

# Augments

by  
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FADE IN:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY - LOS ANGELES

JULIEN, 22, a female-to-male transgender individual is curled up in fetal position on a make-shift bed made of a papasan matt placed on the floor. Despite the heat, Julien is wearing a long-sleeve shirt and sweatpants. He wakes.

With his back to us, he sits up, and runs his hand through his hair, which is cut short like a boy's. He gets up.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY - MINUTES LATER

Julien stands shirtless in the center of the room - his back to us. He forces himself to hyperventilate, then inhales as deep as he can. He wraps a flesh toned ace bandage tightly around his chest.

When the bandage is wrapped fully around, Julien retrieves two large safety pins, which he uses to secure the bandage.

Finished, he puts his arms down. There is a gentle slope in his waist down to his hips.

INT. BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Julien turns on the tap. The sink fills up with hot water.

He regards his reflection in the mirror. He checks the growth of his sideburns, which are pretty impressive. He stretches his face, and runs his hand along the skin looking for facial hair. He's disappointed.

Julien has big, beautiful, blue eyes.

JULIEN

If you shave it, it will grow, man.

Julien stops the tap. He uncaps a can of shaving cream, and spreads it on his face. He picks up a men's safety razor, swishes it through the water, taps it on the sink, and then begins to shave his face.

INT. BATHROOM - MINUTES LATER

Julien pulls them off his sweatpants. With his back still to us, Julien straps something (a prosthetic penis known as a pee-packer) around his waist and between his buttocks. He adjusts the front of the contraption over his groin.

He kicks up the toilet seat, and urinates standing up.

He kicks down the seat, and turns around: full frontal.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - SAME

Julien opens the closet. All his clothes are neatly hung up and organized.

He puts on a pair of boxer shorts/ A wife beater (a white tank top) / a pair of baggy jeans / A dark blue graphic t-shirt / And a pair of ratty skater shoes.

The transformation is complete, Julien regards himself in the full length mirror hanging on the inside of the closet door. He pulls his shirt down and twists to the side, and is displeased to still see a bit of a bump on his chest.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - THE KITCHEN AREA - SAME

Julien spreads peanut butter on a tortilla wrap, rolls it up and begins to nosh.

He goes to the freezer and pulls out a box of Hot Pockets. He opens the box and dumps out its contents on the counter - it is money. Mainly small bills, but quite a pile.

He counts it up, making stacks of \$100. In between counting, he eats spoon fulls of PROTEIN POWDER from a huge jar.

INT. RUSTY OLD TOYOTA - DAY - CONTINUOUS

JULIEN'S POV: as he drives down the street in heavy traffic. He smokes a cigarette and gazes at the throngs of beautiful people - muscled guys without shirts, and cosmetically enhanced chicks with platinum blond hair - with an expression of mixed desire and contempt: envy.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

JULIEN enters the swank waiting room of a PLASTIC SURGEON'S practice.

The room is occupied mainly by women, all of whom have had some sort of cosmetic surgery and/or botox injections before.

Julien approaches the reception desk. The RECEPTIONIST is on the phone. She holds up a finger to indicate that she'll be with him in a minute.

Julien takes a second look at the WOMEN flipping through copies of *SELF* and *Us Weekly* in the waiting room.

Some of them border on Michael Jackson levels of going under the knife, some of them look pretty normal as far as having fake tits, rock solid abs, and toothpick sized thighs is considered normal these days. They all have fresh manicures.

Julien bites his nails.

RECEPTIONIST  
(hanging up the phone)  
May I help you?

JULIEN  
(speaks in a low, soft  
voice)  
Uh, yeah. I have an appointment.

RECEPTIONIST  
Which doctor are you here to see?

JULIEN  
Doctor Malcolm. ...2 o'clock.

RECEPTIONIST  
Julien?

JULIEN  
Yeah.

RECEPTIONIST  
Okay. I just need your driver's  
license and insurance card.

JULIEN  
Driver's license?

RECEPTIONIST  
To verify age. You're over  
eighteen, right?

JULIEN  
Yeah. Um. Okay.

