

MAUREEN Short

SHE

Sam, look at me. Turn around and look at me.

HE

Let's keep it down Maureen. The girls don't have to know everything.

SHE

The girls know more than we do. Sam if we were just starting out - if it were us alone, I'd stand with you, challenging the community to come out and fight. I swear, if it were just us, I'd spit in the face of our so-called friends. But Sam, we are no longer young.

HE

I can't make it without my family Maureen. I'll grow old very badly without my family.

SHE

Your daughters adore you. You dazzle them. You do. They love you so much. But you've become a martyr. Oh martyrs may become saints, but they sure make lousy fathers, don't they? Sam, give it up. We'll pick up the pieces. We'll move. We'll live off nothing. We're good at it. We're so good at it. I can't stand the looks. I can't take the hate. Help me Sam.

HE

Maureen... I can't stop now. We can make it through. Don't leave me.

SHE

I'll make arrangements for me and the girls to live with my sister in Philadelphia for a while. Please tell the children to stay with me for a time. I need them. (long pause) I guess God did not stop off at the Fischetti's on his way through Sawyertown.

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HE

Maybe he did, Maureen. Maybe he did.

SHE

I'm sorry.... I love you.