

DON'T GET AROUND MUCH ANYMORE

BY  
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WITH  
AARON LEE GUDERJAHN

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**Don't Get Around Much Anymore**

by

Matthew P. Burkholder  
with Aaron Lee Guderjahn

Cast: Mark  
The Bartender  
Woman 1  
Sc1-Gossiper  
Sc3-Waitress  
Sc4-Dancer, Single  
Sc5-Marcy  
Sc8-Wife  
Sc9-Patron  
Sc10-Marcy  
Woman 2  
Sc1-Gossiper  
Sc3-Patron, Diane  
Sc4-Mark's Pickup  
Sc9-Kay  
Sc10-Diane, Kay  
Man 1  
Sc1-Gossiper  
Sc3-Nick Formann  
Sc4-Dancer  
Sc5-Dave  
Sc6-Patron  
Sc8-Jets Fan  
Sc9-Patron  
Sc10-Dave  
Man 2  
Sc1-Gossiper  
Sc3-Steve  
Sc4-Steve  
Sc6-Patron  
Sc8-Jets Fan  
Sc9-Patron  
Sc10-Steve  
Man 3  
Sc1-Gossiper  
Sc2-Patron  
Sc3-Patron  
Sc4-Kurt  
Sc6-Geoffrey  
Sc9-Patron  
Sc8-Viking fan

Place: Various bars in NYC.

Time: the present

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**Author's Note:** This play takes place in various bars throughout New York City, however the Bartender at each bar is the same, he is, in a sense, Mark's conscience. The bars can be represented by moving the bar, changing the lighting, inclusion or removal of various elements (stools, tables, etc). Everything should be done as simply and minimally as possible. Likewise, I recommend that the rotating actors have a base costume and the various characters they play have a simple addition to the costume. Only in Scene 10 should real costumes be used, if at all. Most of all, this should be fun without mocking the situation, a delicate balance to be struck.

**Scene 1- Telling Tales.**

*Lights up on a bar. There are some neon beer signs by the bar with the BARTENDER [BAR] behind the bar wiping a glass. There is an empty table center, one left with three men [M1, M2, and M3] and one right with two women [W1 and W2]. They are carrying on two completely separate conversations; the Men about a soap opera, the Women about a mutual friend; until MARK'S entrance.*

MAN 2: Can you believe that?

WOMAN 2: I can't believe it!

MAN 1: Shit!

MAN 3: When was this?

MAN 2: Last week.

WOMAN 1: So then she told me that he told her that Mary was pregnant.

WOMAN 2: You are not serious.

WOMAN 1: Yes!

MAN 1: So then what?

MAN 2: Are you sure you want me to tell you?

MAN 3: Are you kidding? Of course we do. We missed it!

WOMAN 2: When did she find out?

MAN 2: Now this was Wednesday or was it...

WOMAN 1: Thursday.

MAN 3: Uh-huh.

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WOMAN 2: What are they going to do?

MAN 2: Well they're going to have to operate I guess.

WOMAN 1: Of course for her abortion is out of the question.

MAN 1: What did the doctor say?

WOMAN 2: He's leaving it up to her.

MAN 2: Can you believe that?

MAN 1: I'm going to have to start recording it.

WOMAN 1: Well, this is going to completely fuck everything  
up.

WOMAN 2: I know.

MAN 2: So, he's in a coma.

WOMAN 1: Poor Jason.

MAN 3: I cannot believe they would put him in a coma. It's  
so cliché.

WOMAN 2: Of course you know it isn't his.

MAN 1: Why not just send him on a government mission, or run  
him off a cliff.

WOMAN 1: This is going to kill him.

MAN 3: They can always bring him back.

WOMAN 2: Oh no. He had nothing to do with it.

MAN 2: You are so stupid. He has a contract.

WOMAN 2: He can't be the father of the baby.

MAN 1: But it's up this year.

WOMAN 2: He's sterile.

MEN 2 and 3 and WOMAN 1: Ohhhhhhhh.

MAN 2: Well that puts a new twist on it.

WOMAN 2: At least that's what I heard.

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*MARK enters and x's to the bar*

MARK: Hey, give me the usual. Where'd all the stools go?

BAR.: They were all falling apart, so I finally bit the bullet, they all went to the reupholsterer today, they'll be back in a few.

MARK: OK, I'll just sit over here.

BAR.: Careful they're out in force tonight. (*x's away to get MARK's drink*)

MARK: OK, whatever. (*x's to table the empty table between the two groups and sits.*) Out in force?

MAN 1: Oh my god.

MAN 2: What?

WOMAN 1: Look who's here.

MAN 3: Is that him?

WOMAN 2: That can't be...

MAN 2: No it's not.

WOMAN 1: He's not bad looking either.

MAN 2: Wanna bet.

MAN 3: You're on.

BAR.: (*x's to MARK*) There you go Mark.

MAN 1: It is.