Hesitantly, Julien takes his license out of his wallet.

JULIEN (CONT'D)  
It's uh...here.

Julien hands his license to the Receptionist. She looks at it. Skeptically.

RECEPTIONIST

This is you?

JULIEN

Yeah, um, officially I haven't changed my name yet, but the papers are, like, in the process.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay, well, officially this is the name that needs to go on all your medical records.

The Receptionist takes a few steps toward the copy machine, then doubles back as if remembering something.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Insurance card?

JULIEN

I, uh, don't have insurance.

RECEPTIONIST

(picking up a pen to make  
a note)

How do you intend to pay?

JULIEN

Cash.

RECEPTIONIST

(makes a hard note)

Right.

The Receptionist takes his driver's license over to the COPY MACHINE and makes a copy. Julien waits anxiously.

The Receptionist comes back, picks up a clip board, writes something on it quickly, and then hands it to Julien along with his license.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Okay, Sabrina, if you'll just have a seat and fill this out the doctor will be with you shortly.

Julien takes the clip board and sits in the far corner of the room. TWO YOUNG WOMEN, slim, pretty and tan are sitting near to him and talking in soft voices to each other.

YOUNG WOMAN #1

I couldn't have eaten any more last night if I tried.

YOUNG WOMAN #2

Oh my god, I know. I can't even remember the last time I ate Hagen Dass.

YOUNG WOMAN #1

So good. But seriously, like as bad as it is for you, McDonald's french fries are the best freakin' food in the world.

(covers her mouth and whispers)

Especially when it's just going to get sucked out of you the next day.

The Young Women laugh.

Meanwhile, Julien looks down at the forms in his lap. On the top of the form the Receptionist has filled out his name: ENGLISH, SABRINA. And SEX: FEMALE.

Julien squirms in his seat. He looks around the room to see if and how the other people in the room are looking at him.

YOUNG WOMAN #1 notices him looking at her and gives him a patronizing, closed lip smile. Julien sheepishly smiles back, and then returns to his forms.

On the bottom of the page are two outlines of the female human form - one of the front side, and one of the back side. The instructions on the form say to "Circle the areas of your body that you would like to improve." Julien circles the breast area.

Young Woman #1 notices his selection.

YOUNG WOMAN #1 (CONT'D)

I had mine done here, too. They're really good, and you can feel, like totally safe. I was so nervous. I was as flat as you, but now look.

(she sticks out her chest, revealed by a low cut top)

So good, right?

Julien blushes (both embarrassed to be "mistaken" for a girl, and from sexual arousal).

JULIEN

Yeah. Thanks.

YOUNG WOMAN #1  
 You're welcome, sweetie. It's a  
 good choice.

Her friend nods along in agreement. Just then, a NURSE comes into the waiting room carrying a clip board.

NURSE  
 Sabrina?

Julien nods and gets up. The Young Women wave "bye" to him.

YOUNG WOMAN #1  
 (winks sweetly)  
 Good luck.

NURSE  
 (to Julien)  
 You can follow me.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The NURSE ushers JULIEN into the room.

NURSE  
 You can get undressed. Here's a  
 smock. The doctor will be in in a  
 few minutes.

JULIEN  
 (pointing down at his  
 clothes)  
 Um, all the way?

NURSE  
 What are you having done?  
 (checks the chart)  
 Just the breasts? You can leave  
 your jeans on if you want, but the  
 doctor may ask you to remove them.

The Nurse leaves, closing the door with a gentle click.

Julien fiddles with the bottom of his shirt, then pulls it off.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Julien is sitting on the examination table with the smock on.

DOCTOR MALCOLM, a walking Ken doll with a sunny disposition enters.

DR. MALCOLM  
Hello, Sabrina. I'm Doctor Malcolm.  
It's nice to meet you.

They shake hands. Dr. Malcolm sits in a chair on wheels.

JULIEN  
It's Julien.

DR. MALCOLM  
(checking the chart)  
Julia? I'm sorry, I must have the  
wrong chart. Sandra?!  
(grabs the door knob to  
open the door)

JULIEN  
That's me, I, uh, just prefer to go  
by Julien.

