

BATHROOM CONFESSIONALS

Episodes 1-8

Written by

Onicia D.L. Muller

ONICIA MULLER
2043 N Sawyer Ave.
Chicago, IL 64647

DRAFT NAME
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BATHROOM CONFESSIONALS

Episodes 1-8

CAST

CYNTHIA JOURDAN

DANICA WILLIAMS

RICK BROWNING

STEPHAN ELLIS

BATHROOM CONFESSIONALS

Episodes 1-8

SETS

INTERIORS:

DANICA'S APARTMENT

Bathroom
Living room
Bedroom

CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT

Bathroom
Living room

STEPHAN'S APARTMENT

Bathroom
Bedroom

WINDY BAGELS CAFE

Dining area
Bathroom

MCDONALD'S

Bathroom
Food prep area
Counter

PEARSON OFFICE

Bathroom

BAR BATHROOM

DANICA'S JOB

Elevator
Lobby

STRIP MALL

Bathroom
Bathroom stall
Hair and makeup aisle
Household essentials
Salad and hot food bar
Sports and fitness aisle

YMCA

Bathroom
Hall

EXTERIORS:

CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT

COMMUNITY GARDEN

DOWNTOWN CHICAGO

STRIP MALL PARKING LOT

BATHROOM CONFESSIONALS

"Shit. Shower. Shave."

Written by

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COLD OPEN**INT. DANICA'S BATHROOM - DAY**

This is not a frat house or shared space. This bathroom belongs to someone who pays adult-with-a-real-job rent.

DANICA WILLIAMS (40) dewy-faced and sporting a wild-and-free afro bursts into the bathroom. Clothes and cosmetics are scattered everywhere. Without thinking, she tosses the armload of clothes into the damp tub.

Armpit hair check: is this worth shaving cream? She weighs the can. Nope.

Removing sleeveless top, she grabs a T-shirt from the tub. Regret. No worries, she can use the blow dryer. One Mississippi. Two Mississippi. Three Mississippi. Impatient. She wears the T-shirt as is.

Too snug. The loose-fitting sleeveless top is used as a second layer. Comparing side views. Food baby, no food baby. Pride. Her gut is concealed.

DANICA
(into phone)
OK, Google. Call Cynthia.

Nothing. Annoyed at having to dial manually. Cynthia answers on the second ring.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Love, you're probably at the cafe.
I am almost there.

Danica: Sure you are.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Had to handle stuff for my Mom.
Seniors. Amma right? But, I am
dressed. Promise.

The call ends. Danica is more amused than annoyed. This look isn't working. She chooses a long-sleeved tunic and pairs it with capri pants. Both are damp and wrinkled. Her ALARM BEEPS.

DANICA
This can't be what forty-five
minutes looks like.

Her hand hovers over the pot of gel and a tube of lipstick.
Plain face. Wild hair.

DANICA (CONT'D)
Oh, go girl. Fuck me.

GOOGLE VOICE
(phone speaker, robotic)
Choke Me Tight and Ram Me Hard on
XVideos. 12 minutes.

Danica: What? No.

Quick taps; the app's closed. Collecting her phone and purse,
she exits.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES
END OF COLD OPEN

INT. WINDY BAGELS CAFE - DAY

Hipster eclectic. Here is where the "cool since yesterday"
kids hang.

Sipping tea, Danica and CYNTHIA JOURDAN (46) relax in their
seats. Cynthia - half cat lady, half witch - wears trendy
feline jewelry. She's a woman of a certain age and
comfortable with it.

CYNTHIA
You're so bold with your straight-
out-of-bed look. You could be
sexier, but it's very brave-
feminist of you.

Danica is not amused. Cynthia's compliments aren't landing.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Seriously, beauty minimalism is
your greatest weapon against gender
norms. I should be on your level:
(pointing to face)
bags unconcealed and wrinkles sans
filler.

DANICA
I can't cafe with you. This vegan,
gluten-free, overpriced set up is
making me itch. "You look like
shit" will never be a compliment

Cynthia sips her tea. Pleading eyes. Don't shoot the messenger.

Metaphorical elephant. The friends nibble at their food in lackadaisical, but friendly silence.

Alright, Mr. Elephant. Danica uses her phone's front-facing camera to inspect her face and hair. It's bad. She extends an open palm to Cynthia. Tinted lip gloss. Mascara. A mini pot of gel. Cat woman came prepared.

CYNTHIA

Fair trade. Paraben free. Gluten free. Not tested on animals. Figured you'd need -- want. Thought you might want them.

Begrudging and grateful, Danica applies the products.

DANICA

I don't need to do this.

CYNTHIA

Gloss and gel, yes. Pre-snack, no.

DANICA

The free meal temptation is strong. If he's a dud, I need the strength to bounce.

CYNTHIA

The swirl is a magical thing. You're going to "*mejorar la raza.*"

DANICA

Well-intentioned and problematic.

CYNTHIA

Black women need to mix, breed, and make this world beautiful. Africa: cradle of life.

DANICA

Stop.

Danica snaps a photo of herself. They both review the image.

DANICA (CONT'D)

I'm oily.

CYNTHIA

Ground coffee?

Major side eye.

DANICA
Should I advise you to use flour?

CYNTHIA
Gluten?

DANICA
Fool, gluten would be the least of
your problems! It's not the time to
explain ash and hyperpigmentation.

False indignation. This is friendship: smiles, laughs, and
chit-chat.

Danica's PHONE ALARM BEEPS. Cynthia collects her stuff.
Danica places both their leftovers in a napkin and tucks them
into her purse. REALLY? One last hug and kiss. Cynthia
leaves.

Alone, Danica scrolls through web pages on her phone. She
practices her smile.

Anxiety. The elephant returns.

EXT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - LATER

RICK BROWNING (50) rakes fallen leaves and a curious amount
of food scraps into a pile. He drinks beer and eats meat at
every meal. This is not how he would like to be spending his
afternoon.

SOUND OF SQUEAKY HINGES. He looks up to see

CYNTHIA

opening the mailbox. Rick reaches in his back pocket for a
letter.

RICK
See what this has come to?

Nonchalant. Cynthia is focused on sorting her mail.

CYNTHIA
Planet over people. I signed a
petition.

RICK
In this section of the planet, Miss
Jourdan, being a piggy will cost
you.

CYNTHIA

I am neither piggy nor polluter.
This citation is irony. These
leaves and scraps keep the soil
healthy.

Continuing to ignore Rick and his letter, she unlocks her front door.

RICK

(following her)

It also attracts rats which lead to
infection.

(grabbing her shoulder)

You got 30 days. Make this the last
time I have to deal with his.

Cynthia: Is he touching me?

Shoving the letter in her open, shoulder bag, he resumes raking. She stares at him. Dumbfounded and expecting.

INT. WINDY BAGELS CAFE - LATER

Slouching and comfortable. A human-shaped shadow causes Danica looks up to see

STEPHAN ELLIS (29)

T-shirt, hoodie, and jeans. Too bro or not too bro?
Ambiguous.

Their fashion styles are contrasting. Obvious age difference. She's tamed bigger elephants. Hand shake and a side hug.

STEPHAN

Danica? Did I pronounce it --

DANICA

Yes. Say it like you spell it.

STEPHAN

Cool.

Stephan: Play it cool, man.

They sit. The unspoken, quick, and covert visual assessment obvious to anyone who has ever done online dating.

DANICA

So, we look like our profiles.

STEPHAN
 (excited puppy)
 Yeah.

Stephan: Play it ultra cool.

DANICA
 Bagel? Tea?

STEPHAN
 (chill challenge chump)
 I'm 29.

DANICA
 (chill challenge champion)
 And I am not.

STEPHAN
 I eat gluten and all the animals.
 This is not a fetish.

Defenses down. The kid is alright.

DANICA
 Same. Bagel? Tea?

He accepts. They order at the counter.

Relaxed conversation. No lingering physical contact, but there are good vibes.

TIME LAPSE.

Now sitting next - verses across from - each other, they scroll through random internet photos.

DANICA (CONT'D)
 Her body is crazy.

STEPHAN
 Her leg flexes so far back.

DANICA
 I can do that with my eyes closed.

Stephan: Really?

DANICA (CONT'D)
 Duh, 'cause then I'm dreamin'.

The long awaited lingering touch. She's leaning on him. This is a good date.

INT. CYNTHIA'S BATHROOM - EARLIER

CLOSE UP of Cynthia scrolling through her phone. It RINGS.

CYNTHIA

(in phone)

Love, you're probably at the cafe.
I am almost there. Had to handle
stuff for my Mom. Seniors. Amma
right? But I'm dressed. Promise.

Without waiting for a reply, Cynthia ends the call.

Liar. Still in her pajama top, Cynthia squats Asian-style on toilet. She wiggles her torso, carefully measures five squares of toilet paper, and wipes her butt.

Sans bottoms, she steps on a scale. The display reads:
BEAUTIFUL.