WOMAN 1: That's him.

MAN 2: I don't know.

MAN 1: Wanna bet?

WOMAN 2: I have to go over to him and make sure.

MAN 3: Well, let's go find out.

WOMAN 1: Oh, no we shouldn't, poor man.

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MAN 2: He's gone through enough.

MAN 3 and WOMAN 2: Come on. (*they descend upon him*)

MARK (*has had his head down, until he feels the pressure of people surrounding him, he looks up*) Gahh!

WOMAN 2: Excuse me...

MAN 3: But, I was wondering...

MAN 2: We all were.

WOMAN 2: But, you wouldn't be Mark...

MAN 3: ...Jacoby, would you?

MARK: (*slowly*) Yeah?

WOMAN 1: It's him!

MAN 1: I was right.

MAN 2: (*hands over a buck*) OK, OK.

WOMAN 2: We are so sorry about your wife.

MARK: I...

MAN 3: I have no idea what I would have done.

MARK: I...

WOMAN 1: How are you taking it?

MAN 1: It must be rough.

MAN 2: Horrible.

MARK: I...

WOMAN 2: Are you seeing a Therapist?

MAN 3: Mine is terrific.

MAN 1: Oh, yeah, absolutely. I'm seeing his now and he's been a great help.

MARK: I...I...I...

MAN 2: Really, I went once and we just didn't seem to

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connect.

WOMAN 1: You know there is something to be said for working it out on your own though.

*Long silence as all, including MARK, look at her as if she is a complete idiot.*

MAN 3: I work for the Post, do you think I could do an interview with you sometime?

MAN 2: Oh yeah! That would make a great human interest story.

MAN 3: Exactly.

WOMAN 2: And I was wondering if you would come do a lecture in my family roles class? The student's would get a real kick out of it

MAN 3: So would you mind if we got together for lunch someday?

MAN 2: Careful you don't schedule it during "Days".

MAN 3: Right, how about a late lunch?

WOMAN 1: What's been happening on that show lately?

WOMAN 2: Oh my God, you wouldn't believe what they're doing.

MAN 1: Could you believe they put him in a coma!?

WOMAN 2: I know.

MAN 3: I'm available weekdays between 2 and 3 or evenings, what works for you?

MAN 2: I just can't get over your wife leaving you for a woman.

MAN 3: Now I've heard that they were using sexual toys in the next room while you were there, is that true?

WOMAN 1: I heard that too.

WOMAN 2: I heard you walked in on them and your wife had strapped on...

MARK: AAAAAAUGH

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*MARK leaves.*

MAN 3: Wait let me give you my office number!

*M3 chases after MARK*

WOMAN 1: A strap on, really?

WOMAN 2: That's what I heard.

MAN 1: Twisted, isn't it?

MAN 1: Well at least he's moving on with his life.

MAN 2: Things are looking up for him.

MAN 1: Of course things always look up when you're standing at the bottom of a well.

*M3 reenters breathless*

MAN 3: He...He...He's...whew...He's fast.

MAN 2: Did you give him your card.

MAN 3: Sort of.

MAN 1: Sort of?

MAN 3: He took it, but then he ate it. Well, you never know.

*Lights Fade*

### **Scene 2 - Touchy Subject.**

*Lights up as soon as possible in a different bar. BAR is behind the counter wiping a glass, neon signs are gone. M3 is sitting at the the bar facing U.S.. MARK enters, x's to the bar and sits next to M3. MARK is just about to order when...*

MAN 3: Heard about your wife.

*MARK rises and exits. BAR has not stopped wiping glass. Lights fade.*

### **Scene 3- Troubles.**

*Lights up on the Plaza Hotel bar, BAR is behind the bar wiping a glass. Left of the bar M1 stands trying to look like a stud but failing miserably, down right M3 sits at a table and W2 at another, a waitress (W1) floats between. Mark enters.*

MARK: The usual.

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BAR: Here you go Mark. Take it easy.

MAN 1: Hell. I buy the woman a drink, no big deal right? A simple gesture. What ever happened to chivalry.

MARK: Who are you talking to?

MAN 1: No one in particular. I can't believe this week.

MARK: (*rhetorically*) Tell me about it.

MAN 1: First, Monday I brought this woman home and she said she was only looking for a long term commitment, so I had to give her cab money. Then Tuesday the woman I brought home turned out to be a prostitute. She was good though. Wednesday, I don't ever want to think about Wednesday. Thursday was poker night, and I lost. So here I am, another Friday night at The Plaza, I buy that woman over there a drink and ... ah well, it can only get better right?

MARK: I suppose.

MAN 1: So what's your troubles.

MARK: My wife left me...

MAN 1: That's not a trouble, that's a blessing.

MARK: ...for another woman.

MAN 1: Are you shitting me?

MARK: Nope.

MAN 1: How long were you married?

MARK: Long enough.

