

*explosions as she wheels more and more papers into the carton*) TAKE THAT AND THAT AND THAT . . . !

GARDNER. (*joins in the fun, outdoing her with dips, dives and blastings of his own*) BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM! . . . ZZZZZZZZRAAAAAA FOOM! . . . BLATTY DE BLATTY DE BLATTY DE KABOOOOOOOOOM . . . ! WHAAAAAAA . . . DAT DAT DAT DAT . . . WHEEEEEEEEE-AAAAAAAAAAAA . . . FOOOOOO . . . (*They get louder and louder as papers fly every which way.*)

FANNY. (*mimes getting hit with a bomb*) AEEEEEE-IIIHHHHHHH! YOU GOT ME RIGHT IN THE GIZZARD! (*She collapses on the floor and starts going through death throes, having an absolute ball.*)

GARDNER. TAKE THAT AND THAT AND THAT AND THAT . . . (*a series of explosions follow*)

MAGS. (*furious*) This is how you help him . . . ? THIS IS HOW YOU PACK HIS THINGS . . . ?

FANNY. I keep him company. I get involved . . . which is a hell of a lot more than you do!

MAGS. (*wild with rage*) BUT YOU'RE MAKING A MOCKERY OF HIM . . . YOU TREAT HIM LIKE A CHILD OR SOME DIM-WITTED SERVING BOY. HE'S JUST AN AMUSEMENT TO YOU . . . !

FANNY. (*Fatigue has finally overtaken her. She's calm to the point of serenity.*) . . . and to you who see him once a year, if that . . . What is he to you? . . . I mean, what do you give him from yourself that costs you something . . . ? Hm . . . ? (*imitating her*) "Oh, hi Daddy, it's great to see you again. How have you been? . . . Gee, I love your hair. It's gotten so . . . white!" . . . What color do you expect it to get when he's this age . . . ? I mean, if you care so much how he looks, why don't you come and see him once in a while? . . . But oh no . . .

you have your paintings to do and your shows to put on. You just come and see us when the whim strikes. (*imitating her*) "Hey, you know what would be really great? . . . To do a portrait of you! I've always wanted to paint you, you're such great subjects!" . . . *Paint us . . . ?!* What about opening your eyes and really *seeing us . . . ?* Noticing what's going on around here for a change! It's all over Daddy and me. This is it! "Finita la commedia!" . . . All I'm trying to do is exit with a little flourish, have some fun . . . What's so terrible about that? . . . It can get pretty grim around here, in case you haven't noticed . . . Daddy, tap, tap tapping out his nonsense all day; me traipsing around to the thrift shops trying to amuse myself . . . He never keeps me company anymore, never takes me out anywhere . . . I'd put a bullet through my head in a minute, but then who'd look after him? . . . What do you think we're moving to the cottage for . . . ? So I can watch him like a hawk and make sure he doesn't get lost. Do you think that's anything to look forward to? . . . Being Daddy's nursemaid out in the middle of nowhere? I'd much rather stay here in Boston with the few friends I have left, but you can't always do what you want in this world! "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose!" . . . If you want to paint us so badly, you ought to paint us as we really are. There's your picture . . . ! (*She points to GARDNER who's quietly playing with a paper glider.*) . . . Daddy spread out on the floor with all his toys and me hovering over him to make sure he doesn't hurt himself! (*She goes over to him.*) YOO HOO . . . GAR . . . ? . . . HELLO? . . .

GARDNER. (*looks up at her*) Oh, hi there, Fan. What's up?

FANNY. How's the packing coming . . . ?

