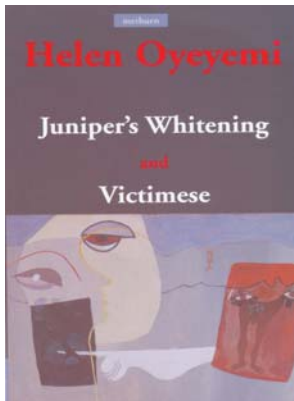


Victimese by Helen Oyeyemi



This four-person play, written by young Nigerian-born writer Helen Oyeyemi, deals with issues of claustrophobia, paranoia and anxiety. Drawing on aspects of Oyeyemi's own experience of extreme self-consciousness at university, to the extent that she felt she had to take taxis everywhere, this play has Eve as its central character. Eve simultaneously hates staying in her student room, but equally can't face leaving the security of it. She engages in self-harm in order to exert some control over her life. But then her sister arrives and Eve's emotional turmoil is forced much closer to the surface . . .

'Oyeyemi is a writer who moves easily between the literary, the demotic and the supernatural . . . She is sharply amusing on the strangeness of the ordinary world' *Daily Telegraph*

Genre:	Contemporary drama	Fee:	£40 plus VAT, per performance
Cast:	m2 f2	Scripts:	ISBN 9780413774781 £8.99
Set:	college room	Length:	1 act
Contact:	amateur-rights@bloomsbury.com		

EXTRACT

Megan Are you okay?

Eve Yeah! Of course I am.

Megan Don't really believe you. You seem kind of like the way I was when I couldn't sleep. It was the worst thing; I hated to shut my eyes –

Eve Well, I'm sleeping fine.

Megan Who was he? (Gestures to the door.)

Eve Topper.

Megan Yeah, but who is he to you?

Eve goes to her telephone and begins to dial.

Megan He's cute.

Eve puts the phone down and begins dialling another number.

Megan I don't think he likes me, you know.

Eve peers over her shoulder at **Megan** and presses her hand to her heart in mock-sympathy.

Megan I kept having this weird dream about you. That was why I tried to phone you before. Sorry I woke you up – I had to make sure you were all right. You know, I swear that sometimes dreams are the psychic equivalent of a dig in the ribs – the pain lets you know something's wrong.

Eve puts down the telephone and goes to **Megan**, sinking to the floor and pulling her down so that they're lying with their arms interlinked.

Eve What's the matter?

Megan I wish I knew. It's not just the other stuff I told you about –

Eve Good. Because everything about you is enough. You're pretty enough. You're clever enough. You're enough of yourself to be different. You didn't even need me to tell you that. You know that.

If you enjoyed this, you might like:

- *Gone Too Far* (m8 f3)
 - *Juniper's Whitening* (m1 f2)
 - *A History of Falling Things* by James Graham (m5 f2)
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