in frustration. Amy grips Emily's hands and pushes them to her lap.

AMY
Breathe.

She does. Emily slowly calms down. Amy checks her phone: it's 8:45. The doors leading to the English corridor open, and CASEY kneels down next to Emily. She is taller than Amy, but shorter than Emily. She has curly hair, and is notably very muscular. She seems very calm.

CASEY
Em babes you're alright.

Emily groans.

CASEY
We've got you, up you get.

Amy stands back, as Casey helps Emily up by lifting her taking her hands.

AMY
C'mon we've gotta go, we'll be late.

EMILY
I'm sorry guys...

AMY
(smiling)
Shut up and stop making me late.

CASEY
Might see you later, might not, feel like shit currently.

AMY
You alright?

CASEY
IBS babe, you don't wanna know.

Emily giggles, and takes Amy's hand. Casey waves bye as she rockets ahead of them up the stairs. Emily and Amy walk up the stairwell to the Science corridor.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, NEW BLOCK 1ST FLOOR: SCIENCE CORRIDOR.

Then into their classroom.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, ROOM 'S7'. MORNING, SUNNY.

A class of about seventeen, including Louie. The Science classrooms of Penryn College have four semi-circular tables with gas taps at the end, as well as some regular desks; the windows are lined with workspaces also with gas taps and sinks. Louie is sat on a desk near the window at the front of the room, looking smug. Their teacher, MR BARD, looks at Emily and Amy as they enter from the desk at the front of the room.

MR BARD
Ah good morning ladies, just in time for me to mark you as late.

AMY
Sorry Sir, Emily was helping me with my makeup.

MR BARD
Well, maybe consider learning on your own time, I'm sure you don't want Emily in trouble.

AMY
No, Sir.

LOUIE
You'll need a proper girl to help considering the state of your face, Amy!

AMY
Aww, thanks for volunteering Louie!

The class laughs.

MR BARD
Alright, alright! Louie, outside; I'll be keeping you in at break as well.

LOUIE
But, Sir-

MR BARD
Out.

Louie glares at Amy and she smiles with satisfaction. He storms out.

MR BARD
Okay, mock papers. Get them out for me please everyone and I'll come round and collect them.

Amy looks at Emily as she raises her hand.

EMILY
Sir, I-

MR BARD
You've got until Tutor period at 2 to bring me a fully finished mock paper Emily. No unanswered questions and the 6 markers better be answered at A* standard got it?.

EMILY
Thanks, Sir.

Amy sighs and gives a small laugh.

EXT. PENRYN COLLEGE, SPORTS FIELD. AFTERNOON, SUNNY, WINDY.

Emily and Amy make their way down to the field down the gravel path that snakes around the back of the Languages corridor; it's lunchtime. There are loads of other kids from Years 7-11, with many of the boys playing football on the astro-turf next to the field.

The girls find an empty spot and park themselves. Emily immediately takes out a pen, her lunchbox and a mock-Biology paper. It is the 2015 AQA B1 paper.

EMILY
(to herself)
"What is a pathogen?" - an organism that causes disease...

AMY
Should write 'Liv' or 'Louie' instead, I'm sure Sir would laugh.

Emily giggles and writes her answer.

EMILY
Take it Casey went home then?

AMY
Yeah she messaged me earlier. Do you want the deats? They're disgusting.

EMILY
Fuck it, go on then.

Amy simply shows her phone to Emily. We don't see the message. Emily gags and wrecthes.

AMY
Yep.

EMILY
Ugh, fuck that.

AMY
Yeeep.

Amy puts her phone away.

EMILY
Did you wanna come fireworks night with me tomorrow at Falmouth? My dads wanna go but I can't be fucked.

AMY
I'll ask Mum, I think she wanted to do something at home.

EMILY
Lucky.

Emily unwraps her sandwich and takes a bite.

EMILY
Fuck yes, Nutella. Cheers Popsy.

AMY
And you called me lucky, you bitch! Gimme some.

Emily rips the sandwich in two, and goes to pass one half to Amy, but Liv, from off-screen, snatches it from her.

LIV
(O.S. mockingly)
Aw, thanks Jake!

Emily and Amy turn around to see Liv, Louie and Bryony standing near them.

AMY
Piss off Liv.

LOUIE
Nah, we're alright here I think!

Liv and Louie sit down next to Emily and Amy. Bryony stands off to the side. Liv picks up Emil's lunch box and roots through it.

LIV
(going through Emily's lunchbox)
Okay let's see what we've got... a cheesestring - Lou that's yours -, some strawberries - what are you, 5? - a Pepperami - oh, of course you carry some sausage around with you-, hey Bry, you want it? I mean, you've eaten his sausage before yeah?

Liv chucks the Pepperami to Bryony whilst Louie laughs. Bryony catches it but looks unfazed.

BRYONY
Yeah alright.

She pulls the skin of the Pepperami down, and takes a bite of it.

LOUIE
Oh, I bet you loved it when she did that on you right, Jakey? Not with as much tooth though right, Bry?

Emily glares at him, Bryony chucks the Pepperami at Louie.

BRYONY
Oh fuck off Lou that's not funny.

LIV
Lou, come on, let's be fair. Bryony had nothing to suck on so right now is probably her first time!

Louie laughs heartily. Emily launches to her feet in Liv's direction, but Louie is there first. Liv stands up, as does Amy, whilst Bryony looks uncomfortable.

LOUIE
Go on then. You fucking tranny. I fuckin' dare you.

EMILY
Leave Bryony alone!

Liv pulls Louie back, hard, and takes his place. She pulls Emily's hair downwards again, but this time Emily stays upright.

LIV
She can take a joke. Unlike a certain perv I know that gets hard over dresses and makeup.

EMILY
I'll fucking-

LIV
You'll what, Jake?

Emily's expression unsettles Liv. A hand gently grabs Emily's shoulder.

AMY
Em. Let's go.

Amy takes her hand, and Emily backs down. Likewise Liv also lets her hair go. Standing back from Liv, Emily bends over to pick up her bag, but Liv kicks it and it's flung away. Liv giggles; they're attracting a crowd. Emily lets go of Amy's hand, walks over, retrieves her bag and makes to leave. As the two mean to walk past Liv however, Liv smacks the sandwich into Amy's face.

LIV
Oh my god Jake, I didn't know you did Amy's makeup for her today as well!

Emily leaps at Liv, tugging at her hair, hitting her arms, and kicking her in the shins. Louie attempts to try and grab Emily away.

LOUIE
DON'T FUCKING TOUCH HER!

Amy slathers some of the Nutella that had plastered her face over Louie's hair, prompting him to square up to Amy.

LOUIE

YOU WANNA GO, YOU FUCKING DYKE! PROTECTING YOUR FAG BOYFRIEND, ARE YOU?

AMY

YEAH I'LL FUCKING GO LOUIE! FUCKING BIG-MAN, YOU ARE, SQUARING UP TO A GIRL! FUCKING PUSSY!

Amy and Louie act like peacocks: very showy, and neither willing to go beyond a few shoves and pushes. The on-looking students are getting hyped, prompting more students to watch.

Whilst Emily is grappling Liv, she accidentally punches her lip, splitting it. Liv spits blood at Emily. As Emily recoils, Liv pins her to the ground and starts wailing on her as Emily tries to cover her face. This continues for a while, as she makes no attempt to fight back; her arms go limp, and Liv's pummeling stops.

Eventually, some teachers arrive and separate them all, marching everyone off the field and into the Senior Leadership Team room.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, SLT ROOM. AFTERNOON, SUNNY.

The SLT room is large, but confined; in its centre sits an appropriately sized meeting table, and its two out-facing walls are lined with matted privacy windows. Emily and Amy sit on one side and Liv, Louie and Bryony sit on the other. Emily's face is swollen around the eyes, and her arms are bruised all over. Liv's bottom lip is swollen and bleeding badly with a cold compress against it, as well as her hair being all frazzled and dirty. Amy has dried Nutella smeared across her face. Louie is trying to get the Nutella out of his hair. Bryony stares at the table looking frustrated.

The door of the isolation room flies open. MRS TRACK, the Headteacher, enters first, with both Mr Bard and MR GUARD, an art teacher, behind.

MRS TRACK

I've brought both of your Tutors here because, they, like me, are absolutely appalled at what you've done. I didn't realise that this was actually Infant school and that we had 6 year olds in Year 11!

MR BARD

In what world, do ANY of you, think this is acceptable behaviour?

MR GUARD

It is downright impressive that you all thought that slapping chocolate spread on each other and having an MMA match on the field was okay!

MRS TRACK

Now speak for all of us when I say, that we would love to hear what happened.

LIV

Miss, I'm sorry, but we all know that Jake will make up something like "oh but I'm a girl now, so, I'm the victim because I can't handle the truth!"-

EMILY

You want the truth Liv? It's: you're a bitch, and you deserved it!

MR BARD
(overlapping)
Emily!

LIV
(overlapping)
Oh fucking get over yourself Jake.

MR GUARD
(overlapping)
Language, Liv!

AMY
(overlapping)
Bit rich coming from your arse of a mouth, Liv!

MR BARD
(overlapping)
Amy, what did Mr Guard just say!?

LOUIE
(overlapping)
Shut your fucking mouth Amy-

MRS TRACK
Silence!

It comes on demand.

MRS TRACK
Finished? Good. Now Jak- Emily, tell me what happened-

Louie stifles a laugh.

MRS TRACK
and if anyone else says anything, they'll be worse off, understood?

Silence.

EMILY
Me and Amy were on the field, having lunch. I had some biology homework to finish for Sir. Then, Liv and Louie and Bryony came over, stole my food, made fun of Bryony for dating me before I transitioned-

LOUIE
Oh here we go! Always gotta make it about being a tranny-

MR GUARD
LOUIE OUT!

Louie stands aggressively, pushing his chair back, and storms out, giving Emily the finger.

LOUIE
(O.S.)

Fucking snowflakes get so triggered over everything. Facts don't care about your feelings, Jake!

MR GUARD
Miss, I'll take Louie to one of the private room downstairs.

MRS TRACK
Thank you, Sir.

Mr Guard walks out after Louie. Their silhouettes can be seen as they walk away.

EMILY
Liv and Louie were picking on Bryony, then I got mad. Amy said we should leave, then Liv kicked my bag, I got it, then Liv smacked my sandwich she nicked on Amy's face and then I lost it.

MRS TRACK
So you thought it was appropriate to crack her lip open?

EMILY
My Dads have said that if anyone says anything to me I have a right to defend myself if they won't leave me alone.

Liv looks like she is ready to start another brawl. Mrs Track's face is unreadable.

MRS TRACK
I'll be speaking to your parents to confirm whether they think this as acceptable.

Emily raises her eyebrows in acknowledgment.

MRS TRACK
Amy?

AMY
Em and I were just eating and doing her Science homework when those lot came over to us.

LIV
You were rude to Louie today earlier, we just wanted to get it settled! Sounds like Jake's parents need to get him check for ADHD rather than letting him beat up on girls!

AMY
I was only rude cos Louie was being a prick to Emily. Again. Like you guys do every day! Also, seeing as you're the one who started it, Liv, you shouldn't be surprised Em fought back!

MR BARD
Silence, both of you, or I'll be excluding you for a week! Amy is telling the truth though, Mrs Track; I had to send Louie out this morning for comments he was making regarding Emily.

MRS TRACK
Thank you, Mr Bard. Bryony, what exactly were Olivia and Louie saying about you and Emily?

BRYONY
They were just joking-

MRS TRACK
Well, those 'jokes' have resulted in two students looking like they've just stepped out of a boxing ring, and another two like they've rolled in a pigsty! So what were they saying?

Bryony shifts uncomfortably, not looking anywhere besides her feet. Liv fixes her gaze at Bryony, her anxiety visible.

BRYONY
When Amy and Jake - sorry - Emily walked in this morning, we were by the stairs that lead up to Geography, and-

She falters, and then resolves.

BRYONY
And Louie said something like "oh go on I bet you still want a go on him", then at lunch, Emily had a pepperami and they were making jokes about me, um-

MRS TRACK
Thank you Bryony, you can stop there. Anything you want to add, Olivia?

Liv looks like she's close to tears, as Bryony starts crying.

MRS TRACK
I thought not. I don't understand how the most academically gifted girl in Year 11, can waste her time being so cruel to someone who wants nothing to do with her. Everyone will receive an after-school detention on Monday afternoon, but Liv... were it not for the fact that Emily has come out of this better than you have, you would be in isolation next week.

This sobers Liv somewhat. Emily notices her trying to steady her breathing, as she digs the nails on her right hand into her left arm; her face is drained of colour.

LIV
Thank you-

MRS TRACK
Apologise to Emily.

Liv can't look at Emily.

LIV
Sorry.

Mrs Track nods.

MRS TRACK
(to Liv)
Everyone here should count themselves very lucky. Any more incidents, and isolation is the least of your worries.

Liv relaxes and examines Emily. Emily does not meet her gaze as Amy rubs her shoulder.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, RECEPTION. AFTERNOON, SUNNY.

It's later in the day. Emily is stood next to the reception desk, with Amy not too far away, being closely watched by RECEPTIONIST #1. James and Harry arrive through the front doors. Amy gives Emily a hug before the Vance family leaves.

EXT. PENRYN COLLEGE, FRONT CAR PARK. AFTERNOON, SUNNY.

Harry puts his arms around Emily as they walk to their car.

INT. JAMES'S CAR. AFTERNOON, SUNNY.

The doors shut. Emily sits in the front next to James who's driving, Harry sits in the back middle, putting his hand on Emily's shoulder. She winces, and lies her head on his hand. They drive off.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, EMILY'S BEDROOM. MORNING, CLOUDY. 05/11/16, SATURDAY.

