

The Flaming Uterus

A woman is lying on the stage, on her side, with a pillow propping up her head. To one side on stage is a small table and chair, the chair behind the table, facing the audience. Another woman is sitting in the chair, wearing a headset, and filing her fingernails while chewing gum. A young man is down stage center, holding a phone to his head, and pacing. Sound of a phone ringing. The dispatcher takes the gum out of her mouth, and sticks it to the table.

Dispatcher: 911. What is your emergency?

Young Man: I need to report a flaming uterus.

Dispatcher: Where is the uterus located?

Young Man: I never took anatomy...Oh sorry, it's right here in my bedroom.

Dispatcher: What is the condition of the uterus?

Young Man: Well, it's very young, and...looking very sexy.

Dispatcher: That's not what I meant. Is it pregnant, or not pregnant?

Young Man: I think it's not pregnant, because it's smoking and gurgling and saying it wants to become pregnant.

Dispatcher: Has the uterus made any threatening gestures toward you?

Young Man: No, it's been really nice all evening. This is our first date.

The woman lying down looks longingly at the young man, and motions him toward the bed. The young man whirls around,

looking away from the woman lying down. He hunches down and whispers into the phone.

Young Man: Change that! It just made a threatening gesture!

Dispatcher: Did it look at you longingly and motion you toward the bed?

Young Man: Yes! How did you know that!?

The dispatcher looks bored, and is concentrating mainly on filing her fingernails.

Dispatcher: We get these calls all the time, sir. We're near a college campus.

Young Man: What do I do now?

Dispatcher: Do you have a condom handy?

Young Man: Umm...no.

Dispatcher: Why not?

Young Man: Well, I meant to stop at the pharmacy and get some, but then I got a slice of pizza instead.

Dispatcher: Bad move, sir.

Young Man: Yeah. Sorry. But what do I do now?

Dispatcher: Well, these decisions are all yours, but I would advise you to walk the uterus home, kiss it goodnight in the doorway, and whatever you do, do not go inside.

Young Man: Ok. Ok, I can do that. *(pause)* But it's really looking so sexy...

Dispatcher: Sir, please keep in mind that in the morning when you are not turned on the uterus will not look at all as sexy.

Young Man: You're right. (wiping his brow) Ok. (settling himself) Ok, thanks for help.

Dispatcher: Any time.

The dispatcher rolls her eyes, disconnects from the call, takes the gum she had stuck to the table off the table, puts it in her mouth again, and goes back to filing her fingernails. The young man and young woman walk upstage center, holding hands, their backs to the audience. During the sequence on the screen below, they release their hands, slowly move away from each other, and exit opposite sides.

The dispatcher takes the piece of gum off the table, returns it to her mouth, and begins filing her nails again.

Screen: There was no second date. But the uterus eventually got married, got what it wanted, became really boring, and talked a lot about real estate. The young man never got married, never had children, but did join a fintech startup, and also became really boring.

THE END

The phone rings again. The dispatcher sets aside the emery board, takes the gum out of her mouth, and sticks it to the table again.

Dispatcher: 911. What is your emergency?

Pause.

What is the location of the uterus?