

LEAD WITH YOUR HIPS
7TH DRAFT

Written by

Britney Hochman

2334 Tower Grove Ave, Apt 2W
St. Louis, MO 63110
(405) 651-4389
johochman@webster.edu

BLACK

The POPPING of an aux cord plugging into a speaker.

"Hips Don't Lie" by Shakira fades in. It sounds like its coming from a mobile device. Simultaneously, a VERY QUEER voice hums along.

These sounds continue as we...

...FADE TO:

INT. AN OFFICE/BEDROOM OF BISEXUAL TRANSSEXUAL CHIC

A LONG DESK full of sound and video editing equipment, music mixing equipment, makeup kits and mirrors, plushies of every cartoon character imaginable, and posters of every queer icon across all of recorded history. All of this is lit by BRIGHT BISEXUAL LIGHTING.

And at the center of it all is the silhouette of the back of a LUXURIOUS DESK CHAIR... and an ENORMOUS PERMED WIG nodding to the beat.

The quiet Beats of Shakira fade into--

CUT TO:

EXT. WHITFORD STREET - NIGHT

--BLASTING "Hips Don't Lie. Lights FLARE across the students STREAMING down the front yard of the TWO-STORY HOUSE.

INT. XAVIER'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

XAVIER (18), a BULKY QUARTERBACK-TYPE daps up ANOTHER BULKY DUDE, TRENT (18).

A HUGE CROWD initially blocks our view of:

ALEXANDRA (18), a SLENDER CHEERLEADER-TYPE. Her hips move with precision to the awe of many students, some admiring, some horny.

Someone uses their flip phone to snap a photo of her dancing. We clearly see a date on the phone: May 6, 2006.

Behind this person, Alexandra catches a glimpse of Xavier and Trent. She gives the smallest look of... intrigue?

She raises up her arms, per the routine. *As Xavier claps his hand around Trent's, Alexandra's clasps her hand around the open air.*

Trent catches the sexy sight in the crowd.

TRENT
Yo, Xave. Check your girl.

Xavier looks toward Alexandra. He gives a lustful look at her physicality... *and we get a long look at him as that lust briefly becomes **longing**...*

His face quickly morphs back into his douchy grin.

TRENT (CONT'D)
Think you're gonna hit that soon?

XAVIER
Gonna hit that now.

The nearby guys let out some horny whoops. Xavier struts over to his girlfriend.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Hey babe, let's take this party upstairs.

Alexandra softly sings along to Shakira.

ALEXANDRA
Later. Aren't your parents gone all weekend?

XAVIER
(grinning)
Don't think the guys wanna wait that long.

His horny friends nod eagerly.

Alexandra stops dancing.

ALEXANDRA
Xavier, can't we just--

The final note plays. Alexandra tries to jump back in and hit her final pose, but chokes by at least a full beat. She sighs.

Xavier's face changes.

XAVIER
Shit, baby. I'm sorry--

ALEXANDRA
No, it's fine. Let's take it
upstairs.

They move in that direction.

The film scrubs ahead like a streaming video. We get FRAME-LONG glimpses at our couple going at each other doggy-style, and we eventually land--

INT. XAVIER'S BEDROOM - LATER

--on Xavier. He's exhausted, clearly unsatisfied. Alexandra gets off her knees and rolls onto her back.

Xavier joins ON THE LEFT OF THE BED in a TWO-SHOT. Alexandra's face looks numb and blank. Their eyes close, one after the other.

We pull back from the screen, revealing--

INT. AN OFFICE/BEDROOM OF BISEXUAL TRANSSEXUAL CHIC

--the film playing on A TABLET.

A hand with light blue, light pink, and white two-inch acrylics softly clutches A STYLUS. The other hand raps their acrylics of pink, yellow, and cyan (with a black triangle at the base) against the screen.

OUR ICON (age don't matter sweetie) stares at the screen: a HUGE GARIBALDI BEARD covers a face of glitter, high arched brows, and an ENORMOUS PERMED BLUE WIG.

OUR ICON
Oh, my poor GNC eggs!

Beyond the elaborate long desk are acoustic and electric instruments, enough graphic tees to fill a Hot Topic, and so, so, many body pillows strung to the ceiling.

And crawling about the space are FOUR CATS OF YELLOW, WHITE, PURPLE, AND BLACK.

OUR ICON (CONT'D)
How to fix these cissys, that is
the question.

Our Icon turns to the yellow cat.

