

Nest of Hairs

A short play

By Mark Chrisler

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NEST OF HAIRS

Gurdy sits in a chair down center. She is old. Perhaps dying. There is a sheet on her legs. Next to her is Hugh, who watches as her eyes slowly close and her head bows. After a moment, he somberly grabs the blanket and begins pulling it over her head.

GURDY

(Snapping to)

I'm not dead, you fucking imbecile!

Hugh nervously replaces the sheet, as though he were only straightening it.

GURDY

Leave me alone! Get out of here and never come back, you micro-dicked prick!

A moment of silence. Hugh does not leave. Gurdy begins to nod off again, and as Hugh once more turns his attention to the sheet, she lets out a braying moan.

GURDY

Ooooh, my fucking ass!

A moment.

GURDY

Hugh! I said my fucking ass hurts! Why do I bear this shit-sucking torment?! If only there were some medicine...

Hugh removes a bottle of pills from his jacket pocket and offers them helpfully to her.

GURDY

Don't give that shit to me, you goddamn clod!

Hugh nervously and penitently pockets the pills. A moment.

GURDY

My aaaaasssss hurts!

Hugh nervously paces back and forth,
indecisively, trying to envision a strategy to help.

GURDY

For Christ's sake, you ninny of a cum stain: you're making me nervous! Why don't you just leave already?

Hugh sits. Gurdy slowly begins to nod off again,
then pops up awake once more.

GURDY

You know why my ass hurts?

(before Hugh can answer)

Because of this damn pilonidal! You know what that means? Pilonidal?

(before Hugh can answer)

Nest of hairs! It means 'nest of hairs!' There's a nest of hairs in my ass, Hugh. And it hurts! It really. Fucking. Hurts.

Hugh rises, begins to pull the pills again from his
pocket.

GURDY

I swear to fucking Vishnu, if you pull those goddamn pills from your pocket again I will clamp onto your balls like a pit bull!

Hugh sits again.

GURDY

It's like there's a balloon in my ass! It's swelling like the heart of a young lover.

They both pause momentarily in pleasant
contemplation of that image.

GURDY

Only it's full of puss! Hair and puss! There's a baseball built of hair and puss hardening against my spine, Hugh! It needs rubbing out. What are you going to do about that, Hugh?

Hugh contemplates a moment, rises, crosses
behind Gurdy.

GURDY

Don't you try to massage my ass, you geriatric old lecher! I'll scream! I swear I will! "Rapist!" I'll scream. I might do it anyway. Scream "Rapist!" How would you feel about that, you mucous plug of a man? Just go. Get out of here!

Hugh crosses back to his seat near Gurdy. After a moment she begins to nod off. Once her head is fully bowed, Hugh waits a moment; then--somerly--reaches for the sheet to pull it over her. Gurdy reawakes.

GURDY

It's excruciating! It's almost unbearable now! Like a watermelon breach birth! It wouldn't be so bad if I could just lie down. Why do those morons have me sitting up like this? I feel like a balancing seal, if the beach ball were its testicles! Hugh! Go and ask them why I can't lie down!

Hugh pops up, crosses to exit.

GURDY

Not now, you turd-smelling rube! It was rhetorical! Get a fucking education already!

Hugh begins to returns to his seat.

GURDY

That doesn't mean come back to me! At least you were headed in the right direction! Don't you understand, I don't want you here! Leave or I'll scream and bray your ears off. I'll make them bleed. I'll leave you deaf. I'll make you fucking suffer like the rat-fink scum you are! That's right, Go!

Hugh stops. Slowly begins to leave.

GURDY

Great mother of whores! If I could put my feet up it might hurt a little less.

Hugh suddenly crosses back, grabs his chair, brings it around to the front of Gurdy.

GURDY

Oh, Hugh. For me?

Hugh grabs her feet and helps put them up on the chair. Gurdy begins beating him about the head.

GURDY

No! No! No! I won't do it! Let me go!

Hugh recoils. A moment.

GURDY

Exit! Egress! Scram! And take your damn chair!

Hugh returns the chair to its initial position. He does not yet sit.

GURDY

I swear. A woman is in pain. She's dying. And all he wants to do is make it better. Selfish cunt spawn! I bitch and all you can think to do is MAKE IT BETTER?! You sonofabitch! It's all I have left! And I won't have it for much longer. I'll soon be rid of it--not yet, but soon--and you sit there trying to rob me of my suffering! I'll scream until I'm gone! So leave! Why do you stay by for my spiteful hate?! Huh? Why do you stay?! Just go!

Hugh crosses to exit, stops, turns, crosses back slowly; sits next to Gurdy. She nods off. Her eyes close. Her head falls. After a long moment, and with great sadness, he pulls the blanket up over her. Another moment.

GURDY

(pulling the sheet off of her violently)

I said not yet, moron!

Quick blackout. End.