

Choice

By P. Hynds
A play in one act

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Characters

Woman

Man

All action takes place in one room.

SCENE ONE

The woman enters. She is dressed as if it is cold outside. She looks at her surroundings; a grubby looking room. There is a TV behind her. One chair is in the centre of the room.

She undresses.

She goes to sit on the chair and finds a note. She opens the envelope and reads it. She reaches underneath the chair, retrieving a blind fold. She eventually puts it on and sits.

After a long pause, the man enters. He watches her silently. He then leaves the stage and returns with a video camera. He rigs it up to the TV. He switches on the TV and starts filming the scene.

He then takes a seat opposite and watches for a while.

Woman Are you there? Sorry, I know the note said silence. *(Pause)* So are you there?

The man remains silent.

Woman Sorry.

The man stands, takes a pair of handcuffs and proceeds to cuff the woman to the chair. She makes noises as he snaps them into place. He then leaves the stage and returns, carrying a holdall. He places the holdall on the floor then bends down to it. He opens it and removes several items; one of them a mask which he puts on. He returns to his chair, picks up the camera and continues to film.

He approaches the chair where the woman is.

Woman I wasn't expecting handcuffs. Sorry, there I go again.

I can feel you. In fact when you are this close, I can smell you. Not that you smell bad; I mean it's a nice smell, not body odour or anything like that. I can smell your aftershave. I had a friend once who sold perfume for a living. He said that you could tell a lot about a person from their smell.

Fuck, I'm making a mess of this, aren't I? I'm a bit nervous, I guess. Don't get me wrong, I've done this before, it's just that normally I have a little bit more control. If you know what I mean? Of course you don't, how could you?

Yeah, I can smell you. I can hear you breathing. When you put the handcuffs on, I could feel your breath on my neck. It was warm.

Hot.

Well, of course it was warm; otherwise you'd be dead, wouldn't you? And I don't suppose dead people would go round breathing on people's necks, would they?

Fuck. I am really ruining this now.

Sorry.

The man puts his fingers on her lips. She is quiet. He then pinches her lips. She lets out an audible gasp. He films her body from top to bottom. He walks behind her; all the while filming.

He removes her blindfold. She takes a moment to adjust.

He returns to his chair, still filming.

Woman A camera? What's going on? You said nothing about being filmed. I didn't agree to filming tonight. If you'd have said...

Oh, who am I trying to kid? I would have come anyway. You should have warned me though. I would have shaved my legs a bit better if I'd known.

It's not being streamed, is it? This is just for your own personal use? I'm not live on the web or something, am I?

You didn't mention any of this.

Are you going to talk at all tonight?

Silence

Woman This is making me a bit nervous. Are you going to take your mask off? When are we going to start?

(Pause)

Oh, I see. We have started, haven't we?

(Pause)

Is this what you like?

(Pause)

What do you want me to do? Anything?

Please say something. No?

Do you want me to do anything? Although I can't really do much with my hands behind my back, can I? You're not some psycho, are you?

Maybe you are. We both must be, I suppose.

The man stands and leaves the room. She watches him leave.

Woman Shit, shit, shit.

He returns almost instantly and sits down.

Woman That was quick. Look, if you are going to fuck me, can we get on with it? I've been so horny all day, just waiting for tonight. I was almost caught playing with myself so many times today, just thinking about our meeting tonight. Seriously, I have been wanting to just fuck myself all day. At work, on the tube, even driving over here tonight, I was just so wet. Dripping.

Feel.

It's nice.

Silence

Woman Look, I'm not new to this. I found you, remember?

You can find anything, these days. Just type it in and up it pops. Whatever you want. Gone are the days when you had to hang around in bars, thank God. Picking someone up and getting them home just for some lame, micro-dicked idiot to poke around your clit like it was a fucking fragile thing they had never seen before. Faking an orgasm while cum drips down your crack. Was it good for you? Oh yeah. The best.

Look, can we just get on with this?

Please. I'm ready. I want you to do this.

The man once again stands and leaves the room. This time he is gone a little longer. He returns but does not sit down. Instead, he stands behind the woman.

Woman Why do you keep going out there? What's in there? We are alone here, aren't we? I said only one. No group shit. Not on a first meet.

