

Monster Porn

by
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Monster Porn

Cast:

MAN
WOMAN

Setting:

This is a conversation between two strangers in a chat room so the interaction occurs in a virtual space not a 'real' one, though each character is probably located in his & her own separate 'real' space where their computer is. In reality the characters are isolated, can't see each other and communicate through typing (which would create time gaps between responses), but for the purposes of this play the dialogue should be delivered as a normal, fairly pacy conversation without gaps between responses. The actors can share the same theatrical space, so can speak directly to each other, see and look at each other, move around and touch if appropriate. Forget literal realism; the characters have.

Time:

The present

Monster Porn

As lights come up, MAN and WOMAN are seen in separate parts of the stage each with computer keyboard and monitor, typing, to establish the setting. But after a while these 'realistic' constraints can be let go as per the note above.

MAN: OK, so how do we start this?

WOMAN: It's just a matter of saying what we want, and what we like.

MAN: And what we want to do to each other?

WOMAN: Right.

MAN: OK, you start.

WOMAN: Thanks. You're tall and well built.

MAN: You know, I'd prefer this and I think it'd work better if I tell you what I've got and then you tell me what you've got.

WOMAN: But I know what I want better than you do.

MAN: I guess so.

WOMAN: So I'll tell you what I want you to be.

MAN: And if the shoe fits I'll wear it.

WOMAN: It probably will. Trust me.

MAN: I have to. I can't see you.

WOMAN: You're tall and well built, firm arse, strong arms.

MAN: You reach toward me and take off my t-shirt.

WOMAN: You lean forward and lick me slowly.

MAN: You stretch up and groan.

WOMAN: You flick your tongue over me like a snake.

MAN: Steam comes off your skin where I lick it.

WOMAN: Your tongue is blue and forked.

MAN: It's not actually.

WOMAN: Just work with me. Use your imagination. It won't kill you.

MAN: I suppose not. Alright. Your skin sizzles and wrinkles up with the touch of my lips.

WOMAN: Your tongue comes out and wraps round my body, curling round my thighs.

MAN: Steam comes from your nose and your nostrils grow big and round.

WOMAN: You look at me and your eyes are yellow with slit pupils like a cat. You've got a sloping forehead and pointed ears.

MAN: You reach up and push back your hair to show small stubby horns that throb like hard-ons.

WOMAN: Nice one. The backs of your hands sprout yellow hair and club like lion's paws.

MAN: You rub your horns on my forehead and they go red. Your eyes are red too.

WOMAN: The skin on your face is scaly and flaky. Bits peel off to reveal more eyes.

MAN: You have three full breasts which I stroke with my paws.

WOMAN: Your paws have claws that smell of blood. Spikes protrude from your back in a row down your spine.

MAN: Your beard is black like your hair and glistens with the spit that's drooling from your mouth.

WOMAN: You spread your legs and there's another face in your groin: a child's face with black staring eyes.

MAN: You open your mouth wide and poke out a hard-on like the ones on your head. You rub it on my face.

WOMAN: You release your forked tongue from me and stroke the face in your groin. Its lips open wide and cover the rest of its face.

MAN: Below your breasts a trail of black hair leads down to where five black cocks sprout from your crotch like hungry baby blackbirds in a nest.

WOMAN: A moan comes from your vagina mouth and lines of green scales spread from its lips down your legs and over your belly.

MAN: Leather wings grow out of your back and curve round you.

WOMAN: They sweep down behind your back and pull you close to me.

MAN: Be careful of the spikes on my back.

WOMAN: I am.

MAN: Your wings push against my arse, forcing my groin onto your bunch of cocks.

WOMAN: Your snake tongue flicks over my shoulder down my back to my feet and binds our ankles together.

MAN: Your head is completely covered with hard-ons now, they pulse like radioactive coral. Your red eyes are blazing and I can feel the nipples of your three breasts nibbling at my chest.

