

## **"TWELVE TULIPS FOR TINSELTOWNE"**

A One Act Play by Grant Sutor Vuille

### **Genre:**

Comedy/Satire

### **Synopsis:**

A short one act satirical comedy play about a young aspiring starlet in Hollywood who is anxious to make it in show business as a dramatic actress, but who is always given sex-kitten roles because of her glamorous appearance. Tulip Tinseltowne, feeling she is right on the verge of success, arrives back to her Hollywood apartment from an unsuccessful audition for a movie when a 7.1 earthquake occurs. She thinks it's Armageddon because Hollywood always seemed to her to be a den of sin. Her agent continually sends her to auditions for loose women roles where casting directors and producers harass the female talent. Her boyfriend has adapted to the ways of Hollywood quite well but expects her to tow the line and be faithful to him only. TULIP wants none of that except to succeed in achieving her artistic goals. Undaunted by these setbacks she vows to make it in Hollywood by hook or by crook, returning to the crumbled wasteland of Tinsel Town streets and boulevards to solicit her tantalizing talents.

**Characters:**

Tulip Tinseltowne - A young aspiring starlet in Hollywood who is anxious to make it in show business as a dramatic actress, but who is always given sex-kitten roles because of her glamorous appearance.  
Aaron Buggerspell - Her middle-aged disgruntled over-sexed agent. He has the 'hots' for all his female clients, and an unrequited love interest in Tulip.

Phillip Twigsbee - Her young street hustler bisexual bi-polar paranoid schizophrenic boyfriend, whose fears and worries increase the tension whenever he is around.

**Time:**

Afternoon, in the current year, just as Armageddon is beginning.

**Place:**

Hollywood, CA, just after a major 7.1 earthquake.

**Setting:**

Tulip's modest efficiency apartment overlooking Sunset Boulevard. Behind a small sofa center stage is a cracked window pane with the Hollywood sign cracked apart on the mountain in full view. A free standing door, stage left, also has a big crack on it. A single armchair is right of center stage with additional cracks on the wall behind it. A small end table between the sofa and armchair has a vase with a dozen roses.

**SCENE 1**

(The stage is dark. Sounds of a massive 7.1 earthquake rumble loudly and screams are heard. Just as the lights slowly begin to come up the vase with a dozen roses tips over. The whole Hollywood background set outside the window visibly shakes and the Hollywood sign and buildings on it are loose cutouts that shake individually, also. As the rumbling fades out Tulip Tinseltowne enters from the stage left door into her apartment. She flips on the lights and screams,

noticing all the damage. There is a crack in the window behind her sofa center-stage. The crack seems to pierce the damaged

Hollywood Hills sign on the distant mountain above the streets of Hollywood in ruins. Tulip dashes around straightening up, putting a few of the roses back in the vase)

## **TULIP**

Oh, my God, it's the end of the world! Oh, help us, dear God! (She collapses onto the sofa. There is knocking at the door. It is Tulip's Hollywood Agent, Aron Buggerspell. He begs Tulip to let him in)

## **AARON**

Tulip! Tulip Tinseltowne! Let me in please, the streets are covered in rubble and the people who need people are screaming hysterically everywhere! I can't take it another minute! Let me in, the sky is falling and the earth is shattering apart!

(Tulip runs and opens the door and in bursts Aaron Buggerspell)

## **TULIP**

Mr. Buggerspell, what's happening, is it Armageddon? I've just come out of a really bad audition--I'm shaking all over.

## **AARON**

That had to be a 7.1 quake, baby. Say listen, how did that audition go for the "Bubble Goddess" flick? You're perfect for that role. Did you do the coochie-coochie dance for them?

## **TULIP**

Yeah, Aaron, about that coochie-coochie bit...I'm really tired of you sending me on those kinds of auditions. I'm a serious actress--I'm looking for juicy acting parts, not these constant bimbo bit roles.

**AARON**

But they're your bread-and-butter. You satisfy a definite need that producers are just desperate to fill. You have a great look, and you know it. You're the next Marilyn Monroe. They can't resist you...I can't resist you.

