

Workaholic Romance

By Michael Zielinski

mzielinski7@comcast.net  
610-401-8289  
1731 Colony Drive  
Wyomissing, PA 19610

## Cast of Characters

ROB JOHNSON:

LACEY LONDON:

ROB JOHNSON (V.O.):

LACEY:

ROB:

ROB (V.O.):

LACEY (V.O.):

BEN:

ACT IScene 1

*ROB JOHNSON, in his 40's, and LACEY LONDON, in her 40's, sit at a large table in her House Of London fashion house office. The table sports various foods, which they nibble at between glances at their cellphones.*

LACEY

I know you think this looks like a working lunch but I've ordered my staff to not step one foot into my office.

*Her phone beeps. She glances at the text and makes eye contact with him briefly before checking her phone again.*

ROB

I'm a playwright. So, my fellow workaholic, I'm glad we finally could sync up dates after my producer introduced us.

LACEY

Valerie told me that since you and I neglected our previous significant others who soon disappeared like the morning dew, a limited relationship might work for us.

ROB

Even when neglected, you and I are never lonely because we have our work to keep us company.

*His phone rings and he glances at it.*

LACEY

Nothing like cuddling a funny script on a cold night?

*He smiles, then laughs.*

ROB

Sure beats a beautiful blonde with a body built for sin. Ridiculous, huh?

LACEY

Not at all. Sometimes a new dress turns me on more than a man. I didn't become the CEO and chief designer of the House of London by wasting my time fawning over some guy.

*Her phone beeps, rings and beeps again. She longingly looks at her phone.*

ROB

I wouldn't have written 12 smash Broadway plays if some girl always was clinging to me like a life preserver in a tsunami.

*She finally looks up at him.*

LACEY

A fate worse than contracting malaria.

ROB

Do you like the theater?

LACEY

Don't have the time. Valerie said you have the fashion sense of a hermit.

*Her phone is going berserk with beeps and rings. Still, they both suddenly lock eyes upon one another, almost lustfully.*

ROB

I guess we have nothing in common.

LACEY

I wouldn't say that.

*They stare wickedly at each other and smile.*

ROB

Two worker bees from the same hive.

LACEY

So why are you a workaholic? Is it the money?

ROB

It's not the money. It's the art of playwrighting.

LACEY

It's the creativity you love, right?

ROB

It's the most fun you can have with your clothes on.

LACEY

(Delighted)

I still get the greatest high imaginable from designing clothes. Do you think we're fucked up?

ROB

Fuck no. We just need the right person to fuck.

LACEY

I wish I could fuck my work.

ROB

Exactly.

*She leans over and passionately kisses him.*

ROB

(Delighted)

You really must be friendly when you get to know a guy.

LACEY

A fast way to assess chemistry. You passed the audition.

*She smiles, which quickly melts when her phone beeps.*

LACEY

Damn. A shipment has been delayed. This is going to set back production.

*She sits glumly, staring at her phone. Rob's phone beeps. He reads the text.*

ROB

Fuck. My director said the lead actress in my next play just threw a hissy fit and walked out. She might quit.

*They sit in distressed silence. Her phone rings again.*

LACEY

Sorry. I simply must take this call.

*She answers her phone, gets up and starts pacing. Storm clouds trespass across her face. She ends the call and stalks back to the table.*

LACEY

Now one of our other suppliers quit and signed an exclusive contract with one of our top competitors.

*She starts fussing with her hair in frustration. A knock on her office door is followed by a*

*large envelope being slid under it. She walks over and opens the envelope.*

LACEY

Holy fuck. I've been summoned to appear in court next month. We dropped a vendor who was a total dipshit and now he's suing us for breach of contract.

*She shakes her head disgustedly. She is about to speak again when Rob's phone rings and he answers it. He stands up and starts pacing.*

ROB

So she did quit. Oh, well. I'll stop by Macy's on my way back to the theater and buy another lead actress.

*He sighs, then slaps the table. She shrugs.*

LACEY

This just isn't working for us, is it? If we stay together any longer today, my business will collapse and you'll wind up casting mannequins in your play.

ROB AND LACEY  
FUCK!

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IScene 2

*A dual scene in which both are sitting at their office desks, working alone and eating their Thanksgiving dinners.*

*Rob is writing on his laptop, making all sorts of faces, alternating smiles with grimaces. He pauses frequently to munch on a turkey drumstick and sip from a beer bottle.*

*Lacey is designing on her sketch pad while nibbling on a turkey sandwich and sipping wine.*

ROB

(VO of his thoughts)

Ah, the perfect Thanksgiving dinner. Turkey, beer and work. And no girlfriend to screw with my writing.

