

***The Gifted's* Polaris in:
eXpanding Identities**

INT.MUTANT UNDERGROUND HQ.

Timmy, a young Mutant, sits alone on a staircase, ignoring everything going on around him. A silver dollar floats in front of his face, slowly revolving when he pokes it with his right index finger. Timmy sighs and the dollar drops into his hand. He stands and, without warning, a wrench flies through the air and hits him in the back. He drops to one knee with a cry of surprise and pain.

LORNA(Off-Screen): Sorry!

Lorna Dane-the mutant known as Polaris-appears at the top of the stair. She descends quickly and helps Timmy to his feet.

LORNA: Sorry. You okay? That last one kind of got away from me there. Didn't realise Lauren's shields could bounce stuff. Have to remember that.

TIMMY: Yeah....

LORNA: Wait, shouldn't you be up there with us? I thought Sage would tell you when we trained. You did speak to Sage when you got here, right?

TIMMY: Yeah...yeah, she told me. I just lost track of time.

LORNA: (raises eyebrows) Lost track of time? Look, kid, I get it if you are nervous or whatever, but we really don't have time for navel-gazing right now. Sentinel Services could come through that door at any time. Or worse, the Struckers might try holding hands again. Get it together. We need all hands on deck. Training. Now!

Timmy doesn't move. Lorna walks up a couple of stairs, realises that Timmy isn't following, and looks back at him.

LORNA: Can't help but notice you not following me.

TIMMY: I'm sorry. But...I don't know if I belong here.

LORNA: What do you mean? You're a Mutant, right?

TIMMY: I am, but it's complicated.

LORNA: Try me.

TIMMY: I can't. I mean...I can't.

LORNA: Why? And considering the amount of time we're wasting here, it better be good.

TIMMY: Okay. So...I'm a Mutant, right? But I think....I mean, I know I'm Bi. Bisexual. I figured it out just before I manifested.

LORNA:....Good for you? Don't see any problems so far.

TIMMY: I want to talk about it. I want to...but I can't. I don't want to be attention-seeking or whatever. I don't want to have so many labels. I'm on medication for Anxiety, or at least I was before I came here, I'm a Mutant and now this? You're the only person I told. No-one will believe me. They'll just think I'm trying to create drama. And I don't want to be that guy. I think I'm going to leave.

Lorna pauses for a moment, walks down the stairs and takes Timmy's hand.

LORNA: Kid. Look at me. I am only going to say this once.

Timmy looks up.

LORNA: YOU CAN BE MORE THAN ONE THING. Nobody is solely defined by any aspect of themselves. I'm a Mutant and I have had mental health issues. They are both parts of me, like I don't know, building blocks. I've known Mutants that were Gay, that had Autism, you name it. Some understood that each and every part of them needed care and attention. Some were where you are now and thought that they needed to choose which parts they showed the world and which parts they had to keep secret. Those ones tended to be miserable, okay? They eventually were forced to deal with whatever they were hiding or just sat on it and let that bitterness and frustration swallow them whole. Either way, it was never on their terms. You with me so far?

TIMMY: I think so. You're saying I shouldn't try to hide? That I should be honest?

LORNA: Exactly. Definitions-not labels-help us communicate, and you can have as many definitions as you want to tell people who you are. Not that you are under any pressure to out yourself as anything if you don't feel comfortable. Far from it. I'm just saying that you should not feel the need to try to normalise yourself or that you can only identify with one section of society. You are a collection of needs and wants, and you will be a lot happier if you can be honest enough with yourself that you can accept all of them. And if you're lucky, you will be in an environment where people will just be happy that you are happy. The ones that truly love you will never see it as attention seeking. Cool?

TIMMY: Yeah. Yes, I mean...thanks.

LORNA: Great. (Yells) TRAINING! NOW!

Timmy hurries up the stairs.

LORNA: Kitty Pryde, eat your heart out.

She magnetically lifts the wrench and sends it after Timmy.