MOTHERS
AND SONS

BY TERRENCE McNALLY

DRAMATISTS
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MOTHERS AND SONS  
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For Tyne Daly
The world premiere of MOTHERS AND SONS was originally produced at the Bucks County Playhouse (Jed Bernstein, Producing Director) in June 2013. It was directed by Sheryl Kaller; the set design was by Wilson Chin; the costume design was by Jess Goldstein; the lighting design was by Travis McHale; and the sound design was by John Gromada. The cast was as follows:

KATHARINE GERARD .............................................. Tyne Daly
CAL PORTER .................................................... Manoel Felciano
WILL OGDEN .................................................... Bobby Steggert
BUD OGDEN-PORTER ......................................... Grayson Taylor

MOTHERS AND SONS was presented on Broadway at the John Golden Theatre in New York City, opening on March 24, 2014. It was produced by by Tom Kirdahy, Roy Furman, Paula Wagner & Debbie Bisno, Barbara Freitag & Loraine Alterman Boyle, Hunter Arnold, Paul Boskind, Ken Davenport, Lams Productions, Mark Lee & Ed Filipowski, Roberta Pereira/Brunish Trincher, Sanford Robertson, Tom Smedes & Peter Stern, and Jack Thomas/Susan Dietz. It was directed by Sheryl Kaller; the set design was by John Lee Beatty; the costume design was by Jess Goldstein; the lighting design was by Jeff Croiter; the sound design was by Nevin Steinberg; and the production stage manager was James Harker. The cast was as follows:

KATHARINE GERARD .............................................. Tyne Daly
CAL PORTER .................................................... Frederick Weller
WILL OGDEN .................................................... Bobby Steggert
BUD OGDEN-PORTER ......................................... Grayson Taylor
CHARACTERS

KATHARINE GERARD, Andre Gerard’s mother.
CAL PORTER, Andre’s lover.
WILL OGDEN, Cal’s husband.
BUD OGDEN-PORTER, 6 years old.

PLACE

A desirable apartment on Manhattan’s Central Park West with a maximum view of the park. It belongs to Cal and Will. It is a warm and very livable space. It is tended with care but well-used. Evidence of a child: a bicycle or a skateboard maybe. Doors and hallways lead off to bedrooms, a kitchen, and bathrooms. It is important it doesn’t look “decorated” but someone at Architectural Digest would love to get their hands on it. The possibilities are boundless; they just haven’t been realized yet.

TIME

The present. A blustery and very cold winter’s day. The shortest day of the year. It will be dark soon. The change from pale winter light coming through the apartment windows when the play begins to the evolving warmth of the interior as and when the living room lamps are turned on during the play should be marked.
Katharine and Cal are taking in the view of the park below them. She still has her coat on.

CAL. That’s the reservoir … see? People jog around it, even in this weather, crazy people! I should know: I’m one of them. Christmas Day, hurricanes, monsoons, we’re out there. Will thinks we’re all insane. He says he watches us through that telescope and laughs and laughs. I can see his point. From up here we look like obsessive insects making our appointed rounds, except that’s all they are is rounds. We’re not going anywhere in the circle of fitness that other people aren’t. We all end up in the same place. Will would say that’s a metaphor and why he laughs. Will’s a writer. Are you sure I can’t take your coat, Mrs. Gerard?

KATHARINE. I’m not staying. (But she doesn’t move from her place at the window.)

CAL. That view is pretty mesmerizing. I still pinch myself at least twice a day. The greatest city in the world and it’s right there. I don’t have to do anything but look. It’s mine for the taking. Andre would have loved this view. As they say about London, the man who would grow tired of this is a man tired of life. Can I get you anything?

KATHARINE. I’m fine, thank you.

CAL. Oh, this will amuse you. Interest you, anyway. Directly across the park from us, there’s a legendary apartment house, 1040 Fifth Avenue, just by the museum. See the obelisk? That’s Cleopatra’s Needle, well, not really but it’s what they call it. Just beside it, that’s the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Met, the other Met. To a Westsider, and you are on the West Side, the Met means the Metropolitan Opera; to an Eastsider it means the Metropolitan Museum. If you don’t know this, an out-of-towner can end up looking at a Rembrandt instead of listening to Turandot. Anyway, I’m getting all tangled up in Manhattan arcana here: We
have a very good view of 1040 Fifth Avenue. That’s where Jackie lived. Jackie O. Mrs. Onassis. Mrs. Kennedy.
KATHARINE. I know who you’re talking about.
CAL. Andre would have loved having it for a view. He worshipped her.
KATHARINE. Didn’t we all?
CAL. Can’t you see him waking up every morning and bounding to that window and waving across the park to her, “Bonjour, Jackie, ça va aujourd’hui?” It would have been a ritual. I thought that might amuse you.
KATHARINE. Very little amuses me, Mr. Porter.
CAL. It was an unfortunate word choice, I’m sorry. And please, it’s Cal.
KATHARINE. Who lives there now?
CAL. I don’t know, rich Republicans, I suspect. Since Mrs. Kennedy died, I don’t think anyone knows or cares who lives at 1040 Fifth.
KATHARINE. I’m sure the people who live there do. How long have you had this place?
CAL. It’s getting on to 9 years.
KATHARINE. The last address I had for you was on Perry Street.
CAL. 85, 85 Perry. That was a century ago. It was one room in the basement that had the building’s only access to the furnace which was always breaking down. We got quite friendly with the super that first winter. Things got better after Perry Street but not much. We were young, poor, and ready to take this city on. We were ready for anything. Well, we thought we were ready for anything. You’re sure you won’t take your coat off?
KATHARINE. I’m fine. I’ll let you know when I’m not. I just stopped by on the chance you might be here.
CAL. Somebody usually is. As I said, Will’s a writer and on weekends we’re both sort of homebodies.
KATHARINE. I got the address from your sister.
CAL. Penny? You’ve kept in touch?
KATHARINE. Not really, Christmas cards. She gave me your unlisted phone number as well, but if you went to the trouble of having an unlisted telephone number, I’m sure it was to avoid calls from people like me.
CAL. No, never, no! I’m very glad to see you. Unlisted numbers are a New York fetish. Everyone has one. The woman who cleans for us, our doorman, the super. One winter night Andre and I had
locked ourselves out and we couldn’t call anyone who might have a key. None of them had a listed number. We were frozen by the time we got in. *(Katharine is still looking down at the park.)*

KATHARINE. Growing up, I used to daydream about a view like this.

CAL. Where was that?

KATHARINE. Rye.

CAL. Rye, New York?

KATHARINE. It’s a small town, more of an enclave really, in Westchester.

CAL. I know Rye. It’s next to Port Chester, which is definitely not an enclave. I even know Rye Brook. I dated someone from Rye Brook. He never let me forget it. You know Mrs. Kennedy and I know Rye. Are you sure I can’t get you something? In this weather, something to warm you up?

