

Old Man (as himself) page 1 of 2<sup>75</sup>.

**Rita.** If I could just get inside

**Old Man.** If I could just get inside

**Rita.** I'll kiss the bride. I'll be the bride

**Old Man.** My whole life would be better for me.

**Rita.** My whole life would be ahead of me again. Look at me. The so

...s. The white cloth—

**Old Man.** That smell

**Rita.** The sweet smell of her breath

**Old Man.** A man

**Rita.** Not like something rotting coming up from the inside of a soft

**Old Man.** Like a father.

**Rita.** Like a baby. And she.

**Old Man.** And a mother. With nothing

**Old Man and Rita.** (together) Nothing to lose. The girl who is

wanted bad enough

(together) (together) The room is as if the sun

outside is being held by a cloud—

... now standing: the Old Man is now seen

**Rita.** My god.

**Old Man.** Like an old suit ...

**Peter.** Rita?

**Old Man.** Don't you see? My wife and daughter had a bond. I loved  
them both so much I wanted to eat them alive.

**Rita.** I saw their photographs. Your mom. You just wanted them back,  
the way they were.

**Old Man.** And women cry, you think. It feels good.

## Old man (as himself) page 2 of 2

76.

**Rita.** Yes, it does.

**Old Man.** Women make a life inside their body and that life comes out  
and holds onto them—

**Rita.** Yes.

**Old Man.** Clings to them, calls them up from school and says, “I’m sick,  
Ma, come pick me up.” That baby is theirs for life. Where are they  
now? My wife. My mother.

**Rita.** They’re right here.

**Old Man.** To be able to look back from their side of the bed with their  
eyes. At last. *(To Peter)* And you, my boy. I tried to be patient, I  
tried to be interested. I called every hotel in Kingston, “What the  
hell is a Long Island Ice Tea?” You’re a sweet kid, no hard feelings,  
but you’re not my type ...

**Peter.** Please.

**Old Man.** I don’t know ... The idea of living forever ... It’s not so good.  
*(Beat.)* And those parents of yours you can keep.

**Rita.** Thank you.

**Old Man.** *(walks to the door, turns)* Do yourselves a favor: floss.

*(He goes out)*

**Peter.** Rita? ... Rita ... Oh, my beautiful

**Rita.** My body. My body.

*(She uncrosses her feet.)*

**Peter.** They all look at these. You. Your hair

**Rita.** I’m here. I’m not afraid

**Peter.** I know.

**Rita.** I’m not afraid!

**Peter.** Oh, I love you ... Come me a sm

Old Man (as Rita)

*(Pause.)***Old Man.** I miss it, to**Peter.** Your hair was so great.**Old Man.** Oh, come on.**Peter.** And your little white feet.

---

**Old Man.** What, you don't like these? *(Pause.)* You know ... if you think how we're born and we go through all the struggle of growing up and learning the multiplication tables and the name for everything, the rules, how not to get run over, braid your hair, pig latin. Figuring out how to sneak out of the house late at night. Just all the ins and outs, the effort, and learning to accept all the flaws in everybody and everything. And then getting a job, probably something you don't even like doing for not enough money, like bartending, and that's if you're lucky. That's if you're not born in Calcutta or Ecuador or the U.S. without money. Then there's your marriage and raising your own kids if ... you know. And they're going through the same struggle all over again, only worse, because somebody's trying to sell them crack in the first grade by now. And all this time you're paying taxes and your hair starts to fall out and you're wearing six pairs of glasses which you can never find and you can't recognize yourself in the mirror and your parents die and your friends, again, if you're lucky, and it's not you first. And if you live long enough, you finally get to watch everybody die: all your loved ones, your wife, your husband and your kids, maybe, and you're totally alone. And as a final reward for all this ... you disappear. *(Pause.)* No one knows where. *(Pause.)* So we might as well have a good time while we're here, don't you think?**Peter.** I don't want you to die, Rita.