

Peril of the Sex Demon

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Dramatis Personæ

Girl
Demon

Scene

- An outer courtyard of easily recognizable but certainly long-abandoned regal ruins. Autumn leaves are slowly falling onto the about half-carpeted cobblestones. A beautiful young woman dressed like a Waterhouse painting sits glumly on an old stone bench. Her hands are clenched. We sense she has been there long.
- Between sighs and hand-wringing and shudders, she glances towards a shadowy area upstage where, it slowly becomes evident, is a dilapidated well.
- In the distance, a horn sounds. Her hands fall on her knees and she raises her face heavenwards. Resignedly she stands and slowly walks to the well. With some effort, she pushes in one of the remaining stones, and walks back to her place on the bench at the same, hopeless pace. She resumes her prior, worrying demeanor.
- A distant splash.
- A pause.
- Splashing, as of a large creature foundering.
- A pause, gradually becoming →
- A nearing sound of stones violently scratching together, accompanied by a reddish glow growing from within the well. The girl watches in waves of disinterest and fear. Finally a clawed hand appears and a demon crawls out.
- The demon is homogenously the colors and luminescence of molten metal, but otherwise is fairly innocuous in appearance. Naked, his features are bland, undefined, boylike. He does have large claws, and scratches himself frequently with the sound of rubbing stones and the escape of small, flicking flames. He scratches throughout. He has no evident sex.
- The girl is staring; this is obviously not what she expected. She opens her mouth to speak but does not do so.
- The demon yawns and stretches. But besides his business and his unimpressive physical size, he is still ominous, frightening. After reaching a level of comfort, he looks about, finds the girl, and walks toward her, arms and claws stretched out.

Girl: Wait!

The demon stops.

Girl: Wait!

The demon slowly lowers his hands.

Girl: You are what I am to appease?

Demon [in a voice like a volcano's fury]: Yes.

Girl: It is always you? Each year?

Demon: Yes.

Girl: But you cannot rape me.

Demon: I can.

Girl: You have no sex!

The demon waits.

Girl: I've seen the bodies, seared from the sex outward.
You must go inside to do that.

Demon: Yes.

Girl: But you have no sex.

The demon raises a finger and rolls his half-foot tongue, while a phallus grows from between his legs. The girl notices only the finger and tongue displays, not his crotch.

Girl: But children do not come from the hand or mouth.

The phallus is growing more swiftly now, tall and erect. The girl falls backward as she catches sight of it. It reaches the demon's chest. A small flame spurts from the tip.

Girl: Demon!

Demon: Yes.

The demon resumes his approach.

Girl: Wait!

It stops. Although yet imperceptible, the phallus begins shrinking.

Girl: What will happen the year you have no eligible maiden? I am young.

The demon makes no reply but is not frozen, shifts.

Girl: Why must you do this?

Demon: I must.

Girl: Yes, but why?

Demon: I must.

The phallus is not much larger than the average human specimen.

Girl: Why not men?

The demon takes a while to formulate his reply.

Demon: Children.

Girl: I am not a child.

Demon: Woman.

Girl: No.

She stands and turns around. It is evident she is much younger than it first appeared. She seems shorter and less formed than we imagined her to be.

The demon takes a step backward.

Demon: Woman.

Girl: No.

The demon's phallus is no longer evident.

He takes another step back in evident confusion.

Demon: Children?

The girl shrugs.

Girl: I don't know. I am young. Perhaps.

Demon: Must.

It takes a step forward, hand out, then stops.

Demon: Must.

Girl: They sent me.

She begins to cry. She seems younger yet.

Demon: Spawn.

She does not reply.

He drops his hand.

Demon: Children.

She waits, sobs.

FADE OUT

Scene

- Same as before. The girl and the demon sit near each other, facing out, on the stones, the bench to their right, the wall to their left.

Girl: It's not right.

Demon: Spawn.

Girl: How long has it been going on?

The demons considers.

Demon: Two hundred six.

Girl: So many!

Demon: Yes.

Girl: I would be two hundred seven?

Demon: Yes.

Girl: So many

She looks sidelong at the demon. He scratches.

Girl: Are you bad?

Demon: Demon.

Girl: I know, but are you evil? Of yourself?

The demon makes a burning sound like a diabolical sigh.

Demon: Demon.

Girl: Is it hard?

The demon considers.

Demon: Yes.

Girl: Do you enjoy it all?

The demon considers.

Demon: No.

Girl: They say you are supposed to enjoy it. I've known them who have.

The demon does not respond.

Girl: They say it is reflected love or the creature of love, or . . . various things. But not for you.

Demon: Spawn.

Girl: That's all?

Demon: Children.

Girl: But you do that for us! That's love.

Demon: No.

Girl: Then why?

Demon: Children.

Girl: For us.

Demon: Yes.

Girl: Just for us?

Demon: Yes.

Girl: I think, if you do something only to help others,
that's love.

Demon: No.

Girl: Yes.

The demon hesitates.

Demon: No.

Girl: I think it is.

She lies down.

Girl: For love.

Demon: Children.

Girl: For love.

The demon stands and looks at her. His phallus
begins to enlarge.

He stands over her, back to the audience.

Girl: For love.

Demon: No.

He walks over her, and crawls headfirst down the well.

The sound of scratching receding.

Pause.

Splash, steam, foundering.

Silence.

The girl breathes heavily. From her prone position we can see her suddenly re-evident breasts rising and falling.

Further silence as she breathes.

Girl: For love.

She weeps.

– END –

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the sex demon is not based on anyone you know
no, not even him
or her
knock it off—I said it's not based on anyone you know, all right?