KATHARINE. Before it’s too dark, where’s the place we…? Where we had the…?

CAL. You mean the memorial?

KATHARINE. Can you see it from here?

CAL. See the little bridge? That’s the Bow Bridge and just to the right of it, there’s a lovely smallish lawn area — well, a lovely smallish lawn area 9 months of the year but this isn’t one of them — It leads down to a duck pond. See it?

KATHARINE. I remember the ducks. They had a lot to say for themselves that day.

CAL. You would have thought it was too cold to quack. It was 12 degrees, the coldest day in years.

KATHARINE. I’ve never been so cold.

CAL. We all stood there in a circle and spoke.

KATHARINE. I was the only one who didn’t.

CAL. I’m sure you weren’t.

KATHARINE. It didn’t matter. Your friends said everything that could possibly be said. They were very impressive. I didn’t know Andre had so many friends and how eloquent they were. Some of them were quite funny.

CAL. We were attracted to people with a sense of humor.

KATHARINE. I personally thought the story about the two of you in the swimming pool in Mexico was a little risqué … at least for my taste it was. Blue humor and funerals are not something I’m accustomed to.
CAL. It wasn't a funeral, Mrs. Gerard.
KATHARINE. You know what I meant. The music at the church had set such a serious and thoughtful tone, almost spiritual, I wasn’t prepared for the transition to naked men in a swimming pool filled with gardenias.
CAL. It was pretty funny.
KATHARINE. I guess you had to be there.
CAL. In this case, I’m very glad you weren’t.
KATHARINE. I couldn’t get that one piece of music out of my head. The one the young woman sang at the church. I even went to a record shop and tried humming it to the clerk. Nada. He looked at me like I was crazy.
CAL. You should have asked. It was one of our favorites. It’s by Mozart, a little-known opera of his, *Il Re Pastore*, The Shepherd King, “L’ameró saro costante,” “I will be constant in my love for him.” I’ll write it down for you. That same young woman is singing at the Met now and quite successfully. Andre always predicted a big future for her. “That, Cal,” he would say, “is a star.”
KATHARINE. If there are perfect moments, that was one of them. Naturally I was disappointed to see the rest of the service descend to jokes.
CAL. It wasn’t a service either, Mrs. Gerard. It was a remembrance of someone we all loved and would miss. We still do.
KATHARINE. Except for the Mozart maybe it was all a little too gay for my taste.
CAL. There was some Shakespeare, too. I read “Fear no more the heat o’ the sun” from *Cymbeline*. But except for them and a little Bach and my sister and my father and you and our dentist (our jury was still out on him. It’s come in since then: gay as a goose.), I guess it was pretty gay.
KATHARINE. I never understood that expression, gay as a goose.
CAL. Neither did I.
KATHARINE. Is that…?
CAL. What? Where?
KATHARINE. It looks like some sort of amphitheatre.
CAL. It’s called the Delacorte Theatre, free Shakespeare in the Park. With the windows open in summer, we can hear them.
KATHARINE. Is that where Andre…?
CAL. Yes. Where he played Horatio, the summer of 80 … what? 8? 9?
KATHARINE. I didn’t come up that summer. His father wasn’t well.
CAL. It was the same summer he played Hamlet himself at another outdoor theatre in Washington, D.C. They were almost back-to-back. *(He starts off.)*
KATHARINE. Where are you going?
CAL. The poster’s in the hallway, I’ll check.
KATHARINE. That’s all right, there’s no need. *(Cal goes.)* It gets dark so early this time of year. And so fast. There’s no dusk. It goes from day to night before you realize it. There’s no transition. *(Cal returns with a large, framed poster.)* I was just saying, I almost missed this wonderful view of the park.
CAL. I’m glad you didn’t. *(Reading from the poster.)* “1989, August 7 through September 3.” There is no place on earth hotter than an outdoor theatre in Washington, D.C. in late summer.
KATHARINE. Yes, there is, Dallas, Texas. *(Cal turns the poster towards her.)*
CAL. It’s starting to show its age. They didn’t print this on the best stock. *(Visibly affected, Katharine turns away from the image on the poster.)* I’m sorry.
KATHARINE. You might have warned me.
CAL. You want to sit down?
KATHARINE. That’s not necessary.
CAL. I think you should.
KATHARINE. Thank you. *(Cal leads her to a place to sit.)*
CAL. I should have realized.
KATHARINE. What were you thinking?
CAL. I wasn’t, I wasn’t thinking.
KATHARINE. We were talking and then all of a sudden, just like that, there he was.
CAL. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.
KATHARINE. It’s all right.
CAL. I’d forgotten how much I love this poster. Pictures in a hallway don’t really get looked at that often — everyone’s on their way somewhere else. They’re sort of non-places that way. There was a time it made me happy every time I looked at it. Of course there was a time it made me very sad as well. I used to think maybe you should have it but I never got around to sending it. I was being selfish. It captures so much about him. His passion, for sure, his vitality. He was a very urgent person.
KATHARINE. Yes. Yes, he was.
CAL. There was no stopping him. He’s still the best Hamlet I’ve ever seen. We were both sorry you missed it.
KATHARINE. All right, I’m ready now.
CAL. You sure?
KATHARINE. We’ll see.
CAL. We don’t have to do this.
KATHARINE. I know. (Cal turns the poster to where they both can see it.) It’s him all right.
CAL. It was taken when Hamlet is crying, “Vengeance!” — It was his favorite moment in the play. “Vengeance!” Sword in hand. The photographer caught him in full Andre splendor. Talk about eyes that blaze. He’s not too hard to look at either. I believe the expression is “one handsome devil.” Our boy asked me once, “Is that a old-time pirate?” I said, “No, honey, that was a wonderful Hamlet on his way to becoming a great one,” which was more information than any 4-year-old needs or cares for.
KATHARINE. Your boy?
CAL. We have a son. My sister didn’t tell you? That’s okay, she didn’t tell me you’d been in touch all these years either. I don’t think he’s looked at it once ever since. When we first met, I thought Will might have a problem with it but he’s fine.
KATHARINE. Will?
CAL. My husband.
KATHARINE. Of course, you told me that.
CAL. Our son is 6, his name is Bud. That’s his real name, it isn’t a nickname for anything. I always loved “Bud” for a boy. Now it’s got a little gravitas: it’s on his birth certificate: Bud Ogden-Porter.
KATHARINE. Ogden-Porter?
CAL. My husband’s last name is Ogden. Will Ogden.
KATHARINE. How easily you say that word, husband.
CAL. Not always. The first couple of times I tried to use it, nothing came out. I’d say, “This is my h — hu — hus … ” “Your who?” “My hu — hu — hu — ” I’d gotten so used to “boyfriend” or “partner” all those years when marriage wasn’t even a thought, let alone a possibility, that it took me a while to realize we’d won and that our relationship was as legitimate as everyone else’s. Andre would have said it was internalized homophobia.