LACEY

(VO of her thoughts)

God, how I love holidays. I can celebrate and work in solitude without the intrusion of a zillion work texts and calls.

ROB AND LACEY - OUT LOUD

She/he is so fucking hot.

*Lights shift.*

*Lacey sits alone on the floor in her condo living room. She is opening presents next to her Christmas tree while listening to carols. She picks up her cell several times but puts it down each time without calling or texting someone. She picks up her sketch pad and works, then grabs a stuffed teddy bear.*

LACEY

(VO of her thoughts)

It's certainly a silent night when you're home alone on Christmas Eve. No creatures stirring here. I wonder if you can get a mouse on takeout from a Chinese restaurant.

*She picks up the phone and makes a call.*

LACEY

Rob, please give me a special Christmas present by  
(MORE)

LACEY (CONT'D)

agreeing to see me again. Shoot me for saying this,  
but I miss you.

ROB (VO)

I'm sitting home alone having eggnog and thinking  
about you. My new play When Did Cigarettes Become a  
Capital Offense? premieres next Friday night. Please  
be my guest.

LACEY

Only for you will I take time out for the theater. I  
might even laugh.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)



ACT IScene 3

*Rob and Lacey sit together in a Broadway theater watching When Did Cigarettes Become a Capital Offense? as the audience roars with laughter. Rob laughs with them while Lacey doesn't even smile. She spends more time looking at her phone than the stage. She yawns a few times. He keeps shooting nervous glances at her to see her reactions as the play continues.*

FEMALE CAST MEMBER (VO)

Grandpop, why do you think it's a national tragedy that people no longer can smoke wherever and whenever they please?

MALE CAST MEMBER (VO)

When they took away our freedom to light up a cigar or a cigarette or a pipe in offices, planes, bars and restaurants, they took away America's balls. When all the smoke cleared, we were wimps. Once we couldn't toast our lungs in public, everything else started turning to shit in America. Suddenly you can't drive without a seat belt and kids have to use a car seat until they get their driver's license. Be a doll and please pass me my pack of cigarettes.

FEMALE CAST MEMBER (VO)

You know that Mommy won't let you smoke in the house anymore.

MALE CAST MEMBER (VO)

Damn it! Lord, please take me now so I can go smoke a cigar with Groucho Marx and George Burns in heaven.

*The play climaxes with a standing ovation. Rob stands up as well but Lacey remains seated. As the applause finally dies out, he sits down again next to her.*

LACEY

I found your play to be about as funny as lung cancer.

ROB

One person's Mel Brooks is another person's Edgar Allan Poe.

LACEY

I don't know what that means. I'll have a martini or  
nine before I see your next play.

ROB

I love your tight ass. But you can't be a tight ass  
when you're watching a comedy.

*She playfully sticks her tongue out at him.*

LACEY

I did like the bracelet your lead actress was  
wearing, though. And when the lights came up... wow!  
And I really liked when the lights went out at the  
end.

ROB

Thanks.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IScene 4

*Lacey and Rob stand in front of a painting in a museum. She stares at the painting while he stares at her.*

LACEY

Don't you just love looking at all these beautiful masterpieces?

ROB

I just can't take my eyes off you. You're the true work of art in this museum.

LACEY

With the exception of colonoscopes, they say absence makes the heart grow fonder. This is the first time I've seen you since your premiere six weeks ago.

ROB

Seems only like yesterday when you were the only grouchy person in a theater full of laughter.

LACEY

You love my tight ass? How about a piece of my tight ass now?

ROB

Here? Are you crazy? Suppose somebody sees us?

LACEY

There are more live bodies in a morgue than there are in this museum. We have time for a quickie before the security guard gets back.

*They pounce on each other and kiss madly.*

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IScene 5

*Lacey and Rob sit on a sofa in her condo. She draws on a sketch pad and he writes on his iPad.*

ROB

It's past one. Let's go to bed.

LACEY

To sleep?

ROB

Yes. After we make love.

LACEY

It's late.

ROB

This is our first sleepover and you just want to sleep? It's enough to make me stick my electric toothbrush in my ear and stir.

LACEY

OK, you know I can't resist your charms.

*They kiss passionately, fall on the floor and roll around groping each other. Then her cell rings. She answers, listens and grimaces.*

LACEY

Thanks for letting me know. I'll call her in the morning.

*She disconnects the call, sighs and hangs her head.*

ROB

What's wrong, Lacey? You couldn't look more crushed than if a refrigerator fell 37 floors and landed on you.

*He tries to put an arm around her to comfort her and she pushes it away.*

LACEY

(Snappish)

Lose the fucking one-liners! One of my top models was arrested for cocaine possession.

