

BOOB JOB

A short play

By Alex Coulombe

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CHARACTERS

JENELLE

GILBERT

MISTER WATERS

SPIKE TOP

MAN

WOMAN

A party of CEOs and professional types. Classical music plays. Finely dressed individuals eat garnishes and chat with each other. In walks a woman in a fabulous but topless dress, while a man follows her around, cupping her breasts.

JENELLE

Gilbert! It's the president of Astrid Studios. Let's get a good push-up going.

GILBERT presses her breasts firmly together.

JENELLE (CONT'D)

Dial it back a little.

GILBERT relents.

MISTER WATERS

Jenelle! You look positively smashing tonight. And who are you wearing?

JENELLE

Gilbert LaRouge. He's just temporary though.

MISTER WATERS

But of course.

JENELLE

Hey! Hey! My eyes are up here.

MISTER WATERS

But of course. Good night.

He exits. GILBERT rests.

JENELLE

Pervert. Ahh... Jesus fucking a toaster! That's Spike Top over there.

GILBERT

The saggy rock star has-been?

JENELLE

Shut up. He's charming.

GILBERT

He's trichomoniasis-ridden.

JENELLE

Let's try something a little different. You know that commercial that was on the other night? I think it's a new Victoria's Secret bra, or maybe Frederick's...? Come on it was on about 3 AM. The crazy Mexican guy was selling it. It's a demi with a slow pulse kind of thing. Yeah, like that.

GILBERT alternates slowly squeezing one breast, then the other.
SPIKE approaches. JENELLE bounces up and down in joy while GILBERT struggles to hold her steady.

Control yourself, Gilbert!

SPIKE

Hey there beautiful.

JENELLE

You remember me!

SPIKE

Remember...?

JENELLE

Second-row, third seat from the aisle, Boston concert in 1993! So good to see you again.

SPIKE

Well, you are beautiful. How have you been?

JENELLE

I'm great, great. Still single. Everything I yelled at the concert still applies.

SPIKE

Well I--

JENELLE

Still want your baby.

SPIKE

Ha. So who's this, your bodyguard?

JENELLE

No... no, he's just... ahem. Nothing.

GILBERT's alternating squeezing
becomes far too rabid and forced.
JENELLE just smiles.

SPIKE

Is something wrong?

JENELLE

(slapping GILBERT)

No not at all. But I am hot. Too hot. Hey do you want to go
some place cooler? I'd love to get some of this clothing
off... you know.

SPIKE

Yes... you do look pretty hot and bothered. But not to my
taste. Sorry love.

SPIKE leaves. JENELLE slaps GILBERT
over and over. He recoils but never
lets go.

JENELLE

What is wrong with you Gilbert?!

GILBERT

You said we'd only be here ten minutes.

JENELLE

Whoop dee fuckiddy doo, there turned out to be more important
people here than I expected, so we're staying until I fuck
one of them! Why is that so hard?

GILBERT

I have kids to get home to.

JENELLE

And I have a bra that needs to stay on. Ah, there's my last boss! Let's show him what he's missing out on.

GILBERT

(holding her still)

No.

JENELLE

Gilbert! A little support please...?

GILBERT

I love you.

JENELLE

The fuck?

GILBERT

I can't take it anymore! This relationship has become far too intimate for me to maintain an air of professionalism. Three months of all your secrets... needs... your every whim. I love you Jenelle. And have since the first day of this job.

The party guests stare.

JENELLE

Gilbert... calm down.

GILBERT

Your expectations are unreasonable! Do you have any idea how much it tears me up to watch you have sex with other men?

JENELLE

You could close your eyes.

GILBERT

Well the other senses still paint a vivid picture. All that jostling and... tongues between my fingers... smells...

JENELLE

I'm sorry, I can't orgasm without a bra on, but this is all exactly what you signed up for.

GILBERT

I didn't sign up for love! I didn't sign up for passion! I didn't sign up for something that makes me feel more alive, more perked up than the perfect cup of coffee! How could I know holding your breasts would be the most fulfilling act of my life? Has this meant nothing to you?

JENELLE

Gilbert... you stupid idiot child. How could you think this relationship could be anything but what it is? Of course I don't think of you that way. You could never be more than a support system. I'm a high-powered woman. And you're a bra.

GILBERT

Well, I think...

JENELLE

I don't pay you to think, fuckface. I pay you to hold my breasts up. Now crouch down and shut up and let's get back to the party.

GILBERT

I think I'm going to take off for the night.

JENELLE

Don't you dare take-off.

GILBERT

I'm going to do it.

JENELLE

There are important people here!

GILBERT struggles with himself.
His hands shake.

GILBERT

I can't.

JENELLE

I knew you couldn't. You're a bra, and you'll always be a bra. And there's nothing more to you.

GILBERT cries.

Gilbert, you're a real hand full.

GILBERT

You are.

Just then, a man enters wearing a gorgeous suit, but no pants. A WOMAN follows him around holding his crotch. He appears insecure, until he locks eyes with JENELLE. He approaches her. JENELLE's entire appearance softens.

MAN

Hi...

JENELLE

Hi.

GILBERT and WOMAN lock eyes.
She smiles.

MAN

Do you want to...

JENELLE

Find an empty ballroom?

MAN

Sure.

They turn, back to the audience, and they begin to exit, GILBERT and WOMAN following. In unison, they each take a hand off their host and hold the other's hand.

BLACKOUT