

“Playing By Heart”

Joan and Keenan

(A crowded disco – Joan is talking on a pay phone and Keenan is watching her.)

Joan:

(Talking into the phone)

You’ll never learn. I went through her stool looking for worms.

I feed the fucking thing. I take her to the vet.

All you do is pet her twice a day, which is a hell
Of a lot more than you have been doing to me lately.

OK – let’s discuss this calmly. We’re adults.
We’ve been together a long time. Well, not a long time,
But an adequate 4 months. Adequate until you fucking
Cheated on me with that skag from Bloomingdale’s you
Fucking....Harry? Don’t you dare hang up! Harry?

Harry! Shit!

(To Keenan)

Hi. You got a quarter?

(Keenan gives her a quarter)

Thank you.

(Into the phone)

The fucking cat is mine. No, no, on this I am not
Negotiable. Harry. Harry. Hey, hey, don’t be a fucking
Infant. Okay, you take anything from Ikea.
I want the cat and the Pottery Barn. Okay – one more time,
You hang up on more time and I...

(Harry has hung up)

Keenan:

It’s my last one.

Joan:

Negotiations are almost over. Thank you.

(Into the phone)

Alright, okay scumbag, you’re robbing me blind.
But, I will give up the Pottery Barn if I can just have the cat.
No, no, Pottery Barn does not include Williams Sonoma –
They are two separate establishments Harry. Oh,
Christ on crutches, OK, you know what Harry?

I want to get rid of you as much as I want to get rid of that
Junk from Ikea. So, here's the thing, you can walk
Away with Pottery Barn, Williams Sonoma, Ikea and
Just to show you that I'm a grownup, I'll throw in all
The crap called everything. Yeah, yeah, that includes
The hanging shoe sorter. That's right. Do we have a deal?
Great. So, here's the thing: I will be home in 2 hours.
You and all of your junk from the catalog will be gone and
The cat will be there waiting for me purring contentedly.

(Hangs up phone)

Well, the least I can do, after taking your last quarters,
Is let you buy me a drink.

(To waitress)

Hey, I'll have a vodka martini, very dry, strait up,
3 olives and my sullen friend here will have a....

Keenan:

A coke.

Joan:

The poster board for designated drivers will have a coke.
The guy on the phone...

Keenan:

Harry?

Joan:

Harry, right, we were together for 5 months.

Keenan:

I thought it was 4.

Joan:

You were paying attention.

Keenan:

Everyone in the club was paying attention.

Joan:

We were together for 5 months, but I knew it wasn't going

To work out because the first time he came over I find out
He sits down to pee. You don't do that, do you?

Keenan:

No.

Joan:

So fucking lazy. And, in my experience that extends to other
Aspects of an individual's personality. Last time I saw him,
Harry was wearing a blue sweater and an idiotic expression.

(Waitress delivers drinks)

The sweater was new. Here's to Good Riddance Harry.

Keenan:

Good riddance Harry.

(Joan drinks her drink in one gulp)

Joan:

(To waitress)

Hey, get another of these and dryer this time and 3
Olives, not 2. 3, nutritional value. Whatever it is.

Oh! So, Harry, right, the sex part wasn't bad, you know,
For a while and then his consummate laziness and lack of
Imagination became tediously self-evident. Every time,
Everything was exactly the same as the time previous.

It was as if he followed some 'step by step' instructional
Video. And, about 2 weeks ago, guess what I found in the apartment?

Keenan:

A 'step by step' instructional video?

Joan:

Right! Here's the topper. I timed his performance one night,
Right? And then I checked the running time of the video
And guess what?

Keenan:

To the minute?

Joan:

Right down to it. 23 minutes to be exact. Including credits.
Anyway, he's history. But, I still want Blanche.

Keenan:

Who would be the cat?

Joan:

Nah, a great cat. Very feline.

Keenan:

The best cats are.

Joan:

Blanche can look at you with a gaze of unflappable superiority,
That seems to spring from near total detachment and disinterest.

Not unlike how you're looking at me now.

(New drink arrives)

Thank you. You don't say very much, do you?

Keenan:

Does anyone when they are with you?

Joan:

Don't get mean. Come on. We don't know each other well
Enough yet. When we do, then you can get mean.

So, we should do this again sometime.

Keenan:

We're not doing anything.

Joan:

Okay, well, then let's not do this. Let's do something else.

I'll even let you be the man; you can decide where we go

On our date.

Keenan:

I don't date.

Joan:

Well, gee, I don't have a witty come back for that one.
I mean, I'm used to getting any number of brush-offs,
But that's a new one. Doesn't date. I'll admit, I've seen you
Around. You're always, you're always, dancing alone.

Keenan:

That's the way I like it.

Joan:

Why's that?

Keenan:

I don't want to be rude or unkind or mean, but
I just don't want to come out with my entire
Life story over martinis and a coke. I'm sorry, really.
Your cat's lucky to have you.