



THE LACY PROJECT

BY ALENA SMITH



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.



THE LACY PROJECT
Copyright © 2017, Alena Smith

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that performance of THE LACY PROJECT is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth), and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission for which must be secured from the Author's agent in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for THE LACY PROJECT are controlled exclusively by Dramatists Play Service, Inc., 440 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance the written permission of Dramatists Play Service, Inc., and paying the requisite fee.

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to ICM Partners, 65 East 55th Street, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10022. Attn: Ross Weiner.

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce THE LACY PROJECT is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears, including printed or digital materials for advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. Please see your production license for font size and typeface requirements.

Be advised that there may be additional credits required in all programs and promotional material. Such language will be listed under the "Additional Billing" section of production licenses. It is the licensee's responsibility to ensure any and all required billing is included in the requisite places, per the terms of the license.

SPECIAL NOTE ON SONGS AND RECORDINGS

Dramatists Play Service, Inc. neither holds the rights to nor grants permission to use any songs or recordings mentioned in the Play. Permission for performances of copyrighted songs, arrangements or recordings mentioned in this Play is not included in our license agreement. The permission of the copyright owner(s) must be obtained for any such use. For any songs and/or recordings mentioned in the Play, other songs, arrangements, or recordings may be substituted provided permission from the copyright owner(s) of such songs, arrangements or recordings is obtained; or songs, arrangements or recordings in the public domain may be substituted.

The world premiere of THE LACY PROJECT was presented at the Ohio Theatre, Ice Factory Festival, NYC, in 2007. It was directed by Susanna Gellert, the scenic design was by Deb O, the costume design was by Emily Rebholz, the lighting design was by Thom Weaver, the sound design and composition was by David Thomas, and the video design was by Alex Eaton. The cast was as follows:

LACY Kristen Connolly
GISELLE Molly Ward
CHARLOTTE Caitlin McDonough-Thayer
OLIVIA Taylor Wilcox
HARRIET Alexis McGuinness

CHARACTERS

LACY, daughter of a famous photographer

GISELLE, Lacy's best friend

CHARLOTTE, Lacy's roommate

OLIVIA, Lacy's doll

HARRIET, Charlotte's doll

PLACE

One evening in the spring, present-day.

TIME

The kitchen of a two-bedroom apartment in Manhattan.

THE LACY PROJECT

Scene 1

One evening in the spring, in New York, in the kitchen of a cute apartment on Mott Street.

To the right is a window which looks a few floors down onto the street. At the back there is a door, the entrance to the apartment. To the left, an open doorway which leads off to an unseen hallway, two bedrooms, and a bathroom.

There is a round kitchen table with two round chairs, a refrigerator with stylish magnets, a stereo, a sink full of dirty dishes, etc.

At the kitchen table, two dolls sit, motionless. One of the dolls, Olivia, wears a fancy dress. The other, Harriet, wears a rag dress.

After a while, Olivia blinks.

Harriet scratches her knee.

Olivia stands up stiffly, and twirls in a slow circle to show off her dress.

OLIVIA. How very fine my gown is! How swishy are my petticoats! I do pity you, poor Harriet. You have only a plain frock of calico, and your skin is of cloth.

HARRIET. (*Somber.*) Yes, Olivia, 'tis true your lace out-flaunts my hemsack. But I am a good little farm-girl, and I can make wine from blackberries, and it pleaseth me fine to find none but a corn-husk in my Christmas sock, for to me a corn-husk is all the riches in Sodom.

OLIVIA. Still, I bet you'd love to wear a pretty skirt like mine. Even for just one night!

HARRIET. Ah, the way that tatting makes your bustle shimmer... oh *would* you ever allow me to borrow your dress?

OLIVIA. Poor Harriet. I'm afraid such an exchange would be impossible. For our gowns are sewn to our very skin.

HARRIET. Ah, 'tis true. Such is our lot.

OLIVIA. Plus, even if I could get it off, my gear would not flatter you. For you have a fat cloth tummy, whilst I have sensuous plastic curves.

HARRIET. You are indeed quite plastic. You are plastic from your teeth to your toenails. Your very soul is plastic, dearest Olivia.

OLIVIA. Oh, yeah? Well, thank you, Harriet. I like totally take that as a compliment.

HARRIET. I only dress for honest reasons: modesty and utility. First, modesty, to cover my body, which is lurid and shameful and lewd. Second, utility, or in other words, pockets. I am always needing pockets to carry the grub hook out to the barn—and if I should happen to pick up a stone or penny along my daily treks, a pocket is the right place to keep it! I am forever happening upon the most darling little items in the most unexpected places, and if I should slip some pretty thing into my pocket to coo over in my bed that night, then who can blame me for being anything more than a silly, sentimental young lady!

OLIVIA. Umm—I can. I can blame you for being a *klepto*, Harriet! It is one thing to pick up a rock on your way to muck horse shit, but it is quite another when I invite you to my penthouse and half my bling-bling goes missing!

HARRIET. Olivia, I have paid my penance, and there is nothing more to be said on the matter of your emerald ring.

OLIVIA. Stealing is wrong, Harriet.

HARRIET. Let's change the subject. Tell me—do you have a boyfriend?

OLIVIA. What do you mean—for sexing?

HARRIET. Yes, for going out to the club, for skanking it. You know whereof I speak, girlfriend. Don't blush.

OLIVIA. But Harriet, the red is painted onto my plastic cheeks. Therefore I cannot help but blush, twenty-four hours a day. Whether I am ashamed or not. Your question does not shock me, ho. I do indeed have a man. He lives in a castle, and his name is Baron DeCock.

