

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

Side 10
Old Man
Start 7

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, brush 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?

SO

Peter. I don't want you to die, Rita.*Finish*