OUR ICON (CONT'D)
 Sprite. Are there any nearby icons
 we can send? Surely one of our own
 can lend a queer eye and a queer
 hand to this postcard cringe
 couple, yes?

Sprite just stares at them.

Our Icon has suddenly become a GRUFF 5'6" COWBOY, picking at
 a banjo in hand.

OUR ICON (CONT'D)
 No one? How could that be?

They turn to the white cat.

OUR ICON (CONT'D)
 Dyette Cokey. Remind us when we are
 again.

Dyette Cokey also just stares at them.

Our Icon is now a HYPERFEMME 1930'S GLAMOUR ACTRESS.

OUR ICON (CONT'D)
 2006? As in pre-Laverne on TIME
 magazine, 2006? Oh my.

They turn to the purple cat.

OUR ICON (CONT'D)
 Barq. How do you suggest we bring
 out the realness?

Barq licks its paw.

Our Icon wears a tuxedo tailored to their now pear-shaped
 body, complete with an orange bowl-cut.

OUR ICON (CONT'D)
 The metrasexual is further along
 than the metrosexual? But when is
 the opportune time for them?

They turn as if hearing a response from the black cat.

OUR ICON (CONT'D)
 Another party tomorrow? Never more
 opportune than that, Pepsi!

Pepsi is wearing the same tuxedo.

Our Icon now wears an extravagant black-cat fursuit.

OUR ICON (CONT'D)
You're absolutely right, Pepsi!
We'll do this the old fashioned
way!

Our Icon turns back to the screen. Xavier and Alexandra are still asleep in a TWO-SHOT.

Our Icon dramatically raises their stylus, *and they draw a black line between the couple.*

They tap and drag Xavier's half of the screen down and out of the way. They move Alexandra's half to fill in the new empty space. They then move Xavier's half to fill in the other new empty space.

It looks as if Our Icon split the room down the middle and switched the pieces around.

OUR ICON (CONT'D)
Perfect!

We move into the--

SPLIT SCREEN

INT. XAVIER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bodies on the bed awaken.

LEFT SIDE: The body drags themselves LEFT...

RIGHT SIDE: The body drags themselves RIGHT...

...and *CRASH!* They send each other tumbling off the bed.

The halves of the screen break from the TWO-SHOT as the bodies stand...

LEFT SIDE: ...and immediately falls backward to the floor.

RIGHT SIDE: ...and immediately falls forward to the floor.

They both stand again. Confused, they look down and are shocked to see...

LEFT SIDE:... and hourglass. They grab at two small mounds on their chest, pull them forward, and yelp.

RIGHT SIDE: ...a beefcake. They grab at an extra appendage between their legs, and yelp.

They turn to each other. Xavier's face is staring right back at the real Xavier. Alexandra's face is staring right back at the real Alexandra.

ALEXANDRA AND XAVIER
ARRRRRRRRRRRRRRGH!!!

Alexandra, in Xavier's body, still sounds like herself, but her voice cracks at ten times the rate of a cis boy who just hit Tanner Stage 2 of puberty.

Xavier still has the same inflections and cadences in his voice, but it still sounds airy and raspy. It's like a prepubescent child is trying to hit his lower register.

<p>ALEXANDRA Xay--AY-- (voice crack) --ayvee--EE--yer?</p>	<p>XAVIER (extremely raspy) Alexandra...?</p>
--	---

END SPLIT SCREEN

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom door FLIES open. Xavier STOMP-RUNS out, trying to hold his own baggy clothes over his new naked body.

XAVIER
(still quiet and raspy)
Sex with girlfriend. Sleep with
girlfriend. Now I'm girlfriend.
Nope. Uh-uh. Now I'm girlfriend.
Nope. Uh-uh. Nope. Uh-uh. Nope.

He continues his little chant as Alexandra slowly WADDLES out the room like she has to take a shit. She rubs her huge biceps, looking a little fixated.

ALEXANDRA
Wow--OW--ow... Thih--IH--iss ih--IH--
-iz... oh--OH--oh thih--IH--iss...

We hear the TUMBLE of Xavier's new body down the stairs. Alexandra PLOPS straight down on her new tight ass. She stares down at her crotch.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
Thih--IH--iss ih--IH--iz suh--UM--
thi--EE--ing noo--OO--oo...

XAVIER
 (muffled through carpet)
 Nope... Uh-uh... Nope... Uh-uh...
 Nope...

He trails off, passing out.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alexandra pokes at her crotch.

