

THE LOST VAGINA

Written by

Heath Houseman

FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

A cold beam of moonlight shines through a window, falling on NYC socialite MAGE (pronounced "Madge") PINKERTON-VARNEY (50) and RICHARD/"DICK" (50), her husband.

They're dressed for a swanky party: She in evening gown, he in classic black tuxedo.

Mage is pinned against the wall. Richard kisses her face, pawing her body, ready for sex.

She looks like a department store mannequin: Tall, thin, beautiful and, in the moonlight, just as lifeless.

Richard is taller than Mage, a bear of a man - overweight, balding, hairy - oozes sweat and life.

She stares over Richard's shoulder, toward us, eyes focused on a spotted ORCHID set on a dresser, petals drooping.

Every time Richard kisses her, Mage's head knocks against the wall with a soft BUMP... BUMP... BUMP...

MAGE

We... don't... have... time...
Dick.

RICHARD

(breathless)
Ten minutes, babe. Plenty of time.

MAGE

For you.

Mage pushes him away.

MAGE (CONT'D)

Richard. Stop. Please. I'm
creasing.

RICHARD

I'll go downtown.

MAGE

You never go downtown.

Richard squares his shoulders, pops his neck, slowly sinks to his knees, big smile.

She closes her eyes in resistant anticipation and then...

MAGE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

RICHARD (V.O.)
(muffled)
What do you mean, what am I doing?

MAGE
I don't feel anything.

RICHARD (V.O.)
(muffled)
You don't what?

MAGE
Are you downtown?

RICHARD (V.O.)
(clear voice)
Darling, I couldn't be more
downtown. You want me to go any
deeper, I'll need scuba gear and
flippers.

Beat, then...

...she pushes Richard away, rushes to the bathroom, bumping
into the edge of the dresser. The orchid CRASHES to the
floor.

Richard wobbles on his knees, off balance, as sudden bright
light from the bathroom washes over him. He pulls himself up
and waits.

MAGE (V.O.)
Oh my god.

Mage SCREAMS.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Mage on the floor, legs spread-eagled, about to pass out.

Two EMTs (20s) examine her. Richard watches in the
background.

EMT 1
Mrs. Pinkerton-Varney?

RICHARD
Mage, her name is Mage.

EMT 1
 Mage? OK, hey, stay with me, Mage.
 (to EMT 2)
 Trendelenburg or it's lights out.

EMT 2 elevates her feet.

MAGE
 (semi-conscious)
 My vagina.

The EMTs shoot one another an apprehensive look.

MAGE (CONT'D)
 It's gone. I've lost it.

Mage loses consciousness.

EMT 1
 Mage...? Mage...?

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Mage lies in bed, Richard seated by her side, holding her hand.

DOCTOR STERN (50s) towers above her. He has a strong English accent.

DR. STERN
 All I'm saying is, we've done what we can on our end. The plumbing is all there, Mage. Be quite a trick if it wasn't, eh? Like pulling a rabbit from a hat - well, not quite a rabbit, and not quite a hat, but you know what I mean.

MAGE
 I'm afraid I don't.

DR. STERN
 Well. You'd have to be a wizard to pull off a trick like that, wouldn't you? I'd have to call you Harry Potter. Or Hermione. But not Ronald Weasley, of course. Welcome to Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

MAGE
 Dr. Stern...

DR. STERN

(to Richard)

I hate the Harry Potter books. And don't even get me started on the movies.

MAGE

Dr. Stern?

DR. STERN

My children watch them over and over and, God help me, I wish I had a magic wand to make them all go away.

MAGE

Doctor Norman Stern...! Do I have your attention?

DR. STERN

Yes. Mage. You do.

MAGE

The experience has been nothing short of excruciating. I have never felt more powerless and empty in my life and all you can do is compare me to an emasculated boy magician.

DR. STERN

Yes, quite right. And that is why I took the liberty to contact Elizabeth and she's happy to squeeze you in today, so that's where you go from here, Mage. The Halls of Medicine cannot help you. Perhaps Hogwarts can, and Elizabeth is quite a talented witch, if ever there was one.

Dr. Stern pats her wrist, exits in a hurry.

Mage stretches out a hand and caresses Richard's cheek.

MAGE

I'm frightened.

Dick kisses her hand.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

DR. ELIZABETH BISSET (35) reclines in the back of a limo, smoking, tapping her iPad, checking the time/heartbeat on her smartwatch, talking on a smartphone attached to her ear - all at the same time.

DR. BISSET
This is about dick, Mage.

INT. DR. BISSET'S OFFICE - DAY - SAME TIME

Mage studies a rubber ERECT PENIS in a glass BELL JAR as she talks with Dr. Bisset on a conference phone.

MAGE
You always say that, Elizabeth.

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

DR. BISSET
Because it's true, Mage.

MAGE
I don't see how my husband is to blame.

DR. BISSET
Dick is always to blame! And that includes your husband, Richard. Read your Freud. And for the tenth time, you have not lost your vagina. It's been appropriated.

The limo makes a sudden stop, the brakes SCREECHING. Dr. Bisset crashes into the divider, thump!