Pleased and unhurried. Hand washing. Comparing cat-themed jewelry. Carefully laid out cosmetics. She applies various lotions and potions.

While changing into her second

Results: is she even wearing makeup? Flawless. Seemingly effortless. She's half cat lady, half witch.

PHONE RINGING.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Traffic is crazy. My heart breaks
as Mother Earth suffers asthma
attacks 'cause of non-hybrid cars.

Without waiting for a response, she ends the call. Final inspection. Perfect. She flips the light switch.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT

BATHROOM CONFESSIONALS

"2-Ply"

Written by

Onicia D.L. Muller

COLD OPEN**INT. DANICA'S BATHROOM - DAY**

An explosion of cosmetics and toiletries. DANICA quits drying the wet counter to put away make-up. Cynthia is on SPEAKER PHONE.

DANICA
(into phone)
There's never a good reason for a coat.

She abandons the current task to coordinate her nail polish.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Tampoco surprise practicar el coito?

DANICA
(into phone)
If you have to spice things up,
your relationship is dying.

Danica crouches to collect a fallen lipstick.

DANICA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
A coat means it's too cold -- bad weather.

Since she's down there, she does a few pushups

DANICA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Coats in good weather mean you're a hobo or doing the walk of shame.

BOTH DANICA & CYNTHIA
Hobo walk of shame!

Spotting a headband behind the toilet. About to grab it--

DANICA
(into phone)
Jinx. Hobos are a walking shame, though.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Can't hear you. Come back.

Headband and fallen lipstick abandoned, Danica returns to the phone.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Are you back?

DANICA
Gotta shit. Talk when you get here.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
How rude. OK. Bye.

The ritual: a tense expression. Alone tear. Ready to to wash her hands when her PHONE RINGS. She answers it on speaker.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
I know you have to poop, but --

DANICA
(into phone)
Already did.

A moment.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
(through phone, filtered)
That wasn't even -- you shat in 1
minute and 12 seconds?

Hands unwashed, she begins doing squats.

DANICA
(into phone)
I don't got time to steep in the
stinky. My life is shit it and
forget it.

CYNTHIA
(through phone)
All right super shatter. Farmers'
market fruit?

DANICA
Sure.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES
END OF COLD OPEN

EXT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

RICK (the landlord) tries to have a word with CYNTHIA. She straps on elbow and knee pads.

CYNTHIA
Comcast is anti-net neutrality. All
Wi-Fis should be open.

RICK
Your open network was used to
pirate films. You want these fines?

CYNTHIA
Power to the Pirates!

Unlocking her bike she steers it to the gate.

RICK
If you're blocked -- only option is
RCN. You wanna be pay more too?

CYNTHIA
You can't force me to use Racht
Cable 'Nernet.

Rick pulls out his phone.

RICK
(into phone)
OK, Google. Comcast pirating
warnings --

CYNTHIA
(putting hand on phone)
Don't let Google listen.
(in phone)
OK Google, go fuck yourself and the
NSA!

RICK
(taking back phone)
Jourdan, why you gotta give me
problems?

Now outside the yard, she hops on her bike.

CYNTHIA
Why are you sheeple?

Cynthia fastens her helmet and rides away.

INT. DANICA'S BEDROOM - DAY

Danica and Cynthia lay on the floor casually stretching. Scattered food containers and alcoholic beverages. Daytime drunken yoga?

DANICA

Why are you trying to rack up all these fines?

CYNTHIA

Resist. Re-something. Put the people on top!

DANICA

You are too old to be jacking up your credit and rolling with these hashtivists.

CYNTHIA

When we're all homeless, the people will know their power and come together.

Empty bottle. Cynthia is disappointed.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

We'll collaborate, squat in the abandoned homes, and establish a new economy.

DANICA

Y'all hobo, ho-strolling, habitat for hippies.

They both fall into a brief, giggling fit. Somber. Quiet. They stare at the ceiling.

CYNTHIA

Stop stressing. You're flexible, fresh, and got perky tits.

Cynthia taps Danica's breast.

DANICA

I wasted my good years waiting.

CYNTHIA

You're wasting more by playing these dating games.

DANICA

He's probably dripping in pussy. I refuse to be that desperate old woman.

CYNTHIA

Get over ageism. Get under him. Get into goddess mode.

Danica's PHONE ALARM BEEPS. Their stretching session ends. Danica spins around searching for clothing options.

DANICA

But Cougar cliches. Must delay sexy times?

CYNTHIA

Oy. If you must be prudish, my go-to: raggedy underwear.

Danica rummages in her underwear drawer. No granny panties.

DANICA

Skip my shower?

CYNTHIA

(grabbing clothes)
Or willpower? Wear jeans and a Tee.

DANICA

(dressing)
He's so young.

CYNTHIA

So is your untapped vagina. Get 'em you cougar, you.

Danica presses a finger into her crotch and sniffs. It's fine. She presses checks her armpit. Needs deodorant.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

You're gonna overdose on that.

DANICA

No to shower. Yes to deodorant. No to his spot.

Cynthia springs to her feet and drapes a jacket over her friend. Sluggish, they shuffle out the room.

INT. STEPHAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

STEPHAN and Danica are kissing on the bed. Her pants button undone, he's about to slide his hand in when --

PANIC. Danica hops off Stephan.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DANICA'S BATHROOM - FLASHBACK

DANICA

I don't got time to steep in the stinky. My life is shit it and forget it.

INT. DANICA'S BEDROOM - FLASHBACK

DANICA

No to shower. Yes to deodorant. No to his spot.

END FLASHBACK.

CUT TO:

INT. STEPHAN'S BEDROOM - AS THEY WERE

Danica edging backward towards the door.

DANICA

Gotta pee.

INT. STEPHAN'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The bathroom is simple and meticulously organized. Did he fold his clothes before putting them in the hamper?

As if in a museum, Danica inspects -- but doesn't touch.

STEPHAN

(through door)

Is everything okay?

Now she remembers.

DANICA

Yeah. Almost out.

Toilet paper. What type of psycho uses 2-ply? Half the roll. Drops her bottoms. She opens the faucet to a drip and wets the paper. She wipes. It tears.

DANICA (CONT'D)
 (sotto to self)
 Two. Fucking. Ply.

Lady MacGyver. She digs in the hamper. No, he'll notice. His BATH TOWEL!

She snatches it off the hook. Bar soap?! Quick rubs and water on JUST the corner. Wipes butt. Ew. Brown stains. Soap. Scrub. Rinse.

Danica: is this my life?

Hand in crotch. She's moist. She sighs. This is her life. Hand in butt. It passes the sniff test.

Danica: Dear god, please dry.

She hangs it on the hook, careful to hide the wet corner.

INT. CYNTHIA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Cynthia squats Asian-style on the toilet. She inhales deeply. Her PHONE RINGS.

CYNTHIA
 (into phone)
 Yes.

DANICA (V.O.)
 (over phone, filter)
 I had sex and I'm sleeping in my own place.

Still squatting, she does upper body stretches.

CYNTHIA
 (into phone)
 Wonderful! Be empowered, my beauty.

DANICA (V.O.)
 (over phone. filtered)
 Why do you sound awake?

CYNTHIA
 (into phone)
 I'm syncing my cleanse cycle with the moon.

DANICA (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 Is that code for taking a midnight shit?

Cynthia takes a small damp cloth, wipes, and flushes.

CYNTHIA
 (into phone)
 Great. Now my anus is clenched.

Adjusting clothes, she does leg stretches.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Squatting and timed cleanses
 minimizes hemorrhoid and colon
 trauma.

DANICA (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 Do whatever. Just not while we're
 on the phone. It has to end here.
 He was on that 2-ply bullshit.

CYNTHIA
 (into phone)
 So, it wasn't good?

DANICA (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 Oh, he was hitting it. Squats and
 stretches had me like Bad Bitch
 Rodeo Barbie.

CYNTHIA
 (into phone)
 Yeehaw!

DANICA (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 Cyn, I was counting squats. 31, 32,
 orgasm!

CYNTHIA
 (into phone)
 More reasons to see him again.

DANICA (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 I can't dish while you dump.

The call ends. Cynthia returns to squatting on the toilet. Inhales. SOUND OF WATER SPLASHING. Exhale. She is one with her smells and enjoys it.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 2

BATHROOM CONFESSIONALS

"Cucumber Eye Cream"

Written by

Onicia D.L. Muller

COLD OPEN**INT. CYNTHIA'S BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Cute pajama slip and flat-twisted hair, CYNTHIA is video chatting with Danica. She spreads bronzer goop on her face.

CYNTHIA
Mmm, all natural, semi-permanent
bronzer.

DANICA
(through computer)
So you're tanning?

CYNTHIA
It's a 'glow', not a 'tan'. See?

INT. DANICA'S LIVING ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Curled on the couch with a laptop, DANICA skims an article.

