

## ***The Sexistorcist***

FADE IN

INT. MEEGAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Barely concealing his revulsion, Father Yesallmen enters slowly, picking his way across a floor littered with crusty tights, underpants, and empty jars of Nutella. His eyes flit across the dimly-lit room, then widen in horror. Arms held down by a double set of restraining straps, Meegan appears barely alive. Her hair is tangled and thickly matted—and we're not talking about in a cute beach waves or a Kylie Jenner culturally appropriative Teen Vogue spread kind of way. Her shoulders are shrunk and festooned with sheets stained with either human blood or red wine, depending on whether murder or squandered alcohol scares you more. A laptop sits on her withered lap; we can't see the screen, but from the noises we know she's watching the *Entourage* movie. Clearly something is wrong. Meegan lolls her head toward Yesallmen, who struggles to maintain some semblance of control.

YESALLMEN

Hello, Meegan.

(dragging a chair to her bedside)

I was told you wished to see me. How can I help you?

Meegan's features recompose into a horrific demonic visage. Her throat swells and a nightmarish growl shudders through her body. Yesallmen remains silent, observing uneasily, until life returns to the girl's face. It is the old Meegan once more, except her countenance is twisted with embarrassment and pain, a suggestion of an apology.

MEEGAN

(whispering)

I think it's clear, Father—I need an exorcism.

YESALLMEN

An exorcism?

Yesallmen gathers one of Meegan's hands in his own, careful to not pull on the restraining straps.

YESALLMEN

You want to get rid of this demon, this *life*, growing inside of you?

MEEGAN

Well, Father, I—

Sweat dots Meegan's brow and some sort of wild electricity causes her frail body to seize. A foreign voice—thick, rasping, and filled with hate—passes through her lips.

MEEGAN

Foolish man! She is ours! There is no god! Your world is scum! Beyoncé is overrated and her last album only had three decent tracks!

Meegan regains control. Her voice returns, frayed and tired.

MEEGAN

Yes, yes, I'm sure. Please cast this wretched monster out, Father.

YESALLMEN

Oooh, yeah, I don't know if I can do that for you, Meegan.

MEEGAN  
(baffled)  
What?

YESALLMEN

This is a living demon that can feel *pain*. It probably has 12 long, poison-tipped demon fingernails already. You want me to cast something with *fingernails* out?

MEEGAN

Yes, I do—it keeps scratching “666” and “DEMON WUZ HERE” with a poor facsimile of the nail painting emoji into my chest. Besides, I’ve only been possessed for a few weeks. I can still talk to you as myself, so clearly the demon isn’t that strong.

YESALLMEN

Life begins at possession, Meegan. Besides, you engaged in the risky behavior; you should’ve been ready to accept the consequences.

MEEGAN

I got possessed by mistake! The Ouija board is produced by the Parker Brothers—how was I supposed to know that the creators of *Monopoly* unlocked a portal to hell?! I thought I was being safe; I mean, I only touched the *tip* of the planchette. I even faked it for awhile so it would end faster!

YESALLMEN

Meegan, I urge you to rethink your possession.  
This is a gift—

As YESALLMEN talks, a stream of thick greenish vomit shoots from Meegan's mouth, soaking the bedding and the Father's robe.

YESALLMEN

—from God. You have to make the best out of a bad situation.

MEEGAN

How am I supposed to support myself? My savings are pretty much drained; I keep having to buy new beds to replace the ones I break after levitating.

YESALLMEN

Life is a miracle, Meegan.

MEEGAN

Considering that my flesh burns whenever I come into contact with holy water, I think this might be the exact opposite of a miracle. Father, please listen, this is my body. I alone should have autonomy over it. It is my right to decide what I want to do with it.

(dramatic pause)

And I want an exorcism.

Unable to reign back his disdain, Yesallmen glowers at Meegan. He lets go of her sweating hand and leans back in his chair, contemplating the girl's case.

YESALLMEN

I suppose this is what you really want, Meegan. Before I can perform the exorcism, there are a few things I'm required to do by law. Firstly, I'm going to need your parents' signatures on a consent form...

Meegan attempts to roll her eyes, but they go all the way into her head, leaving only the whites exposed.

MEEGAN

(hoarsely)

My parents are currently in the hospital. They were inadvertently crushed by a piece of furniture that I sent flying around my room with the new telekinetic powers I developed *after a demon possessed me.*

YESALLMEN

Hm, well, possessed women are known to be moody, heh heh. Hormones and all.

(types on the laptop and turns it so the screen faces Meegan)

I'd like you to look at this sonogram of the demon.

Footage from the 1995 film *Casper* plays on the laptop screen. The bed begins to buck and fall as the Father snuggles up with Meegan in order to watch the movie.

YESALLMEN

Look at how adorable that spirit is! Do you *really* want to exorcise a spirit like that? Ugh, this is

my favorite part—"Can I keep you?" I get the  
chills every time!

