

Ball-Hater

By

Nelson de Gouveia

@2014 Nelson de Gouveia

[nelson@nelsonscomey.com](mailto:nelson@nelsonscomey.com)

+27 82 721 6883

KITCHEN TABLE, STEAMING HOT COFFEE WAITING

Dale wakes up for a good 8 hours sleep and heads to the kitchen where he normally finds his partner Peter waiting with some breakfast. this time, he finds a cup of coffee and a note.

NARRATOR

It's a fairly normal day in the Wakefield house, just like any other. Every morning, Dale wakes up at 8am, proceeds to the kitchen and has his coffee with the man of his dreams. This time, all he finds is a cup of coffee and a note.

Dale sits down, reacts to the cold seat of the chair, grabs the coffee, calls out to his partner, sips on the coffee and smacks his lips, and sees the note. He opens it and begins to read. We hear Peter's disembodied voice reading out the note.

PETER

Dale,  
There's something I need to tell you.

DALE

Mhhmmm? (puzzled)

PETER

You remember when we went off jetskiing in the Maldives, and after 4 hours skinny-dipping in the little pool out by one of the private streams, we went back to the cabin and you asked me to lick your balls?

DALE

Mhhmmm...(giggling)

PETER

And that time we went to that gay rally where we protested against inequality, especially the anti-homosexuality bill the Nigerian government was passing prohibiting its citizens from expressing themselves freely? And then we went back home and you begged me to lick your balls?

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Remember the time we visited your parents' house, you helped your mom made the roast, and as I walked in you were telling her how happy you were with me and that I was the most important thing in your life, and that night I wanted to make love to you so sweetly, and you pleaded with me to lick your balls?

DALE

mhhmm...(sighs in recognition)

PETER

well, the thing is...I hate your balls.

DALE

????? ...(intake of breath)

PETER

Your balls are the ugliest I've ever seen in my entire life. 10 years of the same testicles planted up my nose while I had to lick them like an ice-cream for your pleasure. And the smell, urrrghhh, you never bothered to really clean them well enough to avoid the Body-Odour that came out like the stench from an underground sewer.

PETER

You never shave down there so it's a mess of a bush. What are you, God trying to seduce Moses? Every time I head to the bathroom and pick your pubes out like dark, black, whorish spaghetti!

PETER

And let's not forget how old and wrinkly your sperm factories have become since you've reached that near-death age of 40. God, Dale, haven't you grasped the concept of scrotum-stretching exercises in the morning before breakfast!?

PETER

It's over, we're through. I've had enough of your lovenuts on my face,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PETER (cont'd)  
they're disgusting and ridiculous.  
And just so you know, not only am I  
through with you, I am through with  
your type. That's right, I'm  
straight again, fucking girls now,  
getting me some poon-tang. At least  
THEY appreciate the concept of  
shaving, and they have NO balls. No  
more outties, I'm in it for the  
innie.

PETER  
Goodbye Dale, I've taken the couch  
and the dog. We may have bought it  
together, but they hold sentimental  
value to me, I hope you understand,  
or if you don't I don't care  
anymore. All my love..taken away  
from you...Peter.

PETER  
P.S. There's toast in the fridge,  
you faggot.

Dale finishes his coffee and gets up, walks to the bedroom  
and returns to the kitchen, dials on the keypad of his  
iphone.

DALE  
Hi, ABSA Bank? Barclays? There's a  
few credit cards I'd like to  
cancel...

THE END