

Gene:
For God's sake, Alice.

Alice:
I'm only trying to get a practical matter accomplished.

Gene:
You don't have to destroy him in the process.

Alice:
I wasn't discussing his competence. Though that will be a matter for discussion soon.

Gene:
Look, Alice you can go with a clear conscience. I'm doing this because I want to.

Alice:
You're doing it because you can't help yourself.

Gene:
Look, when I want to be analyzed, I'll pay for it.

Alice:
Didn't you see yourself in there, when he started to rage? You shrank.

Gene:
I shrank at the ugliness of what was happening.

Alice:
You're staying because you can't stand his wrath, the day you say "Dad, I'm leaving." You've never been able to stand up to his anger.

Gene:
Look, Alice...

Alice:
He'll call you ungrateful and you'll believe it.

Gene:
What do you want us to do? Shall we get out a white paper. Let it be known that we, Alice and Gene, have done all that we can to make this old man happy in his old age, without inconveniencing ourselves, of course. And he has refused our help. So, if he falls and hits his head and lies there until he rots, it is not our fault.

Alice:
I don't think anyone expects either of us to ruin our lives for this old man.

Gene:
It is not going to ruin my life.

Alice:
It is.

Gene:
A few weeks, a month.

Alice:
Forever.

Gene:
Alice, let's stop this! I know what I'm going to do. I just can't do anything else. Maybe there isn't the same thing between a Mother and a daughter but the old man in me feels something very deep, wants to extend some kind of mercy to that old man... I never had a father. I ran away from him. He ran away from me. Maybe he's right. Maybe it's time we found each other.

Alice:
Excuse me for saying so, but I find that a lot of sentimental crap! What do you think you'll find?

Gene:
I don't know.

Alice:
You hope to find love. Couldn't you tell from what he just said what your going to find?

Gene:
Don't give me the textbooks, Alice.

Alice:
He want's your balls... and he's had them! I'm sorry. I wanted to shock you. When had he ever regarded you as a man, an equal, a male? When you were a Marine... and you did that for him. You didn't want to be a Marine, "Now Poppa, will you love me?" When was he ever proud of the things you do.. the things you value? When did he ever mention your teaching, or your book, except in scorn.

Gene:
I just do not want to let me Father die a stranger.

Alice:
You're looking for something that isn't there, Gene. You're looking for a Mother's love in a Father. Mothers are soft and yielding. Fathers are hard and rough, to teach us the way of the wold, which is rough, which is mean, which is selfish and prejudiced. I've always been grateful for what he did to me, kicking me out. He taught me a marvellous lesson, and had made me able to face a lot. And there has been a lot to face. And I'm grateful as hell to him. Because If I couldn't get the understanding and compassion from a Father, who could I expect it from? So I learned and didn't expect it, and I've found very little.... and so I'm grateful as hell to him.

Gene:
I'll stay Alice.. for a while, at lest for whatever reasons. Let's not argue anymore.

Alice:
And Peggy?

Gene:
We'll see. She'll be here in a week for a meeting.

Alice:
Don't lose her, Gene. Maybe I'm still fouled up on myself, but I think I've spoken near the truth about you. Suddenly I miss Mother so...

Gene:
Yes.