Emily sits on her bed, chain vaping - her room is cloudy. She's sat up in bed watching the 2nd episode My Hero Academia. She gets a Snapchat notification from 'Ames <3' and we see that is the next day; she doesn't open the Snapchat. Her arms are a blend of yellow and purple, and she has several scratches on her face. There is a knock at the door.

HARRY
(o.s.)
Em, babes, can we come in?

JAMES
(o.s.)
We just wanna chat.

Emily gets up and unlocks the door, and then opens her window. Her parents enter. James looks annoyed at the indoor cloud, takes her vape off her, and sits on her bed.

HARRY
We're gonna be going out in a couple hours-

EMILY
I'm not going.

HARRY
Yes you are, we're going out as a family.

EMILY
I don't want to go out Pops.

JAMES
Em, we love you, and wanna give you the space you need but you need to-

EMILY

What I need is for you to piss off, instead of just acting like everything is fine!

HARRY
Em, everything IS fine-

EMILY
I split Liv's lip! She was bleeding everywhere!

JAMES
Your Dad and I told you to do that. It's not your fault darling.

HARRY
Come downstairs and I'll make you some pancakes-

EMILY
I don't fucking want pancakes!

As she speaks, tears well up in Emily's eyes; she scratches hard up and down her left arm with her right hand, and she flies out the room, slamming the door behind her.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, UPSTAIRS LANDING.

Emily leaps into to the bathroom; Harry and James follow behind her urgently.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, BATHROOM.

Emily locks the door behind her, throws open the bathroom cabinet door, and pulls out her razor.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, UPSTAIRS LANDING.

JAMES
Em, darling, it's okay, we're sorry! We were just trying to cheer you up.

HARRY
Yeah I mean... we all know how shit my pancakes are!

JAMES
Harry can you be serious for fucking once!?

HARRY
Well it's true, I can barely do microwave meals! Let alone sticking all them ingredients together and doing it for the right amount of time-

Harry is cut off by Emily; she's laughing and crying at once. She opens the door, razor in hand, arms bloodless. James gently takes the razor out of her hand, passes it to Harry, and hugs her close.

EMILY
Why aren't you mad at me?

HARRY
Cos the little so-and-so deserved it.

JAMES
Exactly.

EMILY
But... I really hurt her. I mean, would a girl ever-

JAMES
Look at me Em.

She does.

JAMES
Defending and standing up for yourself does not make you any less of a woman.

HARRY
Damn right. Your Dad and I would never have let that any of that shit slide back in our day. Next time I see Amy I'm gonna give her the biggest hug.

EMILY
(sobbing)
Me too. If Amy's Mum ever lets her see me again...

JAMES
Hey, don't you worry about that. We'll handle that.

HARRY
Come here, baby girl.

Emily sobs into Harry's chest; he and James embrace their daughter.

HARRY
That headteacher wanted to be absolutely sure that we told you to protect yourself.

JAMES
She was confused when we said "yes".

Emily hugs her dads tightly.

JAMES
Gonna come out with us tonight then?

EMILY
Only if Popsy promises to get good at pancakes.

HARRY
Well... I think I can manage that.

Harry kisses her head before putting the razor back in the bathroom.

EXT. FALMOUTH CRICKET GROUND. NIGHT, COLD.

The crowd is massive with at least a hundred people lining up at food stands for crepes, hot dogs, burgers, and candy floss. Sparklers illuminate and draw shapes in the black air, their sizzling and crackling mixed with laughter from both children and parents alike. There is a

roaring bonfire right in the centre, a crowd of people huddled around it desperate to enjoy the cold black night.

Emily looks around, trying to her best to hide her wonder, and excitement. Her makeup, as opposed to when she did it herself, looks stunning.

JAMES
(looking at Emily's makeup)
I did a good job didn't I?

EMILY
Ehh, well my eyeliner isn't as "I'm dead inside" as I usually like it so... could've done better.

JAMES
Alright, for that-

He passes her a Â£10 note.

JAMES
You can get me a hot dog missus.

EMILY
Actually I love my eyeliner like this-

JAMES
Too late!

EMILY
Can Pops come with me?

JAMES
(jolting his head in Harry's direction)
He's off being a child.

Emily looks over to where he gestured. Between the masses of people, she can make out Harry making Wolverine claws out of sparklers, as the man in handing out the sparklers laughs heartily.

EMILY
We're related to that?

JAMES
Yep.

EMILY
If you ever start doing that I'm walking out.

JAMES
Fair enough. Mustard, loads of onions.

EMILY
(anxiously)
Yep.

Keeping her head down, Emily walks to a hot dog stand.

EXT. FALMOUTH CRICKET GROUND, HOT DOG STAND. NIGHT, COLD.

She's 2nd in the queue; the person in front of her sounds very familiar.

FAMILIAR VOICE (LIV)
Mum, I don't want to go Netball tomorrow.

UNFAMILIAR VOICE (DIANE)
Olivia Humphrey: you are so lucky that you only got 1 after-school detention because a boy came off worse than you in a fight, but if you think that a split lip means you're missing netball tomorrow-

Emily goes noticeably whiter, with her breathing becoming erratic.

LIV
(voice only)
Okay... I'm sorry.

DIANE
I've a right mind to ground you for being so stupid. You know not to talk to queers and trannies.

Liv scrunches up her face.

HOT DOG VENDOR
(shouting)
Diane!

DIANE and Liv walk up to the HOT DOG VENDOR.

HOT DOG VENDOR
All right my luvver, 'ere you are.

DIANE
Olivia take your sister's.

Liv and Diane take a hot dog each, and walk straight into Emily, who's head is fixed downwards.

DIANE
Oh, sorry young lady.

EMILY
(higher pitch than usual)
It's okay.

Liv throws a glance at Emily, but doesn't recognise her; they carry on. Liv is wearing a thick padded jacket, her hair in a strict bun again. Emily walks up to the vendor.

EMILY
Two hot dogs with onions and mustard please.

She hands over the tenner, and receives 50p change.

HOT DOG VENDOR
There y'are bird.

EMILY
(walking away)
Thank you, have a nice evening.

HOT DOG VENDOR
Right on my sweet, you too.

Emily sloppily chomps at her hot dog and she smiles.

EXT. FALMOUTH CRICKET GROUND. NIGHT, COLD.

She returns to where James was, but can't see him. Unable to take her phone out with a hot dog in each hand, she sighs and spots a group of people stood around a Catherine Wheel.

EXT. FALMOUTH CRICKET GROUND, CATHERINE WHEEL. NIGHT, COLD.

Walking over, she joins the crowd, just as the wheel is being lit. It spins with the majesty and mysticism of a shaman performing a ritual: sparks fly off in magnificent fashion, little ribbons of light dancing and parading through the dark, and at the centre of the wheel, there is Liv. Liv catches Emily's eyes, and Emily does the same - at that moment, time begins to crawl as the girls' faces blend and mesh together in a dazzling, confusing, and hypnotic kaleidoscopic maze.

A bolt of lightning hits the Catherine wheel; it flies up into the air, and the lighting fuses with the wheel's fire, creating a whirling mass of fiery electricity. In this slowed down time, only Emily and Liv appear to see or be reacting to this supernatural event. The wheel spins at a pace so that it is just a yellow-red-purple blur; the electricity can no longer be contained, so shoots out in opposite directions at Emily and Liv and, for a brief second, they are united by this thread of pure energy, as their conjoined world erupts in an explosion of fire, colour, and lightning.

FADE TO WHITE, QUICK.:

Everything looks normal. No one is perturbed by the lightning that struck the wheel, and it seems to be spinning normally. The wheel stops spinning, and the vicinity soon dims, but not before the girls catch one brief look at one another again. Emily doubles over and grabs her stomach, turning hastily away, dropping the hot dogs as she does.

EXT. FALMOUTH CRICKET GROUND. NIGHT, COLD.

Finding her parents near the entrance, she immediately goes to the side and vomits.

HARRY
Oh shit, what's happened hun?

EMILY
I-I don't know... feeling really weak...

JAMES
You're not looking good sweets. Let's go and get you warmed up.

HARRY
Can you stand baby?

Emily tries, but staggers immediately. James bends down, and he gives her a piggy-back out of the cricket ground, as the fireworks begin.

EXT. FALMOUTH CRICKET GROUND, CATHERINE WHEEL. NIGHT, COLD.

Liv catches Emily's eye as the Catherine Wheel dims; unable to pull away, her breathing gets heavy, slow, and rattly. Emily does pull away, clutching her stomach.

LIV
(quietly)
What's he doing-

Liv wretches and clutches her stomach as well. She doubles over in pain.

DIANE
(o.s)
Olivia, what are you playing at?

DIANE [53], stands over her daughter. Her hair is curly and ginger, same as her daughters, and likewise shares her height. The only noticeable difference between them are that her skin is more wrinkled from her age.

LIV
I feel sick.

DIANE
You feel sick?

As though on command, or out of spite, Liv vomits.

DIANE
(sighing, angry)
Ugh. I suppose we should go then. Georgia help your sister up.

Diane walks off, and GEORGE [12] pulls Liv to her feet and drags her out of the cricket ground, as the fireworks begin.

EXT. GREEN LANE-POLWITHEN ROAD JUNCTION. NIGHT, WINDY.

Liv's house is situated near the top of Green Lane in Penryn. It is a big, detached house with a driveway, a garage, and a garden summer house. From this spot in Penryn, you can see the entirety of Falmouth Harbour stretching over towards Flushing and St Mawes.

INT. HUMPHREY HOUSE, LIV'S BEDROOM. NIGHT, WINDY.

Liv tosses in her bed. She is sweating, as she constantly swaps between throwing her covers off, and pulling them on.

Her room is much scarcer than Emily's, as well as being drastically different in overall tone: it's scarily tidy, her walls are a plain grey, the desk a simple table with nothing to remark over beyond the stack of text/notebooks on it, the chair is the same office chair you've seen a million times before, the wall mounted mirror is merely functional, and

the chest of drawers is simply white. There is one shelf in the room, with a lot of old looking books on one side, with an array of trophies on the other.

Her phone rests on her bedside table, buzzing incessantly. She groans, flings her arm over to her phone, picks it up, and sees an Instagram message from "Brybry": it reads "Look, I'm really sorr..."

LIV
Fucking snake.

She slams her phone down; footsteps follow the sound of the slam, as Diane swats the door open.

DIANE
Sick, but have enough energy to get mad at your phone?

LIV
I wasn't-

DIANE
Don't talk back to me, Olivia. I'm already pissed off about having to leave before the fireworks!

LIV
I didn't want to leave earl-

DIANE
I do not want to hear it. If you didn't pick a fight with that Jake boy, whatever he is, you'd be having much more sympathy from me for whatever this bug is that you magically caught before netball! Which, by the way, you'll be going to, even if its the bloody bubonic plague!

Liv remains quiet. Her lips are bruised badly, with her split going across the top and bottom. She sits up; her arms are bruised also, an unsettling blend of purple and her natural skin.

DIANE
Now, as you're so sick: go to sleep!

Diane leaves the room and slams the door. Liv rolls over away from the door.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, EMILY'S BEDROOM. MORNING, SUNNY. 06/11/16, SUNDAY.

Liv wakes up with a start. She pants rapidly, smacking her lips. She sits up in bed, hyperventilating. Eventually calming down, she scratches her chest; it is very flat, but she doesn't notice. She feels her lips with trepidation; they're fine. As she moves her hand down from her lips, it catches her chin; the sound of bristling stubble makes her heart skip.

LIV
What-

INT. HUMPHREY HOUSE, LIV'S BEDROOM. MORNING, SUNNY. 06/11/16, SUNDAY.

Emily wakes up slowly, yawning deeply. She sits up and stretches; as she does so, she knocks her chest upwards, and hears a distinct slapping sound - the sound skin makes on skin. She is alarmed, and looks down.

EMILY
Ah! What! OH MY GO-

She bites her lip hard in her surprise, and then realises that her lips are split, and they're bleeding.

INT. HUMPHREY HOUSE, KITCHEN.

Diane looks up in the direction of Liv's room.

INT. HUMPHREY HOUSE, LIV'S BEDROOM. MORNING, SUNNY.

Emily is beside herself; she has boobs. Admiring herself and giggling, nearly crying, some blood drops from her lips onto her bedsheets. She feels her lips, and a trickle of blood runs down her finger onto her wrist and forearm. Instictively, she goes to grab a tissue from the box beside her bed, but there's nothing there. Looking around the room, Emily realises she's not in her room. Getting herself up, she stumbles; she is much shorter. Finding her footing, she walks over to the trophies; they're for netball. She carries on over to her mirror.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, EMILY'S BEDROOM. MORNING, SUNNY.

Liv gets up, and stumbles; she is much taller. She stumbles again; she picks up a skirt she slipped on and throws it against the wall. Looking down her face contorts in disbelief as she sees a half-dozen discarded vapes on the floor, and a box of tissues. She looks around for her mirror, but can't see it. She observes the anime posters, PS4, hanging-out-drawers and the figurines; she is anxious. Moving towards the door, she opens it.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, UPSTAIRS LANDING.

Liv looks left and right, spotting an open door, she heads towards it. It's the bathroom.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, BATHROOM.

Closing the door behind her, she heads for the mirror.

INT. EMILY AND LIV'S MIRRORS.

Splitscreen: Liv and Emily walk towards their mirrors in sync with the other. Each girl takes up one side of the mirror, the other half being the other girl's face. The girls look into their new eyes, realising with palpable horror that they have swapped bodies.

EMILY AND LIV
(overlapping)
WHAT THE FU-

The splitscreen changes to show James and Diane in their respective kitchens.

