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SPOOGE: The Sex & Love Monologues
Third Printing, 2007

SERMON OF SEX

A distinguished man walks up to a podium and speaks to the congregation.

REVEREND

Ladies and Gentlemen . . . Let's talk about . . . sex. Is that all right? With everyone? I don't want to offend anyone inadvertently. I'm always doing my best to remain polite even when discussing delicate issues such as . . . sex. What a word. SEX. It just slides right out of your mouth, doesn't it? SEEEEEEEXXXX. I hope no one is upset with the way it slips out . . . Sex. I want everyone to stay and hear the important things we're going to discuss.

So we're going to talk about . . . sex. And we're going to talk about it because I have the floor and I'm doing the talking and that gives me complete power over the topic. Unless you leave. Which you won't. Because let's face it. I'm going to talk about sex because it's one of few things in this world that fascinates me and you're going to stay and listen for the same exact reason.

Everything has a sex drive. The birds do it, the bees do it, and so on and so forth. It's necessary for the survival of the species; you must have sex in order to propagate. But no mammal or animal or insect would ever have sex as much as we do. Humans have sex all the time. All the time, all over the place, we're not thinking about propagating anything, we're just having SEX, SEX like wild animals, only worse, because wild animals only do it when they need to, and we humans will do it for fun, for entertainment, for comfort, for power, for revenge, for anything! We just get up and do it!

The wild kingdom is much more prudent than the human one. They only have sex for BREEDING purposes! Most spiders, male spiders anyway, have sex only once. Only once! ONCE. Then the female spider rips your head off. Sorry, you're done, GOOD-BYE! You've finally committed yourself to the love of your life and tried to give her a ride in the hay like she's never known before, and when you're finished, BAM! She tears your head off and feeds you to the kids.

But as for US, as people, we have sex all the time, regardless of nature's rules, regardless of any circumstances, we do it, we make love, we hump, do the wild thing, bump uglies together, become physically intimate, sleep together, screw, boff, jump each other's bones, we . . .

VENUS - GODDESS OF LOVE

Venus, a tall striking woman with long hair, speaks.

VENUS

Oh Pulll-LEEEEEEZE do not talk to me about LOVE! I am sick to tears hearing about it, it is the biggest JOKE in all the heavens.

The whole thing used to be so innocent and fun, all the Gods were just lying around, having lots of clean joyful sex with each other, watching the mortals have lots of sex with each other, once in awhile goofing on them, talk to them from a rock or something, you know, send them on some ridiculous quest that supposedly had a great deeper meaning when really it just meant we were bored and wanted to torture the little smelly fiends.

Then Jupiter, the Head God and one of THE horniest Immortals you would ever want to meet, he did something really stupid, he just couldn't keep his staff in his toga. You ever heard the phrase "he would fuck a snake if he could get it to hold still?" That was about Jupiter, Minerva Goddess of Education and Virginitly, which is SUCH an oxymoron when you think about it, Minerva said that about Jupiter after he seduced some silly mortal woman, which is what set off this whole fiasco. How he could even go near any of them anyway is beyond me because they never wash and the stench, the STENCH is enough to make a mountain goat retch, but that didn't stop Jupiter, oh no, he had to give it a poke. I hear, though, that she reeked so bad the only way he could go through with it was to transform himself into a shower of rain for the job, thus washing her and fucking her all in one shot.

So anyway Juno, his wife, ball and chain and Queen of the Gods, she got wind of it, forgive the pun, she heard of his dirty little deed and she was so pissed off, it's bad enough how he carries on with the rest of the Immortals, he goes both ways you know, Neptune and him, they invented skinny-dipping in the sea, if you know what I mean. And after the stinky mortal woman ended up preggers and gave birth some half-breed named Hercules, she decided to get even with him.

The thing with the Big Jupe, as he likes to call himself, is that you can't just scream at him, it doesn't do any good. He just scratches himself and tosses a few lightning bolts around, you must be crafty.