KATHARINE. I’ll pretend I know what that means.
CAL. It means you’ve become so accustomed to being unloved
because of who you are that you’ve become adept at not loving yourself because of who you are.
KATHARINE. I’ll still pretend.
CAL. Andre and I were what people called “boyfriends” then. Or partners. “Lovers” was another word people used. We didn’t like any of them. “Boyfriends” sounded like teenagers, “partners” sounded like a law firm, and “lovers” sounded illicit. They all seemed insubstantial, inadequate. Then along came the new-but-old-and-obvious name for it. It’d been there all along: “husband.” Who would have thought! I’ve come to like husband. I actually sort of love it. “Spouse” still makes me a little queasy. It’s too gender-neutral and I think sounds either dishonest or somewhat embarrassed about the whole marriage thing. “Husband” cuts to the chase. “Have you met my husband?” “My husband and I are interested in a season subscription.” “The reservations are in my husband’s name.”
KATHARINE. This has been very informative, Mr. Porter.
CAL. You do understand that husband wasn’t a possibility then? Your son called me Cal and I called him Andre.
KATHARINE. I would hope so. It was his name, chosen with great care.
CAL. I might have gotten in a “honey” or two over the years.
KATHARINE. I don’t like nicknames. Andre is a challenge to people who insist on them.
CAL. You succeeded. He was always Andre.
KATHARINE. I did something right then.
CAL. Andre was a wonderful person, Mrs. Gerard, everyone liked him.
KATHARINE. This Mr. … Your …
CAL. Ogden, Will Ogden.
KATHARINE. Are you going to tell him our little secret?
CAL. I didn’t know we had one.
KATHARINE. This visit.
CAL. Of course I’ll tell him. We don’t have secrets.
KATHARINE. Everyone has secrets.
CAL. We don’t.
KATHARINE. That’s wonderful.
CAL. Why would this be a secret in the first place?
KATHARINE. I was giving you an option.
CAL. An option not needed. We’re always off to a bad start.
KATHARINE. Will you tell him I’m sorry I missed him?
CAL. They’re in the park. They’ll be here any minute. I’d like you
to meet them.
KATHARINE. It’s getting late.
CAL. The days are short, you said so yourself. It’s only half-past —
KATHARINE. I’m glad you didn’t send me the poster.
CAL. You are?
KATHARINE. Rage and anger are not how a mother wishes to
remember her son. I had enough of them without a poster to
remind me.
CAL. He’s playing a part in that picture. It’s him but it’s not him.
It’s him as someone else.
KATHARINE. We all play parts. Some of them we play so long,
so well, we become the part. I’m Andre’s mother. You won’t let me
be anyone else. You can’t. I can’t either. You’re Andre’s friend, you
always will be.
CAL. We’ve gotten very good at playing those parts.
KATHARINE. I was still a young woman when Andre died.
CAL. I realize that now.
KATHARINE. Now?
CAL. I’m about the same age you were when Andre died. I was
cruel about age then, most young people are. I judged you harshly,
too harshly no doubt. We’re still not the same age but closer.
Closer.
KATHARINE. Thank you for not saying, “You and Mr. Gerard
have your golden years ahead.” Mr. Gerard passed at Easter.
CAL. I didn’t know that.
KATHARINE. You didn’t ask and there’s no reason you would.
CAL. I’m very sorry to hear it.
KATHARINE. Everyone dies, sooner or later, even 29-year-old,
perfectly healthy, beautiful young men.
CAL. They shouldn’t.
KATHARINE. Maybe I’ll find another husband, too, and pick up
where I left off and adopt a child and start a new family.
CAL. It was 8 years before I met Will, Mrs. Gerard.
KATHARINE. Or maybe I’ll just get it over with and jump out
the window. I live in the tallest condominium in Dallas. That
should do the trick. Thank you for asking, Mr. Porter, but Andre’s
mother is doing just fine.
CAL. I’m so sorry, Mrs. Gerard, how could I have known? Penny
should have told me.
KATHARINE. Penny didn’t know. The morning paper said, “Mr. Gerard died after a long struggle with illness.” I would have said “after perpetual disappointment with life. He is survived by his wife, Katharine, a Yankee humdinger who never fit. A son, Andre, died at age 29 after a short struggle with a pesky summer cough.”
CAL. That’s what we all thought at first.
KATHARINE. I never felt at home in Texas.
CAL. I don’t think Andre did either.
KATHARINE. I don’t like gratuitous familiarity. “How y’all doing today, darlin’?” “Y’all hurry back now, sugar, you hear?” I never got accustomed to being addressed as “sugar” by the check-out girl, black or white. Well, that’s neither here nor there. How long have you and...?
CAL. Will.
KATHARINE. I’m sorry. Will.
CAL. Will Ogden.
KATHARINE. How long have you and Mr. Ogden been together?
CAL. It will be 11 years this summer.
KATHARINE. You and Andre...?
CAL. We had 6 years together.
KATHARINE. That many?
CAL. I wouldn’t call 6 years many — not when you plan to spend the rest of your life with someone. I think you should have the poster, Mrs. Gerard.
KATHARINE. I wouldn’t know what to do with it, Mr. Porter. I’m downsizing. My things, my life, everything.
CAL. My dad downsized when his lady friend passed.
KATHARINE. His lady friend?
CAL. My mom passed when we were very little. I never knew her. Our dad raised Penny and me. Then he met someone, a widow. Neither of them saw the point of getting married. It rocked Bethel, New Hampshire. Anything would rock Bethel, New Hampshire. Andre and I sure did the times we visited.
KATHARINE. Your father seemed like a nice man.
CAL. He still is. He’s 75 and not going anywhere in the foreseeable future. His father made it to 91. He died tapping maple syrup.
KATHARINE. I thought maple syrup was Vermont.
CAL. Everyone does. Maple syrup doesn’t recognize state lines. Ours is better.
KATHARINE. And what about your sister?
CAL. Penny’s in SoHo trying to start a family. She and her husband are having difficulties getting her pregnant.

KATHARINE. The Christmas cards didn’t mention that.

CAL. He’s a Danish architect with a fairly unpronounceable name. Bjorn Bjerkenfjord.

KATHARINE. Isn’t anybody from New York anymore? In my day, everybody in New York was from New York. It’s become a city of out-of-towners. My mistake was letting Mr. Gerard sweep me off to Texas. He told me there were nice, cultured people there. He was wrong on both counts.

CAL. I like Austin and San Antonio. My work used to take me there.

KATHARINE. I never understood what you did.

CAL. Neither did Andre. I’m a money manager.

KATHARINE. That much I knew.

CAL. Other people’s money. I can explain it to you but it’s very boring, trust me.

KATHARINE. Thank you, I will.

CAL. When my own brief fling as an actor was all-too-apparently going to end in perpetual unemployment, I shocked myself and Andre and became a yuppie and surprised both of us how good I was at it. But since Bud I don’t travel. That was non-negotiable. I had a lot of clients on the West Coast.

