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NOTE: There are two points in the play where there are new pages for the dance scene. The first is Act One, Scene 1. Enter your current Samuel French acting version at the point below.

WELLER. That's why magicians like to play old age homes. Half the audience is shaking so Goddamn bad they can't focus, and the other half's asleep. *(Beat)* I'd better pay attention to what I'm doing here. *(WELLER cautiously plays a card.)*

FONSIA. They have dance lessons every Monday night after dinner.

WELLER. Yeah, that's great too, isn't it. Dance lessons in a place where half the people can't even get out of a chair.

FONSIA. I used to love to dance. *(Beat)* Did you ever dance?

WELLER. Of course I did. At one time I was known as a very fine dancer as a matter of fact.

FONSIA. They play a waltz that I like in that class.

WELLER. I know the one you're talking about. Have you ever listened to the words to it? They're the stupidest thing you've ever heard in your life. *(FONSIA draws a card from the stack.)*

FONSIA. But there's one part where the harmony's so beautiful.

WELLER. Trying to be so "modern." Saying things that are crazy. Give me Glenn Miller. Now that's music.

FONSIA. Oh, I love that too. But still I think I'd love to dance to that waltz. (*FONSIA discards.*)

WELLER. You'd never catch me in there. Not with that bunch of amateurs. Shuffling around... (*WELLER draws a card and deliberates intensely over his discard.*) Now what are you looking for?...

FONSIA. Well, I'll tell you...

WELLER. No – don't tell me!

FONSIA. All right. Maybe I wasn't going to tell you anyway.

WELLER. It's one of these two cards, I know that much. And I have a feeling that the one I discard is going to be the one you want. (*FONSIA leans forward, waiting.*) Well...here goes nothing. (*WELLER discards and FONSIA smiles as she picks it up.*)

FONSIA. You were right, Weller. Gin. (*FONSIA lays her cards out.*)

WELLER. Good, God, Fonsia! (*WELLER pushes his chair back in exasperation and puts his hands on his hips. BLACKOUT.*)

NOTE: Re-enter your Samuel French script at the beginning of Act One, Scene 2.

NOTE: The second point where there are new pages for the dance scene is Act Two, Scene 1. Enter your current Samuel French acting version at the point in, below.

WELLER. Lot's of people tease like that. they say exactly what the hell they mean - then they say, "I was only kidding." (*WELLER finds a deck of cards on the bookshelf. He puts them in his pocket, then rummages around in the bookcase for his scorepad.*) Where's my score pad, you can't keep anything around this place!

FONSIA. Now, Weller, I'm not going to play any gin with you.

WELLER. Oh, come on, Fonsia, for God's sake. (*WELLER finds his score pad.*) There it is. (*WELLER turns and moves to where the card table normally is.*)

FONSIA. I mean it.

WELLER. All right then, don't play. Go on back in there with all those glassy-eyed old bastards. (*WELLER sees the card table is not in it's accustomed spot.*)

WELLER. Now where's the card table? Damn it! The card table's gone.

FONSIA. You shouldn't talk that way about them- you're part of this thing here, too, you know. (*WELLER looks for the card table.*)

WELLER. Yeah. Well if that's the case, I'm the part of it that's breathing. Don't kid yourself, this isn't anything more than a warehouse for the intellectually and emotionally dead. Nothing more than a place to store them until their bodies quit.

FONSIA. God, you're cynical.

WELLER. It's not cynical. It's a fact, that's all.

FONSIA. Well, I'm sure glad I don't look at life that way. It's just the mercy of God that we're able to get around a little better than they are. They're just sick, that's all. (*WELLER searches around the porch for the card table.*)

WELLER. They're not half as sick as the ones who put them here. And they're not a third as sick as this bunch that's supposed to be taking care of them.

FONSIA. Which side of this are you on, anyway. Sometimes I think you're just looking for a fight.

WELLER. I'm not looking for a fight - I'm just looking for this Goddamned card table. Damn it! Where 'd they put it?!

FONSIA. And you've got a horrible temper and a sarcastic streak...(*WELLER abruptly stops looking for the card table and turns all his attention to FONSIA.*)

WELLER. (*Defensively, cutting her off.*) So what? If I were you I wouldn't be talking about anybody else's short-comings.

FONSIA. What's that supposed to mean?

WELLER. Well neither one of us is winning any popularity contest out here on visitor's day.

FONSIA. Oh, I see. No one visits me so I'm an evil person.

WELLER. Ya ever hear of Ty Cobb?

FONSIA. He played baseball.

WELLER. That's right. Ty Cobb played baseball. He played baseball for twenty-four years. You know how many of his teammates showed up for his funeral? (*Rhetorical pause*) Three! Kinda makes you think that Ty Cobb may have been something less than a warm, loving human being, doesn't it?

FONSIA. Maybe.

WELLER. Well sir, he's three ahead of us on visitors.

FONSIA. What are you driving at, Weller?

WELLER. Why doesn't your son visit you?

FONSIA. I told you. He lives in Denver. I thought you understood that.

WELLER. Then why aren't you in an old age home in Denver? Or you'd think at least he'd come here to see that you're comfortable and that it's a decent-

FONSIA. I don't want to talk about this anymore. Dance class is on tonight, I think I'll go in there with them. (*FONSIA turns as though to move to the door.*)

WELLER. No. Now, wait a minute. You don't want to go in there.

FONSIA. Why not?

WELLER. Those people can't dance. Half of them are shuffling around on walkers, for God's sake.

FONSIA. And they're all jerks too, I guess.