MAN 1: Whoa. (*Long Pause*) Well, I can't beat that.

MAN 2: (*enters*) Hey, Mark, sorry I'm late. I just got out of the office. (*to M1*) Hi. (*to MARK*) Hope you weren't waiting too long.

MARK: No. I just got here myself.

MAN 2: You wouldn't believe how thirsty I am. Bartender! (*BAR. x's over*) I'll take a Whiskey sour.

MARK: I'll have another. Thanks. (*W2 exits*) Steve, this

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is... I'm sorry, who are you?

MAN 1: Sorry, I'm Nick Formann.

MARK: Mark Jacoby, this is my friend Steve.

MAN 2: A pleasure.

MAN 1: So tell me your troubles.

MAN 2: My troubles?

MAN 1: Yeah, see Mark...Mark?...Mark and I were comparing troubles, The Plaza just seems to be the watering hole for the troubled of the world tonight.

MAN 2: Oh, well I'm afraid my troubles won't be very interesting after Mark's.

MARK: Thanks so much.

MAN 1: That's OK, I'd still be interested.

MAN 2: Well, let's see...I lost an account at work.

MAN 1: That's a start...

MARK: As interesting as your work life is to me Steve I hear a urinal calling out to me, so if you'll both excuse me.

MAN 1: *(to M2)* Boy, he's got troubles.

MAN 2: It's been eating him alive.

BAR: *(coming over)* He's been in here every night for the past couple weeks. I guess he's been staying here. Doesn't want to go back to the apartment.

MAN 1: So what exactly happened to him?

MAN 2: Well, It seems he came home early one day, 'bout a month ago now, and lo and behold there was his wife in bed with the neighbor. I guess they had been seeing each other for about two months. *(W2 enters)* Oh man.

MAN 1: What?

MAN 2: It's his wife.

BAR: Ooo this should be good.

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WOMAN 2: *(to BAR.)* Have you seen Mark around? *(he points to where MARK is reentering from the bathroom)* Thanks.

MAN 1: Man, is she ever hot. That sucks.

WOMAN 2: Mark.

MARK : Oh no.

*MARK attempts to turn back into the bathroom but knows he's trapped.*

WOMAN 2: I heard you were staying here. Look you still haven't been to the apartment...

MARK: I don't think I can deal with this right now. *(Moves to take a table)* Maybe a few more drinks, waitress. *(W1 begins to s over.)*

WOMAN 2: *I'm* not even sleeping in our place any more. The bed's all yours. *(He gets a pained expression in his face)* Well there's always the sofa... *(she pauses)* Oh, wait. No.

MARK: The sofa! The leather sofa? Waitress!

WOMAN 1: What can I get you?

MARK: A bottle. Any bottle. Any big full bottle.

WOMAN 2: Look Mark, lets go somewhere else and talk about this.

MARK: Not when I've got a drink on the way. Good ol' Jack Daniels and I have gotten to be very well acquainted lately. Thank you very much.

WOMAN 2: Mark, I'm sorry. I never wanted to hurt you. I was going to tell you that I had discovered I wanted something different, but it just never seemed to be the right time.

MARK: Thanks for sparing me, when was the right time? Walking in on you and ... . Never mind.

WOMAN 2: No. That was not the right time or the right way. I'm sorry. I suppose you'll want to file for divorce?

MARK: No, I'm sure we'd be perfectly happy, the three of us living together. She gets you Tuesdays, Thursdays and weekends, see how it went and then decide.

WOMAN 2: That would be a yes?

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MARK: Yes, that would be a yes. *(to W1)* Thank you

WOMAN 2: So, how are we going to do this.

MARK: Ahh. *(as he drinks)*

WOMAN 2: Ok. How about I send over some movers on, what, say Thursday and I'll personally pack up all your stuff and send it here or your office, whichever on ... Thursday ... Oh, wait, Thursday is bad, Karla and I have a ... well, Thursday is bad. How about Wednesday?

MARK: Will that give you enough time to pack my stuff ... Oh wait, you have Karla to help you.

WOMAN 2: Fine. Wednesday. And Mark, I really am sorry.

*W2 exits. MARK sits in silence for a moment. BAR, M1 and 2 torn between staring at him and his wife. MARK finally stands and x's to the bar as they try very very hard to look like they weren't eavesdropping*

MARK: Thanks a lot. I'll see you again tomorrow night.

MAN 1: Suddenly my life doesn't seem so bad.

*Lights*

#### **Scene 4 - Taking Chances**

*Lights up on a singles bar. There are neon lights around, music playing, a couple (M1 and W1) at one table, W2 at another and a very very VERY drunk M3 at the bar. MARK enters and sits at the bar near M3.*

BARTENDER: Evening Mark, what'll it be?

MARK: Gin and Tonic, double, no ice.

BAR.: Right away. And, ahh, hey...sorry.

MARK: *(nods thank you)*

MAN 3: Women. They should be wiped off the face of the planet. They'll screw ya every time.

