

Amanda Stowe: a woman in her sixties
Mary Polidori Amanda's landlady
Walter Stowe Amanda's dead husband

Narrator: Amanda hangs up the phone and takes from the wall a picture of her husband, Walter. She carries the picture with her as she walks to the window to look at the snow.

Amanda: Oh, Walter, I wish you were here.

The snow is so pretty....isn't it? So white and clean. Remember the big storm we had back in the sixties?

Narrator: At this point in the speech Walter appears. He is only visible to the audience, however. Amanda doesn't see him. He exits only in her mind.

Amanda: They closed the schools that day and Cordy and I had so much fun. We were outside all morning helping some children build a snowman in the middle of the street. Cordy named the snowman, Herb. Remember? She was afraid the naughty boys would hurt him if he was left alone so she wouldn't leave his side not even to have dinner.

Walter: Do you remember how we got her to come inside?

Amanda: (Softly repeating Walter's words) I remember how we got her to come inside. You told her you were going to give Herb some armor. Then you got one of my Spritzer bottles and filled it with water and sprayed the snowman. You said.....

Walter: When this water turns to ice nothing will hurt Herb. He will be invincible to everything in this world except God and maybe the snowplows.

Amanda: (laughs) Well....it worked. Herb was a solid block of ice by morning. He'd frozen to the street.

Walter: I remember.

Narrator: A knock on the door interrupts Amanda's reverie. Reluctantly, she comes back to earth.

Mrs. Polidori: (Off stage) Hello? Hello Miz Stowe.....

Amanda: (Annoyed) Yes?

Mrs. Polidori It's me, Miz Stowe. Mary Polidori.

Amanda: (calling) Yes,What is it?

Polidori: Could ya....could ya maybe open the door? I was never much good talkin' to wood.

Amanda: (Opening the door)I'm sorry Mrs. Polidori. Forgive me. I'm afraid I must have dozed off.

Polidori: It's okay. You awake now?

Amanda: Well, I'm on my feet.....at least.

Polidori: Oh. Okay. I was just bringin' out some hot cocoa to the kids. Did you see the snowman they made?

Amanda: Yes. Yes. I've been watching.

Polidori: Ain't it a doozy? (Chuckles) You want to come out with me? Have a cup of cocoa in the snow?

Amanda: Oh.....I don't think so....It's cold isn't it? And slippery.

Polidori: So, we bundle up a little bit..... Mr. Polidori shoveled the steps good before he went out and he put down salt. I'll help you if you're scared of falling.

Amanda: I'm not afraid....I'm just cautious. If you don't mind I'll just watch .

Polidori: Sure. That's okay. Oh....we're collecting some stuff to dress up the little fellow. Do you have something to donate?

Amanda: Donate? I don't know. What do you need.?

Polidori Well....he's got a scarf and boots and I gave him a broom. How about an old hat? Something to put on his head.

Amanda: A hat? Oh, I'm sorry. I don't have a hat.

Narrator: During the scene with Mrs. Polidori, Walter has been standing to the side. Now he steps into the room and reveals himself for the first time to his wife.

Walter: Sure you do.

Amanda: (Turning shocked) What? What did you say?

Walter: You *do* have a hat...my old fedora. It's hanging on the hook by the door.

Amanda: Oh Walter...no. I can't. I can't give her that.

Polidori: (Confused) Give...me what, Mrs. Stowe? Are you okay?

Amanda: Yes...yes....I'm fine. I wasn't talking to you, anyway.

Polidori: Oh.....you weren't?

Walter: (chuckling) Now you've done it. Now she thinks you're crazy.

Amanda: (To Mrs. Polidori) No....no....I was just thinking out loud. A hat you say..... Does it matter what kind?

Walter: The fedora. Give her the fedora.

Polidori: No.....just any old thing to put on his head.

Walter: Come on, Mandy. It's just gathering dust.

Amanda: (Angry) No. That was a Christmas gift. I got it from Lord and Taylors. You said you liked it.

Walter: I did. I did like it.

Amanda: You wore it all the time.

Walter: I know.....but it wasn't right for me. It made me look like a gangster.

Amanda: No. It didn't. It made you look distinguished.

Walter: (Laughing) Yes. A distinguished gangster.

Amanda: (Angry) All right. That's it. Mrs. Polidori, I do have something.

Polidori: (Confused) You do? Oh....good. That's....wonderful.

Amanda: (Grabs the hat off the rack) Yes. This hat belonged to my husband.

Polidori: Oh yeah. I remember this.

Amanda: You do?

Polidori: Yeah.....You gave it to him for Christmas one year. I remember telling Mr. Polidori....that was no cheap Robert Hall hat....that hat cost some bucks.

Amanda: Yes....well...I got it on sale.

Polidori: Sure. Mr. Stowe used to wear it when he walked to ...school you know.....the place where he taught?

Amanda: NYU.

Polidori: Yeah, NYU. I remember thinkin' what a nice hat it was. It made him look a little shady though. Don't you think? A little like Al Capone?

Walter: (Laughs) There you see?

Amanda: (Ignores Walter) Here then. Take it. My husband never really liked it, anyway.

Polidori: Well, thanks. . The kids will be really happy. Well....I better get outside before this hot chocolate isn't hot anymore. If you change your mind about joinin' us just give me a yell from the window. I'll come and get you. (Exits)

Walter: (Pause)You should have gone.

Amanda: II didn't want to.

Walter: I know. That's why you should have gone. She's a nice lady.

Amanda: I suppose. She's tiring.... though.

Walter: Tiring? How?

Amanda: I don't know. She's...just so...chipper...so...so...happy.

Walter: Happiness is tiring?

Amanda: Sometimes. Also, she's a talker. She talksa lot.

Walter: She's nervous.

Amanda: Nervous? Mrs. Polidori? No. What would make her nervous?

Walter: You.

Amanda: Me?

Walter: Yes, youmy sweet, Amanda. Let's face it. You can be daunting at times. It's why you were such a good teacher. A little fear is good when you're dealing with a roomful of eighth grade boys.....not so good if you're trying to make friends.

Amanda: Oh Walter.....I miss you.

Walter: I know.

Amanda: Do you miss me?

Walter: Of course.

Amanda: That wasn't very convincing.

Walter: I'm sorry. Loss and longing are not part of the equation, here.

Amanda: Yes....about that. Where is *here*, exactly? I mean.....where did you end up?

Walter: Why? Do you want to write me a letter?

Amanda: Oh.....I wish I could. That would be nice, wouldn't it? But then I'd have to know how to send it.....wouldn't I? Carrier pigeon, perhaps.....Something, of course, with wings.

Walter: (Laughs) Ha. There. It's back.

Amanda: What's back?

Walter: Your sense of humor. It's a start..... at least. That's all I needed to know. Well.....(Turns to go)

Amanda: Wait. You're not going? Not yet.

Walter: I'm sorry. I have to.....

Amanda: But ...it's too soon. I'm not ready.

Walter: Yes, you are. You don't need me.....not anymore...but someone is going to need you.....and soon.

Amanda: Wait.....I don't understand. Who's going to need me?