WOMAN: Hot amber liquid floods out of your vagina mouth drenching our legs and stomachs. Small creatures like glowing fisheyes wriggle through the liquid. They tickle and burn and drill their way into our flesh. Your skin (where it's still skin and not scales) is dead pale as you take my five cocks inside you.

MAN: Can we meet up?

WOMAN: Do you really want to see what I look like, what sort of jeans I'm wearing? How good looking, average or ugly I am?

MAN: I don't care about any of that. I think I like you already.

WOMAN: Because I'm so charming?

MAN: Well, yeah.

WOMAN: You don't know me, so how can you like me?

MAN: Can we be friends and get to know each other that way?

WOMAN: This is the only way you'll get to know me.

MAN: Why are you making this so hard?

WOMAN: Because if it were easy and convenient we'd probably start seeing each other because of some sort of pragmatic compatibility. Anyway didn't you notice how good you were at conjuring up monstrosity? I did. I think we could go much further.

MAN: But it would be nice to actually meet up.

WOMAN: For a coffee and a chat? Don't get sentimental. You really liked this. You're a pervert.

MAN: I'm not really.

WOMAN: Alright, I know that. Apart from the bit about wanting to be simultaneously fucked by five cocks that look like a nest of baby blackbirds. But that's just detail; this is the only way that you'll get to see me.

MAN: Jesus ...

WOMAN: Hold that thought, we could start there next time.

MAN: Wait.

WOMAN: I'm waiting.

MAN: Can we go on?

WOMAN: How far do you want to go?

MAN: You tell me.

WOMAN: Would you go to the end?

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: Do you know what the end is?

MAN: Tell me.

WOMAN: I don't know what it is, but it's in you, behind the curtain that's at the edge of the room you live in.

MAN: I don't understand. Just start.

WOMAN: There's a room with a curtain. A heavy curtain, brown in colour, moving like there's a waiting madman behind it. Everything else in the room is black. You're lying on the bed asleep, naked. Your skin is a dusty blue colour, your hair is black and hangs long and wet over your face. Small stars flicker and twinkle in your hair. Your lips are purple and there's a slight smile as you sleep. Small streams of milk run from your eyes over your cheeks. You roll over and show your chest and the black hair that thickens as it moves

down to your belly and onto your groin where your cock lies soft and blue. You seem to float just above the bed, not really touching. What am I doing?

MAN: You come into the room as a white mist that hangs in the air like steam then forms into a ball with a face like a foetus.

WOMAN: Your mouth opens and you taste the air.

MAN: Some of your steam body drifts toward my face and over my lips.

WOMAN: You breathe in the vapour.

MAN: The rest of your body takes shape. It's made of a white jelly with tendrills that float outwards sensing the room. They drift toward my body feeling their way and rows of small metallic barbs appear at their tips.

WOMAN: You're on your back, your cock darkens and hardens, small flashes come from your nipples.

MAN: Your foetus face opens its lips. They're deep red and moist. You have double rows of teeth like needles and a green tongue lying behind them.

WOMAN: You open your eyes. They're still, cold. Your cock is hard now, covered in shiny black scales like a snake. Your legs are parted, thighs tense. You lean up toward me.

MAN: The first tendril touches my arm and stings and burrows in, then another digs in on my thigh. More and more of them find my body and shoot in drawing your floating face closer. Under your head a small human body like a doll takes shape, made of the same white jelly.

WOMAN: You reach up and put your hands around the body, feeling its curves, drawing it towards your mouth.

MAN: It grows larger and firmer, pulsing as muscles bunch and stretch. Tiny child's breasts and nipples form under my touch, then mature and become round and full.

WOMAN: Your hands have become huge with eyes in their backs and small diamond teeth along the fingers. They close round my waist and pull me down towards your groin.

MAN: Your body is lifesize now, translucent skin like ice, black hair in your crotch, droplets of water are all over you, they smell sickly sweet like honeysuckle. You place your knees on my thighs. All your tendrills have found targets on my body and burrowed in. We're enclosed in a white mesh that pulsates and glows.

