

# EVENING SHOWER BURNING



[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by

DO IT  
THEATRE

Designed by Steven Fraser

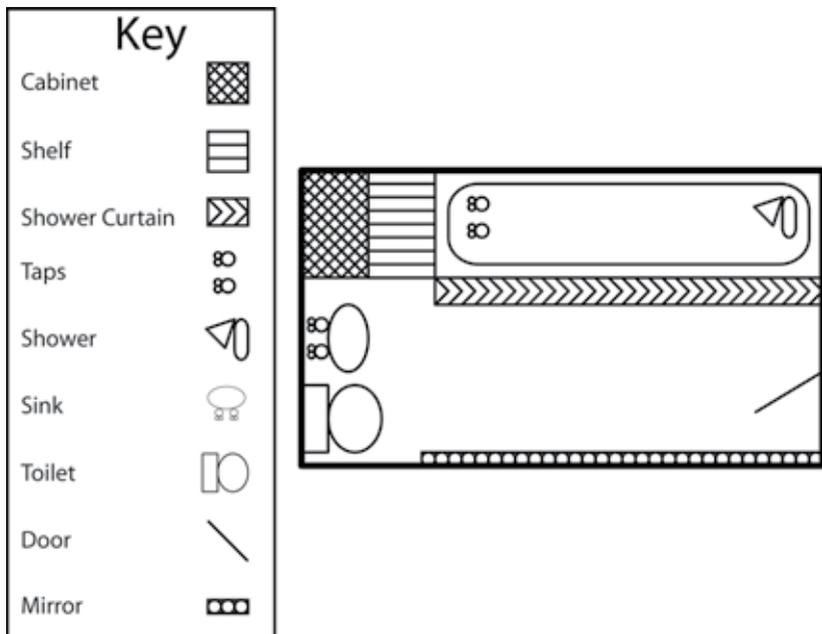
# EVENING SHOWER BURNING

A Private Play written by



[privateplays.wordpress.com](http://privateplays.wordpress.com)

Perform by yourself and make believe.



# EVENING SHOWER BURNING

## Introduction

Private Plays are short one man/woman plays that participants can perform in their own homes, in their own good time. Acting ability and an audience is not required, just a sense of fun and adventure. Private Plays are adult in nature, therefore not to be performed in front of children.

## Premise

A horror story about an abuse victim who takes a shower.

## Characters

Ashley can either be male or female between the ages of 18 - 40.

## Set and Props

A bathroom with a shower, mirror and a towel. A bottle of shampoo is also needed.

The bathroom should initially be in darkness, with windows closed and curtains/blinds drawn. The light should initially be off. Ideally it should be dark outside so the bathroom is completely dark.

## Setting

Modern day Britain. The play should take place at night.



## EVENING SHOWER BURNING

*Ashley hastily enters the bathroom. He/She turns the light on and then closes the door. Ashley should then appear to lock the door (the door should remain unlocked - this is for the twist at the end, but the audience/performer believes it is locked). Ashley swiftly begins to undress.*

**Ashley:** I feel dirty.

*Ashley is now naked and turns on the shower. He/She then waits, shivering as the water heats up.*

**Ashley:** Hurry up ya Bastard, I'm freezing here.

*Ashley waits a few more moments.*

**Ashley:** Oh fuck it I'm jumping in.

*Ashley quickly gets in the shower.*

**Ashley:** It's bloody cold. Where's that god damn shampoo.

*Ashley picks up a bottle of Shampoo and begins to wash his/her hair.*

**Ashley:** I hate showers, but I hate being dirty. I need to be clean, I need to wash away all the memories and all the dirt between the pores, all the grime on my skin and the smell of the city, polluting my hair and smoking up my lungs, putting pressure on my heart and thump, thumping away at my brain like a clockwork tumor that is energised by stress, money and badly fitting

business suits worn by optimistic graduates while on their daily commute on the unforgiving tube.

*Ashley vigorously washes his/her hair.*

**Ashley:** I always feel like someone is watching me in the shower. Norman Bates in a dress, pervertedly creeping through the door.

*Ashley abruptly pauses as if he/she hears something.*

**Ashley:** What? What is it?

*Pause.*

**Ashley** (*Screaming*): Who is it?

*Ashley begins to frantically wash his/her hair again.*

**Ashley:** Eyes, eyes, eyes always on me. Eyes at work. Eyes in the office. I hate being an Estate Agent. Showing people around houses. Eyes looking at bedrooms, bathrooms, showers.

*Pause, as the steam from the hot shower rises and creates an almost smokey atmosphere.*

**Ashley:** He had eyes. Eyes and hands. Creeping over my body as I washed myself. The soap was smooth on my soft skin but his hands were rough. Workman like hands, dirty hands that had never held anything soft in their life.

*Pause as the steam continues to rise.*

**Ashley** (*Screaming*): Who is it? Who is it?

**Ashley** (*Whispering*): Is it him? Is he back?

**Ashley:** Every time I take a shower. Every bloody time. They take forever. Forever washing my skin. Washing my hair. Getting rid of the daily grime. I can't take a bath. That memory is a lot worse. It's not just the cold that makes me shiver. But it's over now. It was years ago.

*Ashley picks up the shampoo bottle and begins to wash his/her again.*

**Ashley:** Wash some more, wash some more. Never stop.

*Pause. The bathroom is now consumed with rising steam.*

**Ashley** (*Screaming*): Who is it? Who is it?

*Ashley continues to wash and is now almost done.*

**Ashley:** I'm done. No more eyes and no more dirt.

*Ashley switches off the shower and steps out. He/She picks up the towel and begins to dry his/herself. Ashley is now smiling and appears happy and content. The bathroom is still steamy, but the steam should be starting to yield as the shower is off.*

**Ashley:** Thank god. What type of idiot has to

take three showers a day and go through the trauma that I do? I had to get a stupid job next to my flat so I could come home on my lunch break and shower. I swear the boss knows I do it. He's always commenting on how good I smell. Harassment? No.

*Pause. Ashley stops to think about what he/she is saying. Ashley continues to dry himself/herself and starts to look concerned.*

**Ashley:** It pays well and I've lost too many jobs. It's not like he follows me home and watches me. He doesn't even know where I live.

*Ashley is now dry and begins to put on his/her clothes.*

**Ashley:** I suppose he could find out easily enough, he is the boss of an Estate Agents after all. But he couldn't get through the front door.

*Pause as Ashley thinks and continues to dress.*

**Ashley:** He couldn't get a key.

*Pause. Ashley is now dressed. He/She looks at the mirror. Steam has risen and steamed up the mirror..*

**Ashley:** He wouldn't do that.

*Pause. Ashley wipes the steam from the mirror and begins to look at himself/herself. Ashley swiftly grabs the handle of the bathroom door. The door is unlocked and opens.*

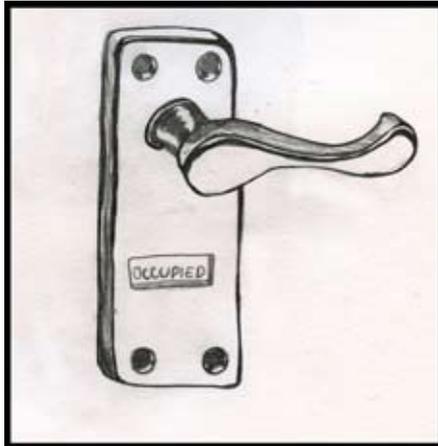
**Ashley:** I swear I locked that door.

*Ashley closes the door and turns the light off  
so we are in pitch darkness.*

**Ashley (Screaming):** Who is it? Who is it?

The End





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