

DEAD NAME

Written by

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INT. ERICA'S ROOM - NIGHT

ERICA, a Southeast Asian trans girl in her 20s, is sitting on her bed, with her laptop in front of her. She scrolls through a website.

ERICA (V.O.)

One of my old Twitter accounts. I made it before I transitioned. I was a real edgelord back then. So embarrassing. I wish I could just get rid of that part of me for good.

She picks up a thick, worn book from her nightstand and looks through it, stopping on one of the pages.

ERICA (V.O.)

Instructions for a ritual to divorce the old self from the new. You burn an item your old self loved in a circle of salt, causing the old self to leave the body and become a separate person in the form of a corpse.

Erica rifles through her closet and takes a Tapout shirt from a box on the floor.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She takes the salt out of the cabinet. Her mother speaks to her from the living room:

ERICA'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Erica, sweetie, what are you doing?

ERICA

Nothing, Mom.

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Erica puts the shirt on the ground. She makes a circle of salt around it and sets it on fire with her lighter. She expressionlessly watches it burn until it's reduced to a pile of ashes.

She closes her eyes and inhales. Her OLD SELF is now a corpse on the ground. Her old self looks like a dead version of her pre-transition self.

Erica drags her old self through the woods and into the...

EXT. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

She shoves him into an empty grave and buries him. She leaves, thinking her work is done.

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

Later in the night, a thunderstorm brews, and lightning strikes Erica's old self's grave.

A pale hand reaches out from the dirt.

INT. ERICA'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

A messy Erica wakes up and gets out of bed.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She trudges into the kitchen and takes a Monster out of the fridge. She cracks it open and takes a sip when she hears the doorbell ring.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Annoyed, she opens the door to her old self standing outside.

ERICA

What do you think you're doing here?

OLD SELF

Trying to go home, who the fuck are you?

ERICA

I'm you, idiot.

OLD SELF

What?

Erica sighs.

ERICA

Just get in here and I'll explain.

Her old self takes a step forward. She looks down at his shoes.

ERICA (CONT'D)
But take those off first. If you
get dirt in the house, you're gonna
die a second time.

Her old self takes his shoes off and enters. She leads him
into the...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Erica is cleaning the dirt off of her old self.

OLD SELF
You're telling me I *died*?

ERICA
Yeah, and I killed you.

OLD SELF
Well, fuck you too, then.

Erica shrugs.

ERICA
Girl's gotta do what a girl's gotta
do.

OLD SELF
But you're not even a girl, you're--

She slaps him across the face with full strength.

ERICA
That's why I killed you.

She reaches over and grabs a knife from the knife block. Her
old self's eyes widen.

ERICA (CONT'D)
Burying you didn't work, but maybe
this'll do the job...

OLD SELF
Do you know how much being dead
sucks? Please don't kill me again,
I'll do anything...

Erica stops to think for a moment and raises an eyebrow.

ERICA
Anything?

Her old self nods.

INT. ERICA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The two of them are standing in Erica's room. Erica is in front of the door.

OLD SELF

What are you gonna do to me?

ERICA

Something that should've been done a long time ago.

CUT TO:

Her old self in a dress, tied to a chair.

ERICA (CONT'D)

I think I'm gonna call you Sandy.

Erica injects estrogen into Sandy's thigh.

SANDY

You can't do this! I'll call the cops!

ERICA

You said you'd do anything, so I don't wanna hear you complain. And I'd like to see you try, you legally haven't existed for five years.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy sits at the dining room table with a formal table setting in front of her. Erica paces back and forth behind her.

ERICA

I need you to name these utensils from left to right.

Sandy rolls her eyes.

SANDY

Dinner fork... Weird fork? Salad fork... I don't fucking know. Why are we doing this?

ERICA

Because I'm going to make you a lady.

(MORE)

ERICA (CONT'D)
Ladies don't curse, and they don't
put their elbows on the table,
either.

Sandy hesitates before putting her elbows down.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy sits in front of the mirror, slouching.

ERICA
Sit up straight. Slouching is
impolite and bad for your back.

Sandy slowly sits up, and Erica puts foundation, eyeshadow,
and lipstick on her; all in lowkey, neutral tones.

ERICA (CONT'D)
You don't want to overdo it, but a
little bit of makeup can look nice.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sandy struggles to walk in a pair of Erica's heels.

ERICA
You just have to take it slowly.
You'll get used to it.

The front door creaks open. Erica's mother is home from work.

ERICA'S MOTHER (O.S.)
I'm home!

INT. ERICA'S ROOM

Erica shoves Sandy into her closet.

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Sandy looks down at the table setting.

SANDY
It goes... Salad fork, fish fork,
dinner fork, dinner knife, fish
knife, soup spoon...?

ERICA
That's right. Good work.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sandy puts on her makeup while Erica supervises.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sandy walks in heels successfully. Erica touches her face.

ERICA

You know, you look really pretty
like this...

CUT TO:

Erica's mother walking up the stairs and into the hallway.

ERICA'S MOTHER

I'm home--

The sight of "two" Ericas -- making out, no less -- sends her falling backwards, clutching her heart, mouth agape.

INT. FUNERAL - AFTERNOON

Erica's relatives are socializing after the service. Erica and Sandy are in a corner keeping to themselves. One of Erica's male relatives approaches and shakes Erica's hand.

MALE RELATIVE

My condolences.

ERICA

Thanks.

MALE RELATIVE

Who's this?

ERICA

Oh, she's my... estranged little
sister. I didn't even know she
existed until she just showed up
recently. But we've gotten...
pretty close since then. Say hello,
Sandy.

Sandy shakes the male relative's hand.

SANDY

It's nice to meet you. I'm Sandy.

END