

# WHAT'S DONE IS DONE

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*A One-Act Play*

A cottage in the country.

Place

The front porch.

Setting

The present/daytime.

Time

#### Cast of Characters

MARTY: a fifty-seven-year-old man.

KAY: a woman of similar age to Marty.

MATT: a thirty something.

It's a sunny afternoon. The view is of the front of a cottage. The cottage is constructed of clapboard siding that is painted white with bright, blue trim. It has three large, glass-paned windows. The windowless front door is located to the right of the windows (stage left). A foot above grade is a porch that runs the full length of the house. Above the porch there is a roof of the same width and length as the porch. At each end of the porch is a spindled banister and above each banister hanging from the underside of the roof are baskets with colorful flowers. There are some planters on the porch also filled with flowers. There are two Adirondack chairs situated in front of the windows separated by a small table. A third chair is next to the banister (stage left). On the table is a bottle of bourbon and two half-filled glasses. On the floor behind MARTY'S chair are two canes.

AT RISE

KAY and MARTY are seated on the porch looking outward. They remain silent for several seconds.

MARTY

Where does Harry think you are?

KAY

He thinks I'm here with you.

MARTY

You told him!

KAY

Better that I tell him than he finds out from someone else.

MARTY

How would anyone else know you were here?

KAY

Don't know – don't care. But why should I hide it? If I didn't tell him and he found out later he'd think there was something going on between us.

MARTY

I always got the feeling that he didn't like me.

KAY

He doesn't.

MARTY

But he let you come anyway.

KAY

Let me! I don't *let* Harry, or anyone else for that matter, tell me what I can do. Have you forgotten that about me?

MARTY

No.

KAY

Would you like me to leave?

MARTY

No.

KAY

Then shut up about Harry.

MARTY

Harry who?

What time is it? KAY

(looking at his watch)  
Five to five. MARTY

So, we have about an hour. KAY

Yes. MARTY

KAY picks up her glass.

Happy birthday, Marty. KAY

Thank you, Kay. MARTY

MARTY picks up his glass, taps it  
against KAY'S glass and they drink.

I'm going to miss this place. MARTY (Cont.)

It has a magical feeling, doesn't it? KAY

It does. MARTY

I feel God's presence here. KAY

What? MARTY  
(with puzzled amusement)

I can feel God's presence here. KAY

Since when did you start believing in God? MARTY

Since I started watching *The Big Bang Theory*. KAY

MARTY (confused)

*The Big Bang Theory*?

KAY

Yeah, you know. Sheldon and Leonard and Penny...

MARTY

I know the show. What's it got to do with God?

KAY

Nothing.

MARTY

What do you mean "nothing"?

KAY

You asked me when I started believing in God. That's when I started.

MARTY

Okay, so did something happen when you started watching *The Big Bang Theory* that caused you to believe in God?

KAY

Yeah, I became curious about the theory. I knew it had to do with how the universe began, but I didn't know any more than that. So, I read about it.

MARTY

You did?

KAY

Yes.

MARTY

And?

KAY

And I decided that the theory was more fucking preposterous than the idea that God created the universe.

MARTY

So, belief in God was your choice by default.

KAY

I suppose.

MARTY

So, are you religious now? Do you go to church? Believe in heaven – in hell? All that kind of stuff?

KAY

No, none of that. I decided I'd wait to see if the Muslims, Christians and Jews might come to a consensus about those things rather than trying to figure them out for myself.

MARTY

That'll never happen and even if it did, you'll be long dead.

KAY

Oh, I know that could only happen during a future life.

MARTY

Are you telling me you believe in reincarnation?

KAY

I do believe in reincarnation.

MARTY

Is there a tie-in to your belief in God?

KAY

No. My belief in reincarnation has nothing to do with my belief in God.

MARTY

How did you learn about reincarnation?

KAY

The woman who cleans my house is Buddhist. She introduced me to it.

MARTY

She Asian?

KAY

No, Polish.

MARTY

Of course.

KAY

But she's still a practicing Catholic.

MARTY

Is she? So, you believe you've lived before.

KAY

Many times.

MARTY

Do you remember anything about any of them?

KAY

No.

MARTY

So, I don't see the point. If you don't remember something it's like it never happened.

KAY

Like your birth?

MARTY makes a small smile.

MARTY

I'm going to have to refine my thinking.

KAY

Reincarnation is about the evolution of your soul. It's about repeating life for as many times as it takes to acquire perfect understanding. Whether you remember any of your past lives is of no importance. Besides, can you imagine how fucked up your head would be if you remembered past lives? It would drive you fucking insane.

MARTY

I suppose. Any other beliefs of a spiritual nature that you've acquired since last we talked?

KAY

No, just those two for now.

MARTY

How 'bout politics. Still a Democrat?

KAY

Why wouldn't I be?

MARTY

Because you found God.

KAY

Oh...you think by becoming a member of the party of ignorant, lying, white bigots that I could earn God's favor?



MARTY

So, no change in your political views then.

KAY

No. No change. What about you?

MARTY

I'm no longer an ignorant, lying, bigot.

KAY

You're not! So we're finally on the same side.

MARTY

I'm not on any side. I'm apolitical.

KAY

Well, that makes things easy for you.

MARTY

That's become my goal. Make life as easy as possible through indifference and avoidance.

KAY

That sounds terribly boring and even a little cowardly.

MARTY

You know I was never heroic and as far as being boring – well, I'm no more boring now than I was before.

KAY

But you were always engaged. Whenever there was a conversation that started to escalate into an argument, you were always in the middle of it. I liked your combativeness.

MARTY

And where did that get me? A reputation for being narrow minded and opinionated.

KAY

No one thought that, at least no one that mattered. A few who regarded themselves as intellectual resented you because you always made the better, more compelling argument.

MARTY

Is that what you thought?

KAY

Yes.

MARTY

You never told me that.

KAY

Well, I'm telling you now so you won't go to your grave thinking poorly about yourself.

MARTY

Huh. Would've helped to know sooner, but anyway - the theory. What about it do you find to be so preposterous?

KAY

Everything. Do you know anything about it?

MARTY

Not specifically, no.

KAY

Well, according to the theory the universe began about fourteen billion years ago. Before its creation there was nothing - just empty space - a void - except for one thing. There was a tiny point that was thousands of times smaller than the head of a pin.

MARTY

A point? What do you mean "a point"?

KAY

That's how they describe it. The scientists. A point they named Singularity. I think of it as a tiny bubble.

MARTY

Where did this bubble come from?

KAY

It didn't come from anywhere. It was always there.

MARTY

Always?

KAY

Yeah. It had no beginning. It just always existed.

MARTY

I can't get my head around that. For some reason I can understand something not having an ending. That it just goes on and on in perpetuity. But doesn't everything have to have a beginning, a starting point?

KAY

Well, if Singularity had a beginning then there would have to have been some other thing in existence from which it was created. And the some-other-thing used to create Singularity would itself have needed something to create it and so on and so on and so on. So I don't think there could ever be a beginning to the beginning, could there?

