

22 short plays



image by grant stoops

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Short plays from 2006 - 09. All free to adapt, repurpose and produce, so long as you contact me at blind.dragonfly@gmail.com - cheers -

1 Commercial for jeans

Phil appears around the corner.

- Oh, hi John. What are you doing?
- I'm strangling a carnie.
- You're strangling a carnie?
- Yes, I'm downstairs strangling a carnie.

JEANS

2 cumgoblin

- man, no-one was cheering louder than me when you first got laid. No-one. You understand me?
- You're happy that Belucia and I are having sex.
- Abso-fucking-lutely. But there are some things you can't – I mean, I'm not a prude, no-one's a prude, but you can't talk about it as much as you talk about it.
- I'm not trying to get up anyone's nose, or anything. It's just – Belucia and I aren't inhibited about these things.
- Yeah, fine. That's good. But I mean, you can't talk about her like you know everything. Like you've solved the mysteries of her sexual nature. You've been having sex for – how many weeks?
- Actually, we've been having sex – I mean, I don't want to say how often, but let me just say that I'm – I'm very familiar with Belucia's sexual nature.
- Yeah, you're in the sweet zone, that's for sure. But there are aspects to a woman's sexual nature that you won't see for months. Years. It's like you've picked up an Agatha Christie novel and you're trying to say you've figured out the killer when you're only on page 16. The murder hasn't happened yet. You're reading the book, no doubt on that – you're not just checking out the front cover or skimming the blurb any more. You're in those pages, and that's fucking great, dude, I salute you. Just – don't act like you wrote the fucking thing, that's just awkward.
- All right, I get it. I'll tone it down.
- Also, your pet names.
- What do you mean, my pet names?
- Look, every couple has disgusting names for each other. I used to call Lisa Honeybee, and she used to call me Honeycomb. And that was for real, man, there was no joking around. You get into that cuteness zone and your whole fucking system of judgment is turned upside down. That's fine, that's all part of it. But you can't call a girl 'Cumgoblin'. Ever.
- She's my little Cumgoblin.
- No, she can't be. Think of something else. I know she seems cool with it, but trust me. Your first fight is somewhere on the horizon, and I'm telling you now that 'Cumgoblin' will be used in that fight as ammunition against you. It might very well be the cum that breaks the goblin's back. Call her Slutbunny, dude, call her Cherry-pops. Anything.

- You know how I started calling her Cumgoblin?
- I can think of a million reasons. Actually, I can think of one. But that's fine, I'll get by with my imagination there.

3 disease play

Cancer So I'm stirring the cream into my coffee, and she's just sitting there with a folder on her knees, not saying anything. And I'm not saying anything. I never speak first.

Smallpox No, it's bad policy to talk first. They should understand that.

Cancer Well most of them do. Most of them know that to even meet with one us is pretty serious business. For them and for us. So they do their research, they bring all the information you need, and usually all you have to do is agree on a price. This girl, I don't know what the fuck she thought she was doing.

Smallpox How'd she get in touch with you?

Cancer Tuberculosis. She had TB when she was a little kid, and she kept his details after they got rid of him with antibiotics.

Smallpox So what did she want with you?

Cancer Well that's what fucking blew my mind. When she finally does speak up, she tells me she wants to hire me to tackle a city for a month. A city. For a month. I said 'Girl, I'm Cancer.' She said 'I know.'

Smallpox She clearly doesn't know, if she wants you for a month.

Cancer I said what can I do in a month? I can start a few tumours, get the ball rolling here and there, but then what? I told her I'm a craftsman. I do beautiful work, irreversible work. Incurable work. But it takes time. And a city? I can't just run over the rooftops dropping tumours down the chimney into everybody's christmas stocking.

Smallpox If she wants a city she should have spoken to Pneumonia.

Cancer Or you. I told her, why not speak with Smallpox? He comes in to town, forty hours later everyone's dripping with sores. Forty hours after that, gutters lined with bodies.

Smallpox Not quite that effective...

Cancer No, take the praise. You're good at what you do. I've always said, Smallpox is an artist, just like me. But where my canvas is inside a single cell, his canvas can spread wider than countries.

Smallpox Thank you, Cancer.

Cancer No thanks required.

Smallpox So what did she say?

Cancer She said she wanted to speak with a couple of other people before she made any decisions.

Smallpox Do you know who else she's speaking with?

Cancer HIV.

Smallpox Serious?

Cancer Pretty sure.

