

**IT IS WHAT IT IS**

by

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### **Characters**

The play has six different roles that can be played by as few as two or as many as six actors. In addition, although each scene is written for MAN and WOMAN, by no means should casting be constrained by gender.

### **Suggestions of Place**

Scene 1: an office

Scene 2: an apartment

Scene 3: a bar

### **Set Possibilities**

A desk, two chairs, two barstools, a bar, and a clock.

### **SCENE 1**

*A clock could show 3:00. MAN is seated at a table; a chair faces him. WOMAN enters.*

WOMAN  
(nervously)

May I?

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN  
(entering, carrying a large  
stack of folders)

I'm--

(extends hand and drops a  
folder)

Sorry--

MAN

That's copascetic.

WOMAN  
(looking at watch)

Am I...?

MAN

No, no. Fine. Please.  
(gestures toward chair)

Sit.

WOMAN

Thanks a lot.

(sits)

That's better!

*Pause. They look at each other.*

Oh!

Yes--  
MAN

Of course--  
WOMAN  
(drops her stack on the table; it lands with a thud)

I'm sorry!

No problem.  
MAN

Really.  
WOMAN

No, no.  
MAN

Thanks.  
WOMAN

*Pause. He looks through the stack.*

Hmm.  
MAN

What.  
WOMAN

Interesting.  
MAN

What?  
WOMAN

Well, this.  
MAN  
(indicates size of stack)

Oh. Yes...  
WOMAN

It's...certainly interesting.  
MAN

I know.  
WOMAN

This is going to sound terrible, but look,--  
MAN  
(stands)

WOMAN

We could figure something out, right? Oh! We could--

*She pulls out the last folder, looks at it briefly, pulls out one page, and places it on the floor.*

MAN

Could we.

WOMAN

Yes! You mean... really?

MAN

Yes, well, unless--

WOMAN

Unless?

MAN

Well--

WOMAN

Unless I mind?

MAN

Exactly.

*She shakes her head no; he sits.*

But there would have to be--

*He takes first folder, sets it on the desk. Begins to drop the remainder on the floor, taking 5 or 6 at a time.*

WOMAN

More?

MAN

Absolutely.

WOMAN

Much more?

MAN

Well...

*(drops the remainder on the floor)*

Yes.

WOMAN

Oh, no.

No? Not interested? MAN  
 Well, I-- WOMAN  
 Didn't you come to me? MAN  
 Well, yes. WOMAN  
 And? MAN  
 I know, but I love it. I didn't expect-- WOMAN  
 I'm sorry. That's the way it goes. MAN  
 I know. WOMAN  
 So? MAN  
 Um. WOMAN  
 Could you? MAN  
 But-- WOMAN  
 Will you? MAN  
 Um... WOMAN  
     *Pause.*  
 I see. MAN  
                     (gathers the pile, attempts  
                     to hand it to her)  
 Well, that's that.  
 No, wait. WOMAN

Yes? MAN

I... WOMAN

What. MAN

I might... WOMAN

Right. You won't. MAN

No. WOMAN

*She takes the stack, starts to exit. Turns back.*

Well? MAN

I would. WOMAN

*She hands him the first folder.*

You will? MAN

Yes. WOMAN

You... you're certain? MAN

Yes. WOMAN

Because-- MAN

I know. WOMAN

*Pause.*

Well then. MAN

Yes. WOMAN

It's done. MAN

But only if... WOMAN

If what. MAN

I was under the impression that... WOMAN

Oh, that. MAN

Yes, that. WOMAN

Not a problem. MAN

*He smiles, pulls a checkbook out from his pocket.*

No? Are you sure? WOMAN

No, no. MAN  
(writes)

Really. WOMAN

Trust me. MAN

Well... I guess so. WOMAN

Alright? MAN  
(hands her the check)

Yes. WOMAN  
(disappointed at the amount)

I guess this is--

Good. MAN  
(extending his hand to shake)

WOMAN

Yes.

(beat)

Am I doing the right thing? I guess it's--

MAN

(returning to work)

Whatever.

WOMAN

I want it to be right...

MAN

It is what it is.

**SCENE 2**

*A clock could show 3:00. Two chairs. Woman is sitting. Man is pacing.*

MAN

(irritated)

May I?

WOMAN

Yes.

*Pause.*

MAN

I'm sorry.

WOMAN

That's copacetic.

MAN

(thinks copacetic is a word to describe him)

Am I?

WOMAN

(laughs)

No, no...

MAN

Fine!

WOMAN

Please, sit.



MAN  
(still angry)  
Thanks a lot.

*He sits.*

WOMAN  
That's better.

MAN  
Oh, yes, of course.

*Pause. He calms down.*  
I'm sorry.

WOMAN  
No problem.

MAN  
Really.

WOMAN  
No, no.

MAN  
Thanks.  
(pause)  
Hmm.

WOMAN  
What.

MAN  
Interesting.

WOMAN  
What?

MAN  
(gestures between them)  
Well, this.

WOMAN  
Oh. Yes, it's certainly interesting.

MAN  
I know.

WOMAN  
This is going to sound terrible, but--

MAN  
Look. We could figure something out.

