

CHICKEN, AIRBAGS & WORS

a South African comedy  
by Ashley Nader

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## CHICKEN, AIRBAGS & WORS

Written By Ashley Nader

TV Announcer: Well done to Frikkie Groot Wors Van Der Merwe, for getting through to the next round. Join us next week on South Africa's first ever Gay reality TV show "Touch me in the dark."

Julie: Wow, I didn't think Frikkie was going to make it.

Shannon: I know right, especially when he was going against Hank Big Eggs Smith and Kobus Pothole Naude.

Julie: Can't wait to see next week's episode.

Shannon: What time are you leaving for your folks?

Julie: I told them I'll be there just before six.

Shannon: Have you told your parents yet?

Julie: Are you mad? Will drop that little bomb on them when I see them.

Shannon: So you're not going to give them any time at all to think about it?

Julie: Not much to think about. "Mom, dad, I want a tit job."

Shannon: Just like that. Really, you're going to say "tit?"

Julie: Okay, "Mom, dad, I want to turn my tennis balls into airbags, so people won't confuse me for a twelve year old boy or a walking surf board.

Shannon: Sounds better. Do you think they'll really pay for it?

Julie: I can only try, a couple of tears here and there. Explain to them that it's an investment for my sanity and my future.

Shannon: For your sanity and your future? Really?

Julie: The old saying goes don't judge a book by its cover, yet the cover encourages you to read the book. What does my cover say? "Man with vagina?"

Shannon: No it doesn't, you're perfect as you are.

Julie: I could look better. Besides the guys at work won't shut up with the teasing and taunting. They said yesterday in front of a CLIENT "Lay her on her back and she can be extra desk space".

Shannon: Pay no attention to them, they're just being arse holes.

Julie: I got them back and put brooklax in their coffee.

(High five) Just after a while - hearing this over and over, it starts feeling like my reality. I look in the mirror and it looks like I go from rib to nipple.

Shannon: Not all guys like women with massive knockers.

Julie: Yes, the gay type. I don't want massive watermelons that have to be carried in two shopping bags or plonked into a wheelbarrow. Yet a nice shape and size would be good.

Shannon: Would that make you happy?

Julie: I think it would be a bloody good start.

Shannon: Then it's worth it.

Julie: I appreciate your care and concern, yet you have content puppies that work for you. I don't!

Shannon: I may have a boyfriend, yet it doesn't all weigh on these things. Richard hasn't touched these puppies. They've been locked away in their kennels.

Julie: You've been with him for three months! Not even a sneak peak?

Shannon: Nothing. Don't even get me started on my bacon curtain, I feel kosher. Surprised it hasn't closed

over.

Julie: So why are you still with him?

Shannon: He treats me like a lady. We go out for dinner, take long walks, we chat and share and just can be with each other. He makes me feel protected.

Julie: You want protection? Buy yourself a trellidor. Aren't you sexually frustrated?

Shannon: Yes. So much I could hump a tree, yet I'm not looking for those scummy one-night stands. I'm looking for something long term with love and potential.

Julie: I don't know. He doesn't seem right to me. I've told you this before, there's something funny there. He's 29 and still works @ the fudge palace and drives a scooter.

Shannon: He's coming over later to talk to me. It sounds quite important. You're right. I think it will be good for us to sit down and really share what's on our minds and share our wants and needs.

Julie: Good. Well, I think all is packed and I am ready. Hopefully when this weekend is over I will have good news that will come along with a pair of airbags. All the best with Richard.

Shannon: Hi to your folks, send them my love. Travel safe.

Julie: Cheers

Shannon: Bye

Julie: Before I forget, let me take this with me, so I can show them the size I want. (Picks up bra)

Shannon: Drive safe. Don't speed.

Julie: Blah blah. Bye.

Shannon: Oh well. Waste not want not.

(New scene)

Shannon: (on the couch crying, singing and stuffing her face with fudge) The winner takes it all...

Julie: (off stage) Hello, I'm home.

Shannon: In the lounge. (Shovels more fudge in)

Julie: What a drive back... Sweetie what's wrong?

Shannon: Richard, he dumped me.

Julie: I'm so sorry, why? Everything seemed okay, if

anything you should have dumped him.

Shannon: (Cries out) He's gay!

Julie: That's what it was! It all makes sense now.

Shannon: It does?

Julie: Yes. His name is Dick for crying in a bucket. He has more beauty products than us combined, he goes to sleep with moisturizing gloves on, he has every Cher CD known to man and the biggest clue of all: "The pinky."

Shannon: The pinky?

Julie: (Shows her the pointing out pinky) When ever he drank, spoke or drove his pinky would flare up, like a little beacon of homosexuality.

Shannon: How about a little bit of sympathy please? I'm hurting. He would prefer hiding his sausage with some man then with me. What does that say about me? I loved him.

Julie: It says nothing about you.

Shannon: He made me feel so good about myself.

Julie: You loved the fact that he treated you well,

compared to some of the bastards you've dated. You are beautiful and with a straight decent man you'll find what you looking for.

Shannon: Not like Richard. There's no hope for me.

Julie: Of course, we just need to polish this piece of coal into a shimmering diamond. Lets stop with the fudge. We'll leave fudge up to Richard. How ironic, he's a fudge packer @ the fudge palace.

Shannon: One more bite.

Julie: No more fudge for you (slaps it out her hand)

Shannon: There's still a whole box in the spare room.

Julie: I'll phone the shop tomorrow and ask the manager to come and pick it up, just leave it to me.

Shannon: (Picks up the ABBA cover) The winner takes it all.

Julie: No more bloody ABBA.

Shannon: (Takes the blanket around her shoulders sits on chair and starts eating something) Enough about me being miserable. How about you? How was the weekend? Did they say yes to the surgery?



Julie: The weekend went well, was good to catch up with the folks and just be lazy, they said no to the surgery, scared something will go wrong. So they gave me this. (Puts the pamphlet on the table).

Shannon: I get like 20 of these shoved at me everyday in traffic.

Julie: I know I think it's a load of hogwash yet it says they supply breast enlargement cream.

Shannon: Seriously. I don't believe it. Why not just slap some yoghurt on them and see if that works.

Julie: I'm sceptical. Yet my parents are true believers that this stuff works.

Shannon: No way - did your mom try the cream?

Julie: No my dad went to see them. Read that part.

Shannon: Try new steaming method. No pills needed, just bring your penis, I will work on your penis and you will leave with surprise.

Julie: My dad's exact words are " they turned my chipolata into a brokwurst." If that wasn't bad enough my mom was blushing and giggling like a horny teenager.