MARTY

Yeah, I can't comprehend any of that. Can you?

KAY

No.

MARTY

Okay, so there's this bubble in the middle of emptiness. How did we get from that to this?

KAY

The bubble exploded and in less than one second the stuff that was inside the bubble was scattered throughout the void.

MARTY

The bubble had stuff inside? What stuff?

KAY

I can't explain it. If you really want to know you'll have to read about it yourself. But you won't understand it even after reading about it.

MARTY

I know you know I'm pretty smart.

KAY

You majored in the humanities for a reason. Your knowledge of math ended with multiplication and long division and as far as science you were completely mystified by how a thermos bottle could keep hot things hot and still keep cold things cold.

MARTY

Yeah, probably not worth my time reading about it.

KAY

So whatever came from inside the bubble all mixed together over millions of years to form all the stars and planets and galaxies.

MARTY

So all of the billions and trillions of galaxies and all of the stars and planets in those galaxies started from the stuff inside one tiny bubble.

KAY

That's what they claim.

MARTY

Yeah, that's pretty out there.

KAY

No it's way the fuck out there.

MARTY

You know in all the time I've known you, I never heard you say "fuck." Now you've said it several times already.

KAY

I use it all the time because it's so versatile. Did you know it's one of the few words in the English language that can be used as a noun, a verb, an adjective and an adverb?

MARTY

I had no idea.

KAY

It's too bad the word has been so overused. People used to react to the word "fuck" like they do when they hear the n-word or the c-word, but not anymore.

MARTY

What's the c-word?

KAY

It rhymes with runt.

MARTY

Ah. Yeah, that's a disgusting word.

KAY

It makes people wince when they hear it like they used to when they heard someone say, "fuck."

MARTY

I'm having fun.

KAY

Fun. You think this is fun?

MARTY

I do. We always had good conversations.

KAY

You're an academic for God's sake. You should be having good conversations every day.

MARTY

I don't know anyone but you who I could talk with and in less than ten minutes discuss the origins of the universe, bigotry in politics and the many uses of the word "fuck."

KAY

I have developed a wide range of interests.

MARTY

I did something I think you'll find to be surprising.

KAY

What?

MARTY

I started therapy a while back.

KAY

You did!

MARTY

Yeah.

KAY

Well, you're right. I'm surprised as hell. Shocked actually. How'd that happen?

MARTY

It was part of a process that began after another failed relationship. I had dated a woman for a couple of months and I really liked her. I started to think that maybe the relationship might evolve into something long-term. But she broke it off.

KAY

I'm sorry.

MARTY

Yeah thanks. It wasn't the first time that happened to me. But this last one made me think that maybe I needed to change. But I wasn't exactly sure in what way or how, so I decided to get help.

KAY

Marty, I'm impressed.

MARTY

I don't deserve any praise. Had I a shred of self-awareness I would have recognized the need to see someone a hell of a lot sooner than I did.

KAY

Hey. Not many people recognize when they need to make a change and fewer still have the courage to get professional help. So you do deserve praise. The therapy helped?

MARTY

Well, it definitely helped with the way I feel about myself. I was having more and more of what my therapist liked to refer to as "Costanza moments." Whether it helped with how I'm perceived by other people, I'm not sure. Too soon to tell.

KAY

What's a Costanza moment?

MARTY

Do you remember Frank Costanza, George's father, on *Seinfeld*?

KAY

Sure.

MARTY

You remember him looking skyward and shouting "Serenity now! Serenity now!"

KAY (laughing)

I do.

MARTY

A Costanza moment is a moment of serenity.

KAY

God, there were so many memorable lines from that show.

MARTY

Do you remember "No soup for you? No soup for you!"

KAY

Sure. The Soup Nazi. How 'bout "I was in the pool!"

MARTY

George trying to explain to the woman he was supposed to spend the weekend with why his penis was so small.

KAY

How 'bout "so do you think you're sponge-worthy?"

MARTY

Elaine's question to the guy she was thinking about having sex with because she had to ration her birth control. Do you remember, "they're real, and they're *spectacular*?"

KAY

That's how the woman who Jerry was after described her breasts when she told him there was no chance that he was ever going to see or touch them.

MARTY

I never thought of narcissism as something funny until *Seinfeld*.

KAY

So you were starting to feel good about things, huh?

MARTY

Well, life had become less of a struggle than it had been before I started therapy.

KAY

You credit your therapist for that?

MARTY

I do. Without him it doesn't happen.

KAY

I'd like to get the same prescription for whatever drug he prescribed for you.

MARTY

No drugs, but he would teach you a better way to understand the world and your place in it.

KAY

So your therapist is also a philosopher.

MARTY

Of sorts. It's all about learning to create your own personal reality. Learning how to protect your mind from the influences of the outside world.

KAY gives MARTY a look  
of astonishment.

KAY

Honestly, Marty. There couldn't be a more apt description about the way you've lived your entire life. You didn't need therapy to teach you how to do it.

MARTY laughs which causes KAY to laugh.

MARTY

I didn't describe it properly. The idea is that things over which we have no control cause most of our stress and anxiety. This lack of control also creates feelings of helplessness. Every day we're bombarded with bad news – pandemics and incurable diseases; natural disasters; civil disobedience and crime; racial conflicts; poverty and starvation; wars and a dysfunctional political system. The bad news is unrelenting. So in order to protect your mental health, you have to develop a new attitude – you have to learn how not to care. And the way you learn not to care is to recognize that the role we play in anything except our own lives is inconsequential. Once you realize how unimportant you are to the world, what takes place in that world becomes unimportant to you and therefore what happens in that world stops being a source of unhappiness.

KAY

So you learned how not to give a shit about anything but yourself.

MARTY

That would be a..... mischaracterization. It's not about not caring because you're uncaring. It's about not caring because caring doesn't help. It's nuanced.

KAY

It's nonsense.

MARTY

Is that right? Let me ask you something. Are you concerned about the environment?

KAY

Of course.

MARTY

And when you hear about what's happening to it, it troubles you, doesn't it? It's upsetting. It's worrisome.

KAY

Yes.

MARTY

So maybe you recycle. Maybe you conserve water. Maybe you keep the temperature in the house lower in the winter and put on a sweater.

KAY

I do those things and a few others.



MARTY

But the environment continues to worsen and nothing you've done and, more importantly, nothing you could do can prevent that from happening. So why care? Your caring can't fix the problem. All caring does is create in you anxiety and stress. So in order to have peace of mind you must stop caring.

KAY just looks at MARTY without responding.

MARTY (Cont.)

You think that sounds like a cop-out but it's not – it's insightful.

KAY

What if everyone thought as you're suggesting? Nothing would ever change for the better.

MARTY

That's where seeing things as they really are is so important. The fact of the matter is that there're more people in this world caring and worrying than are needed. Adding yourself to their number wouldn't make a difference.

KAY

That is sooo fucked-up. Your approach to life makes you something of a parasite, doesn't it?

MARTY

I'm not a parasite. I'm a realist. It's living life as it is, not how you imagine it to be. And it's also an effective way to manage expectations. Unrealistic expectations only set you up for disappointment and frustration.