Smallpox This girl must be offering something pretty special to get HIV to the table.

Cancer She is.

Smallpox Do you mind if I...?

Cancer I'm not going to tell you.

Smallpox Fair enough. But HIV... wow. You know Anorexia and Parkinson's told me that last job HIV did, she got paid 900 square kilometres of temperate forest?

Cancer Can we not talk about her, please?

Smallpox Yeah, no, forget about her, Cancer. She's been lucky, that's all she's got going for her.

Cancer Don't bullshit me. She's brilliant. She's the best.

Smallpox Yeah.

Cancer She's not coming tonight, is she?

Smallpox Christ no. She hates kareoke.

4 Westpac ATM

- Michelle** I'm a simple ghost. I have six moves, equating to six different smiles.
1. Please enter your four digit PIN number
 2. Would you like to withdraw cash, transfer money or check your account balance?
 3. How much money would you like to withdraw?
 4. Was that from your cheque or your savings account?
 5. We're just processing your request!
 6. Sorry, your account funds are insufficient for this transaction. Please take your card.

5 Mother and daughter

Mother and Daughter enter the house. Mother staggers and collapses shaking.

mother Cook me some bacon. I need to relax.

daughter Well now I'm unsure about my future. If I can't get my P plates then I'll remain immobile forever. I'll have to live here, alone, with you, my mother, FOREVER.

mother Forget the bacon. Put some cat food on the stove. I need something salty.

daug But ma –

mother COOK ME FOOD!

daughter turns gas stove on, throws a tin of catfood in a pan, mother grabs her from behind.

mother You will never – NEVER – drive with me again.

daug It is important for the life I plan to lead that I can drive.

mother You cost this household too much with your livings. It is first imperative for you to get a job and stop being such a leech.

daug No way, ma! I'm not the one who spends all that money on them sex chat lines.

mother What wicked lies you sprout! I must have been impregnated with lying lying sperm when I got pregnant with you.

daug It's true! We can't afford any better food than catfood because of your sex chat obsession. Why don't we block 1900 numbers from our phone?

mother Well we can't possibly do that. What if there's an emergency and we need to call... BOY BOY CHATTER?

daug What if there's a desperate situation and... and... boy boy chatter? *(giggles)*

mother It's not funny! It's a real possibility... Stop laughing, godammit! *(starts smiling)*

daug is now shrieking with laughter.

daug We nearly died!

mother shakes with laughter.

mother I call sex chats!

they both laugh for a while.

daug I think... I think I left the gas on!

they roll on the floor, hugging and laughing.

6 Disney Channel

- Okay, here's the bet. I reckon I can paint a picture of a hospital ward full of insomniacs before you can eat four tubes of toothpaste and a packet of cold and flu tablets.
- It's on.

7 pharmacy security systems

Web and Ink inside a pharmacy, late at night. An alarm is going off outside.

- Web I don't want five hundred dollars worth of ventolin. That's just a bitch to sell. I want the amphetamines and the morphine.
- Ink It's all in the special safe, Web. That's Schedule 8 medicine, they're not allowed to put it on the shelves.
- Web That's the safe with the combination lock? That's the one with the \$13,000 a day profits kept in it, right? We're fucking taking the safe.
- Ink How are we going to carry it?
- Web Between us.
- Ink It's a big heavy metal safe. Come on, let's get all the anti-depressants and the pseudoephedrine and get out of here. I don't want to be carrying that fucking thing across the carpark when the cops get here.
- Web No, I'm going to- shit!
- Ink What's up?
- Web I put my hand in this fucking cream.
- Ink That's the counter where they mix up particular medicines. It's probably just moisturiser.
- Web I don't care, it's disgusting. I've gotta get it off.
- Ink Wait, don't use the sink.
- Web Why not?

Web washes his hands.

- Ink The alarms are still on, Web, get your hands out of there!
- Web My hands are clean. My hands are brighter than they were before.
- Ink They've lost some of their colour.
- Web Like they're turning to glass.

Web stumbles around the room, holding his hands out in front of him staring at them terrified.

- Ink Cover them with something. Something thick. They'll break if you're not careful.

Web They're locked in shape. They're clear crystal rising out of my wrist-flesh.

Ink Got to be careful! Cover them!

Web You're right, got to be careful. Cover them. We can fix this. Fix this. Fix this.

Ink turns around too quickly and smashes one of hands against an obstacle. It breaks off.

Ink Shit! Web!

