

Maybe it's taken me this time to get used to being married, but ...  
I love you, Peter.

*(They kiss. He pulls away, holding onto her.)*

**Peter.** You read her journal, didn't you? You figured out how to fix your hair from the pictures in the albums and what to wear, what she drinks ... Where is she? Please. I won't be angry. You can go back wherever you came from and I won't tell a soul, you don't have to tell me who you are. Just tell me where Rita is and we'll pretend this never took place. *(Pause.)* Okay. Play it your way. But I'm on to you.

*(Peter walks out.)*

Side 7

Tom, Old Man

+ Peter

F.S. 22 Start:

*(The Tin Market. The Old Man is seated as Peter enters.)*

**Tom.** Hey, Peter, you're back. How was your honeymoon?

**Peter.** Good, thanks.

**Tom.** How's Rita?

**Peter.** Great.

**Tom.** Where is she?

**Peter.** Oh, not feeling too well, actually. Let me have a double vodka on the rocks ...

**Tom.** Got your postcard.

**Peter.** Yeah?

*(He sees the Old Man.)*

**Tom.** There you go. It's on the house.

*(Peter does not respond.)*

Don't mention it. *(to the Old Man.)* Dewar's?

*(The Old Man nods.)*

**Peter.** Is he a regular?

**Tom.** Oh, yeah, last couple of weeks or so, I guess. Why? You know him?

*(Peter downs his drink as Tom takes a drink to the Old Man. Peter crosses to the Old Man's table.)*

**Peter.** Have we ... Have we met?

*(The Old Man nods.)*

Mind if I sit?

*(He does.)*

You were at my wedding, weren't you?

*(The Old Man nods. Beat.)*

Do I know you?

*(The Old Man nods.)*

What's my stepmother's name? ...

**Old Man.** *(unable to remember)* Uhhh ...

**Peter.** What's the movie I said I was going to see the night I left for Europe?

**Old Man.** Eternal Sunshine!

**Peter.** *Je hebt erg witte tanden.*

**Old Man.** Not anymore.

*(He shows Peter his teeth)*

**Peter.** What shape's your father's shrapnel scar?

**Old Man.** He thinks it's shaped like a saxophone, but it's not.

**Peter.** I knew it wasn't you! I knew it. Oh, I knew it! Oh my god, Rita.

*(They embrace.)*

**Old Man.** Baby.

Peter. Oh ...

*(Beat. He pulls back.)*

... god ... Maybe we shouldn't ... Maybe ... How much do we owe you here, Tom?

Tom. No, man, it's on the house.

Peter. Oh, okay, great. Great. *(to the Old Man)* Okay? *(To Tom)* I'm just gonna walk the old guy down to the subway.

Tom. Okay.

Peter. Good to see you, Tom.

Tom. You, too. Tell Rita I hope she feels better.

Peter. I will. I will. *(to the Old Man)* Come on, let's get out of here.

Finish

*(Outside. They walk.)*

Peter. How are you?

Old Man. I've missed you.

Peter. Where have you been?

Old Man. Brooklyn. In Borough Park. I stayed with his family. Julius Becker. He had his wallet on him. I didn't know what else to do, where to go; I couldn't call my mother or go to the police. Who would believe me, right?

Peter. Let's head back toward the apartment. Okay?

Old Man. They could throw me into an institution or an old folks' home; I didn't even have our keys. I had to pretend to be him until you figured it out. And I knew you would.

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