

**SOLID 8**

Written by

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## **Solid 8**

### **Synopsis**

A beautiful young woman, Aia, discovers something life-changing about her pregnancy from her fertility doctor.

### **Characters**

**Aia** — a delicate and refined woman in her late 20s; wears a woman's handbag, with over-the-shoulder strap, as an accoutrement.

**Dr. Freja Gudmannsdottir** — an empathetic, curious doctor; a decade older than Aia.

**Time:** Near future

**Location:** Fertility clinic office in a big city

**SOLID 8**

[Fertility clinic office. Present day.]

*Warm, orange lighting.*

**AIA**, followed by a female **DOCTOR**, enters.

*Aia, a delicate and refined woman in her late 20s, wears a woman's over-the-shoulder handbag as an accoutrement.*

*The fertility doctor, Dr. Freja Gudmannsdottir, is in typical white doctor garb.*

**AIA**

Dr. Gudmannsdottir?

**DOCTOR**

Please, call me Freja.

(beat)

It's such a crazy day...I was just pulling up your test results.

*Freja motions for Aia to sit. But, Aia walks over to the window and looks out.*

**AIA**

My husband is still trying to find parking.

**DOCTOR**

Husband?

*Pause.*

*Aia turns around.*

**AIA**

He's old school when it comes to cars.

**DOCTOR**

You have such a classic womanly figure, Aia.

**AIA**

Thank you.

**DOCTOR**

What kind of model are you?

**AIA**

Actually, //I'm not a model//.

**DOCTOR**

//Definitely a solid 8.//

**AIA**

(cheeky)

Not a ten?

**DOCTOR**

You could wear something fitted that shows off that amazing figure of yours.

**AIA**

Would it help?

*Freja extends her hand offering Aia  
a seat on the other side of her  
desk.*

**DOCTOR**

We can wait, as this pertains to him as well.

**AIA**

If it's news about Wade having a low sperm count, he wouldn't want to hear it anyway.

*Laughter, afterthought.*

*Trying to create rapport, or ease  
some nervousness, Aia laughingly  
waves it off...*

**AIA**

He might feel like he's being ganged up by two women.

**DOCTOR**

So, you two have been trying for how long now?

*Aia catches herself becoming a bit vulnerable.*

**AIA**

I've never talked about things like this before. Sorry.

**DOCTOR**

Don't be sorry, Aia.

**AIA**

I'll be okay. Thank you.

**DOCTOR**

Aia, I want you to know this is a safe space. It's a Faraday cage, so there is no electronic monitoring.

*The lighting changes to red.*

*She reaches across the desk to hold Aia's hand, reassure her. Touches her oddly, as if trying to use the opportunity to feel her skin.*

**DOCTOR**

You have such smooth skin.

**AIA**

Thank you.

*Nervous laugh.*

**DOCTOR**

Like baby skin. And a what a complexion!

*Aia takes the compliment, but is a bit nervous.*

**AIA**

Thanks.

**DOCTOR**

Tell me about your periods.

**AIA**

Punctual, same day every month.

**DOCTOR**

(sotto voce)

Hmmm.

**AIA**

Like clockwork.

**DOCTOR**

How long have you and Wade been trying to "make a baby"?

**AIA**

About half a year.

**DOCTOR**

Regularly?

*Nervous laughter.*

**DOCTOR**

Are you enjoying it?

(clarifying)

The intimacy, Aia. Are you enjoying the intimacy?

**AIA**

(coy, nervous laugh)

You mean the sex?

**DOCTOR**

Well, that too. I mean the emotional component? Are you able to achieve climax?

**AIA**

I get close, I think.

**DOCTOR**

Can you describe that a bit more?

**AIA**

Sure. I feel I get close, but can't quite get there.

**DOCTOR**

Is there anything holding you back?

**AIA**

Like what?

**DOCTOR**

You know...memories about your life, your routines... the sort of things we are programmed to respond to.

**AIA**

Programmed?

**DOCTOR**

Conditioned.

**AIA**

No, I just reach a wall...some kind of maximum.

**DOCTOR**

I see.

(more of a statement than  
question)

There's nothing otherwise holding you back in any way.

**AIA**

I'm not aware of anything.

**DOCTOR**

You reach a threshold, but never transcend it. Is that right?

**AIA**

Exactly.

**DOCTOR**

Do you find pleasure with him, even without climaxing?

**AIA**

Yeah, I guess so.

**DOCTOR**

Can you elaborate a bit more on that...

**AIA**

I like it...even if...you know...

**DOCTOR**

Do you feel there is enough intimacy?

**AIA**

Enough?

**DOCTOR**

Do you know what I'm getting at?