DANICA
You're beautiful. Man, these
trigger warning babies.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CYNTHIA AND DANICA.

CYNTHIA
(bracing neck with hands)
I'll need my neck pillow.

DANICA
That's dumb.

CYNTHIA
(applying eye cream)
Everyone's not brave like you. I'm
loving this cucumber eye cream!

DANICA
Not you. Islanders are hurricane
vets. Trigger warnings are bogus.

CYNTHIA
So, it's giving me life? You hate.

DANICA
That's your genetics and lifestyle.

CYNTHIA
My lifestyle includes all-natural
products.

Cynthia applies a think gel on her lips.

DANICA

Look, I've lived through Luis '95,
seen hella disaster movies --

CYNTHIA

But your PTSD. Stockpiling canned
goods, short showers, compulsively
saving files --

Danica toggles to a data spreadsheet. Triple saves file.

DANICA

I don't need to be warned. Do gum
ads offer warnings before airing?

CYNTHIA

(checking cleavage)
Why would they?

DANICA

Exactly. Your morning alarm is
life's trigger warning.

CYNTHIA

(flexing biceps)
Do an avocado face mask.

Danica switches to the web chat. Hair, face mask, eye cream,
and lips?! Homegirl is looking crazy.

DANICA

Fruits are food - not cosmetics.

CYNTHIA

Do a quick facial and still get
good rest. Avoid microbeads.

DANICA

Your momma is a microbead.

Danica packs up and crosses off camera.

INT. DANICA'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Danica enters. Laptop on the dresser. She crashes in bed
while laughing in the face of bedtime grooming.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES
END OF COLD OPEN

INT. DANICA'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Straight chilling. Danica and Cynthia are sorting through old clothes. There's the main pile and three smaller one.

Danica holds up an ugly dress shirt. Non-verbal questioning.

CYNTHIA
Recycle as textile.

DANICA
Clothing clerks are crooks.

Cynthia tosses a nice item on the couch. Danica nudges her.

CYNTHIA
That might work for an event I have
coming up.
(beat)
Volunteering shouldn't mean "no
compensation".

Danica: This is why you're my people.

Sorting in silence. Danica checks her phone twice.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Don't be *that* girl. Also, that last
piece belongs in the 'resell' pile.

DANICA
I know. I know, but we had the sex
and he hasn't confirmed when our
next date will be.

CYNTHIA
Thousands of tons of textiles
needlessly tossed away.

DANICA
(whatever)
Yes, Captain Planet.

CYNTHIA
Wearing a happy face changes lives.

DANICA
Wearing bronzer changed your race.

Hurt feelings? Nah, these girls can take it as they get it.

CYNTHIA
It's Pantropical Pinto; a deep
brown -- not black.

DANICA
What you needed was a Bold Navy
Bean.

Cynthia positions Danica, so they face each other.

CYNTHIA
Real talk.

DANICA
Yes! You looking crazy!

Thwarted. Danica grabs the end of the blouse before Cynthia
is can swat her.

DANICA (CONT'D)
There is no excuse for domestic
abuse, Ms. Save the Sentient
Beings.

CYNTHIA
You hate because I'm a spring
chicken --

DANICA
Duh, 'cause your hair sticks up all
kinds of ways.

CYNTHIA
You need to take care of yourself.
Put in some effort in your
appearance.

Danica lies on her back. She pretends to make a snow angel.

DANICA
Don't imply that I should groom for
a man.

CYNTHIA
No. You should so, you feel
confident and in control.
(wiggling Danica's toes)
You say, 'he's young. He's good
looking. You've been alone for so
long.'

Cynthia practically pounces on Danica. She does a mix of push-
up simulated sex.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
 I'm saying: minimize the fall by
 upping confidence and self-love.
 This is not about bronzer - which
 is a deep brown and not black - but
 about--

Danica's PHONE RINGS. Stephan calling. Flip. Escape. Crawl.
 Danica tries to play it cool.

DANICA
 (into phone)
 With Danica.

The two play fight. We are unable to hear Stephan. This call
 is live and they are missing it. Cynthia succeeds in
 activating speaker call.

DANICA (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 That's great. I'm doing good too.

STEPHAN (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 Great, because I'm canceling our
 date or because I have pink eye?

Cynthia: wait what?

Slow and controlled. Danica smiles like the first runner up
 in a beauty pageant. The friends lock eyes.

DANICA
 I guess I'll see you around - or
 not. It. This.

STEPHAN (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 We're still dating. I'm canceling
 because I have pink eye - it's
 contagious.

Cynthia: Get it together!

CYNTHIA
 (pretending to be Danica)
 Oh great. I misunderstood.

STEPHAN (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 I imagine I dropped a lot of info:
 canceling, pink eye and celibacy.

CYNTHIA
You can't withhold the dick.

DANICA
Joking, but how did we get here?

Stephan takes a deep breath.

STEPHAN (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
I've been celibate for seven years.

CYNTHIA
You're twenty-nine.

DANICA
(sotto to Cynthia)
Stop.

STEPHAN (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Uncommon, right? Short version: I
have life goals. I prefer to
discuss this in person.

CYNTHIA
Bad Bitch Rodeo Barbie?

Danica gives her the stink eye.

STEPHAN (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
Rodeo Barbie? Sure. Okay. Anyway,
this infection reminded me of my
celibacy vow.

DANICA
(into phone)
You're grown. I'm consenting.

The women high-five. Cynthia mimics various sexual acts.

STEPHAN (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
If I were a girl, would you be
challenging my desire to abstain?

Record break. Sexist? They're grown-ass feminists.

DANICA
Dammit.

STEPHAN (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 You're cute. Rain check?

DANICA
 (into phone)
 Only 'cause you're good at sex.

STEPHAN (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 Oh, I practice. Regularly.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: STEPHAN 'PRACTICING SEX.'

- INT. STEPHAN'S BEDROOM.

Stephan in bed with an erect penis in hand. His hand is stationary as he thrusts his hips.

- INT. STEPHAN'S LIVING ROOM.

Stephan sitting on a couch with erect penis in hand. His hand is stationary as he rocks his hips.

- INT. STEPHAN'S BATHROOM. Stephan's hand rests on the sink while holding his erect penis. He thrusts his hips. Semen squirts into the sink. He opens the tap to rinse it away.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. DANICA'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A few more moment for friends to recover from the call.

CYNTHIA
 What kind of lame excuse is pink
 eye?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. STEPHAN'S BATHROOM - FLASHBACK

Stephan's BATH TOWEL! Danica snatches it off the hook. Bar soap?! Quick rubs and water on JUST the corner. Wipes butt. Ew. Brown stains. Soap. Scrub. Rinse.

Danica: Dear god, please dry.

She hangs it on the hook, careful to hide the wet corner.

END FLASH BACK.

CUT TO:

INT. DANICA'S LIVING ROOM - AS THEY WERE

DANICA
 (poker face)
 Dudes have questionable hygiene.

CYNTHIA
 (resumes sorting clothes)
 Fucking 2-ply.

INT. DANICA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Post shower, Danica uses mostly the center of the towel to dry her body. For her feet, between toes, and butt crack she uses the edge. Done. The towel dropped to the floor.

A combination of oil and body lotion is used. Panties. A worn T-shirt.

DANICA
 (sotto to self)
 I self care in the day time.

A few side stretches. Lunges. Downward facing dog. She extends an arm to collect the towel. Retracts into pose.

Pause.

Standing upright, she replays drying her body. Face. Center of the towel. Torso. Center. Leg. Center.

Center. Center. Center.

Feet.

The edge.

Butt. The edge!

Holding it out before her, she stares at the towel as if seeing it for the first time. Would one really use the edge? Nope. Her face gravitates to the center.

DANICA (CONT'D)
 (frustrated)
 No one does that! That's on you.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 3

BATHROOM CONFSSIONALS

"ChapStick is for Lips"

Written by

Onicia D.L. Muller

COLD OPEN**INT. DANICA'S BATHROOM - DAY**

DANICA rocks a glorious asymmetrical afro and yesterday's makeup. Vigorous pumps. Her face cleanser is empty.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
(groggy/raspy)
We can wrap our hair like Muslims.

INT. CYNTHIA'S BATHROOM - SAME

Lathering face wash. Ecstasy. Cynthia cleanses her face.

DANICA (V.O.)
(groggy/raspy)
People will think we have cancer.

INTERCUT BETWEEN CYNTHIA and DANICA

In a basket of hair supplies, Danica finds a sample-size shampoo. Soap is soap, and now this is face wash.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
I cleanse. I can't get cancer.

They flex their dried faces. Chapped skin. Moisturizer. Stat.

They are legit using vegetable cooking oil. Cynthia applies her organic brand sparingly. Danica is overzealous.

A selfie test. Cynthia has a nice glow. Danica is a deep friend, greasy chocolate doughnut.

DANICA (V.O.)
Cancer over bad hair any day.

