

FIBBY

Written by

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INT. BATHROOM -DAY

A woman, KAREN, sits on the toilet with a contorted look on her face. She SCREAMS out in agony, and a PLOP is heard. Suddenly, her face relaxes. She stands up and glances into the toilet.

KAREN'S POV

A bulbous, bloody, veined mass, about three-inches in circumference, sticks to the bottom.

KAREN
(to herself, panicking)
Oh boy, Dr. Loftus told me this
would happen.

She grabs tissues and carefully extracts the mass from the toilet water.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Let's you give a proper send-off,
Fibby.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Karen digs a medium-sized hole in the ground. She takes the tissue-laden mass and places it into a box, which she wraps with duct tape. She lowers the box into the hole, giving it an early grave.

KAREN
You can't hurt me anymore, Fibby.
Your time growing in my uterus is
over.

She throws dirt over the box, and a smile creeps across her face.

EXT. BEDROOM - DAY

Karen sleeps in her bed, alone. Her phone ALARM goes off. On auto pilot, she grabs the phone, turns off the alarm, and scrolls through the day's headlines.

CLOSE - HEADLINES ON PHONE

"TRUMP BANS WOMEN FROM AMERICA"

"LINDSAY LOHAN IS SECRETLY DATING KIM JONG-IL"

"REFUGEE CRISIS SOLVED BY BOMBING REFUGEES"

"TWO YEARS LATER, CHILDREN IN CAGES ARE THRIVING"

"RUTH BADER GINSBURG TURNED INTO HOLOGRAM, STILL ON SUPREME COURT"

Suddenly, her eyes grow big and she sits up in bed.

KAREN

(reading to herself)

"Giant Mass Terrorizes Downtown Cleveland." What the fuck? "Steve Bannon Mistaken for Uterine Fibroid." "Take This *BuzzFeed* Quiz to See If You're an Uterine Fibroid."

She turns on the TV and sees people running through the streets of downtown Cleveland.

CLOSE - ON TV

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER

Scientists have identified the object as a large uterine fibroid. No one can figure out where it came from or why.

KAREN

Good God, is that you, Fibby?

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN CLEVELAND - DAY

Fibby is now 50-feet tall, covered in viscera, and is slithering up Key Tower.

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER

(to an on-the-scene male bystander)

Sir, what do you make of this chaos?

MALE BYSTANDER

Well, it's obviously a woman's fault, because men can't get fibroids. Yet another thing women do wrong.

A second man walks into frame.

MALE BYSTANDER #2

Yeah, I once had a girlfriend who had her period, and it was so gross that I broke up with her.

MALE BYSTANDER

Smart move, bro!

The two men exchange high-fives while the reporter shakes her head and rolls her eyes in a "this proves men are pigs" moment.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Karen bolts to the spot where she buried Fibby. Much to her horror, she sees the grave empty and dirt scattered on the grass.

KAREN

(yelling to the sky)

No!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Karen frantically makes a phone call, pacing back and forth.

KAREN

(on phone)

Dr. Loftus! It happened.

INTERCUT BETWEEN
KAREN'S LIVING
ROOM AND
DOCTOR'S OFFICE:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DR. LOFTUS, an older woman with bleach-blonde hair and a spray-on tan, sits at a cluttered desk. Behind her hangs a framed poster of a blue-eyed, smiling baby, with the tagline "Babies: What do they do, anyway?"

DR. LOFTUS

(on phone)

What happened?

KAREN

(on phone)

Um, remember when you diagnosed me with uterine fibroids and you said I should get them surgically removed, but I told you my health care provider wouldn't cover all the costs, and if I left them untreated I might pass them through my cervix?

DR. LOFTUS

(on phone)

Yes.

KAREN

(on phone)

Well, yesterday morning I passed one and now it's terrorizing downtown Cleveland.

DR. LOFTUS

(on phone)

Holy shit, I just took a *BuzzFeed* quiz about fibroids. Turns out I'm not one, but Steve Bannon definitely is. Wait, that's you?

KAREN

(on phone)

It's me.

DR. LOFTUS

(on phone)

Meet me downtown in 20 minutes. Actually, make that 25 minutes. I have a spray-tan appointment.

DOWNTOWN CLEVELAND

Karen gets off a bus and stands near the Key Tower building. She spies helicopters hovering around Fibby. Nearby buildings are engulfed in flames, and men, only men, run around SCREAMING.

SCREAMING MAN

The feminists are coming to get us!
Help!

Karen stops the man, who's literally pulling his hair out of his head.

KAREN

What did you see?

SCREAMING MAN

Oh, God, it's awful! It's like an angry feminist in hurricane form made landfall in downtown Cleveland. There's blood everywhere. Save yourself!