Web Doesn't hurt. I have a stump. Broken glass stump.

Ink Web, stop fucking running around! Careful!

Web trips and falls, reaches out to break his fall, his remaining hand stabs against a powerpoint. One finger slides into the powerpoint. The lights flicker and come back on. The alarm outside stops sounding.

Ink Web, what the fuck! Are you all right?

Web Electricity.

Ink The alarm's stopped. Are the cops here? They wouldn't turn it off on their way in, would they?

Web Surge of lightness. A sudden new sense.

Web twitches his hand in the socket. The lights in the pharmacy flare brightly, then dim, then back to normal.

Web Electricity. Mine now.

8 roadkill play

Josie and Hula driving in a car late at night.

Josie Brother, listen to what I say. We keep driving at this rate, we'll hit Mexico by dawn.

Hula Damn straight I say damn straight! And then we'll get fucked up!

Josie That's what I'm saying, we're not gonna start on that shit before we get to our destination.

Hula Our destination, brother!

Josie That's right, Hula, we don't drive under the influence

Hula Any influence!

Josie Excepting the influence of God!

Hula Now you're talking, daddy-o! And look what God's provided us with!

Josie Nothing but a motherfucking straight road staring us in the eye this long horrific dusk.

Hula It's the last night of the earth.

Josie Or it's the first night of the earth, and all this dust is gonna form into the makings of an earth.

Hula Like this road?

Josie This road is the first road, and all the angels walk this road from heaven down to earth.

Hula This is before Satan fell?

Josie This is before Satan fell and he walks this road elbow to elbow with the other angels.

Hula And all that dust, brother!

Josie All this dust just waiting to break out of the earth and form into animals and plants.

Hula We don't drive under the influence!

Josie No way sir! We're saving all of it until we get to Mexico.

Hula Every bit of it. We don't drive under the influence!

Josie And all this dust waiting to break out of the earth and form into wombats

Hula Tigers

Josie Lily-pads

Hula Germans

Josie P-funk

Hula Arseholes

Josie Sorrow

Hula And that clump of dust

Josie Kanagaroo

Hula That clump of

Josie Kanagaroo!

Josie and Hula hit a kangaroo on the road.

9 teenage girls on the railway platform

- I've lost my discman.

pause

- I think it was sometime tonight.
- Do you reckon somebody's taken it?
- My discman, oh my god!

pause

- ...oh my god...
- So where did you put it?
- Well I swear I put it in my satchel, but it's not in there.
- Not in the top bit?
- How could I have lost it?
- I took it out today.
- I know you did. I saw it on the floor but then I took it out today because I wanted to listen to it and now I don't know where it is.
- Do we have enough time to go back?
- That's really shit.
- Maybe someone in the railway station would know. What about the
campsite?
- There could be enough time if it was there.
- You seriously could have time if you run.
- I'm not gonna run back.
- Yeah, you run and we'll wait for you.
- I might just go, yeah.
- You can just ring them and they'll send it over.

10 sitcom in 3 different time periods

- Yes. And all right, it brings to mind an idea I had for a sitcom while I was passing through the mall today. They had one of those video-ads-
- Those things are real hip and new now.
- They are. Anyway, this was an ad of a little girl singing into a carrot, then it morphs into the same girl as a pre-teen, singing into a Singstar karaoke mic, then she morphs into a teenager in a pop punk band singing into a microphone, and I guess it would have kept going. But it made me think of an idea for this sitcom which would just be hassle to put together, but
- Nevertheless.
- That's right. The show's about this one guy at three points in his life. One when he's a primary school kid, one when he's in college or university or whatever, and one when he's a businessman in his thirties. Anyway, you set it up in the pilot episode that something happens so at these three points in his life, this guy can communicate with himself in the other two points. They can compare notes, kind of. Bit like Day of the Tentacle. So each episode, you've got three storylines that sort of have analogies with each other. The kid's about to do a big maths test, the businessman is about to have an important performance review or something, and the college kid's about to...
- About to have his first orgy.
- Exactly.
- What's great about that is that the kid would be completely screwed up.
- Yeah, he'd get old before his time.
- Not just that. The businessman would constantly be like;
- You need to take another maths class! No woodwork.
- But all my friends are in woodwork.
- Forget it! We never use it. More maths.
- Right, yeah, the older two would completely exploit him. The college kid's stuck in an alley about to get the crap kicked out of him by five guys, he tells the kid 'You need to learn to fight.' Two seconds later, the college guy has just turned into this crazy hard-arse ninja, and in the past, the kid's just gone and signed up for fifteen years of karate classes.
- It'd get to the point where the kid starts rebelling. He could threaten them by messing with himself. If they push him too far, he could just castrate himself. You imagine him with a knife to his balls saying 'What's it to me? A bit

of blood and I get the day off school.' And the older two screaming 'No, we need that!'