More shampoo. Danica starts over. Moisturizer alternative: lip balm. Two lines on forehead, cheeks, chin, under eyes, and nose.

Danica: not too shabby.

Messy bun? Headband? They go for the scarves.

DANICA (V.O.)
Nah. 'Cause where two or three
blacks and Muslims gather...

Danica in a hijab. Cynthia in a shayla. More selfie tests. Cynthia in a keffiyeh. Danica in a dastar.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)
 No, we're making a statement:
 racial unity and peace in Islam.

Pause. They take a good look at themselves.

DANICA (V.O.)
 Abort mission.

Cynthia nixes her head wrap. Dishevelled tresses.

Rushing. Gel. Hair souffle. Conditioner.

Danica: damn all these empty jars.

Shaving cream? Shake. Foam. Apply. Hmm...

White foam is white foam, and now this is hair mousse.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES
END OF COLD OPEN

EXT. STRIP MALL/PARKING LOT - DAY

It's nice out. The friends stroll from the bus stop to the strip mall entrance. Cynthia pulls cart. Danica has a backpack.

CYNTHIA
 BTW, your afro is glorious.

DANICA
 Thank ya, ma'am.

CYNTHIA
 (smelling hair)
 Mmm. Peaches?

DANICA
 Dollar store shaving cream.

They do finger snaps.

DANICA (CONT'D)
 (sniffing Cynthia)
 Vegetable oil is a bullshit life
 hack.

CYNTHIA
Used more than a few drops?

DANICA
You don't know me. Where's your
head wrap?

CYNTHIA
I'm being a good ally by giving the
underrepresented their space.
Yours?

DANICA
Embracing my naps. You know, free
the puff.

They are women of a certain age - masters of bullshit.

INT. STRIP MALL/HAIR AND MAKEUP AISLE - LATER

Cynthia is hunched over the shopping cart reading a box of
hair dye. Danica is in a half crouch searching for a product.

CYNTHIA
Just because I can still drop it
like it's hot, doesn't mean I will
for hair gel.

DANICA
Spawn of Satan retailers. These
natural hair product prices --

Spotted. Danica grabs two of the last 3 jars of moisturizer.
Cart abandoned. Cynthia sexy-dips and grabs the third.

CYNTHIA
Is this it? Yes!

Inspecting the last jar.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
Wait, I think they're not the same.

Danica looks at the jar Cynthia is holding while clutching
her two close to her chest.

DANICA
It's the same, but a different
smell. Never tried it, though.

CYNTHIA
Give me one of yours.

Danica dodges Cynthia's grab.

DANICA

No. I can give you a scoop. Supply has been scanty for six months.

CYNTHIA

(baby voice/vocal fry)
But I want to buy it.

DANICA

(baby voice/vocal fry)
Try online. You don't even --

CYNTHIA

(baby voice/vocal fry)
I have 2B in the back.
(normal, confused)
You're not even gonna share it with me.

DANICA

(baby voice/vocal fry)
Let me have good hair!

Cynthia wants the product. A playful debate isn't soothing hurt feelings.

DANICA (CONT'D)

Look, you can try some, but I want to own it.
(beat)
What about an avocado conditioner?
It's all natural. You can buy it organic.

CYNTHIA

You can supplement the second jar with two cans of mousse.

DANICA

Mousse is for white-girl curls. Buy something else.

Slumped shoulders. Sad face. Cynthia walks to the next aisle.

Placing the jars in the cart, Danica trails behind.

Turning back, Cynthia sees:

Danica grabbing two cans of dollar-brand shaving cream.

DANICA (CONT'D)

These are for emergencies.

INT. STRIP MALL/SPORTS AND FITNESS AISLE - LATER

A workout DVD plays silently on the store's television. Cynthia and Danica follow along.

CYNTHIA

We saved so much money crafting our routine from internet clips.

DANICA

Fools and their money. I tell you.
(bending over. Singing)
Bend over and touch your toes-

As Danica dips, Rick comes into view. As she spots him, Cynthia joins Danica in the 'downward facing dog' pose. She pins Danica down by the wrists. They speak in hushed tones.

CYNTHIA

Stay down. Rick-

DANICA

Sexy landlord Rick?

CYNTHIA

Yes. What? No!

Across the walkway, Rick inspects fitness equipment.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Let me know when he's gone.

Clearing her throat to continue whispering causes Danica to fart. More potent than loud. Cynthia gags audibly.

DANICA

Kale, forgive me for I have smoothie-ed.

Cynthia pops up.

CYNTHIA

My neck, my back, and my nostrils.

Spotted. Rick approaches them.

RICK

Jourdan, you didn't -

Rick GAGS. Awkward moment. They suck at appearing innocent. Cynthia leads them to a safe zone.

CYNTHIA

Who exactly am I harming? I pay my utilities and rent.

RICK

It's not about paying. It's about security and homeless men in the -

In the background, a confused Danica mouths "homeless men?".

RICK (CONT'D)

- building is not safe.

CYNTHIA

Well, as a tenant I have rights to that space and to have guests.

(re: Danica)

She's my guest. She uses Wifi, the bathroom, her laundry. This is classist!

Cynthia looks to Danica for encouragement. Danica raises a fist in solidarity and bobs her afro.

RICK

The laundry room is for tenants and their clothing only.

CYNTHIA

Well, what if I washed my clothes -

Danica: What? Girl, no.

This is not her fight. Danica slips away unnoticed.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

- with theirs and was in the laundry room with them? What you gonna do?

RICK

Why are you such headache? Respect my property rules. The laundry room is for tenants only.

INT. STRIP MALL/SALAD AND HOT FOOD BAR - LATER

They circle the area sneaking food samples.

Cynthia eats natural and unprocessed items.

Danica enjoys tiny cookies, potato wedges and chicken wings.

INT. STRIP MALL/HOUSEHOLD ESSENTIALS AISLE - LATER

The friends are contemplative.

Finally. Danica takes a pack of "men's" moist toilet paper.

DANICA

Marketeers gonna market.

CYNTHIA

This is sexist. Anyone who falls for this deserves to be overcharged.

(returns item to shelf)

I'm over this disposable generation. Proud to say I used my Diva Cup for a decade before retiring it.

The conversation continues as they try to find the best-priced toilet paper.

DANICA

So, your rag as TP concept is working out well. I'm upping my green power by using it for ones and twos.

CYNTHIA

That's not good.

DANICA

It's fine. I washed it with soap and put it in a plastic baggy.

CYNTHIA

Did you not take science? Like ever?

DANICA

The water was dripping all over my lower cabinet. I don't want mold.

CYNTHIA

(turning to Danica)

That shit will fuck up your vagina's PH.

DANICA

Shit's super clean. I use soap and bleach it every few days.

(pressing hand on lower abdomen)

(MORE)

DANICA (CONT'D)
 Feeling the burn, going to pee, and
 then we'll leave.

Cynthia: Good luck with that.

INT. STRIP MALL/BATHROOM STALL - LATER

Danica finishes peeing. She sucks in her breath and releases. We can't tell if she's glad to have had peed or if something burns.

She wipes. Flushes. After adjusting clothes, she practically takes the remainder of the toilet paper roll. The wad of paper she stuffs in a plastic produce sack and hides it in her purse.

INT. STRIP MALL/BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A black strip mall EMPLOYEE does a little dance while drying her hands.

DANICA exits the stall doing a jig. Surprise.

EMPLOYEE
 Ooh. Thought I was alone.

DANICA
 (Chuckles)
 Me too. But, dancing is not a
 crime.

EMPLOYEE
 Dancing 'cause life's good.

DANICA
 And not because we're "magical".
 Sure, hashtag black girl magic and
 all that jazz, but -

EMPLOYEE
 Yeah. No. Yeah. For sure.

They laugh. The employee exits.

Danica catches a glimpse of herself while washing her hands. More dancing. She's feeling herself.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 4

BATHROOM CONFESSIONALS

"Vegan Makeup"

Written by

Onicia D.L. Muller

COLD OPEN**INT. BAR BATHROOM - NIGHT**

A well-kept restroom in a trendy establishment. The counter has baskets with candies, makeup, and family-size toiletries.

Trisha and Rachi - age undetermined due to makeup and their fast fashion outfits - attempt to use every product.

TRISHA

I love when bathrooms are like
this: foamy soap, great hand lotion
- oh look at this stuff.

Rachi smooths her hairline with clear hair gel.

RACHI

And no attendant? Patrons must be
big spenders.

TRISHA

(rummaging in basket)
Rachi, there's makeup.

They squeal. Rachi inspects the lipstick.

RACHI

Ew, vegan. Don't ever use that;
it's flaky.
(tosses tube in the trash)
I've been doing the vegan, gluten-
free, super foods -

TRISHA

And your skin is so much better.

RACHI

Right, but some things just need
animals.

TRISHA

I'm so happy you're not a hardcore
PETA person.

