

me for it. (*SHE gets up.*) Give da boys an ice cream cone, Bella. Den come inside and finish my legs.

(*SHE starts for the bedroom. THEY ALL stand, stunned. BELLA, who has remained seated, seems impervious to this.*)

EDDIE. (*Without anger.*) ... You're right, Momma. I am the weak one. I am the crybaby ... Always was. When you wouldn't pick me up and hug me as a child, I cried ... When my brother and sister died, I cried ... And I still haven't stopped crying since Evelyn died ... But you're wrong about one thing. She never turned me against you. She turned me towards *her* ... To loving, to caring, to holding someone when they needed holding ... I'm sorry about not bringing the boys out here more. Maybe the reason I didn't was because I was afraid they'd learn something here that I tried to forget ... Maybe they just learned it today ... I'm sorry I bothered you on your Sunday. I'm sorry I imposed on your rest. I'm sorry about what they did to you as a child in Berlin. I'm sure it was terrible. But this is Yonkers, Momma. I'm not angry at you for turning me and the boys down. I'm angry at myself for not knowing better ... Take care of yourself, Momma ... Never mind the ice cream cones, Bella. I used up all my obligations for this year. (*HE crosses to the door.*) Come on, boys. We're going.

(*JAY and ARTY are too dumbstruck to move, to have been in the middle of all this.*)

EDDIE. ... I said let's go.