- Yeah, that leads you into these real American Pie teen comedy moments, where you can have the college kid being led into a bedroom by this girl, about to get laid for the first time, and he undoes his pants and discover his dick's just disappeared – just this ugly twisted scar.

- Same for the businessman – one minute he's driving along in a car with two kids in the back – next minute the kids just disappear – his car turns into this sleek low-riding bachelor vehicle –

- And his voice just jumps four octaves. 'I've turned into a eunuch!' Where I reckon the studios will have a real problem is when it starts messing around with the continuity. I imagine the kid'll have this one best friend his whole life – this lanky sidekick who's always wise-cracking, and you see him in each of the three incarnations. Then one episode, when they're both in primary school, the best friend just dies – hit by a car. And in the older two incarnations, he's just still there. No mention of it.

- I really imagine this as one of those shows that has a big lead up, heaps of advertising, big premier, then two weeks later it gets moved from the 7:30pm slot to the 11:45pm slot. Then another two weeks and they just pull it, no warning.

- Yeah, and I can imagine the fans, too – the sort of people you just don't want watching your TV show. Really unpleasant people, down and out losers, basically. It'll be wicked.

11 slave market at the top of a ski lift

- So I'll tell you what makes this difference: location. It's a traditional slave market at the top of the ski lift!
- Miss Feisty, the young heiress, insisted on bringing her pet lizard Aftershave for a day on the slopes. But now, it's ten in the morning, and
- Aftershave is soooooo tired! He's so precious! Mama, can we buy someone to carry him back to the chalet?
- No, Miss Feisty, you must walk him back yourself.
- But I just started skiing! I don't wanna go all the way back! Can we please get a slave?
- Well, I suppose since there's a slave market right here...

12 unique punishments

- This gentleman has been decided guilty for seven different crimes.
- Seven! Spectacular! What did you do?
- Uh, kidnapping. Fraud. Embezzlement. Trespassing. Brandishing a firearm. Copyright infringement and premeditated, cold-blooded murder.
- Lovely! This will be a delight! Now, have you had any thoughts on punishment?
- Well, they want me to go to jail.
- Yes, but what kind, how long for, to do what, all those details?
- I don't think I get any say in that.
- You don't, I do. I plan out your sentence to maximise the effect of the punishment for each crime. I make the decisions that will define the next... 44 years of your life. But I like to hear suggestions and thoughts if you have any.
- Won't I just be going to a jail and doing 44 years in there?
- If you'd committed one crime worth 44 years' imprisonment, yeah. Sure. But you've got seven crimes to atone for, and it would be criminal for me to just lump them all together like that. Have you ever seen an artist take all the colours in their paintbox and just slop them together? What would be the point of that? One long greeny-brown smear that stretches for 44 years? No, you've seven different crimes and it's my job to make your punishment a work of art.
- Do you punish me differently for each crime?
- Well you can't punish a murderer with solitary confinement and you can't break a kidnapper's spirit by starving him. But a little creativity, and you can mix together just the right combination of physical and mental torture to break them over and over for every bad deed they're responsible for. To start with, I'm thinking a range of chain gang activities such as breaking rocks in the hot sun, interspersed with weekly visits to an abusive and psychologically destructive prison therapist. Over the next four to eight weeks, we'll start eroding your lunch and bathroom privileges, and slip some spoiled meat in your food every eight or nine meals. That's short term. In the long term, I'd love to fit a really long period of solitary confinement and sensory deprivation. I'm thinking we chain you to the bottom of a well for about five years, starting in about three decades' time.

13 eats tapes

- All right, is that your dad?
- Yeah, I got to go.
- Cool. So, do you want to meet up again sometime?
- Sorry, I've got a really busy couple of weeks coming up. And...
- And?
- And...
- All right, it doesn't take a rolls royce to figure that one out, does it?
Thanks anyway. See you later.

