

RON. I'm FINE!
DEBORAH. You will not be fine—
RON. I was flat-out drunk the first time I met your parents and you never found out.
Till now.
Alice laughs.
DEBORAH. Why are you laughing?
ALICE. You were DRUNK? Was it an accident?
RON. I was nervous. So I thought, "I'll duck into a bar. Have one drink. Steady the nerves." But it was two-for-one. And then a bunch of minor league baseball players heard I was about to meet my future in-laws so they bought me a few rounds...
ALICE. Grandpa didn't notice you were drunk?
RON. That afternoon was the most he ever liked me.
DEBORAH. You need to get in your night clothes.
RON. I don't WANT nightclothes, Deborah! I don't WANT nightclothes.
DEBORAH. You want to sleep like that? In your shirt and slacks?
RON. So what? Don't care.
DEBORAH. OK. You want to crease your slacks? Up to you.
RON. I'll crease up my slacks. Costs like twenty dollars to fix—
DEBORAH. Empty your pockets first—
RON. Watch me crease.
DEBORAH. I'm not going to watch you crease.
RON. Why not? Here. Look at this. See this? HERE'S ONE!
DEBORAH. We got the no-wrinkle. You were very proud of this.
RON. Don't care. Wrinkles are good. Good wrinkles are good.

Silence.

What?

ALICE. No one said anything.
DEBORAH. I'm going to bed.
RON. DE-BOR-AH.
Fuck.

Silence.

ALICE. Dad.
RON. Huh?
ALICE. Can you stand up?
RON. Huh? Oh. Yeah.
ALICE. Are you too drunk to talk to?
RON. Hey. Look at me. It's me? See me? Who am I?
ALICE. You're my da— RON. That's right, I'm your Ron.
Yes. You're my "Ron."
I think I learned more about you in the last ten minutes than in my whole life.
Dad?
RON. Yes. Hello.
ALICE. Did Ethan talk about me?
RON. Whole bunch.
ALICE. OK. Well?
RON. I like him.
ALICE. You like him?
RON. Yeah. I mean, I understand why you broke up with him.
ALICE. He said I broke up with him?
RON. Well, actually, he said that he broke up with... I can't... he said—
ALICE. 'Cause HE ended it. If he's saying I didn't try everything I could to—
RON. No. I mean, I mean... He really ended it? Why?
ALICE. I'm not telling you.
RON. Why would he end it? Did he cheat on you?
ALICE. He did NOT cheat on me.
RON. Good. Wait. Did you cheat on—
ALICE. You're getting off-topic. Focus. What did he say about me?
RON. He read me a poem he wrote about you.
ALICE. Ugh—

RON. What?!

ALICE. He wrote me a POEM? That's so GROSS—

RON. Hey. STOP.

ALICE. What?

RON. STOP IT.

ALICE. What, Dad?

RON. My mother was proposed to via poetry.

ALICE. No she wasn't.

RON. Tennyson.

Tennyson.

Tennis anyone?

Silence.

It was about a bagel.

ALICE. That bagel he saw me through?

Alice smiles at the memory.

A moment passes.

RON. Are you still here?

ALICE. Still here.

RON. He has a last request.

ALICE. He's not on death row.

Ron reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a napkin with writing on it.

You're, what, his emissary?

RON. "Dear Alice. I now realize that my reemergence has come as a bit of a shock..."

ALICE. No fucking shit—

RON. "...Bit of a shock. But I remember when we broke up. And you wrote me those real letters in the mail about how you made a mistake. And you apologized."

Apologized for what?

ALICE. Doesn't matter. Keep reading.

RON. "You have the most beautiful handwriting. Every letter has a consistent height. Every word tips to the same degree. It's the essence

of you. Digression: Have you considered making your handwriting into a font? Don't. Keep it special."

I've never noticed that about your handwriting.

ALICE. They don't even teach it in school anymore. Who cares...

RON. "I want to take you to dinner."

ALICE. You want to go eat dinner?

RON. Back in quotes. Him. He wants to take you to—

ALICE. Never gonna happen—

RON. "One dinner. You only have to stay for fifteen minutes. Then I'm out of your life forever. And that I promise."

ALICE. He can be out of my life right now. I can say no, delete his number, and never see him again.

Deborah enters with vengeance.

DEBORAH. You DO have his number! I KNEW you didn't—

ALICE. Give me a break—

DEBORAH. You didn't delete—

RON. He just wants fifteen minutes.

DEBORAH. For what?

RON. A date.

DEBORAH. No. No. Say. "No."

RON. Why?

DEBORAH. Um. Because she's MOVED on? Because he's STALKING her—

RON. Oh my God, Juliet, O Juliet. Call the FBI! Some guy in tights is shouting love poems!

DEBORAH. Alice doesn't have to go on a date with a creepy ex if she doesn't—

ALICE. I'll do it.

Silence.

DEBORAH. Excuse me?

ALICE. It's the pragmatic solution.

Stop it.