KAY

So you learned how to moderate your expectations?

MARTY

I was getting better at it, but there were still times when the news of the day got me so worked up I had to smoke a joint to calm myself.

KAY

So you got high to cope.

MARTY

I did as I was learning how not to care.

KAY

God, it's been years since I smoked dope.

MARTY reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pill bottle and hands it to KAY.

MARTY

Here.

KAY

What's this?

MARTY

Some edibles. Just eat half of one the first time. This marijuana is a lot stronger than anything you've used before.

KAY

Should we eat one now?

MARTY

No, no! I've been with you when you were high on less potent stuff. Take the first one at home to see how it affects you. We don't need to draw a crowd.

KAY

What? You think I'll take all my clothes off and run around naked?

MARTY

Maybe.

KAY

You wish.

MARTY

Will Harry be okay with it?

KAY

With what? Taking my clothes off? Harry loves it when I get naked.

MARTY

I'm sure he does when you do it for him. What I was asking is whether he'll object to your using marijuana?

KAY

It wouldn't matter if he did.

MARTY

So go home, share one with Harry and get naked.

MARTY takes a drink. They sit silently.

MARTY (Cont.)

Do you realize it's been over three years since we last saw each other?

KAY

Has it really? It doesn't seem that long.

MARTY

So you didn't miss me.

KAY

I guess not. I was shocked to hear from you.

MARTY

I wasn't sure that you would take my call.

KAY

I was curious. I couldn't imagine why you were calling me.

MARTY

I was expecting to hear an emphatic "no" as soon as I finished explaining the reason for my call.

KAY

I was too stunned to give you an answer.

MARTY

When you told me you'd have to call me back and I hadn't heard from you after a week, I assumed you had decided to turn me down.

KAY

So why *did* you ask me?

MARTY

It had to be you. The thought of someone else never crossed my mind. Why did you agree to come?

KAY

Because I thought if I refused, you'd probably be alone.

MARTY

So out of pity.

KAY

Maybe. It's whatever comes from having been married to you for thirty years.

MARTY (wistfully)

Thirty years.

Another interval of silence.

MARTY (Cont.)

Do you ever reminisce...about us?

KAY

No.

MARTY

I do.

KAY

Uh huh.

MARTY

Do you remember the first time we met?

KAY

Of course I remember. At the dance the night before our summer break.

MARTY

You were standing with two of your sorority sisters.

KAY

They were sizing you up.

MARTY

Were they?

KAY

You knew they were looking at you.

MARTY

I thought they might be.

KAY

When you started to walk in our direction I assumed that you were coming to ask one of them to dance. I know they thought the same thing because they were kidding each other about which of the two you'd pick. Then you asked me.

MARTY

I did.

I was shocked.

KAY

Why?

MARTY

Because they were both better looking than me.

KAY

I didn't think so.

MARTY

Do you remember what I said to you?

KAY

That you didn't know how to dance very well.

MARTY

And you said you didn't know how to dance at all.

KAY

Then I took you to the dance floor and sure enough – neither of us knew how to dance.

MARTY

So we just held on to each other and swayed.

KAY

My feet never came up off the floor.

MARTY

And when the song ended you walked me back to my girlfriends and thanked me for the dance.

KAY

Uh huh.

MARTY

And then you ran away.

KAY

I didn't run!

MARTY

KAY

So fast that I didn't even have time to say "you're welcome." I was mortified. My girlfriends were embarrassed for me.

MARTY

I panicked. I thought I might say something stupid and you'd think I wasn't worth your time. But as I was walking away I was trying to figure out how I could go back and ask you to dance again without looking like an idiot.

KAY

But you didn't and so I had to take the risk of looking like the idiot by finding you and asking you for another dance.

MARTY

That became a pattern in our relationship, didn't it? You saving me from myself.

KAY

I always thought of it as saving us.

They sit in silence.

KAY (Cont.) (teasingly)

How 'bout our first time together. You ever think about that?

MARTY

Oh Christ, you were so patient with me.

KAY

Only because I worried that any sign of impatience by me would only make things worse. I was one frustrated virgin. The last thing I needed was for you not to be able to get it up at all.

MARTY

It would have been so much easier to deal with my problem if we had had the internet back then. Just go online, type in "premature ejaculation" and in less than a minute you've got a solution.

KAY

And we could've bought what you needed online. I'll never forget our trip to the pharmacy. We had no idea where to find what we needed. And you wouldn't let me ask. So we wandered up and down every isle at least twice until finally that cute little girl came up to ask if she could help us find what we were looking for and you told her we were just browsing.

MARTY

I couldn't think of anything else to say.

KAY

Then when we finally did find it, you made me buy all sorts of other stuff that I didn't need so your package wouldn't be the only thing laying on the checkout counter.

MARTY

And that would've worked. But when the check-out clerk couldn't find the price on the box, she screamed over the PA system "price check please on boner medication."

KAY

She didn't say that.

MARTY

She might as well have. I was never so embarrassed.

KAY

But your embarrassment was worth it.

MARTY

More so for you because if you remember I had applied so much of that stuff on myself that my penis went numb.

KAY

You never did learn the importance of reading directions.

MARTY

How did you ever put up with me?

KAY

Meditation and medication.

MARTY laughs

KAY (Cont.)

When I think back I'm struck by how dumb we were in getting married.

MARTY

Why did you think that?

KAY

We had no jobs, no money and no place to live.

MARTY

True, but I never felt in jeopardy, did you?

. KAY

No.

MARTY

We were happy as hell.

They sip their drinks and sit in silence for a while.

MARTY (Cont.) (singing)

*All you need is love  
da da da da da  
All you need is love  
da da da da da*

MARTY and KAY (singing)

*All you need is love, love  
Love is all you need*

MARTY

So you ever wonder if maybe we had tried harder to work things out that...

KAY

No. Never.

MARTY

So no regrets about our divorce then.

KAY

Just one.

MARTY

What is it?

KAY

That it took so long to get done.

MARTY gives KAY a pained look.

KAY (cont.)

Come on. You were just as happy as I was when the thing was finally over.

MARTY

I was happy because finalizing our divorce meant I wouldn't have to sit in a room with that prick you had for a lawyer. How'd you ever find that guy anyway?



KAY

I got his name from your mother.

MARTY

She always was more sympathetic to you than to me.

KAY

That's because she said you were so much like your father.

MARTY

No husband was ever more unfairly disrespected by his wife than my poor father. I could never understand why he didn't divorce her. She made him miserable. Actually, he made her just as miserable.

KAY

I don't think being married to each other is what made them miserable. I think that's just the kind of people they were. Sometimes when I looked at them I tried to imagine them as a young couple - acting flirtatiously; falling madly in love; your mother naked and talking dirty to your father as she wrapped her hand around his penis. I never could.

MARTY

Christ, Kay - that's disturbingly graphic.

KAY

I have no control over my imagination.

MARTY

After my mother died, I found boxes of letters they had written to each other when my dad was in the service. They were wonderful letters - full of love and passion.