ROB

That's terrible.

LACEY

She's been with me since she was 15. She was like a daughter to me.

ROB

I guess you're no longer in the mood.

LACEY

Hell no. You should go. I want to be alone. This is going to damage her career and is horrible for the London brand.

ROB

I'm so sorry. I'll give you your space. But can't we first finish what we started? You were so hot.

*She gets right in his face.*

LACEY

(Angry)

I can't believe you even asked me that. If you need to get off, go home and screw one of your lamp sockets. I've got much more on mind right now than your blue balls.

ROB

My apologies. I was being selfish.

LACEY

Do you think? Loving someone means more than just sticking it in. It means caring and supporting someone in their time of need.

ROB

If I stick it in standing up against a wall, you'll find that to be a rather uplifting experience.

LACEY

Brush up on your theory, Sir Isaac Newton. What goes up must come down.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IScene 6

*Lacey and Rob are having breakfast in a restaurant.*

ROB  
I haven't heard from from you since the night your model got busted for cocaine.

LACEY  
It's only been two days.

ROB  
How is she?

LACEY  
She's in rehab. More for her image than any addiction. I've been on damage control since her arrest.

ROB  
Did you miss me?

LACEY  
Not really. You?

*He pauses a moment, visibly hurt. He rubs his chin, then runs his fingers through his hair.*

ROB  
I missed you a lot. Which is why we're having breakfast today.

LACEY  
I guess you're not keeping yourself busy enough.

ROB  
I've been very busy.

LACEY  
And you still had time to miss me. You multitask better than I do.

ROB  
It would have been nice if you missed me a little bit.

LACEY  
I guess I've been blaming our relationship for what  
(MORE)

LACEY (CONT'D)

happened at work.

ROB

Your personal life screwed up your professional life.

LACEY

Exactly.

ROB

I guess I would feel the same if my time with you had me writing inferior scripts.

LACEY

So now what?

ROB

We try to find a balance.

*She pauses for a moment, sighs and shakes her head.*

LACEY

That's impossible. We're unbalanced people. Hopeless workaholics.

ROB

Before your model got busted, our limited time together seemed to be the perfect balance for us.

LACEY

Perhaps for you. But not me. You were starting to feel like an obligation to me.

*He drums his fingers on the table, then slumps in his chair. He remains silent for a couple moments.*

ROB

An obligation? An obligation? Well, then it's time we said goodbye. An obligation is definitely not who I am.

LACEY

I know that.

ROB

I hated myself for missing you.

LACEY

Life is less complicated for both of us without us.

14.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF ACT)



ACT IIScene 1

*Rob sits at his desk in his condo office, typing on his desktop computer. His cell rings. He looks at it and smiles. He answers it.*

ROB

Lacey, did you butt dial me by accident?

LACEY (VO)

Damn, my mistake. Sorry.

ROB

I'll hang up then.

LACEY (VO)

Don't be an idiot. I called to tell you that I do miss you.

ROB

It's not quite noon so I assume you're sober.

LACEY (VO)

Very funny. You must write comedies.

ROB

Not as well as I used to. I'm shifting gears and doing a tragedy.

LACEY (VO)

Why's that?

ROB

Because I keep thinking of you.

LACEY (VO)

I've become a tragic figure this past month. Missing you has screwed with my creativity. I even started sketching your face instead of designs.

ROB

Far be it from me to ruin your next fashion line.

LACEY (VO)

And I don't want to negatively affect your writing.

ROB

So when can I see you?

LACEY (V.O.)

As soon as you can get your ass over to my condo.

ROB

You took the day off?

LACEY (VO)

I may be lovesick but I'm not insane. I'm working from home today.

ROB

I'll get my ass over there as soon as we hang up. Speaking of ass, I wasn't going to kiss your ass to win you back.

LACEY (VO)

That's OK. You can kiss my ass when you get here.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IIScene 2

*Lacey and Rob are trying to make love in her bed but they are constantly interrupted by her answering her phone or pausing to respond to texts. He is getting progressively annoyed.*

ROB

Excuse me, but do you have to return every call and text?

LACEY

I haven't. Only the important ones.

ROB

Unless they mean life or death, lose the phone for a bit.

LACEY

OK. But make it a quickie. Things are percolating at the fashion house.

ROB

You're the queen of quickies. At least a guy doesn't have to worry about premature ejaculation with you. The quicker he comes, the more satisfied you are.

LACEY

I'm blessed. I'm a comer.

ROB

You come because you're excited it's over and you can get back to work.

LACEY

Guilty.

ROB

OK, let's finish this.

*They resume lovemaking and moments later her phone rings and she answers it. He punches the bed in frustration, gets out of bed and starts dressing.*

LACEY

A little patience, please.

