

PORN STAR

A solo play in one act

By Craig Houk



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Cast of Characters

PORN STAR 50 years old. He is extremely well built and effeminate, but naturally so. He could be wearing, perhaps, an outfit consisting of very comfortable black slacks and a tank top. Lounge wear.

Place

Palm Springs

Time

2014

Porn Star: *(He faces upstage.)* So, this is my home. *(He turns downstage.)* It's a little overwhelming at first, I know. What with all the gold leafing. But you learn to appreciate its complexity after a while. I wanted the décor to be a reflection of my personality. I also wanted it to be a reflection of my income. *(He checks himself in a mirror.)* I do make a great deal of money in my line of work. *(Beat.)* Oh, I'll ask you to kindly remove your shoes before you go any further. I just had my floors done. Hardwoods polished. Ceramic washed. Stone scrubbed. Buffed, waxed and sanitized. Like my men. *(He laughs.)* Oops, watch out, sweetie. You almost slipped there, didn't you? Maybe you ought to remove your socks as well. Otherwise, you'll just slide from one end of the house to the other. And that'll be the quick tour. Of course, for better traction, you can always walk on my retro shag carpet runner.

(He sits on a settee.) You do recognize me, don't you pumpkin? *(Beat.)* You don't? *(Beat.)* How old are you? *(Beat.)* Come again? *(Beat.)* Really? Well, let's not share that information with anyone... official, okay? That'll just be our little secret. *(Beat.)* Well... baby... I've been doing pornographic films since... Oh, goodness, how long has it been? Since 1979. Long before you were... never mind. I still look great for my age, though, don't I? How old do you think I am? *(Beat.)* Come again? *(Beat.)* Really? *(Beat.)* You're very astute for someone so... well... fresh out of senior high. Well, my age will be our little secret as well.

(He rises.) So, anyway, would you like a drink? *(He starts for the bar.)* Do you drink? *(Beat.)* I'll need to see some ID. *(He begins to scoop ice into the shaker.)* I only have martinis. Oh, I don't mean that's all I have available to drink. I just mean all I ever drink are martinis. Lots of olives and extra dirty. Like my men. Sans the olives, of course. *(He pours the vodka into the shaker.)* I prefer gin over vodka. But, when I'm on a time crunch - and I always am - I don't have time to run off to Liquor Land for some gin. So, I settle for vodka. Sweetie, are you unwrapping a condom there? In a hurry? *(He takes a closer look.)* Oh, it's a Snickers Miniature. I see. Enjoy.

(He pours the olive juice into the shaker.) I have to let you know, up front, that I am a top. Always a top. Never a bottom. I mean, sweetie, look at me. It'd just be downright odd to have me, looking the way I do, sitting on top of some thick and lengthy penis. *(He puts the strainer and the lid on the shaker.)* And besides, my asshole is so tight, you'd have easier access to my wall safe. And I've got loads of jewelry and unreported cash stored in there. *(He is shaking the shaker and then stops.)* In my wall safe, pumpkin. Not my ass. You could barely store a toothpick in my sphincter. And speaking of toothpicks,

where in hell did I put those? *(He puts the shaker down and begins looking for toothpicks.)* I have to skewer my olives with a toothpick. It's just so gauche to leave them floating irresponsibly in the glass. *(He finds toothpicks and places them on the bar.)* I am disgusted when I see someone using their fingers to fish to the bottom of their martini for those alcohol-saturated olives. Ooh, I just get goose bumps thinking about it. You'd think I couldn't get goose bumps with my skin so taut and my body so muscular and tone, now would you sweetie? *(Beat.)* No, I have not had work done. Not from the neck down, anyway. You are very brave to ask, though.

(He pours vermouth into the glass.) So, pooky, I do have a bidet in the powder room, which is through those Egyptian doors, down the marble corridor and on your left, just past the replica of the bust of Nefertiti made from the excrement of a baboon. *(He swirls vermouth in glass.)* Cleanliness is next to... well, it's a must. *(He empties the glass into a container under the bar.)* I don't have any of the necessary equipment to give you a proper enema. *(He takes lid off the shaker and pours martini into the glass.)* Unless, of course, you wouldn't mind using the garden hose out back. It's between the hot tub and the sauna, both located just beyond the in-ground pool but not as far as the guesthouse. *(He spears an olive with a toothpick and places it in the martini.)* I do have amazing water pressure, though. So be careful. You could flush out a few vital organs. *(Beat.)* Bidet, sweetie. It's French for toilet.

(He sits on settee with his drink and fluffs a pillow or two before settling in.) Anyhoo, I'm sure you're wondering why my voice is unusually, but not overtly, higher and more effeminate than what you would expect considering my physique. Few people find it a turn off really. But my agent insists that, while I'm having sex on film, I use a more masculine voice. *(He sips his martini.)* My mother is always looking out for my best interest. *(He sips the martini.)* It's a little difficult to sustain a deeper voice with all that complicated dialog, though. Sometimes, my throat gets a little scratchy after hours and hours of "Suck that dick!" and "You like it in the butt, boy?" or "Chew on daddy's asshole, yeah!" But I just make sure that I have a large container of pineapple juice on the set at all times. I don't know why, but it keeps my voice in tiptop shape. *(He sips his martini.)*

I'm sorry. I haven't made you a drink, now have I? What did you say you wanted, honey? *(Beat.)* What do you mean you couldn't get a word in? Are you suggesting that I've been dominating this entire conversation? Well, I am sorry, but in this world, if you don't speak up, you aren't heard. Believe me, cupcake, I learned that the hard

way. Ever since I was a child, I wanted to go into show business. But I never said a word. Not to anyone. *(Beat.)* Well, I was afraid that people would think I was nelly or queer. Like my Uncle Fred. *(Beat.)* No, Uncle Fred wasn't in show business. He attended every Broadway musical there ever was, though. And he did make a habit of following Chorus boys home to their New York apartments and demanding they sign his playbill... with their urine. *(He sips his martini.)* Uncle Fred's been in prison since... Actually, I think he's dead now. *(Beat.)* Anyway, so where was I going with this?

