

Front Row Seats

by

Joseph Arnone

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Cast of Characters

KELLY:

27

JOE:

27

Place
Theatre

Time
Night

Setting: Kelly and Joe sit front row center inside a theatre.

At Rise: Joe conducts strange body movements and Kelly is restraining her temper.

Joe squirms in his seat with as much control as he can.

KELLY: (annoyed) How's your tummy?

JOE: Eh, I'm just gonna try and get through.

KELLY: Stop dancing.

JOE: I'm trying.

KELLY: You should go to the toilet now if you have to because once the play starts and you leave, they won't let you back in.

JOE: How long is this play?

KELLY: Eighty-minutes.

JOE: There's no intermission?

KELLY: It goes straight through.

JOE: Of course it does.

KELLY: Is it that bad?

JOE: Trying to get a handle on it.

KELLY: You have about ten minutes, so you better go now.

JOE: I'm fine, I'm fine. (beat) Out of all the seats I get for us, they have to be front row center.

KELLY: It's for my brithday—

JOE: No, I know it's for your birthday honey, I'm talking about how close we are to the actual set. I feel like the main attraction.

KELLY: I told you not to get the cheese quesadillas.

JOE: I know but they looked so damn good.

KELLY: You should have eaten something earlier, you go the whole day without eating---

JOE: I was busy working---

KELLY: That's not normal! You have to eat, I tell you all the time. It's not healthy.

JOE: Yeah---

KELLY: And then when you do eat, you pick the worst food for your tummy because of your lactose.

JOE: I took a chance.

KELLY: I want to have a nice time, I've been waiting two months to see this play. If you have to go to the bathroom I suggest you go now.

JOE:...I'll manage it.

(pause.)

Joe let's out a sigh in pain.

KELLY: (grinding her teeth) Go to the toilet, Joe!

JOE: You are making it worse. If you just let me be I may be able to get past it, just let me be.

Joe runs his stomach with his hand.

KELLY: What are you doing?

JOE: I'm rubbing my tummy.

KELLY: Don't! It looks weird.

JOE: It's the only thing that makes me feel better.

KELLY: I'm taking you to the Doctor, I swear. Everytime we go out---

JOE: It's not everytime---

KELLY: MOST times. You need stomach pills or something that will help you digest.

JOE: Shhh, shhhh....

(pause.)

KELLY: Was that you? (coughing) Oh my God, was---that---you?

JOE: It slipped out.

Joe waves the air with his scarf.

KELLY: Stop it, stop it! You're making it so obvious.

JOE: I can't help it, it's choking us.

KELLY: I cannot believe you just did that.

JOE: Shit.

KELLY: What?

JOE: Someone's coming down the aisle. The seat next to me is probably there seat.

KELLY: Great!

JOE: Should have let me brush it away.

KELLY: The whole theatre knows it's you.

JOE: Stop it.

KELLY: Horrid.

JOE: You think she smells it?

Kelly looks past Joe.

KELLY: Definitely. She's making faces.

JOE: How embarrassing.

KELLY: You have no self-control.

JOE: I am in pain.

KELLY: So go shit in the toilet before you shit your pants.

JOE: I can't rush my shit.

KELLY: Why not?

JOE: It's not satisfying.

KELLY: Satisfying?

JOE: And sometimes when I go, it leads to more trips.

Kelly shakes her head.

Joe looks over at the woman sitting next to him and smiles.

The woman sitting next to me just gave me the dirtiest look.

KELLY: Surprised she doesn't slap you.

JOE: You have no compassion.

KELLY: Joe, please, I don't want to hear it.

JOE: You have no idea the rumble in my stomach right now. It's like an alien invasion going on, there's explosions, missiles, bombs, marching soldiers...everything.

KELLY: I don't want to hear anymore.

JOE: I didn't plan this to happen.

KELLY: Shhh.

Joe takes a frozen position.

KELLY: What the hell are you doing now?

JOE: If I stay still, I can make it work.

House lights go up and down.

KELLY: The play's about to start. (beat) You are dripping with sweat, wipe yourself.

JOE: I don't want to move.

KELLY: Your forehead is wet.

JOE: Can you wipe it for me.

KELLY: I don't have a tissue---

JOE: In my coat pocket, grab a tissue.

KELLY: What?

JOE: It's right next to you, I don't want to move, just grab a tissue from the pocket and wipe my forehead. Please, please just do it for me.

Kelly fishes around in Joe's coat pocket and pulls out a napkin. She looks at it quizzically.

KELLY: What is this?

JOE: That's fine, use that.

KELLY: It looks like a snot rag.

JOE: I don't care, just wipe the sweat before it goes into my eyes. Please, I can't move.

Kelly wips Joe's forehead. She puts the tissue on his lap.

What are you doing?

KELLY: It's gross, I don't want to touch it anymore.

JOE: You couldn't just put it back in my pocket?

KELLY: I've had it with you.

JOE: Can't believe this happens to me, always me! I try so hard to go out and have a good time with you and we do, we do most always have good times, right? But I get stuck suffering when I have dairy and it pisses me off cause I want to enjoy the finer things in life.

I mean, why is it so difficult for me to eat a quesadilla or a slice of pizza for instance, without having to climb walls in agony? I need a stomach transplant.

I look at you and you can eat whatever your heart desires and not only that but you eat combinations of food that don't even make sense. You'll have a roast beef sandwich chinese food or a taco with pasta...and you walk around perfectly fine..if I did that I'd be in the hospital for three days.

I have never seen anyone in all my life put hot sauce on just about every meal they have and not blink an eye. You walk around as if hot sauce was a pinch of pepper...I don't know how you do it. If I even glance at hot sauce I immediately get cramps.

It's so unsettling, this is so unsettling and I am so fed up with these stupid leg dance routines that I do in order to cope with the discomfort from attempting to actually eat a great tasting meal and---and---

KELLY: And what?

JOE: Oh no...I think, I think I just went all the way.

House lights come down.

END OF PLAY