DR. BISSET (CONT'D)
Fuck! Shit! Piss! Oh my god! I'm a doctor! Dr. Bisset! Drive like you're driving a doctor!

LIMO DRIVER
Bidet? Dr. Bidet? Like the butt washer?

DR. BISSET
Bisset! Bisset! Bisset! Two Ss, no D!

She takes off a shoe and throws it at the DRIVER.

DR. BISSET (CONT'D)
Asshole!

MAGE
Elizabeth...?

DR. BISSET
Are you looking at the penis, Mage?

MAGE
Yes.

Dr. Bisset explores her head for a wound.

DR. BISSET
What do you see? Just - ow.

She flips off the driver.

DR. BISSET (CONT'D)
Just tell me what you see.

MAGE
A rubber cast of your ex-husband's
erection.

DR. BISSET
No, no, no. What do you see-see?

MAGE
A symbol.

DR. BISSET
Exactly.

MAGE
Of?

DR. BISSET
What we don't need.

INT. DR. ELIZABETH'S OFFICE - DAY

Dr. Bisset enters the office, smoking, massaging her head, schlepping her digital equipment. Mage studies the penis in the jar.

DR. BISSET
Motherfucking limo driver almost
killed me. Where were we...?

Mage turns and faces Dr. Bisset.

MAGE

It is powerful, Elizabeth.

She points to the penis in the jar behind her.

DR. BISSET

As a symbol, yes. When attached to my ex-husband, however, not so much.

PENIS (V.O.)

Get the fuck out.

Mage reacts to the voice.

DR. BISSET

Mage...? Hello...? You with me? Oh, my head.

MAGE

Um...

DR. BISSET

Sorry. Don't worry about me. This isn't about me. I know you're worried about me and this is not about me.

PENIS (V.O.)

Are you kidding?

DR. BISSET

I have your best interest at heart. You know that.

PENIS (V.O.)

Huh. She's got a heart? I did not fuckin' know that. This I did not fuckin' know.

DR. BISSET

Let's start from the beginning.

MAGE

Must we? It's so... old school, the whole Venus and Mars thing.

DR. BISSET

You're right. It is old school. Thousands of years old school. There is nothing trite or modern about any of this. It's ancient history... Where are men from?

MAGE

Mars.

DR. BISSET

Where are women from?

MAGE

Venus.

DR. BISSET

Which means?

MAGE

We're from two different planets.

DR. BISSET

Thus?

MAGE

Two different species.

DR. BISSET

And if you put all the men in a rocket ship and blasted them back to Mars, what would they do?

MAGE

Grope, rape, and pillage themselves into oblivion.

PENIS (V.O.)

Yeah. No. It's true, Mage. Men are pigs. But. Some of us can fly.

DR. BISSET

And if we put all the women in a rocket ship and blasted them back to Venus?

MAGE

We'd be... lonely.

DR. BISSET

No. Mage. Focus. Focus, focus, focus. We would survive.

PENIS (V.O.)

Hey, I'm with you, Mage. We'd be lonely too.

MAGE

Who...? Where is that voice coming from?

DR. BISSET
Ignore the voices, Mage. Listen
only to mine. Listen...

PENIS (V.O.)
Blah, blah, blah-de-fuckin'-blah.

DR. BISSET
Listen... Since we're stuck on this
damned planet together, we must
understand what men need and what
we need - because our needs are
entirely different. We must
understand that in order to win the
war. Because that's what it is,
Mage. Two alien species fighting it
out on planet Earth.

PENIS (V.O.)
I'm a lover, not a fighter.

MAGE
Stop. Stop it. Stop it this
instant. Whatever this is...!

DR. BISSET
Shhhh. I know, Mage. I know. The
terrible truth is, we cannot rocket
ourselves back to Venus. That means
one thing. We must cleanse the
earth of Man. Take comfort in this.
I can see the future: The only
thing that will be left of Man is
that penis in that glass bell jar
on display in a natural history
museum. Oh, I need an Advil. I need
a fuckin' Advil so bad.

PENIS
She needs more than an Advil, I can
tell you. Mage. Listen. I can help
you find what you're looking for.
Turn around, turn around.

Mage turns very slowly and looks at the jar.

PENIS (V.O.)
Break me on outta here and I'll
show you the way!

Mage stifles a scream, covering her mouth with a hand.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Mage runs toward us, the penis held out in front of her like a divining rod. Passersby stumble, stop, stare.

Dr. Bisset rushes out of a high-rise office building in the background.

DR. BISSET
Mage! Mage! Come back!

PENIS (V.O.)
Run for your fuckin' life! Ruuun!

Mage and the penis make a sudden turn and disappear behind the corner of a building.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Bisset and Dr. Stern jog-walk toward an exit door. She talks on her ear-phone and to Dr. Stern at the same time.

Richard follows, struggling to keep up.

DR. BISSET
...and call 911, and yeah, yeah,
we'll need those fuckers at NYC
Mental Health in on this too. Can
you believe she stole my penis,
Stern?

