

Sperm Vampire

(a 5 minute monologue)

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Setting: A bedroom. London.
Props: A laptop, a chair.
Character: KIPS, a 35 year old sales manager, married to Rachel.

After two years of failing to conceive, Rachel is desperate for a baby. But can Kips rise to the occasion?

KIPS

She's lying in the bath right now, reciting the mantra: "I am fruitful. My womb is opening to the universe." (*KIPS crosses to the bedroom door and listens*) Oh God. I'm going to flunk it again. (*checks his watch*) She'll want two sittings. She always wants two sittings on a blue line day. Like a spawning salmon she must leap the rapids of pride, traverse the rocks of humiliation and hurl herself at my body simply in order to breed.

(*he sits down and takes off his shoes*) It was alright at first – just a small, refined little tick, tick, tick, tick, tick of the biological clock. But suddenly everyone in the known universe started getting pregnant and now it's a mighty great pendulum-swinging, decibel-defying monster of a clock that goes BONG . . . BONG . . . BONG down every nerve of my spine. (*he loosens his tie*) I can't leave her. Not now. She's thirty six. Time's running out. (*he pulls off his tie*) Tick, tock, tick, tock . . . the crocodile with a belly full of clock is relentlessly closing in on us.

(*unbuttoning his shirt*) I dread every month when it comes round – the disappointment on her face. It's terrible. I want her to swell out into curves and softness, she suits soft; to run my hands over a beautiful warm beating drum – ta tam, ta tam, ta tam – and see our baby floating inside her. Rach and Kips. Kips and Rach. We're umbilically connected. I can feel her ovaries twitching from here, ripening on the stalk.

(*he removes his shirt*) They take it in turns, apparently. Alternate months. Right ovary, left ovary, right ovary, left ovary. It's some kind of job-share thing - injecting their chemical cocktail into her brain and setting off an

insatiable lust for sperm which I liken to the worst excesses of Blitzkrieg unleashed by the Third Reich.

(pause) Then again, she can be patient, like a bush tracker, like an Inuit sat by her dark round hole in the ice, waiting for sunlight to lure wriggling, quick-silver fish into her belly. Ah, those serpentine beauties, swimming valiantly, tails motile, morphology within normal parameters, only moments away from her hook, from the quick flick of a wrist that flings them live into the ice blue Arctic sky, from whence they fall back down, dead and frozen.

(KIPS sets his laptop up on the bed and views the screen) Porn. Not many men can say their partner encourages them to surf sleaze. But here I am, under starter's orders, dutifully plumbing the depths of human perversion. *(indicates the screen)* Look at them. Where's the love in that? It brings to mind Lawrence Durrell's famous line about the Mona Lisa – "she looks like a woman who's just dined off her husband." *(checks screen)* Well here's one who appears to be dining off a Bavarian plumber. *(angry disgust)* This is no way to conceive a child. Where's the respect? Where's the honesty? I know she hates this as much as I do. It can't go on. *(he snaps the laptop shut)* I have to take control. For her sake, for my sake. I have to end this charade.

(long pause) And yet, there's something magical about Rachel. When she's lying on her side in bed, her tummy kind of flops along the sheet like lava and I want to protect her, to make her feel beautiful. Because she is beautiful, despite everything. Then she goes and ruins it by sticking her legs in the air to avoid spillage. The eleventh commandment - 'Thou shalt not fritter thy husband's seed!' *(he pulls off his vest angrily)* She's got me on two raw egg yolks a day. Whisked. First thing. And don't even start me on Chinese herbs. 'Hairy Goat Weed' for God's sake. You might as well call it 'No Snap In His Turtle' and have done with it. And now. *(he unbuckles his belt and pulls it off)* She's threatened me with the blue pill.

Any moment, there'll be a knock on the door. Yes, she knocks. Why? As if I have privacy, as if I have an existence independent of her reproductive tract. She'll walk in like a Geisha, carrying a lacquered tray, in the centre of which stands a ceremonial bowl filled with blessed rice. Yes, genuinely blessed. Cushioned on this holy grain, like a glittering jewel, lies the small blue capsule. Beside it, a beaker - large-lipped for ease of entry, narrowing towards the bottom to assist extraction. And next to this hungry receptacle lies a cliché. One struggles to breathe dignity into the word turkey-baster: the phallus that dares not speak its name.

At the flick of a switch comes whale song and the madrigals of love sick plankton, and we wait, for nature or the blue magic to work its trick, for the beaker to drink its fill, and for Rachel to lie prone on the bed in a parody of the Annunciation, legs like lilies folded back around her new-grown

virginity. Then, with her own hand she slides the godhead in, depresses the plunger and bastes her inner sanctum with ten centilitres of my gravy. (*he unzips his trousers*) Thus am I reduced to condiment.

(Lights fade to black out)

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