ALEXANDRA
 Nee--EE--eet... Aa--AA--and my voh--
 OI--ees ih--IH--isn't Xay--AY--
 ayvee--EE--yer's but... may--AY--
 aybee Ai--AI--ai can fih--IH--ix...

She trails off, also passing out.

Still on Alexandra's unconscious body... *we pull out from the screen.*

INT. AN OFFICE/BEDROOM OF BISEXUAL TRANSSEXUAL CHIC

Our Icon watches. They're in their default form, say for the
 "A LITTLE BIT DRAMATIC" T-shirt.

OUR ICON
 Wow, this cissy is progressing
 fast!

They take a bite from a rice cake and use their stylus to
 scrub ahead.

We land on--

INT. XAVIER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Xavier groggily lifts his head from the carpet. He looks out
 the window. It's about NOON.

XAVIER
 (still quiet and raspy)
 Morning... Just a dream?

He feels his back-length hair and his head falls back to the
 floor.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 Nope. Uh-uh. She's the girlfriend.
 I'm the boyfriend.
 (MORE)

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 She's the girlfriend. And I'm the
boyfriend. And *she's* the...

He turns...

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 ...boyfriend.

Before him is Alexandra, still in his body, standing over him.

She's fully dressed in Xavier's clothes, and looks incredibly sharp. Her hair is moussed up perfectly, and she's dawned herself in cotton jeans and a tailored polo that could only look cool on Xavier's body.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
 Alexandra?! What are you...?
 You're... me. You're like, *me*, me!
 How'd you make yourself look like--
 ? *Damn*, my voice sounds weird.

Alexandra gives a long, sickeningly charismatic grin.

ALEXANDRA
 To be honest, I didn't hear a word
 you just said.

A shocked Xavier covers himself like a Masculine Venus and scoots away with his feet...

...for Alexandra's vocal resonance couldn't be lower. She sounds as masculine as Xavier did, but it's her own voice.

XAVIER
 What the hell?! How did you--?!

ALEXANDRA
 You were out for like twelve hours.
 I've been practicing all morning.

FREEZE FRAME. We start rewinding.

INT. AN OFFICE/BEDROOM OF BISEXUAL TRANSSEXUAL CHIC

Our Icon is in default form, except their beard and wig have switched places and they're using the latter to pet Pepsi.

OUR ICON
 Looks like I skipped us ahead too
 far!

They open a video editor on their tablet and music starts.

BACK TO:

INT. XAVIER'S BEDROOM, UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, AND LIVING ROOM

BEGIN *FAST MONTAGE*

In XAVIER'S BEDROOM, a NAKED Alexandra looks through a magazine called "CLASSIC MASCULINITY."

CUT TO Alexandra putting an outfit together in front of Xavier's LARGE SQUARE BEDROOM MIRROR. Each outfit slowly improves on the last until she finally reaches a polo and cotton jeans look that could only be iconic on Xavier's body.

CUT TO a confident strut down the UPSTAIRS HALLWAY.

CUT TO a LIVING ROOM mirror at DAWN:

ALEXANDRA

Huhhhhhhh--UH--uh.

(cut to)

Huhhhhhhhhhhh--UH--uh.

(cut to)

Huhhhhhhhhhhhhh...

(cut to)

Hey...

(cut to, perfect guy voice)

Hey, man. I just wanna kick back with my girl.

(perfect girl voice)

Hey, I just wanna kick back--

(guy voice)

Hey, I just wanna kick back-- Got it.

It's about NOON now.

END MONTAGE

INT. XAVIER'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Xavier collapses on the couch. He's still awkwardly covering himself.

XAVIER
(particularly quiet and
raspy)
How the hell do you change your
voice?

ALEXANDRA
Huh? I didn't catch that, babe.

XAVIER
Why are you being so weird...?
(louder)
How do you change your voice?

ALEXANDRA
Oh. I can show you if you want.

XAVIER
Wait, what?

ALEXANDRA
You didn't forget about the party
tonight, did you?

OUR ICON (O.S.)
No we didn't, sweetie!

XAVIER
What about it?

ALEXANDRA
You don't plan on missing it, do
you?

Xavier pauses as the realization sinks in.

XAVIER
(quieter)
No Lex. I can't do that.

ALEXANDRA
What was that?

XAVIER
(louder)
I can't be you!

ALEXANDRA
(smirking)
What was that?

Xavier stops... and lets out a bizarre, low-pitched, but much
more audible head voice.

XAVIER
I can't be you!

Alexandra's smirk grows into a grin.

ALEXANDRA
I think you can.