INT. THE VANCE AND HUMPHREY KITCHENS.

JAMES AND DIANE

(overlapping)
EMILY / OLIVIA!

Both parents make for their stairs in anger, their footsteps doubly loud as they're heard on top of one another. The splitscreen returns to the girls and their mirrors.

INT. EMILY AND LIV'S MIRRORS.

The girls turn towards the sound of their doors opening. The splitscreen ends.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, BATHROOM.

James opens the door abruptly.

JAMES
Well I'm glad to see you're awake! And that you're feeling so much better! Next time you swear in this bleddy bathroom, Emily Freya Vance, you're grounded!

He slams the door behind him. Liv looks terrified. She looks at herself in the mirror, and gags; she gags so much, she nearly throws up over herself, just barely making it to the toilet.

LIV
(quietly)
Jake... what... did you...

INT. HUMPHREY HOUSE, LIV'S BEDROOM. MORNING, SUNNY.

Diane throws the door open.

DIANE
So, it seems you made us leave early last night for nothing! Well, as you clearly feel perfect now, I suppose you have the energy for lines!

Emily is stunned.

EMILY
I'm really sorry I was just-

DIANE
You were just what?

EMILY
(looking in the mirror)
Happy...

Diane scoffs and enters the room. She roots through Liv's bag, finds her pencilcase and a notepad and slams them on the desk. Emily is incredulous.

DIANE
"I am sorry, Mum" until your wrist hurts. Or-

She checks her watch. It is 7:15.

DIANE

Until I'm satisfied.

Emily looks back at Diane, disbelief painted across her new face.

DIANE
Anything you would like to say?

Diane stands over Emily. She would be shorter than Emily were she in her own body, but in Liv's, Diane practically dwarfs her. Emily sits down, picks up the pen, and begins writing.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, BATHROOM.

Liv begins to cry, violently. She screams in pain, clutching her stomach and chest as she falls to her knees. Harry opens the door again, with James behind him.

HARRY
Em, darling-

LIV
Don't call me that! I'm not him!

Harry looks taken aback, and he and James stay silent. Liv scratches at her throat, violently, to the point at which she begins to leave purple lines dotted with red on her neck.

James pushes past Harry and pulls Liv's hand from her throat to his chest.

JAMES
On me, not you.

LIV
I'm sorry I'm sorry!

Liv tries pulls her hand away, but James tightens his grip.

JAMES
We've talked about this. Breathe in.

She doesn't.

HARRY
Emily. Breathe in.

Liv slowly breathes in.

JAMES
And out.

She does.

LIV
I'm so sorry... I won't shout again... please don't yell...

HARRY
Emily, why would we yell love?

Liv doesn't respond. Harry slowly raises his hand, and Liv flinches. Harry then holds out his hand to her. She doesn't move.

JAMES
Do you want a hug?

Liv shakes her head. Harry and James both smile, sitting on the floor next to her; she's stunned.

INT. HUMPHREY HOUSE, LIV'S BEDROOM. MORNING, SUNNY.

Diane checks her watch; it is 8:15. Emily is still writing, stoically, and without any signs of pain. There are 3 fully filled double-sided pages of "I'm sorry, Mum". Diane looks unsatisfied.

DIANE
Usually you've stopped by now.

Diane takes the paper, tears it up. Grabs Liv's phone and holds it in her face.

DIANE
You better score today or this goes.

Emily remains silent and stoic; Diane tries to hide her frustration as she leaves, handing Emily back Liv's phone. Once Diane leaves, Emily tries to open Liv's phone but it's locked - she tries a few combinations of numbers, but none work. She looks at herself in the mirror again; she feels Liv's body a bit, and stops, covering her mouth as she gags.

She looks around the bare room. She opens the chest of drawers and finds, once again, everything eerily neat and tidy. The top drawer containing rows of bundles of white and black socks, black knickers, and black bras - all of which looks similar enough to one another such that they may all be indentical. The occurrence of plain and similar looking clothes continues through Liv's shirts, bottoms, pyjamas, with the only outlier being Liv's netball gear. Settling on some plain black leggings and a white top, Emily heads downstairs.

INT. HUMPHREY HOUSE, KITCHEN.

Emily comes into the kitchen; it is a very modern, expensive, kitchen with an island. It is an open-plan conjoined living room. Both rooms are bare. They seem more like a set than a house, the eerie tidiness carrying on through the building. Liv's sister George sits at the island writing in a notebook. She looks like her sister, except her hair is silky and straight - she's in joggers and a pyjama top. Diane is dressed in blue scrubs with a black coat over the top. George yawns, as Diane places a bowl of cereal in front of her face.

DIANE
Georgia, breakfast! Sit up at the table; and put away your notebook!

GEORGE
(jolting up)
Sorry, Mum. Oh, hi Livvy!

Diane looks round to Emily.

EMILY
Oh, uh... hi Georgia...

George looks deflated.

DIANE
Your sister is coming with you to netball today - I've had an urgent call come through from a client, so I'll be out all day.

Emily audibly sighs in relief.

DIANE
What was that young lady?

EMILY
Nothing, M-Mum. Nothing.

DIANE
I thought not. Now it's 8:30, so hurry and get dressed.

GEORGE
Mum, I thought Livvy's game didn't start until 10:00?

DIANE
She's the captain, Georgia, she has to be there early! And enough with these silly nicknames! Would you refer to the Queen as 'Lizzy'?

George shakes her head.

DIANE
Exactly.

George looks more deflated than before. Diane picks up her bag, and makes for the door.

DIANE
Remember Olivia, if you don't score-

EMILY
No phone?

DIANE
Yes. Georgia you'll be telling me if she doesn't score.

George looks uncomfortable.

GEORGE
Yes Mum.

Diane leaves without another word. George returns to her notebook. Emily stares at the front door, and then returns upstairs.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, EMILY'S BEDROOM. MORNING, SUNNY

Liv sits on Emily's bed, pulling herself into a ball. She is staring around Emily's room as though it were an alien she was being forced to

understand. Grabbing Emily's phone at her feet, she opens it, and uses fingerprint ID to unlock it. Liv finds Emily's Snapchat, opens it, and sees that 'Ames <3' has sent her a picture; she opens it: Amy has sent her a video of her reacting to the mission in GTA5 where the player must torture another character.

AMY
(voice over from video)
GIRL I'M GOING INSANE WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?

LIV
(to herself)
Ugh. Girls aren't supposed to like this stuff Jake. Really selling yourself out, huh?

She taps the screen. Amy has sent something else: this time its a picture of her in a gaming chair pouting and throwing a peace sign with the caption "btw i miss u and i rlly hope ur okay!!! xxxxxx". Liv rolls her eyes, goes to move her neck, and then winces and groans from the pain it causes her.

LIV
I didn't know I was that strong...

Liv looks at her arms properly: they're a blotchy and unsettling mix of yellow and purple marks, but what catches Liv's eye are the uncountable scarred lines going up and across Emily's arms; she touches them. They are hard, calcified, with only flecks of hair growing from them in erratic places. Without realising, Liv silently starts crying. She wipes her eyes and checks Emily's phone again: "09:00 Sun, 6 November".

LIV
Sunday! Fuck-

Liv leaps up, rummages through Emily's floordrobe trying to find the most normal clothes possible amongst a sea of primarily black emo/punk/grunge wear, with the occasional pink and purple garment tucked away.

LIV
Oh my god, why do tranni- people like him have to wear clothes that scream "I'm going to kill myself"?

Despite her disparaging remarks, Liv actually does a good job trying to piece together an outfit. She comes away with a black skirt, fishnet tights, an Avril Lavigne t-shirt, a plain black zip hoodie and a pair of worn trainers. Looking at herself in the mirror she is frankly surprised at how well it suits her. She smiles and it is gone as fast as it came.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, DOWNSTAIRS LANDING.

James and Harry are getting their shoes on. Harry seems to be wincing in pain, with James helping him move his legs.

LIV
Uh... am I alright to go out?

HARRY
Oh hi babe-

JAMES
Come help us first babe. I need to get your Dad into the car.

LIV
I'm sorry! What do I need to do?

JAMES
Oh come on Em you know what to do! Just put your arm around his other side.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, FRONT DOOR. MORNING, SUNNY.

Liv and James take one each of Harry's arms and lead him outside.

EXT. VANCE HOUSE, FRONT GARDEN. MORNING, SUNNY, WINDY.

The three of them slowly make their way down to James's car.

I/E. JAMES'S CAR & BROOK PLACE. MORNING, SUNNY, WINDY.

Harry climbs in the front passenger seat.

HARRY
Thanks babes-eses. Would you mind getting my stick Em?

JAMES
(to Liv)
I'll get it love - don't suppose you wanted to come with us sweet? Your Dad's flared up and he can barely walk bless him.

HARRY
My osteo is going to love me.

Liv looks anxious.

LIV
O-osteo? Who are you seeing?

HARRY
Dr Humphrey. She's mental but she's a bleddy good osteoputh.

Liv swallows and blinks rapidly.

JAMES
Path. OsteoPATH, babe.

HARRY
That's what I said! Anyway, where you off to Em?

LIV
Well I-uh was um- going to ask if I could go for a walk? If not that's okay! I was jus-

HARRY
(sarcastically)
Oh my god you're going outside?

LIV

I'm sorry! I didn't mean to be rude!

HARRY
I-I'm sorry Emily darling. I was just joking. Of course you can go for a walk sweetheart.

James goes to feel Liv's head and she flinches in anticipation.

JAMES
You're really skittish today, what's happened love?

LIV
I just don't... feel great.

James and Harry look at her with concern.

JAMES
Okay babe. We'll be back later, alright?

Liv nods. James gets in the driver's seat, starts the engine, and slowly turns off.

JAMES AND HARRY
Love you Em!

Liv smiles meekly and waves. She opens Emily's phone: 9:15. She goes back to the house and closes the door. She screws her face as she realises she has locked the door behind her with no keys. She tries to open it, but it is locked. Defeated, she walks away from the house and towards Glasney Field.

INT. FALMOUTH OSTEOPATHIC CLINIC: EXAMINATION ROOM

Harry lies on an examination bed, as Diane massages his legs; James sits in the corner. Harry is stifling grunts of pain.

DIANE
Harry: how long have you not been doing your stretches?

HARRY
Well- you know not- that long-

JAMES
It's hard for him to do them regularly.

DIANE
I know. That's why he should do them, so it gets easier.

James narrows his eyes.

DIANE
You and my daughter are very alike Harry; you need to listen to me more.

James gives a single half-hearted laugh. Harry looks uncomfortable, Diane does not notice.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, TISA.

The TISA has concrete flooring, with overlapping netball and basketball court markings in road paint along the floor. It is about 25-metres long and about 18-metres high, with green tarp as its base all the way around, with white tarp as the domed top.

Emily and George enter through the only set of doors. George looks snug in her joggers and hoodie that's about 3 sizes too big, but Emily is only wearing Liv's netball gear (shorts, and a top-skort hybrid), carrying what looks like a sparsely packed gym bag; Liv's netball top has the letters 'GS' on it.

There are three very distinct gatherings of people: one is wearing a dark-blue top-skort with matching shorts, with white and red highlights; the other group is dressed in the same top-skort and shorts combo, but theirs is light-purple with a constellation like pattern across the front and back. The last group appears to be mix of supporters from both teams.

GEORGE
Good luck Livvy!

Emily looks dreadful. She is pale, shaking, and dripping with sweat.

GEORGE
Livvy you don't look so-

EMILY
I'm fine. Just- sit down Georgia.

George looks hurt, and tears well up in her eyes. Emily dumps her stuff, and jogs over to her team, the one in dark-blue. There are nine women huddled together: eight of them are teenagers around Liv's age, and the other is in her late 30s / early 40s; the older person is Liv's netball coach.

PENRYN COACH
'bout time! Come on Olivia, you're never this late!

EMILY
Sorry I'm late-

PENRYN COACH
Don't say sorry, make it up to them by leading this team!

BRYONY
You got this Liv.

Emily spins to the left; Bryony is there with her hair tied back, with the letters 'GK' on her top. Emily is surprised and she stares at Bryony with a look of bewilderment.

PENRYN COACH
She'd better do, we start in 5.

Emily takes several deep breaths. Casey walks over to her; she has a 'C' on her jersey.

PENRYN CENTRE

Everything alright Liv? Or was big-bad Emily really THAT scary?

BRYONY
Leave her alone Casey.

CASEY
Pretty impressive to beat up on someone that stopped fighting back.

BRYONY
Casey, I said-

CASEY
I'll leave her alone if she pulls her head out of her ass!

Emily staggers and Bryony catches her.

BRYONY
Woah, Liv, what's up?

Casey scoffs and walks away.

EMILY
I can't do this-

Emily wretches. Someone else places their arms around her and steadies her.

LOUIE
(O.S.)
Liv babe what's up?

Emily snaps her head and backs away fast when she sees Louie's face. Louie looks offended.

LOUIE
Fine be that way.

BRYONY
Liv what's hap-

PENRYN COACH
(O.S.)
Captains to the centre!

Louie walks off swearing, slyly sticking the finger at Emily, whilst Bryony helps her to her feet.

BRYONY
You've got this, okay?

Emily nods. She goes to follow Bryony, but a whistle sounds.

PENRYN COACH
Liv, hurry it up!

Emily instead goes to the centre of the court, her head very low, clutching her stomach. The opposing team's captain walks over with much more confidence.

PENRYN COACH
Saints, ready?

SAINTS CAPTAIN
Yes!

The Saints players cheer.

PENRYN COACH
Penryn, ready?

EMILY
Yep.

There is muffled agreement from the Penryn players.