They hug. Rachi uses the spray deodorant. Trisha stuffs two packets of gum in her purse.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

The animals are already dead.
Buying it gives their deaths
purpose. It's respectful
appreciation.

(MORE)

TRISHA (CONT'D)

You wouldn't pass up a good, dress sale just because a kid made it.

RACHI

Those kids need to stay employed. That's why I give some of my Christmas bonus to Third World Kids Now.

Rachi phone's TIMER BEEPS.

RACHI (CONT'D)

Four minutes. We should head back before they think we did number two.

TRISHA

This timer thing is so smart. The stress of thinking about taking too long make me take longer.

RACHI

Exactly. And we get more time as a group. On your own, you'd want to be out in under two and a half.

Rachi and Trisha exit.

A few beats. Cynthia exits a stall on the far end of the room. She's wearing rubber cleaning gloves. She also carries a bucket and toilet brush.

Cynthia: You professional idiots.

Tucking the cleaning supplies in the lower cabinet, Cynthia then reorganizes the counter.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES
END COLD OPEN

INT. WINDY BAGELS CAFE - NIGHT

In a corner booth to the back of the cafe, Danica and Stephan sit comfortably. Petting. Whispering. Exchanging saliva. They're that couple who's too comfortable.

DANICA

See, celibacy doesn't faze me. Cool. Calm. Hydrated.

STEPHAN

I like your baby face.

DANICA

Do you? Thought I was some young thing?

STEPHAN

No. I knew you were all woman. I'm not interested in perky twentysomethings.

DANICA

Definitely not twenty, though I kinda see myself as perky.

He initiates Eskimo kisses. It's not horrible. Still, she's self-conscious. She slips her index and middle fingers between them. They rest on his nose.

DANICA (CONT'D)

It always feels weird?

(beat)

Your nose is pointy and mine isn't. How am I gonna show up to a sword fight with no sword?

She's precious. He's amused.

STEPHAN

It's love, not war.

Danica pushes him away by pressing the two fingers against his face.

DANICA

All right Cheesy Charley.

They sit back and observe

THE CAFE

Couples having intimate conversations. Random singles switch between scrolling on their phones to clicking on another handheld device.

DANICA (CONT'D)

This is your generation.

He takes a moment to digest her comment. Nope. He's not ashamed.

STEPHAN

We're everywhere and nowhere. We aren't more horrible than other generations. The trend is always to shit on the younger brother.

DANICA

I thought you'd evolve beyond your generation?

STEPHAN

Never. I'm beyond dating women who haven't found themselves. As for this generation? We've made some progress by allowing the rejects and weirdos to have privileges.

DANICA

Everyone can't be winners.

STEPHAN

Nope. It's a blessing and a curse that we aren't born with the knowledge of our parents. Curse: we could make so much progress if we didn't have to learn from point zero. Blessing: we challenge the information and see it from a different angle.

Danica takes his hand in hers. A relaxed moment.

STEPHAN (CONT'D)

But you know this.

DANICA

I do. Old age must be closing my mind.

STEPHAN

Well, you have me to keep you young and warm.

He kisses her knuckles.

DANICA

Charlie...

STEPHAN

Cheesy!

He leans in. Lips hover, never touching. He leans back. Sips drink.

EXT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

A metal patio table and two small chairs. Its probably refurbished, definitely cute.

Legs stretched, Cynthia occupies both chairs. She has a very nice set up. Water, magazines, plate with crackers, hummus, and veggies. A GRATEFUL MOAN follows each bite. At this very moment, no one is as grown and confident as Ms. Jourdan.

Another bite? Flip through a magazine? Hesitation. She chooses her phone. Tap. Tap. Tap. She rests it on the table.

As she raises and lowers her arms, the PHONE RINGS.

CYNTHIA

Thanks to the rivers and streams,
which supply us with water. We
return-

FRANK (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)
Cynthia?

CYNTHIA

-thanks to all herbs, which furnish
medicines for the cure-

She acts out the charade of stretching and breathing.

FRANK (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)
Oh dear. Cyn, I think you pocket
dialed me.

She turns to the phone.

CYNTHIA

Mother, I hear you bringing Frank
to mind.

FRANK (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)
Cyn. Cynthia. I'm in your phone!
You called me!

CYNTHIA

Wait. Frank?

FRANK (V.O.)

(over phone, filtered)
Yes. It's me. Did you dial
accidentally?

A neighbor walks their dog.

Cynthia laughs. She offers a friendly wave.

CYNTHIA
 (into phone)
 Google voice has struck again. My
 silly niece installed it, and I
 can't seem to turn the damned thing
 off.

Look at her, snacking on her patio while talking to an old friend.

FRANK (V.O.)
 (over phone, filtered)
 Weird. The commands are so
 specifics. Well, it was good
 hearing from you.

CYNTHIA
 Cosmic connections, better than
 technology. How are you?

A moment. She checks her phone. Call disconnected.

Cynthia: how rude.

INT. DANICA'S JOB/ELEVATOR - DAY

A fancy downtown Chicago high-rise elevator filled with fancy business professionals.

Double take. Is this Danica Williams wearing a pantsuit, makeup, and expensive accessories? Gel and hair pins tame her signature, wild afro. Who knew such a think was possible?

JUSTIN
 I promise to have that report
 tomorrow, Ms. Williams.

MIKE
 Justin, relax. It's okay to call us
 Mike and Dani.

DANICA
 Yep. Dani is fine with me.

JUSTIN
 Recent grad habits.

INT. DANICA'S JOB/LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The ELEVATOR BELL DINGS and the door opens.

Professional laughter. Danica is pullout out of the joke early.

DANICA
Alright, you two enjoy the weekend.

MIKE
You as well. Don't work too much.

The two male coworkers are not completely out of earshot.

CYNTHIA
(slowly, loudish)
Da-ni-ca-n I speak with you?

Danica's eyes quickly cut to her departing colleagues.
Nothing. The world still functions.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
That joke never gets old.

DANICA
Hey, girl.

CYNTHIA
Oh, we're girls now? Kinda thought
we were grown women.

DANICA
O-kay...

CYNTHIA
Wanna get sorbet and sweet
nothings?

DANICA
You came all the way to the J.O.B.
for sorbet and sweet nothings?

CYNTHIA
Yeah. Figured, that first week back
meant getting loose for the
weekend.

Danica takes Cynthia by the elbow.

DANICA
Walk and talk. Nah. My head is
killing me; did the bun too tight.

Their chemistry is off.

CYNTHIA
Oh. Yeah. I get that. Once you live
the free life...
(beat)
Your place?

DANICA
Nah. Your entire life is the free
life.

CYNTHIA
(big smile)
Privilege check at register nine!

DANICA
Check you later.

Hug. Kiss. Exit.

Cynthia stands alone in the lobby.

INT. WINDY BAGELS CAFE - NIGHT

Danica and Stephan kiss in the back, corner booth. She's still in her work clothes from the previous scene.

STEPHAN
So this is "work" you? You would be
a lizard person.

DANICA
Well, non-profits don't run on
morals. They need people like me.
People willing to infiltrate and
steal funds from the lizard folk,

STEPHAN
Take your hair down.

As Stephan is about to remove a pin, Danica stops him by resting her index finger on her nose.

DANICA
That's not how natural hair works.

STEPHAN
You can't swim, exercise, or
restyle hair on the go?

DANICA
No, I can't. These curls are
stretched and the afro will look
crazy.

STEPHAN
Be crazy. Be a wild person.

DANICA
That's also not how relationships
work?

Her PHONE BEEPS. She checks it.

DANICA (CONT'D)
Spontaneity doesn't lead to
adventure. Planning and effort do.

STEPHAN
Old stuck-in-the-mud. I need to
pee.

Danica playfully prohibits him from exiting the booth.

INT. WINDY BAGELS CAFE/BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Danica finishes peeing. She holds a wad of toilet paper in her crotch. Jiggle. Pump. Tosses in the toilet.

She touches her panty liner with her finger tip. Extremely moist. Nothing in her purse. Frustration. She carefully folds toilet paper and wedges it between genitals and underwear.

INT. WINDY BAGELS CAFE/BATHROOM - LATER

Stephan stares at himself in the mirror. An unspoken struggle. He drops his pants. There's a dark spot on his boxer briefs near his semi erect penis. Pre-cum.

He checks his watch. Gentle caresses. He tries to relax his breathing.

Sounds of DOORS BANGING and DISHES CLINKING.

Broken concentration, Stephen pulls up his pants. He watches a funny video on his phone while doing squats.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 5

BATHROOM CONFESSIONALS

"Toilet Twins"

Written by

Onicia D.L. Muller

COLD OPEN**INT. STEPHAN'S BATHROOM - DAY**

Stephan stands before the mirror. A quiet, reflective moment. Half dressed. Morning breath. Tousled hair.

Danica enters. From behind, she rests her head in the crook of his neck and crosses her arms around his torso.

Contrasting skin. Contrasting age. Equally rebellious spirit visible in eyes.

