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The stage is dark. A small haze of blue light, from a small window, illuminates the left side of JAY's face. He is blindfolded and gagged. The lights turn on revealing a bright pink room. Suddenly, all the lights turn on. The audience can see that JAY is tied to a chair with his hands tied behind his back. He is not a bad looking guy. He just needs a shave and a haircut. BORIS, stands by the door with a sick grin on his face. He is wearing nurse's scrubs. His hair is tied up and he adopts a very feminine way of walking and talking. He slides off his BACKPACK and puts it on the sad desk. He enters the room and closes the door behind him.

BORIS: Wakey, wakey, eggs and bakey.

(He takes the GAG out of JAY's mouth.)

JAY: Oh God! Wh-wha-where am I?

(Beat.)

BORIS: You're home.

JAY: No no no no no. What? What!?

BORIS: Calm down, baby, you're safe now.

(BORIS removes JAY's BLINDFOLD. JAY's head darts frantically across the room until his eyes land on BORIS.)

JAY: Boris?

(He swallows.)

What is happening?

(BORIS strokes JAY's face.)

BORIS: Shh, sweetie.

JAY: Don't shush me! What am I — what are you — let me the fuck out of here!