14 TV guide

- Tony turns to a stranger for comfort.
- Lucas buys Naomi a special gift in a bid to win her over.
- Now that Luke and Lorelai are back together, Lorelai can come into the diner.
- To Nader's surprise, he discovers that Said and Suha were once lovers before Said went to work in Africa.
- Boyd begins to believe Charlotte's crush on him is real.
- Despite their intentions, Elle and Oliver find it hard to fight their mutual attraction.
- Tensions rise between Hugh and Rachel.
- Just as Daniel gets the strength to pop the question to Sofia, Betty discovers evidence that casts doubt on Sofia's intentions.
- Life suddenly becomes a whole lot more complicated for Tony.
- Chan takes revenge on ex-boyfriend Ken with the help of his current girl Shirley.
- What happens with Brianna will break your heart but restore your faith in human strength.
- Kate loses faith in a friend when she discovers they have made a deal with the devil. Includes Lotto draw.
- A true story about an extraordinary double life, a complicated love story and a crime that could shatter the heartland. Violence, some language, adult themes.
- A depressed man hires a hit man to kill him after his wife dies.
- Pepper tries to hide the truth behind her mood swings. PG. Drug references.
- He then desperately seeks Dave and Maddie's help to call the hitman off when he sees his supposedly dead wife alive. M. Violence, mild language, sexual references.
- M. Adult themes, horror, nudity.
- M. Repeat. Adult themes, violence, swearing, some drug use.

- A silent but deadly psychological war is waged behind Sarah's back. The potential for explosive violence is at every corner. G. Mild themes.
- M.
- PG.
- R. Frequent drug use, strong language, adult themes.
- MA.
- M.
- M.
- G.
- MA.
- M.
- MA.
- M.
- M.
- M.
- M.
- M.
- M.
- M.
- M.
- M.
- 2:05am. Station closes.

15 13 angels

- Hey baby! Hey, come here! It's been two weeks! Come here!
- Yeah.
- Kiss my mouth. They said we couldn't do two weeks. Two weeks tonight. Another one. My mouth.
- Two weeks tonight. No wait, two weeks and four hours.
- Yeah, cause it was before sunset. They said we couldn't do two weeks. Or rather, they said you couldn't.
- Do we get special privileges now?
- No, you have to earn those. Kiss. My mouth.
- Do you want to go for a walk?
- Do you want a drink?
- I was wondering whether we could go for a walk.
- Are you breaking up with me?
- Can we go for a walk?
- What do you not want to say in front of people? What do you want to say to me?
- Can we just go outside for a minute?
- Are you breaking up with me?
- Yes. Walk with me?
- Okay.

16 footprints: a parable of man and god

Man But God – when I look back upon all the hardest times of my life, the most difficult and awful experiences that I faced, the suffering and heartbreak that I went through – at those times I see only one set of footprints. Why is it, Lord, that in those moments when I needed you most of all, you were not there? Why then did I have to walk alone?

God My son, it was then that I carried you.

pause

Man Wow. That's amazing.

God Yes.

Man That's a stunning revelation. I don't know what to say. I'm grateful. I'm more grateful than I can express.

God You are welcome, my son.

Man I mean seriously, that's unbelievably caring of you. I apologise for doubting your constancy. I thought that when the going got tough you had abandoned me, but instead those were the times that you took me into your arms and carried me. You've been a better friend than I could have ever asked for.

God It is what I do. I am not a high God, nor a distant one. I am your friend, your companion on this strife-filled earth.

Man Right, yeah, definitely. Hey can I ask one more question?

God Of course.

Man Why is it your footprints that disappear and come back and mine that keep going?

pause

God Well, um...

Man Because if you were carrying me, wouldn't it be my footprints that disappeared? It's just that my set of footprints is unbroken all the way up the beach, but yours keep disappearing. That seems a bit weird, doesn't it?

God Well you see-

Man Unless you picked me up off the ground, took my shoes off, put them on your own feet, took a step to the right so you were standing in my footprints, and then started walking.

God Yes.

Man Yes what?

God That's what happened. I picked you up because, you know, because of the strife that you were going through, and I swapped our shoes around and then I continued your footprints.

Man Right.

God Yes.

Man Why?

God Uh, because, because I didn't want to alarm you by making it look like you'd fallen in the water or something...

Man This is complete rubbish, isn't it?

God Kind of.
Man Where did you go? Where were you when I was going through the worst times of my life?
God ...ce-cream...
Man What did you say?
God There was an ice-cream van.
Man Are you telling me that when I needed you the most, when I was struggling, frightened and confused, you bugged off to get an ice-cream?
God Um...
Man Why didn't you get me one?
God I didn't know if you'd want one.
Man Well you didn't ask, did you?