He takes a bit of face wash, readies his razor, and proceeds to tidies his facial hair.

She applies a pea-and-a-half-sized amount of toothpaste on the tip of the toothbrush.

Brush. Shave. Switch.

He uses the same toothbrush. She uses the razor on her armpits.

Face moisturizer. Lip balm. This is new to him. She smiles because he low-key likes it.

They share a stick of deodorant. She breathes him in.

DANICA

You smell like lover.

Kisses. Hugs. They both style their hair by fluffing and smoothing with fingers.

DANICA (CONT'D)

I'd follow your smells anywhere.

STEPHAN

That's cultish. You're cute.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES
END COLD OPEN

INT. YMCA BATHROOM - DAY

From below the stall door, we see two, similar-looking pairs of black boots in the same stance - inward pointed toes.

A moment. Actions so closely timed they could have been synced. A cough from each woman. Feet Tapping. An extended hum. The sound of URINE SPRAYING into the bowl.

Tinkering. Clothes shuffling. Just before completely exiting the stall, Cynthia and Rachi (woman from episode 5) both use their feet to flush the toilet.

It's unclear whether they noticed the other's actions.

At the washing station, they both use soap before wetting hands. As they use one hand to scrub the other wrist, their eyes meet in the mirror. Tight-lipped but friendly smiles.

As they both squeeze excess water from their hands -

RACHI

Okay, are you my bathroom soulmate?

CYNTHIA

We could be. I've never shared that many bathroom habits with someone.

RACHI

Right? Flushing with your foot, soaping first, scrubbing wrists - my friends make fun of me for that.

CYNTHIA

Why would you want to dilute the soap?

Unexpected good vibes.

INT. YMCA HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Chatting at 100 miles per hour, Rachi and Cynthia click instantly. They pause at a door. The sign reads: VEGAN MEET-UP.

CYNTHIA

This is my stop. Nice meeting you Rachi.

RACHI

This is my Vegan meet-up! We have the best treats.

CYNTHIA

You're vegan? This is a magical day.

Excited, Rachi squeezes Cynthia's hands. She's as happy as a vegan who found magnesium-rich foods on discount.

RACHI

Almost ten years now. I converted while marathon training. Going meat-free improves stamina.

CYNTHIA

And we save so many precious animals. We get all our nutrients. And we still look fashionable.

More squeals and palm squeezing.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

How cute are our faux leather boots?

RACHI

Oh no, they're real. Ebay. Auction. Ninja. US stores sold out in hours.

A vegan wearing dead animals? Cynthia's lost for words. Rachi misses this moment; she digs in her purse for a card.

RACHI (CONT'D)

(handing card to Cynthia)

Yup, last week. I'm on a secret, fashion deals mailing list.

Cynthia accepts the card. Still speechless.

RACHI (CONT'D)

Snapchat?!

Rachi whips out her phone. She positions herself putting both of them in the frame.

RACHI (CONT'D)

World, I found my bathroom twin! We're fashion forward, animal lovers.

Disgust. Confused. Cynthia's paralyzed. Distracted by posting, Rachi doesn't notice.

CYNTHIA

Boots from the skin of real animals?

RACHI

For sure. Easy rules: no animals in my body but I'll wear it if it's already dead.

A MAN passes between them to enter the room.

MAN

Rachi, ready to start?

RACHI

Yes, gimme two secs.

(to Cynthia)

You should sit next to me.

Cynthia: Like hell I will NOT.

Her gaze goes from the sign to the people in the room, and back to the sign.

CYNTHIA

Of course! I forgot something in my car. Hold my seat?

A hug. A peck on a cheek. Rachi skips away.

Three Mississippi. Tapping to the appropriate screen, Cynthia deletes the Meet-Up app. About turn. Brisk walk.

EXT. COMMUNITY GARDEN - DAY

A wonderful day to be outside. VOLUNTEERS work to clean a community garden. Our favorite women-of-a-certain-age, Danica and Cynthia use spades to pull up weeds.

CYNTHIA

I simply do not understand people like Rick. I've paid your rent, quit busting my balls.

Danica tosses an empty dime bag in the nearby trash bag.

DANICA

What the fuck? I've found like twenty dime bags.

CYNTHIA

Hype me. Rick sucks. Yes?

Stab. Stomp. Lift.

DANICA

(texting on phone)

Yes. Okay. Whatever.

Pulling weeds and navigating tension.

CYNTHIA

Wanna hear my theory why that temp
job bumped me?

DANICA

Wait, you lost the Pearson gig?

CYNTHIA

Yes, but it's a super funny story.

Danica groans. Before she can go into a lecture, Cynthia begins her story.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Three days before I was let go -

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PEARSON OFFICE BATHROOM - FLASHBACK

Cardigan. Sensible shoes. Pinned hair. Glasses. Cynthia, is that you?

Pausing before the mirror she pretends to strangle herself.

INT. PEARSON OFFICE BATHROOM/STALL - MOMENTS LATER

Cynthia hangs her cardigan on the hook. Adjust clothes. Seated with toes pointed in.

From the neighboring stall:

AGGRESSIVE FARTING. WATER SPLASHING. GRUNTING.

CYNTHIA (V.O.)

Basically, an 11 am exorcism.

With a shrug, Cynthia proceeds with her ritual. A cough. Feet Tapping. Extended hum. The sound of URINE SPRAYING into the bowl.

INT. PEARSON OFFICE BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cynthia is drying her hands when XIOMARA (53) approaches the wash area. She's the physical manifestation of an overworked cubicle zombie: dead-eyed, hunched, and sickly.

CYNTHIA

I do that tight but polite smile.
Xiomara, a.k.a supervisor, a.k.a
cubicle zombie was totally
unresponsive.

END FLASHBACK:

CUT TO:

EXT. COMMUNITY GARDEN - AS THEY WERE

Cynthia is a proud as a third grader presenting a working volcano at the science fair.

Danica is texting.

CYNTHIA

She probably was like: SHE KNOWS
TOO MUCH, I MUST FIRE HER!

Cynthia is left laughing at her own joke. Danica's not amused.

DANICA

So basically, you're underemployed
and sexually frustrated.

CYNTHIA

How do you even?

A possible, homeless woman waves from a distance.

HOBO HOLLY

Hello, young ladies. May I join you
in that area?

DANICA

No. No. No. Don't make eye contact.

CYNTHIA

Hi!

Joy. The woman hobbles to join them. Danica turns away pretending to stretch.

DANICA

I try not to judge people based on
how they look but -

CYNTHIA

Ignorant statement opener.

DANICA

Not ignorant, correct observations.
Don't usually judge looks, but that
crazy bitch -

CYNTHIA

Bitch? Can't we lift up all women?

DANICA

This is not the time; she is
nearing.

(MORE)

DANICA (CONT'D)

That not-mentally-sound lady had me pinned in a corner for fifteen minutes spouting conspiracy theory nonsense. Don't let her clean with us.

Cynthia tosses some weeds in the trash bag.

CYNTHIA

Because her thoughts are a little jumbled and she doesn't have nice clothes?

DANICA

Fine, hang with Hobo Holly. Learn the hard way that no top teeth mean certified looney.

Disregarding Danica, Cynthia greets the woman.

Danica's PHONE BEEPS. A text from Stephan. After replying, she catches up with Cynthia.

DANICA (CONT'D)

Hey. Work thing. Gotta go. Get laid and try to stay employed.

CYNTHIA

That has nothing to do with employment sustainability.

DANICA

Not to go against your feminist spirit but we can't deny that sex and sexy times lifts the spirits.

CYNTHIA

My anger is legitimate and not to be dismissed by imbalanced hormones.

DANICA

You're horny and thorny. Just go and smash Rick, already.

CYNTHIA

As an older woman, I am not horny because I don't have sex. I am horny because people don't know how to have sex.

Exasperated. They're done for the day.

INT. DANICA'S BATHROOM - DAY

Dressed in a T-shirt and panties, Danica does squats. Her back is to the door. Stephan creeps in unnoticed.

Stealth. He positions himself on the floor so her butt would be in his face. She's startled.

STEPHAN

Is this what you do when you slip away at night.

She inches away but keeps squatting.

DANICA

Gotta keep it tight to compete.

He inches closer. She moves away. He's relentless.

DANICA (CONT'D)

Can you not?

STEPHAN

I just wanna live.

DANICA

No, you just want to bump into a fart.

Stephan is determined to have some butt-in-face time.

DANICA (CONT'D)

Why do you wanna roll the dice and get poop in your eye? Why you wanna learn that I don't shower?

STEPHAN

You don't shower?

DANICA

Maybe I don't. It seems you want to learn.

STEPHAN

Everyone wants the butt and not the poop. I embrace all aspects of this relationship.

