

Isolated Romance

by

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Cast of Characters

SAMANTHA:

24

VICTOR:

27

Place

Victor's apartment

Time

11 PM

Setting: A spacious apartment in West Hollywood.

At Rise: Samantha (Sam) and Victor enter the apartment and end up talking in the living room.

Sam and Victor enter.

SAM: You ungrateful son of a bitch.

VICTOR: I'm not ungrateful.

SAM: You are! Do you realize how many people wish they could be in your shoes?

VICTOR: What's so fabulous about my shoes?

SAM: You've made it.

VICTOR: Oh, don't start with that shit, hate that phrase.

SAM: You have!

VICTOR: Nobody makes it.

SAM: When you make a living doing what you enjoy---

VICTOR: I didn't sign up for all this extra stuff, Sam.

SAM: It comes with the territory.

VICTOR: I don't want people pulling my arm for a photo and screaming my name. I just want to do my work. My work! That's it. All this other shit is redundant for me and for the person who wants my attention. They think it's important but it's not, it's a fading picture on some social media account and it doesn't matter.

I try to rationalize it to myself without sounding like such a selfish prick because I want to give people what they want because I care but at the same time I'm not a people pleaser in the sense of...oh, I hate how I'm sounding now...this is what I mean, I'm in constant conflict with myself. It's why I keep a low profile and you know this already about me but I can't stop living my life. If I want to go out for a beer with a friend I should be able to do that without worrying about being watched and followed and it's why I wear these stupid hoodies and hats and---cause I have no damn privacy anymore. None!

I want to make people happy or content or whatever the hell it is I'm doing because I'm just trying to connect us all to one another in some freaking way and that's where it matters most for me.

I don't want to sign up for all this other stuff. It can be nice but it can be painful. I'm just a terrible human being. I hear how I sound, can't stand myself anymore. I'm terrible, aren't I?

SAM: You're not terrible.

VICTOR: I am. Who the hell am I to think I'm so important? I'm nothing. This is all ego, isn't it?

SAM: It's not ego.

VICTOR: I can't stand myself talking about myself. It's the worst thing there is.

SAM: It's okay to talk about it if it makes you feel better.

VICTOR: I don't know how to handle the attention. I appreciate it but it makes me very uncomfortable because I don't feel as though I deserve it.

SAM: You have to recognize that being a writer comes with certain obligations.

VICTOR: Does it? Since when? I'm a writer, it's not like I'm some famous actor starring in movies with my face everywhere. I write words on paper. Big fucking deal.

SAM: Your words connect with people and it matters to them and sometimes if they recognize you they may wish to reach out in some way. There's worse things than getting compliments in the street. Is that so wrong?

VICTOR: It's not wrong, I get it, I understand that. I just don't want to be an imaginary figure, I want to remain a regular guy who happens to write a bunch of shit that people may or may not like and that's that. All this hoopla is a bit much. I rather move up into the mountains and live in some remote cabin, living off the land in solitude and never getting bothered.

SAM: Wouldn't you miss me?

VICTOR: Yeah, I'd miss you.

SAM: So, you can't do that.

VICTOR: I could.

SAM: I doubt it. I'd give you three months before you come running back to civilization. You are more attracted to the concept of this self-inflicted isolated romance than it's reality.

VICTOR: You're probably right. It is cliché and I think in extremes.

SAM: All the time.

VICTOR: Maybe I'm crazy.

SAM: You're definitely crazy.

VICTOR: Am I?

SAM: Absolutely.

VICTOR: ...I need to find the balance between my private life and public life.

SAM: I think the first step for you is accepting the fact that your public life is no longer your private life. Your public life has shifted into a new reality and you have to be accepting of those conditions in order to live a harmonious happy life. If you don't, you will continue to rebel inside your own skin and be tortured.

VICTOR: How do I accept this new public reality?

SAM: Practice.

VICTOR: By going out?

SAM: You can't live like a hermit, Vic. Yes, by going out and simply living your life and taking things as they come.

VICTOR: To be honest, I I feel unworthy, like I'm undeserving of anyone's attention. There are far better writers in the world that I'll never come close to being as good as, in fact, I don't even consider myself a writer, did you know that? I sometimes find it hard to believe that I actually make a living writing.

SAM: Again, you have to accept who you are.

VICTOR: Who am I?

SAM: You are my best friend with a warm heart, charming, polite and hardworking. A writer who simply needs to take pride in all the good things that make you, you.

VICTOR: Will you help me?

SAM: I am helping you.

Sam kisses Victor.

VICTOR: Sam, I thought we already tried this and decided...

SAM: Decided, what?

Sam kisses Victor again.

VICTOR: Decided that we may run the risk of ruining our friendship.

SAM: Are we still friends?

VICTOR: Yes.

SAM: Are we ruined?

VICTOR: No, but---

Sam kisses Victor again.

SAM: You know, I find it cute when you are this vulnerable.

VICTOR: Not sure how to take that.

SAM: Not saying I want you to be unhappy but I do like it when you are crying out for help. There's an innocence in it.

VICTOR: I feel like a science experiment.

SAM: That's your problem, you need to let go, stop thinking about everything, stop trying to control all things and instead live in the moment, be impulsive, less self-conscious and simply BE.

VICTOR: Be.

SAM: Be...free from your thoughts.

Sam kisses Victor.

SAM: Do you want me?

Victor kisses Sam.

VICTOR: Can I ask you something?

SAM (softly): What?

VICTOR: A couple of years ago, before I became well known---did you find me attractive before everything happened?

SAM: What do you mean?

VICTOR (clears throat): Why is it that we slept together after I blew up? You didn't find me attractive beforehand?

SAM: I did find you attractive.

VICTOR: So, why didn't we fuck years ago?

SAM: We fucked when we fucked, what's your fucking problem?

VICTOR: Would we have fucked if I didn't become famous?

SAM: Dude, I don't know. Do you think your recent rise to stardom created a desire in me to sleep with you?

VICTOR: ...Did it?

SAM: Yeah, it did.

VICTOR (like a statement): It did?

SAM: What's your point?

VICTOR: Was there a single moment when you said to yourself, "Yeah, he's good enough now?"

SAM: Vic, truth be told, I really have no freaking idea.

VICTOR: You just admitted it though.

SAM: Admitted what?

VICTOR: You just told me that when I became famous you wanted to sleep with me and I'm asking you at what point exactly did that lightbulb go off in your mind?

SAM: You're a real conceited dick.

VICTOR: What? Why?

SAM: Wake up from your bubble, pal. You are getting so full of yourself. It wasn't your fame asshole, it was YOU. I always wanted to be with you, way before your (sarcastic) Godlike popularity and crowd worship. I always cared about you but you were always too blind to see it because of your tunnel vision with writing and it was cool, I was fine with that, I figured maybe one day you'd see me in a different light but yeah, your recent explosion into pop culture has only buttered my taste buds even more furiously than before because you are successful, so crucify me for my heightened desire!

VICTOR: Holy shit.

SAM: Do you have a problem with that?

VICTOR: No, I'm grateful for your honesty, I had no idea.

SAM: I'm always honest.

VICTOR: That's what attracts me to you...

SAM: Did you like me before you were famous?

VICTOR: I've always liked you Sam, never thought I was good enough.

SAM: ...Do you want me or not?

Victor goes in for the kiss.

Lights slowly fade to black.

END OF PLAY