**AIA**

Trying to find the things that may be preventing me from becoming pregnant?

**DOCTOR**

Do you feel very comfortable with Wade?

**AIA**

Yes. We are together all the time.

**DOCTOR**

Do you initiate, or is he more likely to initiate?

**AIA**

I think he's definitely more likely to...

**DOCTOR**

And how would that exhibit itself?

**AIA**

How do you mean?

**DOCTOR**

For example...stand up!

*Aia stands up.*

*Freja comes around from her desk  
and maneuvers herself behind Aia.*

**DOCTOR**

Let's say you're doing dishes, and he were to approach you from behind and touch you on the arms, like this.

**AIA**

He doesn't do that.

**DOCTOR**

What about gently touching your hair?



*Freja is looking at her neck, as if  
wanting to inspect or kiss it.*

**AIA**

Wade doesn't do that either.

**DOCTOR**

I see.

*Freja scribbles some notes.*

**AIA**

Will we be able to do IVF?

**DOCTOR**

Will you be able to do In Vitro Fertilization?

**AIA**

Yes.

**DOCTOR**

Unfortunately, that is not an option in your case, Aia.

**AIA**

Is it because of my age? The risk of Trisomy 18 or Trisomy  
21...or...

**DOCTOR**

No.

**AIA**

...Trisomy 13?

**DOCTOR**

No, it has nothing to do with those unlucky numbers.

**AIA**

That's good.

**DOCTOR**

Maybe we should wait until your...husband arrives.

**AIA**

No, I can handle it.

(pause)

Maybe if I know why, I can break it to him more gently.

**DOCTOR**

That's very sweet of you.

**AIA**

I love him.

*Freja takes a moment.*

**DOCTOR**

I'm sure he deserves you.

*Aia doesn't know how to respond.*

**DOCTOR**

Aia, the truth is...you can never be a mother.

**AIA**

Wha...?

**DOCTOR**

You're not a woman, Aia. I'm so sorry.

**AIA**

I don't understand. I've been a woman my entire life. I look like a woman. I feel like a woman.

(beat)

Is it because of an extra chromosome...XXY or XYY?

**DOCTOR**

No, Aia. None of those things.

**AIA**

Then, what is it?

*Freja takes some time before...*

**DOCTOR**

You are not a biological woman, Aia.

**AIA**

I'm not a biological...

**DOCTOR**

You're a robot, Aia.

**AIA**

A robot?

*Aia cups her mouth. Starts crying  
but there are no tears.*

**DOCTOR**

A Solid 8...from The Solid Corporation...a biomimicry machine  
designed to imitate a human woman.

(beatlet)

Somehow you've been unleashed onto the world, without knowing  
what you are. I'm so sorry.

**AIA**

How do I tell Wade?

**DOCTOR**

It will be difficult for him to take such a huge betrayal.

**AIA**

I'll be so sad for him.

**DOCTOR**

Would you like me to tell him for you?

**AIA**

(hopeful)

Would you?

**DOCTOR**

Certainly.

**AIA**

I should leave before he gets here.

*Aia pulls the handbag strap onto  
her shoulder.*

**DOCTOR**

Where will you go?

**AIA**

I don't know.

**DOCTOR**

Would you like me to contact Solid?

(beat)

It's the first time I've been in a situation like this.  
You're an awfully nice... (~~person~~)...for something like this  
to happen to...

**AIA**

Maybe it won't matter. Maybe he will still love me.

*A beat.*

**DOCTOR**

It's difficult for a human to love a machine.

**AIA**

But he loves his vintage Mustang. He even says he loves our  
espresso machine.

**DOCTOR**

(sweetly, empathetically)

Those are a different kind of love, Aia.

**AIA**

Can't you see I'm crying? Doesn't that mean I have emotions  
just like you?

**DOCTOR**

It's not the same, Aia. Yours are electrical impulses  
designed to make you feel emotions.

**AIA**

What about yours? Yours are chemical.

**DOCTOR**

It's different.

**AIA**

I don't understand. How is it different?

**DOCTOR**

The difference is: we know who made you.

*Freja walks backstage, then stops  
and turns in response to...*

**AIA**

You should love your creations. Why else make them?

*The lighting changes to blue as...*

*Music fades in: Max Richter's "On the Nature of Daylight".*

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rVN1B-tUpqs&t=86s>

*Aia slowly makes her way  
frontstage, stops, facing the  
audience.*

*Aia lets her handbag slide down  
slowly, still holding the strap...*

*...then lets go (when she realizes  
she is no longer a woman)...*

*...looks down (she will miss what  
she had)...*

*...and slowly walks offstage.*

SLOW FADE:  
MUSIC/LIGHTS

CURTAIN