Why are you behind me? Are you hard? I could make you hard. I will make you so fucking hard. Just let me. Come round here, let me suck you. Let me suck your big cock. Fuck my face. Skull fuck me. Come on, I want it now, I don't want to wait any longer.

Come on. Touch yourself. Feel your dick get hard in your hand.

Come on. Isn't that what we're here for? That's why I'm here. I want you to fuck me. Stick your face in my cunt. Lick me. Play with my clit with your tongue. Stick it in deep. Make me come with your mouth. Feel me come; lap up my come. Fuck it, stick your tongue up my arse too. Taste me. Stick your tongue up my arse while you finger my pussy.

Fuck, that sounds so good. Fuck me hard with your fingers while you lick my fucking arse. I want it now. If I could, I would be playing with my clit now; rubbing it so fucking hard; licking my fingers so I could taste myself. Shoving my fingers inside and then into your mouth so you could taste me. Taste my dripping cunt.

Please take these cuffs off. Let's get to it. I'm ready. Ready to be fucked like you promised. Fucked hard. I don't care if there is someone else here; they can fuck me too. I need this. I want you to fuck me. Stick one in my pussy, the other can fuck my arse. Both at the same time. Come on. Please, I want this so bad. So, so bad. I want your cock in me now.

A long pause

Woman This is fucked up; do you want it or what? I could be somewhere else you know. Letting them fuck me if you're not up to it.

Look, why don't you just untie me. I can make you feel so good if you just let me.

Silence

Woman Look. This isn't working for me anymore. You need to let me go. I think we should just forget this. Forget we chatted; forget we agreed to meet; just forget the whole fucking thing.

You are starting to creep me out a bit. I didn't sign up for this (*she laughs*). I just wanted a fuck. Is that too much to ask? Just a straightforward fuck. This kinky shit is a bit much. I mean, do you get many women wanting this?

I just thought your body looked hot on Skype. Your cock looked nice when you wanked it for me.

The man stands and reaches into the bag. He pulls out a fluffy toy and places it in her lap. There is a confused silence

Woman What the fuck is this? Look, I'm not comfortable anymore; I need to go. Can you please untie me? Look, people I know, know where I am if you hurt me. Please, just let - just let me go, I'm not enjoying this, it's freaking me out. I'm sorry, it's my fault; I should have asked what you were into a bit more. Can I go now?

I don't know what this means. You want me to fuck a teddy? That's freaky shit.

I'm in danger, aren't I?

He stands and goes back to the bag, pulling out a newspaper. He holds it in front of her face.

Woman Look, I just want to leave – why are you holding that in front of my face? Am I supposed to read it?

Please, just let me go, please don't hurt me. I know people. If you hurt me they will fucking kill you.

She starts to get very scared

Woman Seriously, they will cut you the fuck up. Now let me go, you sick fucker. Let me go now or I will start screaming so fucking loud. You live in flats. Someone will fucking hear me.

He stands, tears a sheet of the newspaper and stuffs it in her mouth. He watches for a while then eventually sits back down. He takes off his mask. She tries to speak but can't. It is obvious she knows who he is.

The woman lets out a howl of anguish.

He takes her life.

BLACKOUT

SCENE TWO

An eight year old boy is playing on the floor. The woman is on her phone.

Woman No, that's fine. What time will you be back?

Yes, he's fine, playing with his cars. We've just had tea.

Yes, I'll tell him. Ok, see you then, bye.

She hangs up, thinks for a moment and comes to a decision. She sits behind the boy.

Woman That was your daddy. He's away again tonight.

Oh, don't be upset, he misses you too. He'll be back tomorrow; you'll see him after school.

Tell you what, why don't I take you somewhere nice? There will be other little boys there that you can play with and maybe some girls.

The child pulls a face.

Woman Okay then, just little boys. You don't have to play with the girls. It'll be fun! Hmm?

That's settled then. Let me just make a quick phone call.

She leaves the room. The boy plays with his toys. She returns.

Woman Hey, guess what? You can go. There'll be lots of games and treats. You'll have a great time. Want to come? Okay then, let's get going. Where's your coat?

She dresses him in his coat and holds her hand out. He takes her hand and they leave.

They re-enter. Time has passed.