(He places the martini on the end table.) Oh yes. So, at the age of thirteen, I finally said to my parents, "I want to be in show business!" Well, I barely got those words out of my mouth when my father grabbed me by the arm, took me to my mother's closet, forced me into one of her Chanel's and a pair of Candies and said, "There, now you can be the tiny flying fairy in daddy's little play called 'Peter Pansy'". *(He retrieves his martini and takes a sip.)* I'll never understand why Daddy thought Mommy's Chanel went with those Candies. Anyway, it's my father who's in prison now. He's been there since... oh, goodness, since... since he killed Uncle Fred, I think. Now, I don't condone hate crimes. But in my uncle's case, it was a mercy killing. By that point, he had been diagnosed with a multiple personality disorder. Turns out he wasn't gay. One of his personalities just happened to be Carol Channing. Which, of course, explained his obsession with gay men and pee.

So, from that moment on, my mother had been my sole support through everything. *(He returns the martini to the end table.)* She took me to all of my singing lessons, dancing lessons, acting lessons. And she took me to every audition out there. And one day, it all paid off. *(Beat.)* I was cast in this commercial for Hasbro. And while we were rehearsing the spot, the director turned to the casting agent and said to her, "My gimpy, tone-deaf niece with the bilateral lisp has more talent than this little turd burglar!" And that's when the sweet lady from wardrobe said, "Maybe so, but he's hung like a water buffalo." *(Beat.)* So, my mother got this great idea. She updated my resume to read "age 18" and off we went to Hollywood. She said to me, "You're going to be in movies." And I said, "Do you mean like Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman?" And she said, "No, honey. Like Max Dangler and Johnson Ryder." And I said, "Okay."

(He crosses to the bar for another martini.) I must say though that, since then, my life has had its many ups and downs. And when I say ups and downs, I am not referring to my last film. *(Beat.)* I mean, it's been difficult. What with all the available drugs and alcohol and fancy cars and fabulous mansions and men. And let's not forget about

the terrible epidemic that has changed our lives forever and has claimed so many wonderful human beings over these many years. It's all very sad, really. *(Beat.)* I know, I know. We've come a very long way, what with the advanced treatments and the PreP, but it ain't over yet. So, I like to do my part and drop a little reminder here and there. A bit of wisdom from someone who has been fortunate enough to survive it all. *(He crosses to and checks himself in the mirror again.)*

And I have survived it all because I have always insisted on safe sex. And I have always insisted on wearing a condom. Like the one you're prying open right this very minute. Sweetie, not with your teeth. You'll puncture the latex. And that isn't good. And besides, I'm having such a lovely time chatting with you. *(Beat.)* Why is every man I know in such a huge rush to get into my pants? Okay, I know, that's a silly question. The reasons are obvious and your intentions are flattering. *(He crosses to front of settee, places the martini on the end table and begins to fluff pillows with his rear end to the audience.)* But baby, I haven't even made you a drink. And, quite honestly, I don't think it's such a good idea that we do it on our first night together. *(He turns and sits abruptly on settee.)*

Did you just cum? *(Beat.)* Cupcake, you just spilled your load all over my Brazilian teak wood floors. I spent a fortune having those redone and you just prematurely ejaculated all over them. *(Looking to the floor.)* Have you been saving that up for a few months? I mean, sweetie! My cat, Cher, could do the backstroke in what you've left there. *(Beat.)* I'll ask you to kindly clean that up and then I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to leave. *(Beat.)* Well, don't stand there like some child who's just spilled a glass of milk. I mean, this isn't milk we're dealing with here, now is it? At your age, that stuff's so toxic, it'll probably eat all the way through to the foundation.

Oh, honey. I only have four hundred thread count Turkish towels. So, I'll have to ask you to use the t-shirt that's hanging out of the back of your pants to wipe this up. *(Beat.)* That's right. Your shirt. *(Beat.)* You missed a spot. *(He returns the martini glass to the bar.)* I'd clean it up myself, but my stomach has been a little sensitive today and the smell of fresh semen can be a little overwhelming, as you know. *(He laughs uncomfortably.)* You missed a spot. *(Beat.)* There you go. *(He sits on the arm of the settee.)* Well, that does it, I guess. *(Beat.)* I have to admit that I'm rather disappointed with the whole evening. I mean, I don't like to have my time wasted. And I'm afraid that's just what you've done. *(Beat.)* It's time to go, pumpkin. *(Beat.)* That's right. You do remember where the front door is, don't you sweetie? *(Beat.)* You do? Good. Would you mind going out the back? *(Lights to black. End of play.)*