PENRYN COACH
(to the Saints Captain)
Heads or tails?

SAINTS CAPTAIN
Heads.

The Penryn Coach flips a coin: it's heads.

SAINTS CAPTAIN
We'll start.

PENRYN COACH
Back to your teams then ladies.

Emily walks to the back third of the court, and sees Bryony standing in Penryn's goal-circle, so she stands next to her.

BRYONY
Liv what're you doing? You need to be in their court, you're Goal-Shooter.

Bryony gestures to the opposite goal-circle at the far end of the court.

EMILY
Oh. Yeah. Sorry.

She jogs over and tries to slap herself out of it. Emily is marked by the SAINTS' GOAL KEEPER and the whistle is blown.

The SAINTS' CENTRE leads with a large throw to Penryn's third of the court, to the SAINTS' WING ATTACK, but Bryony runs through to intercept, and she catches. Pointing to Emily's end of the court, she passes to Casey who's still in the middle third. Casey glances around her for an opening, and finds PENRYN'S WING ATTACK, doing a smooth pass around the opposing Saints players. Penryn's Wing Attack looks around, and spots Emily; realising what she intends to do Emily tries to get into a good position, but as she moves, time slows. The doors open, and Emily is distracted - she has just seen George open the door to Liv, in Emily's body, enter the TISA. Emily stops moving, and stares, mouth agape at Liv. Liv catches Emily's gaze at the exact moment that the netball, thrown by

Maddie, bounces off the floor and knocks Emily in the head, taking her to the floor.

EXT. PENRYN COLLEGE, TISA ENTRANCE. MORNING, CLOUDY.

Liv stands outside the TISA. She is sweating profusely, and is pale. She can't move and she's shaking. Her hand is on the door, unable to push it; she's staring intensely at it. It is very veiny, large, strong, and the chipped green nail polish looks shit. She takes her hand off the door and visciously bites and peels off the nail polish with her teeth; in doing so, she bites her cuticles and she starts bleeding. She goes to suck on it, but bristles against her chin, and the terrible scratching of fresh stubble reverberates through her. Liv takes out Emily's phone, opens the front-facing camera and looks at her face - indeed she has stubble, and it's about 1mm long. She takes herself to the side; she starts wretching terribly, and scratching at her face. Tears falling fast and hard, she stands up and starts walking away.

GEORGE
(O.S)
Hey, did you... need to come in?

Liv spins on the spot. George is smiling, until she sees that she's looking at 'Emily'.

GEORGE
Oh. You're the weirdo that hurt my sister the other day.

LIV
(Wiping her eyes)
I don't-

GEORGE
If you touch her again-

LIV
I won't! I'm here for...

Liv falters.

GEORGE
For what? Liv said you were a rugby player, and that you don't like netball.

Liv thinks, and then it comes to her.

LIV
Bryony! I'm here for Bryony. And for Casey!

George looks at her skeptically.

GEORGE
Okay.

George pushes the door open.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, TISA.

Liv walks in and time slows. She sees Penryn's Wing Attack pass the ball to Emily, in her real body. She meets her gaze at the exact time that Maddie's pass hits her in the head and she falls to the floor.

GEORGE
Liv!

George runs over to Emily. She is on the floor with her team around her; Bryony kneeling next to her, and the opposing team huddled to the side. Liv stays practically in the door, not sure whether to come closer or move. Emily's vision is slightly blurred, but she is able to sit herself up.

GEORGE
Liv are you okay?!

EMILY
I'm fine I just-

Emily vomits; there is collective wretching and cries of "ew". The Penryn Coach feels her forehead.

PENRYN COACH
Liv you're running too hot; I need to send you home, you can't keep playing. George can you take her home?

GEORGE
But, our Mu-

EMILY
(eagerly)
Yes, she can take me home.

Liv starts slowly backing out of the door, but Louie, still pissed off at Emily and so hasn't gone to check on her, notices the door open again.

LOUIE
Jake!

Everyone in the TISA looks to the entrance where Louie has jogged over to. Louie has put his arm around her. From a distance it looks as though Louie is being friendly, but he obviously is not; his arm is very tightly squeezed around Liv's neck.

BRYONY
Oh my god- what's he- she doing here?

CASEY
(jogging over)
Louie! Leave her alone!

LOUIE
What? I'm just having a catch up with my best mate!

Liv is trying to pry Louie's arm off, but it won't budge. Louie has pulled her so that she is stood up, back arched into an almost perfect right-angle with her head facing the floor. Liv is scared, and she's gasping. Louie wrenches his arm and Liv's neck back up so that she is now

arched backwards, looking up towards the ceiling. Louie stares deep into Liv's eyes.

LOUIE
(quietly)
I think... you need a reminder of what kind of treatment a fag like you needs.

Liv is terrified.

LIV
Lou, please don-

Louie is caught off guard by the use of the nickname "Lou". In his distraction, Emily, coming in from O.S. shoves Louie, and they both fall over, but where Liv is able to catch herself, Louie scuffs his hands. Neither Liv nor Louie noticed her staggering over to break them up.

EMILY
Fucking leave it Louie. I can't be fucked, and I don't think she can either.

Liv, like earlier with James and Harry, is stunned.

LOUIE
Is that why you've been such a bitch today? You're thinking he's right in the head, and not some tranny perv?

There are audible gasps from the crowd, some calls of 'language!', and some muffled laughter. Emily walks over to her stuff, grabs it and walks out. George follows.

PENRYN COACH
Alright girls, let's... take a break and um- try and clean this up..

The Coach's voice trails, as Liv gets to her feet and runs out of the TISA. Bryony looks after her, looking distressed; Louie just sits on the floor, staring at nothing.

EXT. PENRYN COLLEGE, BACK GATE. LATE-MORNING, OVERCAST, WINDY.

Emily and George are walking in silence up to the back gate. George looks very concerned, whilst Emily appears apathetic. Liv is keeping her distance, needing to get close, but anxious to do so.

EXT. POLTISKO ROAD, TOP OF. LATE-MORNING, OVERCAST, WINDY.

George turns around and sees Liv behind them.

GEORGE
Hey, the guy who hit you the other day is behind us.

Emily turns around, sees Liv and stops walking. Liv also stops walking when Emily does.

EMILY
Georgia, I'll meet you at home.

George looks sad again.

EMILY
What?

She runs off crying. Emily is baffled. Liv walks over shortly after.

LIV
She likes to be called George.

EMILY
What?

LIV
Her name is George.

Emily turn to Liv, her face furious.

EMILY
YOU. Are getting pissed at ME. For not using the right name?

LIV
My sister isn't a tra-

She stops herself.

LIV
Isn't like you.

EMILY
Don't wanna say the word huh? Too scared that you're one now too? Ha! Well, guess what? I'm not a tranny now either! You know what they say about stones and glass houses. 'Emily'.

Liv smacks Emily, tears in her eyes. Emily just smirks.

EMILY
Yeah. It fucking hurts doesn't it.

LIV
I'm not like you!

EMILY
Keep telling yourself that when you have to shave tomorrow morning - or when you have to piss - or when you have to shower - or when Louie next decides he's pissed off for no reason-

LIV
You'll have to deal with that now.

EMILY
I can handle him.

Liv says says nothing. They stare at each other for a moment, until Emily walks away.

LIV
Jake you can't just-

Emily turns around and punches her in the stomach.

EMILY
You're pathetic Liv. You've been trans for what... 4 hours at worst? Get 1 headlock by Louie and that's it? Suddenly you're best mates with me? And you still think you get to call me 'Jake' whilst you're in MY body!?

Liv cries.

LIV
I-I didn't-

EMILY
Didn't what?!

Liv looks down, lip trembling.

EMILY
Yeah, nothing clever to say now huh?

Emily goes to walk away.

LIV
Just... don't sleep in tomorrow.

Emily gives a mock-laugh.

EMILY
Yeah. Okay. Caring about my attendance now?

Liv goes to speak, but shuts her mouth. Emily walks away.

INT. HUMPHREY HOUSE, LIV'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON, VERY WINDY.

Emily is sat on the floor, head leaned up against her bed, looking upwards - her face a picture of melancholy. She stays there for a while before standing up, and looking at the shelf and its contents. Liv has very little in the way of 'Liv' in her room, but what is there she clearly takes great pride in: her netball trophies are all polished, with each lined up from left to right from the oldest to the youngest, with the youngest being her MVP accomplishments, and the oldest designating her "Most Improved Player" - there are 9 trophies in all, with the oldest dating all the way back to the 2006-2007 season. Emily smiles.

She turns next to the books: they are certainly old and have a thick layer of dust coating them, but are in surprisingly good condition despite that. Their titles are laced on the spine with silvery ink. Emily skims the books and finds "Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass". Laughing in disbelief, she sits on the bed, and reads.

EXT. GLASNEY FIELD. AFTERNOON, VERY WINDY.

Liv is sat on one of the BMX bumps picking at the grass. The wind is knocking her hair around wildly, and she's shivering badly. She opens up Emily's phone using her fingerprint and looks through her contact list -

she finds 'Dad' and hovers her finger over it. She calls him, and the phone rings for a few seconds before James picks up.

JAMES
(over the phone)
Hi darling, you alright?

LIV
Y-yeah. I just um... forgot my keys.

JAMES
Oh babe. Me and your Pops'll be home in a bit, we've literally just got in the car.

LIV
I'm really sorry for being an inconvenience today...

HARRY
(yelling down the phone, not on speaker)
Young lady if you say sorry one more fucking time-

JAMES
Harry!

HARRY
(yelling down the phone)
When we get home we're having a chat, I'm not having you be like this cos of one incident.

Liv starts crying silently.

LIV
Okay.

HARRY
We love you baby, see you in a sec.

They hang up. Liv pushes herself up off the muddy ground, and makes for home.

INT. HUMPHREY HOUSE, LIV'S BEDROOM. EVENING, SUNSET, WINDY.

Emily is still reading Alice in Wonderland, and has just reached the Mad Tea Party, when there is a knock at her door.

EMILY
Come in.

It's George. Emily sits up.

EMILY
Hi Georgi- George.

George smiles a little.

GEORGE
Can I come in?

EMILY
Um, yeah- sure you can. What's up?

George enters and shuts the door behind her.

GEORGE
I just wanted to see if you were okay? You know, cos of earlier when I ran off...

Emily shrugs, folds the corner of the page she got to, and closes the book.

EMILY
I don't feel like myself at the moment.

GEORGE
I know. You're being really weird today.

George sits at the end of the bed.

GEORGE
Why weren't you calling me George earlier?

Emily opens her mouth to speak and shuts it.

EMILY
I... I don't-

GEORGE
You said you'd call me George!

Emily is wordless.

GEORGE
You said that, as long as I don't become a weirdo like Jake, then you'd call me George!

Emily looks crestfallen.

GEORGE
And I'm not a weirdo!

EMILY
Do you want to be?

GEORGE
No! You said that girls can't be boys-

EMILY
(choking up)
Well forget what I said!

Emily starts crying.

GEORGE
I'm sorry-

EMILY

If you wanna be a... 'weirdo' then you can. Liv- I was wrong.

GEORGE
Are you sure?

EMILY
Yeah.

George scooches across and leans on Emily's shoulder. Emily tenses a bit when she does.

GEORGE
What's wrong, does your shoulder hurt?

EMILY
No it's fine, I just... do we... usually like, hug and stuff?

GEORGE
Yeah? Like, most days? Did you hit your head that bad?

EMILY
I guess I did, yeah.

GEORGE
I'll tell Mum you scored today so you can keep your phone.

EMILY
Wait, legit?

GEORGE
Duh, we cover for each other all the time? Do you need to go to bed?

Emily smiles and gives George a light hug, which she returns.

GEORGE
I'm sorry for running off.

EMILY
Don't be.

The girls hear the downstairs door unlock, and then hear it open.

DIANE
(O.S.)
Girls I'm home!

George gets up, takes Emily's hand and they both leave Liv's room.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, LIVING ROOM.

Liv is sat in the red faux-leather chair, with a half attempt made to turn it so that Liv is facing in the direction of James and Harry who are on the two-seater - due to the cramped-ness of the living room though, it hasn't worked too well.

HARRY
Em, baby, what is going on today?

Liv just stares downwards, not saying anything.

HARRY
Is it that Olivia girl? The one who bullies you?

Liv looks upward, tears in her eyes.

HARRY
Yeah, I thought so.

JAMES
Emily, your Pops and I have already said: if anyone is ever bad to you because you're trans, then you can stand up for yourself, and we'll always support you when you do.

HARRY
Exactly. Like we said yesterday, your Dad would never let it slide if anyone was homophobic to him back in his day.

JAMES
It's still my day what are you on about?

Harry laughs.

LIV
You don't think it's bad that Ja- th-that... I have changed?

JAMES
No. We'll never think it's bad that you've become the girl you were meant to be.

Liv is taken aback and stands up.

LIV
But how do you KNOW I was meant to be like this?!

HARRY
Because when you were younger, around 11, I saw you looking up "how to become a girl" on the internet.

LIV
I did that?

HARRY
You don't remember? Your Dad and I walked in, asked if you wanted therapy and you started crying saying "I'll never look at it again". We just had to wait until you felt ready.

JAMES
I think you started doing Nanny Patty's makeup when you were about 4.

HARRY
And doing your own at 6. You thought we didn't notice, dear of 'e.

JAMES
You always used to love hanging around with girls more than boys.

HARRY

I mean, Christ almighty babes, you were watching people's transition stories on YouTube for months after we talked about what you'd been googling.

Liv is at a loss for words. She flops back into the seat, and begins sobbing into her lap. She curls herself into a ball. James places a hand on her; she flinches and lashes with her legs. Harry picks her up, and places her between himself and James. They both cuddle her.

