

**Old Man.** You're not imagining me. Or we're both insane...

**Peter.** All right, think. We've got to try to figure out how ... This just does not happen.

**Old Man.** Tell me about it.

**Peter.** All right ... let me see his wallet, please. May I?

*(The Old Man hands over the wallet.)*

Thank you. Becker? Is he Dutch, do you know?

**Old Man.** Is it a Dutch name?

**Peter.** You're the one who says you live there, Rita Jesus

**Old Man.** Well, they don't speak Dutch. I mean I can't exactly ask. I'm trying to keep a low profile in case they find out I'm really a girl, okay?

*(Peter rifles through the wallet's contents, finds the card.)*

**Peter.** How do you say the name?

**Old Man.** Blier. Leah and Jerry. Why?

*(Peter picks up the phone, starts to dial.)*

**Peter.** How old?

**Old Man.** Old, I don't know, you know. Forty? ... What are you doing?

*(Phone rings. Leah enters, carrying receiver.)*

**Leah.** Hello?

**Peter.** Hello, Mrs. Jerome Blier?

**Leah.** Yes?

**Peter.** Hi, my name is Larry... White from the Delancey Street Human Resource and Crisis Intervention Center. Is your father a Mr. Julius Becker?

**Leah.** Is something wrong?

**Peter.** No, no, he's right here, Mrs. Blier.

**Leah.** He is?

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Leah,  
Peter,  
Old Man

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**Peter.** Yes, he's fine, he's in good hands.

**Leah.** *(overlapping)* What happened, please? Where—?

**Peter.** *(overlapping)* Nothing's happened, Mrs. Blier. He apparently walked up to a couple of young gentlemen and, uh, asked them if they knew what city he was in and they were kind enough to call us here at the hot line.

**Leah.** I see.

**Peter.** But your father's here now and he seems to be fine.

**Leah.** Where are you, let me write it down. My husband's—

**Peter.** *(overlapping)* I'd like to ask you a few questions first if that's all right.

**Leah.** My husband's gone to move the car. I'm sorry.

**Peter.** Where was your father born, Mrs. Blier?

**Leah.** Oh, in Amsterdam. Nobody seems to know the exact year.

**Peter.** And is he on any medications?

**Leah.** He's done this before, you know.

**Peter.** He has.

**Leah.** Two weeks ago he disappeared. We had to go and pick him up in New Jersey.

**Peter.** Was there some reason? Did he know someone there?

**Leah.** Not that I'm aware of, no.

**Peter.** Are you sure?

**Leah.** No.

**Peter.** Is your father suffering from any mental or neurologic disorders, Mrs. Blier?

**Leah.** He's been ... He hasn't been himself since my mother died last fall.

**Peter.** I see.

**Leah.** Then he had to move in with us ... I'm sorry, is he there now?

**Peter.** Yes.

**Leah.** Could I speak to him, please?

**Peter.** Well, I'd like to finish filling out my form—

**Leah.** (*overlapping*) I won't be a moment ... Please.

**Peter.** All right. Hang on. (*to the Old Man*) Mr. Becker, it's your daughter.

*(The Old Man shakes his head vigorously.)*

**Old Man.** (*loud, for Leah's benefit*) Who?

**Peter.** She'd like to talk to you. Your daughter!

*(The Old Man takes the receiver.)*

**Leah.** Daddy? ... Daddy?

**Old Man.** Yes?

**Leah.** It's Leah. Are you all right?

**Old Man.** I'm fine.

**Leah.** Where are you?

**Old Man.** I'm here.

**Leah.** Where did you go?

**Old Man.** I didn't go anywhere.

**Leah.** Now you stay there.

**Old Man.** I'm not going anywhere.

**Leah.** And you do what the man says.

**Old Man.** Oh, stop worrying about it.

**Leah.** All right. I love you.

**Old Man.** Don't worry about it.

**Leah.** All right, let me talk to the ...

**Old Man.** (*under, to Peter*) Here, you talk to her.

*(The Old Man hands Peter the phone.)*

**Peter.** (*into the receiver*) Mrs. Blier?

**Leah.** Yes?

**Peter.** Is there anything about your father's condition, is there any reason why he might—

**Leah.** I can't put him in a home! ...

**Peter.** No one's suggesting that you put your father in a home, Mrs. Blier, not at all.

**Leah.** I'm sorry. I didn't mean to burden you with any of this.

**Peter.** You're not burdening anyone.

**Leah.** We found out he has lung cancer three months ago. And cirrhosis he's had for years. I can't put him away. He doesn't even have a year to live. You know? ... If you knew the man he used to be. He ran his own stationery store for forty-seven years. *(Beat.)* Let me have your address, please.

**Peter.** I'm going to have to call you back, Mrs. Blier.

**Leah.** Well, wait, my husband's just gone to park the car.

**Peter.** *(overlapping)* No, I'm sorry, I'm—I will, I'll call you back.

*(He hangs up.)*

**Leah.** Hello?

*(She disappears.)*

Finish

**Old Man.** What? What's the matter? ... What did she say?

**Peter.** Nothing.

**Old Man.** Am I sick?

**Peter.** No.

**Old Man.** This is me, Peter, remember?

*(Pause.)*

**Peter.** You have lung cancer. And cirrhosis. She said she thought you had a year to live.

*(Pause.)*

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