

F.T.S. (FUCK THIS SHIT)  
A WEB SERIES

EPISODE ONE: MENSTRUAL PAIN

BY DANIELLE MOTLEY

daniellenicki@gmail.com

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CORPORATE BUILDING - DAY

In the largest stall, you know, the one that's supposed to be reserved for those with disabilities...

MIA (late 20s) sits on the toilet, pants and underwear at her knees. Her neat braids pulled tightly into a chignon, regrettable college tattoos hidden under expensive clothing.

She is without a disability, by the way.

She is not, however, without a huge period blood stain on her silky, green panties and brown slacks. She stares at it in disbelief.

MIA

This... is bullshit.

Mia reaches down and pulls her iPhone out of her back pocket. The automatic air freshener mounted on the wall above her eeks out a puff of scented aerosol spray. *Rolling Meadow* scented, to be exact.

MIA (cont'd)

Siri, call Fuck Boy.

SIRI

Calling Fuck Boy.

As it rings on speaker, the door to the bathroom bursts opens and two responsibly-dressed WOMEN in their forties enter. Mia rolls her eyes and ends the call.

CHATTY BITCH

... and I found it hidden in the closet. I love him but he has no vision.

BASIC BITCH

Is it real?

CHATTY BITCH

It better be!

They giggle.

Basic Bitch shakes the locked door to Mia's stall. Twice.

MIA

Really?

BASIC BITCH

Oh, sorry.

Mia's phone dings with an incoming text. She looks down.

FUCK BOY TEXT: Why tf you hang up?

CHATTY BITCH

It's Prada with one of those little scarves attached. He's been listening.

MIA TEXT: Can't talk.

BASIC BITCH

That's amazing. I can't even get Leonard to buy me popcorn at the movies.

FUCK BOY TEXT: Don't call den.

MIA

(under her breath)

Because 'den' was easier to type than 'then'. Fucker.

Two toilets flush almost simultaneously.

Both women walk to the sink and remove their wedding rings before washing their hands.

Mia peeks at the women through the too-large opening where the door meets the stall. All she can see is the corner of one unshapely ass cheek.

CHATTY BITCH

Obviously you don't require it. Men need constant instruction. Pitch a fit next time and see if you don't get popcorn. A large. With butter!

The women cackle as they walk out the door.

MIA

Siri, call Bug.

SIRI

Calling Bug.

Bug answers on the second ring.

BUG (ON PHONE)

What up beesh?

MIA

I need you to come to my job.

BUG (ON PHONE)  
I got a job too, heifer.

Mia lowers her voice even though she's alone in the small ladies room.

MIA  
You've got to bring me a change of clothes, sis. Code Red!

Mia's sister is quiet before breaking into hysterical laughter. The sound echoes in the tiled enclosure.

Mia covers her face in embarrassment. Rolling Meadow sprays over her again.

BUG  
Are you serious? We haven't had a Code Red since Mar Vista.

The door opens again and a TINY WOMAN in clear discomfort rushes into the stall furthest from the one Mia's in. Mia jumps as she slams the door.

Mia whisper/yells into the phone.

MIA  
Stop giving me shit and hurry up!  
Please?

BUG  
Alright, give me thirty.

Bug hangs up on her, giggling.

A whimper emerges from the stall on the other end. Mia looks to the left, concerned.

Suddenly, Tiny Chick's ass explodes with the fury of last night's chorizo.

Terrified, Mia looks up at Rolling Meadow.

No puff.

Fart octaves resound through the quiet room. With wide eyes, Mia looks from the stall wall to her left to the air freshener and back again.

MIA  
C'mon...

Just then, Mia shoots her hands to her nose and gags.