WOMAN: Your hair is wet from the milk which ran from your eyes. You bring your nose close to mine and sniff.

MAN: You smell of frankincense.

WOMAN: You smell of milk.

MAN: More droplets of honeydew form on your skin as I touch it. They wet my fingers.

WOMAN: You stroke your blue hands between my breasts, past my navel, down to my crotch.

MAN: Your pubic hair moves like seaweed in a current, brushing my fingers.

WOMAN: You find my hole.

MAN: It tastes the tips of my fingers.

WOMAN: You slowly press your hands together like you're praying and push inside me.

MAN: You resist then open, drawing me inside you.

WOMAN: You push hard now, diving inwards, pushing in up to your elbows.

MAN: You open more, your vagina grows bigger, spreading up towards your breasts and parts. You split like an oyster in front of me, your pink insides glisten, the flesh and organs unfold and hang like the petals of a giant orchid. A pearl coloured clitoris sits at the centre amongst the folds of glands like a buddha. The room is gone, we are in the night, stars flicker in darkness, we are among rocks and rockpools on a beach. Tiny orange crabs crawl over the rocks.

WOMAN: You're no longer a blue man. You're a dog covered in yellow fur, bony frame hunched, your eyes yellow, jaws open, tongue hanging, spit dripping from it.

MAN: You exude a glistening liquid from your glands, it's sweet like honey. You offer it to me.

WOMAN: You sniff, then lick, pushing your tongue into the cracks, over my clit, at first hesitant, then rough.

MAN: Red pearls blister over your glands and burst in my mouth.

WOMAN: You savour the liquid jewels, the juice spills from your jaws. Then you bite.

MAN: Your flesh comes apart in my mouth, easy and smooth, as one curve of organ goes down my throat, another comes forward to be taken.

WOMAN: Your four paws press the shell of my body against the rocks and and you eat fast, taking all that's inside.

MAN: Your flesh has gone now. Your clit is all that's left, hard like quartz, winking in the night like it wants to speak.

WOMAN: You bring your head closer to hear, your eyes amber, unblinking, huge.

MAN: It's tiny and bright, a pearl coloured speck on the rocks, amongst the scurrying crabs.

WOMAN: Your huge dog's head is so close now, hot breath surrounding my clit.

MAN: It makes a sound, thin, high-pitched, fierce like wind. It has a tiny spot in the middle like an eye, which gets bigger and bigger until it takes up the whole beach and there's just black, deep black, no light, the black inside your body. And the wind sound.

WOMAN: You walk forward into the black. You're afraid.

MAN: The black goes on and on. It's hot. Airless. Getting hotter

WOMAN: You walk on. Your fur starts to sear off and your skin parches. Dark patches of burnt flesh slowly cover your body.

MAN: You're here but I don't know where.

WOMAN: You keep walking, it's black, the ground is hot like coal, it burns your feet but you go on.

MAN: The dark has become small. Crushing. There's a smell of musk. Or hyacinth.

WOMAN: Your body is blackened all over and charred now. You can no longer stand. You can't breathe. You fall and the heat from the ground sears through you, into your insides, cooking them into a solid mass. Your eyes stare ahead into the dark.

MAN: You're here, watching me die from all around, above, below, inside me. You are the heat. You go through me, cell by cell, consuming, burning, blackening, reducing all to nothing, a charred dog's carcass in darkness. This is what you are. You are this want. Why did you bring me to this?

WOMAN: You asked me to.

MAN: Yes. I did. I know that, but I don't understand why it ended here; why you actually did it.

WOMAN: Because I love you.

MAN: You love me?

WOMAN: I love you.

MAN: You don't know me.

WOMAN: We've met.

MAN: Do I know you?

WOMAN: No. We don't know each other. But this is where we start. If you want

End Play