WELLER. I never said that. They just can't dance. (*WELLER turns and sees the card table.*) There it is! What the hell's it doing over there? (*WELLER moves to the card table.*)

FONSIA. Well that's what you say about everybody else. I know that's what you called the Sunshine ladies. (*WELLER picks up the table and carries it to the customary spot.*)

WELLER. I did not. Now, I may have said that about that that bunch that came out here looking for substitute grandparents. What'd they call that?

FONSIA: Extended Family.

WELLER: That's it! Unitarians. Wanted to psychoanalyze everybody.

FONSIA. I think they're playing that waltz I was telling you about. The one I like so much. (*WELLER puts the score-pad and pencil down somewhere as he tries his best to unfold the legs of the card table. He tries to do this quickly but is having great difficulty. All the while he keeps his eye on FONSIA.*)

WELLER. I hear it.

FONSIA. Maybe I will go in a minute. (*FONSIA opens the door just partly. We hear the music, but a bit muted.*)

WELLER. All right, damnit, then go ahead. I don't see how you can stand it in there. The same damn empty look face after face. You ought to see them on the days they change the bed linens. Maybe you have. All lined up in their wheelchairs, up and down the halls - like rows of wrinkled pumpkin heads. (*FONSIA holds a moment.*)

FONSIA. I've seen them.

WELLER. Jesus Christ! What did they do with this??

FONSIA. Weller, I wish you wouldn't take the Lord's name so much. (*WELLER finally gets the legs extended properly.*)

WELLER. Finally! Goddamnit... (*WELLER sets the card table up and looks to FONSIA.*)

FONSIA. Don't you think it's nice. The music...

WELLER. It's all right. (*WELLER pulls a chair over to his side of the table. FONSIA opens the door wider to listen to the music and we hear it more fully now. It is "Take this Waltz," by Leonard Cohen.*)

WELLER. It's too long. (*WELLER sits down in the chair.*)

FONSIA. I thought you said you liked to dance.

WELLER. I said "at one time." (*WELLER takes the cards out and starts shuffling.*)

FONSIA. Oh, the cane. I'm sorry. I wasn't thinking.

WELLER. It's not the cane. I could dance if I wanted to. I just don't want to. (*FONSIA steps softly nearer to WELLER. At this point, a lyric line that he particularly dislikes is heard - it may be "...of brandy and death," but doesn't have to be.*) There. See what I'm talking about. It's just crazy. (*WELLER waves the music off dismissively.*)

FONSIA. (*Beat*) But the music's so pretty

WELLER. Yeah, it's just beautiful. *(WELLER continues shuffling the cards. FONZIA stands by the table looking at him. The music plays. He keeps shuffling. WELLER may even shift his body to angle his back slightly to her. She remains wistfully in the music and looking at him. Beseeking. Finally, WELLER, gives up the cards with an impatient pop on the table.)*

WELLER. All right! If you insist. *(Beat, muttered) Jesus... (WELLER gets to his feet. He faces FONZIA and starts to move to her, cane in hand. Then he stops, and turns, and puts the cane very deliberately on the card table. Then he moves back to her. He takes her waist and extends his left arm for her hand. This is at a point in the music where the lovely harmony has either started, or comes in. They dance. A bit uncertainly at first, then with greater confidence, until it seems they might soar.)*

FONZIA. Oh, you are a good dancer, Weller.

WELLER. I was.

FONZIA. You still are. *(They dance on, then, WELLER's leg starts to falter.)*

WELLER. I'm sorry...my leg. I've got to sit down. *(WELLER sinks into the chair by the card table.)*

FONZIA. Oh...are you all right?

WELLER. *(Dismayed)* Yes. I'll be fine. I'm all right. *(The waltz either finishes or has finished. We hear scattered applause.)*

FONZIA. Are you sure?

WELLER. Yes, I'm sure. *(We hear a woman dance instructor from inside: "Very good everybody – very good. Now wasn't that easy? I told you it would be. So next week I want all of you to bring a friend and get them down here with us - having fun.") (Sadly) I used to dance all night.*

FONSIA. So did I. *(She may touch his shoulder as she stands by him. They remain like this without a word as the dance instructor continues: "And speaking of fun, next we have an old favorite I know all of you love, because you ask for it all the time, 'Moonlight Serenade.' So pick your partner and let's dance!" "Moonlight Serenade" starts and establishes.)*

WELLER. *(Moment)* I hate that dance class.

FONSIA. I'll close the door. *(FONSIA moves to the door as 'Moonlight Serenade' continues. She closes the door, which mutes the music to a barely audible level, which is momentarily faded out all together.)*

WELLER. Thank you. *(FONSIA turns back to WELLER who has absently started shuffling the cards. She looks at him for a moment, then WELLER looks up.)* Well...if you're not going in, we might as well play a little gin.

FONSIA. I knew that was coming.

WELLER. Well. What else is there to do?

FONSIA. Not much, I guess.

WELLER. Come on – we'll just play a few hands.

FONSIA. All right *(FONSIA starts to move to the table.)* You're just going to pester me till I do, anyway.

WELLER. Your chair's right over there. And would you mind getting the score pad and pencil. I put them down over there. Thank you.

FONSIA. (*Crosses to get the pad and pencil.*) I'm so tired of the TV. And all Mrs. Leala wants to talk about is her funeral arrangements. (*She crosses to the table and puts the pad and pencil down.*)

NOTE: Re-enter your current Samuel French acting version at the point in Act Two, Scene 1, below.

WELLER. You won't find a hotter topic of conversation – I don't care who you talk to. Not around here. (*He marks the lines on the pad.*)