He holds her butt to his face.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 6

BATHROOM CONFESSIONALS

"Organic Healing Balm"

Written by

Onicia D.L. Muller

COLD OPEN**INT. CYNTHIA'S BATHROOM - DAY**

Plush robes and pyjamas. Hair wrapped in towels. Danica and Cynthia are spaced out on the floor.

A pimple. Without warning, Danica goes in for the squeeze. Cynthia's in pain.

DANICA

Why don't you give me the things I want?

CYNTHIA

(covering shoulder)
Because hyperpigmentation.

Wrists caught in a death grip. Cynthia dodges a second attempt at pimple popping.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

(re chin)
Look at this. This was you two months ago.

There's nothing to see. A brief butt scratch, Danica leans in for a better view. Still nothing. Dismissive teeth sucking.

DANICA

(pointing to forearm)
Can you see this spot?
(beat)
That's what you're showing me.

Danica guides Cynthia to the mirror.

DANICA (CONT'D)

Burned in Kindergarten and now I have a mark that's not even three shades darker than me.
(scratches butt)
Look at you. Look at me.

Can't fight with facts. Cynthia surrenders.

CYNTHIA

Fine. It's negligible, but it's still a mark.

An exasperated sigh. Danica's butt scratching intensifies.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

What is going on with your ass?

DANICA
My butt is chafed. It hurts.

Cynthia searches Danica's cabinets and storage spaces.

DANICA (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Okay, Google. How to moisten-

Cat-Woman like reflexes, Cynthia's hand covers Danica's mouth.

CYNTHIA
Don't invite the NSA to your
chafed ass party.

Head cocked. A moment for her paranoid friend to reflect.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)
(removing hand)
Right. Who knows more about asshole
care than assholes, right?

DANICA
(into phone)
Okay, Google. Moisturizing anus.

Scrolling and tapping.

DANICA (CONT'D)
Thirty-nine dollars for some damn
organic healing balm. The Devil.

Cynthia takes the phone. Tapping. Scrolling. Skimming. Side eye.

CYNTHIA
Use olive oil. Extra light. You
won't smell like an Italian salad
or a delicious pasta. Ass pasta.
(beat)
Assholes need love too. Keep going?

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES
END COLD OPEN

INT. CYNTHIA'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

The BFFs rest on the couch with legs propped on the table. Face masks. Toe separators. Berries and booze. It's Zero Fucks Sunday.

Careful not to smudge her polish, Cynthia swipes on the tablet. Four more swipes. Irritated. Danica would frown, but she doesn't want to crack her mask.

ON TELEVISION

A photo of Danica and Cynthia at a park. Ever youthful, Cynthia's outfit and hair is the only giveaway that this photo is a decade old.

Danica is unrecognizable. Her lips are dark and chapped. Her natural curls are weighed down with hair gel and other questionably-greasy products.

DANICA (O.C.)

Don't even.

CYNTHIA (O.C.)

I taught you how to exfoliate your lips and free your afro.

A new, black-and-white photo slides into view. Cynthia?

ON THE WOMEN

DANICA

Curse you and your good genes.

CYNTHIA

Don't compliment Carla.

DANICA

Wait, that's not you?

A berry is tossed at Danica's head.

DANICA (CONT'D)

I, for one, wouldn't be surprised if you had a selfie with Jesus. You upper-middle-class folks stay connected.

Cynthia continues to swipe.

DANICA (CONT'D)

Would you pick one already?

CYNTHIA

No, we both need ones from our mid-thirties.

ON TELEVISION

More photos of the both of them. Gardening. A dinner party. Outside a concert venue. Fun at the beach. Danica's graduating from university.

DANICA

You laugh when I do my monthly organizing and backup. Now look at you, wasting time searching for your thirties.

CYNTHIA

Fuck the cloud. Why should I help the NSA by naming my documents?

Over preserving her mask and nails, Danica grabs the tablet.

DANICA

Nobody has time for you to sort through fifty years of memories.

Tap. Drag. Drop. Tap. They wait for the face-morph website to do it's voodoo magic.

Their love child is a wrinkled troll.

DANICA (CONT'D)

Damn, how your baby look so?

CYNTHIA

Blame it on your desire to use an old photo, not the technology.

Crumbling face masks. Cynthia frees her hair from the towel.

DANICA

Are we beautiful, yet?

CYNTHIA

Drunk? Soon. Beautiful? Always.

Cynthia places her feet in Danica's lap. Danica fake rubs the wiggling toes.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

Do it right. It's been too long since we chilled like this.

DANICA

(still not rubbing)
All your childhood weekends were spent like this.

Removing robe, Danica changes into a casual outfit.

DANICA (CONT'D)

What you need is for Slick Rick to love them little piggies.

CYNTHIA

Sunday is not over. Don't leave me to play by myself.

DANICA

(packing bag)

Never "by yourself". Call 1-800 Slick Rick Plumbing.

A suggestive up hip thrust.

EXT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - LATER

RICK and NARINE (18) pull up dandelions and other weeds from the front yard.

Cleaned face. Styled hair. Cute outfit. Danica says goodbye.

Chipped face mask. Wild hair. Pyjamas and robe. Cynthia watches her walk away. Just before she's out of sight-

CYNTHIA

Protest. Next weekend. Yes?

DANICA

Maybe. Work's crazy.

Sigh. She turns her attention to Rick and his landscaping companion.

CYNTHIA

And I'm supposed to like you?

RICK

(to Cynthia)

You say something?

Crouching to his level, Cynthia tries to put a dandelion back in the ground.

CYNTHIA

You are killing the pollinators' best friend. Leave the dandelions.

NARINE

We need to remove the weeds, or they will take over.

CYNTHIA

Only a teen and you're already programmed.

RICK

Jourdan, I don't have time for crazy.

Cynthia is disgusted. She inches closer. It's unclear whether she's about to punch or kiss Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)

These things are going to go into the ground. They can jack up my septic and foundation. You just worry about the rent.

She goes in for the kiss.

Grabbing shirt she pulls him close. Lips pressed. Heads twist. Give. Take. Damn, some tongue. Release. It felt like forever. Still, it's over too soon.

NARINE

A little old, but I can dig it.

Rick shoots Narine a look.

NARINE (CONT'D)

Right. I ain't seen nothing. Ain't nothing to tell aunty.

CYNTHIA

Don't be an ageist, sexist idiot.
(to Rick)
You're married?

RICK

Yes, and you just violated me.

Standing. She wipes dirt from pants.

CYNTHIA

Always like men to hide their status; forever trying to keep your options open.

RICK

That's sexist. Be out by the end of the month.

A moment. Cynthia looks to Narine for answers.

Narine: I'm a kid. I ain't got no answers.

CYNTHIA

I didn't know you were married.

Rick puts space between them.

RICK

You put your neighbors at risk. You give me problems every month. Now, you sexually assaulted me. Pack up. Move out. This lease is terminated.

CYNTHIA

You can't kick me out with less than one month's notice.

RICK

Should I file a police report?

Cynthia shoves Rick. Once. Twice.

RICK (CONT'D)

(pulling out phone)

Physical assault?

Narine: Daaaaamn.

INT. STEPHAN'S BATHROOM - DAY

Danica and Stephan shower together.

STEPHAN

(falsetto singing)

Soap on the tiddies

I'm in love

Jiggling your booty

I can't stop

DANICA

I can't be in here.

STEPHAN

Don't end my fantasy.

Sound of SHOWER RUNNING. Tension. Stephan cautiously lathers her left shoulder. He smiles begging for her forgiveness.

DANICA

We can't sexy shower here until your drain clears.

Danica leans out the shower to grab a towel. She dries her feet before stepping out.

Stephan tries his best to wipe excess water off with hands. He shakes his body and appendages.

DANICA (CONT'D)
Doggy style?

STEPHAN
So I can use my towel longer.

From her makeup bag, she retrieves a travel-sized bottle of body lotion and oil. To moisturize her body, she mixes the two.

Stephan watches. Curious. Aroused. Concerned.

STEPHAN (CONT'D)
Isn't that too much?

A challenging, death gaze.

Stephan: I'm ignorant. I'm innocent. I'm sorry. White flag.

STEPHAN (CONT'D)
(hugging her from behind)
I know. I know. Never question
struggles with The Ash.

Danica: exactly.

She pours a drop of oil in her left palm. Her right index and middle fingers dip in the puddle.

Realization.

She slinks out of his hug turning her butt away from him. Narrowing eyes. Unbroken eye contact. The oil soaked fingers slide between her buttocks.

A questioning stare from Stephan.

DANICA
Assholes need love too.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE 7

BATHROOM CONFESSIONALS

"Courtesy Flush"

Written by

Onicia D.L. Muller

COLD OPEN**INT. DANICA'S BATHROOM - DAY**

Clean. Organized. Finally, the bathroom belonging to someone paying 'adult with a real job' rent looks the part.

Dressed in her corporate best (pantsuit and tamed hair), DANICA scrolls on her phone. Several moments of scrolling.

DANICA

Hello. We left the bedroom are now
in the bathroom.

