

FONSIA. Guessing!

(She runs at WELLER and begins to beat at him.)

You bastard! You bastard! I hate you...

(WELLER drops his cane and holds up his arms to ward off her blows. She grabs her arms to restrain her. Finally, she subsides into sobs.)

WELLER. Fonsie. Fonsie. Fonsie. I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

(WELLER begins to put his arms around FONSIA. She breaks away and hits stage left on the glider, sobbing.

WELLER picks up his cane and crosses a few steps up stage. He turns. After a moment, he shivers.)

Lord, it's getting cold out here. It's getting darker, too. That storm's coming closer.

(WELLER crosses up stage of FONSIA, taking off his sweater. He puts it over her shoulders, then pats her left shoulder. She puts her hand over his.)

FONSIA. Weller... I did lie to you. I'm on welfare, too.

(She guesses we just need too long.)

FONSIA. I had a little money. But with the hospital bills and trying to look after myself...plus I still had that little house on Ash Street I was trying to run. Of course, you can't expect your children to give up their lives. But I fixed his wagon on that house, by God. That went straight to the Presbytery.

WELLER. Oh. Well, I didn't mean all that I said before.

(It begins to rain.)

FONSIA. They can do whatever they want with it. But it's one thing he won't get.

WELLER. Here comes the rain.

FONSIA. I know who he takes after. His father was as rotten as they come. I did hope that Larry'd be different. And after all I did for him, what's he up and do about five years ago but try and look up his father! "Over my dead body," I told him. "You do that and you've seen the last of me!" Sometimes I think he does hate me. I don't know.