ROB

I'm fucking out of patience. This was a mistake.

LACEY

I'll make it up to you if you come back tonight. Work should calm down by then.

ROB

Only because I love you. And because I'm horny as hell.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IIScene 3

*Rob and Lacey are back in her bedroom that night, chatting on her bed.*

LACEY

How's your next play coming along?

ROB

The writing took much longer than normal because I was thinking of you. And because it's a tragedy spanning 13 nights.

LACEY

God, a play in 13 parts? Who would invest the time in watching such a marathon?

ROB

Ken Burns does multi-part documentaries. I'm doing it with live theater.

LACEY

I'll go to opening night and leave after intermission. That's it. I can't justify neglecting work for 13 straight nights.

ROB

Not everybody is a workaholic.

LACEY

I'd be an alcoholic after watching such a ridiculously long tragedy. Even if you wrote it.

ROB

It's in honor of my 13th play on Broadway. I'm calling it Lucky 13. It's about the youngest of 13 children who wishes he was an only child.

LACEY

Too much grief from his older siblings?

ROB

Exactly. Then one day when the boy is seven a terrible fire destroys the family home while their parents are out, sparing only him. He suddenly is an only child haunted by his wish come tragically true.

LACEY

That is some quantum leap from your comedies.

*Now her motor is really running hot and she aggressively caresses, kisses, tongues and fondles him. But he's unresponsive as his obsession with his play pours out of mouth.*

ROB

I wanted to expand my horizons so I decided to write a tragedy. The boy learns a cruel lesson. Be careful what you wish for.

LACEY

That's so depressing. Who the hell would want to see this play?

*She begins twerking right in his oblivious face.*

ROB

Because as the boy matures, his depression and guilt gradually are erased by his deceased siblings who periodically visit him in his dreams.

LACEY

That's some heavy shit. But hit the damn pause button and make love to me.

ROB

The opening night focuses on their lives before the fire.

LACEY

Now shut the fuck up and screw my ears off. No quickies tonight. Ride me like I'm a Shetland pony.

*He climbs on top of her but his obsession with his play has only his lips moving.*

ROB

The play is tragic but not depressing. There's intrinsic value in pursuing a dream even if you fall short. Like the Road to Hana, it's all about the journey, not the destination.

*She slaps him on the back and starts screaming.*

LACEY

This afternoon you were hornier than a guy headed for a whorehouse immediately after being released from prison. My turn. Be my stud and do me!

*He rolls off of her and lies on his back.*

ROB

I can't get hard. FUCK!

LACEY

FUCK!

ROB

FUCK!

LACEY

(Furious)

Maybe if you shut the fuck up about your stupid play you might be able to fuck me.

ROB

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

LACEY

Stop saying fuck and just fuck. Why can't you fuck?

ROB

I guess I'm too obsessed with my play.

LACEY

THIS RELATIONSHIP IS NOT WORKING! LOVERS AND WORKAHOLICS ARE INCOMPATIBLE.

ROB

This has never happened to me before. And it never will again. How can I make this up to you?

LACEY

Run out and buy me fresh batteries for my vibrator!!!!

ROB

Now?

LACEY

No, three weeks from next Tuesday. Of course now. And as soon as you drop them off, get lost until we try this again tomorrow night. But watch some porn before you come over and don't utter even one fucking word about Lucky 13 when you get here.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IIScene 4

*Rob and Lacey are standing in her bedroom. He has a sizable boner.*

LACEY

My, my. What do we have here? You must really be glad to see me. Or have you been watching porn all day?

ROB

(Laughing)

No porn. Just a banana.

*He pulls out a banana from his pants.*

LACEY

OK, Mr. Funny Man. Let's see if you can get it up for real this time.

ROB

No pressure there.

LACEY

Only the future of our relationship. Eunuchs aren't my type.

*They jump in bed, pull up the covers and start making love. The only sounds are their phones beeping and ringing along with her moans. Occasionally one of them pops up to check their phone. Finally she climaxes even while answering a call. Then they both sit up in bed, propped up by pillows.*

LACEY

(Into the phone)

Oh, shit. I totally forgot about our call with Hong Kong. Got tied up eating a big sausage for a late dinner and forgot about the 12-hour time difference. Did it go well? Good. Fill me in tomorrow.

*She ends the call.*

LACEY

This sounds like heresy but for once I'm glad I missed an important meeting. But don't get too cocky. It's only temporary insanity.



ROB

Big sausage?

LACEY

OK, I exaggerated. How did you overcome your problem?

ROB

I fantasized I was having dinner with Neil Simon, Edward Albee and William Shakespeare.