LIV
(choking up)
I'm... so-rry...

INT. HUMPHREY HOUSE, LIV'S BEDROOM. MORNING, RAINY. 07/11/16, MONDAY.

Emily is deep in sleep. Diane enters.

DIANE
Olivia, get up.

Nothing.

DIANE
Olivia, wake up!

Fed up, Diane shakes her awake and yells in her ear.

DIANE
Oh for Christ's sake, WAKE UP!

Emily jolts awake, a streak of fear across her face.

DIANE
It is 8 in the morning! You should be up, dressed, teeth done, breakfast made, getting your sister prepared for school, and taking the bins out for tomorrow morning!

EMILY
Okay!

DIANE
Don't you snap at me, Olivia! I have half a mind to still take your phone, but because you slept late-

Diane pulls the covers back.

EMILY
What are you doing?!

We see Emily's neck and collar bones are bare, as are her thighs; she is naked.

DIANE
Since when do you sleep naked?

EMILY
(pulling the covers over herself)
I was hot last night!

Diane sternly pulls the covers back off of Emily, and sits on them.

DIANE
It is November, don't be so ridiculous. Now stand up.

EMILY
Wh-what for?

Diane scoffs, and pulls her out of bed, and positions Emily in front of her, frontside.

DIANE
Hmm... have you been overeating? You're getting fat.

Emily's breathing is unsteady, she's crying.

DIANE
Oh stop it Olivia. I'm your mother.

She looks over Diane, out of her window. Diane pinches a bit of Emily's body. She spins her around and examines her backside.

DIANE
You need to build up muscle: you're not eating properly. No man will want you if you look like a cow, Olivia.

Diane gets up, and hugs Emily. She then leaves. Emily remains static in her room for what feels like an eternity before she cries silently. She finds Liv's copy of Alice in Wonderland and flicks through to an illustration of the Mad Tea Party with Alice, the Mad Hatter, and the March Hare; she hugs the book to her chest and she cries.

INT. VANCE HOUSE, BATHROOM. MONDAY, 07/11/16

The bathroom door is open. Liv is standing in front of the mirror. She is holding a men's razor, and a can of shaving gel. She looks into the mirror - her stubble is longer than it was yesterday, at about 1.5-2mm. She puts down the razor and itches at her neck and chin.

JAMES
You alright Em?

James enters. He studies the situation.

JAMES
You finding it hard today?

EMILY
I just don't want anyone to-

JAMES
I know. Sit on the loo, I'll sort you out today.

She sits. James applies the gel across Liv's face creating a white foam that cover her neck, chin, lips, cheeks, and nearly reaches her sideburns. With a deft hand James glides the razor across Liv's face. Finishing, James passes Liv a towel to wipe her face of the left over

gel-foam, and she looks at herself again. In the right light, you wouldn't be able to tell she even had facial hair.

JAMES
I'll do your makeup as well for you.

LIV
I-is that okay?

JAMES
You wanna look like Ru Paul or not?

Liv giggles. Once again with the grace to rival a painter, James effortlessly applies Liv's face for her - foundation, contour, blush, eyeliner, mascara - the works.

JAMES
Oh this is good! Go and see!

Liv stands up, and looks in the mirror. Her mouth drops and hangs there. She places her hands to her chin and she feels nothing. She studies the contouring, the eyeliner; she smiles broadly, and wells up slightly.

LIV
I love it...

James kisses her head.

JAMES
You bleddy better, took me nearly 20 minutes. Go get ready.

LIV
Thank you so much...

JAMES
It's what I'm here for babe. Your Pops is at the osteo again today.

LIV
Oh... is he okay?

JAMES
Yeah just a regular appointment today sweetheart.

LIV
That's good.

JAMES
Seeing Dr Humphrey again. She was in a terrible mood yesterday. I swear that woman needs a hobby.

James leaves the bathroom. Liv looks troubled.

EXT. SARACEN WAY, TOP OF. MORNING, RAINY.

Liv is walking very fast with her head down, pulling her coat hood as far down as it will go. She walks past Amy, who she doesn't notice.

AMY

Oi! What the fuck Em!?

Liv turns around, startled.

LIV
A-Amy!

AMY
Yeah dipshit. I know you've had a shitty weekend but don't take it out on me! Or ghost me! In fact, fuck off, don't speak to me!

Liv is completely lost for words.

EXT. HELSTON ROAD. MORNING, RAINY.

Amy walks off in front of Liv. Liv trails behind. Huffing, Amy turns around, takes her hand and leads her forward.

AMY
I missed you. Don't ever disappear on me like that again, you prick.

LIV
I... I won't. I'm sorry.

EXT. BLUE BRIDGE, STATION ROAD ENTRANCE. MORNING, RAINY.

Amy doesn't say anything, just keeps holding Liv's hand. Liv stares at it.

LIV
Why are you holding my hand?

Amy lets go.

AMY
Okay, guess I won't hold my girlfriend's hand.

Amy storms off. Liv starts after her.

EXT. BLUE BRIDGE. MORNING, RAINY.

LIV
Amy, wait!

Amy looks at her, upset, with her arms crossed. When all Liv can do is stare at her and merely try to form words, she turns around and walks in front of Liv again.

EXT. BLUE BRIDGE, KERNICK ROAD ENTRANCE. MORNING, RAINY

Amy is quite far ahead of Liv. Liv is breathing heavily and rapidly still. She looks pale.

EXT. KERNICK ROAD, BOTTOM OF. MORNING, RAINY.

AMY
Casey!

Casey, who had been walking ahead with her umbrella turns around.

CASEY
You wanna come under here?!

AMY
Please!

Amy turns around walks back to Liv and yanks her forward.

LIV
What-

AMY
I'm still pissed at you but I can't stand you looking like a wet dog. Get under the fucking umbrella.

Amy scowls as she drags Liv with her. It is very cramped underneath Casey's umbrella, but they manage, albeit Casey is worst off being half-in half-out of it.

CASEY
S'up Em?

LIV
(coldly)
Hello.

CASEY
Damn someone's in crappy mood today.

AMY
Honestly, it's like she woke up on the wrong side of the bed.

LIV
(to herself)
Wrong something, that's for sure.

EXT. POLTISKO ROAD, BOTTOM OF. MORNING, RAINY, WINDY.

CASEY
How you feeling after yesterday Em? I wasn't expecting you to turn up.

AMY
What do you mean "turn up"?

CASEY
Em came to watch yesterday but she-

AMY
Fuck off, no way you went to watch netball?

LIV
Yeah I di-

AMY
Was Louie there?

CASEY

Oh yeah. Cunt stuck her in a headlock.

AMY
Emily Vance! I'm so-! UGH! For fuck sake!

LIV
I'm sorry! I just wanted to-

AMY
I don't care! It's not safe for you to go and watch Case play!

CASEY
Was about to sort Louie out myself but Liv beat me to him.

Amy stops walking.

AMY
What?

CASEY
Swear on my Mum: Liv shoved Louie yesterday and got her out of it.

LIV
Yeah I di- I mean: yes, Liv pushed Lou off of me yesterday.

Amy looks at Liv with suspicion.

EXT. PENRYN COLLEGE, BACK GATE. MORNING, RAINY, WINDY.

AMY
Did she say anything?

LIV
Just that... just that she couldn't be bothered with fighting, and that I probably wasn't either.

AMY
Right.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, OLD BLOCK ENTRANCE. MORNING, RAINY.

The girls get inside as they shiver from the cold and rain; Casey shakes her umbrella to help it drip.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, OLD BLOCK GROUND FLOOR: WOODWORK AND PRODUCT DESIGN CORRIDOR.

CASEY
You got History this morning Ames?

AMY
Yep. Gonna be soooooo funny seeing Louie and Liv. Wanna swap Case?

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, DT-HUMANITIES STAIRWELL. MORNING, RAINY.

CASEY
Nah I'd get isolated for bashing Louie's teeth out.

Liv looks anxious as they go up the stairs.

CASEY
Em I know you had a shit weekend but after today it's over. 1 after-school ain't bad.

Liv practically barges the door to the 1st floor open.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, OLD BLOCK 1ST FLOOR: HISTORY AND TEXTILES CORRIDOR.

Liv walks off towards the Art classrooms.

CASEY
(sarcastically)
I'm gonna loveeeee today.

Casey goes to follow Liv, Amy looks after them skeptically, then enters classroom H4.

EXT. PENRYN COLLEGE, BACK GATE. MORNING, LIGHT RAIN, WINDY.

Emily is rounding the corner of the Back Gate, drenched with no coat - she's in Liv's white school t-shirt and carrying her jumper in a bundle, trying to shield it from the rain.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, OLD BLOCK ENTRANCE. MORNING, RAINY.

Emily is shivering manically, water and sweat practically pouring off of her clothes and hair, which is a curled saggy mess atop her head. The distinct sound of smacked skin is heard, as Louie stands behind Emily, his hand on her bottom.

LOUIE
That was for being a bitch yesterday, and not texting me all weekend.

He gently pulls her up to face him, and kisses her.

LOUIE
And that was to say sorry for how much of a prick I was yesterday.

Emily's face is that of alabaster.

LOUIE
Shit Liv you look awful, what's up.

EMILY
I-I didn't really want-

LOUIE
Oh come on Liv. You're my girlfriend.

Emily is quiet, her breathing oddly steady.

EMILY
Just ask next time.

Emily starts walking off, Louie follows in a strop.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, OLD BLOCK GROUND FLOOR: WOODWORK AND PRODUCT DESIGN CORRIDOR.

LOUIE
Fuck me Liv what's happened? No way you're that pissed off about Friday?

EMILY
And what if I am?

LOUIE
For what? Cos I stuck up for you when that fag was beating you up?

Louie walks ahead of Emily and flings the door open.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, DT-HUMANITIES STAIRWELL. MORNING, RAINY.

Emily stops walking at the mid-point of the stairwell.

EMILY
No.

Louie pins Emily against the wall by her shoulders.

LOUIE
Then get a fucking grip, and get over it.

He kisses her. It is not a gentle, or loving kiss. His tongue worms its way between her lips unbidden, despite Emily's best attempts to keep her lips tightly sealed. Eventually, he stops. Louie walks ahead of her and heads into their lesson.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, OLD BLOCK 1ST FLOOR: HISTORY AND TEXTILES CORRIDOR.

Emily, very slowly, trudges behind him. She pushes open the door to classroom H4.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, ROOM 'H4'. MORNING, RAINY, WINDY

Amy looks up from her desk near the back of the class, next to the window. Emily sees her, and sends an instinctive smile, but she's met with daggers from Amy. Remembering her current body, Emily looks for an empty seat. With dread creeping across her face, Emily realises the only available seat is a desk nearest to the wall with Louie.

MRS HATCHMAN
Olivia, you've come in 5 minutes late, sit down and stop disrupting my class!

Emily, very slowly and reluctantly, sits next to Louie. The second she does so, Louie places his hand on her thigh. Emily does her utmost to maintain a neutral facade, but it's clearly flimsy. Amy slyly glances across the room, and sees Emily shaking, and Louie smiling, taking notes with his left hand.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, ROOM 'A2'. MORNING, RAINY, WINDY.

Mr Guard is handing out large A3 sheets of paper with pallets of watercolour paint. Liv and Casey are sat next to one another, Liv's face stoney.

CASEY
Wanna talk about anything?

LIV
No.

CASEY
Well I do. Why are you being such a bitch to us today?

Mr Guard gives the girls a sheet and pallet between them.

MR GUARD
Emily, your detention today will be in S7 with Mr Bard. Olivia will be with you as well; I'll be having Amy and Bryony, Jake will be in isolation.

Liv just nods.

CASEY
What the fuck, why are you both together? You gonna be alright?

Liv doesn't respond, she just wets a brush and begins painting. Casey looks at her, worried.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, NEW BLOCK GROUND FLOOR: ENGLISH DEPARTMENT. AFTERNOON, HEAVY RAIN, WINDY.

It is lunchtime. Everyone is inside, and the chatter and general ruckus combined with the rain makes it very loud. The rain has gotten considerably worse and it is hammering against the glass sliding doors Liv is staring out of.

CASEY
Em, if you're done, come sit with us in L1.

AMY
(yelling)
Or, you know, keep being a bitch, see if we care!

Some nearby students turn to look as Amy's voice carries over the noise; Amy walks into the Languages corridor with Casey behind her. The sound gradually builds itself back up. Someone taps Liv's shoulder as she stares outside.

BRYONY
Hey.

Liv turns. Bryony looks uncomfortable.

LIV
What do you want?

BRYONY
Wanted to say I hope you were okay after Friday and yesterday-

LIV
I'm great.

Liv makes to walk away.

BRYONY
You know it's Louie that makes Liv pick on you so much.

Liv rounds on her.

LIV
Oh yeah?

BRYONY
Yeah. He's a prick.

LIV
Well if he's such a prick why the fuck do you hang round with him? Why do you listen to everything he says and not stick up for yourself?

Bryony looks sad, but she doesn't look away or lose eye contact.

LIV
I see the way you look every time we- you come up to me!

BRYONY
How do I look?

LIV
Like if you say anything you'll lose your friend. Well here's a fucking newsflash for you, Bryony! Commit! Choose! You either hate me or you don't!

Bryony looks at Liv.

BRYONY
I don't hate you. Either of you.

She turns and walks away from Liv. Liv has attracted an audience.

LIV
Anything you wanna say?

There are some giggles, and a distant call of 'fag'; Liv can't hold it, and starts crying she runs down the Languages corridor.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, NEW BLOCK GROUND FLOOR: LANGUAGES CORRIDOR.