MARK: Pardon?

MAN 3: You got woman problems right *(BAR. returns with drink)*

MARK: You might say that. How could you tell.

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MAN 3: No one but no one drinks like that 'less they got woman problems. You leave her or did she leave you?

MARK: Oh, she left me all right.

MAN 3: Was it another man? *(no response)* I knew it. Probably some damn young yuppie fuck. God Damn. Or worse, it was your best friend wasn't it? Jesus H. Christ. That's the worst way to lose them. How long they been doing it behind your back? Just thinkin' of your best friend doing it to your girl the same time you are. *(MARK drops his head to the bar)* Unless of course you're into that sort of thing ...Nah you don't look the type. Boy that really steams me. You're such a nice guy too. Your girlfriend and your best friend, or wait, you weren't married were you? *(BAR nods yes)* Oh lord your best buddy and your wife that's...

MARK: It was not my best friend.

MAN 3: I understand your resentment towards him but he was your best friend all those years. Bartender, another drink for my friend

MARK: Just leave the bottle.

BAR: Right. *(MARK grabs the bottle)* Ah, right.

MAN 3: Hey, what was your name again?

MARK: Mark.

MAN 3: Mark, hi I'm Kurt. Well Mark you can count on me, I will never do that to you. I'll stick by your side for the rest of your life. Side by Side, You and I, Islands in the Stream, *(sings) Me and my shadow, strollin' down the avenue ... (M2 enters)*

MARK: STEVE! *(MARK moves to the opposite end of the bar to stand with M2)* Am I ever glad to see you.

MAN 3: That him? What the hell's your problem! You call yourself a friend. *(M3 passes out.)*

MAN 2: How've you been doing buddy?

MARK: Ah, you know...I'm getting by.

MAN 2: You're just wallowing in your pain.

MARK: I like my pain. I'm used to it.

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MAN 2: Mark, you have to get out there again.

MARK: I am out there. I've been going out almost every night.

MAN 2: This is not going out. You have to get on with your life. She is.

MARK: Listen Steve, has your wife ever so much as looked at another man? Had an affair with another man, much less another woman?

MAN 2: Don't be ridiculous.

MARK: OK, well, my wife found sex with me so completely unstimulating that she turned to another woman. Do you have any idea what that does to your ego?

MAN 2: Well...

MARK: Do you? Do you have any idea? Can you empathize with me on any level? Any level at all? No. I don't think you can. So until you have a full understanding of the hell that I'm suffering, why don't you just lay off, OK?

MAN 2: OK. (*Long pause*) Mark, look at that girl sitting all alone over there. She looks like she could use some company.

MARK: Stop it.

MAN 2: I am not saying go over and ask her to marry you. I'm just suggesting that maybe a little female companionship would be good for you. Go on, give it a shot.

MARK: I can't

MAN 2: You can.

MARK: You aren't going to let up on me until I go over there and talk to her are you?

MAN 2: What are friends for?

MARK: Fine. But if this is a disaster I'm blaming you.

MAN 2: That's good, let out some of that negativity.

MARK: Fuck you. (*takes a few steps away, turns back*) You're right, that felt good.

*MARK walks over to W2, she looks up and smiles at him. He returns the smile then turns around and walks back to M2*

MAN 2: So, how did it go?

MARK: She looks like Diane.

MAN 2: *(looks at W2)* She does not.

MARK: Yes, she does. She has that same holier than thou look around her eyes. The same eyes, lips, nose, ears, cheekbones, hell, I'll bet she even has that same mole underneath her right shoulder blade.

MAN 2: Maybe you were right, maybe you aren't ready for another relationship. *(M1 and W1 walk by on their way from the dance floor to the door, MARK takes note of her)*

MARK: Did you see her?

MAN 2: See who?

MARK: That...there...just walked past...that was...No, it couldn't have been, could it? She was dancing with a man. She looked like Diane. She had her hair.

MAN 2: Easy Mark, I don't think that was her.

BAR: Can I get you two another round.

MAN 2: Yeah, um, I think so.

MARK: Steve, am I losing it?

MAN 2: Yes.

MARK: Oh, good.

*W1 reenters after a quick change and steps up to the bar*

MARK: Oh my god. Steve, tell me that doesn't look like Diane.

MAN 2: That looks nothing like Diane.

MARK: She looks every bit like Diane! She has Diane's breasts.

MAN 2: Here, have another drink. *(MARK downs it)*

MARK: Thanks. I think I'm going back to my hotel.

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MAN 2: Good idea. I'll walk you there.

MARK: No. That's fine. I can get there on my own. You finish your drink. I'll call you tomorrow. I think I'm going to try a different bar.

*MARK rises and exits. A moment passes. M2 drinks and then MARK rushes back into the bar.*

MARK: Steve, get out here and look at this woman and tell me she doesn't look like Diane.