Almost the exact same scene plays out again. This time the boy plays roughly with his toy, perhaps breaking it.

Woman No, that's fine. What time will you be back?

Yes, he's fine, playing with his cars. We've just had tea.

Yes, I'll tell him. Ok, see you then, bye.

She hangs up and starts to text on her phone, while speaking...

Woman Daddy's away again tonight. He's very busy, isn't he, working hard all the time? Aren't you lucky to have me looking after you?

The boy gives no indication that he has heard her. He is tense, watchful of her.

Woman I said, aren't you lucky to have me to look after you? To take you to play with your friends and for special treats? Not all little boys get to stay up late and have so much fun.

There is no reaction from the boy.

Woman Tell you what, if you're a good boy and do as you're told, we can have a McDonalds on the way home.

Still no reaction from the boy.

Woman Come on, go grab your coat. We don't want to be late.

She again dresses him in his coat and holds her hand out. He hesitates before taking it and they leave together.

They re-enter.

The woman takes off the child's coat. He is withdrawn; immediately sitting on the floor and playing with his toy. His attention is fixed on the toy and he never makes eye contact with the woman.

Woman Now, remember what I said. This needs to be a special secret just between you and me. You don't want your daddy to get angry with you, do you? No, of course you don't. Good boy.

Almost the exact same scene plays out again but this time the boy is older; wearing a school blazer. He is fiddling with an iPhone instead of toys. He is very withdrawn.

Woman No, that's fine. What time will you be back?

Yes, he's fine, playing on his iPhone, as usual. He's had his dinner.

Yes, I'll tell him. Ok, see you then, bye.

She checks her watch and smiles to herself.

Woman Well, three guesses who that was. Your dad's not going to make it home again tonight. Must have got a better offer. Well I'm not staying cooped up in here just because he can't be bothered to look after his own bloody kid.

The boy doesn't react, all his attention is on his phone.

Woman Are you even listening to me?

Silence

Woman Someone should teach you some bloody manners.

The boy still doesn't speak.

Woman Oh come on, you know you love it there, stop playing innocent. Right, get your coat. We're going out.

Oh, and remember to keep your mouth shut.

This time she leaves ahead of him; not looking back; sure that he will follow her.

They return. This time he is visibly upset.

Woman Look, you know you like it as much as them. Stop with the sulking, will you? You wouldn't want all your mates to find out what you get up to, would you? I could make that happen, you know; and you know that he certainly could.

Sod this, I'm going out. You're too old for a fucking nanny anyway. Please yourself.

SCENE THREE

The woman is on her phone.

Woman Yeah, I know, saw it on the fucking BBC for God's sake.

No, I don't fucking know.

Well it wasn't mine; he's too much of a pussy.

Well somebody fucking did and you'd better hope that they don't know anything or it's goodnight fucking Vienna for both of us. Sick fuck. Why couldn't he just like teenage girls like every other dirty old bastard?

Well, at least people are finding out exactly where their fucking licence fee is going. Stupid cunt. How could he be so fucking stupid? I thought they were all checked out?

Fuck, fuck, fuck. If they come for us, we are fucking ruined. I really don't want to go to jail because of that sick fuck and his crony fucking perverted bastard friends.

Look, we can't even know each other at the moment. There can be no contact after this call; no link.

I don't know, throw the phone into the Thames or whatever; just get rid of the fucking thing.

Well I don't really know what to do either in this case, do I? We have to find out who talked. See if they can link him to us.

When did they arrest him?

You know if he spills his guts we are all going to prison. Can anyone get word to him?

Well they must be releasing him on bail or something. He is one of the biggest fucking presenters on the planet.

Look, we can't do anything about it now. Seriously, we should probably not talk again until we know what is going on.

Good luck. See you when this shit storm is over. I'm disappearing for a while.

She finishes the call. She goes to the other side of the stage and starts packing a bag. While she is packing, she mutters to herself.

Woman Fucking idiot. How could you get mixed up in this shit?

Split stage as the woman is packing....

The fourteen year old boy comes on stage. He is playing with a cable. He writes a long text on his phone, presses send then places the cable around his neck.

She finishes packing her bag. She takes one last look around.

Woman Motherfuckers.

She leaves.