KATHARINE. You’ve done well, from the look of things. You’ve come a long way from Perry Street.

CAL. Will’s mother helped us when the building went co-op.

KATHARINE. Very generous of her.

CAL. That was Jean. We never got to pay her back. She died 3 months later.

KATHARINE. I always told Andre the house in Dallas was his when his father and I were gone. He’d say, “Great! Now can you wrap it up and send it up East?” He could be very sarcastic.

CAL. I know.

KATHARINE. He liked to tell people he went directly from his high school graduation to the Trailways bus station to New York City on his savings, which is ridiculous. He flew to New York on Braniff Airlines, remember Braniff? One of their last flights. And guess who paid for it? Sarcastic and a little uncomfortable with the truth.

CAL. Dramatic exaggeration he called it. It was never for a mean or malicious end.
KATHARINE. We had theatre in Dallas. He was very disdainful of it.
CAL. He could be a terrible snob, too.
KATHARINE. He was barely 18 when he left Texas. That’s too young to come to a city like New York.
CAL. As a young gay man he didn’t feel comfortable where he was.
KATHARINE. Andre wasn’t gay when he came to New York.
CAL. Okay.
KATHARINE. He came to New York to be an actor. That’s a beautiful fire.
CAL. It’s a gas fireplace. The logs are some sort of ceramic material.
KATHARINE. It’s very realistic.
CAL. It doesn’t give off much heat.
KATHARINE. I can feel it.
CAL. If you’re interested, I can —
KATHARINE. No, thank you.
CAL. I guess air conditioning is more of a necessity where you are.
KATHARINE. We have our cold spells. We call them Northers, Blue Northers. They sweep down from the Great Plains. Some of them are merciless.
CAL. I wish you’d call me Cal.
KATHARINE. If you like, all right, Cal.
CAL. Thank you — and I’d like to call you Katharine.
KATHARINE. It’s my name.
CAL. Well, that’s settled.
KATHARINE. It’s only taken 20 years. Is it warm in here or…? I really came by just to give it to you.
CAL. Let me take your coat.
KATHARINE. What time is it? I’m supposed to … all right, if you insist … (Cal helps her off with her coat and hangs it up.) Don’t let the label fool you. It says Neiman-Marcus but it came from a second-hand fur shop. My husband had a heart attack when he saw it. I had to show him the receipt to prove I hadn’t bankrupted him. He was such a Scrooge about money. I hope Andre kept his sense of humor about money. He got it from me.
CAL. He always said he was more like you than Mr. Gerard.
KATHARINE. He was but he would have been furious if I had told him that. I always thought one of the tragedies of Andre’s life was that he and his father were never close.
CAL. One of the tragedies?
KATHARINE. Maybe he’d still be alive.
CAL. I didn’t kill Andre, Mrs. Gerard.
KATHARINE. I’m not saying that, Mr. Porter.
CAL. I didn’t give him AIDS.
KATHARINE. The way he chose to live his life did.
CAL. It wasn’t a choice.
KATHARINE. Everything is a choice.
CAL. I didn’t make him gay either.
KATHARINE. Someone did. I hate that word. It used to mean something nice, something joyful. A good time was had by all. We lost that battle, too.
CAL. I’d say you lost every battle.
KATHARINE. But one. I don’t have to approve.
CAL. I suppose you don’t. Excuse me.
KATHARINE. Now where are you going? No more surprises.
CAL. There’s something else you should look at. (He goes.)
KATHARINE. Were you always this stubborn? You met your match in Andre. He’d get an idea to do something and wouldn’t let go of it. Before acting, he was going to be a dancer. We took him to a musical when he was a child, *Pal Joey*. He couldn’t possibly have understood what it was about but for the next year he was tapping and jetee-ing all over Dallas. (*Cal returns with a large cardboard box filled with photographs and clippings.*)
CAL. I’ve had this box of odds and ends for years. We threw everything in here. Photos, notes, clippings.
KATHARINE. Oh God, I’m supposed to go through all that?
CAL. I’m sure there’s something you’ll want.
KATHARINE. I knew coming here would be a mistake. I’m trying to get rid of things, not add to the heap. New buildings are merciless when it comes to closet space. (*The apartment intercom rings.*)
CAL. Excuse me, we’re not expecting anyone.
KATHARINE. You weren’t expecting me either. Maybe it’s your sister. I liked her the one time we met. (*Cal answers the house phone.*)
CAL. Yes, Lewis, what is it? I’ve got company. If it’s a delivery you can give it to Will when they … Will, what’s wrong? Again? I’ll be right down. (*He hangs up.*) Will left without his keys and the doorman’s on a break. I’ll be right back.
KATHARINE. I won’t steal anything. (*Cal leaves the apartment.*
*Katharine opens the box of photographs and begins to look at them.*)
Hampton Beach, New Hampshire. It’s still there. Of course it’s
still there, Katharine, it’s a beach. Beaches don’t go anywhere … My God, a man in a bathing suit like that in Dallas would be arrested … How beautiful he was! … A woman. How did you get in here, sweetie? … Here’s another one. Oh my God, it’s me. You weren’t too bad looking, Katharine … I must have been pregnant with him in this one. Who knew he had these? (She is still looking at the pictures when Bud bursts into the apartment, still energized from his time in the park. Will and Cal will follow a few moments later.) Hello.

