

F.S. 11 Start: (The Boyle home. Doorbell.)

Rita. Mom? Dad?

Rita's Dad. Out here, Reetie Pie!

Rita. Mom.

Rita's Mom. Nice to meet you. Rita's Dad.

Rita. Dad.

Peter. Rita's Dad.

Rita. These are my parents ...

Rita's Mom. So I understand you are a manager in a publishing firm.

Peter. That's correct. Yes.

Rita's Dad. That must be, uh ... What kind of firm is it?

Rita's Mom. Publishing.

Rita's Dad. What kind—don't belittle me in front of new people.

Rita's Mom. Belittle?

Rita. Dad, please.

Rita's Dad. What kind of publishing firm is it? I was asking.

Peter. It's, uh, scientific publishing. They publish, you know, scientific publishing—things—journals! I knew I knew that.

Rita. (to Peter) You want a beer?

Peter. Sure.

Rita's Mom. In the morning, Rita?

Rita. Yes, Mother, we have been drinking nonstop for weeks, it's time you knew this about us.

Rita's Mom. I'll have one too, then.

Rita. You will?

Rita's Dad. Me, too.

**Peter.** A bunch of luses here, Rita, you didn't tell me.

**Rita's Dad.** Oh, she can pull out four wisdom teeth on a fifth of Stoli.

**Peter.** You can?

**Rita's Mom.** He's teasing you.

**Rita's Dad.** Scien—what kind of scientific?

**Peter.** Abstracting and indexing. It's a service.

**Rita's Dad.** Like a database.

**Peter.** It is a database.

**Rita's Dad.** It is a database. Covering ... ?

**Peter.** All kinds of fields.

**Rita's Dad.** All kinds.

**Peter.** Pretty much, you know, everything from energy to robotics to medical articles. I've memorized our marketing material.

**Rita's Dad.** I've seen this.

*(Rita hands everyone his/her beer.)*

**Peter.** Thank you.

*(They clink bottles.)*

**Rita's Dad.** I've seen this sort of thing.

**Peter.** Yeah.

**Rita's Dad.** So you're the manager ... ?

**Peter.** The manager of digital transfer, I scan—

**Rita's Dad.** Microfiche.

**Peter.** No. Well, sometimes we transfer old—Right.

**Rita's Mom.** The, what is it?

**Rita's Dad.** Microfiche.

**Peter.** Teeny little film.

**Rita's Mom.** Uh-huh.

**Rita's Dad.** Why do you do that?

**Peter.** Microfiche? We [don't]—

**Rita's Dad.** No. Transfer—

**Peter.** Oh, I see. Because if you want to do a search and—

**Rita's Dad.** Oh, I—yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

**Peter.** —locate an old—

**Rita's Mom.** Why?

**Rita's Dad.** It saves space, they used to use film, now it's all digital, the internet. She keeps asking me "Where is the internet?"

**Rita's Mom.** I do not ask you that.

**Peter.** I have some of the same questions.

**Rita's Dad.** All right. We approve.

**Rita.** Daddy.

**Rita's Mom.** Marshall.

**Rita's Dad.** Maybe now she'll get some sleep.

**Rita's Mom.** Now how long have you two been going out?

**Rita.** Over a year now.

*(Peter looks at Rita; a beat.)*

**Peter.** About that. Yeah.

**Rita's Mom.** Rita says you've been abroad.

**Peter.** Yes. I have.

**Rita's Mom.** Where?

**Peter.** Amsterdam, for the most part, but ...

**Rita's Mom.** Marshall was in Bosnia.

**Peter.** Oh, was it nice? Oh, no, no, I see—

**Rita's Mom.** Nice!

**Rita's Dad.** If you didn't mind the ethnic cleansing and being shot at.

**Peter.** *(overlapping)* Right. Right.

**Rita's Mom.** We're playing with you.

**Rita.** He was with Doctors Without Borders.

**Peter.** Wow.

**Rita's Mom.** Before Rita was born.

**Rita's Dad.** Okay, here you go.

*(Rita's Dad starts to untuck his shirttail.)*

**Rita.** Oh no, Daddy, please, god, please—

**Rita's Dad.** *(overlapping)* This is the only scar you'll ever see in the shape of a saxophone.

**Rita's Mom.** It really is, people think he's kidding.

**Peter.** Really?

**Rita's Dad.** If he's going to be in the family, he's got to see these things.

Finish.

F.S. 12

*(The Boyle home, 1 month later.)*

**Peter.** *(to us, as he changes into his wedding garb)* I stood in front of their full-length mirror in their upstairs guest room, looking out over the yard at the little tent and the band and the food which had been catered; I felt a certain kinship with these people, the caterers.

*(Taylor comes in with two beers; he is wearing sunglasses.)*

**Taylor.** Sup. You okay?

**Peter.** Great.

**Taylor.** They're holding for the musicians.

**Peter.** Okay.

*(Taylor helps Peter dress.)*