

**My Vagina Has A First Name**  
By Dana Hall

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**Characters:**

VICKY: Female, reserved, sensitive

HEATHER: Female, takes book club seriously, authoritative

SAM: Female, lesbian, witty,

SARAH: Female, no filter, doesn't always get things right away

BECKY: Female, voices Sarah's vagina, humor

**SYNOPSIS:**

When these 5 friends get together for "book club" life gives them a plot twist they won't soon forget.

**At Rise: Four women are logged on to a zoom call.**

**SARAH:** Alright everyone got their drink of choice.

**SAM, BECKY, HEATHER all show their drink glasses.**

**SAM:** We should do a toast.

**BECKY:** I got one- ready?

**All hold up glasses.**

**BECKY:** Here's to those who wish us well, all the rest can go to hell.

**All drink.**

**HEATHER: (Burps)** Lame...sorry thought I was on mute.

**SARAH:** Ok I got one-

**All hold up glasses**

**SARAH:** Cheers, beers, and legs behind your ears.

**SAM:** I'll drink to that.

**All laugh as Vicky logs on.**

**VICKY:** Sorry I'm late I just got back from the gyno.

**HEATHER, SARAH, BECKY, and SAM** all groan with a knowing sympathy.

**SAM:** Way to kill the mood Vicky!

**VICKY:** Oh you think that's bad- you should see me on my first dates. So anyway, what did I miss?

**SARAH:** Nothing much we all just poured some drinks and logged on. The "book club" part hasn't started yet.

**SAM:** Why don't we just call it what it is 'booze club?'

**SARAH:** Because it's late afternoon and it feels wrong getting a sitter for that/

**HEATHER:** How was the appointment?

**VICKY:** Just a check up.

**HEATHER:** Was your check engine light on or what?

**SAM:** What the fuck does that even mean?

**HEATHER:** You know- driving the car without insurance.

**SARAH:** Are you asking her if she had an STD?

**BECKY:** Is that what the kids say these days? I'm so out of the loop.

**VICKY:** Just the good ol' yearly exam.

**HEATHER:** I could use a joy ride these days.

**SARAH:** Shit- what month is it? With everything going on I forgot to schedule mine.

**BECKY:** (*Doing a voice*) Check me, check me-

**VICKY:** Are you voicing my vagina?

**BECKY:** No, Sarah's.

**SARAH:** Oh the stories she would tell.

**SAM:** At least hers has a voice, mine would just be a tumbleweed/

**HEATHER:** Ok- well now that I know more than I should about Sam's v-jayjay/

**SAM:** Just a desert, dry, vacant, no sign of life/

**HEATHER:** Can we call to order this meeting?

**Everyone drinks and is looking away avoiding Heather. After a long pause.**

**HEATHER:** What? Did anyone even read the book for this month?

**Overlapping**

**SAM:** Nope

**BECKY:** Negative on that.

**VICKY:** Forgot.

**SARAH:** I ordered it...but no.

**HEATHER:** Again! Great, I'll just talk to myself.

**BECKY:** (*Vagina voice*) You can talk to me.

**HEATHER:** Thanks Sarah's vagina - but you were definitely not on the Oprah's Bookclub list.

**SAM:** Ouch.

**SARAH:** Hey! I'll have you know Dr. Stevens says I have a pretty cervix.

**VICKY:** Is it bad I'm sorta jealous?

**SAM:** I thought they weren't allowed to talk when they were-- you know down there?

**BECKY:** I'm pretty sure that's not a rule.

**HEATHER:** Oh trust me they're talkative. The last time I went was last spring when we had that big storm. One minute I'm all stirrup-ed up, and the next minute the nurse comes in saying we have to evacuate to the basement. I ran out so fast I left my phone and was stuck making small talk about my vagina to my gynecologist.

**BECKY:** Mine hums.

**VICKY:** Like a full song?

**BECKY:** Super freak.

**VICKY:** What?

**SAM:** Rick James?

**BECKY:** MMMhhh.

**SAM:** Your gynecologist hums Rick James?

**BECKY:** Yes - I asked her why once and she said, "sorry, she's a little *feisty* one."

**SARAH:** Were you offended?

**BECKY:** No, her singing wasn't that bad/

**SARAH:** You know what I mean.

**BECKY:** I don't know - should I have been?

**SAM:** Mine keeps trying to set me up with her granddaughter. I think that's a compliment right? What if I said yes and we really hit it off and ended up getting married. I'd have to explain how we met.

**HEATHER:** What? What's wrong with that? You just simply say- during your routine examination her grandma was inspecting your Vag and thought (*imitating gyno*) 'hmmmm my granddaughter needs to know the woman attached to this fine specimen'.