MAN 2: *(to bartender)* I think he may be beyond therapy.  
*(BAR nods)*

*Lights fade*

**Scene 5 - The Set Up.**

*Lights up on BAR alone in bar. MARK, M1, and W1 enter.*

MARK: I really think this is a bad idea Dave.

WOMAN 1: Don't be silly. You two are going to hit it off so darn well.

MARK: Mhmm.

MAN 1: Really Mark. This time I have to agree with Marcy. She is perfect for you.

MARK: Sure.

MAN 1: So Diane ran out on you. So what. So your therapist bills are running you into the ground. Who really cares? You still have your health, and your job, and great friends like us, right?

MARK: *(unenthusiastically)* Yeah. Bartender.

BAR: What can I get for you folks tonight?

WOMAN 1: White zinf.

MAN 1: Seven and Seven.

MARK: Scotch neat, make it a double and keep them coming.

BAR: Blind date huh?

MARK: As a bat.

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BAR: Be right back with those drinks for you.

MARK: So what's she like?

WOMAN 1: She's an actress.

MAN 1: Loads of personality.

WOMAN 1: Loves animals.

MAN 1: Especially cats.

WOMAN 1: Very in touch with her spirituality.

MARK: Sounds like a real winner. Bartender!

*Lights out*

**Scene 6 - Trying New Things**

*Lights up on a gay bar. M1, 2, and 3 stand spaced around the bar. BAR is behind the bar wiping a glass as usual. MARK enters. He does not know the nature of the bar.*

MARK: Hi, could I have a Gin and Tonic.

BAR: New to the scene?

MARK: No, why do you ask?

BAR: Haven't seen you around.

MARK: No, I'm a real veteran to the bar scene. Thanks. *(as he takes the drink M3 approaches)*

MAN 3: Hi there.

MARK: Evening.

MAN 3: I haven't seen you here before.

MARK: It's my first time here. I've been trying bars all over town trying to find one that didn't have so many women. But this one is looking hopeful, unless they start to turn up later.

MAN 3: No, there aren't many women in here.

MARK: That's good to know.

MAN 3: Sure is.

MARK: My name is Mark. Mark Jacoby.

MAN 3: Hi, I'm Geoffrey. Nice to meet you.

MARK: Do you come here often?

MAN 3: I used to, then I finally thought I had met someone who meant something to me, and I meant something to, but we just broke up recently.

MARK: You too? *(M3 nod's yes)* It's so strange getting back out into the world. Can't seem to get over it.

MAN 3: How long had you been going out?

MARK: Going out nothing. We were married for eight years.

MAN 3: Eight years! My god.

MARK: I know. So now I've been drinking too much, and the bar scene is worse than I ever remember it being.

MAN 3: And so many of the places you go these days are meat markets. *(unnoticed by MARK, M1 and 2 move to the dance floor together)*

MARK: Let's not forget all those arranged dates. People your friends are just sure you'll love.

MAN 3: Oh, don't I know it. Two of my friends from work just set me up with someone and we had a few terrific days and I fell head over heels then the bitch up and moves away. It absolutely destroyed me for a while.

MARK: I found mine in bed with a woman.

MAN 3: Oh God. That is the absolute worst. Leading you on like that. I suppose they gave you that "I just had to find myself".

MARK: Mhmm. How do you know.

MAN 3: Oh, that happened to me once.

MARK: You're kidding me.

MAN 3: Oh yeah. It happens to the best of us.

MARK: Finally someone who understands where I'm coming from.

MAN 3: Sure, I can't even tell you how much I spent on

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therapy about that one. Probably could have bought a car for as much as I talked with her about that one. She's one of the genetics school, and I guess I agree. It just sucks that some people take so long to experiment and come to the realization of their sexuality while people like you and me get hurt along the way. My analyst helped me to deal with it really well though. Do you have one? An analyst? (MARK nods yes.) I thought I had driven my partner to it, but once I came to the understanding that they just weren't sure or were afraid to admit to themselves or maybe were just denying the fact, I was able to move on.

MARK: Yeah. That makes a lot of sense. Thanks.

MAN 3: Hey, no problem. Isn't that what bars are for? To come and get shitfaced drunk, work through your problems and maybe meet someone special? Let me get you another drink.

MARK: Again, thanks. You know, you're pretty insightful Geoffrey.

MAN 3: Thanks. (beat) So, do you want to go back to my place?

*Lights out.*

#### **Scene 7 - On His Own**

*Lights up on a piano bar. BAR sits at the piano tinkling the ivories. He begins to play the title song "Don't Get Around Much Anymore". MARK sings it. [authors note: this rendition should be very sincere, not a parody. Also, while the actor playing MARK doesn't need to be the best singer in the world, he should be able to sing this well.]*

*Lights out.*

#### **Scene 8 - The Game of Love**

*Lights up on a sports bar. BAR in place. There is a television facing upstage. M1 and 2 are sitting in front of it with an empty pitcher and their mugs cheering. MARK enters.*

MAN 1: Oh, bullshit!