LACEY

Personally that would do nothing for me. But it obviously made you hotter than habanero chili.

ROB

The dinner of choice for playwrights.

LACEY

Tell me the truth. Why were you a soaring rocket tonight after being glued to the launch pad last night?

ROB

I erased all thoughts of Lucky 13.

LACEY

I have a suggestion for your next play that would move you back into the more comfortable realm of comedy. And give me a chance to expand my horizons.

ROB

You really must have missed me. Tell me more.

LACEY

We would call it Model Citizens. It would be about a depressed small town that slipped into despair after the local auto plant closed, leaving most of them unemployed.

ROB

Sounds like a real rib-tickler to me.

*He leans over and sticks his tongue in her ear.  
She pulls away, annoyed.*

LACEY

One morning all the men, women and children in the town wake up and discover they're gorgeous highly paid models living in beautiful homes. But inside they still are the same people they were when they were poor and ordinary looking.

ROB

Hey, that intriguing.

LACEY

Good. Because that's all I got. It's your job to flesh it out and make their jolting transformation funny.

ROB

Easier said than done.

LACEY

Not for a genius like you. I will give you insight into how models think and feel and design all the costumes.

ROB

I love the concept. Let me talk to Valerie about it.

LACEY

I already did and she loved the idea. She and I would be co-producers.

ROB

Awesome. Once I get through rehearsals for Lucky 13, I'll get to work on the script. By the way, how long have you been thinking about this new play and our partnership?

LACEY

Since the moment I met you.

ROB

I love you.

LACEY

I love you, too.

*The kiss tenderly.*

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IIScene 5

*Rob and Lacey sit in the front row of the theater, listening to boos from the audience. Then it is deathly quiet for a few moments.*

ROB

Since most of the audience on opening night left shockingly early, it won't take long to clear the theater.

LACEY

Lucky 13 wasn't so lucky.

ROB

Don't worry. I'm not going to jump off my condo balcony when I get home. I'm going to jump in front of a cab on the way home.

LACEY

Don't be so hard on yourself. This is no time for gallows humor. You write comedies, not tragedies. Great violinists don't play the trombone at symphony concerts.

ROB

I should've stayed in my comedic lane. Now my career is a tragedy.

*He suddenly bolts from his seat and runs away. She sprints after him.*

*A distraught Rob now is standing on the edge of the theater roof, looking down. A frantic Lacey is holding onto him for dear life.*

LACEY

If you jump, you're taking me with you. I can't live without you.

ROB

You're just saying that to talk me off the ledge.

LACEY

One failed play isn't worth killing yourself over. But I worry that some of the audience went home suicidal.

ROB  
I'm not good with failure.

LACEY  
Obviously not. History's biggest failures didn't commit suicide. Did the captain of the Hindenburg kill himself? Did Custer kill himself? Did Kevin Costner's dialect coach for Robin Hood Prince of Thieves kill himself?

ROB  
The explosion killed the Hindenburg pilot and the Indians killed Custer. Costner's dialect coach wound up repairing and selling joy buzzers.

LACEY  
But they didn't kill themselves.

ROB  
So help me save face and push me off the roof.

LACEY  
I love you but I'll be damned if I'll let you turn me into a murderer. Forget about saving face. Your head will explode from the fall, split open like a watermelon.

*She lets him go and backs away. His face registers alarm.*

LACEY  
So if you want to jump, jump! Go ahead and be a gutless playwright.

ROB  
What?

LACEY  
Yes, a gutless, untalented, loser playwright who writes with bad grammar.

ROB  
On second thought, let's go for a drink.

*He backs off the ledge. She pulls him down and mounts him.*

LACEY  
I've got a better idea. All this has made me hotter than summer heat rising off two-lane blacktop.

ROB

And we know that's hot.

*She pulls his head into her breasts.*

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IIScene 6

*Rob and Lacey are sitting in his condo.*

ROB

I found out why I'm having trouble with the script for Model Citizens.

LACEY

Because you're depressed they closed Lucky 13 after only one performance even though it was supposed to be a 13-night play?

ROB

It totally sucked that we never got to perform the last 12 parts. All that fucking rehearsal time gone to hell. That's why Model Citizens is only a 15-minute script. For a Broadway play, it's briefer than those micro thongs you design.

LACEY

Audiences today have short attention spans. I find 10-minute podcasts to be too long. When I put leftovers in the microwave, I run it 30 seconds tops. Nothing like lukewarm broccoli to keep a girl thin.

*Suddenly Rob stands up and begins pacing with his head down. He finally lifts his head and stares at Lacey.*

ROB

I have the fucking yips. Must be psychological collateral damage from Lucky 13. Suddenly I can't write.