BUD. Who are you?
KATHARINE. I’m Andre’s mother. Who are you?
BUD. I’m Bud, I live here. Who’s Andre?
KATHARINE. An old friend of your father’s.
BUD. Pop-pop?
KATHARINE. Mr. Porter.
BUD. Is he a friend of Pappy, too?
KATHARINE. I don’t think so.
BUD. Why not?
WILL. Is Bud giving you the third degree, Mrs. Gerard? I’m sorry, he’s very inquisitive. There’s never been a question he hasn’t asked. Hi, I’m Will, Will Ogden.
BUD. Where is he?
WILL. Who?
BUD. Andre.
CAL. I’m afraid he’s passed, honey.
BUD. Passed? What does that mean, passed?
WILL. Andre’s dead.
BUD. Well why didn’t you say so?
CAL. It’s another way of saying it.
BUD. Dead’s better.
WILL. Excuse how we look, Mrs. Gerard. Everything’s turning into mush. Our hopes for a white Christmas are fading. We may have to settle for a gray slushy one. We can’t keep this one off the swings, no matter how cold it is.
CAL. We think he’s got some Eskimo in him.
WILL. Bud and I know you mean Inuit, don’t we, darling?
BUD. What’s Eskimo?
CAL. (To Katharine.) Sorry, it’s a thing between us. (To Will.) You’re right, mea culpa, my bad.
WILL. Cal didn’t tell us we were going to have company today.
KATHARINE. He didn’t know. This is an impromptu visit. I should have called first.
WILL. Nonsense. You’re very welcome.
CAL. You want help with your boots, honey?
BUD. That’s okay. We saw one of my teachers in the park.
WILL. What brings you to New York?
KATHARINE. Nothing brings me, nothing specific.
WILL. That’s all right, you don’t need a reason to visit the Big Apple.
KATHARINE. I’m on my way to Europe actually. I’m going to spend Christmas Eve in Rome.
WILL. Are you Catholic?
KATHARINE. No. Do I have to be to spend Christmas Eve in Rome?
WILL. You’ll love Rome at Christmas. It’s magical. I spent my junior year abroad there. Trastevere is fantastic this time of year. Too many tourists miss it.
KATHARINE. Trastevere?
WILL. That’s the neighborhood across the river in Rome. Trastevere. It means “across the Tiber.” I had an apartment there in a building built in the 14th century. No hot water, no private bath but a view of a 12th-century convent. Trastevere, where I was young. Trastevere, where I would have gotten enormously fat if I’d stayed even another month. The best restaurant in the entire world is there. I’ll write the name down for you before you go. Cal, you didn’t serve Mrs. Gerard anything?
CAL. I offered, several times.
KATHARINE. And I declined several times.
WILL. But this time you’ll have a what, Mrs. Gerard? I hope you’re not a martini sort of woman because I don’t have the slightest idea how to make one.
CAL. I can make one. I think we have gin.
KATHARINE. My martini days are behind me. A scotch, neat, I wouldn’t say no to.
CAL. Dewar’s?
KATHARINE. That was Andre’s scotch of choice. What are you gentlemen having? (Cal will make drinks.)
WILL. Cal doesn’t drink.
CAL. One too many martinis of my own.
WILL. And I never did.
KATHARINE. Well you’re no fun, either one of you. Bud, you want to tie one on with an old woman?
BUD. What's your name?
KATHARINE. Katharine.
BUD. Your grown-up name.
KATHARINE. Mrs. Gerard.
BUD. Where's Mr. Gerard?
KATHARINE. He's passed, too.
BUD. He's dead, too? Like...?
KATHARINE. Like Andre. He died several months ago.
BUD. What happened to him?
KATHARINE. Mr. Gerard had cancer.
BUD. What kind?
KATHARINE. Lung cancer.
BUD. My friend Albert’s mother has cancer. She has tubes and talks funny.
CAL. Okay, that's enough, Bud, let Mrs. Gerard enjoy her drink.
KATHARINE. Suddenly I need it. Thank you, Mr. Osgood.
WILL. Ogden. Cheers.
KATHARINE. Cheers.
CAL. Cheers.
KATHARINE. Cheers.
BUD. How did your little boy die?
KATHARINE. That's a long, complicated story.
WILL. Bud knows what AIDS is.
BUD. They told us about it at school. When did he die?
CAL. Bud! I'm sorry, Mrs. Gerard.
WILL. Don't apologize for him. He has questions.
BUD. That was a long time ago.
KATHARINE. Twenty years. He was 29. How old are you?
BUD. How old are you?
KATHARINE. Older than you.
WILL. Okay, young man, that’s enough.
KATHARINE. I don’t mind.
BUD. Did he die of AIDS?
KATHARINE. We’re not sure.
BUD. At school we saw a documentary about the quilt on World AIDS Day.
KATHARINE. The quilt?
BUD. It has the names of everyone who died from it.
KATHARINE. On a quilt?
CAL. Andre’s name is on it.
KATHARINE. His full name?
CAL. It was important to me.
KATHARINE. His first and last names?
CAL. I didn’t think I needed your permission.
BUD. I’m sorry your little boy died.
KATHARINE. So am I.
BUD. I’ll let you be my grandmother. I don’t have one. I have lots of aunts and uncles and godfathers and godmothers but I don’t have a grandmother. I have a grandfather in Vermont but he can’t hear anything.
CAL. Grandpa’s in New Hampshire.
KATHARINE. You don’t know me well enough to be your grandmother.
BUD. I didn’t know any of them before either. Families just grow. I don’t even like some of them.
KATHARINE. You might not like me.
BUD. You’re cool, I like you.
KATHARINE. I like you, too.
WILL. I warn you, Mrs. Gerard, he doesn’t take no for an answer.
KATHARINE. Excuse me but is there a little girl’s room?
CAL. Of course. Right through here. You can’t miss it. (Katharine excuses herself.)
WILL. The little girl’s room? Did I hear right? Does anyone still say “the little girl’s room”?
CAL. We make her nervous.
WILL. She makes you nervous. Eskimo? Where did that come from?
CAL. I didn’t think she’d know what Inuit meant.
WILL. She probably doesn’t but that’s not the point. Who did you tell her Bud and I were? Your roommates?
CAL. Very funny.
WILL. Jesus, Cal, you should’ve warned us.
CAL. I told you in the elevator: She just stopped by.
WILL. People live in New York so other people don’t just stop by. They move here just so people don’t stop by.
CAL. What was I going to do? Tell her she couldn’t come up?
WILL. We have plans tonight, family plans.
CAL. That’s not going to change.
WILL. All these years you’ve told me what a monster she was. You built her up into this Gorgon of mythological proportions and now she just drops by?
CAL. I assumed we’d never see each other again. I even wondered if she were still alive. She’s the last person in the world I expected to show up on our doorstep.
WILL. What do you want me to do?
CAL. She just lost her husband. Try to be nice to her.
WILL. I can promise civil but not nice. She wouldn’t even take my hand when I put it out.
BUD. Are you fighting?
WILL. No. We’re expressing strong dismay at an unforeseen turn of events.
BUD. What does that mean?
CAL. We didn’t know Mrs. Gerard was coming by, honey.
BUD. I like her, she’s nice.
CAL. She’s very nice.
WILL. Mrs. Gerard’s son and Pop-pop used to live together.
BUD. The way you and Pop-pop live together?
WILL. They weren’t married.
CAL. We didn’t have a wonderful son like you.
BUD. Why not?
CAL. People didn’t do that then.
WILL. They couldn’t.
BUD. Why not?
WILL. The world wasn’t ready for the three of us. We were waiting for you.
CAL. And we’re very glad we did.
BUD. Okay. Are we still going to trim the tree tonight?
WILL. Absolutely. After dinner, we’ll put our pajamas on and make that tree amazing together. You’re in charge of icicles.
CAL. What are we having tonight?
WILL. *Spaghetti al vongole.*
BUD. Yay!!!!
CAL. How else to celebrate the holidays but with your *spaghetti al vongole*?
WILL. What is she doing in there?
CAL. It hasn’t been that long.
WILL. She’s going through the medicine cabinet.
CAL. Don’t be ridiculous.
WILL. Of course she is. It’s human nature.
BUD. What’s human nature? (*Bud is going through the box of photos.*)
WILL. How people are, whether they can help it or not. Your human nature is that you’re going to take a bath. Pop-pop’s is that he’s nice to everyone, even people who disapprove of him. And mine is that I’m naïve enough to think I might finally have heard the last of Andre.