STILL THE BEAVER

Beaver, an earnest, well-dressed young man, addresses the audience.

BEAVER

Science. Science is the search for truth. And with every truth you discover along the way, it brings you closer and closer to a simpler, final truth. Like the discovery of molecules which in turn led to the discovery of atoms, then protons, electrons and neutrons. All factual building blocks in the great wall of science. And the glue, the glue holding the bricks of the wall together: $E = MC^2$.

Beaver points to a sign that says “ $E = MC^2$ ”

So I've been doing a bit of thinking about vaginas. Actually, that's something of an understatement. I've been thinking A LOT about vaginas. Vaginal consideration occupies my every waking moment and several of my non-waking ones as well. All I seem able to contemplate is vagina . . . vagina . . . vagina. Everywhere I go, everywhere I turn, it seems I can hear the vagina calling me.

Mom says it's because I just turned fourteen. I don't think so. This goes beyond simple adolescence. There has got to be another explanation.

$E = m \times c^2$. It is, in my personal and professional opinion, the single greatest discovery of civilization going back to the dawn of time. Sure, Darwin's theory of evolution, Newton with Calculus and gravity, don't even get me started on Isaac, I could go on all night. And the Greek mathematician, that's a week's worth of discussion right there. And the guy that discovered fire? Good call, guy. They are all good and well worthy of praise, but all pale next the great God Einstein's special theory of relativity. Physics as we know it today would not exist without it. Forget space travel. And nuclear fusion. It is the absolute that touches upon everything.

I wouldn't have even brought the whole big vagina thing up with Mom, but we have this deal about open communication between the two of us, and what can I do? I signed a contract. So she sees me sitting, staring at nothing and she asks me, "What are you thinking about?"

WILLIE THE WANKER

A grinning young man, gripping a tennis ball, addresses the audience.

I first started touching myself when I was five.

It first happened just because I was in the bathtub and I was bored, I couldn't get out until Mom said I was done, she hated it when I jumped in then jumped out, said I couldn't be clean yet, get my butt back in there. So I was sitting in the tub, bored out of my mind, and I looked down and there it was, just hanging there. So I started to flip it back and forth, you know, just goofing around, playing army guy with my little thingie, when all of a sudden it the whole game took a very different perspective. My little soldier stood up at attention.

I was in the tub quite awhile that day. My mom was very pleased.

Me and my army guy ended up goin' to war quite often. By the time I was nine, I was whacking off two, three times a day. I became quite accomplished at it. Every morning and every evening was a call to arms. My baths got longer and longer. By the time I got to high school, I was practically a gold medalist in endurance solo spurting. It is a talent I carry with me today. I am a Zen-master at masturbation.

Jacking off feels good, I mean, people do it for a reason, they do it because it feels good. That's why I do it. I like it. I'm good at it. We all want to be good at something, and I'm good at whacking off.

The problem is, whenever I hook up with a babe, she don't know my body as well as I do, I mean, I know all my special spots, I know my timing and rhythm and how to get the most bang out of my buck. So when I get it on with a babe, I always get short-changed. She gets the fireworks and I get a couple of teeny-tiny firecrackers. The real show always happens after she goes home.

I've actually faked an orgasm. They say it can't be done by a man, well, I've done it. I did it. I just wanted to be done with it and get my ass home and jack off, but I couldn't pop off no matter how hard she'd grind away at me. So I faked it, I made a lot of noise, and a big ugly face like this . . .

SIZE MATTERS

Sarah, yet another educated woman.

SARAH

Can I just say one thing? Whoever it was that came up with the phrase “Size Doesn’t Matter” didn’t know what the fuck they’re talking about.

I don’t know who this person was that invented that saying, but I’ll bet money it was a man. A man with a small dick.

It’s not the size of the wand but the magic you make with it? Please. Get the fuck out of here. Let me ask you a question. It’s the bottom of the ninth, based loaded in the bottom of the ninth, your team is down by three in the final game of the World Series. As you step up to the plate with two outs, facing that Yankee pitcher, what do you want in your hands, a hefty powerful piece of wood or a toothpick?