KAY

I guess passion by its very nature has to flame out eventually, doesn't it?

MARTY

I suppose. So what takes its place or does it just leave a vacuum?

KAY

I think between two well-adjusted adults, passion evolves into a love that's enduring and nurturing.

MARTY

As opposed to...

KAY

Adults controlled by adolescent impulses who look for passion between the legs of someone new.

MARTY

That's not what I did.

KAY

That's what you always said.

They sit in silence for several seconds  
looking outward.

MARTY

We should have tried harder.

KAY

Why? Nothing would have changed.

MARTIN

As we sit here today, you still think divorce was the right decision.

KAY

You made that decision for us when you slept with what's her name.

MARTY takes a drink.

MARTY

So how is it being with Harry? Are you happy?

KAY

I'm content. With Harry my life is mostly good.

MARTY

Mostly?

KAY

Yes.

MARTY

But not everything.

KAY

Not everything.

MARTY takes another drink.

MARTY

But the important things – those are all good.

KAY

You want to know about my sex life, don't you?

MARTY

Absolutely not. I don't even want to think about you and Harry having sex.

KAY

Sex with Harry is like it was with you.

MARTY

What does that mean?

KAY

It means okay – not bad.

MARTY (defensively)

Am I wrong or did you not tell our marriage counselor when she asked about our sex life that sex with me had always been really good?

KAY

At the time she asked, I had already said so many hurtful things about what it was like being married to you that I felt I needed to say something nice.

MARTY

So sex with me wasn't good?

KAY

You satisfied me sexually as well as I satisfied you.

MARTY

I'm going to have to think about that.

KAY

Well after you've thought about it, I'd be interested to hear how you think you did.

There is another interval of silence.

MARTY

Any thoughts of marriage?

KAY

I have a few. Would you like to hear them?

MARTY

I mean thoughts about getting married to Harry.

KAY

No, I made it clear to Harry that I wasn't interested in getting married again. Fool me once.

MARTY

I imagine Harry was disappointed.

KAY

If he was, he didn't show it.

MARTY

Then Harry's an idiot. He'd never be able to find someone better than you.

KAY

So you and Harry have that in common.

They both drink from their glasses.

MARTY

I ran into an old friend of ours not too long ago.

KAY

Who's that?

MARTY

Joan.

KAY

Oh, God. Where did you see her?

MARTY

At a restaurant. She hasn't aged well.

KAY

Glad to hear it. Did you talk to her?

MARTY

I did. She spotted me before I could hide.

KAY

You know she always had a thing for you.

MARTY

I sorta did. Do you remember when you were pregnant with Matt and we went to that retirement dinner for Mike Wheeler?

KAY

Yes.

MARTY

Well, she was sitting next to me and while we were talking my napkin fell to the floor. She bent down and picked it up. But instead of handing it to me she put it back on my lap and as she did she moved her hand over my crotch and gave it a few rubs and then let her hand rest there.

KAY

And you removed her hand and told her you were flattered but that you didn't fool around.

MARTY

That's right. How did you find out?

KAY

She told me.

MARTY

When?

KAY

That same night. She came up to me just as we were leaving. You had gone to get our coats.

MARTY

Are you kidding?

KAY

No. She was pretty drunk by then.

MARTY

And you never said anything to me about it.

KAY

Nor did you tell me.

MARTY

What did you say to her?

KAY

I told her that it was too bad for her that you were so devoted to me because my orgasms with you were so intense that I sometimes hyperventilated.

MARTY

You didn't.

KAY

I did.

MARTY

What did she say when you told her that?

KAY

She just laughed and said "lucky you." That's what both of us thought at the time – that I was lucky to have you.

MARTY grimaces.

MARTY

You still see any of our old group?

KAY

A few. You know how it is. We were a couple who were friends with other couples. Once we divorced, I became the fifth wheel.

MARTY

And I became persona non grata.

KAY

Deservedly so.

MARTY

I didn't really care. There wasn't anyone that I missed seeing.

KAY

No one?

MARTY

No.

KAY

I don't believe you.

MARTY

Believe what you like.

KAY

So you didn't consider any of the people we socialized with all those years to be a friend.

MARTY

They were friends of convenience.

KAY

What's that?

MARTY

People I socialized with but with whom I never developed a deeper connection. They were relationships based on proximity – we were at the same place at the same time. Who came and who went made no difference to me. They were interchangeable. I'm sure that I was just a friend of convenience to them.

KAY

I have theory about why you feel the way you do about people.

MARTY

What's that?

KAY

You were an outlier as a child. You wanted to be included, but you were shunned – probably even teased. You decided that people were shit and you were better off without friends. To protect yourself from the feeling of rejection, if anyone got close to you, you would end the relationship with him or her before they had the chance to end their relationship with you. What do you think?

MARTY

I was something of a loner.

KAY

That's why as an adult you kept everyone at arm's length.

MARTY

Could be. I have no doubt that after I'm dead my name isn't going to be mentioned in any conversation about people who are missed.

KAY

Does it bother you – the thought that no one would miss you?

MARTY

Yes.

KAY

Yet you always acted as if you didn't give a fuck about people or what they thought.

MARTY

I guess I never outgrew some of the behaviors I learned as an adolescent.

KAY

What behaviors?

MARTY

The kind I learned in order to survive in my neighborhood.

KAY

The neighborhood you said was like the island in *Lord of the Flies*.

MARTY

Yeah. The parents had no clue what their children did after they left the house nor did they care. We were free to do as we pleased. Kids made the rules that dictated the way we acted.

KAY

You never told me much about that part of your life. How come?

MARTY

Because there wasn't anything that would be of interest to anyone except maybe a child psychologist.

KAY

I would have been interested. Maybe I would have better understood why you did some of the things you did.

MARTY

Maybe. But you were probably better off not knowing.

KAY

So what are some of these behaviors you had to learn?

MARTY

Ah, it's not worth talking about. Just kid stuff, really.

KAY

Well, if they affected the way you acted as an adult they were more than kid's stuff. Tell me about them.

MARTY

Really?

KAY

Yes.

MARTY

One of the first behaviors I had to learn was how to walk down the street looking like I wasn't afraid to fight but without looking like I wanted to fight.



KAY

And there was actually a way of walking that communicated that?

MARTY

Yeah. Mainly by walking with the proper pace and posture. If you walked too fast it looked like you were scared. But if you walked too slowly, it looked like you were inviting trouble. And you didn't want to stand too erect like you thought you were a big shot but you didn't want to slouch too much like you were trying not to be noticed.

KAY

What the fuck.

MARTY

There's more. As you walked you had to give the impression that you weren't concerned by any guy who might be approaching. You never looked directly at him as he passed, but you didn't look away either.

KAY.

What a shitty way to live.

MARTY

It became instinctive.

KAY

What's another of these behaviors?

MARTY

Learning to talk with confidence about things you didn't know anything about.

KAY

You mean learning how to bullshit.

MARTY

Yeah, you had to know how to bullshit.