LACEY

You're joking, right?

ROB

I wish I was. Right now there are baked potatoes with a better sense of humor.

LACEY

Since I've made a sizable investment and staked the reputation of my clothing line on the success of the play, I don't find that funny.

ROB

I have to break the cycle of anxiety about writing  
(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

another flop. I need to change up my pattern.

*He stands on one leg while trying to write on his desktop but comes up empty. He then squats while trying to write on his iPad and shakes his head in disgust. Next he tries writing on his phone while lying on his belly on the floor. He gets up pissed. Next he kneels and just stares at his iPad. Finally he tries and fails to get into a lotus position.*

LACEY

Be careful you don't shred your groin muscle. Then you're worthless to me.

ROB

Damn, nothing works. Maybe I'll have a chandelier installed on my ceiling so I can try hanging upside down while I write.

LACEY

That would increase the blood flow to your brain. Might kickstart your creativity, Batman.

*Suddenly his face lights up and he claps his hands.*

ROB

Wait! I've got an idea. I'm going to write on my iPad and perch it on your breasts.

LACEY

The hell you are.

ROB

Do you want me to write a funny script?

LACEY

Perhaps not that badly.

ROB

Come on.

LACEY

This is absolute nonsense. But what the hell.

*She lies on her back on the bed while he, kneeling beside her, balances his iPad on her breasts and starts typing. She starts giggling and winds up laughing hysterically.*

ROB

You're not helping my concentration. You're jiggling my iPad.

LACEY

You need a firmer surface.

*She rolls over onto her stomach. He balances his iPad on her buttocks and resumes typing and typing and typing while she lies still and quiet. A gigantic smile lights up his face.*

ROB

(Exuberantly)

Hey, this is working! I've got it flowing. I'm in the creative zone.

LACEY

Be quiet so you don't lose your rhythm. Just write quickly. I have to fart.

*He laughs and types furiously.*

ROB

I've got my comic gift back. You helped me overcome the yips.

*She farts loudly.*

LACEY

If you ever tell anybody about this, I will never, ever forgive you.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF ACT)



ACT IIIScene 1

*Rob and Lacey sit on a plush couch in her office.*

LACEY

How's the play going? I want to see the script.

ROB

When will you have time to read it?

LACEY

I'll mimic you and read it while on the toilet.

ROB

Nothing makes a famous designer shit faster than reading one of my scripts.

*She suddenly starts crying. He puts his arm around her, trying to comfort her.*

ROB

Lacey, what's wrong?

LACEY

I'm not happy with the sketches for my new fashion line.

ROB

That sucks. I'm sorry.

LACEY

I'm overwhelmed. I should never have offered to design the costumes for the play. My fashion line is suffering and that's my bread and butter.

ROB

I blame myself.

LACEY

It's not your fault. It was my idea. You know what's scary?

ROB

What, honey?

LACEY

I was struggling with the sketches for the fashion line tonight and for a moment I thought of closing my  
(MORE)

LACEY (CONT'D)

fashion house and devoting all my time to designing costumes for all your plays.

ROB

Your fashion house is the priority. I will limit the costume changes to whatever you have finished so you can concentrate on your new line.

LACEY

You would do that for me?

ROB

I would do anything for you.

LACEY

I should have told you that Model Citizens could only have a cast of two.

ROB

Even small cow towns in Montana don't have a population of two.

LACEY

You can get away with anything in a comedy. Give me a hug.

ROB

What about that quickie tonight?

LACEY

Next time. I simply don't have the time. Our rep in L.A. is calling me in five minutes. It's important, trust me.

ROB

You're killing me. And my career.

LACEY

On the contrary. I bought you a blowup doll to play with in my absence. It's scheduled to arrive in a discreet package at your condo tomorrow. Have fun, lover boy.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IIIScene 2

*Rob walks into Lacey's office. She is busy sketching while seated at her desk. She looks at him and then gulps, as if she has just swallowed a squid.*

LACEY

Rob, I wasn't expecting you.

ROB

It's been two weeks since I've heard from you. You don't return messages.

LACEY

There's no time for romance right now.

ROB

I'm obsessed with you. It's messing up my writing.

LACEY

What about the blowup doll?

ROB

Screw the blowup doll.

LACEY

That's the whole point.

ROB

The blowup doll sucks.

LACEY

That's the whole point.

ROB

You're the whole point, not some fucking doll. I want you more than you want me.

LACEY

That's not so. I found the time to do a few more costumes for Model Citizens. But that left no time for us unfortunately.

ROB

I'm touched you did more costumes.

LACEY

I put boyfriend over business.

ROB  
You didn't have to do that.

LACEY  
It's my pleasure.