MAN 2: What the hell kind of call is that!

MAN 1: Did you see that!

BAR: What can I get you?

MARK: Draft.

BAR: Comin' right up.

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MAN 1: Hey, we're out of beer. I got this one.

MAN 2: No, it's my turn.

MAN 1: No, you got the last one. I got it.

MAN 2: You got the last one, remember, I went to take a piss and you went to get the beer.

MAN 1: That was two pitchers ago.

MAN 2: Flip for it.

MAN 1: OK. Flip for it.

*They both stand and dig in their pockets for a coin.*

MAN 1: I got one.

MAN 2: I call heads.

MAN 1: You have to wait till I flip it.

MAN 2: Well, I'm gonna call heads.

MAN 1: All right.

*M1 flips the coin but it goes over both their heads and lands with a plop in Mark's beer.*

MAN 2: Heads.

MAN 1: Where'd it go.

MARK: Gentlemen.

MAN 2: Where'd you throw it?

MAN 1: I didn't throw it!

MARK: Hey, you!

MAN 1: Yeah?

MARK: I believe I have your coin.

MAN 2: Heads or tails?

*MARK looks into his beer.*

MARK: Looks like heads.

MAN 2: Woo hoo! Heads, I win!

MAN 1: So, does that mean that you have to buy it or I have to buy it?

MAN 2: Shit, I don't know.

MAN 1: Aw, hell. Oh, games back on!

*M1 and 2 scream. The phone at the bar rings.*

BAR: Moe's. Hey, yeah he's here. Tom!

MAN 1: Go go go go go! YES!

MAN 2: Yes!

BAR: Tom!

MAN 1: What?

BAR: Your wife.

MAN 1: Who?

BAR: Remember? Your wife? That lady that you sleep with?

MAN 1: Oh, Oh yeah.

*He rises and walks to the bar keeping his eye on the TV.*

MAN 1: Hi hon. Can't talk right now. Games on. What? I can't come home now. Your mom? Now? But hon, it's Sunday. (*He takes his eye off the TV to focus on the conversation*) Hon, you can't expect me to just... I know... but honey! Baby. I'll be home for dinner. Yes, I promise. I promise.

MAN 2: Oh Man!!!

MAN 1: What? What'd I miss? Hon, you just made me miss something. What? No. No, I can't come home right now. I can't! It's right in the middle of the second half.

MAN 2: Run! Oh come on!

MAN 1: What? What? Well, she hung up on me. I guess I got a stay of execution.

MARK: Congrats.

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MAN 1: So what? What'd I miss.

MAN 2: We got to the ten yard line, they went for a pass when they should have just made a break for it, it was intercepted...

MAN 1: Inter-fucking-cepted?

MAN 2: No shit. So now we're in time out.

MAN 1: And we're still out of beer.

MAN 2: I'll get it.

MAN 1: All right. Damn. Oh, instant replay baby! Instant replay!

MAN 2: One more.

BAR: Last one guys.

MAN 2: C'mon, we're not driving! We live a block away.

BAR: I know, but you got pretty rowdy last time, I can't have any more fights.

MAN 2: We aren't gonna cause any fights. We're the only one's here. Cept for this guy. You aren't rooting for the other team are you?

MARK: No. No I'm not.

MAN 2: See? No fights here.

BAR: We'll see.

*BAR gives M2 the pitcher.*

MAN 2: Fights. Ha.

MAN 1: C'mon Jets!

MAN 2: Jets! Jets!

*M1 and 2 start to chant "Jets! Jets! Jets!" then scream as they butt heads.*

MARK: Lively pair, aren't they?

BAR: They're in here every Sunday during football season.

*M3 enters wearing a suit and carrying a briefcase.*

MAN 3: Excuse me do you have the game ... Oh, great! The TV in my cheap ass hotel room is broken. What's the score?

BAR: Guys, what's the score?

MAN 2: 23 to 19, Jets are kickin' some Minnesota ass!

MAN 3: Oh, c'mon Vikes!

*M1 and 2 turn violently on M3.*

BAR: Uh oh, guys.

MAN 1: What was that?

MAN 3: I said... I said, Get them Vikes?

MAN 2: Uh uh, that's not what you said.

MAN 3: Sure it is.

BAR: No fights!

MAN 1: All right, all right, I'll be nice. You just ... you just sit over there and keep your ass shut.

MAN 3: OK.

MARK: Well, this is nice.

BAR: What?

MARK: Not being the center of attention.

BAR: They get enough attention for everyone.

MARK: I guess.

MAN 1: What the hell was that? What the fuck!

MAN 2: Get your heads out of your asses!

MAN 3: Yes!

MAN 1: YOU! Shut up!

MAN 3: Sorry.

MAN 2: No way! That was so illegal! They're gonna let them

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get away with that?