KAY

Why?

MARTY

Because a guy was expected to know certain things by a certain age and if he didn't he had to talk as though he did to avoid being ridiculed. Sex was the big one. You were expected to know everything about sex by the time you turned thirteen.

KAY

Thirteen.

MARTY

Yeah. Even though at that age none of my friends or I had even kissed a girl we all pretended that we knew everything there was to know about sex. I'm sure you can imagine how ridiculous our conversations must have sounded.

KAY

I don't think I can, actually.

MARTY

I remember when I was nine or ten one of the guys had learned the truth about how babies were made and explained it to the rest of us. As I listened to him I thought that what he was saying couldn't possibly be true. But when he'd finished, I agreed that although some babies were made like our buddy had explained that most babies were still made naturally. Everyone agreed. If I had said that a couple of years later, I would have been crucified.

KAY

You must have been surprised to learn that your friend had been right when your parents told you about the birds and bees.

MARTY

So as far as the sex talk, I had one. I think I was fourteen. It happened after a girl in the neighborhood had brought three boys home after school and had sex with them. For some reason she told her older brother about it and the brother told the parents.

KAY

How old was the girl?

MARTY

She was in the ninth grade. So were the boys.

KAY

Oh my God.

MARTY

So the parents called the police and everyone found out about it. A few days after the story got out, I came home and my mother was in the kitchen standing at her ironing board. She asked if I had heard about what had happened with the girl. I told her I had. She asked if I knew how to do it to a girl without getting her in trouble. I told her I did. That was the extent of the sex education I got from my parents.

KAY

Your mother described having sex with a girl as *doing it to her*?

MARTY

Yeah.

KAY

That explains a lot.

MARTY

What do you mean?

KAY

Nothing. What else? What other behaviors?

MARTY

We learned never to let anyone know that something negative they said about us or did to us had intimidated or bothered to us.

KAY

So you learned to hide your feelings at an early age.

MARTY

I did.

KAY

Well, unfortunately that appearance of indifference is what caused some people to regard you as anti-social.

MARTY

Honestly, I enjoyed being perceived that way. It saved me from having to listen to a lot of bullshit conversations that I would've had no interest in.

KAY

And yet you wanted to be liked.

MARTY

Yeah, I know. I was at cross-purposes with myself.

MARTY moves in his chair trying to make himself more comfortable.

KAY

Are you feeling okay?

MARTY

I'm fine.

KAY

Can I do anything for you?

MARTY

You've done enough just by being here.

Kay pats his forearm.

KAY

What time is it?

MARTY

(looking at his watch)

We still have a little while.

KAY

I'm beginning to feel a little uneasy.

MARTY

Would you rather not do it?

KAY

No, no. I'll be fine.

MARTY

Are you sure?

KAY

Yeah, I'm sure. What about you?

MARTY

I'm ready.

KAY

This isn't how I imagined it would be.

MARTY

How did you think it would be?

KAY

I thought our conversation would be harder – more emotional. Instead we're having casual conversation like we'd have if we were waiting for our table at a restaurant.

MARTY

Would you rather I be crying, shaking from fear and bemoaning the unfairness of my impending death?

KAY

I don't know what I'd rather, but some solemnity would seem appropriate.

MARTY

We can do solemnity after we go inside the house.

KAY

I also expected that you would look sick. Really sick. You don't.

MARTY

Apparently I wear the look of death well.

KAY

Are you sure you're not giving up sooner than you need to?

MARTY

If you think I should wait until I can't dress myself, feed myself, wipe my own ass or remember your name, then I guess I'm giving up sooner than I have to. But prolonging my life until those things start happening to me isn't something I'm interested in doing.

KAY

But is your life so terrible that dying now would be better than living a little longer?

MARTY

There is nothing about my life that makes living a little longer a better alternative to dying. So there's no point in delaying the inevitable. All I'd be doing by postponing my death would be to lengthen the amount of time that I'd have to think about what's coming.

KAY

But...

MARTY

No buts. This was a decision long in the making and the one that's right for me.

KAY

Fine. Tell me exactly how this is supposed to happen.

MARTY (cavalierly)

Sure. It's a simple procedure. It won't take long. You remember when we had to put down our dog? It's exactly like that.

KAY gives MARTY a distressed look and exhales loudly.

MARTY (Cont.)

(as he covers her hand with his.)

I'm sorry. That wasn't funny.

KAY

No, it wasn't.

MARTY

The first thing I'll do is to take a sedative before going in. In fact, I probably should do that now.

MARTY removes a pill bottle from his pocket, takes out a pill and swallows it with the help of his bourbon.

MARTY (Cont.)

After we get into the house you'll read aloud a document that asks some questions I have to answer to show that I understand what's about to happen and that it's my desire to proceed. You and I will sign the document. Then I'll lie down. There's a syringe filled with the drug on the table next to the bed. You'll inject me and after a few seconds I will stop breathing. The process from start to finish should take less than ten minutes. After I'm dead you'll call the mortuary to transport my body to the crematorium for cremation.

KAY

You never told me I'd have to do all of this stuff. I thought I was here just to comfort you, not to inject you.

MARTY

Is that a problem?

KAY

You're fucking right it's a problem. I'm not doing it.

MARTY

Which part?

KAY

The injection.

MARTY

So you're okay with reading the document and calling the mortuary.

KAY

I'm not okay with any of this.

MARTY

But will you do those two things? I'll inject myself.

KAY

Fine.

MARTY

Good.

KAY

What will be done with your ashes?

MARTY

I guess they'll be dumped wherever ashes can be dumped.

KAY

What if I want them?

MARTY

Why would you?

KAY

To make sure you're not thrown in a landfill somewhere.

MARTY

Kay, I don't care what happens to them.

KAY

Well, I do!

MARTY

I'm sure you could have them if you want them, but...

KAY

So then I'll take them.

MARTY

All right. What will you do with them?

KAY

I don't know.

MARTY

I have a thought.

KAY

What?

MARTY

I think it would kind of fun if my ashes were placed in a small metal box with the date of my birth and the date of my death etched on the lid and nothing else. Then the box would be buried in a public place like a park, but in an out-of-the-way spot as if it was meant not

MARTY (Cont.)

to be found. A simple stone marker bearing only a cross would be imbedded in the ground where the box was buried.

KAY

Yeah, I'm not going to do that. Sorry.

MARTY

But imagine how people would react when it was discovered. Could be evening news worthy.

KAY

I don't care. I'm not doing it.

MARTY

All right. It was just an idea. Do with my ashes as you see fit. But there is one thing I would very much like you to do for me.

KAY

What?

MARTY

Arrange for my obituary.

KAY

Fuck, Marty. Do I really have to do that?

MARTY

Who else will do it?

KAY

Why does anyone have to? Do you really need one?

MARTY

I thought some mention of my passing might be nice. I know what I want it to say.

KAY

So you've already written it?

MARTY

I didn't write it down. It's very short and to the point.

KAY

What is it?



MARTY

Just my name, my date of birth, my date of death and a sentence that reads "He was a man little understood and too lightly regarded."