Yesallmen turns to Meegan for solidarity but she is  
motionless, the whites of her eyes glowing eerily in  
the dark room.

YESALLMEN

Ah, yes. Well. One last thing: just listen to the  
demon's heart.

Yesallmen pulls a stethoscope out of his pocket and  
presses the diaphragm to Meegan's stomach. A deafening  
hellish noise screeches from the ear tips, filling the  
whole room. The sound is unlike any other; it is  
multitudinous and deep, as if every soul in hell were  
howling for help. It is the aural equivalent of  
loneliness and fear and blinding rage and stubbing  
your toe on the corner of a desk while simultaneously  
biting your tongue and shattering your iPhone screen.  
The cacophony ruptures Yesallmen's eardrums and he  
tumbles off the bed, pulling the stethoscope with him.  
As quickly as the noise exploded, it stops. After a  
few minutes of silence, Yesallmen pulls himself up to  
his feet. Blood trickles from both ears and his body  
noticeably trembles.

YESALLMEN

(shouting)

So, is adoption out of the question?

***The Congress Planned Parenthood Massacre***

FADE IN.

INT. BREAK ROOM, GOVERNMENT BUILDING — EARLY EVENING

Cecile Richards begins to regain consciousness, stirring in the chair to which she is bound. For a few blissful seconds, she is able to believe that the past few hours were nothing but a bad dream—that her idyllic fall afternoon drive through Washington D.C. went off without a hitch, that she was never captured and dragged back to the hulking government building in which she now sits, trapped and terrified. Her eyes snap open—Cecile is forced to confront her reality. Her captors pour over book-length documents and argue. Cecile screams. The captors scream back.

CECILE

Why are you screaming at me?! I'm the one tied up here!

DESICCATED OLD MAN

Oh, that's just what we do! We protect innocent baby lives by screaming at scared women outside of clinics. You know, calling them murderers and whores and stuff. *Classic* good guy behavior. Besides, we're men and our voices should be heard over a woman's at all times.

Cecile glances around the room and screams again.

CECILE

What are those?! What is wrong with you?!

She motions with her head to a pile of posters and signs covered with graphic pictures of dead fetuses.

ANOTHER DESICCATED OLD MAN

Those are our protesting placards. We use them to stop all you evil women from aborting.

CECILE

So you collect and surround yourself with gruesome high-resolution pictures of dead fetuses and somehow women who get abortions are the evil ones?...That's not even what an aborted fetus looks like!

DESICCATED OLD MAN #1

Shut your mouth! What do you know?! You're just a dumb woman. Now quit yer screaming—you're distracting us from our important work.

CECILE

What work!? What are you going to do to me?! Let me go!

DESICCATED OLD MAN #2

Well, we've downloaded some new fonts that make words look like they were written in dripping blood, and then we wrote a pro-life parody of Lady GaGa's "Bad Romance" called "Bad Abortion (Abortion Is Bad)."

(He makes a deliberate check mark on his clipboard.)  
Now we're onto the next task on our agenda—we're coming up with new ways to restrict abortions.

CECILE

But abortion is legal! Whether or not a woman aborts shouldn't be up to you—the decision should be made solely by the woman whose body is in question, not lobbyists or politicians!



DESICCATED OLD MAN #1

(disregarding Cecile)

Remember when we talked about "legitimate rape"  
and how females' bodies can shut down pregnancies  
if they want to?

CECILE

Oh god, please, no! Don't say "females!" Please!  
Please! Anything but that!

DESICCATED OLD MAN #2

(ignoring Cecile)

This is a graph my kids helped me create on Excel.  
See, there are numbers and lines—which means it's  
*science*, which means it's basically *fact* which  
means...we're right. That line going up is the  
number of abortions...I think. I don't know—I got  
caught up in choosing the right colors for my  
graph lines and forgot to label the axes.

CECILE

What gives you the right to weigh in on women's  
reproductive healthcare?! You're all just a bunch of  
cisgendered old men!

DESICCATED OLD MAN #2

Cisgendered old men with a lot of money, baby!

DESICCATED OLD MAN #1

Who better to determine what a woman can do with  
her body?

DESICCATED OLD MAN #2

Don't you understand—we have to protect human  
life, so we cut funding for food stamps and

Medicaid in order to pay for more investigations into legitimate medical organizations like Planned Parenthood! How doesn't that make sense?

DESICCATED OLD MAN #1

Speaking of...

Off-camera a grinding mechanical sound grows louder and closer. Cecile fights against her restraints and spasms with terror when the source of the noise is revealed to be a maniacal hulk of a man wielding a chainsaw in one hand and a reel of footage in the other. As Cecile screams, the man guides his weapon through the film, unabashedly splitting scenes.

