

Taylor. Don't worry, I've got it taken care of. You two just relax. One

2. Taylor  
(Read in or Taylor)

Side 1

Dewar's, one beer ...

Peter + (Taylor moves off. Pause.) Rita

FS 2

Peter. How do you know Tay?

Rita. I don't. I mean, except from the hall.

Peter. Oh, you're a neighbor.

Rita. I couldn't sleep.

Peter. Oh, really? Why? ... How long have you lived here?

Rita. I haven't slept since I was fourteen. A year and a half.

(Beat.)

Peter. Did you say you hadn't slept since you were fourteen?

Rita. Pretty much.

Peter. You look great!

Rita. Thank you.

Peter. Considering. Rita what?

Rita. Boyle.

Peter. Peter Hoskins.

Rita. Hoskins?

Peter. As in Hoskin's disease?

Rita. Oh, Hodgkin's.

Peter. No, no, that was just a ... nonhumorous ... flail.

Rita. What?

(Peter shakes his head.)

Rita. I like your shirt!

(Taylor returns with drinks.)

Continue

Taylor. Dewar's, madame?

Rita. Thank you.

Taylor. No beer, sorry.

SO  
FS 3

Peter. Wine's fine. Thanks ... Rita has insomnia.

Taylor. Oh, yeah? Listen, I've got to pee, I'm sorry, excuse me. Forgive me...

(He is gone again.)

Peter. What do you do when you're not NOT sleeping?

Rita. Oh, I usually, you know ... write in my journal or— ... oh, for a living, you mean? I'm a bartender.

Peter. Oh. Where?

Rita. (overlapping) Yeah. At the Tin Market.

Peter. Oh, I know where that is. One for Pete.

Rita. Yeah.

Peter. I guess it's a good place for an insomniac to work. You work Saturdays?

(She nods.)

Peter. Well, you must make good money. Well, so you hate it, I'm sorry, I can't help that. What are your aspirations in that case?

Rita. I'm like a graphic designer.

Peter. Oh, great.

Rita. I studied at Parsons.

Peter. This is good.

Rita. What do you do?

Peter. I scan articles and digitize them and transform old microfiche—that's teeny tiny little film?—to digital. You'd like it, it's really interesting.

Rita. What are your aspirations in that case?

Peter. I should have some, shouldn't I? No, I, I, I, I, I, I, uh, can't think of the answer, I'm sorry.

Rita. That's okay!

FS 4

CONTINUE 1

SO

**Peter.** So, why can't you sleep? You know what's good? I forget what it's called, it's an herb.

**Rita.** I tried it.

**Peter.** It didn't work?

**Rita.** I can't remember what it's called either. My memory is terrible!

**Peter.** Maybe that's why you can't sleep. You forget how tired you are.

Well ... if you ever need any help getting to sleep. *(Beat.)* Sorry.  
*(Beat.)* It was nice talking to you.

**Rita.** You, too.

**Peter.** Get some sleep.

**Rita.** I'll try.

**Peter.** *(addressing the audience)* I stood outside for a while, just listening to the silence. Then I tried to figure out which window was hers and what her life might be like and why she couldn't sleep. Like that.

*(Beat.)* The spell was cast.

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FS. 5

*(The Tin Market.)*

**Peter.** Hi.

**Rita.** Oh, hi.

**Peter.** Is this all right?

**Rita.** No, I'm sorry, you can never come in here ... What's new?

**Peter.** Since yesterday? Well, let's see, so much has happened. You look great.

**Rita.** What'll you drink?

**Peter.** Do you have Molson?

(She nods.)

So, did you get some sleep?

Rita. Eventually.

(She sets down his Molson.)

Peter. Thank you.

Rita. You?

Peter. Sleep? Oh, I don't have any trouble. But ... let's see, I read *The White Hotel* today.

Rita. Oh.

Peter. That was pretty much it.

Rita. Yeah.

Peter. You?

Rita. Oh, I slept, mostly ... How was *The White Hotel*?

Peter. Did you read it?

Rita. No, but I've read some of the case histories it's based on.

Peter. You have? Freud's? Case histories? You've read Freud.

Rita. Have you?

Peter. No, but ... This book?

Rita. Uh-huh?

Peter. Starts with this very highfalutin sexual dream thing, you know?

Rita. Yeah, I've heard everybody beats off when they read it.

(Beat.)

Peter. Uh-huh.

Rita. I'm sorry.

Peter. You heard that?

Rita. Go on.

Peter. ... It's very depressing, the book.

Rita. Uh-huh.

**Peter.** This lovely, very neurotic woman goes into therapy with Freud himself—

**Rita.** Right.

**Peter.** And he sort of cures her so that she can go on to live 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. **Peter.** 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 grandparents 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-amazing.

End.