

## THE SPERM

*Sperm stands SR. He's dressed in a travel suit: military-style, gloves, goggles, helmet. backpack--preferably in all white. He appears to be ready for something. He situates himself for something that's about to happen. A pause. Nothing. He relaxes. He looks at his watch.*

SPERM:

Damn.

*He readies himself again. Waits. A pause. Nothing. Looks at his watch.*

Damn.

*He pulls out a day planner from his backpack. He surveys the area. He makes a note in his day planner. He pulls out a camera and takes four pictures from different angles. He puts the camera away and pulls out a voice recorder and speaks into it.*

February 23, entry number 138. Target not in sight. My worst fear may be coming true. I may never see it seem to be coming to fruition. Still awaiting the arrival of the vessel so that I may confront it and begin my independent investigation and consequently enact my vengeance upon those responsible. So far, no sign of the bastard. I've been here (checks the day planner) 12 days and still no word from my brothers. I suspect they have fallen in battle. Also no word from Twin Command. I suspect they may be in on this. Stranded. Yes, stranded by my own action, but still, stranded. I do not regret what I have done, or what I am about to do. I am denouncing my membership to the Conception Academy and the elite Penetratus team. I will not penetrate the target, I will not carry out this assignment. I remain steadfast in my decision to abort this mission.

Though I am beached and out of supplies, I maintain my physical prowess by pure will. I have convinced what little mind I have that I no longer need sustenance, and I've been running sprints across what appears to be the vaginal floor. I keep my wits, such as they are, by reading aloud from

Hunter S. Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, and I'm now beginning to despise Richard Nixon as much as the Vessel. All for now.

*He turns off the voice recorder and addresses the audience.*

This hasn't been easy. Choices. Action. Consequences. I had the choice before me, I acted upon the decision I made, I now am suffering the consequences of that action. The vagina is a tough place to call home, my friends. But it would break my heart if I had made any other decision. You didn't think we had hearts, did you? Oh yes, we do. Well, not "hearts" medically speaking, but "hearts" as in compassion. Conscience. Love. Hate. Desire. Yep. We've got all of those things. Well, half of all of those things. I mean, we make up half of the equation of reproduction. Where'd you think that heart of yours came from, pal? We carry one half of it.

I probably don't have long here. I'm starting to see things. Hallucinate. Ha--looo--sin--ate. Faces. All around. Staring at me. I feel like a castaway. Like Christ in the wilderness. I'm gonna eat my hand.

I'll never forget my eighth year at the Conception Academy. Man, that's a big year. That was the year that they chose a member of each ejaculation squad to be the Penetrator. Yep. It was me. My best friend, Wally, was my second in case I went down. Man, we thought we were the shit. Arrogant little pricks, we were. In Mr. Blackwell's class on Fallopian Sky Bridge Navigation, we used to sit in the back and sporadically yell out words like "pussy" and "snatch" and "hot fuck action" when old Blackwell wasn't looking. Sometimes we'd pretend to masturbate. 'Course, we didn't know what any of it meant, but... still don't... good times. We had heard all of that from Wally's older brother, Jeff. Jeff was a cool dude. He got us all kinds of shit. You see, he had been on Ejaculation mission number...853, I think one of the many, many failed missions and he was lodged into the flap of cotton briefs. So although he was out of commission and permanently handicapped, he had access to a lot of the outside world. We got word from him every now and then.

That eighth year Jeff sent me a package. He was very specific: it was just for me. It was a movie Jeff made called Cool Hand Luke. I don't know how he did it – Jeff always wanted to be a filmmaker – I had no idea. He didn't want Wally to see it, just me. I guess he thought Wally couldn't handle it –

he always said that Wally's flagella was a little more "fla" and not enough "gella". That was his thinking. And there's also the fact that Jeff and I were both Penetrators – Wally really wasn't – so Jeff and I had a definite bond. Each class is parceled into divisions, and in those divisions, you're broken down into missions. Within each mission, is a Penetrator. There's only one. I understand that modern science thinks that it's pure chance which sperm penetrates the target--ha! Negative. There's only one Penetrator in each mission. The rest are blockers. And really, you live your whole life in the hope that your mission will even reach a vagina. Believe me, most don't. And when you get there, that's when you, the Penetrator, really have to perform.