XAVIER
(still in head-voice)
What, you think 'cause I sound like
a drag queen, I can suddenly get
hot like you?

OUR ICON (O.S.)
Ouch!

Alexandra pulls out her flip phone.

XAVIER
What're you--?

She snaps a photo of Xavier and shows him.

ALEXANDRA
Check yourself. This look hot?

Xavier stares at the image of him covering himself.

Something changes in his face.

XAVIER
I guess.

ALEXANDRA
You guess my body's hot?

XAVIER
What? Yeah! Yeah, of course it's
hot! You don't think I don't think
you're not--?

ALEXANDRA
So you look hot?

XAVIER
I... I--I don't think it's
really... It--it's not the same if--

ALEXANDRA
Say you look hot.

XAVIER
What?

ALEXANDRA
Say you look hot.

Xavier looks embarrassed, though he can't help but smirk.

XAVIER
I look hot?

ALEXANDRA
What was that, hot stuff?

XAVIER
I look hot.

ALEXANDRA
(girl voice)
Now lemme show you how to be hot,
bitch!

She pulls her makeup kit out of her purse.

Xavier looks at her getting situated. His face is red.

XAVIER
(under his breath)
Holy shit...

We scrub ahead...

OUR ICON (O.S.)
Montage time!

BEGIN MONTAGE

Both on the couch, Alexandra clasps her bra on Xavier. He can't seem to pick a reaction.

CUT TO both standing and fully dressed. Alexandra places her hands over her diaphragm.

ALEXANDRA
(guy voice)
Give me an...
(girl voice)
..."oh my God."

XAVIER
(still head-voice)
Uh... *oh my God*--dammit, babe. I
don't think I can do this. I'd like
to but--

Alexandra lets out her deepest, most suave voice yet.

ALEXANDRA
Just try again, sweetheart.

A tomato-faced Xavier:

XAVIER
(unintentionally lighter
and brighter)
Oh my God, Alexandra... How--?

ALEXANDRA
Better.

Xavier takes a moment to realize what he's done. He grins ever so slightly.

CUT TO Alexandra giving Xavier a full face of makeup.

CUT TO Alexandra sitting on the couch, playing a tinny ringtone-version of "Hips Don't Lie."

Xavier rests his hands on his waist and leans his upper torso left, then right.

He's clearly aware of how he looks.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
(near perfect Xavier
impression)
It's alright. Lead with your hips.
That's what ain't lying, not your
shoulders.

Xavier shakes out his body and restarts. He's still a bit stiff, but it's definitely better.

CUT TO both on the couch.

XAVIER
"That's so cute!"

The voice is--

ALEXANDRA
(guy voice)
Solid, baby.

CUT TO Xavier strutting down the UPSTAIRS HALLWAY, while Alexandra watches. He's pretty clean and his stomp-running is totally gone.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
(girl voice)
Okay, girl! Let me see it!

CUT TO a short sequence of Xavier's many dance attempts. Each one is less rigid, more on beat, and each time it improves, Xavier grows just a bit more euphoric. And his joy is rubbing off on Alexandra.

Through the window, the sun sets.

END MONTAGE

Xavier strikes his closing pose with precision. He even adds a hair flip!

Alexandra pridefully grins.

ALEXANDRA
(guy voice)
How do you feel?

Xavier takes a second to catch his breath.

XAVIER
I mean, this dancing is like... you know, *holy shit*, right?!
(laughs)
But uh... I still feel a bit...
This whole thing still feels a bit too--

ALEXANDRA
(checking her flip phone)
Hold that thought, babe.
(Xavier voice)
We gotta get ready. DJ's coming soon, so we gotta move all the--

We scrub through their party preparation as we hear:

OUR ICON (O.S.)
Boring, boring, boring...

We land on:

INT. XAVIER'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The DJ sets up for a new track.

OUR ICON (O.S.)
...there we go!

DJ
And now for the real life of the
party! Let's bring 'em in,
Alexavier style!

Alexandra brings Xavier down the stairs, escort-style. We
hear several cheers and whoops.

Trent moves to them.

TRENT
Tight, man. Tight.

Alexandra releases Xavier and daps up Trent perfectly.

"Hips Don't Lie" begins.

ALEXANDRA
(to Xavier)
Showtime, babe.

Xavier nods and moves toward to the center of the room.

His gaze lingers on Alexandra and Trent as they disappear
behind the crowd forming around him.

Without seeming to notice, his hips sway to the beat. This
elicits cheers and more whoops, which draws Xavier's
attention to the crowd.

