

Radical

A Monologue
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*Note: This piece is a monologue from a larger work, **The Naked I: Monologues from Beyond Binary**, which was included in the 2003 National Transgender Theatre Festival at the WOW Café in New York City, and will be produced in February by the 20% Theatre Company Twin Cities. Stage directions are from the 2003 workshop production at Smith College, Northampton Mass.*

Characters:
GENDER FREAK
FANTASY WOMAN

FREAK enters from the back of the audience and makes hir way to the stage. Ze is loud and confident, clad in vinyl. Ze speaks to the audience, toys with it, taunts it.

FREAK

I like to be radical. I like to use harsh words like fuck and cunt, or intellectual queer theory words like binary or dysphoria. I like to fuck shit up. Down with the gender system! Fuck gender! Fuck society! Fuck oppressors. *(To audience member)* Are you an oppressor? Fuck you! *(Double flip off.)*

By now ze is onstage, strutting hir stuff.

I like my sex life to be radical. I like to fuck the kind of people where the whole world wonders “is that a boy or a girl?”

Picks a member of the audience.

Yeah, like you.

Seductive/dominating tone. FREAK approaches the victim, purring into hir ear.

I’d like to take you home with me and make sure not even you can ever tell again.

Climbs up and stands on the table.

I’m a female-bodied queer faggot top genderfuck punk, and don’t you ever forget it. *(Pointing at audience member)* I know you won’t. I like to keep people guessing, and make sure they want me anyway. *(To another audience member, seductively)* Are you guessing? Can you tell?

(Pause) Don’t you want me anyway?

(Laughs) What a rush of power.

I’ll fuck anybody, any way. *(to audience member)* Especially you. With whatever outrageous toys you want, any scenario, nothing’s too weird.

Runs hands up and down hir own body, radical porn star style.

I revel in my body. In its holes, its bones, its muscles. I know what I want and I know how to get it.

FREAK (CONT'D)

(Loudly) You can stick a nine inch dildo in me - and I'm talking diameter – *(indicates size with hands by making a circle with thumbs and index fingers)* and fuck me until I pass out. No problem. My cunt is fine. *(shouts)* I like to fuck shit up.

Shift, quieter...more intimate in a personal sense. Sits down on the table, looks down, a little bit ashamed. Still a little seductive, but more honest.

But I have a secret.
Sometimes, I just want a cock.

This to separate members of the audience as though recalling their shared experience with these toys.

No, not the red and black marbled one, or the one shaped like a dolphin, or the violet one that vibrates, or even the super realistic “real flesh sensation” one that comes complete with balls and bulging veins...

Walks around, stands behind table.

No, sometimes, I just want a real cock, attached to me.

Presses her groin into the back of the table, palms down on its surface.

I want to feel it harden when I'm aroused, to press it against my lovers, to feel it push inside them. *(Closes eyes, arches back)* Just once, I'd like to know what a blow job feels like. What it feels like to have my dick enveloped by a willing throat. *(Opens eyes, to audience)* And it's not just gay porn fantasies of making some boy bend over in a dark alley and feeling his ass give in to my pulsating member. *(Points to audience member)* I know you were thinking that. No, this is serious.

My secret is more shameful than that.

FANTASY WOMAN enters, in revealing lingerie. Long [blond] hair, big breasts, thigh boots. A seductive strut. FREAK looks at her, and acknowledges her, as she slowly approaches the table.

Sometimes, I would like to have a cock, and to make love with it, in every slow, sickening Hollywood detail.

FANTASY WOMAN moves to the table, lies down, her hair spilling over the end, legs spread.

To be a sickeningly straight man, making love with a sickeningly straight woman.

FREAK climbs onto the table, moves between her legs as if penetrating her.

My stubble on her smooth cheek. My hair short, hers long, bulging pectorals pressing into her soft breasts.

FREAK (CONT'D)

Stagehand throws a blanket over them – it covers their waists and legs as they simulate heterosexual intercourse – missionary position. FREAK's words build in speed and intensity with hir thrusts.

I'd like to slide gently into her, missionary position, feel myself inside her, and on top of her, feel her muscles and soft wetness around me, and make us both come so quietly and gently and heterosexually (*pause - they come*) that it makes me sick to admit it.

FREAK sits up between FANTASY WOMAN's legs, pulling the blanket around hir shoulders as if covering hir nudity. Ze suddenly looks very small. FANTASY WOMAN lies motionless, her legs still spread, face turned away from the audience.

What do you think of me now, huh? What kind of radical do you see? Where's all that power now? All that (*hits the sociology word hard, long*) agency? Am I just a victim of the mass media? What kind of radical wants to be the patriarchy?

Looks down at FANTASY WOMAN, runs hir fingers slowly up her bare thigh before looking back out at the audience.

Then again, maybe that's a pretty radical idea after all.

BLACKOUT.