HARRIET. He sounds excessively handsome! Hast thou any portrait of him?

OLIVIA. Thou can look him up on Facebook. Thou wilt notice in his profile, he has officially declared his status as “*In a Relationship*.” And guess whom that *Relationship* is with? *Moi*.

HARRIET. What else does he write in his profile? I must know all of the man who has tamed the wild Miss Olivia Von Harrington-Hallway!

OLIVIA. Suffice it to say that he’s kinky. *Excessively* kinky. And his favorite music is techno.

HARRIET. Olivia! (*Mocking.*) Are you telling me your fiancé is a raver?

OLIVIA. (*Defensive.*) Pooh! I don’t care if he’s a raver! Baron DeCock can do all the raving he wants! Because I’m raving—raving mad for him!

HARRIET. What makes you love him so desperately? What wonderful tricks does he play? What is his game, in other words? What does he do to you?

OLIVIA. (*Triumphantly.*) *He fingers me!*

HARRIET. (*Enthralled.*) All the time?!

OLIVIA. Every night at midnight.

HARRIET. How does he do it, Olivia? Your dress is sewn to your crotch! Is he...of magic?

OLIVIA. That’s none of your beeswax, Harriet. Why don’t you tell me of your boyfriend and whether he fingers you in your crotch of cloth?

HARRIET. I have...a hundred boyfriends.

OLIVIA. You liar.

HARRIET. I am a supermodel!

OLIVIA. Don’t be ridiculous, Harriet. You are a cow-maid. A lowly cow-maid. I’m the one who parties with the glam and the

ultra-glam. Speaking of which, ho, today is my birthday. Did you get me a present?

HARRIET. Of course, dearest Olivia. I have it right here in my pocket.

OLIVIA. Ooh, goody!

HARRIET. I sold my own corn-husk to buy you this gift.

OLIVIA. Oh, Harriet, not the corn-husk! You shouldn't have.

HARRIET. *(Pulling something out of her pocket.)* Happy birthday to my very best friend.

OLIVIA. *(Snatching it.)* You stupid bitch!

HARRIET. I beg your pardon!

OLIVIA. This is my emerald ring! How dare you!

HARRIET. Well, what am I supposed to get for the girl who has everything!

OLIVIA. Just for that you're not invited to my birthday party. As a matter of fact, it just got started, and I'm fashionably late. I must hasten back to the penthouse!

Olivia turns on her heel and exits.

HARRIET. Wait! Olivia! Wait!

Harriet runs out after Olivia.

Once the dolls exit, the kitchen is quiet for a moment. Then, the door opens.

Lacy enters.

She is laden with shopping bags from expensive boutiques. She wears a little black dress and little pink shoes. She is delicate, sweet, lovely to look at. Her skin glows. Her hair is tangled.

She drops all her stuff on the floor and the table, kicks off her shoes, yawns, stretches—at each and every moment, the light sets her off perfectly; the colors of the room cluster around her like a bouquet around a rose.

Lacy exits.

A few seconds later she returns, holding two little dolls—the doll-sized versions of Olivia and Harriet. She sets them down in a chair at the table and smooths their dresses.

LACY. Hello, dollies. Olivia, your dress looks beautiful today. Harriet, don't you wish you had a nice dress like Olivia? Poor Harriet.

She kisses the doll Harriet on the head.

Now, let's see who sent me a birthday card!

Lacy goes through a stack of mail carelessly, tossing envelopes and catalogues down in a messy pile.

In the middle of the stack there is a letter that jumps out at her. She picks up the envelope and looks at it closely. She turns it over and over a few times without opening it. She brings it to her nose and sniffs it. Then, she carefully opens the envelope, takes out a letter, and reads it to herself.

For a while she stands quite still, reading the letter.

(Under her breath, when she finishes.) Hm.

At last she folds up the letter, puts it back in the envelope, and sets it down on the table.

The dolls stare at the letter.

Lacy goes to the fridge and opens it.

Nothing to eat. Can you imagine, it's my birthday, and I have nothing to eat? All we have is this bowl of cherries.

Lacy takes the bowl of cherries out of the fridge.

Charlotte won't mind if I eat a few of her cherries. After all, it is my birthday. I'm the birthday girl.

Lacy goes back over to the table and sets the bowl of cherries down on top. She takes a cherry out of the bowl and lifts it to her lips, not eating it yet.

Hello, little cherry.

Lacy kisses the cherry.

Your outside is so glossy.

Lacy licks the cherry.

What do you taste like, little cherry?

Lacy bites the cherry.

Mmm. Cherries are so delicious.

Lacy spits out the pit and drops the stem. She takes another

THE LACY PROJECT

by Alena Smith

5W

Her mother's photographs turned Lacy into an icon of childhood innocence and beauty. Now, on the night of her 22nd birthday, Lacy has to navigate between image and reality, sex and friendship, self-indulgence and responsibility. This wild tragicomedy presents a portrait of a young woman held captive by her own childhood, and a vivid picture of a generation unable to grow up.

"A play by a gifted young playwright, about young people today... Astonishingly complex..." —**Radar Redux**

"Alena Smith is a smashingly original young playwright as she demonstrates in the wildly talented THE LACY PROJECT." —**John Guare**

Also by Alena Smith
THE BAD GUYS
THE NEW SINCERITY
PLUCKER

ISBN 978-0-8222-3738-9



DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.

9 780822 237389