MAN 1: Tackle him! Tackle the fucker!

MAN 2: Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

MAN 1 and 2: NO!

MAN 3: Touchdown!

MAN 1: All right, that's it!

*Just as M1 is about to rush M3 and throttle the life from him W1 storms into the bar.*

WOMAN 1: Thomas Marshall Nelson!

MAN 1: SHIT!

WOMAN 1: You had better believe "shit!" When I tell you to get your ass home because my Mother is coming over, then you get your ass home.

MAN 1: But honey...

WOMAN 1: Shut it!

MAN 1: I was...

WOMAN 1: If I hear one word of testosterone filled macho bullshit I will rip your heart out and feed it to your children for dinner with a side of tater-tots. I am as serious as cancer here. Get your ass home.

MAN 1: Yes dear.

*M2 snickers.*

WOMAN 1: You had better get a move on too mister. Your wife just left our place ready to take a sledgehammer to your precious beer stein collection.

MAN 2: She wouldn't dare.

WOMAN 1: Wanna bet.

*M2 runs out of the bar.*

WOMAN 1: Let's go.

*M1 walks past M3 on his way out and mumbles under his breath.*

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MAN 1: We're not done here...

WOMAN 1: Oh, you better believe you are done. Git!

*M3, MARK, and BAR all look on dumbfounded as they leave.*

MAN 3: Ow.

MARK: Maybe being single isn't as bad as all that.

MAN 3: You know, I think I'll go call my wife.

*M3 exits*

BAR: So, what would you like to watch?

MARK: You get the weather channel?

*BAR picks up the remote, as he clicks... blackout.*

### **Scene 9 - Karma**

*A run of the mill bar. M1 and W1 are together at a table. M2 and 3 are sitting at another table with briefcases, apparently businessmen. MARK and W2 enter together but separately and sit at the bar near each other. BAR goes to W2 first.*

WOMAN 2: Usual.

BAR: You got it. *(BAR moves away toward MARK)* The usual Mark?

MARK: Yeah.

*BAR mixes drinks. W2 and MARK are glancing at each other and smiling.*

MARK: Hi.

WOMAN 2: Hi.

*A very long pause in which the two of them are glancing uneasily at the other*

BOTH : So, what are you doing here alone? *(laugh)* Sorry...You first.

MARK: You.

WOMAN 2: No You.

MARK: We could be here all night waiting for the other to say

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something. Chivalry dictates that you should speak first.

WOMAN 2: Chivalry is dead, isn't it?

MARK: It shows up occasionally. I've heard it's genetic.

WOMAN 2: I'm Kay.

MARK: Mark. It's a pleasure to make your acquaintance.

WOMAN 2: Likewise.

MARK: So, back to my, our, original question, what are you doing here alone?

WOMAN 2: It is a very long story. Let's just say I've been familiarizing myself with the bars of the greater metropolitan area.

MARK: You too? I'm surprised we haven't run into each other sooner.

WOMAN 2: Let me guess, you were driven out of your home and found out that your entire marriage was a lie?

MARK: Pretty much. How'd you know?

WOMAN 2: I was joking.

MARK: No, that's pretty much it in a nutshell. I spent a few nights at some local bars before I finally got such a stiff neck from sleeping on bar stools that I had to get a hotel room.

WOMAN 2: Same here, only I moved into my mother's place, but you really can't go home again, "What time will you be home, where will you be, who will you be with?" Finally I looked at her and said "I'm thirty four years old with a college degree and a career of my own." and walked out. Oh. Oh crap. Well, now you know how old I am. All that's left is for you to see me naked.

MARK: I'll keep it a secret.

WOMAN 2: Thirty four and single. Not pretty.

MARK: Not so hard on the eyes from where I'm sitting. I'm lucky, my parents live far far away.

WOMAN 2: Absolutely.

MARK: I love them dearly, but as soon as I could I moved out. My god, I haven't called them since all this happened.

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WOMAN 2: All what happened?

MARK: Loooong story. Painful story.

WOMAN 2: Sorry.

MARK: S'okay.

*Beat*

WOMAN 2: You aren't gay are you?

MARK: What!

WOMAN 2: Nothing! Sorry.

MARK: Did you just ask me if I was Gay?

WOMAN 2: I'm sorry, it isn't that you strike me as gay, it's just that my husband just left me for another man, and I don't want this conversation to go one word further until I know for sure one way or the other.

MARK: You aren't kidding are you?

WOMAN 2: No.

MARK: Ha. Ha ha. My my my my my.

WOMAN 2: I'm really sorry I asked that question. I didn't mean to offend you.

MARK: You didn't offend me. You just made my lifetime.

WOMAN 2: How so?

MARK: My wife left me for another woman.

WOMAN 2: Don't joke with me like that.

MARK: I am completely serious. I walked into our apartment and there she was in bed with the neighbor. This tall brunette with long legs and ... anyway.