DR. MALCOLM  
Julien? Ok, Julien.  
(makes a note)  
What can I do for you today?

Julien indicates his chest.

DR. MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
Let's take a look.

Dr. Malcolm wheels up to Julien and spreads open the gown.  
Julien's breasts look hang like deflated balloons.

DR. MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
(nodding)  
Yup. May I?

Julien nods, and Dr. Malcolm reaches out to feel Julien's  
breasts. He pinches the skin and lifts it up - they could be  
the breasts of an 80 year old woman.

DR. MALCOLM (CONT'D)  
That puckering is actually a good  
thing.  
(pulls out a red sharpie  
and begins making marks)  
This extra skin will make it really  
easy for us to fit you with  
anything as high as a C cup right  
away, and then you can take it from  
there once the skin has begun to  
regenerate new cells, okay? Have  
you thought about what kind of  
implants you want?

JULIEN  
 Uh, actually, I was hoping to,  
 uh...  
 (closes his gown and  
 coughs)  
 Get rid of them.

DR. MALCOLM  
 Get rid of what?

JULIEN  
 The uh...  
 (indicates his chest)

Dr. Malcolm looks hard at his clip board, then jots down a note before re-addressing Julien.

DR. MALCOLM  
 Julien, is it?

JULIEN  
 Yeah.

DR. MALCOLM  
 Julien, do I understand correctly  
 that you're looking for gender  
 reassignment surgery?

JULIEN  
 Just the top. For now.

DR. MALCOLM  
 Okay, well, before I can proceed on  
 surgery of that nature I need to  
 see documentation from an  
 accredited psychologist that you  
 have undergone the, what is it? two  
 years? Two years minimum of  
 psychiatric evaluation of your  
 gender identity disorder.

JULIEN  
 (to himself)  
 Disorder. Right.

DR. MALCOLM  
 (sympathetically)  
 I didn't see any forms in your file  
 - did you happen to bring them with  
 you today?

Julien shakes his head "no," clearly holding back tears.

DR. MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Okay. That's a problem for our purposes here today.

JULIEN

I know, but I've been living as a man, full-time, for over a year now, and I just can't aff - I work at Starbucks, right? And they keep gyping me out of hours. Not that I make anything anyway. But I can't get insurance, and every body is always calling me "miss." Whatever, I don't want full reassignment. Maybe T at some point, but it's expensive and I just want a reduction or whatever.

DR. MALCOLM

I'm sorry, but I really can't help you without written consent from a psychologist.

JULIEN

I've thought about it. ...A lot.

DR. MALCOLM

I'm sure you have --

JULIEN

They won't change my driver's license and stuff if I don't - if I do still have them.

DR. MALCOLM

Okay, well, I need to see documentation labeling you as male before I can operate to that affect.

JULIEN

It's just a reduction.

DR. MALCOLM

I know this must be very hard for you, but just get yourself into therapy, save up for a few years, and I'll be more than happy to help you with your transformation then. Okay?

JULIEN

People get breast reductions all the time.

DR. MALCOLM

I'm sorry, Julien, but my hands are tied until I get that piece of paper.

Dr. Malcolm holds out his hand for a goodbye shake.

DR. MALCOLM (CONT'D)

But when you do get that piece of paper, come back to me. I'd really like to help you. Okay?

JULIEN

Yeah. Right.

DR. MALCOLM

Okay, Julien. You take care.

Dr. Malcolm exists with a last parting smile.

Julien punches the table, and tries not to cry. With the gown still on, he begins re-wrapping his breasts.

Someone knocks on the door, and the NURSE quickly opens it.

JULIEN

Occupied!

The NURSE quickly shuts the door.

NURSE (O.S.)

Sorry!

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE WAITING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

O.S. a door SLAMS, followed by Julien (fully dressed) rushing down the hall. He rushes past the Receptionist and Dr. Malcolm toward the door.

RECEPTIONIST

Ms. English! You forgot to pay --

Dr. Malcolm stays her with a hand on her shoulder, and shake of the head.

Julien slips out and shuts the door.

FADE TO BLACK.