

# **DON'T SHRINK ME**

A one act comedy

by Ashley Nader

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## Don't Shrink Me

Written by Ashley Nader

Gerald: Therapist

Jade: Young woman who has an addiction to chocolate

Henry: Obsessed with women's clothing

Sarah: Having an affair

Shrink: Gerald's shrink

Scene: Gerald talking to audience while having breakfast and getting ready to go to work

Gerald: I'm no ordinary therapist. I listen, talk, share and ask things that wouldn't usually be asked. My clients are real people with real problems. Like we all are. Sometimes having a person to share, talk and not judge is all what we are looking for once in a while.

Gerald: My day starts off as normal. Wake up, get dressed, have my glass of orange juice, my cereal, my vitamins and a glass of water. Breakfast is the most important meal of the day. It gives us that boost to start the day with a bang.

Gerald: I get to work, check my post, view my diary for the day and align my mind to be open and free for what the day may bring.

Gerald: I have just taken on three new clients. All with their own issues and problems, yet if we take a chance to listen to each other and ask the right questions we could actually find exactly what we are looking for.

Gerald: We always think that if we were placed in a position of feeling good versus doing the right thing that we would do what was moral. Not always. Our moral compass is not always aligned to the ultimate balance of life. After all we are human.

Gerald: So do you enjoy it?

Sarah: You need to be a bit more specific. Are you referring to the threesomes or the bondage?

Gerald: Both actually.

Sarah: Very much so. Nothing like two hot men fulfilling out your fantasies and desires, with leather, whips and chains.

Gerald: You seem so prim and proper to dabble in things of that nature.

Sarah: This is just one of the many faces of Sarah. We all have them.

Gerald: So how many faces do you have?

Sarah: Lets see. I would say about 6.

Gerald: That's quite a few. Doesn't it tire you being all these different personas?

Sarah: Not at all! It happens all the time through out the day as we change our surroundings. From mother to neighbour to friend to wife to teacher and to of course my favourite persona, dirty minx.

Gerald: So which persona are we feeling at the moment?

Sarah: Dirty minx. Reeoooww (Does the hand movement)

Gerald: So, dirty minx Sarah. Obviously this side of you was created for a specific reason. Care to share?

Sarah: Have you ever watched a porn movie?

Gerald: Yes quite a few actually. Have you?

Sarah: On a few occasions.

Gerald: Do you enjoy them?

Sarah: Yes but not for the arousal.

Gerald: Then what is the point?

Sarah: The fantasy. The enjoyment that anything could happen and there is no reality, just ecstasy and pleasure.

Gerald: So you watch that and wish that was you?

Sarah: Well not anymore. Since the threesomes.

Gerald: Was one of the participants your husband?

Sarah: Are you insane? The only thing his ever enjoyed that has three sides is a samoosa.

Gerald: Why not include and let him enjoy being in your fantasy?

Sarah: So that he can judge me. Tell me I'm perverted and blame me for the way our kids turned out. He does what you do. He can talk to people for a living yet can't open up to me. He even recommended you.

Gerald: Does he have a point about your kids?

Sarah: No.

Gerald: Are you sure? This is a safe haven for you to share. That's why you are here.

Sarah: I'm here because my husband is adamant that I need to talk to someone. Our kids are screwed up on their own choices in life. I don't think it has anything to do with our marriage.

Gerald: You don't think they pick up on your adultery?

Sarah: They so involved in their own lives and issues, that they don't know the difference when I'm there or not.

Gerald: So is that maybe why you have the threesome to get acknowledgement and feel a part of something.

Sarah: Having orgasms and not being able to connect with my kids are two different topics. Because I tell you if they were the same I would be put in an asylum.

Gerald: How do you think your kids would react if they found out of your extra marital activities.

Sarah: They are so far up their own arses they could give themselves colonoscopies. As long as the money for their studies and partying

doesn't dry up and they don't need to lift a finger at home, then there's no problem.

Gerald: Is that the only reason why they stay at home?

Sarah: Definitely. Five maids, four entertainment rooms, three chefs, two jacuzees and a fucking partridge in a pear tree.

Gerald: No hidden anger towards them at all, I see.

Sarah: You raise your kids with the best morals possible and hope that they will find themselves and become something admirable.

Gerald: Surely they need a source to learn from, besides the cheating and threesome analogies.

Sarah: I am human, I have flaws and weaknesses, surely people can learn from my mistakes without following the same path.

Gerald: Mistakes are errors in judgement that you learn from and try not to repeat. So, are you saying the bondage, and cheating are errors in judgement and will try not to be repeated?

Sarah: Are you mad. I have those gigalos on speed dial. They are my life raft. The reason my family hasn't turned into a CSI crime scene is because of those men.

Gerald: Does your husband enjoy sex with you?

Sarah: Of course he does.

Gerald: Okay let me rephrase that, do you enjoy sex with your husband?

Sarah: I am dynamite in the bedroom, especially after my dirty sessions, I come back with new tricks and positions every time. I'm so limber, I can bend like a pretzel. It's like the potato theory.

Gerald: You have my full attention. What is the potato theory.

Sarah: A potato can be compared to anything in life. It is so versatile when cooking, it can be enjoyed in different varieties and forms depending on your outlook.

Gerald: I think I understand what you are saying. So what potato dish would your husband be?

Sarah: Baked potato with SOUR cream.

Gerald: How do you see yourself in the potato family?

Sarah: Im not just one thing I vary all the time. I go from a hashbrown, to wedges with chilli salt, mash with garlic and also roasted in olive oil.