CAL. This isn’t about Andre.

WILL. I think I’ve dealt with a man I never met pretty goddamn well.

CAL. You have. From the very beginning.

WILL. I wasn’t going to compete with a ghost.

CAL. You didn’t have to.

WILL. But I didn’t sign on for his mother.

CAL. What was I supposed to do?

WILL. Not let her into our space.

BUD. You’re fighting.

CAL. No, we’re not. That’s not for you, buster.

WILL. I know Andre was a wonderful man and that he was everything you wanted.

CAL. Yes, he was. And then I met you. Do you know how much I adore you?

WILL. Yes, but she’s not staying for dinner.

CAL. Did you get a haircut?

WILL. About a week ago, don’t change the subject.

CAL. I’m glad we’re married. Are you?

WILL. Over the moon. The divorce is going to be spectacular.

CAL. That’s not even remotely funny. I can’t imagine what my life would be without you.

WILL. Me either. (Katharine has come out of the bathroom.)

KATHARINE. I love the wallpaper in there. Very bold. Who’s the decorator?

WILL. Cal.

CAL. Will.

KATHARINE. I’m terrible at decorating.

WILL. Come on, junior, let’s get you into the tub.

BUD. Will you be here when I come back?

KATHARINE. Probably not.

BUD. Goodbye.

KATHARINE. Goodbye.

WILL. It was nice meeting you, Mrs. Gerard. Say hello to Rome for me. (Will leaves the room with Bud.)

KATHARINE. He forgot my restaurant.
CAL. I'll get it to you.

KATHARINE. That's all right. Idle promises, if we had a dime for every one of them we make…!

CAL. I'll be sure he does.

KATHARINE. Your little boy is a very self-possessed young man. Intelligent, too, I daresay.

CAL. We're very lucky. He has his terrorist side, of course. It's not all fun and games. Somebody should have told us. They did, of course, but we aren't good listeners when we really want to do something.

KATHARINE. Is he a good father?

CAL. Bud couldn't ask for a better one. It comes a little more naturally to Will than me. I think it's generational. I never expected to be a father. He never expected not to be one. He made it clear very early in the relationship he wanted a family. I almost bolted.

KATHARINE. Why didn't you?

CAL. I was afraid he'd leave me. Either way, I was scared. Now, to imagine my life without them…! I don't think I knew who I fully was until our son was born. I'm so much more than I thought I was. More generous, more interesting, more resourceful (I can do things I didn't know I could), maybe even more less-self-centered — Or maybe I'm just more self-delusional and haven't changed at all.

KATHARINE. Children aren't the answer.

CAL. This child is. Did you find anything you'd like?

KATHARINE. I haven't really looked. (She starts to examine the contents of the box. She holds up a yellowed press clipping.)

CAL. That's the first review he ever got. It's not very good. I don't know why he saved it.

KATHARINE. I sent it to him.

CAL. Why?

KATHARINE. I was proud of him. I didn't care what some critic thought.

CAL. That's us in Paris.

KATHARINE. American men shouldn't wear berets. It makes them look desperate.

CAL. Desperate?

KATHARINE. To be something they're not.

CAL. What would that be?

KATHARINE. French.
CAL. We grew out of our beret phase pretty quickly. They made their last appearance one Halloween when we went as Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir.

KATHARINE. Interesting choice.

CAL. Too interesting. Our friends thought we were Yves Montand and Simone Signoret.

KATHARINE. Who went as Sartre?

CAL. Andre. I was Simone.

KATHARINE. I don’t suppose there’s a picture?

CAL. I don’t know. They’re all mixed up. He would just toss them in there. I told him he needed an album, a scrapbook.

KATHARINE. If I see something I like, don’t tell me you’re an Indian-giver and will want it back. Was that politically incorrect? Indian-giver?

CAL. Yes, but your secret is safe with me — just as I hope my Eskimo is safe with you.

KATHARINE. I don’t understand.

CAL. I should have said Inuit but I didn’t think you’d know what that meant.

KATHARINE. Living in Texas has not made me a complete Neanderthal.

CAL. Will was right to call me on it, especially in front of Bud. We’ve set standards for him, which means absolutely nothing unless you maintain them 24/7. I still slip on words like Madam Chairman. It comes so naturally to his generation. I have to work at it. I expect you do, too.

KATHARINE. Where was this one taken?

CAL. Nantucket.

KATHARINE. That’s very la-ti-da.

CAL. Parts of Nantucket maybe, but definitely not that one. We rented an apartment behind a dry cleaners for two weeks.

KATHARINE. If you were raised in Port Chester, New York, all of Nantucket is extremely la-ti-da.

CAL. I thought you were from Rye.

KATHARINE. They’re cheek-by-jowl. They’re really interchangeable.

CAL. Andre said you told everyone in Texas you were from Rye, New York.

KATHARINE. Until just now I thought that was our little secret.