Right-o...  
 (sarcastic)  
 WOMAN

We could!  
 MAN

Could we.  
 WOMAN

Yes!  
 MAN

You mean, really?  
 WOMAN

Yes.  
 MAN

Well, unless I mind!  
 WOMAN

Exactly.  
 MAN

But there would have to be more. Absolutely. Much more.  
 (pause)  
 WOMAN

Well?  
 MAN

Oh. No... No.  
 MAN

Not interested?  
 WOMAN

Well, I--  
 MAN

Didn't you come to me?  
 WOMAN

Well, yes--  
 MAN

And?  
 WOMAN

I know, but--  
 MAN

I love it--  
 (scoffs)  
 WOMAN

I didn't expect-- MAN  
I'm sorry. That's the way love goes. WOMAN  
I know. MAN  
So? WOMAN  
Um... could you? MAN  
But... WOMAN  
Will you? MAN  
Um... WOMAN  
I see. Well, that's that. MAN  
No, wait. WOMAN  
Yes? MAN  
I... WOMAN  
What. MAN  
I *might*... WOMAN  
Right. MAN  
You won't. WOMAN  
(pause)  
No. MAN  
Well I would. WOMAN

MAN  
You will?

WOMAN  
Yes.  
(pause)  
You?

*He shakes his head no.*  
You're certain.

MAN  
Yes. Because--

WOMAN  
I know.  
(pause)  
Well then.

MAN  
Yes.

WOMAN  
It's done.

MAN  
But only if...

WOMAN  
If what.

MAN  
I was under the assumption that...

*He indicates her ring.*

WOMAN  
Oh, that.

MAN  
Yes. That.

WOMAN  
Not a problem.

*She takes off her ring and gives it to him.*

MAN  
No? Are you sure?

WOMAN  
No, no. Really. Trust me.

MAN  
Well... I guess so.

WOMAN  
Alright?

MAN  
Yes.

WOMAN  
(extends her hand to shake)  
I guess this is good--[bye]

MAN  
(quickly)  
Yes.

*He ignores her hand, hugs her tightly for a moment.  
They separate, he starts to leave.*  
Am I doing the right thing?

*Pause, as she shrugs.*  
I guess it's whatever I want it to be, right?

WOMAN  
It is what it is.

### SCENE 3

*A clock could show 3:00. Loud music. Woman is seated at a table, drinking a bottle of wine. Man approaches. Woman takes out a cigarette, puts it in her mouth. Man quickly pulls out a lighter.*

MAN  
(shouting)  
May I?

WOMAN  
Yes.

*He lights it.*

MAN  
(into her ear)  
I'm-- [his name is drowned in the music]

WOMAN  
Sorry?

MAN  
(mishears)  
That's copacetic.

*Pause. She looks puzzled.*  
Am I...[interrupting]?

No. WOMAN

No? MAN

Fine. Please, sit. WOMAN

Thanks a lot. MAN  
(the music drops)  
That's better. (sits, on her jacket)  
Oh!

Yes. WOMAN

Of course I'm sorry... MAN

No problem. Really. WOMAN

No? MAN

No. WOMAN

*He hands the jacket to her.*

Thanks. WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(pause)  
Hmm...

What. MAN

Interesting. WOMAN

What. MAN

Well, WOMAN  
(indicates his wedding ring)  
this.

MAN

Oh. Yes-- It's certainly...interesting. I know this is going to sound terrible, but... look, we could figure something out. Right?

WOMAN

Oh we could, could we?

MAN

Yes.

WOMAN

You mean... Really.

MAN

Yes, well, unless...

WOMAN

Unless?

MAN

Well...

WOMAN

(touches his ring)

Unless I mind?

MAN

Exactly. But there would have to be...  
(picks up the wine bottle)

More?

WOMAN

Absolutely. Much more.

MAN

Well.

WOMAN

Yes.

*She takes the bottle from him, sets it down, leans in to kiss him.*

MAN

(pulling away)

Oh, no.

WOMAN

No? Not interested?

MAN

Well, I--

WOMAN  
Didn't you come to me?

MAN  
Well, yes.

WOMAN  
And?

MAN  
I know, but I--

WOMAN  
(indicates her body)  
Love it?

MAN  
I didn't expect... I'm sorry.

WOMAN  
That's the way love goes.

MAN  
I know.

WOMAN  
So. Um...  
(kisses his fingers)  
Could you?

MAN  
But...

WOMAN  
(bites his palm)  
Will you?

MAN  
Um...

WOMAN  
I see. Well. That's that.  
*She starts to put her coat on.*

MAN  
No, wait.

WOMAN  
Yes?

MAN  
I...



What. WOMAN

I might... MAN

Right. You won't. WOMAN

*She starts to leave.*

No-- [don't leave] MAN

Well? WOMAN

I would... MAN

You will? WOMAN

Yes. MAN

You-- you're certain. WOMAN

Yes. MAN

Because-- WOMAN

I know. MAN

Well then. WOMAN

Yes. MAN

*She downs the last of the wine.*

It's done. WOMAN

But only if... MAN

If what? WOMAN

MAN  
I was under the assumption that--

*He shows her a condom in his wallet. She laughs.*

WOMAN  
Oh, that.

MAN  
Yes, that.

WOMAN  
Not a problem.

MAN  
No? Are you sure?

WOMAN  
No.

MAN  
No?

WOMAN  
Really. Trust me.

MAN  
Well... I guess so.

WOMAN  
Alright?

MAN  
Yes. I guess this is good.

WOMAN  
(kisses him)  
Yes.

*She puts on her coat and leads him out.*

MAN  
(stopping)  
Am I doing the right thing?

WOMAN  
I guess.

MAN  
It's whatever I want it to be, right?

*Music bumps up again.*

WOMAN

It is.

MAN

What?

WOMAN & MAN (CONT'D)  
(he understands what she just  
said; she repeats it)

It is.

*They smile at each other. They leave.*

END OF PLAY.