

Hackett. I did this to myself. You don't see any other survivors in your files, do you? You don't see any other brothers and sisters? Betrayal? I never even smelt it coming until the fucking *maid* turned us in. The *maid*. She was like my mother, and let me tell you—I don't have self-pity! You don't see a tattoo on my wrist, do you? But they got my grandparents, they got my mother and father, and they got. . . . I came here to make a family and they trashed it, they got it.

MARGE: I am sorry. But really, I am going to leave.

ISAAC: Listen to me. You came here with an agenda, but now at least listen to what was taken away from me. *(Pause)* I loved my children. I sure don't love them now. You walk into this house . . . *(He points to a table)* Aaron cut his head on the tip of that table and I carried him to NYU Hospital when he was two. *(Beat)* Sarah got laid for the first time in this house, and I thought I was quite literally going to die. *(Beat)* My wife found this sofa in Kingston and we had it carted down and we sat on it, and it was the most perfect . . . my wife . . . my wife . . . my wife. *(Beat)* My Martin. He comes in here from Lacrosse when he was sixteen, sneezing, and the next thing, he was, just like that—no blood count at all. *(Beat)* So now I sleep in the living room, because the bedrooms are too much to bear. *(Beat)* I am so stupid, Miss Hackett, I thought that if I published Hazlitt and Svevo, I'd be spared. The silence, Miss Hackett. The silence. Pointless.

MARGE *(Thinks before speaking)*: I could never bear to play on my husband's connections. There were people who actually liked him, held a degree of sympathy for him. Because, mainly, he kept quiet. He had a thief's honor. I am owed favors. Specifically. I suppose, I am actually owed *one* favor. The way these things work. Because there are people in this town who actually think my husband *told* me things. Which is rich. *(Beat)* But. I can make a call. I can call a judge. And they'll just drop it. Like that. And believe me, there'd be nothing your son can do.