17 quarter snake

- This** So you're pretty serious that you think the girls in the next room have been banging some kind of giant iguana for the last seventy two hours?
- Ava** You've got to admit there's a lot of lizards in this hotel.
- This** There's a lot of cockroaches too, but I don't have to assume every time I hear a clicking noise that someone's porking one.
- Manson** This Glass how is it implausible? You're half snake.
- This** I'm one quarter snake.
- Manson** Your mother's half snake.
- This** Yeah, but snake in the head. All the time, not a shapeshifter.
- Manson** So where does the snake come from in your family?
- This** It was my Grandma. She was a fisherman's wife in San Miguel in Zambales. She was sitting on the shore one day tending the fire and waiting for her husband to get back. She reached for a log and she didn't realise there was a little baby cobra under it.
- Manson** She got bitten?
- This** She got bitten. So she sucked the poison out of her finger, sucked it and swallowed it and then nine months later she gave birth to a little snake baby.
- Ava** This is your mother with the snakes for hair?
- This** That's right.
- Manson** See I don't buy it. That doesn't make any sense. How could she fertilise an egg in her ovaries with snake poison that she swallowed?
- This** It must have gotten down into her womb.
- Manson** How? Show me the path leading from your mouth into your womb. Look, it's more likely that there was still some more poison on her fingers the next time she masturbated.
- This** This is my grandma you're talking about
- Manson** This is your heritage I'm talking about. She had her finger right in her vagina and the snake poison slipped off and fertilised the egg.

This If you want to get literal, even that explanation doesn't make sense.

Manson Why not?

This Because the daddy snake doesn't fertilise the mummy snake by biting it. They tend to use sperm like the rest of us.

Manson Maybe if your grandma had given the snake a handjob and she hadn't washed her hands...

This Maybe there's a little bit of poetic license called for in these stories.

18 your kidneys

A bathtub. Malkin lying in the bathtub. There is a note on one side of the bath and a phone on the other side.

Malkin wakes up, very slowly, very woozy. He feels around him and knocks the phone to the floor.

The phone clattering to the ground jerks Malkin fully awake. Very slowly, he begins to look around him. He feels in the bathtub, discovers that it is full of ice. There are tubes coming out of his body. Malkin groans and grunts curiously, then more concerned.

MALKIN Hello? Hello? Where am I?

Malkin finds the note. He reads.

MALKIN “We have stolen your kidneys. Do not move or you will die. Do not remove the tubes from your body or you will die. Do not try to get out of the bath or you will die. Use the phone and call an ambulance. Give them the following address: Apartment 25, 91 Fiora st...”

MALKIN looks around for the phone. He reaches around the edge of the bathtub for it but it is not there. At last he turns his head, very gently. There is the phone, on the floor, well out of reach.

MALKIN ...shit.

19 friction

You might have thought my job teaching English at a boy's boarding school was rather boring and tedious. Especially for a woman of my obvious talent and ability.

That's exactly what I thought when I started. It was my first teaching job out of college, and the only one I could get due to the pitiful job market. I had to work very hard to get it, though, and I wanted to make the most of it. But yes, it certainly was boring.

In order to make it more interesting, I started wearing shorter skirts, higher heels, and sexier makeup from time to time, and watching the boys' reactions. The lustful looks on their faces, and watching them try to hide the bulges in their pants helped me get through the day. I would experiment with different makeup color schemes, perfumes, skirt styles and lengths, and shades of pantyhose, to see what effect they'd have on my young cadets. Over time, I found myself getting more and more extreme in order to keep things interesting.

I could even say I enjoy my job now, and that since discovering this new teaching method it has never been boring. When I have the whole class in front of me, there is nothing like the power I feel running me. Power over these boys, who are almost men, and who are ultimately bound to be leaders in our community. Power to addict them to my legs and ass, and to use my charms to bend their wills to mine. Power to teach them first hand what a woman can do, so they'll never again think of themselves as superior.

One afternoon I decided to head down to the gym, where some of the students liked to practice shooting hoops during spare periods. The gym was empty. I poked my head into the equipment room. Clyde wasn't there. He looked up from stacking equipment. "Oh, hello Clyde," I said, stepping into the room.

"H-hi Ms. Alura," the 18-year-old replied. He was trying not to be obvious as he checked me out. "I, I was just going to shoot some baskets. I have study period right now."

