

...r. This lovely, very poetic woman came into therapy with Freud
...counselor—

...Right.

Peter. And the sort of crises he had so that he had to go on to travel for a few
years before being killed by the Nazis in a lime pit. Happy.

Happy stuff.

Rita. So why were you in Europe for ten years?

Peter. How did you know I was in Europe?

Rita. Word gets around.

Peter. You asked Taylor about me? You were asking about me? Let's
get married.

Rita. Okay.

Peter. I just went, you know.

Rita. He said there was a story and you would have to tell me. **Pe-**

ter. He did? ... Okay, this is the story and I'm not making this up.

Rita. Okay.

Peter. And it's not as sad as it sounds.

Rita. Shoot.

Peter. My parents?

Rita. Uh-huh?

Peter. Separated when I was four. And I went to live with my grand-
parents who are unfortunately deceased now. I'm going to make
this as brief as possible.

Rita. Take your time.

Peter. And—

Rita. We can go up to my place if you want. When you're done.

Peter. And-everything-worked-out-great-for-everybody-it-was- amaz-
ing.



Rita. No, go on.

Peter. Were you serious about that?

Rita. I'm off in about seven minutes. Your parents.

Peter. My parents. I'm four years old. I go to live with my grand- parents. My grandfather had to go into a nursing home when I was nine; then my grandmother had to go when I was eleven; they were both sick, so I had to go live with my mother, who by this time is remarried to Hank.

Rita. Uh-huh.

Peter. Very unhappy person, ridicules me in front of the other two children they have created from their unsavory loins, so I go to live with my father, who is also remarried, three other children; Sophie, the new wife, hates me even more than Hank.

Rita. This is like Dickens.

Peter. The only nice thing Sophie ever did for me was make the same food twice when I had made the mistake of saying I liked it. Usually she would stop cooking whatever it was I said I liked.

Rita. What was it?

Peter. What I liked? Spaetzles?

Rita. Oh god.

Peter. You've had spaetzles?

Rita. Oh, sure.

Peter. You like them?

Rita. I love them.

Peter. You do?

Rita. Uh-huh. Anyway.

Peter. You love spaetzles. Anyway, everyone is unhappy now.

Rita. Uh-huh.

Peter. Sophie really can't stand the sight of me, because I remind her that my father was married to someone else and ...

Rita. Right.

Peter. And my father does not seem too fond of me, either. I don't know if he ever was, but, so one night I say I'm going to go to the movies and instead I go to Europe.

Rita. What movie?

Peter. *Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind*, I think, why?

Rita. Did you call them first?

Peter. Not until I got there. **Rita.** Europe? That is ...

Peter. Yeah.

Rita. Good for you.

Peter. Yeah. So. Why'd you ask which movie?

Rita. That is fabulous.

Peter. That's the story.

Rita. How did you eat? I mean ...

Peter. Oh, I had about three thousand dollars saved up from my paper route. But that's a whole other kettle of ...

Rita. Spaetzles.

Peter. Yeah. So ...

Rita. You lived in Amsterdam?

Peter. You're a spy, aren't you?

(Tom, another bartender, enters behind the bar.)

Tom. Hey, Reet.

Rita. Hi, Tom, this is Peter.

Tom. Hi.

Peter. Good to meet you.

Rita. *(to Peter)* You want to go?