DR. STERN
I told you to put her on meds, Dr.
Bisset. Meds, meds, meds, I said!
But noooo. Wouldn't listen to me.
You and Hogwarts had it all under
control.

Dr. Bisset jerks to a stop.

DR. BISSET
I'm going to put you on mute,
Janine.

She points a finger in Dr. Stern's face.

DR. BISSET (CONT'D)
 Let's get one thing straight,
 motherfucker: I am a renowned,
 respected and well-fuckin'-paid
 psychologist with enough heavy
 letters after my name to bend space
 and time and crush you into
 spaghetti. One more word about
 blame and I will go black hole on
 your ass, got it? And lose the
 Harry Potter similitude. It's
 fuckin' retarded.

RICHARD
 I think I know where she's going.

Dr. Bisset and Dr. Stern look at Richard, hold a beat, then
 march to the exit door. Dr. Bisset throws it open and bright
 daylight envelopes them.

EXT. CITY - DAY

Mage runs through the city with the penis held out in front
 of her as it guides her.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- Mage runs through Central Park.

PENIS (V.O.)
 Faster, faster!

She passes a female JOGGER (20s).

PENIS (V.O.)
 Yo, baby! Call me some time!

-- Mage runs toward a busy intersection.

PENIS (V.O.)
 Whoa! Slow down!

She skids to a stop on a street corner.

PENIS (V.O.)
 I think I'm lost... Go right!

Her arms and the penis shoot to the right.

PENIS (V.O.)
 No, wait! Go left!

Her arms and the penis shoot to the left.

PENIS (V.O.)
 No, wait, wait, wait! That way!
 It's that way! Go, go, go!

Mage jogs into the busy intersection, penis extended. A car swerves out of her way, hits the brakes and CRASH, BANG, BOOM, one vehicle smashes into another!

She sprints through the wreckage unscathed, penis held high like an athlete running with the Olympic Torch.

Drivers step out of their vehicles, cursing one another as Mage runs toward the horizon.

PENIS (V.O.)
 Straight ahead, Fred! You go, girl!
 Woo-hoo! Right turn. Right! No,
 your other right! Holy fuck a duck!

Mage turns right and slips behind a building.

END MONTAGE

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

Mage sits on a bench in a crowded train, the penis on her lap, sticking straight up. Passengers stare. A TOUGH KID (18) - tattoos, piercings, colorful Mohawk, surrounded by his ENTOURAGE - ogles Mage and the penis.

The penis slowly turns in his direction.

PENIS (V.O.)
 What you looking at, dipshit?

Mage slaps the penis' head.

MAGE
 Sh!

EXT. SUBWAY TRAIN - DAY

The subway train click-claks into the horizon.

EXT. CONEY ISLAND - DAY

Mage walks toward the CONEY ISLAND CYCLONE, a classic wooden roller coaster famous for being one of the most romantic places to propose. She stops and studies the ride, quiet and contemplative.

PENIS (V.O.)
 What'd I tell yah, huh? Huh? Mage,
 this is the place.

EXT. ROLLER COASTER - DAY

Mage rides the Cyclone, sitting in the front seat, holding the penis. She is about to go over the first big drop.

She grips the safety bar.

PENIS (V.O.)	MAGE
Woo-hooooooo!	Aaaaaaaah!

Mage goes up and down the coaster. As the ride continues, she gets sadder and sadder.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-- Mage and Richard, both 18, in the front seat of the Cyclone, laughing. Richard shoots secret, loving glances at her.

-- Mage (50) rides with the penis, tears forming.

-- Mage and Richard, now 21, in the front seat of the coaster, holding hands.

-- Mage (50) rides alone with the penis, weeping now.

-- Mage and Richard, now 25, in the front seat, but this time they look into one another's eyes and she's got an engagement ring on her finger. They kiss as the coaster goes over its first big drop and then they raise their arms.

END MONTAGE

Nearing the last big drop, Mage raises her arms up, penis in hand. She closes her eyes, wind blowing tears over her cheeks. Smiling, laughing and crying at the same time.

MAGE (CONT'D)	PENIS (V.O.)
Yeeeeaaaaah!	Woo-hooooooo!

EXT. ROLLER COASTER STATION - DAY

The coaster pulls to a stop. Mage steps out, holding the penis, her face flushed with heat, vibrant and alive: No longer the lifeless mannequin.

Richard waits for her by the coaster gate.

Dr. Bisset and Dr. Stern watch in the background.

Richard drops to a knee and extends his hand as if he's presenting her with a wedding ring. She takes his hand.

MAGE

Oh, my love. I found it. I need
you, Dick.

RICHARD

We need each other, Mage.

They hug and then, looking over Richard's shoulder, Mage sees Dr. Bisset and Dr. Stern. They wave at her.

Mage and Richard turn and face the doctors.

PENIS (V.O.)

Wave and smile. Just... wave and
smile.

Mage raises her hand with the penis and waves at them, the rubber penis jiggling.

Dr. Bisset smiles and waves back.

Madge gives Richard a reassuring squeeze.

FADE OUT.