

# ***Vague Stone***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

ROBERT:

37

LUCY:

33

Place

Living room

Time

Afternoon

2.

Setting: The play takes place inside a large living room penthouse. The design is modern and sleek with dark furniture and art work.

At Rise: The play opens with Robert and Lucy drinking together on the living room rug.

ROBERT: I'm not.

LUCY: You are.

ROBERT: ...I'm changing and I'm not so sure I like who I'm changing into.

LUCY: You're doing great.

ROBERT: There's things about myself I miss. I feel like a fraud to myself. (beat) This image, this brand; I've been living up to it for so long I've forgotten who I truly am. I've become clouded by my own hype. And now what? I'm a sparkle in the distance. That vague stone people gawk at and are frightened by...where's the enchantment? I don't seem to give off the scent. The charm, the glamour..excitement. (beat) I would really love to punch Mario dead in that giant head of his. Have you ever seen a publicist with a head that big? I'd like to crack it open to prove how empty he is. Constantly bickering in the dark on how I should be. I swear if I had the sense, I would have designed a nutcracker by now, big enough to take care of that dreadful noggin. (beat) I've somehow become too rowdy for the softies in this game; everybody's so worried about public perception. I think that's wrong. Isn't that wrong? We all have scandals, dear. It's only a question of who hides them deeper. People secretly crave authenticity, they want honesty, they don't want the same cookie-cutter bull they've been spoon fed over and over. (beat) I'm not here to be cute. I'm trying to say something! Why do you think so many people tune out? We're all tired of seeing different spin-offs of the same crap..everything keeps repeating! WHERE'S THE TRUTH?

LUCY: I thought your interview went great.

ROBERT: Of course you did.

LUCY: You were awesome.

ROBERT: I feel like I'm saying things I wouldn't normally say, just to sound good.

LUCY: You are always sincere.

ROBERT: I'm not happy, Lucy.

LUCY: Why?

ROBERT: I'm slipping.

LUCY: You are doing the best you've ever done.

ROBERT: Is that why I'm living my life?

LUCY: What's wrong with progress?

ROBERT: Is that what this is, progress?

LUCY: Progress you've worked years to achieve.

ROBERT: I've worked years to get good at my craft. It was never about making daddy rich.

LUCY: Daddy?

ROBERT: The other bastard...Leonard.

LUCY: Leonard has your best interest.

ROBERT: Leonard is a scoundrel. The only reason why he takes my shit is because I am bank baby, the minute sales begin to dip, I'm cold fish. I have to make, make, make. (imitating Leonard) "You must PRODUCE Robert, PRODUCE." Why did I ever agree to such rubbish?

LUCY: There's no point being good at something if you're not willing to get out into the world. Leonard has helped you reach mainstream.

ROBERT: Yes, but why is everything so calculated? Nothing feels organic, original, nothing delivers on its own timeline. How I long for the days of fuckery.

LUCY: (Laughs) And what kind of days were those?

ROBERT: Fuckery days dear. The dilly dallies, the times of...simplicity and even a lining of happiness. What I mean is that there was once a boy from Idaho who came to the Big Apple with dreams of grandeur and who slept on floors and alleyways all in the name of art! Creativity came when it came, inspiration hit when it hit. Not anymore, i'm living in a jailed circus.

LUCY: You need a break.

ROBERT: (laughing) There's no such word, dear.

LUCY: No, no, I have a house on the beach.

ROBERT: You? How?

LUCY: It's family owned. In Miami. We can leave tonight.

ROBERT: Darling, as inviting as that sounds, we both know that's an impossibility.

LUCY: Why? You're the boss, you can do whatever you like.

ROBERT: I can, can't I?

LUCY: Yes.

ROBERT: On the beach you say?

LUCY: Warm sand, blue waves, martinis.

ROBERT: Oh - just what I need.

LUCY: Massages, sun, dancing, lovemaking.

ROBERT: ...We can't.

LUCY: Terrible.

ROBERT: I know, but this—for once in my life I wish to..to..oh, hell...fuck it, book the tickets, we are leaving for Miami!

LUCY jumps up and down.

ROBERT: Cancel all my meetings for the next week. We'll have Evan take the reins, he'll feel ordained and Leon will get the memo.

LUCY: You are a madman.

ROBERT: We'll leave from Kennedy.

LUCY: Woo-hoo!

ROBERT: What a joy to imagine the look on the faces of everyone who needs me. I am an evil man but to hell with them all. Crying wolves! They won't ever stop howling at me, the devils. Be gone! Be gone! We will be dancing in the sun.

LUCY: I love you!

ROBERT: I love you too, dear, just not that way, you know that.

LUCY: Yes, of course.

ROBERT: If I were a straight man, you'd be the twinkle of my eye.

LUCY: We can still make love.

ROBERT: Honey, you really shouldn't be that desperate. A beautiful young dynamo such as yourself can get good drink from anywhere.

LUCY: You have never...with a woman?

ROBERT: It's like having sex with your favorite pet.

LUCY: But you've tried?

ROBERT: The most horrible experience. Not that I needed confirmation mind you, but no amount of substance abuse could replace the real thing for me. Sorry to disappoint you.

LUCY: I still love you.

ROBERT: And I love you, dearie face. Perhaps in another life, although I doubt it, unless I come back as me and you a man.  
(laughs)

LUCY: (laughs)

(phone rings)

ROBERT: What now?

ROBERT answers phone.

ROBERT: Hell on Earth? (beat) ...What? Carlo you sound so sad...get yourself together and talk slowly...overdosed? Wh—in the studio?? Well, wha---unbelievable, shit...I'm coming...on my way...

ROBERT hangs up the phone.

ROBERT: Bobby overdosed, that little squirrel...warned him so many...right in the studio...

LUCY: Oh, no.

ROBERT: We have to go there...Carlo is a disaster, he witnessed the entire episode...poor thing. (beat) I need to sit for a moment before we...a bit dizzy, really.

ROBERT sways to one side.

LUCY helps him sit.

LUCY: Robert?

ROBERT: I'm here. A lot to take in. Such potential. Didn't that little shit have such potential...it's my fault.

LUCY: No!

ROBERT: It is! It is! It's my Goddamn fault.

LUCY: Don't say such things!

ROBERT: You wouldn't no, would you? Life is just one long continuous party for you. This is real life, Lucy! Little Bobby's dead! He's fucking dead, that...(he grieves)

ROBERT (cont'd): Had I not been such a— he needed me. He told me he needed me and I pushed him aside. (beat) Well, what can one do? (beat) It's not like I don't have obligations. I have investors beating me down, accountants, lawyers, DOCTORS! I'm sorry Lucy...I didn't mean to lash out at you...you're my sweetheart, forgive me? He was a good kid, smart, rich in his mind, so rich, so rich...and now he's dust.

LUCY hugs ROBERT.

ROBERT: I discovered him spray painting in a subway station. It was his clothes that appealed to me. His get up as he called it. Ha! All he needed was good guidance...I promised him I would...I abandoned him.

LUCY: You gave him everything he needed. He made his own decision. You can't blame yourself.

ROBERT: Well, right, on with the show.

ROBERT stands.

ROBERT: Raincheck on Miami. Obviously, there's a new mess I have to clean up and Carlo is destroyed.

LUCY: I'm sorry Robert.

ROBERT: So am I. You see? This is...Lucy, if I can only get a better grip of myself, that's all I need, I think. All I want is to be able to feel the handle, this way I can turn the valve according to my needs...I've lost my grip and now I've lost Bobby...

END OF PLAY