I smiled re-assuringly. "Oh Clyde, I'm glad I ran into you. I was hoping we could have a chat."

"A ch-chat?" He was clearly nervous, alone in a closed room with a sexy and beautiful teacher. He was in his gym clothes.

"Yes Clyde, we need to talk. I noticed you in class today."

"Uhm, yeah?"

"You weren't paying attention to the lesson. You were staring at me. At my body. Weren't you."

"N-no, of course not, Ms. Alura. No, I, I that would be rude, I -- "

I stepped closer. "You mean you weren't staring at me?"

"No, I --"

"Why not?"

A pause. "What?"

"Do you think I have a nice figure?" i ran one hand down my flank, flexing my hips at the same time.

He swallowed. "Yes ma'am. Sure."

"I'm so relieved. I was afraid you didn't like me. That would hurt, because I really like you, Clyde."

I was standing very close to him now. He was spellbound. He gazed into my lidded eyes, feeling the power of my lust. He opened his mouth to say something. I kissed him full on the lips. Whatever protest he had intended died in his throat. I pressed my lush body against him. I was hot, impatient. Still locked in an endless kiss, I reached down and fondled his erection through his gym shorts.

Fifteen minutes later Clyde was sprawled across a pile of gym mats while I bobbed above him. I was on my haunches, miniskirt up around my waist, tight jersey on the floor, huffing and groaning as I rode his rigid teenage shaft. My perfect tits bounced in their lacy blue half-bra. I had already brought him off once. I hoped he would last longer this time.

The door of the room opened. "Hey, Clyde where are you man, I thought we were going to shoot some hooooo--" Desmond was standing there, basketball in hand. His eyes widened as he took in the scene before him. Time seemed to freeze for a moment.

I thought fast. I was too far gone to stop fucking now. I had to do something. "Desmond!" I called out, without losing my rhythm. "Come here!" I reached out to him. Clyde groaned and pawed my ass.

Wordlessly, Desmond crossed the floor until he was standing in front of the pumping couple. I reached up and yanked down his shorts, then his underwear. I drew him forward by his cock until he was in reach of my red lips. I leaned forward and swallowed him whole.

I take my role as an educator very seriously. If I didn't feel my approach was working, I wouldn't keep using it. But the fact is that it does work, and it works well; and there is ample proof out there in our community, now that I've successfully taught five years of boarding school graduates.

In my psychology classes in college, lots of lip service was given to positive reinforcement as an educational tool. But so few actually used it for anything meaningful.

I heard Desmond gasp above me. I slid my mouth up and down his rapidly stiffening cock. I worked the two of them in opposition, first sliding down on Clyde while Desmond slipped out, then sucking him back in as my pussy slurped up on Clyde.

It was heaven. I'm doing two students at once, I thought dazedly. I'm a fuck and suck machine.

The air was filled with the sounds of wet, furious sex. Desmond was the first to start quivering. A moment later he made a grunting sound and began to squirt his seed down my throat. Clyde came a few moments later. He threw his head back as he ejaculated. By that time I was coming with him. "Yes darling, yes, my god oh my god oh yes! yes! YES!" I screamed.

"Veronica!" Desmond sighed.

"Ms. Alura!" Clyde shouted.

"OH GAAAAWD!" came a fourth voice.

My two students and I looked up. The gym teacher, Ms. Shapely, was standing in the doorway. She looked like she had been there for a while. She was leaning against the doorjamb. Her legs were spread wide. One hand was up under her tight athletic top, while the other was deep inside her shorts. Her short hair was damp with perspiration, her eyes wild. She was rocking and rolling through her own powerful orgasm.

"My god, what, what have you done," the pretty gym teacher gasped, panting. "I can't believe . . . never come like that . . . this is insane . . . oh god oh god oh god." Before anyone could fully react she pulled her hand out of her spandex shorts and staggered out of the room, still babbling about fucking and sucking and cumming.

"Oh boy," Desmond said.

The three of us collapsed onto the soft gym mats. "Do you think she'll get us in trouble?" Clyde asked. Worry informed his voice.

"I'm afraid so boys," I replied.

"What are we going to do?" Desmond stroked my stocking-clad leg lovingly. I thought for a moment. "Well, I'm going to be sacked and you too are probably going to be expelled. I'll try to protect you, but my word probably won't carry much weight."

