

# **PAIN**

## **By Bradley Walton**

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# PAIN

*A Ten Minute Dramatic Duet*

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**SYNOPSIS:** Dillon wakes up tied to a chair in a basement. His captor, Eva, is a lonely, isolated woman whose touch causes excruciating *Pain*.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1 female, 1 male)*

DILLON (m)..... 20's or 30's; Has been abducted.  
*(44 lines)*

EVA (f) ..... 20's or 30's; Has been deprived  
of human touch for years.  
*(44 lines)*

**SETTING:** Bare stage.

## COSTUMES

EVA – A tank top or short-sleeved shirt.

DILLON – Shirtless.

## PROPS

- Chair
- Rope

*\*If used in competition where no props are allowed, the performer may simply stand upright with no use of props.*

**AUTHOR NOTES**

It wasn't at the front of my mind when I started writing *Pain*, but at some point, it became glaringly obvious, *why yes, for all intents and purposes, this woman is a super villain*. So I acknowledged as much in the script. It is my hope that audiences and performers won't get too stuck on that particular facet, though, because it's not the source of *Pain*'s dramatic tension. This is a play a man who has been kidnapped, and about a captor who is so broken that the experience of emotional pain, when it finally comes, is like a forgotten treasure. The super villain part, as Eva would say, is incidental.

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**AT RISE:** *DILLON is tied to a chair. His arms and legs are bound. DILLON appears to be unconscious. Slowly, he comes to.*

**DILLON:** Wha...what happened? What's...what the—? (*Sees the ropes and looks frantically around.*) Where am I? What happened? Did she put something in my latte? All right. All right. Calm down. Think. Think it through. Went to the coffee shop. Was waiting at the counter when this woman started talking to me. Real cute. We got our drinks and she sat down with me. Eva. She said her name was Eva. She was talking about how she needed to get a metal French press because she'd broken two glass ones, but she hated to shell out that much money. Just small talk. Nothing freaky. No warning signs. I walked her out to her car and was going to ask for her number. It was snowing a little. We had to look up at the street lights to really see it clearly. And that's it. That's the last thing I remember. So where am I now? Where is here? Basement. Looks like a basement. No carpet. No windows. No nothing. Just an empty room. Fluorescent ceiling light. A door. And me. Tied to a chair. With no shirt on. This cannot be happening. This absolutely cannot be happening. Except it is. All right. Just drop the denial. Denial's not going to do any good. It's happening. It's real. Deal with it. What do I do? Ropes are tight. What kind of knots did she use? Like it matters. I don't know the first thing about knots. Not gonna break the ropes. Not gonna break the knots. How about the chair? Can I break the chair? (*Jerks around.*) No. Maybe I can tip it over. (*Jerks around some more.*)

**EVA:** (*Enters.*) What are you doing?

**DILLON:** What am I doing? What are *you* doing!? Why am I tied up? What's going on?

**EVA:** Were you trying to tip the chair over?

**DILLON:** Yes. Yes, as a matter of fact, I was trying to tip the chair over.

**EVA:** Why?

**DILLON:** What do you *expect* me to do?

**EVA:** I expect you to sit in the chair you're tied to. I expect you to be upset about it.

**DILLON:** Oh, I'm definitely upset!

**EVA:** I didn't expect you to try to tip the chair over, though.

**DILLON:** Why not?

**EVA:** Because if you managed to do it, you'd be lying on the floor tied to a chair. And that would be worse than sitting upright tied to a chair. You might cut off the circulation to one of your arms or something, and you might hit your head on the floor. It doesn't seem like a smart thing to do.

**DILLON:** Smart? You're lecturing me about smart? Explain to me how sitting here tied to this chair is smart.

**EVA:** It is what it is.

**DILLON:** What? Are you holding me for ransom? Do you think I did something to you?

**EVA:** No. I'm not going to ransom you. And no, you didn't do anything to me. I don't even know you.

**DILLON:** Then what am I doing here?

**EVA:** I went looking for someone. I found you. You seemed nice.

**DILLON:** I seemed nice. So you drugged me? You drugged me, right?

**EVA:** I drugged you.

**DILLON:** I seemed nice, so you drugged me, kidnapped me, took off my shirt and tied me up?

**EVA:** That's...yeah. That's about right.

**DILLON:** What for?

**EVA:** Look, I...I've got this problem.

*DILLON laughs.*

What?

**DILLON:** I'm sitting here tied to a chair and you're the one with the problem.

**EVA:** You have a problem, too. I mean, obviously, you have a problem. I'd tell you I'm sorry, but I'm not. Stuff happens. Stuff happened to me. It was random. I didn't ask for it. I didn't deserve it. It just happened. And because of that, long story short, you're here. It could've been anybody. But you were the person I found when I went looking. Just worked out that way. Stuff happens.

**DILLON:** What are you talking about?

*Slowly, EVA reaches towards DILLON'S face, then strokes his cheek with the tip of her index finger. DILLON screams.*

What was that? What did you just do?

**EVA:** I touched your face.

**DILLON:** I know you touched my face! What's on your finger?

**EVA:** Nothing.

**DILLON:** Bull! It felt like you just stuck my head in a fire!

**EVA:** That's my problem. I hurt people. Skin to skin contact causes excruciating pain. Not to me. Just whoever I'm touching.

**DILLON:** That's ridiculous.

**EVA:** This is my hand. This is your chest.

*EVA puts her hand on DILLON'S chest. He screams. She pauses, then pulls her hand away.*

Did that feel ridiculous to you?

**DILLON:** Agh...ah...how...how did...

**EVA:** You wouldn't believe me if I told you and it doesn't matter anyway. Bottom line: Something happened and now I'm like this. End of story.

**DILLON:** That's...

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