KAY

Huh. That would make for a clever inscription on a tombstone. Except it's not true.

MARTY

Isn't it?

KAY

Not the part about your being lightly regarded. Even people who may not have liked you respected you.

MARTY

Who didn't like me?

KAY

I'm just saying *if* there were people who didn't like you they still would have respected you.

MARTY

How do you know that?

KAY

Don't be tedious, Marty.

MARTY

Sorry. So will you do it for me?

KAY

Yes.

MARTY

I appreciate that very much.

KAY

So what's it like? What does a man who's picked the day of his death think about while he waits for that day to arrive?

MARTY

I thought a lot about the Alfie question.

KAY

I'd forgotten how often a conversation with you turned into a game of Trivial Pursuit. What's the Alfie question?

MARTY (singing)

*“What’s it all about, Alfie?  
Is it just for the moment we live?  
What’s it all about when you sort it out, Alfie?”*

KAY

So did you sort it out, Marty?

MARTY

I did. I decided, “it’s just for the moment we live.” No larger purpose. No after death existence. Nothing beyond the simple act of living.

KAY

All the more reason to stay around for as long as you can.

MARTY

Provided you still enjoy being around. I know that when some people are told they’re terminal that they go batshit trying to squeeze in as many experiences in the days they have left. That didn’t interest me. I preferred quite reflection and enjoying a few simple pleasures.

KAY

By yourself.

MARTY

Yeah, by myself.

KAY shakes her head in disapproval.

KAY

So, besides the Alfie question what are some of the other things you thought about?

MARTY

Well, I had no future so I thought about my past. Interestingly, I became aware of the fact that I seemed to recall the negatives more than the positives and my failures more than my achievements. I wonder what a shrink would make of that?

KAY

Your past covers a lot of ground. What things specifically from your past?

MARTY

People I had known, places I had been, things I had done, things I shouldn’t have done, things I wish I had done. For the most part the recollection process was pretty random. A face, a conversation would just pop into my head and then thinking about one thing would lead to thoughts about other things.

KAY

Of the people you thought about anyone in particular stand out?

MARTY

You mean other than you?

KAY

Yes.

MARTY

There was a girl I hadn't thought of in more than forty years but once I did I couldn't get her out of my mind.

KAY

Who was she?

MARTY

She was the girl every guy in the neighborhood wanted. The kind you'd go to sleep dreaming about.

KAY

Is that what you did – dream about her?

MARTY

I did and I regret that's all I did.

KAY

You think you could have done more?

MARTY

I know I could have, but I didn't.

KAY

Tell me.

MARTY

My buddy and I had a summer job taking care of the grounds of the ballpark where the neighborhood kids played little league baseball. We worked three or four hours every day cutting and watering the grass, cleaning the spectator stands, getting the field ready for play and stuff like that. After we finished our work, we'd get something to drink and watch a little of the game before heading home. One day my buddy and I were sitting in the stands on the first base side when I looked across the field to where there were people sitting in the bleachers on the third base side. That's when I saw her looking towards where my friend and I were sitting. It never crossed my mind that she was looking at me – I assumed she was just looking in my general direction. But for the next half hour every time I looked across to where she was sitting, I would find that she was looking in my

MARTY (Cont.)

direction again. Anyway, I saw her at the ballpark several more times and it was always the same. I'd look over at her and she'd be looking over at me. Then one time I went to the concession stand to buy something and there were two of her friends standing just off to the side where I was waiting in line. I overheard one say to the other that the girl I had been exchanging stares with was really hoping to meet me.

KAY

So what finally happened?

MARTY

Nothing. I spent the rest of the summer exchanging stares with her. I never approached her and after the summer ended I never saw her again.

KAY

You never spoke to her?

MARTY

Never.

KAY

Why?

MARTY

I think in my heart I knew that I would be jumping into the deep end of the pool without knowing how to swim. She was fifteen going on eighteen and I was fifteen stuck on twelve.

KAY

That's such a sweet but sad story, Marty.

MARTY

I've never told anyone about her. Even my buddy who sat right next to me every time she and I were looking at each other was unaware of what was going on.

KAY

Why tell me?

MARTY

I don't know. Maybe now that things are coming to an end I needed to tell the story because I think it says a lot about my life.

KAY

I don't understand.

MARTY

My life was a series of missed opportunities and my fear of failure was the reason why so many times I failed to act.

KAY

That's how you see your life?

MARTY

That's how it was.

KAY

I don't see it that way and I think I know you as well as you know yourself.

MARTY

You know me better than anyone, but only I know the things about me that I kept to myself.

KAY

I can't tell you how disappointed I am to hear that.

MARTY

Why?

KAY

Hearing that you withheld from me things about yourself – it makes me feel like we never shared true intimacy.

MARTY

Everyone has thoughts that they decide not to share.

KAY

I'm talking about thoughts you had about yourself - your aspirational thoughts; your fears; your regrets. I revealed all those things about myself to you.

MARTY

The things I'm talking about – the things I didn't share – they mostly involved things that I knew were never going to happen. Pipe dreams. There was no point in telling you about any of it.

KAY

Had I ever given you cause to think there were parts of your life I didn't want you to share with me?

MARTY

No.

KAY

Did I somehow give you the impression that I would have been disappointed had you admitted to me that you occasionally experienced moments of self-doubt?

MARTY

No.

KAY

Well, then?

MARTY

I think we established earlier that I'm an idiot. I've got nothing more to add.

They sip from their glasses and sit silently  
for a moment.

MARTY (Cont.)

I wasn't completely forthcoming when I told you about my seeing the therapist.

KAY

You weren't?

MARTY

No. There was more to it than my difficulty with relationships. It had more to do with the guilt and the shame that I felt for what I had done to you and the fact that after so many years I was still plagued by those feelings.

KAY

Are you still feeling that way now?

MARTY

Yes.

KAY

You know I forgave you, don't you?

MARTY

Yes, for which I am so grateful.

KAY

You need to forgive yourself.

MARTY

I know. I just haven't been able to get there yet.

KAY

Marty, when the person you've wronged has forgiven you, I don't understand why it's so hard for you to forgive yourself. What's done is done.

MARTY

I guess, but it doesn't matter anymore. Death brings an end to feelings.

KAY

Does Matt know about your situation?

MARTY

Not unless you told him.

KAY

I didn't. Did you try to reach him?

MARTY

No. I didn't see the point.

KAY

The point would be a last chance to reconcile - if not for your sake, then for his.

MARTY

Kay, you know how many times I reached out to Matt only to be rebuffed. I have no guilt when it comes to my failed reconciliation with our son.

KAY

I know you tried, but it's possible his change of circumstances might make him receptive to an overture on your part.

MARTY

What change?

KAY

He's a father. You're a grandfather.

MARTY

Really! When did that happen?

KAY

About a year ago. He and his wife had a baby boy.

MARTY

He got married?

KAY

He did.

MARTY

So he gets married, he has a son and I don't hear a word from him. Isn't that proof enough that he doesn't consider me to be part of his life.