**VICKY:** I just threw up a little bit in my mouth. (*washes it down with some water*) There that's better.

**SAM:** I almost wish I read the damn book this month.

**BECKY:** (*In vagina voice*) What's wrong Sam?

**SAM:** I'm not talking to *you*.

**SARAH:** Hey don't be rude to my vagina - she has a first name.

**VICKY:** What?

**HEATHER:** Your vagina has a first name?

**SARAH:** Yeah- I mean what do you call yours?

**HEATHER:** Uhhh- I don't. It's not like she pays taxes- why would she need a first name?

**SAM:** Well, now that I'm properly drunk - do tell... What is it?

**Pause**

**SARAH:** Ok. But nobody laughs. Promise?

**All promise.**

**SARAH:** Eleanor.

**All bust up laughing.**

**BECKY:** Oh wow I was voicing her all wrong - she's a fancy gal.

**SARAH:** Well, when you have kids you have to get creative in case little ears are listening during sexy time.

**VICKY:** It sounds like someone's English grandmother.

**BECKY:** (*Old English Accent*) Dear it is I, Eleanor, can you bring your tea and (*rolls the 'r'*) crumpets to the bedroom for a romp?

**VICKY:** Sorry phone's ringing. I've got to take this one.

**VICKY LOGS OFF. The others continue talking.**

**BECKY:** (*Old English Accent*) Oh no we lost Vicky- I do hope it wasn't something urgent.

**SAM:** Are we going to have to listen to that voice all night?

**SARAH:** I don't know, it's kinda growing on me, I feel like I'm getting to know her in a different way.

**HEATHER:** You know what we can do while we wait for Vicky?

**SAM:** What?

**HEATHER:** READ. THE. DAMN. BOOK.

**All boo.**

**BECKY:** (*Old English Accent*) Oh I know what we should read next, Wuthering Heights.

**SAM:** That's what I would name mine.

**HEATHER:** Yeah your Vag is definitely a Bronte Sister.

**SAM:** I'll name her Emily. She's solitary and reclusive.

**SARAH:** Can we all just agree Catherine and Heathcliff have one of the most toxic relationships?

**BECKY:** Agreed!

**HEATHER:** At least we are talking about **A** book this month unlike last month where we played, 'is it a mole or freckle' with the thing on Becky's back.

**BECKY:** Update- It was a pimple and I popped it.

**HEATHER:** Great- glad we cleared that up and named Sam's vagina in the process. A very productive meeting.

**VICKY logs back on.**

**BECKY:** Hey Vicky- you look like you saw a ghost.

**SAM:** What's the matter?

**VICKY:** It was the doctor.

**HEATHER:** Did you pick up an itchy hitchhiker? I hear there's a drink you take and it wipes it right out.

**VICKY:** I don't have an STD.

**SARAH:** Oh Good - Eleanor and I are glad to hear it.

**VICKY:** I'm pregnant.

**SARAH spits her wine out. All react in shock.**

**SAM:** Well Fuck me. Well not me-- you. Well- wow.

**HEATHER:** I think what SAM is trying to say is Congratulations.

**BECKY:** Well- I'll fill up another glass in your honor.

**SARAH:** Does Ted know?

**HEATHER:** She **just** took the call.

**SARAH:** Right. Right. Is it Ted's?

**BECKY:** SARAH! Geez. Say Something Vicky.

**VICKY:** I'm pregnant.

**VICKY is frozen staring off.**

**SAM:** Maybe her screen is frozen.

**HEATHER:** (*whispering*) I think she's in shock.

**SARAH:** Eleanor had to get stitches when Lucas was born.

**BECKY:** Are you seriously talking about a Perineal tear?

**SAM:** Read the room Sarah.

**VICKY:** Oh God -I think I'm going to be sick.

**SAM:** See what you did!

**VICKY is gagging and vomiting a bit off and on screen.**

**BECKY:** Nice going Sarah!

**SAM:** Who says perineal tear? Ugh it's like saying Moist/

**HEATHER:** or Mucus plug/

**SARAH:** Oh or Splooge/

**BECKY:** Hey, a little sympathy here for the 'egnantpray oneyay'

**HEATHER:** Pig latin - what are we 15?

**VICKY:** Oh sorry about that (*wipes mouth*). Where were we?

**SAM:** We are right here for you. What do you need?

**VICKY:** A drink. Other than this water.

**SARAH:** Well, hold that thought for 9 months.

**HEATHER:** You ok honey? You want to talk about it?

**VICKY:** I'll be fine. A little shocked-but I'm fine. You don't need a man to raise a baby right?

**BECKY:** Nope- just to make one. Well, not even that anymore these days.

**SAM:** You got four crazy aunties right here!

**HEATHER:** I'd suggest we read What To Expect When You're Expecting but I know you bitches won't pick up a book to save your lives.

**VICKY:** I don't know what I would do without you guys. Seriously. I'm scared but knowing I have you guys- I know things will be fine.

**BECKY:** We love you.

**SARAH:** Alright let's make another toast/

**SAM:** Not this again.

**SARAH:** Raise your glasses, and water bottle,--- 'To Friends- no matter what happens in life, here's to friends that are never above you or below you -just right beside you- and to book clubs where books are optional, and to Vicky the best momma-to-be!

**HEATHER:** That was actually really sweet.

**VICKY:** Wait- I heard you mention an Eleanor. Should we wait for her- is she a new book club member?

**BECKY:** Not exactly.

**BECKY:** (*Old English Accent*) Let me introduce myself. It is I, Eleanor, Sarah's vagina.

**VICKY:** You named your vagina? - Sorry I asked.

**SAM:** And with that, Emily and I say 'Cheers bitches'!

**All say Cheers and drink.**

**They all drink.**

**-END-**