

Side
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The Beach. Rita + Peter walk.

Rita + Peter. 40.

Rita. Oh, it's so beautiful, isn't it? It's great to be alive. And young.

There will never be a more perfect night. Or a better chance for two people to love each other. If they don't try so hard. *(Beat.)* I remembered the recipe for Long Island Ice Tea. White rum, vodka—

Peter. You don't have to prove anything to me, Rita. *(Pause.)* You know... I was thinking about you growing up. What—like, what was it like having surgeons for parents?

Rita. Oh...well, it was nice. I always thought, they help people.

Peter. What about your brothers and sisters? How did they feel about it?

Rita. You'd have to ask them.

Peter. *(to us)* Nobody's memory is that bad! Or was she toying with me?

That wasn't like her at all. Unless something was terribly, terribly wrong.

Rita. Peter? Make love to me.

Peter. Here?

Rita. No one'll see. I want to have your baby ... I want your baby inside me.

Peter. You don't know how that makes me feel.

Rita. Yes I do.

Peter. You don't want babies, don't you remember? You've read Freud's case histories and your parents are dentists, not surgeons. You don't have brothers and sisters.

Rita. Why are you telling me all this? ...

Peter. What, you were teasing me?

Rita. Of course I was teasing you. Did you think I didn't know those things? ... Sweetie?

Peter. You never call me that or "puppy-puppy," you never say "Don't be a silly" or "Bring home the bacon" or pull the skin off your

chicken. You're not drinking, you're not using salt, Rita, you're suddenly—

Rita. I want to have your baby. I'm taking better care of myself. Now, please, darling, relax. You're having some kind of a—

Peter. No. No! You're a Communist, Rita, or Socialist, Democrat, whatever you are, you don't defend the social order in Jamaica or anywhere, you have ... You're just not ... You're not ... you. It's like you don't even need me anymore.

Rita. You need to take a hot bath and look at the moon and breathe life in.

Peter. Rita is afraid of life, she doesn't drink it in.

Rita. I'm going to insist that you see someone as soon as we get back to New York.

Peter. *Je hebt erg witte tanden!*

Rita. Thanks.

Peter. What did I say?

Rita. You said my teeth are white, you know what you said.

Peter. *(embracing her)* Yes! Thank you. My baby. What do you say?

Rita. What do you mean?

Peter. What's your line? What do you say? Your line, you memorized it.

Rita. I'm sorry, Peter—

Peter. *(overlapping)* In Dutch! Rita, what do you say?

Rita. I say good night.

(She turns, starts to walk off; he grabs her.)

Peter. No, please! Rita!

Rita. *(overlapping)* Hey! Watch it, pal!

Peter. I want you to be you, Rita, I want you!

Rita. I am me. This is all I am. I'm sorry I can't be whatever you want

me to be. This is me. And maybe what you saw wasn't here at all.

(She walks off. Pause. Peter looks at us. The sound of surf breaking. Lights fade.)

Finish

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