KAY

He deserved another chance. You should have reached out.

MARTY

Kay, I guaranty that even if Matt knew I were dying, he wouldn't agree to speak to me.

KAY

You can't know that!

MARTY

In any event, I wasn't going to use my death to goad him into talking to me.

KAY

I want to ask you - if Matt were to call you right now would you speak to him?

MARTY

That's not going to happen so why even ask?

KAY

But what if he did.

MARTY

If he did I'd talk to him.

KAY

Would you be willing to make another attempt at repairing the relationship?

MARTY

If I thought there was actually a chance for that to happen, of course.

KAY

Good because he'll be here shortly.

MARTY

What?

KAY

I asked Matt to come here.



MARTY

God damn it, Kay.

KAY

He doesn't know why I asked him. He doesn't know you're going to be here.

MARTY

You shouldn't have done that. Either this is going to turn into a shit show or Matt will leave the second he sees that I'm here.

KAY

I don't care whether Matt likes it. You two are going to talk.

MARTY

Under no circumstance are you to tell him the real reason why you and I are here.

KAY

I won't.

MARTY

I mean it Kay.

KAY

I said I wouldn't.

MARTY

And just what are you asking of me?

KAY

To act as you would if you were trying to get something that was extremely important to you from someone who didn't like you.

MARTY takes a deep breath.

MARTY

Kay, I have no idea what to say to him.

KAY

Do your best not to get defensive.

MARTY

This is not okay.

KAY

He's here.

MATT enters from stage left. He sees MARTY.

MATT  
Mom, what the hell is this?

KAY  
Sweetheart, come and sit down.

MATT  
First tell me what's going on.

KAY  
I invited you and your father here to talk.

MATT  
I'm not interested in talking to him.

KAY  
Please sit down.

MATT  
I'm leaving. Maybe later you can explain to me what you were thinking.

MATT starts to leave.

KAY  
Come back here Matt and sit down!

MATT stops, hesitates then reluctantly drags the chair next the railing to sit next to KAY.

MATT  
(looking at MARTY)  
Did you know about this?

MARTY  
No, I found out that you were coming only seconds before your arrival.

MATT  
Is there something you want to say to me, because I have nothing to say to you?

MARTY  
Your mother told me that you're married and that you're a father. Congratulations.

MATT  
Yeah, I hope I don't fuck it up like you did.

MARTY

I hope so, too.

MATT

Mom, this is a bad idea. I'll bet Marty feels the same way, don't you Marty?

MARTY

It was unexpected but not unwelcome.

MATT

(looking at KAY)

What do you want me to say mom?

KAY

I think too much time has passed for you to still feel the degree of anger and disappointment that you do. That's self-destructive.

MATT

I only feel those things when I think of him – which I never do.

MARTY

Matt, I have never stopped feeling guilty nor have I ever forgiven myself for what I did. I've wished a thousand times that I could undo the hurt that I caused.

MATT

Look, this isn't complicated. Your wife loved you. She was devoted to you. She did everything she could to make you happy. You betrayed her. You broke her heart. Now you're sorry. Well, stay sorry.

KAY

Matt.

MATT

(looking at KAY)

If forgiving him will help you mom, then you should do it.

KAY

I forgave your father some time ago.

MATT

(looking at MARTY)

There. You got more than you deserved from the woman who didn't deserve what she got from you. Be satisfied with that. Go home and share the good news with whomever you're sleeping with now.

MARTY

I sleep alone.

MATT

Yeah, whatever.

KAY

Someday you're going to make a mistake in your relationship with your son. You'll ask for his forgiveness and until he gives it to you, you'll be heartsick. Can you imagine how you'd feel if he never forgave you? Don't assume that there'll be time enough to do later what you should do now.

MARTY gives KAY an alarmed look.

MATT

There's nothing I need or want to do as it relates to my father. That's not going to change in the future. Ever.

MARTY

Matt, I don't understand the depth of your bitterness. My betrayal had nothing to do with you.

MATT

(his voice now quaking.)

You're kidding me, right? Are you that fucking clueless?

MARTY

I know I disappointed you, but...

MATT

I worshipped you. I wanted to be just like you. Now I'm scared to death that I might become you. Just a self-indulgent, insecure prick who uses sex with another woman to prove to himself that he really hadn't become the old man he saw when he looked in the mirror.

KAY

Matt, that's shameful.

MATT

Well, that's how it is.

MARTY

You're right about why I did what I did. And every day since I lost you and your mother, the face that I have seen when I looked in the mirror was of a very stupid man who had everything and threw it away for nothing.

MATT

And you want me to forgive you so that's not the face you see the next time you look?

MARTY

It would help.

MATT

I suggest you stop looking.

MATT stands up and begins to walk away.

KAY

Wait! I have something to say.

MATT stops.

KAY (Cont.)

Your father's affair did not cause the divorce.

MATT

What are you talking about?

MARTY

I don't understand.

KAY

I had decided to divorce your father before I found out about his affair. I had been unhappy for a very long time. I just couldn't find the courage to tell your father. The affair gave me the excuse that I needed.

MATT

I don't believe you.

MARTY

I don't believe you either.

KAY

Marty, my unhappiness should have been obvious to you.

MARTY

But you never said anything. We went to marriage counseling and all we talked about was my infidelity. Never once did you even hint that there was more to your wanting to leave.

KAY

I know.

MARTY

If I had known you weren't happy, I would have tried to fix it.

KAY

It wasn't fixable.

MARTY

God damn it, Kay. After thirty years together I deserved the chance to try.

KAY

There was nothing you could have done.

MATT

Excuse me, but none of this has anything to do with me. Mom, I'll call you later.

MATT begins to exit stage left.

MARTY

Matt!

MATT stops.

MARTY (Cont.)

I truly hope that you never put your son in the same situation that I put you in because losing the love and respect of a son is almost unbearable.

MATT exits without reacting to MARTY'S comment.

MARTY (Cont.)

It's too bad I won't live long enough to see how he'll handle his own failings as a husband and father.

MARTY takes a drink. He then makes a deep sigh as he sets down his glass.

MARTY (Cont.)

What the fuck, Kay?

KAY

I know.

MARTY

So why now? What was the point?

KAY

It wasn't something I came here intending to do. I...I thought it might...it just seemed...I don't know. He was attacking you and I had to say something.

MARTY

It would have been better had you said nothing. Did you really think telling Matt that I did you a favor by having an affair would change his feelings about me?

KAY

But he was being so unfair to you.

MARTY (derisively)

So now you were worried I was being treated unfairly.

KAY

If it helps, know that you weren't alone these past several years in feeling shame and guilt.

MARTY

It doesn't.

KAY

I'm so sorry, Marty.

MARTY

That doesn't help either.

Again, they sit in prolonged silence.

MARTY (Cont.)

You wanted a divorce. Why?

KAY

I told you. I was unhappy.

MARTY

With me.

KAY

With our marriage.

MARTY

That means with me.

KAY

With our relationship.

MARTY

What was wrong with our relationship?

KAY

It was empty.

