

MR. TAMPON

Written by

Justine Winans

winan103@mail.chapman.edu
(216) 527-7209

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Outside of a dive bar, a group of bros exit an Uber together. One of them, TYLER (20s), loosens his necktie. He's someone who looks like he could have walked right out of GQ based on style and attitude that don't quite match his average features and obvious fatigue.

When they are about to reach the door, his phone RINGS. The screen reads "Allison White". With a sigh, Tyler answers.

TYLER

Hey babe.

One of his friends, JASON (20s), the kind of frat boy prick that would solely have shirtless ab pictures on his Tinder, turns to him.

JASON

Seriously, man? Hang up.

TYLER

It's Allison, I'll meet you inside.

Jason rolls his eyes and mocks sucking a dick before entering the bar, leaving Tyler up front.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What's up?

ALLISON (V.O.)

I'm going to need you to do me a favor.

The BOUNCER, a goddamn mountain of a person that's probably more creatine than blood, eyes him.

BOUNCER

You coming in, man?

TYLER

Sorry, just one minute.

(on phone)

What is it? I'm literally about to step into the bar.

ALLISON (V.O.)

Okay, but this is an emergency.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM

ALLISON (20s), a pretty girl-next-door type if not for the fact that she looks as though she's had a rough fucking day, sits on the toilet, towel wrapped around her, phone to her ear.

Her free hand holds a box of tampons. Completely empty.

ALLISON

Babe, I'm really going to need you to pick of some tampons for me.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

TYLER

What? You can't go buy some yourself?

ALLISON

I literally don't have any left. I have one panty liner. I can maybe make it to the door with that shit.

TYLER

I know, but I've had a long day at work and I could really use a drink-

-

ALLISON

--You had a long day at work? I just got out of the shower and it was like the motherfucking scene from Psycho--

TYLER

That was chocolate syrup.

ALLISON

Really? Now's the time for jokes? I wish it was chocolate syrup. Not only am I craving, but then maybe you would be able to go down on me long enough to--

TYLER

--Look, look. I shared an Uber with the guys. Can you just wait until after maybe?

ALLISON

On the toilet? Come on. I know there is a 7 Eleven right next to that gross bar Jason drags you to.

Tyler looks across the street. A 7 Eleven is right there.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Can you just please help me here? I need you.

TYLER

Okay, okay. I get it. I'll drop of some tampons and then come back for drinks.

ALLISON

Make sure you get super. And thanks, Tyler, I really appreciate it.

He hangs up the call. Sends a quick text to a group chat:

Gotta help the GF, I'll be late.

Immediate response of:

Pussy-whipped

you better be getting your dick sucked

Tell A I say hi

With one last longing look at the bar, Tyler jaywalks across the street.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Tyler heads to the door without paying much attention. He walks right into OWEN (teens), the guy who thinks he'd look like a badass if he tries to mimic Eminem in 8 Mile.

Owen has to steady himself against Tyler.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Tyler walks toward the pad and tampon aisle, highly uncomfortable. He starts to browse the selection.

Another person walks by, and he immediately jumps over to the condom section, checking a box of MAGNUM CONDOMS out intensely. He's not fooling anyone.

Alone again, he replaces the condoms and turns back to the tampons. He scans the boxes, but there isn't a SUPER. He picks up two regulars.

Tyler takes the boxes up to the CASHIER (60s). She's like the sweet lovechild of Judge Judy and a washed up sea hag, but owns it. Tyler tries not to meet her eyes.

TYLER
They're for my girlfriend.

CASHIER
I didn't think they were for you.

TYLER
You can double up on these, right?

A beat. She's not about this bullshit.

CASHIER
No.

TYLER
Oh.

CASHIER
Is that all?
(off Tyler's nod)
Nine fifty seven.

Tyler nods and reaches into his pocket for his wallet...

Fuck. It's not there.

TYLER
Sorry, I think I just misplaced my wallet.

CASHIER
Well, I can't sell you your tampons without money.

TYLER
They aren't my tampons. Fuck. I'll be right back.

He runs out from the store, leaving the cashier behind.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Tyler rushes out of the store, frantically searching the ground for his wallet. He can't find it, but he does spot Owen, vaping and playing with his wallet.

TYLER

Hey!

He rushes over and grabs Owen, trying to snatch the wallet.

OWEN

What the fuck, man?

TYLER

That's my wallet!

Owen slips the wallet into the waistband of his pants.

OWEN

Now if you try like try to get it,
you're totally fucking gay.

Tyler considers it. He can't. No homo.

TYLER

Look. Just give it back. I need to
buy tampons.

OWEN

Of course you do, you little bitch.

Tyler rears back to punch him, but decides against it.

TYLER

Look, kid. My girlfriend is
bleeding out and shit.

OWEN

Not my problem, man.

TYLER

Give me my fucking wallet.

