

MY BOY MUST BE A GIRL

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CHILDREN'S ROOM - DAY

The walls are painted blue. There is a cot set along the blue wall. The cot blanket is also light blue. A large bear doll sits on the blanket.

ANTHONY, a blond boy of 5 years, plays with his toys on the carpet in the middle of the room.

His MOTHER, a pretty young woman, stands near him. She looks at Anthony attentively with her arms folded across her chest. His FATHER is a slender man of about 25 years with his long hair pulled back in a bun. He stands next to the Mother, with a straight back, as in a ballet pose.

MOTHER

(to the Father)

Look at him! He's playing with dolls again! He must be a girl!

As if on cue, Anthony drops the doll and picks up the RoboCop. He lets the RoboCop march around and makes whistling noises of SHOOTING with his voice.

FATHER

Nonsense! Girls don't play with RoboCops!

Suddenly, Anthony takes the doll in one hand and the RoboCop in the other and runs with her, screaming from the RoboCop, who seemingly wants to catch her.

ANTHONY

Help! Help!

FATHER

(laughing softly)

Well, what does that mean now?

MOTHER

Influence of the television.

(pause)

We should get him checked.

She bends over to Anthony and points to the doll's pink dress first and then to the blue spots on the carpet.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Anthony, what color do you like more? This or that?

Anthony looks at the blue dots on her dress and points at them.

FATHER

Excellent! As is hence proved - he is a boy! My boy!

MOTHER

I'm not so sure. I think he just wanted to make me happy.

FATHER

Then, let's show him some typical toys for girls and boys.

This time, he bends over to Anthony.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Look, Tony, what do you like better - this car or that doll?

He picks up a little red car and then points at the doll wearing a pink dress in Anthony's hand. Anthony looks from him to the toys and back. He drops the RoboCop and takes the car, but then he pauses a little, after which he throws the car into a corner of the room.

MOTHER

As you can see, he is not interested in cars. He's a girl.

FATHER

I wasn't interested in cars in my childhood either. It means nothing.

Now they are both tensed. They stand pondering.

MOTHER

Okay. What were your interests then?

FATHER

I was interested in children's cubes. I liked to build things.

MOTHER

Then let's show him the cubes and
what can be done with them.

She squats next to Anthony, takes some colorful cubes out of
a box, and builds a simple tower with them.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Look, Anthony, a tower! It's
fantastic, isn't it? Can you build
your tower now?

Anthony looks at the tower and then tries to take out a cube
from the tower base.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Anthony! Take some other cubes.

Anthony continues taking out his favorite cube. As he
succeeds, the tower falls. Disappointed, he hurls the cubes
one by one across the room.

FATHER

(to the Mother)
What did you like to do in your
childhood?

MOTHER

(thinking hard)
I liked...

She seems confused.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Girls like to dress their dolls.

FATHER

Okay.

He crouches next to Anthony, takes a doll, and starts to
undress it. Anthony looks up with interest. Then, the
Father gives him the doll and her dress.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Anthony, please dress the doll.
She is cold.

Anthony takes the doll, examines it, and gives it to his
Mother.

FATHER (CONT'D)

Well, you see - he's a boy!
Clearly!

MOTHER

I think he wanted me to dress her.
It's too difficult for him to do
it.

The two parents get up and look at each other questioningly.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

I've heard that the girls like to
wear dresses and the boys like
pants. We shall now see...

FATHER

Do you have a dress for him?

MOTHER

I bought one yesterday.

FATHER

Oh my God! That looks like a bit
of paranoia!

MOTHER

(angrily)
I must find out!
(beat)
And I think that, if you're a good
father, you should be worried about
your child's future too.

She takes a pink dress from the closet, goes to Anthony, and
puts it on him. Anthony doesn't resist. The Mother is
delighted.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

(to Anthony)
How beautiful you look! Like a
real girl!

For a minute, Anthony seems surprised. Then, he sits down on
the floor again and starts playing with his RoboCop.

FATHER

Now what? Isn't it enough to make
sure he's not a girl?

MOTHER

(angrily)
No, that's not enough!

The Father laughs out loud. Anthony looks at him and begins
to take off his dress, crying.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
This is all your fault.

She helps Anthony take off the dress. Anthony now stands there in a shirt. He runs to the other side of the room, puts on a foil mask with a cutout for the eyes, and walks across the room, imitating an alien.

FATHER
(ironically)
Well, now everything is finally clear! Our child is genderless!

MOTHER
Better say you don't care!

FATHER
Better say you worry too much!

MOTHER
If I don't worry, the house will look like a madhouse.

FATHER
O yes! Everything should be the way you want it!

MOTHER
Shut up! Don't argue with me in front of the child!

FATHER
(ironically)
On command, my general!

As if he were in an army, he salutes his superior, albeit very elegantly, like a ballet man. The Mother begins to smile.

MOTHER
At ease!

The Father now takes a different ballet pose. It looks so funny that the Mother laughs out loud. Anthony runs to the Father and imitates him. It seems even more comical on him. Finally, trying to imitate each other, they all stand in different ballet poses and laugh happily.

FATHER
(to the Mother)
May I go to my work now? To my dear ballet barre?

MOTHER
(smiling)
Fall out!

The Father runs across the room, but stops at a wall with the Mother's photo. She is in the uniform of a major. The Father makes a graceful brisé jump in front of it and leaves the room.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Anthony, please, put all your
playthings in the toy box! It's
time for the afternoon nap now.

Reluctantly, Anthony puts off his mask and walks to her. He gently hugs her knees.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Who do you want to be when you grow
up?

ANTONY
I want to be like you... but dance
like papa!

The Mother smiles and gently strokes his head.

FADE OUT.

THE END