

Comfort Zone

by

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Cast of Characters

LARA:

28

JAKE:

30

Place

Apartment

Time

Night

Setting: Lara and Jake's apartment. Night.

At Rise: Jake sips his beer, Lara enters the living room.

Lara enters the living room.

LARA: How do these shoes look?

JAKE: They're nice.

LARA: But which one? They are two different shoes.

JAKE: Oh. Uh. *(examining)* I like the boots.

LARA: The boots?

JAKE: Yeah, the boots.

LARA: I'm not sure.

JAKE: The boots.

LARA: Okay, alright, the boots.

Lara exits the living room.

Jake sips his beer.

Lara enters the living room.

LARA: Which ones?

JACK: What?

LARA: Which ones?

JACK: Didn't we just decide on which---

LARA: I want to compare these also. Which?

JACK: *(examining)* Ummm, I'd go with, uh, go with the boots.

LARA: The boots?

JACK: The boots.

LARA: Not the heels?

JACK: The boots, babe.

LARA: ...Are you sure?

JACK: Honey, I like the boots but wear what you think best.

Lara exits the living room.

Jake sips his beer.

Lara enters the living room and sits. She holds her make-up bag and begins applying some to her face with a hand mirror.

LARA: Are you getting ready?

JAKE: I'm ready.

LARA: You don't look ready.

JAKE: I'm as ready as ready can be ready.

LARA: Your hair looks dry. Put some gel in it or something.

JAKE: Gel doesn't last in my hair. It only gets dry again, anyway.

Jake looks out window.

Damn. (beat) It's pouring hard out there. Taking the bus is gonna be a real pain in the ass.

LARA: It'll be fine, once we get there.

JAKE: We're gonna get all drenched.

LARA: It won't be such a big deal.

JAKE: ...Yeah.

LARA: What's wrong?

JAKE: Nothing.

LARA: We'll have a good time, have some laughs.

JAKE: I don't want to go to the rave.

LARA: Why not?

JAKE: Because I don't feel like dancing.

LARA: It's just one night, Jake. You promised you'd take me dancing and we've been planning this for weeks.

JAKE: Yeah.

LARA: I need to go out.

JAKE: I know, I know. You will burst into flames if you don't.

LARA: Don't start---

JAKE: Your idea of having a good time is---

LARA: Don't sit on your high horse and mock my way of living...I need to go out. I can't stomach being trapped here like a prisoner. There is nothing going on, ever! I need fun, I am young, I want to go out with my friends.

I have one life and I am going to live it. You like staying home, all day, like an old man. You don't go out unless it's for the store to get food. All you think about is eating and sitting.

I want to dance! I want to party!

I'm not saying work isn't important. It is important but so is a social life. There needs to be a healthy balance.

If you can't come out with me Jake, I'm going out without you because I'm not going to waste my life. Step out of your comfort zone and live a little before it's too late.

JAKE: I said I was going, didn't I?

LARA: But don't turn my stomach before we leave? You do this to me all the time. Like we ever really go out.

JAKE: We go out every weekend.

LARA: Yes, but this is a night to go dancing.

JAKE: You know I hate dancing.

LARA: For me! Can't you do it for me?

JAKE: Yes but don't go flopping around drunk off your ass like the last twenty times. You don't know how to keep it together. You can't contain your behavior when you drink. And I can't drop my guard and have fun because I'm always too busy looking out for you, waiting to pull you out of the smoke.

LARA: You exaggerate.

JAKE: Exaggerate? Do you call swinging a broom around in the middle of a club, knocking down lights an exaggeration?

LARA: That was an accident and I didn't break any lights.

JAKE: By the skin of your teeth. If you could learn at some point in your life to have all out fun without all out disaster, I think the both of us could enjoy life when we go all out partying.

LARA: Fine!

JAKE: What's fine?

LARA: I won't swing any brooms.

JAKE: *(sarcastic)* Great!

LARA: *(sarcastic)* Great!

(pause.)

Jake...honey...I'll be a good girl tonight, I promise. I won't cause a ruckus. I'll have no more than two, no, three or four drinks and that's it, I'll pace myself all through the night.

JAKE: You can drink but if you pace yourself, that's the secret. Maybe like a drink an hour, just nurse it, you don't need to gulp it down in the first five minutes.

LARA: No gulping.

JAKE: Cause you know, you change...you get that look in your eye and it takes the fun out of it all for me.

LARA: Honey...no gulping, only pacing.

JAKE: No gulping, only pacing.

Lara zippers up her make-up bag. She sips her glass of rosé.

LARA: Okay, let's get the umbrella's and get the hell out of here.

JAKE: Let's roll.

END OF PLAY