

MY HAIR IS A SPOILED BRAT!

By Leviticus Jelks

CHARACTERS

KINKY WOMAN

Scene

Standing center stage is a KINKY WOMAN sitting on a stool and gazing into a mirror. She is in the middle of fixing her wild and kinky hair. She sets it in all sorts of ways: updoes, afros, funky pony tails. Nothing seems to look right to her and she finally gives up. From behind her, she takes out a wig stand with a nice and straight hair wig. Silky, soft and smooth. She sits it in front of her and stares at it. She then looks at her own reflection, pointing a brush at herself.

KINKY WOMAN

I am sick of you! You hear me? You have become such a spoiled brat! When did you get up the nerve to disrespect me? You see all these other types of hair walking around out there that are quiet and clean and nice to their respective heads. Laying back quietly into a braid. Shutting up and shifting back into a devastating ponytail. But not YOU! All you do is scream and draw attention to yourself. I am almost always scared to take you out in public because all you do is pitch a loud voice to anyone who tries to come near you. That's why people don't want to talk to me you know. It's because I got a spoiled brat stuck to my head. You are a kinky tumor, a nappy curse, a frizzy millstone around my neck. I'm tired of carrying you.

You didn't start out so evil. I grew you myself and I bore you out of love. Touching you and running my fingers through you at first, fascinated by your unique qualities. The way you highlighted my Kenyan nose and balanced my Ethiopian cheekbones. As a little girl, I would lie in bed and find myself cushioned by a nest of Black satin luxury. Like my own Mama came down from heaven and was cradling my head in her arms to sing me to sleep like she used to. But then you started to show your true colors when we got on the playground. Instead of blowing softly in the wind and bending like Becky's hair or Mary Ellen's hair or Consuela's hair, you stood stubborn and steadfast against the wind. You blocked it from my face and kept me so hot in the sun. You always liked to have your own way. You showed yo ass.

I buy you nice things to make sure that you always look your best, like hats, ribbons, bows, clips, combs, scrunchies, bunchies, headwraps and scarves. But what did you do? You rejected them all. Why? Because I spoiled you. You are ungrateful with all of the gifts I give to you. All the products which now stand collapsed one on top of the other on my bathroom shelf, like tired soldiers just come home from the war. The big hair war. No, more, I promise you that. I demand all my receipts by the end of the week, you hear me? I even tuck you in at night with a nice wrap to keep you warm. However, by morning, you have thrown my wrap all the way across the bed. You are just too wild child.

I sing to you. I sing all kinds of lullabies to you in the shower. Whitney, Shaka, Celine, practically all the divas, but I got to deal with a diva of my very own. I wet you down to try and clean you and how do you

repay me? You stand up tall and in my face and grow bigger and bigger, thinking that you can outgrow me. Well you can't. Because I'm gonna fix you.

She points to the wig.

KINKY WOMAN

You see that? That is the end of you my spoiled child. I finally got hair that is not going to talk back, be stubborn, or defy me (or gravity). Here she is. Let's see how she talks...

*She places the wig cap on her head and puts on the wig.
She looks at it for a minute in the mirror.*

KINKY WOMAN

Well this one ain't talking to me at all. She's so quiet. Hello up there. You got something to say?...

Beat.

KINKY WOMAN

I'm your new mama. You are my new child. Do you have anything to say to me?...

Beat.

Kinky Woman takes off the wig disappointed and shakes out her natural hair. She looks at herself in the mirror and smiles. She picks up her brush.

KINKY WOMAN

You just couldn't share the spotlight huh? Alright, calm down. I can hear you. I know...you're still mine. I grew you myself and I bore you out of love...But you're still fuckin' spoiled.

Kinky Woman continues the fight with her hair. But it is a fight that she secretly loves.

END OF PLAY.