**TULIP**

I can't stand the way those so called producers and casting directors drool over me--it's disgusting. Please go now Aaron, I'm exhausted after that earthquake. Between it and that awful audition for those lecherous movie gorillas it feels like my head will crack like that Hollywood sign.

(Tulip checks the damage to her apartment. She surveys all the cracks, looks out the window at all the destruction, then flops upon the sofa again, exhausted)

**AARON**

Don't sweat it baby, don't let a little earthquake bother you, it happens all the time out here.

**TULIP**

But look at all the damage that's been done. Hollywood is on its knees and I'm sick of producers and casting directors harassing me all the time and expecting me to do the same, the dirty perverts. I'm not assuming that position anytime soon. Where's the 'me, too, movement' for me, too?!

**AARON**

Are you going to let a little sexual naughtiness get in your way? A little flirtation might help you get that part in a movie you've always wanted.

**TULIP**

(Standing up) No! I won't let them get away with it! On the way out the door that nasty producer pinched me on the ass and invited me up to his office for a personal examination of my talents.

**AARON**

Great! Did you accept his invitation?

**TULIP**

No! You're not listening to me, Mr. Aaron Buggerspell, and as my agent you're part of the problem, too!

**AARON**

Come here, my little Tulip flower, you need a hug. Come to daddy, baby, I'll fix it all for you. Are those the roses I sent you?

**TULIP**

Yes, the earthquake tipped them over and were scattered on the floor when I came in. I tried to straighten them up, but.... (Bursting into tears she allows Aron to give her a hug. He begins to go too far and starts kissing her) Oh, Aaron, I don't think I can handle any more stress. (She squirms uncomfortably, wanting to break free of his embrace)

**ARON**

Oh, sweetheart, let daddy make it all better. You're so beautiful, Tulip, I just can't stop kissing you. I love being your agent. I'm going to make you a star someday. You put the animal instinct in me on fire.

See, baby, see how it is? Everybody does this in Hollywood. It's okay, sweetheart, just relax.

**TULIP**

(Pushing him away) No, stop, I won't let you, this is exactly what I mean! This is not what I want, I want to have a career, not a series of perverse sexual encounters! You're acting like some narcissistic politician. What gives Aaron, are you planning on running for president?

**AARON**

That hurts me, Tulip. Didn't you like the roses I sent?

**TULIP**

Yes, well, I prefer tulips, but it's not appropriate for you to give me flowers of any kind because we have a business relationship. You're my agent, not my boyfriend. Show me some respect! (Just as she finishes speaking her boyfriend Phillip Twigsbee pops up from behind the sofa where he'd been hiding the whole time and Tulip's joust with Aaron has crossed the line for him)

**PHILLIP**

Tulip! I demand to know what that lecherous old fart is up to.

**TULIP**

Phillip Twigsbee! How dare you spy on me in my own apartment! I'm sorry Mr. Buggerspell. Phillip, really!

**AARON**

Sorry, Tulip, this is my cue to exit. If Hollywood hasn't collapsed completely I'll be back later to get you to sign a new contract! Practice your coochie-coochie, coo's! (Aaron exits though the front door)

**PHILLIP**

He's just a sick old creep and you need to get another agent pronto!

**TULIP**

Who are you calling sick? If the bunny slippers fit, well....

**PHILLIP**

Bunny slippers? I'm not a perverse old pussy-snatcher like Buggerspell. I'm a freelance sexuality therapist...in practice.

**TULIP**

Ha! Is that what you call it? Don't hustle me, Phillip Twigsbee, I can see right through you. This earthquake is going to send all of corrupt Hollywood straight to frigging Hell!

**PHILLIP**

Gee, Tulip, a guy's got to make a living. My tricks pay me top dollar. I'm saving up for your engagement ring.

**TULIP**

Oh for pity's sake, Phillip, you're having another episode--have you been taking your psychiatric medication?

**PHILLIP**

I don't trust these sick people you associate with. I want you to marry me right away and come back to Sacksville, PA. We can stay at Mom's.