CAL. He thought it was funny. He’d say, “As if people in Texas know the difference between Port Chester and Rye, Cal!”
KATHARINE. I did. You do.
CAL. I’m sorry.
KATHARINE. I’m glad it amused you. I wonder how many of our secrets he shared with you.
CAL. I’m sure that was the only one. He was never disrespectful of you.
KATHARINE. I suppose I should be grateful for small blessings.
CAL. Even when you didn’t come.
KATHARINE. Who are these people?
CAL. That’s some of Will’s family.
KATHARINE. There’s a lot of them.
CAL. I’ve lost count of how many uncles and aunts and nephews and nieces and first and second cousins he has. There’s hardly a month without a graduation or recital or a contribution to the Tooth Fairy. Sometimes I see the rest of my life measured by Ogden gatherings. I always wanted a big family — it was just me and my sister growing up — but I figured it wasn’t meant to be. And then all at once I had an enormous one — and before I knew it, Will and I were starting one of our own. Here, I’ll take them. I don’t know how they got in there.
KATHARINE. We were a small family, too. Too small. I was an only child, my husband was an only child, Andre was an only child. Christmas Eve we would sit around just looking at one another. The presents were open by 10. We’d end up watching midnight mass from St. Patrick’s just for something to do.
CAL. So that’s why Andre always wanted to turn it on.
KATHARINE. Let me finish, Mr. Porter, please. And then one day the phone rang and it was you telling me Andre was gone. I almost didn’t pick up. I think I knew. So now there were just the two of us. And then Mr. Gerard up and died and there was one. I said “up and died.” No one “ups and dies.” He’d been sick for years. We both knew it was coming. Still, when it does …
CAL. Yes.
KATHARINE. Soon enough there will be none. It’s the end of the line. There’s no more where the Gerards came from. It’s very sad when you think about it. You and Mr. Ogden don’t have to worry about that.
CAL. That’s not why we chose to be a family.
KATHARINE. It’s not?
CAL. I told you why.
KATHARINE. Not really. Who’s this?
CAL. A friend of André’s. His name is Jeb. He’s an actor, too. They met in summer stock in the Berkshires. Will and I chose to have a family because we wanted to share the happiness we feel as a couple with a child — as well as the good fortune and privilege we enjoy.
KATHARINE. There are lots of unfortunate children out there who would enjoy the advantages of a good home and what you call your privileges and good fortune.
CAL. We didn’t want to adopt.
KATHARINE. I’m not criticizing. Was he a…? This Jeb? A lover?
CAL. For a summer. Andre said it was more of a fling than a relationship. It was before me, obviously. They stayed friends. I think you met him at the memorial.
KATHARINE. Then he isn’t the one who gave Andre AIDS?
CAL. No.
KATHARINE. Are you sure?
CAL. Yes.
KATHARINE. Who do you think did then?
CAL. I don’t know.
KATHARINE. What do you mean, you don’t know?
CAL. I don’t know!
KATHARINE. Didn’t you ask him?
CAL. No. I thought about it. I thought about it quite a lot. I made myself sick thinking about it.
KATHARINE. I would have asked him and he would have told me.
CAL. Did it ever occur to you maybe he didn’t know? It could have been any of us. We were all suspect. I had myself tested once a month, just in case.
KATHARINE. In case of what?
CAL. I don’t know, just in case. I had to be sure. For me, for Andre.
KATHARINE. I would have found the person who did that to Andre and killed him.
CAL. We didn’t do that.
KATHARINE. Maybe you should have.
CAL. I fantasized about it.
KATHARINE. I would have made it my business to.
CAL. I had my suspicions.
KATHARINE. Suspicions?
CAL. That’s all they were. No, not even that.
KATHARINE. You never did anything about it?
CAL. I was in enough pain of my own. Andre was dying, I couldn’t
save him. Everyone was dying. I couldn’t save any of them. Nothing
could. Something was killing us. Something ugly. Everyone talked
about it but no one did anything. What would killing one another
have accomplished? There was so much fear and anger in the face
of so much death and no one was helping us. There wasn’t time to
hate. We learned to help each other, help each other in ways we
never had before. It was the first time I ever felt a part of something,
a community. So thank you for that, I suppose. I wanted to kill the
world when Andre was diagnosed, but I took care of him instead. I
bathed him, I cleaned him up and told him I loved him even when
he was ashamed of what this disease had done to him. He wasn’t
very beautiful when he died, Mrs. Gerard. Our very own plague
took care of that. Andre had slept with someone other than me
but I had to forgive him. He was one of the unlucky ones. I’m not
saying your son was promiscuous, Mrs. Gerard.
KATHARINE. I’m sure he wasn’t.
CAL. But he wasn’t faithful either. Monogamous. Of course we’d
never taken marriage vows. We weren’t allowed to. It wasn’t even a
possibility. Relationships like mine and Andre’s weren’t supposed
to last. We didn’t deserve the dignity of marriage. Maybe that’s
why AIDS happened. (Katharine takes up another photograph.)
KATHARINE. I remember this place as a girl, don’t tell me! Our
class went on a field trip.
CAL. It’s Independence Hall in Philadelphia.
KATHARINE. I asked you not to tell me. Of course it is. The
Liberty Bell.
CAL. Actually, Andre put me at risk.
KATHARINE. This young man isn’t wearing any clothes.
CAL. I didn’t know we’d be doing this.
KATHARINE. I hope I’m not going to find my son in the alto-
gether in here.
CAL. Did you hear what I said?
KATHARINE. Yes. They’re all so young. Everyone is so young.
CAL. I’m sorry I told you. I don’t think he could help himself.
KATHARINE. I’d like this picture. I always liked Andre in a tie
and jacket.
CAL. Which was almost never. We must have been going some-
where fancy.
KATHARINE. Thank you. (She takes the photo.)
CAL. Take as many as you want. We’re the only two people in the world they mean anything to.
KATHARINE. I like this one, too. I really like it. May I?
CAL. Of course.
KATHARINE. Thank you. (She takes the second photo and closes the box. Will comes out of the bathroom and back into the living room.)
BUD. (Off.) Pop-pop!
WILL. Your turn. He wants you.
CAL. We have company.
BUD. (Off.) Pop-pop!
WILL. Cal’s Pop-pop. I’m Pappy.
KATHARINE. As in Li’l Abner.
WILL. As in who?
KATHARINE. No one remembers Li’l Abner.
CAL. I do. What’s wrong?
WILL. You bought the wrong bubbles.
BUD. (Off.) Pop-pop!
CAL. Excuse me, I’ll be right back.
BUD. (Off.) Pop-pop!
CAL. Him and those fucking bubbles. I’m coming, honey! (He goes.)
KATHARINE. I’m sorry, but I don’t think that’s appropriate language when a child might be present.
WILL. What? Honey? Oh, fucking! I couldn’t agree more. Our one hard-and-fast is “not in front of the bambino.” “Honey” still turns a few heads when we use it in public: “We need paper towels, honey, aisle 7.” Of course, they’re just words. The sight of two men hand in hand with a child waiting for the light to change on Central Park West rattles an occasional cage. Gay dads still merit more than passing interest even in the metropolis known as Manhattan. Let me refresh your drink.
KATHARINE. I should be getting on.
WILL. Cal will blame me if you’re not here when he comes out.
KATHARINE. Have you thought about what you’re going to tell the boy when he asks and he is going to ask, you can be sure of it.
WILL. The boy? You mean Bud? Asks what?
KATHARINE. Who he is. Where he came from.
WILL. We’re dealing with it, little by little, a day at a time.
KATHARINE. I wonder.
WILL. Wonder what?
KATHARINE. If that’s going to be enough.
WILL. We’re going to be fine.
KATHARINE. You’re very confident.
WILL. So are you.
KATHARINE. How did you two gentlemen meet?
WILL. First of all, thank you for not saying boys.
KATHARINE. Obviously you’re not, either one of you.
WILL. I’m serious. “Do you boys have plans for the holidays? Are either of you boys going home for them?” You’d be surprised how often we hear “boys,” so thank you.
