

Excerpt of *My Geriatric Uterus*, a solo puppet musical written and performed by Lormarev Jones

White Man: Dudes, dudettes and everyone in-between: Get ready for your friendly neighborhood gynecological friend Facetious Jones! To the Land of Make-Believe we go!

White Man lifts a “Land Of Make Believe” sign as lights shift to the Land of Make Believe, a la Mister Rogers, while the Make Believe theme plays. Facetious Jones, a uterus puppet is revealed.

Facetious Jones: I have one job. I make stuff. More specifically, I make babies. Sure, it’s a team effort, but I carry the majority of the labor. These fuckin feminists, man. They forget about biology, they forget about nature, they forget that the female body was created to do this thing, this very important thing. They’re all “focusing on career first” or in my case, just foregoing the whole enterprise altogether - WHAT THE FUCK!

I mean, what would you do? If the one thing you were created to do was being thwarted by some selfish bitch?

No seriously, what would you do? You’d raise hell, that’s what you’d do.

I don’t take this responsibility lightly, and this bitch is fucking up my output.

I’m not the bad guy here - I JUST WANNA MAKE SOMETHING.

The Uterus suddenly twinges, jerks. She lets out a moan.

A few drops of red liquid. Uterus notices.

Facetious Jones: FUCK ME. THIS BITCH.

More red liquid. And moaning.

Transition music out of Land of Make Believe.

Grown Ass Woman: It’s about that time (of the month again!) - time for our **final** menstruation sing-a-long! We really want you guys to sing along with the chorus - so let’s practice really fast. If you’re on this side of the line, you’re gonna sing “MENSTRUATION,” and if you’re on this side of the line, you’re gonna sing, “WOAH.” So when I point at you--let me hear it! Now let’s add some choreography. If you’re saying “MENSTRUATION,” let me see you hold your lower belly! If you’re saying, “WOAH,” I wanna see you do the wave. That’s right, give me that red wave!

GAW sings for the audience, guiding them through the chorus.

Grown Ass Woman: They’re ready - let’s do this.