**TULIP**

Your mother has never forgiven me for running off to Hollywood. You should not have followed me out here especially when you knew our relationship was not working out because of my career ambitions.

**PHILLIP**

Mom may think you're a loose kitten, but I'll set her straight. Why can't we just work things out? And you need to allow me to go to these auditions with you so those buzzards will leave you alone. How can I be certain one of them won't seduce you and steal you away from me?

**TULIP**

I know what your mother thinks and she already knows I'm not loose, Phillip. She knows I'm not interested in having affairs with anyone. I've been faithful to you since we met two years ago

and that's because I have no interest in any compromising sexual relationship. If I had been I'd still be in Sacksville, PA with you tying me down!

**PHILLIP**

You can be so cruel sometimes.

**TULIP**

Sorry, but I have to be blunt, Phillip Twiggsbee. I want to focus on my career, not waste my time or yours trying to patch things up between us, or because of anybody else for that matter. I still love you in a small way, but I can't stand your jealous outbursts. You make me a nervous wreck. You should leave Hollywood and go back home to Mom. I'll send for you later when I've had a successful break as a serious dramatic actress.

**PHILLIP**

Is that Aaron sicko coming back here to try and get in your panties again?

**TULIP**

Please, lets not talk about my agent, he's finding me work in Hollywood. I can handle him, he's a pushover with a lot of connections and I can't afford to let him go. You know how hard it is getting an agent out here, Phillip, so I just have to hang in there and not give up.

**PHILLIP**

Tulip, I simply won't have you dilly-dallying with that starlet hopper for another second.

**TULIP**

Yes, I'll admit, Aaron Buggerspell has a more than liberated libido, but I can manage his advances just fine by myself, thank you.



**PHILLIP**

When he comes back I'm going to be waiting behind the sofa to pounce on him--I'll give him a taste of his own medicine.

**TULIP**

Phillip Twigsbee, that's not a good idea and you know it. He's my agent, sweetheart. I need him to find me work in Hollywood. Please, butt out of my business.

**PHILLIP**

Ha, sex is big business out here for sure, just look at my sexuality therapist gig, I make loads of cash and I don't discriminate against women, men, or the LGBTQ community. I can take care of myself, too, Tulip. That's why you need me to fight off those sexual predators like those movie mogul types and your sicko agent Buggerspell.

**TULIP**

Buggerspell likes conflict--he may even take an interest in you, Phillip...your libido is sizzling and you have a natural magnetic charm.

**PHILLIP**

I will not have sex with that old fart!

I'll just appeal to his degenerate nature and threaten to push him out the window where he'll make a giant splat onto Sunset Boulevard.

**TULIP**

Will you get out of here? He'll be back shortly. Go back to the YMCA and stop bugging me.

**PHILLIP**

I heard him say he gave you that dozen roses if you'd sleep with him. Is that true, Tulip?

Tulip Tinseltowne, answer me!

**TULIP**

He did not say that, Phillip. Your constant paranoid barrage is the big reason I won't allow us to live together. I'm not sleeping with anybody, can't you get that through your thick skull? You're imagining things. I think you've forgotten to take your medicine this morning.

**PHILLIP**

I always take my medicine. My Social Security covers my doctor and prescriptions, why would I not take them? My psychiatrist is very proud of how responsible I've become over time.

**TULIP**

I bet you're not taking your meds and instead are selling them on the street! I think we need to break up and you need to leave Hollywood and go home to your mom back in Sackville, PA. I can't take you anymore.

Please leave! And give me your key, I don't want you coming in here again when I'm not at home.

**PHILLIP**

I want to stay with you here. I hate staying at the YMCA. And I'm sick of not having my own place. Why can't I move in here permanently? And I never imagine things that aren't there. Didn't we just go through an earthquake? Was I imagining that?

**TULIP**

Yes, I think that earthquake was in your imagination. Maybe you'd better go back to Mom in PA. She misses you and I can't manage a career and a psychotic relationship at the same time. Now give me your key to my apartment and leave at once!