Gerald: Have you tried communicating with him and spicing things up a bit?

Sarah: Anymore spicing up and there would be cayenne pepper on his crack.

Gerald: There goes being prim and proper.

Sarah: I had a fight with my circle of friends a few years ago when I had to pay through an agency. They would tell me “Don’t give up” “Love conquers all” “That’s such a betrayal to him, try harder” If I try any harder I’ll get carpet burn on my pink flower pot.

So I stopped sharing and now I do the sweet sugar coated candy floss bullshit conversation with them, the normal chat about hair, make up, clothes, and liposuction. Anyway maybe it’s for the best because both of the men currently in our fluff sandwich are my two friend's sons.

Gerald: Is that for payback?

Sarah: It happened by accident, yet it was good coincidence and they are so much cheaper then the agency.

Gerald: What would happen if your husband had to find out?

Sarah: To be honest, I haven’t thought of the consequences in ages. I have been getting away with it for so long, it has become part of a routine.

Gerald: Routine? Like brushing your teeth or changing your underwear? It’s like second nature?

Sarah: Yes like brushing my teeth, not the underwear, I don’t always wear those things. I find them to constricting on my honey pot. It’s like putting an eagle in a bird cage.

Gerald: You still haven't answered the question.

Sarah: I am not sure of how he would react, we are so disconnected, the only thing we can agree on is me being here. I don't know what he would do.

Gerald: We will then go deeper into that in our next session. As always at the end of the session. You get to ask me a personal question.

Sarah: How do you feel about foursomes?

Gerald: In general, or about you and your merry men?

Sarah: Both!

Gerald: Never thought of it actually, never been in a physical act with more than four arms and legs.

Sarah: We could be human Octopi.

Gerald: Well look at the time! We will need to continue this at our next session.

(Lights dim)

Gerald: Dealing with all different walks of life in a small space of time definitely makes you realize how big the world is with all its problems and agendas, and then again we are not all so far apart. Granted, not everyone has the same problems. Yet we all have problems. Some choose to deal with their demons head on, others come here and share them in privacy.

(Lights)

(Gerald in his chair, Henry standing by his chair)

Gerald: Would you prefer to stand again like last time or would you like to take a seat and make yourself more comfortable?

Henry: I'm happy to stand for the moment. I'll sit when I'm ready.

Gerald: Okay, so from our discussion last time we didn't really get to

understanding why you are here.

Henry: I haven't shared that much with anyone as much, besides my girlfriend.

Gerald: That's right, how is Michelle?

Henry: She is good! The morning sickness has stopped.

Gerald: Do you know if it's a boy or a girl yet?

Henry: Not yet, we scheduled for a scan next week to find out.

Gerald: If you had a choice what would you prefer, a boy or a girl?

Henry: Honestly a girl, because then my obsession wouldn't be so weird if it consumed her.

Gerald: It sounds serious. Are you ready to share?

Henry: That's why I am here to get clarity and either accept this for what it is or get help to move pass this.

Gerald: That's a healthy attitude to have. It's just you and me.

Henry: (Takes hoodie off from his head and begins to slowly unzip)  
About three years ago me and some mates were drinking at a pub and in the drunk hype of the moment we had a drinking competition and I lost and had to do a forfeit.

Gerald: So your obsession dates back since then?

Henry: It's gotten worse since that day. You try something once and think it will never change who you are and three years later and twenty thousand rand down the drain you find yourself doing things you thought you weren't capable of.

Gerald: So what's your addiction?

Henry: (Opens his jacket) Bra's!

Gerald: Did you decide on the colour?

Henry: Yes, I did. It just jumped out at me in the shop.

Gerald: So how do you feel, when you purchase the bra's?

Henry: Nervous and excited. Nervous as I feel people are watching me, if I bump into someone I know or the cashier looks at me funny I give them some old story like "It's for my girlfriend. It's a surprise". Then once I walk out the shop I become a kid at Christmas ready to open the packet and enjoy the present.

Gerald: Does that excuse work?

Henry: It seems to work all the time. I get comments like "I wish my boyfriend thought of me like that". "My husband would never do that even if I paid him" "Your girlfriend must be really special".

Gerald: Does Michelle know about your obsession?

Henry: No. I have tried to tell her so many times, yet I get so close and then back down. I'm her man, I am supposed to protect her and wear the pants in the relationship, not the lacey bra with flowers.

Gerald: Well the first step is to reveal any issue or problem, so you have taken a big step by sharing. You will know when the time is right to share.

Henry: I feel calm and that you won't judge me.

Gerald: Twenty thousand Rands worth of bra's, I'm sure you have quite a collection.

Henry: Not just bra's, panties as well, you want to see? They're a matching pair.

Gerald: I think let's just stick to the bra's for the moment.

Henry: If I had kept my collection, I would have 48 pairs of panties and a 112 bra's.

Gerald: What do you do with them?

Henry: I have a system in place. I'm always scared that I get caught so I choose a special day during the week, to wear them, so on a day when I

am not sleeping at Michelle's, or a big exam or a family get together. Anything where I feel I need me a pick me up, that extra support to feel good and face any challenge. Then once that task is over I get changed and put on my dull underwear on and place the stuff in a plastic bag which goes in my boot, and then every month I go to the Laundromat give the delicates a good clean out and then drop them off at the women's shelter.

Gerald: Why the women's shelter?

Henry: Doesn't matter who you are. All woman deserve a chance to feel beautiful.