I reflected for a moment on the end of my career. Desmond had lifted one wedge-heeled sandal and was gently kissing my toes. Clyde was circling my left nipple with one finger. "Sooooo boys, how about we do it again?"

20 ile and moondirt

ile – we do not stop climbing!

moondirt – why not, tired bread-boy?

ile – we can come up through the gullies and avoid getting trapped out on the cliff face

moondirt – we can't go any further, wire-child! my limbs are made of glass and my bones are crumpled cardboard, wire-child! perhaps it's time to stop, wire-child!

ile – I'm not stopping. pass me an ice-axe. I'm going on up.

moondirt – if you keep climbing tonight you leave me behind

ile – I don't want that

moondirt – no I don't want that too. It's the same with me, I don't want it to happen.

ile – nevertheless

moondirt – you rotten clockfucked cunt! you dare not keep climbing in the dark!

ile – we dare not stop climbing tonight.

- we are high above a glacier lake in the gouging ice-peaks of the Andes.
- as these mountains crash like pistons into the storming sky
- because we are hundreds of metres up an ice gully on a thin wedge of igneous rock
- since the sun has shuddered back beneath the earth and night-time is nailing in fast

ile – because of these reasons, we are pinned to the face of the mountain like drops of water to a windscreen, and within that analogy you can imagine us being PEEEEEELED

moondirt – from the windscreen like

ile – peeeeeeeled from the windscreen like

moondirt – peeled from the windscreen like raindrops sometimes are peeled from the windscreen of an accelerating car.

ile takes the ice-axe and climbs some upwards

ile – left arm stretch

- right arm reach
- left leg kick off ice
- left leg insert in hole
- right leg step up and to the right
- right arm ice-axe hacks
- left arm reaches to new hole

ile – you solid there, grandma?

moondirt – solid as candy!

ile – I foresee good times ahead!

- right leg kick off ice
- right leg scrabbles for hole
- left foot slips
- right arm fumbles with ice-axe
- He slips and falls and falls past Moondirt and tears Moondirt off the ledge and both of them fall and die.

21 teen prom movie

mouth I bet I can turn Alexis Cobweb from geek dream to prom queen in one week.

throat I bet you can too.

mouth We can't both bet the same thing.

throat We both agree that you can turn Alexis into the prom queen. But I bet you can't stop her from setting fire to something on prom night.

mouth I bet I can! I bet she won't strike a single match all prom night, from the time I pick her up to the time I drop her home!

throat Deal. But if she sets fire to anything, whether it's the school or a cigarette, I get your braces.

mouth I need them for my defective mouth.

throat Are you a chicken?

mouth All right, deal. But if she doesn't light a fire all night, I get your name. I'll be Throat and you can be Mouth.

22 coat made of eyes

I saw someone wearing a coat made of eyes and the inside

I saw someone wearing a coat made of eyes and I crawled it

I saw someone

I saw someone wearing a coat made of eyes and

I saw someone wearing a coat mad of eyes
I saw someone wearing a a coat made of ays
I saws someone wearing a cat made ey

I saw someone?s coat made me

I saw through the coat made me
eyes

I saw eyes

I saw eyees

I saw someone cut through the coat cat eyes I saw it
I saw someone cit round the eyes on my coat I saw it
saw through it
I saw someone shiver through the violence made of cuts
I saw it

I saw someone ramble through the dust made of coats
I made it

I saw someone wearing a coat made of eyes I miss them
I miss it

I saw wearing a wearing a cat-made device I saw it
I was weary I split through the tumbling trees I wasn?t

I knew how in a minute the mushrooms would devolve return themselves to
me
I knew it.

I tumbled backwards lifting the trees made of roofs I
TORE them.

I

TORE them.

I tore someone?s eyes from their coat and someone wearing a coat made
I saw someone collapse in an aching paralysis I knew now I left them alone
I saw someone wearing a coat made of eyes I saw it

I saw sunlight lifting off the back of the suburbs

saw houses shake the sunshine off their backs and hunch in the shadows I
saw
I saw
I
wearing a COAT made of eyes I
rained for an hour and an hour labled on top I whistled
I?m made of eyes
I?m made
someone wearing a coat made of eyes I saw them

I saw time rattling loosely off the walls and catching itself in the
carpet weave
I remembered the message painted on the inside of my eyelids and I nodded
you nodded back to me
I dressed myself in a coat made of eyes and spurted out of the house like
from a wound.

I saw someone wearing a coat made of eyes. I saw it.