Ladies, men will tell you size doesn’t matter when it comes to your cock, but what happens when you start putting on a couple of pounds? Whoa, all of a sudden, size is starting to matter? If size doesn’t matter, ask yourself this, which do men pursue more, bone-thin bulimic supermodels with no brains or two-hundred pound women with more chins than a Chinese phonebook? Ask them that next time they try to tell you size doesn’t matter.

Bottom line, from me to you, size MATTERS.

SUSIE SLUTSKY

Susie paints her toenails calmly.

SUSIE

When I was a little girl, one thing I was always very interested in was little boys.

Most boys would play Doctor with girls, but not me. I liked to play Nurse. I would play Nurse with these other little boys that lived on the block. I would make them stand in line outside my door and one by one they would come in and they would have to take off their clothes. They had to do exactly what I said or they couldn't play. Then I would examine their little bodies and pull their little thingies and they would get all excited. It was fun, till the housekeeper caught us.

The first time a man touched me I thought I was going to die. It was a few years later, I was thirteen, and there was this guy I would see in the park all the time, he was older and really cute. I would always stare at his butt. He had a nice tight butt. One day I was watching him play basketball and when he was done he asked me if I wanted to go for a walk and of course I said yes. As we walked he put his arm around me and I liked that and when we got to a secluded place in the park he started to kiss me and I liked that even better. Then he stuck his hand down my pants and I thought I was going to scream when he rubbed me down there. I didn't know anything could feel so good. He undid his pants and took out his thingie, his cock, and put my hand on it. It was a lot bigger than the little boys I had known before. I was fascinated and when I pulled on it he would make a face and moan and rub me even harder. But just as we were getting going, we heard one of those park policemen coming down the path, and we had to run like hell for the bushes. And the sight of him running, with his cock still sticking out of his pants like a pole going BOING, BOING, BOING, put me into virtual hysterics. I started laughing and I could not stop. I laughed and laughed. And I learned a very valuable lesson that day. Men don't like it when you laugh at their thingies.

I first did it, officially, two years later in the basement of the house of one of my friends. My first fuck. The guy was older but I don't think he knew any more than I did about what was happening. All I knew is it felt good. I never really made any decision that I was going to go

FUCK FACES

Jose confidently addresses the audience while changing his shoes (in Spanish or whatever language you like, as long as it's a real language and not one you made up).

JOSE

I LOVE to make LOVE to women. Not just making love, but fucking women, I liked FUCKING women, because let's face it, sometimes you wanna make love, and sometimes you just want a good hard FUCK.

I remember the first time I did it, with this girl I knew for a long time in the neighborhood, one night we just did it. My first time. Her's too. We did it in her parent's bedroom, they were out and her sister was in her bedroom. She was real shy, which was funny because around the neighborhood she had a reputation as a real sassy bitch, but she got shy and didn't want me to see her with her clothes off, even though she wanted to do it. And the streetlight kept shining in through the window, so what we did was, we went in her parent's bedroom closet. It was big and dark. And there we did it. We were rolling around, clothes falling everywhere, hangers, ties, belts. Shoes. I was scared at first too, but then, once I stuck it in, I found out that there was nothing better than pussy, it was better than cookies and better than ice-cream. Pussy beats all of that to shit.

So I fucked her many times after that. In that closet. We had some good times. The first time I fucked her with the lights on, shit, you could see everything, you know? It was even better than the closet. What's really cool as well is the fuck-faces, you know, the faces women make when they come? It's sorta like this.

He makes a face.

I really like the fuck-faces women make.

I moved on, of course, to other girls in other places. I learned things, refined my technique. I became better than good at it. I became great. I became a fuck-monster. What I liked best about it was sliding into it, oh baby, sliding into the pussy is like going home to a warm safe place. And when you come, oh man, it's like flying to heaven, your whole body grabs and shakes you. Shakes you like a happy drunk, going hey! Fucking good times, right!