ROB  
Speaking of pleasure.

LACEY  
Not tonight. I think somebody split my head open with an ax. Which I don't need since I'm scrambling to catch up with my new line.

ROB  
I soon may have to Google the definition of pleasure to remember what it is.

*She kisses him and laughs.*

LACEY  
A reminder to help your writing mojo.

ROB  
So you work. And I'll work.

LACEY  
We're both under the gun. Now is not the time to see if workaholics also can be lovers.

ROB  
Let's dump the fashion designing and the playwrighting and make sex tapes together.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IIIScene 3

*Rob and Lacey are standing backstage at her fashion show peering out at the runway. Throbbing music is reverberating. She is frowning.*

LACEY

That didn't go well.

ROB

Your designs look wonderful to me.

LACEY

Thanks, but you're no fashion critic. I didn't see one of them smile once or even nod approval.

ROB

Perhaps you're reading into things.

*Lacey shakes her head in disgust.*

LACEY

This is all my fault. I should've focused more on my fashion line than Model Citizens. I thought with my heart, not my head.

ROB

I should've talked you out of being the costume designer for the play.

LACEY

I don't even want to read the reviews. If they're bad, sales of the new line will plummet.

ROB

Wait until you see the reviews before you crucify yourself.

LACEY

I can't tolerate failure. I won't be at peace until I bounce back and my next line is a hit.

ROB

Again, don't jump to conclusions. The critics may simply be sitting in stoic reverence for your designs.

LACEY

Nice try. But nothing right now can cheer me up.

ROB

How about a stiff drink after the show?

LACEY

How about three?

*A tweet ding. She looks at her phone.*

LACEY

Anna Winter just tweeted: House of London burning down!

*Another tweet ding. She looks at her phone again.*

LACEY

Her sister tweeted, too: Ashes!

ROB

The reviews are bad.

LACEY

They're cataclysmic.

*She steps forward and yells.*

LACEY

Eat me, Anna!

ROB

Ouch. But remember. Critics can be pricks. They critique fashion or plays but they can neither design clothes or write plays themselves. An artist never apologizes for his or her work.

LACEY

Yeah, but we love critics when they rave about our work.

ROB

Remember that you are not your work.

LACEY

Except for you, I am. And once again my time with you and my time working on the play's costumes have screwed up my work. So I'm fucked.

ROB  
Meaning?

LACEY  
I can't have it both ways.

ROB  
Meaning?

LACEY  
We have to say goodbye. This time for good.

*He looks part flabbergasted, part pissed.*

ROB  
I can't believe you're saying that. I'm here for you. Let me know what I can do to help you through this. You were there for me when Lucky 13 flopped.

LACEY  
The best thing you can do for me is leave me alone to focus on my work. Who was I kidding? Work is my life. The only thing in my life.

ROB  
Damn, so we're back to that, huh?

*He suddenly punches his left palm with his right fist.*

ROB  
I can't fucking believe you're breaking up with me again. You're making the biggest mistake of your life. Nobody understands you like me.

*She points her finger in his face as she talks.*

LACEY  
This part-time relationship is just an excuse for you to get laid now and then when you take a break from your work.

ROB  
Screw you if you think all you are to me is a piece of ass.

*Looking crestfallen, he walks away. She stands up, grabs a sketch pad and throws it at him, hitting him in the ass. He turns around, his face flushed with anger.*

ROB

(Yelling)

Be careful. You're pushing us to the brink of no  
return.

LACEY

Who gives a damn?

*After he leaves, Lacey begins sobbing.*

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)



ACT IIIScene 4

*Lacey is standing in front of the theater entrance, impatiently fidgeting with her phone and looking up and down the street. She smiles as Rob approaches her.*

LACEY

I'm the fool who's been leaving you tons of text messages and voicemail messages the past three weeks that you simply ignored. Remember me?

*He checks his watch. Then yawns.*

ROB

Vaguely.

LACEY

Now is not the time for Rob Johnson humor. I've plenty to do besides calling and texting you and standing pathetically outside your theater hoping to bump into you.

*He shrugs.*

ROB

Nobody asked you to.

LACEY

I apologize for losing it on you after my show. But all is not lost. Thanks to you. And Frank Vincent.

ROB

Who's Frank Vincent?

LACEY

You know damn well who he is. The fashion critic for Wow Magazine. You had one of your actresses reach out to him on my behalf.

ROB

She had him tied up in some afternoon delight and he missed your show. That's why he didn't post a review that day.

LACEY

And in his bondage she also asked him to write a rave review because it was glowing with superlatives. I loved it and I love you.

*His stoic face suddenly is animated.*

ROB

I love you, too. Oops. I broke character.

