**Sperm Vampire**

(a 5 minute monologue by Claire Booker)

© Claire Booker 2013

[bookerplays@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:bookerplays@yahoo.co.uk)

**Characters**

Kips: A sales manager and husband to Rachel.

**Props and Set**

An open set to convey the couple’s bedroom. Props include a laptop (non-functional), a chair, a small table/bedside cabinet,

(*Lights rise on Kips, dressed in his work gear. The sun is beginning to set. He paces the room anxiously, with occasional forays to the door to listen)*

She’s in the bath right now, reciting her mantra: “I am fruitful. My womb is opening to the universe.” She’ll emerge eventually. She has to. Today is a blue line day. Like the spawning salmon, she must leap the rapids of pride, traverse the rocks of humiliation and hurl herself at my body just in order to breed. (*halts abruptly*) Oh God. I’m going to flunk it again.

*(he sits on the chair, then removes his shoes)* It was alright at first – just a refined little tick, tick, tick, tick of the biological clock. But suddenly everyone in the known universe started to fall pregnant and now it’s a mighty great pendulum-swinging, decibel-defying monster of a clock that goes BONG . . . BONG . . . BONG down every nerve ending of my body. (*he loosens his tie*) I can feel her ovaries twitching from here. They take it in turns, apparently. Alternate months. It’s some kind of job-share thing. Right ovary, left ovary, right ovary, left ovary - 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. 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 those wriggling, quick-silver fish onto her hook.

*(pause*) Rach and Kips. Kips and Rach. We’re umbilically connected. (*he removes his tie*) I can’t leave her. Not now. She’s thirty six. Time’s running out. I dread every month as much as she does. The disappointment on her face. It’s terrible. *(he crosses over to the table and sits down at his laptop)* Porn. Not many men can say their partner encourages them – nay, orders them - to surf sleaze. But here I am, 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’s dining off a Bavarian plumber. *(angry disgust)* This is no way to conceive a child. Where’s the respect? Where’s the honesty? This can’t go on. I have to take control. For her sake, for my sake. We have to split.

And yet . . . and yet. I can’t imagine never seeing her again. Holding her is the best part of the bed. When I wrap myself into Rach I go to safe places. And she’s kind. Very kind. She’s the kindest person I know. Then she goes and ruins it by sticking her legs in the air. And I don’t mean erotic in the air. I mean the eleventh commandment - ‘Thou shalt not fritter thy husband’s seed!’

Any moment now, she’ll walk in through that door carrying a lacquered tray, like a Geisha draped in lucky silk. On the tray is a bowl filled with blessed rice. Yes, genuinely blessed. Cushioned on this holy grain, like a glittering sapphire, lies a small blue capsule lovingly engraved with the word ‘Pfizer’. To the right of the bowl is a plastic receptacle, large-lipped for ease of ingress, narrowing towards the base to assist extraction. And next to this hungry beaker lies a cliché. One struggles to breathe dignity into the word ‘turkey-baster’ – the phallus that dares not speak its name. Soon, we are engulfed in whale music, the cry of dolphins, the madrigals of love sick plankton. And then we wait. For nature or the blue gem to work its magic; for the beaker to drink its fill. Lying on her back, hips raised to avoid spillage, in a parody of the Annunciation, legs unfolding like lilies around her new-grown virginity, she slides the godhead in, depresses the plunger and bastes her inner sanctum with ten centilitres of my gravy. Thus is man reduced to condiment.

(*Lights fade to black out)*

TO PERFORM THIS PLAY PLEASE CONTACT:

Claire Booker at [bookerplays@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:bookerplays@yahoo.co.uk) or [www.bookerplays.co.uk](http://www.bookerplays.co.uk) Royalties are normally waived if the performance is for educational or charitable purpose.