The student's laughter and jeering follow Liv until she makes a break into L1.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, ROOM 'L1'. AFTERNOON, HEAVY RAIN, WINDY.

Liv gets in, drags a chair out, and cries into the table, her head hidden under her arms. Amy puts a hand on her, and Liv flinches. Amy removes her hand.

INT. PENRYN COLLEGE, ROOM 'S7'. AFTERNOON, HEAVY RAIN, WHISTLING WIND.

Liv is sat on the table nearest to the door. Through the small rectangular door-window, Liv can see Mr Bard is outside, talking to someone. Liv is prying her neck subtly, to see who it is. The door opens just then, and Emily walks in, sitting on the table next to Liv. She looks vacant, empty.

MR BARD
You're going to help me tidy, and organise, some text books.

Mr Bard's gaze lingers to the several stacks of thick heavy textbooks residing on the workstations near the windows.

MR BARD
I want them all laid out correctly: Key Stage 3 Chemistry/Physics/Biology, Key Stage 4 Chemistry and so on. Understood?

LIV
Yes, Sir.

MR BARD
You've got an hour to get it finished. I'll be in the staff room if you need me. Best crack on.

He leaves. Liv gets up and heads for the window. She looks at the books: there is no rhyme or reason for their order. She finds 4 English textbooks mixed up with the Science ones.

LIV
Oh, come on, how the fuck did these end up here?

Liv looks towards Emily; she is perfectly still. She hasn't moved at all.

LIV
Jake?

She walks closer. Her eyes are staring into nothingness. Liv taps her shoulder. Still nothing.

LIV
Come on, I need help here.

Liv walks behind her, and pulls her chair out.

LIV
(exerting)
Come. On.

Emily cries silently, her lip quivering.

LIV
Jake? What's happening? Are you okay? Hey talk to me: what's going on?

Emily doesn't respond to her.

LIV
Fine. Be that way. You're not the only one who hates my body.

Liv turns away from her.

EMILY
How do you do it?

LIV
(turning)
Do what?

EMILY
Put up with them.

Liv turns anxious.

LIV
With who-

EMILY
You know who. Your Mum and...

Liv takes a step forward to her.

LIV
What did he do?

EMILY
He...

Emily places her hand on her thigh, and then slowly presses it against her crotch.

EMILY
Does he... does he do that every day-

Liv breathes in.

EMILY
Your mum is so-

Liv wells up.

LIV
Stop.

EMILY
I had no idea.

LIV
Shut up.

Other than the rain and wind it is silent. Neither girl speaks nor moves. Liv turns back away from Emily, and towards the books again.

LIV
You're lucky.

Emily looks up.

LIV
Your Dads adore you; they look at you like you're everything.

EMILY
That's what parents are meant to do.

Liv gives a dry laugh.

EMILY
I miss them-

LIV
Did you sleep in?

Emily nods.

LIV
I tried to warn you.

Emily nods.

EMILY
She's so scary.

LIV
Where do you think I learnt?

Emily gives a dry laugh.

LIV
You've done a great job of keeping you and Amy hushed up.

Emily looks up.

EMILY
What happened?

LIV
She held your hand and I asked why; she got pissy cos you hadn't messaged her.

EMILY
Cos you haven't, you mean.

Liv sighs.

LIV
Yeah. Cos I didn't message her, and it was my hand she held.

Emily sniffles.

LIV
That's another reason you're so lucky. Your partner loves you.

EMILY
You should leave him.

LIV

I've tried. He always promises to change.

A pause.

LIV
He touched my- your- oh for fuck's sake-

Emily nods, and breathes deep to try and steady herself.

LIV
How is it, that you, someone who only became a girl last year, have it so much better than me?

EMILY
You've seen to it that I don't. I'm guessing you've seen our arms by now.

Liv looks away.

LIV
Your dads told me stories about when you knew you were a girl. Why didn't you become one sooner?

EMILY
I was afraid they'd be mad. That I was a pervert. That I was a freak.

LIV
When did you know?

EMILY
The day I got some scissors, and tried cutting my dick off.

Liv is taken aback.

EMILY
When I was about 4.

Liv sits down. She is breathless.

EMILY
Do you think George is like me?

Liv shuts her eyes.

LIV
I hope not.

EMILY
You're unbeli-

LIV
I don't want her to be in the same position you're in.

Emily is silenced.

LIV
I don't want her to be bullied, to be laughed at, to have our Mum...

EMILY
Is that why you hate me? Cos I show Geroge that it's okay to be what we are?

LIV
(*gesturing to her body*)
I hate you because you think that just because you put on makeup, and wear shitty emo clothes, that makes you a girl. It doesn't. I'm a girl. I'm not *this*.

EMILY
I say the same thing to my mirror every night.

LIV
You seen the inside of my drawers? How they're so 'perfect'?

Emily waits.

LIV
My Mum, when I was 6, went through my room, and binned everything that she thought was childish. Or that I was being spoilt by Dad after they divorced. She's never let me be... me. So, seeing you, your dads, your friends...

Emily waits.

LIV
(welling up)
Your room: everything feels... real. It feels loved. How come I never had that?

Liv starts crying.

LIV
I hate that you had that, and I didn't. It's not fair.

Emily tears up.

LIV
I had no idea it was like this.

EMILY
Until today, I didn't either.

Liv walks closer to Emily.

EMILY
You've always made me feel less than. What those two did today was-

LIV
I know.

The two girls look at each other.

LIV
Yesterday, when Lou- when Louie...

Liv waits.

LIV
I never knew he looked at you like that. He looked at me like I was a deer he hunted or something...

Emily chokes up.

LIV
I don't think anyone should look that way at someone. And I know I've looked at you like that - countless times.

EMILY
Li-

LIV
Emily.

Emily stops crying and stares at her, mouth ajar.

LIV
I'm sorry. When we're back to normal, I'd like to properly make it up to you.

Liv steps and turns away from her.

EMILY
I can't forget what you've done.

Liv begins to cry.

EMILY
But I would like to forgive you.

Liv walks back to Emily. The two girls stare at each other, crying and sniffing, but smiling nonetheless. Liv wipes her eyes, and awkwardly holds out her hand. Emily giggles.

LIV
Hey, stop laughing! We're friends now you can't-

EMILY
Wow, one heart to heart and we're friends?

LIV
I'm sorry-

EMILY
I'm teasing, just wanted to hear you say sorry again.

Liv goes red as Emily shakes her hand, and walks over to the books. Liv follows.

EMILY
What's the code for your phone?

LIV
0206.

EMILY
Thanks, was losing my mind over trying to get into it.

LIV
Let me add your Insta.

EMILY
I use Snap.

LIV
Get Insta.

EMILY
You get Snap.

LIV
My Mum checks my phone, she won't let me have anything she doesn't approve of.

EMILY
Fine. Follow yourself on my phone.

LIV
Your phone or mine?

EMILY
Uh... mine? The one that is on my body, or the body you're currently in, I guess?

Liv giggles.

LIV
This is so fucking weird.

Emily laughs too. The two are still giggling when Mr Bard walks in unheard.

MR BARD
Girls I'm very happy that you're not trying to kill one another but if these books aren't sorted you'll be back again tomorrow.

They start rushing to get the books away.

EMILY
Sorry, Sir!

LIV
We'll be finished soon!

Mr Bard gives a quiet chuckle and leaves them be.

Narrative of the Transgender Body

On gendered embodiment, the "cisification" of trans society, and what these concepts inform of trans peoples' occupancy within the physical and mental realms, as well as the narrative spaces those realms inhabit.

On the 16th of April, 2025, the Supreme Court of the United Kingdom ruled that the legal definitions of 'man' and 'woman' would, for the purposes of the Equality Act 2010, now refer to the individual's "biological sex"[1], as opposed to their gender. Completely disregarding the complexities of the reality of what "biological sex" even encompasses, one can assume that the Supreme Court, and the transphobic bloc which campaigned for this decision, wish for "biological sex" to be reduced to a person's outer, presenting, sexual organs – I.E. was a person born with a vagina, or a penis? From the EHRC itself:

> "The Supreme Court ruled that in the Equality Act 2010 (the Act), 'sex' means biological sex.
>
> This means that, under the Act:
>
> - A 'woman' is a biological woman or girl (a person born female)
> - A 'man' is a biological man or boy (a person born male)[2]"

Once again ignoring the added complexity that is the existence of intersex people (the, as of 2023, approximately 1.1 million living in the UK[3]), this judgement is both dehumanising and objectifying – to reduce a topic such as gender, one that is both paradoxically omnipresent to the point of conspiracy, and infinitesimally minor, to the point at which 99.5%~ of the UK's population do not experience discord between their sexed and gendered identities[4] , to a mere

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[1] Ben Hatton, "**UK Supreme Court rules legal definition of a woman is based on biological sex** " https://www.bbc.co.uk/news/live/cvgq9ejql39t [accessed 03/07/25]

[2] EHRC, "**An interim update on the practical implications of the UK Supreme Court judgment** " https://www.equalityhumanrights.com/media-centre/interim-update-practical-implications-uk-supreme-court-judgment#:~:text=The%20Supreme%20Court%20ruled%20that,boy%20(a%20person%20born%20male) [accessed 03/07/25]

[3] Micro Rainbow, "**Intersex Awareness Day** " https://microrainbow.org/intersex-awareness-day/ [accessed 03/07/25]

discussion of the perceived physical body is, to be frank, embarrassing. Gayle Salamon, working within Sigmund Freud's concept of bodily ego, writes on the phantasmatic body as "[a] body [in] which one has a 'felt sense' [that] is not necessarily contiguous with the physical body as it is perceived from the outside[5]" and argues that "a phantasmatic body part cannot be considered not-body simply due to its immateriality[6]". What Salamon is saying here, is that a discussion of the body cannot be merely reduced to the physical – it is a continual and never-ending process of development and change involving, feelings, wants, and phantasies which transcend beyond the constraints of physicality. This sense of the immaterial phantasmatic self, juxtaposed against the material physical body, is what I chose to base my dissertation on.

This essay will be using the Supreme Court's decision as a contextual frame to situate the context for which I, a trans woman, live and survive under and will ask where the line is between transness* and cisness*, how it is crossed, and if it even exists to begin with. These are not easily answerable questions, but I hope to open a discussion regardless. My dissertation is comprised of two components, and, as such, are complementary parts of a greater body of work; for the sake of simplicity, they will be referred to individually as **the screenplay** and **the essay**. The screenplay is a body swap, in which a trans* girl (**Emily**) swaps bodies with her cis* girl bully (**Liv**): the screenplay's intention is to directly provoke speculation to the above question. If Emily is a trans* girl in a cis* girl's body, and Liv is a cis* girl in a trans* girl's body, then which, if either, are trans* or cis*? Is it right to say that one is less cis* or more trans* than the other, if both have occupied the other's 'oppositely' sexed, but identically gendered, body? The essay, then, seeks to explain why I feel that this arbitrary divide between cis*/trans*, in the current rise of fascism spearheaded by the legalisation of transphobia and exclusion of trans* people, exists to forever perpetuate the many false, but widely accepted, narratives of trans* people, and how these narratives informed my creative process.

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[4] Office for National Statistics, "**Quality of Census 2021 gender identity data**" https://www.ons.gov.uk/peoplepopulationandcommunity/culturalidentity/genderidentity/articles/qualityofcensus2021genderidentitydata/2023-11-13 [accessed 23/07/25]

[5] Gayle Salamon, "**The Bodily Ego and the Contested Domain of the Material**", in 'differences' 15, no.3: pp. 95-122, 2004

[6] Gayle Salamon, "**'The Place Where Life Hides Away': Merleau-Ponty, Fanon, and the Location of Bodily Being**", in 'differences' 17, no.2: pp. 96-112

I must first answer why I am electing to use the terms **trans*** and **cis*** over their widely used counterparts, **transgender** and **cisgender**; these newer terms, which have been in circulation since roughly 2010[7], were the subjects of Marta Vicente in an article for Transgender Studies Quarterly[8] (TSQ). Trans* and cis*, as Vicente discusses, attempt to create a more honest, and less confining space in which to discuss one's own relationship with their identity and personal experiences, by separating the two prefixes from the category of 'gender'. Vicente, in her article, posits that despite what the term transgender wanted to accomplish – to replace **transsexual** due to its more medicalised and strict sexual dichotomous undertones to towards something more fluid[9] – it may have inadvertently excluded those outside those of 'typical' transgender experiences, as well as completely ostracised transvestites / drag artists, as they do not experience typical dysphoria in regards to their gender, but many still regard them as gender-non-conforming. Vicente therefore proposes that 'transgender' is responsible for creating a typical and universal way that gender misalignment or ambiguity is experienced, expressed, and perceived. To remedy this, within her article she uses the term trans* to:

> "[…] refer to the wide spectrum of transgender identities and experiences. Although [she] risk[s] the possibility of falling into the same limitations that transgender has, by removing gender from trans, it may result in a term that reaches further out from the constraints of gender and […] make it more open ended and rational."[10]

Whilst I certainly agree with what Vicente says here, I find it interesting that there is no reference to the separation of the terms cis and gender. Whilst it is most certainly true that most cis* people do not feel misalignment or question their gender too deeply, many do; a notable group among them would be many of the very same transvestites excluded by the term transgender. It is for this reason that I do not feel comfortable referring to either Emily or Liv within this essay in relation to their perceived sexed and gendered bodies; I feel genuinely that the terms trans* and cis* are far more accurate to discuss the experiences these characters

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[7] Avery Tompkins, "**Asterisk**", TSQ, 1 (1-2, 2014): pp. 26-27. https://read.dukeupress.edu/tsq/article/1/1-2/26/91872/Asterisk [accessed 23/07/25]
[8] Marta V. Vicente, "**Transgender: A Useful Category?** ", TSQ, 8, (4, 2021): pp. 426-439
[9] [Stan] Constantina Papoulias, "**Transgender**"; Theory, Culture and Society 23, nos. 2-3: pp. 231-233
[10] Vicente, "**Transgender: A Useful Category** ?", pp. 426-439

undergo in my creative work, as the boundary between their gendered selves is not so clear cut as 'absolutely cisgender / absolutely transgender'.