*He kisses her cheek.*

LACEY

I'm not your sister. Give me a real kiss.

*He complies with gusto.*

ROB

Let's go to my condo immediately and make love before something else goes wrong at the House of London and you break up with me again.

*She gives him a dirty look and then smiles.*

LACEY

The next time I won't break up with you. I'll just break your thumbs so you can't type.

ROB

Charming.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF ACT)

ACT IVScene 1

*Rob and Lacey stand in the theater wings of a Broadway theater, glowing as they watch Model Citizens.*

FEMALE CAST MEMBER (VO)

Beauty may be only skin deep, but being gorgeous and rich sure kicks the shit out of being uglier than a warthog with psoriasis and poorer than a dentist in a toothless West Virginia neighborhood.

MALE CAST MEMBER (VO)

I remember when we were too poor to afford beef jerky. Now we're wealthy enough to decorate all the walls of our mansion with floor-to-ceiling mirrors.

FEMALE CAST MEMBER (VO)

The only downside is we hardly look at each other because we're so addicted to gazing at our own reflections and clothes.

MALE CAST MEMBER (VO)

Problem solved. We'll always stand together.

FEMALE CAST MEMBER (V.O.)

Imagine how smart you'd be Spud if you had made it past eighth grade.

*Rob and Lacey now are absolutely beaming as they listen to the rapturous, sustained applause the cast of Model Citizens receives as they take their curtain call.*

LACEY

I couldn't be prouder of you, Rob. Your play is hysterically funny.

ROB

And I'm so happy for you. Your costumes are breathtaking. People would pay big money just to watch the actors wear them on stage, let alone act.

*His phone beeps and he checks it out. He suddenly is grinning like a Cheshire cat.*

ROB

The New York Times theater critic just tweeted, and I quote: Model Citizens is hilarious. Playwright Rob

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

Johnson's magic touch is back. And designer Lacey London's costumes are gorgeous.

LACEY

If I die and go to heaven, I won't be any happier than I am at this moment.

*He bear hugs her, followed by a tender kiss.*

ROB

Model Citizens is my redemption from Lucky 13. And it wouldn't have happened if I didn't have your inspiration.

*She laughs hysterically.*

LACEY

Like fucking your brains out every night for two weeks while you finished the Model Citizens script.

ROB

That, too. Your costumes for the play are going to generate a ton of favorable publicity for you.

LACEY

And help pick up sales of my latest line, which have already exceeded my initial dire projections.

ROB

Time for some champagne, my dear.

LACEY

Let's really celebrate. Instead of our usual one-minute foreplay, let's spring for 13 minutes tonight.

ROB

Let's make it 14. There's something about the No. 13 that renders me more impotent than being castrated by a meat cleaver.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IVScene 2

*Rob and Lacey are having dinner in an expensive restaurant.*

LACEY

Do you know how love is always fucking with our love?

ROB

Of course.

LACEY

It doesn't have to.

*She suddenly gets on bended knee, pulls out a box from her purse and tells him to open it. He stands up and bends in front of her to comply. When he opens the box, he sees a gorgeous engagement ring. He couldn't be more shocked if somebody had shot a ton of voltage up his ass.*

LACEY

(Trembling)

Will you marry me?

*She looks up at him, her face radiant and her eyes glistening.*

ROB

(Gleefully)

Oh my God! Yes! Yes! Yes!

*He pulls her up and they kiss rapturously.*

LACEY

Thank you for not cracking a joke after I popped the question.

ROB

I resisted the temptation to ask if the engagement ring was for you or me. And then ask who's paying for it.

LACEY

Good. Because you already know the answers. The ring is all mine and the invoice is all yours.

ROB

Your diamond is big enough to land a cargo plane on.

LACEY

Trust me, I'm worth it.

ROB

Indeed. We can work all we want but still have easy access to each other for companionship, sex, sharing, sex, venting and sex.

LACEY

You said sex three times.

ROB

I like sex.

LACEY

I like sex, too.

ROB

I love sex. And I love you, Mrs. Johnson.

LACEY

No way. My name will remain London. As important as we are as a married couple, the House of London still is my primary brand.

ROB

(Laughing)

I guess toggling back and forth between work and romance remains a work in progress.

LACEY

We just need to develop the acrobatic balance of a tightrope walker like it's a stroll in Central Park.

ROB

Sounds good to me.

*They go to kiss.*

LACEY

I love you, Mr. London.

*He pauses and smiles.*

ROB

I love you, too.

*They kiss passionately. Their phones ding incessantly and they continue to kiss. Texts continue to ding and then together they shut their phones off and resume passionately making*

*out.*

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF PLAY)





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