The crazed man runs away, and Dr. Loftus pulls up in her Mercedes. She's orange now than she was in the prior scene.

She steps out of her vehicle and surveys the damage before her.

DR. LOFTUS

This is the worst thing I've seen since the city gave out free Bud Light after the Browns finally won a game. Except much worse.

KAREN

(teary-eyed)

I'm so sorry I caused this! I should've listened to you.

DR. LOFTUS

It's okay. Don't apologize. These things happen. Well, I've only seen this one other time, and that was when I was tripping on LSD with Paul McCartney. Anywho...

KAREN

How do we stop it?

DR. LOFTUS

The only way to kill it is to cut off its blood supply.

KAREN

Fibby.

DR. LOFTUS

What?

KAREN

That's its name.

DR. LOFTUS

You named it? Never mind. So, we kill *Fibby* by injecting it with these beads I brought.

(MORE)

DR. LOFTUS (CONT'D)
 (she holds up a syringe)
 We inject it into a vein, cut off
 the blood supply, and it'll shrink
 and die.

KAREN
 I don't know if we should kill it.
 Maybe it's not the right thing to
 do.

Just as she ruminates on not destroying it, a slab of viscera
 lands on Dr. Loftus's Mercedes.

DR. LOFTUS
 Do you know how many white babies I
 had to deliver to afford that car?
 We're killing the fucker. And
 you're the one who's going to do
 it.

KAREN
 Why me?

DR. LOFTUS
 Because it lived inside you. It
 knows you. Your body created it and
 now it must end it.

KAREN
 (toughening)
 Okay. At least some men are now
 dead or traumatized.

DR. LOFTUS
 So chalk it up to a win. Let's go.

EXT. KEY TOWER - DAY

Fibby continues its reign of terror in climbing up the
 skyscraper.

Karen charges ahead and stands underneath the building. She
 dodges a torpedo of falling goop.

KAREN
 (yelling)
 Hey, Fibby!

The fibroid temporarily stops sliming the building and cocks
 its eyeless mass toward Karen.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Listen, I need you to come down here. We need to talk.

Obedient like a demented dog, Fibby does what Karen says and slides down the building. Its landing causes the city to shake like an aftershock.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Look, we've been through a lot in the past year. You caused me nonstop cramps and bleeding for months. I mean, pools of blood. Like, more blood than what comes out of the elevators in *The Shining*. You've been a destructive motherfucker.

Fibby stays motionless, as if its listening to her grievances.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I don't know how you escaped and grew to be so massive. I thank you for teaching some of those men a lesson, though. But as much as I've enjoyed having to hear men say "period" or "menstruation" or "fibroid" or "bloody vagina" on national TV, this needs to end. Thank you for your service.

With that statement, Karen takes the syringe and stabs Fibby in one of its veins. Fibby CRIES out in pain but quickly shrinks to the size of a pea.

Dr. Loftus runs up to Karen. CHEERS can be heard in the background.

DR. LOFTUS

You did it! Fibby is no more.

KAREN

(shedding a tear)

Yeah. I kind of miss it.

DR. LOFTUS

Be careful what you wish for! Fibroids can grow back. I'd like you to come into my office next week for a follow-up exam. In the meantime, go home and get some rest.

(MORE)

DR. LOFTUS (CONT'D)
 And please don't tell anyone I
 helped you! If word gets out about
 me, I'd lose my license.

KAREN
 Why?

DR. LOFTUS
 Let's just say it has something to
 do with a botched heart surgery.

KAREN
 I didn't know you were also a
 vascular surgeon.

DR. LOFTUS
 I'm not.
 (awkward pause)
 Well, I gotta go! Get some rest.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Karen sits in front of the TV and watches the news.

CLOSE - ON TV

FEMALE NEWS REPORTER
 The fibroid has been defeated, but
 thousands of men have reportedly
 been traumatized, to the point many
 have entered therapy. The burning
 question remains: What will prevent
 this from happening again?

CLOSE - ON PHONE

Karen stares at new headlines.

"CLEVELANDERS VOTE TO BAN WOMEN FROM CLEVELAND"

"NETFLIX DEVELOPING A MOVIE ABOUT FIBROIDS, CHRIS PRATT IN
 TALKS TO PLAY THE FIBROID"

Discouraged, she SIGHS, puts down the phone, and turns off
 the TV.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Karen grabs a watering can and saunters to a group of
 succulents and potted herbs aligned in a row in front of a
 window. She pours water into each of the pots.

At the end of the line she stares at a mason jar labeled "Fibby." The fibroid has shriveled into a black speck.

KAREN

(smiling)

Good morning, Fibby. I hope you
have a good day.

Karen walks away.