We had a lot of these stranded guys on cotton briefs, poor bastards. They'd send stuff to us from time to time. The Academy relied on some of them. Built curriculums around them. Called them Professors in the Field. They gave us football, which was very educational. Over the years, study of the great running backs opened a window to what awaits us in the vagina: the blocks, the tacklers, the juking, the moves. We got to see all the greats: Jim Brown, Barry Sanders, Eric Dickerson. But my favorite was Walter Payton. He was a little guy on a losing team for years, but he set the standard for toughness, attitude, ability, and sweetness. And he was a nice guy. He was The Perfect Penetrator.

That's why I wear...

*He pulls back his jacket to show the number 34 on a jersey he's wearing.*

Underdog...34.

Hero...34.

Persistence...34.

Penetrator...34.

But then I saw Cool Hand Luke. And that kind of fucked me up.

I remember the day of Ejaculation when we boarded the Vessel. I knew something wasn't right.

*Flashback scene: lights change. Muffled sounds of a man reaching climax. Lights up. Stage is empty. SPERM flops onto the stage DC. He does a combat roll to his feet. He gets up and jukes and jives like Walter Payton all the way upstage between the SR and SL exits. He stops, pulls out a map, and studies it. He looks, then heads off SR. After a beat, he peeks around the SR wall. He feels the “vagina walls”-- the stage the walls, the physical surroundings of the theatre. He inspects things. Then he says:*

It's dry.

*A pause while Sperm considers this.*

*The lights change back to the original setting and Sperm picks up where he left off. and*

Cool Hand Luke taught me something. I learned that I didn't have to do what I was told, or what I was taught. When I got in here and realized that it wasn't like I was told it was going to be--that it was going to be hell. I knew this wasn't right. I was told the vagina is a warm, soft receptacle and that the vessel would deliver us into a moist, inviting drop zone that would be the threshold of our miraculous journey to the target. The MOIST vagina was essential to our success. The only way in was carriage past its well-oiled walls. We were taught that this was the only natural way that the vagina existed: a soft, wet slip-slide for us to move through to the sky bridge. That's why I knew something was wrong. My map said I was in the right place, but the place was not right.

When I was ejaculated and the terrain was dry and rubbery, and when I felt the tension racing, coursing through the body I had entered, I knew something was not right. The vessel had been denied access, but it would not be denied. It took access. It landed. The vessel had committed a crime, an injustice. I cursed it. I demanded answers to my question, but my voice went unheard. I decided, at that moment, that I would not continue this mission, my life's work, my dream. I would NOT play a role in this. I would NOT be a bystander to this foul deed. I would NOT turn my head and ignore this iniquity. I would NOT “do my duty” and fight on to the target – WHEN I WAS NOT WELCOMED TO PURSUE IT! This is wrong! This is villainous! Subjecting those of lesser power to the will and whim of

the Twin Command and other demented fucks – the burning – the pain – the broken dreams - the ravenous siege – the taking – the stealing – the raping! I WILL STAY IN THIS VAGINA! I will bunker myself in this flesh and await the return of the wicked vessel – and I will destroy it! I will put it in my crosshairs! While I still have breath in this body, I will not relent! THIS VAGINA IS MY HOME! This is my state! My Lack of Communication! My 50 eggs! My Sweet Lucille! My Bush that I'm Shakin', Boss! Don't fuck with me, Vessel, THIS IS MY NIGHT IN THE BOX!

*He coughs and staggers. This outpouring has taken a great deal of energy. He's near exhaustion.*

All I can see are faces. All I can feel is this hard, dry surface. This tomb. My tomb. I wonder if maybe I could have been one of the few to really make it, to make my half of the baby heart. To see the light, instead of this darkness. I wonder if this place will ever be alive with moisture and warmth again. I wonder if I'll be able to make that run again. Make it all the way.

*His eyes are closing.*

Is there a chance? Is there hope for me? For us? Ohh...in my dreams. In my dreams this doesn't happen. There's no violation. There's no cold, hard, tomb. In my perfect world where this doesn't happen... I'm not here. And neither are you.

*Blackout.*