DESICCATED OLD MAN #1

Yes! With that video, we will surely rile everyone up and come close to defunding Planned Parenthood! Good work, Fetaltissueface!...You know, we should probably work on your name. It's not exactly *catchy*. Kinda sounds a bit foreign too, which you know the family doesn't like.

CECILE

That footage is blatantly manipulated! You'll waste millions of dollars probing into claims that have been proven false time and time again!

DESICCATED OLD MAN #2

Yeah, pretty scary, isn't it? Just be thankful that we're not talking about your emails. Now back

to this graph—do you think the red I chose for the word “abortions” needs to be redder? Should I use the new blood-dripping font?

### ***The Village Pharmacy***

FADE IN.

EXT. HIGHWAY — AFTERNOON

A girl in a dirty 19th-century-style dress emerges from a thick forest. Her hands and face are covered in fine scratches and leaves are tangled in her disheveled hair. She boldly steps forward into the middle of the highway, forcing a SUV to quickly swerve left to avoid hitting her. The truck comes to an abrupt stop mere feet from the girl, who appears confused but not entirely fearful. After a few moments, we hear the truck's door open.

DRIVER

Are you okay?

GIRL

I'm not hurt. But please—bring me to the town. I seek tools of medicine.

GUY IN BACKSEAT OF SUV

(sticks head out of his window)

Uh, if she gets in the car, that makes this an UberPool, not an Uber—I'm gonna need the charges to reflect that. Also, not to be a dick, but I think I should be dropped off first since I got in first and happy hour ends soon and I'm not paying \$12 for a whiskey ginger, you know?

INT. WALMART — LATE AFTERNOON

The girl stands before the store's pharmacy counter, bewildered and blinking rapidly in the florescent light.

PHARMACIST

Can I help you?

GIRL

(hushed voice)

Please, tell me—I heard whispers in my village, in the meeting hall, amongst the women. They spoke of a certain medicine that—

(her voice drops to a hoarse whisper)

—that stops a woman from being with child. I thought it was surely a farce but...

Her voice trails off but she continues to lean eagerly over the counter, eyes locked on the pharmacist, and hopeful.

PHARMACIST

Oh. You mean birth control?

GIRL

Yes. Yes, please. One of that. One birth control for me.

PHARMACIST

I'm sorry, ma'am, but I cannot give that to you.

The girl's face falls and her voice takes on a trembling quality.

GIRL

But please! I must have it!

PHARMACIST

I'm sorry, ma'am, but first of all, you do not have a valid prescription from your doctor for any sort of birth control. Second of all, even if you did, I wouldn't be able to give that to you. It's against my religion.

(In a deliberate whisper)

You see, birth control encourages sexual activity.

GIRL

But my village doesn't carry this medicine and I have been encouraged to be sexually active! Do you know what *really* encourages sexual activity? Being locked in a tiny meeting hall with the village's eldest boys after they have returned from a day's work in the fields, their chests glistening with sweat, faces flushed with hot blood, breath forceful and uneven like that of a stallion mounting the broodmare, and—

The girl breaks out of her fantasy and notices that the pharmacist is holding something shiny and sleek in her palm.

GIRL

What is that?

PHARMACIST

My cell phone. I was just taking some notes for my fanfiction, don't worry about it.

GIRL

Cell phone? Fanfiction?

PHARMACIST

Never mind. Ma'am, I appreciate your story but there is nothing I can do for you.

GIRL

But what of the hideous pain that comes with my monthly bleeding? Or the fact that the bleeding is irregular and unusually heavy? Doesn't this medicine also treat those issues?

PHARMACIST

Well, yeah...but the sex stuff, like I said before, it's bad. Thanks to conscience clauses, I don't have to give you this pill, so I won't. Now if you'll excuse me...Ugh, god.

The pharmacist begins to pull and tug at her shirt, leaning forward and shifting it around, clearly trying to alleviate some pain.

GIRL

What's wrong?

PHARMACIST

Nothing, it's just my bra; the underwire broke so it's poking into my side.

GIRL

You know, the whole point of this movie is the shocking plot twist at the end when it's revealed that I actually live in the 21st century and that my village is just some strange secluded social experiment. But this interaction kinda has me

questioning that whole premise. Like, it's *not* the 1850s, but women still struggle to easily obtain low-cost and long-acting birth control? A woman's sexuality is still a source of shame, condemnation, and criminality? And through some black magic, you have the power to write words on this "cell phone" without a dip pen and paper, and yet you people still haven't invented a way to hold up a woman's breasts that doesn't involve sharp metal shards that eventually poke out and impale the very bosom they are supposed to be protecting?

PHARMACIST

Uh...yes? Wait-no? I don't...what was the question?

GIRL

Forget it. My Elders also wanted me to procure some firearms, but surely there's no way that a device created to take life is easier to obtain than some pill-

PHARMACIST

Aisle 11. Unless you want youth rifles, then that's Aisle 15, next to the *Minions* toys.