In the vein of bodies being hard to define, Emily and Liv both struggle with locating and understanding their new and old bodies beyond the obvious physical aspects: Liv now must navigate a world that detests and laughs at the body she occupies; in a cruel twist of fate, this is largely due to her own making, as the actions Liv undertook whilst inhabiting her given (i.e. 'true') body have now reared their heads at her. For Emily, this means navigating the complicated personal life of a person she only knows the public persona of, and coming to truly understand that to be feminine and embody it, means to be comfortable with your own oppression[11]. This understanding falls under the bio-deterministic reading of Freud's phallocentric process of psychoanalysis and, although it has and should be rightly criticised for said phallocentrism, in this case, it allows for a greater placement and understanding of how trans* feminine bodies are frequently perceived. The phallocentric process of psychoanalysis works thus: young girls divert from a polymorphous sexuality – one that is not traditionally masculine or feminine, and arguably is unrelated entirely to human-human attraction[12] – only after a moment of metaphorical castration, i.e. when a girl discovers she lacks a penis, and by extension, discovers her own inferiority against the superiority of the penis, and ergo, her inferiority to men[13]. Whilst this reading of Freud is, by all accounts, very inaccurate and misogynistic, it does, undeniably, structure the oxymoronic phallophobic-phallocentrism that dominates discourse surrounding trans* bodies,[14] and their occupancy in both physical and metaphorical realms. Phallophobia, as loosely defined, is the irrational fear of the penis, or of male sexuality[15], and it is through the phallophobic-phallocentric institutional and narrative structures, that transphobia can flourish without intervention.

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[11] Gayle Rubin, "**The Traffic in Women: Notes on the 'Political Economy' of Sex**", in 'Toward an Anthropology of Women', edited by Rayner Reiter (1975): pp.157-210
[12] Sigmund Freud, "**Femininity**" (1933). In 'The Essentials of Psycho-Analysis' translated by James Strachey (1955): pp. 412-435
[13] Sigmund Freud, "**The Sexual Enlightenment of Children (An Open Letter to Dr. M Fürst)**" (1907). In 'The Sexual Enlightenment of Children', edited by Phillip Rieff (1963): pp. 17-24
[14] Jacob Breslow, "**There Is Nothing Missing in the Real**", TSQ, 4, (3-4, 2017): pp. 431-446
[15] Wikipedia "**Phallophobia**" https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Phallophobia [accessed 05/07/25]

Jacob Breslow, in his article for TSQ[16], uses the case of Coy Mathis as a microcosm for how all trans* bodies are narrated and perceived under the highly phallophobic society trans* people occupy. The school district Coy belonged to when she was six in 2012, the Fountain-Fort Carson district of Colorado, made the decision to exclude Coy from the single-sexed space she had occupied previously with no issue, with the district's attorney, W. Kelly Dude, citing the justification for her exclusion thusly.

> "The District's decision took into account not only Coy, but other students in the building, their parents, and the future impact a boy with male genitals using a girls' bathroom would have as Coy grew older. The reason it has apparently not been as "issue" to date is that fellow students and even the teachers in the building are unaware that Coy is a male and at his young age, may appear female.[17]"

Here we can begin to understand how the District, and Dude, felt that Coy's exclusion wasn't merely acceptable, but necessary. Due to the temporal displacement of Coy's body being projected far away from her then six-year-old self and undergoing the simultaneous transmogrification into that of an imagined, older, presumably horny, teenage male, Dude is able to argue within the realms of the biologically determinist reading of Freud that, on the surface, justifies Coy's exclusion.

TERFs (trans-exclusionary radical feminists), and those adjacent to them, weaponise phallophobia in much the same way as Dude did to Coy, in their attempts to exclude trans* people from society. Breslow mentions in his article, that Coy's school district identified where the possibility for metaphorical castration could occur, as well as the psychic brutality Coy could inflict on her peers, in the meeting of 'oppositely' sexed (and in Coy's case, aged) bodies[18] – what this then ultimately means for Coy, and by extension all peoples whose determined sex does not align with their gender, is that gender based violence occurs in a

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[16] Breslow, "**There Is Nothing Missing in the Real** ", pp. 431-446
[17] W. Kelly Dude, "**Re: Coy Mathis/Fountain-Fort Carson School District** " (Letter to Michael D. Silverman, 2012).
https://web.archive.org/web/20130531014156/www.transgenderlegal.org/media/uploads/doc_491.pdf
[Accessed via the Wayback Machine 03/07/25]
[18] Breslow, "**There Is Nothing Missing in the Real** ", pp. 431-446

situation in which a person with a vagina is in the same vicinity as a penis. Lacan, elaborating on Freud, separates the penis from the symbolism it holds, and instead christens the symbolism itself as the **phallus**; the phallus represents the meaning associated with the penis – its power, its authority, its status as the ultimate symbol of masculinity[19] – so it is not unfair to say that phallophobia is an extreme aversion of anyone closely associated to the phallus and, on an institutional level, a tool by which to leverage against trans* people, predicated on the assumption on the lesser than female will cower in the presence of her 'biologically superior' counterpart. For Lacan however, the apparent threat of castration – the significant moment that Freud theorised which he claimed defined a child's **psychosexual development** (which Lacan then later shortened to **sexuation**) – when young girls are presented with the 'fact' that their body is 'lacking', cannot occur, as there is nothing missing in the real tangible fact that is a person's body, phantasmatic or otherwise. Breslow writes "for Lacan, it is not whether or not one has a penis but whether one represents, within the structure of desire, what it means to have, or be, the phallus"[20]. From this, we can then understand of the sexist dichotomy escribed to people assigned-female-at-birth (**AFAB**) and those assigned-male-at-birth (**AMAB**); AFAB people inherently 'lack' due to their physical lack of a penis so their phallic association is weaker, ergo, AMAB people are inherently greater due to their close association to the phallus as they have a penis[21]. Institutional phallophobia, and those who weaponise it, expose themselves then for ultimately falling for and believing in the extremely misogynistic and biological deterministic reading of Freud that enables patriarchal values and expectations (i.e. the phantasmatic phallus) to continue to be the bedrock of society.

Why, and how, then, did Breslow's article have such a profound impact on my conceptualisation and production of the screenplay? Within the screenplay, Emily and Liv's bodies are swapped – but as Salamon mentions, bodies are more than the physical. In the assumption of one another's bodies, each girl experiences the phantasmatic: Emily, her

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[19] Jacques Lacan, "**The Signification of the Phallus**" (1958). In 'Écrits', translated by Alan Sheridan, 1-7 (1977): p. 578
[20] Breslow, "**There Is Nothing Missing in the Real**", pp. 431-446
[21] Lacan, "**The Signification of the Phallus**", pp. 281-291

phantasy made real, finally experiences the figure, anatomy, and form she feels she has always deserved and needed; Liv, for all intents and purposes, experiences the inverse of castration – she becomes endowed with phallic association so strong that her she cannot accept the body she is currently occupying. Liv, in the assumption of Emily's body, then eats Eden's apple, and understands how Emily, and by extension all trans* women whose gendered bodies typically do not align with their sexed bodies and as such are viewed as lesser and false by their detractors (TERFs etc.) due to their sexed association to the phallus, has made the decision to endure the oppression she is subjected to for the sake of one day being, as her dad **James** states, "the girl you were always meant to be". Returning then back to Emily, within her occupancy of Liv's body, she, as someone who has grown up unaffected by the objectification that cis* women are subjected to, experiences a 'true' moment of castration, when **Diane** (Liv's mother) inspects her body for signs of weight gain after which Diane remarks "no man will want you if you look like a cow, Olivia". This moment of weaponised phallocentrism from Diane, is then immediately paired with the revelation that **Louie** (Liv's boyfriend and another bully of Emily's) sexually abuses her at school. Louie kisses Liv without her consent, smacks her bum, and also touches her genitals in class, all of which are experienced by Emily – in this moment, Emily, in much the same way as Liv, eats Eden's apple, and begins to understand why a girl as abused and controlled as Liv, will exercise what little autonomy she has on whoever was 'lower' than her. Of course, I do not want for this to come across as an olive branch to those who "ask reasonable questions". To be clear, it is anything but; Emily and Liv's joint circumstances are a literal phantasy in and of itself. In the current final scene of the screenplay, Liv explains why she is a girl, and Emily is not. The irony in this of course being, that Emily's body is the one saying it to Liv's body, which Emily points out to her. This scene, I felt, was necessary to include in the screenplay and was essential to be its current conclusion, as it marks the transition of the girls' relationship, as well as the transition of acceptance of both themselves and their bodies for the rest of the screenplay.

Emily and Liv, in the 'becoming' of one another (whilst, importantly, remaining themselves), do not, as I have already mentioned, merely assume the physicality of the other, but also their

circumstances. Circumstances, in this case, relates to anything pertaining the day-to-day living, activities, routines, relationships, and indeed the physical body of either girl – in this way, we can refer to Emily and Liv's respective circumstances, as their **Homes**. Home, much like the body, is more than a physical place of residence: it is a circumstance, a pocket of defined space that transcends linear time, in which the phantasmatic and real coincide; it is somewhere a person can return to and feel safe[22]. By this definition, Home is, as one can imagine, a space of privilege that very few queer people have permanent and available access to, as the idea of 'Home' is contingent and reliant on both environmental and physical factors that enable a sense of comfort and order. If those factors are disrupted, or discord is brought 'into the Home', as it were, the occupier of that Home can feel dislocated, removed, and isolated. It is easy to apply this idea at a surface level to Emily and Liv – they have swapped bodies, and therefore, one another's Homes. But Ryan Gustafsson, in their chapter Thinking Trans Embodiment[23], discusses the liminality oft assigned to the state of transness: the movement from the wrong body, to the right one, where the right body is, as put by Sandy Stone, "unambiguously male or female"[24], or to be more demonstrably cisgender. The narrative of transition, in which a trans* person undergoes surgery, hormone-replacement, and countless changes to their private life, frequently frames the "wrong body" as correctable; the phrase "born in the wrong body" is largely responsible for a bulk of collective understandings of trans* bodies and desires, and so the wider trans population is pressured by the societal expectancy that they will want to, and should, 'redeem' their bodies so as to not feel they are in the 'wrong' one. This redemption, then, is largely understood to be gender reassignment, ergo we can understand that the inhabiting of a person's 'right' body within this context is the act of returning to a Home that was previously locked away[25]. I have chosen to label this structured societal narrative, **cisification** – to preface, cisification does not refer to the act of transition, but the expected/appropriate way

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[22] Ryan Gustafsson, "**Thinking Trans Embodiment: On Contingent 'Home' and Trans Fatigue**", in 'Trans Philosophy', ed by Perry Zurn, Andrea J. Pitts, Talia Mae Bettcher, DJ DiPietro. Pp. 81-86, 2024. University of Minnesota Press. http://www.jstor.org/stable/10.5749/jj.13083379 [Accessed 22/05/27]
[23] Gustafsson, "**Thinking Trans Embodiment: On Contingent 'Home' and Trans Fatigue**", pp. 81-86
[24] Sandy Stone, "**The Empire Strikes Back: A Posttranssexual Manifesto**", in 'The Transgender Studies Reader' ed by Susan Stryker and Stephen Whittle. P. 227, 2006.
[25] Stone, "**The Empire Strikes Back: A Posttransexual Manifesto**", p. 227

to transition and how it is forced, as well as forms of forced detransition as a form of psychic brutality. Looking at both Emily and Liv's inverted circumstances with the screenplay, it is hard to say which one is more trans* than the other because they are in some way both trans* and cis*. Liv is inhabiting a trans girl's body, whilst recognising that her gendered soul is cis* (twisting the given Home of how gender dysphoria can be experienced); Emily inhabits the body she always feel she has wanted, but as the screenplay develops, begins to want to inhabit her previous Home – to return to her 'true' body – thereby undergoing a form of detransition, and challenging the reasons as to why she is transitioning because if she only wanted breasts and a vagina, Emily would likely wish to remain in Liv's body. In the disruption of Emily and Liv's Homes, I seek to challenge the Home in which transness inhabits; as an assimilatory narrative concerned only with the perceived 'correction' of the individual into a strictly cisgendered masculine or feminine frame, not the strengthening and unity of the trans* community or understanding of broader trans* identities. This is the cisification of trans society – it is the final narrative of assimilation, in which a society deems you both too masculine to be feminine, or vice versa, and forces you into the accepted end goal transition – cisgender or cis*? To understand this further, I must now briefly return to Breslow's examination of the case of Coy Mathis, as well as examine how Coy's case is exemplary of the wider narrative of transition.

