

CHARACTERS

CHARLIE

man

NYA

woman

SETTING

A living room

In the dark, the sounds of a struggle are heard.
Muffled then louder sounds of a woman in distress.
LIGHTS UP on a living room that shows signs of
what has happened. There's a chair on the floor and
a broken lamp.

A man, CHARLIE, has an arm around a woman's
shoulders and the other one covering her mouth.
She struggles to get away. This is NYA, and she's
wearing a long pink bathrobe and one furry pink
mule. NYA manages to free one hand, scratches
CHARLIE and break away, limping in her one shoe
and whimpering.

CHARLIE

Ow! Bitch I'll...

CHARLIE grabs her shoulders from behind. NYA
screams as he jerks her backward to face him.
CHARLIE grabs her throat with one hand and
draws back his fist to punch her in the face.
CHARLIE trembles and struggles. Suddenly, he
stops and sighs, deflated. CHARLIE drops his fist
and walks away from NYA, shaking his head.

CHARLIE

(annoyed and defeated) Aargh. No. No! This isn't working!

NYA relaxes some but still appears to be afraid,
rubs her throat, and watches him warily.

CHARLIE, anguished, advances on her, fists
clenched, shaking, but he doesn't touch her.

CHARLIE

Do you hear me? It's not working!

NYA

(flinches but doesn't retreat) Charlie, sweetheart, let's talk about—

CHARLIE

Don't call me sweetheart, I'm not your sweetheart. *(turns away and sinks into himself again)*
I'm nobody's sweetheart.

NYA looks at his back sympathetically for a
moment, hands to her throat, then drops her

pretense and shakes her head in annoyance.
CHARLIE turns back to her, and before he sees her,
NYA is suddenly vulnerable and concerned once
again.

NYA

Charlie, why don't we—

CHARLIE

Why don't we what? Nothing works. It's never going to work

NYA

You don't know that. There's so much more we can try.

NYA tentatively reaches for his arm. CHARLIE
jerks away from her and turns his back.

CHARLIE

I've heard that before. That's why I—

NYA

Stopped coming to see me. (*gently*) But you always come back.

CHARLIE

We've tried everything.

NYA

Not everything, Charlie.

NYA begins unbuttoning her robe.

CHARLIE

But we've tried enough.

CHARLIE turns on her shaking with rage, his hands
clenching and unclenching.

CHARLIE

I've done everything you've told me. Everything! If you were half the expert you're supposed
to be, I'd be cured by now, but you—

NYA snatches off her robe revealing a black leather
bondage bustier. The soft vulnerability is gone.
NYA snaps the robe like a whip.

NYA

Have you forgotten who you're talking to?

CHARLIE freezes and shrinks away from her.

CHARLIE

No, Mistress Nya.

NYA stares at CHARLIE and he cowers, careful not to make eye contact.

NYA

Clean this mess up.

NYA drops her robe on the floor and sits on the sofa. As CHARLIE hustles around beginning to pick things up, NYA reaches into a decorative box on the small side table, takes out a mirror and bright red lipstick and begins to apply it.

NYA

On your knees.

CHARLIE drops to all fours and continues cleaning.

NYA

Bring my boots.

CHARLIE reaches into a basket near the couch and pulls out her spike-heeled boots. CHARLIE crawls towards NYA holding onto them.

NYA

In your teeth, worm.

Obediently, CHARLIE brings the boots and drops them at NYA's feet like a dog. CHARLIE backs away from her and sits, head hung miserably. NYA puts on her boots.

NYA

Now, we're going to talk about this. It is unacceptable. Unacceptable! Mistress Nya has put more time and thought and energy into you and your miserable little problem than to any other client ever. True?