A cute grin forms on his face.

He nods his head.

His arms raise.

The movement of his hips are sharper and more defined.

The chorus drops. And so does Xavier. He's serving
perfection.

Everyone stares with admiration. Xavier's face is pure bliss.

His gaze moves about the adoring crowd--

--and catches Alexandra and Trent again.

Alexandra looks like she's having the time of her life.

She's got Trent in a chokehold and takes a swig from a red
plastic cup. She turns to a group of girls--probably the
CHEER SQUAD--and sends them a wink, causing them to squeal.

Xavier notices several guys staring at Alexandra with envy.

Xavier loses the beat.

He looks down at the body he inhabits. He pokes all of its parts like foreign objects.

His vision blurs.

Hyperventilating, he runs toward Alexandra.

She notices him and releases Trent.

XAVIER

Hey babe? I thinking we better head upstairs before it gets too late.

He's sounding less like Alexandra.

Alexandra notices the panic in Xavier's eyes.

She gives an exaggerated shrug.

ALEXANDRA

Alright babe.

We keep our focus on Xavier when Trent starts talking.

TRENT

You want me to clear out at eight-thirty?

ALEXANDRA

(to Trent)

Nah, nah, nah, it'll just be a quickie. I ain't complaining.

CUT TO:

INT. XAVIER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Xavier bursts in and stomp-runs about the room. Alexandra cautiously follows.

ALEXANDRA

(guy voice)

Why'd you stop, Xave? Your dancing was great!

XAVIER

(androgynous voice)

I want out. I fucking hate this. Maybe if we fuck again--

XAVIER (CONT'D)
--we'll switch back or
something. Just slip it in
and out and--

ALEXANDRA
If we fuck again? You
listening to yourself? You
were clearly happy back
there!

XAVIER (CONT'D)
"Happy back there?!" You forced me
into this!

ALEXANDRA
I mean, we didn't have much of a
choice! Your rep was on the line,
right?

XAVIER
My rep isn't worth shit when I'm
stuck in this body!

ALEXANDRA
Exactly! It doesn't fucking matter!
What matters is making the best of
this!

XAVIER
Oh, so what I actually want doesn't
matter?!

ALEXANDRA
Well, what do you want?!

Xavier throws his mouth against hers.

Their bodies relax.

Xavier wraps his arms around Alexandra's neck and she rest
her hands on his waist.

Xavier quickly pulls away.

XAVIER
(closer to Alexandra's
voice)
Sorry. This is weird. This is
weird, isn't it? Yep, this is
weird.

Alexandra moves a hand to Xavier's cheek. She smiles as she
caresses it with her thumb.

ALEXANDRA
Yep. This is weird.

Xavier smiles back.

This time their lips move together in unison. Their kiss is strong and passionate.

They finally separate and Alexandra whispers in Xavier's ear:

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
You wanna move to the bed?

A reddened Xavier stammers in a girl voice that sounds nothing like Alexandra.

XAVIER
Y-yes please!

CUT TO:

INT. AN OFFICE/BEDROOM OF BISEXUAL TRANSSEXUAL CHIC

Our Icon, in default form, cuddles with all four of their cats in one arm. With the other, they munch on a popcorn ball.

BACK TO:

INT. XAVIER'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Both are totally topless.

Lying on the bed, Xavier still wears his bra and skirt, though there's certainly nothing underneath, say for at least two of Alexandra's fingers.

His own moans seem baffled at their own femininity. Alexandra grins.

ALEXANDRA
New sensation?

XAVIER
(through moans and
chuckles)
Yeah, but don't--
(gasp)
--*fuck!* Don't think I'm the only
one getting it tonight!

He pushes her fingers out, sits up, and pushes Alexandra onto her back. He yanks off her basketball shorts.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
I always wanted to try this!

BEGIN MONTAGE

We fade between:

Alexandra's euphoria at Xavier taking her in his mouth.

Alexandra caressing Xavier's bare shoulder, and removing his bra.

Xavier's ecstasy as Alexandra thrusts behind him.

Xavier swiveling around, wrapping his legs around hers, and gently pulling her down to her back as he sits up.

Xavier riding atop Alexandra with pure joy.

END MONTAGE

INT. XAVIER'S BEDROOM - LATER

Both lay under the covers and stare at the ceiling.

It's a TWO-SHOT again: Xavier ON THE LEFT, Alexandra ON THE RIGHT.

They turn to each other, grin, and turn to the ceiling again.

XAVIER
(girl voice)
This wouldn't be too bad.