Breslow touches on how Coy was perceived as being simultaneously greater, and lesser than, her peers due to her close association to the phallus and her age respectively[26]. What is saddening here, is that Coy was treated as both adult and child on account of her understanding of physical anatomy at a young age, something that is deemed uncommon in cis* children. This refusal to acknowledge Coy's autonomy, made apparent by the temporal brutality which disfigures her into the imagined male, strips her of her childhood, and dooms her far-off adolescence and adulthood into the shadow of the phallus by virtue of her inherent association to it by being born with a penis. Childhood is vital for the neuro-psycho-sexual-physiological development of a child: as seen with Coy, it can mark the beginning of a

[26] Breslow, "**There Is Nothing Missing in the Real** ", pp. 431-446

conscious recognition of that which is 'wrong' in the body, and a need to correct it. But what is childhood for a trans* child, if they are also seen as adult? Within the 1996 Penguin's Classic release of Alice in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass, Hugh Haughton's Introduction serves as a biography to Lewis Carroll (real name Charles Dodgson), and an analysis on the Alice books to act as an entrée of sorts: a preparatory course to the stories you will be reading, understanding who made them, and why. Quoting a 1962 article for the New York Times[27], Haughton discusses the lack of good literature that is explicitly for children; because all children have become adults, but no adults can become children, it stands to reason that all children's literature can become adult literature, but no adult literature can become children's literature, due to the passage of linear temporality always progressing forward, and never in reverse[28]. Following this logic, I ask again: what does this mean for trans* people, both children and adults? If, like Coy, trans* people are both assumed to be greater than, and lesser than – what Eco would identify as fascistic rhetoric via a "continual shifting of rhetorical focus, the enemies are at the same time too strong and too weak"[29]– what literature and narratives exist for us? Does it even exist? Our childhoods are so frequently temporally brutalised for the sake of preserving the far off adulthood of a phantasmatic figure who is repulsed by our genitals, much like how Dude did with Coy's childhood[30], that it is fair to say that, much like how we are viewed as greater and lesser, literature for trans* people is both indicative of childhood and adulthood, on account of our frequent temporal fluidity / displacement. Further, in what ways does this impact Emily and Liv? They are adolescents, on the cusp of childhood and adulthood, the liminal space which exists only as a transitory state between the unordinary realm of Wonderland and the ordinary realm of reality, much like how the narrative of transitioning is also viewed to be. Additionally, aside from their age, Liv and Emily are also not strictly trans*, nor cis*, and they cannot be classed as non-binary as both are, by their own

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[27] The New York Times Magazine, "**Today's wonder-world needs Alice** ", 1962; reprinted in W.H. Auden 'Forewords and Afterwords', ed by Edward Mendelson, 1973, p. 291
[28] Hugh Haughton, "**'Introduction and Notes ' in Alice's Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass** ", Penguin Classics, 1998. Authored by Lewis Carroll (1865 and 1872). London: Penguin
[29] Umberto Eco, "**Ur-fascism** ", 1995. https://theanarchistlibrary.org/library/umberto-eco-ur-fascism [Accessed 23/07/25]
[30] Breslow, "**There Is Nothing Missing in the Real** ", pp. 431-446

accounts, women. So: what narratives exist, for Emily and Liv, and all peoples who's gendered and sexed selves are in discord? What exists for people who are pressured, in differing but similar ways, to **cisify** themselves so that they can return to the Home that was 'stolen' from them – be that an enforced 'true' transition, or a brutalised detransition? I wish I had an answer to this, but sadly, I find myself much like Alice was in Wonderland: trying to make sense out of nonsense. Alice's perspective on what she experiences in Wonderland and in the Looking-Glass are a distorted perversion of Victorian England: all the rules, expectations, and values of 1800s Britain is distilled in these books into a cacophony of ever-changing, contradictory, and arbitrary set of rules, that do not make sense to Alice, as the only one of 'sense' in the world of non-sense[31]. In this way, Alice is not unlike Emily and Liv; all three characters occupy a narrative(s) in which their world is ever-changing, perverse, and scary; all three characters undergo bodily transfiguration into something so unlike themselves they fall into disbelief, and, most crucially, all three yearn to return Home, to the circumstances in which feel real and make sense to them.

The question regarding what narratives exist for trans* people was fundamental in my production of the screenplay, and, although we took a while to get here, I truly do feel that the prior context was necessary to understand why I believe this to be an important question, and therefore, what tools I will be using to try and narrow into an answer. To finally answer the question which until now has been a shadow on the wall: why a body swap? Why did I choose to tackle questions of such importance, with a genre that is almost exclusively used for comedy, especially in film? An easy answer, with, as you have just read, a myriad of complex questions that spawned from it: I felt – rather, I feel – that body swap, as a genre of fiction, cannot ever be considered transgressive, until it recognises the potency of having two differently sexed, but identically gendered, people inhabit one another's Homes. As discussed, if an occupier of a Home (in this case, a body) is uprooted and housed elsewhere, it can be brutalising to the person's sense of self; body swaps rarely tackle this issue, rather simply insisting that their characters can just power through this drastically fundamental change to

[31] Haughton, "**Introduction and Notes** ", p. xliiii

their body. Occupancy in another's Home is, for our purposes today, another form of Wonderland; it is a realm in which nonsense reigns, in which the rules are arbitrary and fluid, and in which your body is not your own, and substitute to change at a moment's notice; one's sense of autonomy and consent is vandalised by virtue of having to accept another's choice to do what they will, and feel how they will, about your own Home. These events and themes do occur in body swaps, but, as mentioned, tend to be played comedically: in the 2003 version of Freaky Friday sees a mother (**Tess**, Jamie Lee Curtie) and daughter (**Anna**, Lindsay Lohan) swap bodies for a day, and one of the very first things that Anna (in Tess's body) acknowledges is her age, exclaiming she is old and lamenting her loss of beauty, literally referring to herself as "the Crypt Keeper"[32]. Similar scenes are shown within both Jumanji: The Next Level, and Jumanji: Welcome to the Jungle: in Welcome to the Jungle, when the protagonists first enter the world of Jumanji, the vain and stereotypically 'girly' character **Bethany** (Madison Iseman), accidentally chooses the avatar of the middle-aged, fat, male avatar of **Dr Shelly Oberon** (Jack Black), with the first thing she does being to immediately remark on her appearance, repulsed at her new fatness, oldness, and maleness[33]. Similarly in The Next Level, the characters **Martha** (Morgan Turner), inhabiting the body of the athletic and sexy **Ruby Roundhouse** (Karen Gillan) and **Fridge** (Ser'Darius Blain), inhabiting the same body Bethany did before him (that of Dr Shelly Oberon), find themselves in a situation where they swap bodies a second time, into the avatars that the other inhabited. Martha remarks "what am I supposed to do with this?" whilst gesturing to Oberon's fat body, swiftly followed by the somewhat mocking "sorry, all bodies are beautiful – even this one"; Fridge, now in Roundhouse's body, revels in his newfound athleticism and skinniness, admitting that "[touching Ruby's boobs] was literally the first thing [he] did"[34]. In the examples given here, all the characters merely acknowledge the physiological aspects of another's body, and demonstrably objectify the body they inhabit, ranging from ageism, fatphobia, to misogyny, all for a quick laugh – there are acknowledgments made regarding wanting to be back in their true

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[32] "**Freaky Friday** ", dir. Mark Waters (2003): 26:57-27:17
[33] "**Jumanji: Welcome to the Jungle** ", dir. Jake Kasdan (2017): 20:40 – 20:47
[34] "**Jumanji: The Next Level** ", dir. Jake Kasdan (2019): 58:57 – 1:00:29

bodies, but these comments merely further exacerbate the humorous elements. For this reason, I do not feel that these films handle the exchanging of a certain gendered person into the oppositely sexed body well – these films play with trans* themes, and acknowledge their existence even, especially in how the physiological aspects of the new body are handled, but do not give it the time of day nor respect that **re-Homing** deserves.

For most of the characters within the above films who inhabit bodies that are not their own, they are repulsed by them. This repulsion acts as their primary motivation for them to return Home, and in the case of Martha and Bethany, a Home that isn't male, fat, and old. In observing how these films treat the exchanging of Homes, we can see plainly how the narrative of transition – that is a need to cisify oneself – has been, not just drilled into society, but indeed how it has moulded it. Joseph Campbell, in his canonised work The Hero With A Thousand Faces[35] explains the narratological form of the monomyth (or the Hero's Journey[36]) – the theory that all stories and myths follow the same template at their core: a hero steps out of their ordinary world, into the unordinary world, and then a triumphant return back to the ordinary world, with new perspectives and experiences such that their ordinary world is now forever changed. The unordinary world is dangerous, challenging, but promises a period of wonder far beyond what the ordinary world can offer: and so exists the monomyth. When laid out like this, it becomes clear to see how the cisification of trans* people can occur: if a trans* person feels they were 'born in the wrong body', then they will seek to correct their Home[37] (their ordinary world); to achieve this, they must brave Wonderland, which looks very different to how it did when Carroll conceived it – a realm in which trans* people are subjected to ever-changing attitudes[38], arbitrary rules[39], and scapegoating[40] under the ever watchful gaze and allure of fascism that has spread its seeds across the country, cultivating as many as possible with its

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[35] Joseph Campbell, "**The Hero With A Thousand Faces**" 3rd edition (New World Library, 2012)
[36] Joseph Campbell, "**The Hero With A Thousand Faces**"
[37] Tanveer Mann, "**Toddler becomes Britain's youngest transgender child after mum found her trying to cut off her 'bits'**" https://metro.co.uk/2015/12/07/boy-6-becomes-britains-youngest-transgender-child-after-mum-found-him-trying-to-cut-off-his-willy-5549667/ [accessed 15/07/25]
[38] Rowena Mason "**Theresa May plans to let people change gender without medical checks**" https://www.theguardian.com/society/2017/oct/18/theresa-may-plans-to-let-people-change-gender-without-medical-checks [accessed 15/07/25]
[40] @jkrowling https://x.com/jk_rowling/status/1912644919103004807 [accessed 15/07/25]

wyrms, all for the sake of perfecting their individual Home – and, depending on how well they cope in Wonderland, will return as either the corrected cis* individual, or the rejected trans* one. The result is identical either way: an assimilation of trans* society enforced by the expectancy of transition, and the weaponisation of detransition.

Wonderland, as viewed in the UK post 16th April 2025 by a trans woman, is engulfed by the phantasmatic phallus: the symbol of weaponised phallophobia, and driving force of fascism. As I hold this to be true, I posit: to transition under a fascistic narrative, structured so that you deem your body in need of repair – where the body is incorrect, wrong, or not your real Home –, is to undergo a maligned form of the Hero's Journey, and to undergo said maligned journey, serves only to assimilate – to cisifiy – in an act of internalised transphobia. To be clear: I am not denouncing the power held within the Hero's Journey, but I do oppose its presence in regards to trans* narratives, when the dominant trans* narrative is that of binary transitions being heavily medicalised, pathologised, stringently controlled, and predicated on the desire to fix what is broken, with the ultimate goal to be seen, or want to be, as cisgender as possible. More importantly, transition, when undergone for reasons an individual holds to be true unto themselves, is not cisification. Cisification refers to the need to malevolently 'correct' what is 'wrong' about your body under the predatory neo-Liberal framework of capital, predicated on a basis of assimilation into, not coexistence with, cis* people. This is why I chose to body swap a trans* girl and a cis* girl. In the act of inhabiting each other's bodies, both Emily and Liv understand the association to the phallus, and how that association is weaponised by Liv and Louie to force one of two scenarios: by either forcing Emily to detransition (to **re-cisify** herself) or to have her assimilate totally into cisgender society by abandoning her transness entirely. By placing a cis* girl into a Home which she has expressed verbal and physical disgust over, and by oppositely placing a trans* girl to reckon with the goals of her transition beyond the physical, I force the two girls to reckon with their similarities, their shared pain and love, and the

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[39] Department of Health and Social Care, "**Ban on puberty blockers to be made indefinite on experts' advice**" https://www.gov.uk/government/news/ban-on-puberty-blockers-to-be-made-indefinite-on-experts-advice [accessed 15/07/25]

pointless hate which until the events of the film has divided them. The screenplay is currently unfinished, but Emily will not fully forgive Liv by the screenplay's conclusion, nor will Louie recognise and acknowledge his abhorrent behaviour; I feel it is important for trans* narratives to capture both the magic in Wonderland, and the pain of reality. With this in mind, how can the life changing experience of two girls remedy wider societal transphobia? It cannot; it is a story about a collection of people within a society, not the entire one. However, I do not think the screenplay is hopeless: in fact, I think it is precisely the opposite. Aside from Louie and Diane, most of the named supporting characters are trans* positive, with Liv actively working to change her behaviour come the second act, and **Bryony** (Emily's ex and Liv's friend) showing remorse for her ambivalence and apathy towards her being a bystander to Emily's discrimination. Reality, as painful as it can be, is often filled with love – which, as someone within the trans* community, is all I've ever felt.

Much like how trans* people are viewed as both greater and lesser, so too must their stories capture both Wonderland and reality – because for us, there is no distinction; transition is an endless process, one that each trans* person must identify and reckon with in some manner, and also resist, at all turns the process of cisifying themselves, of assimilation. Emily and Liv's story in Out of Body, is representative of this, as I hope I have made clear. Transition is a beautiful thing, and no one, but you, should define it – narratives and structures be damned.

I wish to close this essay, by first of all giving thanks to both Joseph Ronan and Julie Everton for supervising me on this project, their insight and expertise has been essential in its production and facilitation. Next, thank you to Jess Moriarty for continually supporting both myself and the Creative Writing course at every turn, as well as the entire teaching staff, you are all truly splendid, talented, beautiful people.

In some manner, my Dissertation is a summation of my skills, my knowledge, and my life. It is, in no uncertain terms, my proudest work to date. This course has given me the confidence and power necessary to inspire my own beginning and it is invigorating.

From the bottom of my heart, it has been a pleasure to produce this Dissertation. I hope it is of some enjoyment to read, and I would love to hear what you think <3

With love,

Sonny-Rhoey “Gwen” Arne Ralph Liverod-Griffin (S-R.G.L-G)

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