RUTH and MAGGIE side

RUTH: Last night, I made the mistake of changing the channel when he had the baseball game on.
MAGGIE: You didn't.
RUTH: I did.
MAGGIE: (*Sarcastically*) He must have been thrilled.
RUTH: Well, he went to the bathroom. The room was empty.
MAGGIE: You know how much he loves watching the game.
RUTH: Yes, but it's on practically every night. How can they play so much baseball!? At least football is just once a week.
MAGGIE: 162 games every season is a bit much.
RUTH: A *bit* much? I wrote a letter to the Baseball Commissioner pleading with him to shorten the season, just so I wouldn't have to listen to your father scream at the television so much.
MAGGIE: He does get passionate about it.
RUTH: Unfortunately, that's the only thing he gets passionate about.
MAGGIE: Oh, so that's what this is about.
RUTH: What?
MAGGIE: You want some *attention* from Dad.
RUTH: Maybe if I wear a Yankees uniform to bed.
MAGGIE: You never know. He might like that.
RUTH: Not in a million years. Aren't you two going to another game together soon?
MAGGIE: Yeah, next Saturday. Why don't you come along?
RUTH: I have no desire to see a baseball game in person. I see enough of it in this house.
MAGGIE: Well, at least you'd get out of here for a bit.
RUTH: Going to a stadium where there are thousands of loud people who are drinking beer and stuffing their faces with what used to be cute, little piglets is not what I had in mind. How do you stand it?
MAGGIE: I try not to think about the food, and going to games gives us a chance to spend some father/daughter time together.
RUTH: How do you manage that while he's screaming at the players on the field? I can see it now. (*Imitating her husband at the game*) So, honey, how's work? (*Suddenly being distracted by the game*) *Are you kidding me? That pitch was right over the plate! Somebody get the umpire some glasses!* (*Maggie is entertained*).
MAGGIE: Dad and I actually talk a lot while we're there. We usually have fun.
RUTH: Really? What do you talk about?
MAGGIE: Work, friends, school.
RUTH: Speaking of friends, how's your roommate doing?
MAGGIE: Laura's okay, but she had a fight with Don last night.

RUTH and MAGGIE side

RUTH: Did they break up? What happened?
MAGGIE: Something to do with Don focusing too much on his job and not enough on Laura.
RUTH: They make such a nice couple. What a shame…. She's very sweet. I was so relieved when you two moved in together. It's dangerous for a girl to live alone nowadays.
MAGGIE: Yeah, but it's hard to keep up with her and Don. One week they're happy, and the next week they're arguing.
RUTH: And what about you?
MAGGIE: What about me?
RUTH: Are there any new men in your life?
MAGGIE: Oh Mom, I don't have time for that. Between working and trying to get my degree at night….
RUTH: I know, sweetie, but, you only live once. And you never know when Mr. Right may come around…. (*She becomes quiet and uncomfortable.*) You are attracted to men, aren't you?
MAGGIE: (*Holding a straight face.*) Well, I guess you found me out. I was trying to figure out a way to tell you. Laura and I are planning to get married. (*Ruth's eyes open wide, wondering if her daughter is serious, but then Maggie lets her off the hook.*) Yes, Mom, I like men. I'm not a lesbian.
RUTH: Because if you were a lesbian, that would be okay. You could adopt. Or I guess you could go to a sperm bank, but you never know what you're getting nowadays.
MAGGIE: I'm only 23. Why the rush?
RUTH: Your father and I were married when I was 23. And your brother was already in my belly. Besides, raising children takes lots of energy. It helps to start when you're young. And I'm looking forward to playing with my grandchildren.
MAGGIE: Well, you may have to wait a little longer. Today, people don't get married until their late 20s or early 30s. And they usually live together first.
RUTH: Early 30s!? You aren't going to make me wait that long, are you?
MAGGIE: Mom, it's a different world than when you and Dad dated.
RUTH: I know. Everyone is on those internet sites, like Match.com or OKCupid, looking at pictures of people who actually look nothing like the pictures they post.
MAGGIE: How do you know?
RUTH: I hear things. When I go to get my hair done, I listen to these young girls, your age, complain and complain. They don't think I pay attention. What else am I going to do? Read fashion magazines with pictures of models who starve themselves? It's either that or the pictures of their bodies have been photo-shopped. Nothing is real in those magazines.
MAGGIE: Some of the articles are pretty good.

RUTH and MAGGIE side

RUTH: Articles? You mean lists, don't you? Like "The top ten things men look for in women," or "The top 10 most romantic get-a-ways." Nobody writes anymore. They just make lists.
MAGGIE: You *do know* what's going on.
RUTH: Of course I do. And even with all of these magazines and websites, people complain more than ever about how hard it is to meet decent people. We didn't have any of this stuff when I was your age, and I still met your father.
MAGGIE: How did you know Dad was the one?
RUTH: When your father and I went out together, I remember laughing more with him than I ever did before. He used to call me his Baby Ruth.
MAGGIE: (*Surprised and entertained.*) *He did not!*
RUTH: (*Smiling*) He did. He told me they were his favorite candy bar because of me.
MAGGIE: That's cute.
RUTH: We used to have such a good time. (*She smiles to herself*) And now….
MAGGIE: And now?
RUTH: Now, it's different.
MAGGIE: What do you mean?
RUTH: He works so much. When he's home, we don't spend time together.
MAGGIE: Oh Mom, don't worry. He just has a lot on his mind. Daddy loves you.
RUTH: It's not the same. I don't even know where he is.