MARTY

Empty. What the hell does that mean?

KAY

It means that when I looked to our marriage for support or affection or assurance or anything I needed to feel good, there was nothing there.

MARTY

So, what you should have done was to say to me "I'm not happy with you. I want something different. I need something more." Then we could have talked and at least I'd have had the chance to see if I could change to your liking. You were happy with me once. I could've made you happy with me again. I was the same person you fell in love with.

KAY

No, you weren't. And neither was I. We both changed as all people do over time. Our changing wasn't the problem. Our problem was...

MARTY

You had the problem. I didn't have a problem.

KAY

The problem we shared was that when we changed, we became different people. We went in different directions. We grew apart.

MARTY

What you're saying, if I understand what you're saying, is that our getting divorced was inevitable and there wasn't a damn thing I could have done to prevent it.

KAY

No, we might have been able to avoid it if we had done a better job of communicating as we were changing. - if we had been better at sharing.

MARTY looks away and stares into the distance.

MARTY

It's going to take me a while to sort through all of this.

KAY

But you don't have a while.

MARTY

I do if I want it.

KAY

So, you're not doing it today?



No. MARTY

I'm glad. KAY

Are you? MARTY

Yes. KAY

Why? MARTY

Because we're not ready. KAY

Oh – *we're* not ready? MARTY

No, we're not. We have things to talk about, don't we? KAY

Do we? MARTY

Yes. KAY

I've heard everything I need to hear from you. MARTY

No, you haven't. And even if you had, I haven't heard what I need to hear from you. KAY

Is that so? MARTY

Yes, that's so. KAY

Well, I can't think of anything to say so I'm going home. MARTY

KAY

How you getting there - in the hearse?

MARTY

I was going to ask you for a lift.

KAY

I'm happy to drive you home - after we've talked.

MARTY

I don't want to talk.

KAY

Then start walking.

MARTY

(with exasperated sigh.)

Okay - talk.

KAY

All right. I'll begin but this is going to be a dialogue.

MARTY

About?

KAY

Everything we need to say to each other so that neither of us will regret having failed to say something that should have been said.

MARTY

What would you like to say to me?

KAY

I never have and I never will love someone as much as I loved you.

MARTY looks at KAY but says nothing.

KAY (Cont.)

And I was never happier and never will be happier than the day I married you.

Again, MARTY says nothing.

KAY (Cont.)

You have always been and always will be the most important person in my life. We were just kids when we started out. We learned about life together.

MARTY remains silent.

KAY (Cont.)

You were part of every memorable moment in my life.

MARTY

Every?

KAY

Yeah. There was nothing memorable about my life before I met you. And with Harry, I have a comfortable, but not terribly interesting life.

MARTY

So, you replaced your life with me for an uninteresting life with Harry. That's just great.

KAY

Now it's your turn.

MARTY appears uncertain and hesitant.  
He squirms in his seat.

MARTY

So...Um...

He sighs deeply. He gives KAY a look of helplessness.

KAY

Can't think of anything to say?

MARTY

It's not that. This is something of a death bed confessional, isn't it? I feel like I need to say something profound.

KAY

Just say what you're feeling.

MARTY

I'm feeling distressed.

KAY

I can see that. You're making it harder than it has to be.

MARTY becomes emotional.

MARTY

I found the perfect woman and I screwed it up. It was the greatest failure of my life and even though you have forgiven me I will die a failure.

KAY places her hand on MARTY'S  
forearm and gives MARTY a sympathetic look.

MARTY (Cont.)

I never stopped loving you, but I stopped letting you know. That was wrong.

KAY nods in agreement

MARTY (Cont.)

The longer we were together, I appreciated you less when you deserved to be appreciated more. That was thoughtless of me and I'm ashamed for taking you for granted.

MARTY (Cont.)

I feel cheated. I think I've learned a lot – about what's important – about how to live a good life – about how to be a good partner. I wish I had another chance.

KAY

You will get another chance.

MARTY looks confused. Then appears to understand.

MARTY

Reincarnation.

KAY

Right.

MARTY considers for a moment.

MARTY

How soon after a person dies do they come back?

KAY

I don't know.

MARTY

I wouldn't want to come back right away. I'd want to wait until after you died so we could come back together.

KAY

Maybe that's how it works.

MARTY

Then I'd find you again and we'd be a perfect family.

KAY

Or if you come back right away and I come back say twenty or so years later, I could come back as your daughter.

MARTY

Oh shit, Kay. I don't think I would like that.

They both laugh. KAY places her hand on top of MARTY'S hand. They look at each other with tenderness. After several seconds, MARTY removes his hand, leans his head against the chairback and then speaks with a mischievous smile.

MARTY (Cont.)

So, tell me - what was your most memorable moment with me?

KAY

That's easy. It was when I saw your penis for the first time.

MARTY

What!

KAY

Your erect penis.

MARTY

That's your most memorable moment?

KAY

Yep.

MARTY

Christ Kay, you can't be serious.

KAY

It wasn't the most important moment of my life with you, but it was far and away the most memorable.

MARTY

You did freak me out a little when you stared at it for as long as you did. I worried that maybe you were hoping for something bigger.

KAY

I had no idea about how big it was supposed to be. I had never seen one before.

MARTY

My sexual insecurity was acute.

KAY

Turns out, it was just the right size for me.

They look at each other with smiles of regret.

MARTY

So how 'bout it? Will you take me home now?

KAY

Yes.

MARTY

Could you please give me a hand getting up?

KAY

Of course.

KAY stands, walks around MARTY'S chair and retrieves the two canes. She hands one cane to MARTY that he holds in his left hand as KAY places her hand under his right armpit and helps lift MARTY to his feet. KAY hands MARTY the other cane.

MARTY

Thank you.

They begin to walk. MARTY stops them.

MARTY (Cont.)

Hey.

KAY

What?

MARTY

I think you should tell Matt about my situation.

KAY

You do?

MARTY

Yeah. If you don't tell him I'm afraid, even though he probably wouldn't give a shit, that he might become very angry with you when he hears I'm dead. You know, in the unlikely event that he might've wanted to make peace with me at the end.

KAY

Thank you.

MARTY

I just don't want to cause you any more problems.

KAY

Is that the only reason?

MARTY

Not the only. I guess I'd prefer to leave the decision to Matt about whether he sees me rather than my making the decision for him.

KAY

That's very wise of you.

MARTY

Yeah, I've always been a wise guy.

MARTY takes a step but KAY stops him.

KAY

There's one more thing before we go.

MARTY

What?

KAY

Dance with me?

MARTY

You know I don't dance very well.

KAY

That's okay. You know I don't either.

They face each other. Marty steadies himself with his canes. KAY puts her hands on MARTY'S hips. An instrumental of the Beatles *In My Life* plays. They sway back and forth. MARTY'S feet never leave the floor.

MARTY

This is nice.

KAY

It is nice.

They continue to dance. KAY moves slightly away from MARTY and looks straight into his face.

KAY (Cont.)

I'm thinking about leaving Harry.

END OF PLAY

BLACKOUT