ALEXANDRA
(guy voice)
What? What wouldn't be too bad?

XAVIER
This. Being you. And you being me.

ALEXANDRA
You don't want out?

Xavier hesitates.

XAVIER
This isn't my body. I'd miss the hell out of my folks. But the new stuff... some of the new stuff would be wonderful...
(pause)
Unless you're not cool with--

ALEXANDRA
You think I'm not?

Xavier smiles at her.

XAVIER
So... we're good staying right
here?

ALEXANDRA
I guess so.

They both give a nervous laugh.

XAVIER
(Alexandra voice)
Well. Hello, Xavier.

ALEXANDRA
(Xavier voice)
Hello, Alexandra.

Freeze Frame.

A graphic line draws itself between them. As if moved by a stylus pen, the body of the left half is awkwardly dragged out of the way. The right half is dragged over to the left side, and the left half is dragged to the right side.

Our Icon GIGGLES.

End Freeze Frame.

The beefcake on the left looks left. The hourglass on the right looks right.

XAVIER Da--AM--mit!	ALEXANDRA (CONT'D) (quiet and raspy) Dammit!
------------------------	--

The beefcake sounds like he hit and quit puberty overnight, and the hourglass sounds like a prepubescent child trying to hit her once deeper register.

XAVIER (CONT'D)
Wow--OW--ow! Ahem! Wow--OW--ow!!
AHEM!
(more our less his old
voice)
FUCK!
(pause)
Wow.

They both let out a long, exhausted sigh.

ALEXANDRA
(quiet and raspy)
Kinda relieved, not gonna lie.

XAVIER
What was that?

ALEXANDRA
Ahem! Kinda relieved, not gonna
lie!

XAVIER
Clear it again.

ALEXANDRA
AHEM! I'm kinda relieved!

She doesn't land on "more or less her old voice". It's simply
about as masculine as she can get.

XAVIER
I would've been relieved like an
hour ago! How are you relieved?

ALEXANDRA
They weren't our bodies.

XAVIER
Yeah... But the *new* stuff-- Wait,
why do you still sound like that?

Alexandra grabs her purse. She pulls out the makeup kit again
as well as a small pair of scissors.

ALEXANDRA
What about the new stuff?

INT. XAVIER'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The music is gone and everyone's more talking than partying.

EXT. WHITFORD STREET - CONTINUOUS

Hardly any students are left on the front lawn.

INT. XAVIER'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trent checks his watch.

TRENT
Damn, they've been at it a while.

ALEXANDRA (O.S.)
DJ. Alexavier style. Now.

Everyone turns to the top of the stairs.

Alexandra: her hair is pulled back in a tight bun. On top is Xavier's T-shirt and jacket, trimmed and folded to her size. On bottom are Xavier's basketball shorts. Her makeup is dark and heavy, including black lids that stretch out into a thick line around her temples like an eye mask.

Xavier: On top is only Alexandra's designer cropped tank top which is cut down the middle, leaving two individual pieces hanging down his shoulders. On bottom is Alexandra's mini-skirt. His makeup is bright and glamorous, similar to his look while in Alexandra's body, but his cheekbones and jawline are hella defined.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
DJ!

The DJ snaps out of their dumb stare and scrambles to start "Hips Don't Lie."

Xavier smiles up at his girlfriend.

XAVIER
Thanks, babe.

His voice is in the full femme range, just with the power and cadences of his old voice.

The song begins.

CUT TO:

INT. AN OFFICE/BEDROOM OF BISEXUAL TRANSSEXUAL CHIC

Our Icon--in default form--cuddles Sprite, Dyette Cokey, Barq, and Pepsi, all of whom wear cat-sized versions of the cowboy look, glamour actress look, tuxedo, and cat fursuit respectively (Pepsi is literally just a stuffed black cat).

OUR ICON
Did you do that Pepsi? Did you transform those cissy GNC eggs into cissy GNC icons?! Yes you did! Yes you did!

BACK TO:

INT. XAVIER'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Both at the bottom of the stairs:

ALEXANDRA
Hey, Trent!

She daps up a confused Trent.

A bewildered crowd just sort of passively makes room for Xavier.

A confident Xavier struts to the center of the room. He nods to beat...

Alexandra puts a catatonic Trent in a chokehold.

ALEXANDRA (CONT'D)
Yo, Trent. Check my guy. Think I should hit that soon?

Xavier nods...

Nods...

Nods...

Up raise his arms!

Hips shift to the side--!

CUT TO BLACK.