Owen releases a girly squeal as Tyler yells. He reaches into his pants and pulls out the wallet. Tyler takes it.

OWEN

Whatever, man. Have fun eating kale
in your CrossFit gym you pussy-
whipped pussy.

Tyler doesn't have the time. He runs back inside.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Running up to the cashier, Tyler holds up his wallet.

TYLER

Are you sure two regular don't
equal one super?

The cashier just sighs.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Well, do you think she'll be okay
with a regular?

CASHIER

There's a box of supers at the end
of the aisle right there.

Tyler looks over. She's right!

He darts over to grab the box but before he can...it is taken
by a PRETEEN GIRL, who has the same look about her as like a
cute, sad puppy.

TYLER

I need those tampons.

PRETEEN GIRL

I think I need them more.

TYLER

No, I mean, maybe, but look. Can't
you get regular sized ones? You're
so little.

PRETEEN GIRL

Why are you asking creepy questions
about my period?

People, including the cashier, start to look. Tyler holds his
hands up.

TYLER

No, I didn't mean. Here, what if I
give you some cash--

He holds out his wallet. The cash is gone. Should have
checked earlier.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Just take a card.

A POLICE OFFICER walks into the 7 Eleven at that exact
moment.

PRETEEN GIRL

This creepy man is trying to offer
me money for my tampon!

Tyler looks at the police officer. The police officer looks at Tyler.

The police officer charges toward him.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

Jason pats the police officer on the back as the cop uncuffs Tyler. Tyler rubs his wrists.

JASON

Sorry about the misunderstanding,
Officer. I'll keep a better eye on
my friend.

The officer nods and walks off.

TYLER

Thanks for coming when I called.

JASON

No worries, dude.

The preteen girl walks up to Tyler.

PRETEEN GIRL

Sorry.

TYLER

It's okay.

PRETEEN GIRL

I'll give you these tampons for
your phone.

TYLER

What?

PRETEEN GIRL

That's the new iPhone. Mine's old
as hell and my mom won't let me
upgrade.

Tyler sighs, but hands over his phone. The girl dips before he can change his mind.

JASON

Dude, you're insane. Let's get back
to the bar. Just have some fun, you
can bring that over after.

TYLER
Yeah, but she's really having a
rough--

Jason mocks snapping a whip at Tyler with the sound effects
and everything.

TYLER (CONT'D)
--She's waiting for me--

Even more enthusiastic whipping noises.

TYLER (CONT'D)
Fine! One drink.

INT. BAR - TABLE

Tyler sits at the table, surrounded by Jason and the rest of
his friends, drinking and laughing, but something isn't
right.

He takes a sip of his drink, turning to see a man and woman
kissing, two girls smiling and holding hands, couples goddamn
everywhere.

Jason smacks his arm.

JASON
Shit, dude, look at that girl over
there. Fucking ass for daaaaays.

Tyler can't even look. The tampon bag looms. Guilting him.

JASON (CONT'D)
Some girls got like that old
mattress booty, but not your girl.
She got that Temperpedic ass,
goddamn, I bet. If only she wasn't
such a cu--

Tyler shoves Jason and gets up from the table.

TYLER
Fuck off, man. She's understanding
and really sweet and she's the
best.
(he feels like shit)
And she needs me right now.

He grabs the bag and walks off.

JASON
Yeah, whatever, Mr. Tampon.

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The bouncer eyes Tyler as he leaves, and gives a nod of approval.

BOUNCER
Gotta respect that, man. You go to your girl.

TYLER
Thanks.

BOUNCER
Yeah, man, of course. You know, I gotta little bro and two sisters so I know what it's like. It's funny, my brother just stopped by and--

Owen walks around the corner and sees Tyler.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)
There he is! Hey, little man, your stomach okay?

OWEN
Danny! That's the bitch that manhandled me!

The bouncer turns on Tyler. He's fucked.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

The front of the apartment is clean and put together. The doorbell RINGS.

Allison steps up to the door from inside. She wears sweats and a tanktop.

ALLISON
Sorry, had to chance it with this panty liner so it took me a second.

She opens the door to reveal:

Tyler, now with a black eye and a tampon hanging from his bloodied nose. He holds out the bag.

TYLER
I got you, babe.

ALLISON
What the fuck happened? You didn't answer my calls?

TYLER

Don't worry about it. I'm just glad
to see you.

He pulls her into a hug and starts making out with her.
Breathless, she pulls away.

ALLISON

Just let me run to the bathroom
real quick.

TYLER

Maybe don't bother with the tampons
just yet.

He tosses the back aside and picks her up so she straddles
him.

ALLISON

But...I mean...It's my period...

TYLER

So tarp the living room like
Patrick Bateman, babe, because it's
going to get messy.

Tyler gives her another deep kiss.

ALLISON

Holy fuck. I love you.

TYLER

Yeah.
(quickly adjusting his
tampon)
I love you too.

FADE TO BLACK.