

## Twists and Turns

3 monologues for women

3 monologues for men



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*Lucy sits in the staff room of the massage parlour. She is dressed in a nurse's uniform. She has a watch hanging from a pocket on her blouse. The room is basic with a television, a kettle and cups. Above Lucy is a clock that shows 7.30 p.m. On the table in front of Lucy there is a bottle of wine and one glass.*

Officially, I am on duty now. They like us to start half an hour before a booking. One of my regulars has booked me for 8 p.m. He likes me to dress in a nurse's uniform, and we do a little role play; me pretending to examine him ... blah, blah, blah. He likes to think that he has seduced a nurse. Gives him a good feeling. Me? I feel nothing. The arrangement here is the punter pays the receptionist the door money and he gives me the 'extra' if you see what I mean.

*Pause.*

I expect you are wondering what has brought me here. Well the answer is life I suppose. Life brought me here. I struggled at school and left with very few qualifications. Had a few personal issues, you see. I found work difficult to hold onto. Had various problems with work colleagues. If I had a pound every time I heard the words: 'We're letting you go Lucy,' I'd be a rich woman. Then I wouldn't have to work here.

*Pause.*

I was down on my luck a few months ago. Between jobs, getting hassle from the benefits people. Then I saw the advertisement for a masseuse at a Gentleman's Club. No experience required, will train. So I rang the number, and spoke to a woman, who basically runs it with her husband. She asked me to come for a chat at the parlour. It wasn't like a normal job interview, bring