WOMAN 2: What did you do?

MARK: I...I...I...I left. I didn't know what to do, how to react, so I left. Haven't been back since. *(a pause)* So tell me, Kay was it? Tell me Kay, do you believe in karma?

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WOMAN 2: You mean that all things happen for a reason? That you meet the same people life after life until you get it right?

MARK: Mm-hmm.

WOMAN 2: I think it's a bunch of malarkey.

MARK: Me too.

WOMAN 2: So how do you want to explain this?

MARK: Coincidence?

WOMAN 2: Pretty big coincidence.

MARK: Fate?

WOMAN 2: Isn't that the same as Karma?

MARK: Luck?

WOMAN 2: *(laughs)* Good enough for me.

MARK: Me too.

*They laugh as lights fade.*

**Scene 10 - The Wedding Party**

*BAR stands behind a bar. A lousy band and a large group is heard in the background. M1, M2 and W1 enter in formal wear.*

MAN 1: I can't believe she brought her.

MAN 2: Well, what did you expect? They are a couple.

MAN 1: Yeah but still, here? To the wedding?

WOMAN 1: They look nice together though. Like they belong. I never thought she looked right with Mark.

MAN 1: Now this one, I really like though. She looks right.

MAN 2: I'll say.

WOMAN 1: Just how much do you like her Dave?

MAN 1: Not that much Marce... don't worry. Besides, she's married... and so am I! I mean...

MAN 2: She's giving you that look. I hate when she gives you that look.

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MAN 1: So do I.

*MARK enters in a tuxedo.*

MAN 1: Here he is! Mark!

WOMAN 1: Oh, Mark, you look so good! You are so handsome! Isn't he handsome?

MAN 2: He's stunning!

WOMAN 1: Oh, shut up. You really are handsome. I knew you wouldn't be single for long. I just knew it.

MARK: Thanks guys. After the bachelor party I never thought I'd recover.

MAN 1: No need to thank me.

MARK: I wasn't.

MAN 1: Ah.

*WOMAN 2 enters dressed nicely.*

MAN 2: Oh boy. Mark, um...

MARK: Steve, thanks for everything.

MAN 2: No, um... Diane. Hi.

WOMAN 2: Steve. Dave, Marcy. How are you?

MAN 1: Well, I've had this pain in my neck, I don't know if maybe you know...

*W1 jabs him in the side.*

MAN 1: Ow! Fine, never better.

WOMAN 1: Diane how are you. Still a lesbian I see.

WOMAN 2: Marcy. I see they're serving the cake. Shouldn't you be over there? Wouldn't want you to miss out on that fifth serving because you didn't start soon enough.

MARK: Whoah! OK guys. Enough. To your corners!

*The others move off. MARK and DIANE stand in silence for a moment.*

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WOMAN 2: I just wanted to congratulate you Mark. Kay seems very nice.

MARK: Thanks Diane. She is. I'm glad you came. I know it wasn't easy.

WOMAN 2: Karla didn't want to come, but her therapist convinced her it would help with, I don't know, closure and everything. Something. I don't know. I was never really much for therapy was I? I'm just glad to see you happy. You are happy aren't you?

MARK: Never happier.

WOMAN 2: Oh. Good. That's... good.

MARK: Isn't it?

WOMAN 2: Well. Karla's ...

MARK: Waiting, right. Call. Sometime.

WOMAN 2: Right. You too.

MARK: Right.

WOMAN 2: You look great.

MARK: Thanks.

*W2 smiles sweetly then exits. MARK turns to the bar and collapses.*

BAR: You handled that very well.

MARK: Do you really think so?

BAR: I really think so.

MARK: God, I need a drink.

BAR: Are you sure?

MARK: Huh?

BAR: Well, let's see, you spent five months after your break up with Diane drinking yourself into oblivion and nearly losing your job in the process. You spent another six months going around to every bar in the city trying to escape. You then spent another year or so being set up with friends and going out to

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singles bars trying to find someone to replace Diane. Finally you find someone who comes close. Then you spend four or five more months going out with Kay and getting to know her. By my estimation you've spent about two and a half years doing nothing but drinking, and now you want another one?

MARK: How... how do you know all this?

BAR: I'm the bartender.

MARK: What about one for the road?

BAR: I don't think so Mark. I'm cutting you off. You got one hell of a girl there. I'm not going to let you miss out on one minute of your life with her.

MARK: You bartenders... you're pretty smart.

BAR: Hey, it's all part of the job.

*W2 enters in a wedding gown as the theme song begins to play.*

BAR: You got company.

MARK: Thanks.

BAR: My pleasure.

*MARK and W2 meet and dance. The lights slowly start to dim until there is a spot on them and another on BAR. BAR is standing wiping a glass, holds it up to the light for a moment then sets it down, looks at MARK and W2 for a moment then steps out from behind the bar.*

BAR: Last call.

The end.