Resting bitch face. She gazes in the mirror.

STEPHAN enters wearing a cheap, dress shirt and pants.

Arms wrapping around his middle. Neck kisses.

DANICA (CONT'D)

We can do things in here.

STEPHAN

What kind of things?

DANICA

Hoodrat things.

STEPHAN

I didn't take you for the hoodrat
type.

The seduction continues as she opens the linen closet. Towels. Cleaning products. Hair tools. All the lady things are stacked and organized. There's one empty shelf.

DANICA

You can put your man things on my
lady shelf.

STEPHAN

Oh, but what if I have a lot of
things.

DANICA

I got strong shelves.

She pulls out a basket. It's filled with travel-sized bathroom products.

DANICA (CONT'D)

If you ever are ashy, use the hotel
stuff, not my expensive lotion.

A solitary 'ha'. She's cute.

STEPHAN

You give me samples and one shelf.
I always give you my best things.

DANICA

True, but you have no struggle.

A brief peck. Two. Four. Full make out session.

DANICA (CONT'D)

Wanna smokes with cigarettes and do
hoodrat things with girlfriend?

He removes her hand from his crotch.

STEPHAN

Smoking? Gross. We'll do nasty
things after the rally.

DANICA

We only have the weekend. What if I
don't wanna.

She resists him pulling her to the door.

STEPHAN

When was the last time you
supported a cause?

Danica: I supports the causes.

STEPHAN (CONT'D)

Besides Facebook posts and
donations, when last did you risk
personal comfort for a cause?

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES
END COLD OPEN

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

PEOPLE: chanting and peaceful. Photos. Videos. Posters and
brochures. They are rallying to raise the minimum wage.

A REPORTER and CAMERAMAN prepare for the broadcast.

REPORTER

Protesters surround us on this
national day of action.

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)
 They are demanding a raise in the
 minimum wage here in Illinois to
 some fifteen dollars an hour...

The cameraman turns the camera on a section of the crowd that
 is lead by a HIPPY-LOOKING DUDE. STEPHAN and DANICA appear.

HIPPY-LOOKING DUDE
 If we don't get it,

PROTESTORS
 Shut it down!

HIPPY-LOOKING DUDE
 If we don't get it,

PROTESTORS
 Shut it down!

Wide eyes. Danica has so much to take in.

HIPPY-LOOKING DUDE
 Our hands!

PROTESTORS
 Our Labour! Our Terms!

Stephan gives Danica a friendly tug.

STEPHAN
 See something?

A moment. She's still taking it all in.

A MAN dressed in a business suit rushes past her.

Danica: Rude much?

The man receives the bullhorns from the hippy-looking dude.
 The crowd cheers. Humble. He smiles. Polite greetings.

Danica: Oh.

MAN
 What's disgusting?

PROTESTORS
 Union busting!

A WHEELCHAIR-BOUND PERSON passes out water. Stephan accepts.

MAN
 What's outrageous?

PROTESTORS
Sweatshop wages!

Over to one side, CYNTHIA collects signatures. Hugging and high-fives. She's in her element. She makes her way closer to Danica and Stephan. They don't notice her.

CYNTHIA
Hey.

DANICA
No thanks.

Cynthia taps Danica.

CYNTHIA
Hello.

A frown. Recognition.

DANICA
What are you doing here?

STEPHAN
(hugging Cynthia)
Hey, stranger.

CYNTHIA
Me? I invited you last week.

STEPHAN
Is this your first protest?

Cynthia: I'm not trying to talk with you.

CYNTHIA
Work cleared up?

STEPHAN
We had this on our calendar for two weeks. So great that you could support.

The protest is large, loud, and rumbling. But the friends are far away. Their souls communicate without words. Tension.

DANICA
I need to pee. Want to walk with me to a bathroom?

INT. MCDONALD'S OUTSIDE BATHROOM - LATER

Danica and Cynthia stand outside of the restroom. Danica jiggles the handle.

DANICA

If you would just let me get the code, we could pee and leave.

CYNTHIA

I don't need to pee.

DANICA

Then what are we doing here?

Danica walks off.

INT. MCDONALD'S BATHROOM - THAT MOMENT

[Note: SMS are in italics]

On the toilet, an employee with a noticeable burn mark on her forearm texts. Her name tag reads: ALICE.

ALICE (28) stands, snaps a photo of the toilet, and sits.

ALICE (TEXT)

You are not the father.

Relief. She put on a menstrual pad.

The DOOR JIGGLES.

ALICE (TEXT) (CONT'D)

People are dumb. Locked means occupied.

Shoot. She forgot to wipe. She pulls down her underwear. There's a red spot. Quickly, she dabs the spot with toilet paper.

About to celebrate being clever-

CUT TO:

MENSTRUAL PAD COMMERCIAL

The "science" segment of a generic a menstrual pad commercial. The TECHNICIAN pours the blue substance onto two pads labeled "OUR BRAND" and "LEADING COMPETITOR".

When pressing a white cloth onto the pad, "OUR BRAND" has completely absorbed the liquid. "LEADING COMPETITOR" stains the cloth.

The technician gives a big, Hollywood smile and thumbs up.

END MENSTRUAL PAD COMMERCIAL.

CUT TO:

INT. MCDONALD'S BATHROOM - AS THEY WERE

ALICE's pad is the same as the "OUR BRAND". She tosses wrapper and toilet paper in the trash.

ALICE
Mentirosos.

INT. MCDONALD'S FOOD PREP AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Sounds of a BUSY KITCHEN. On the floor near the fryers, MAHONRY (30s) fills a cardboard box lined with a heavy duty trash bag with ice.

Protecting his hands with rags, he pours the contents of the oil filter into the box. Hot oil splashes back on his forearm.

Alice enters and without pausing.

ALICE
(unfazed)
Mustard for Mahonry.

INT. MCDONALD'S COUNTER - CONTINUOUS

As soon as Alice stands before the counter, a CUSTOMER mumbles an order.

She doesn't acknowledge them. They re-mumble their order while tapping their finger on the counter.

ALICE
Give me a moment to set my register
and I will take your order.

CUSTOMER
Moving slow as a turtle but want
CEO paychecks.

Alice: Lord, grant me the serenity.

DANICA
(cutting in line)
We just need the bathroom.

Alice: To recognize that all this shit is bullshit.

ALICE
I need a moment to turn on my
register. The restroom is only for
paying customer.

DANICA
Are you kidding me?

ALICE
(to customer)
I'm ready for your order.

DANICA
Since they're buying something, can you give them the code?

ALICE
Ma'am, I can only handle one customer at a time.

Cynthia fails at pulling Danica back in line.

DANICA
(to customer)
Do you mind?

CUSTOMER
Seems reasonable to me but it's in the hands of incompetent workers.

Just as Danica is about to reply, Cynthia interjects.

CYNTHIA
(to customer)
Fuck you.
(to Danica)
Don't even encourage.

DANICA
I'm not-

CYNTHIA
I. Am. Done.

Cynthia pulls Danica to the side. The customer taps Cynthia. She responds with a death stare. The customer then turn to Alice for support.

ALICE
(dismissing them)
Next customer.

CYNTHIA
I'm done with you telling me that I don't get 'it'. To check privilege.

DANICA
Sorry, I have a boyfriend. If I'd known you were also coming-

CYNTHIA

This is not an event, it's war.

(beat)

You can't even hold your piss or a penny to support the cause.

Patrons stare. Danica tries to quiet Cynthia.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

You're the hashtavist. Worse, you don't even get hashtags trending.

CUSTOMER 2

Worldstar!

DANICA

I'm as woke as anyone out there.

CYNTHIA

Barely. You're in bed, under the covers, resting your eyes.

PATRONS openly record with phones.

CUSTOMER 3

OMG. Periscope, it's going down in the Mickey D's. Old, white lady is going in.

DANICA

What is happening? Where did we turn left?

CYNTHIA

People like you and Rick burn me the fuck up; you're too happy for your come-up that afraid to come out of incognegro mode. YOU and I split when tossed me to the side for new friends.

A crowd gathers.

CYNTHIA (CONT'D)

You're a cynical asshole whose faith lacks works.

DANICA

I came to the protest

CYNTHIA

Only 'cause dick dragged you.

DANICA

And you're only out here because
your parents fund your lifestyle.
Damn near fifty, temp job hopping,
trust fund baby.

CUSTOMER 2

Bloop. Drag her.

Stephan enters unnoticed.

DANICA

I'm sorry that things have been
happening. Sorry you feel alone.

As Stephan moves closer, Danica notices him.

CYNTHIA

I'm tired and homeless. So, pay a
dollar for your pie. Pee. I don't
care.

STEPHAN

Ew. Don't. That's Disgusting.

Cynthia sees and disregards the young lover.

CYNTHIA

Just make space in the bathroom
because I need to move in.

Cynthia plops into the nearest chair. Danica and Stephan are
speechless.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF FINALE