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We help older performers fulfill their theatrical dreams!

ArtAge Publications

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Gametes Unite!

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GAMETES, UNITE! by Leah Halper

CAST

EGG: Female, 60-plus, bedraggled, dressed in white, skirted, with bandaged head

SPERM: Shorter male, 60-plus, Jewish, exhausted, dangling dingy kinked rope behind him, limping

Place: Inside a human uterus

Time: The present

At rise: Lights up on EGG, who is in a posture immediately identifiable as yoga. She sighs, checks her watch, takes another pose. Long moment. From the back of the theatre, SPERM appears, doing a breathless, tired breast stroke.

EGG: (coming out of pose, amazed) Oh my god. You made it.

SPERM: (*treads water, pompously, posturing*) Spermatozoid, at your service. (*beats his chest*) I fought my way to the top. I beat 'em at their own game. (*has a coughing spasm*) First among sperm cells. (*bows*) Carrying 23 matched sets of chromosomes, each coded with up to 3,100 exciting and versatile genes. Best of the bunch. (*looks nervously behind him*) Mixed with various fluids for maximum mobility, then, with supernatural grace and force, raced forward, vanquishing all 20 million others, most of whom were klutzes, shleppers, schlemiels, lousy swimmers, or frankly dead. May they rest in peace. (*looks back again; coughs*) Now, instructions require that I unite with the egg, which I presume to be you. With no further ado. (*He lunges, swims forward*.)

EGG: (touching up her hair) I can't believe it. I never thought. Me of all the eggs in the follicles. I'm forgetting my genetic instructions and everything, I'm so flustered. (pulls herself together; takes out notebook; reads) The sperm cells will arrive in seminal

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fluid, propelled by (*She catches sight of the motionless rope and loses steam.*) long whiplike tails?

SPERM: (*stops*; *giving rope a twitch*) It got me here, didn't it? We don't have time to schmooze. (*swims forward*)

EGG: (folding arms; turning away) You're in a big hurry. You didn't even ask about me.

SPERM: (*stopping*) You? What's to ask? (*She screws up her face to cry.*) Oh, jeez, be quick about it, then. (*looks behind himself*) There are 199 million schnooks on my tail, every one of them trained since birth to compete ruthlessly for first place. (*coughs*)

EGG: (preening) I've been present in rudimentary form ever since her conception.

(SOUND CUE: Soft violins)

EGG: I grew in my own special follicle in the company of up to 100,000 other follicles, but only 400 of us ever mature to make the TDT—trip down the tubes. (giggles) That's what we called it—TDT. We had a good time. Anyway, I broke free. To make a baby, you have to break an egg! Get it? And the cilia swept me in, and I've been tripping down the tube for one day, six hours, and ten minutes now. All the other eggs got absorbed by her body so I guess there must be a special reason for our meeting like this.

(SOUND CUE: Violins swell)

EGG: An angel looking down on us.

SPERM: Angel schmangel. It's biology.

(SOUND CUE: Violins stop)

SPERM: Can we unite already? I don't have time to be noodling around. (*He swims forward to edge of stage.*)

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