

As I edit pieces for my book of plays I'm going to put out next year, I plan to subject y'all to the shorter ones that also could be considered works of "creative nonfiction." The piece below is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. (hah!) (It will be edited by someone with a keen eye before published in book form. Unfortunately I always seem to miss at least one typo/spelling error in my own work).

Warning: This has adult content (big surprise).

Sheilaphilia

A very short monologue about a oh so terrible affliction

Performed at Spoken Sex Words II
Common Grounds, Gainesville FL
October 2002

I dare any performer with the ovaries to adapt this to suit their context. Just change the title, the condition name, city and details as necessary. And then give a nod to me.

Talks directly to the audience.

One day I realized that Gainesville's erotic life centered on me. That's right. You think I'm exaggerating. You, *(points to someone in the audience)* yes you, you masturbate thinking about me, don't you? Don't deny it. *(Pause for audience response and laughter)*. Oh, you're probably one of those who flaunt your depravity.

Now, it might be my fault having done things like let people eat fruit off of my body and producing plays with scenes about wanting to fuck men in the ass. Be that as it may, this affliction has affected so many people that a new condition has been entered into the Complete Dictionary of Sexology *(long pause for effect)* Sheilaphilia.

Sheilaphilia, noun. 1. The condition of loving and/or lusting after Sheila. 2. The overwhelming desire to emulate Sheila, specifically while having sex.

Signs of Sheilaphilia include, but are not limited to:

A pronounced sway in the hips as you walk regardless of your sex/gender/orientation.

A **penetrating** voice *(voice gets very loud and weird)* that can be heard a mile away, this is most noticeable in the previously soft-spoken.

A tendency to talk about sex with almost anyone almost anywhere.

Obsessive thoughts about Sheila especially when engaged in sexual acts

An orgasm that is without a doubt a loud, rolling laugh.

Some individuals save programs from my shows and use them as aides de amor. They repeat lines from my plays and rub the programs all over their bodies. The most direly infected dress up like me and masturbate in front of the mirror. Couples have been heard arguing over who

gets to be Sheila tonight. The truly kinky decided they both get to play Sheila, orgasming together in a loud stream of “Oh, my God, Oh my God” ending in that damn laugh.

The first step to recovery is to admit that you have a problem. You must be willing to stand up and admit to a room full of strangers that you’re a Sheilaphiliac. How many of you are ready to take that first step? Stand up! (*Waits*). Now repeat after me:

My name is. . . fill in your name here.

(*waits*)

and I have a problem.

(*waits*)

I am a Sheilaphiliac.

(*waits*)

I want to fuck Sheila.

(*waits*)

I can’t hear you.

I want to fuck Sheila

(*waits*)

Louder!

I want to fuck Sheila

(*waits*)

Louder!

(*waits*)

One more time!

(*waits*)

Doesn’t that make you feel better? I know it makes me feel better. Much, much better.

Oh one more time just for me.

I want to fuck Sheila!

(*waits*)

Takes a bow.