KATHARINE. Clearly there’s an age difference.
WILL. 15 years. I was born in —
KATHARINE. You can spare me the math.
WILL. You’re prickly.
KATHARINE. Mr. Porter and Andre were the same age.
WILL. I never let Cal forget I’m younger than him. Keeps him on his toes. I’m waiting for the day he comes home with an earring and a tattoo. Should I alert you when I’m bantering?
KATHARINE. You have a beautiful place.
WILL. Thank you, we like it. It could use a makeover but we’ve decided to let Bud play his havoc with it for a couple of more years before we get serious about redecorating.
KATHARINE. I understand you’re a writer. I still don’t understand what Mr. Porter does for a living.
WILL. Neither do I. Something to do with money, managing other people’s and lots of it. Bud and I are very well provided for. He’s at a great school and I’m home all day working on my novel when I’m not doing one of the million things that parents do. That’s what I am, a novelist.
KATHARINE. Would you have written a novel I might have read?
WILL. Yes, but not yet.
KATHARINE. You are confident.
WILL. Not really. I’ve published a couple of short stories. Do you read The New Yorker?
KATHARINE. I’m a subscriber. I like to keep up.
WILL. They published one of my short stories last summer. It was called “Diamond Head.” It had nothing to do with Hawaii. It took place in Brooklyn at a 24-hour diner called Diamond Head. Everyone was very alienated. It was pretty depressing.
KATHARINE. I generally don’t read their fiction. I stopped after Salinger.
WILL. Wow! That was before I was born. Anyway, the short stories are sort of a muscle-flexing for my novel. That’s what my agent calls them. It will be my first.
KATHARINE. Does it have a title?
WILL. Yes but I’m not going to tell you. It’s bad luck.
KATHARINE. The world loves a good novel. We’re still waiting for the Great American One.
WILL. I’ll give it my best shot. (Noises from the bathroom.) Are you guys okay in there?
KATHARINE. I thought writers needed quiet, concentration.
WILL. They do but they’re in short supply with a 6-year-old. Everyone said we would need a nanny for Bud, so we tried one, but it turned out we liked doing everything ourselves, so we let her go. The Great American Novel can wait. Who knows? Maybe I’ll find a way before then. Anyway, to answer your question, Cal and I met online.
KATHARINE. I don’t understand.
WILL. We met on the internet.
KATHARINE. I’m completely in the dark when it comes to internets.
WILL. It’s how people meet now. You go to a website. There’s something for everyone. Christian Couples, Foxy Ladies, Mormon You-Name-Its. Not very romantic but it gets the job done. I saw Cal’s picture and read his profile. It said Moby-Dick was his favorite book. I’m a sucker for men who love Melville every time, especially men who look like Cal and their favorite singer is Ella Fitzgerald, too. Thirty minutes later we met at Gray’s Papaya on Broadway and West Seventy-Second Street, a place even less romantic than ManHunt. He was eating a hotdog. Even with his back turned, I knew it was him. I went up to the counter, ordered, took a deep breath, and then turned to this perfect stranger and said, “Call me Ishmael.” Cal doesn’t believe in love at first sight. He thinks love takes time. I think it’s all in that first time you look into each other’s eyes. If they’re not looking back at you — it’s not going to happen.
KATHARINE. Is one of you the father?
WILL. We both are.
KATHARINE. I meant the actual father.
WILL. We both are.
KATHARINE. Everything I say is inappropriate.
WILL. It’s uninformed. What do you want to know?
KATHARINE. I’m only trying to determine if one of you is the biological father.
WILL. We used my sperm — we thought it would be healthier, me being younger — and the eggs of an anonymous donor. After the magic of the embryo happened in the petrie dish, our lesbian friend Roberta carried Bud to term — only we didn’t know he was going to be a son yet. Cal didn’t want to know the sex. He wanted to be surprised. I couldn’t wait. I was into the whole baby thing from day one. I loved everything about it. The doctors, the tests, the procedures, the sonograms, the waiting rooms, the other parents-to-be, straight and gay. Completely amazing, all of it. I was a gay man and I was going to be a father. I wanted to tell everybody and I probably did: “I’m a gay man and I’m going to be a father.” It’s just so joyful being a parent. I told Cal, it’s better than crack. I look at Bud sometimes and I just start crying. Sometimes he catches me. “What’s the matter, Pappy?” “Nothing, honey, I’m just so happy you’re here.”
KATHARINE. So there’s really nothing of Andre in him, is there?
WILL. Why would there be?
KATHARINE. Of course not. What a foolish thing to say. (Cal comes out of the bathroom.)
CAL. He’s wearing his goggles and seeing how long he can hold his breath underwater. We found the right bubbles: Etoile de Paris.
WILL. Who sent him that stuff anyway? Which one of his fairy godfathers?
CAL. Jeremy.
WILL. We’re raising Bud to be gay. That’s our only expectation for him. God forbid we should let him turn out the way he wants to be.
CAL. Will’s joking, of course, we’re not raising him anything.
KATHARINE. Andre loved bubble baths.
WILL. There you go!
CAL. Will!
WILL. What are you doing here, Mrs. Gerard? What do you want? It is suspiciously quiet in the bathroom all of a sudden. I’m turning into my mother.
KATHARINE. I thought only women turned into their mothers.
WILL. Men have gotten very good at it. Don’t let me forget to give you the name of that restaurant. (He goes.)
KATHARINE. My mother was a very nice woman. Everyone adored her, especially Andre.
CAL. Andre tried to communicate with you.
KATHARINE. No, he didn’t. He led his secret, furtive life up here and kept his father and me in the dark. He thought he was fooling us. His father maybe but not me. I knew, I always knew.
CAL. Your disapproval frightened him and it’s making me sick to my stomach, all over again. You haven’t changed.
KATHARINE. People don’t change. That’s one of the lies we tell ourselves.
CAL. People have to want to change.
KATHARINE. Maybe that’s it.
CAL. That’s honest.
KATHARINE. This was a bad idea. I could just as easily have sent it back to you.
CAL. I’m not sure I even want it. He would have killed me for sending it to you. He didn’t believe people kept diaries for other people to read. (And for the first time we will notice a small journal on the coffee table or somewhere else in the living room. It was Andre’s journal.)
KATHARINE. That is popular opinion.
CAL. He thought people needed some place safe, safe from everyone else.
KATHARINE. I’ve sat with it for hours, holding it, pressing it to my heart, but never opening it.
CAL. Neither did I. When he was alive or when he was gone.
KATHARINE. You should have destroyed it.
CAL. I couldn’t. I didn’t have that right. I still don’t. I loved him but I didn’t want to know his secrets.
KATHARINE. So you sent them on to me?
CAL. I always wondered if they would somehow find their way back to me.
KATHARINE. Only if I brought them.
CAL. I thought this day might come.
KATHARINE. We both did.
CAL. I guess I’ve been expecting you.
KATHARINE. I almost didn’t come this time either.
CAL. Either?
KATHARINE. The last time we were in New York I called. When you answered, I hung up. And I don’t speak to answering machines. Another trip, someone else answered.
CAL. Will probably.
KATHARINE. But I found out what I wanted to. You weren’t alone anymore.
CAL. I was alone for 8 years, 8 shitty years when all I learned was how to make money.
KATHARINE. And then there was Papaya House and Moby-Dick.
CAL. He told you.
KATHARINE. The gist, just the gist.
CAL. At first I was embarrassed about Will. Not his age. I worry about the difference more than he does. He knows what he’s getting into. But it felt like a betrayal of Andre. Of us. Even after 8 years. How much could I have loved Andre if I can love Will the way I do now?
KATHARINE. Yes, how can you?
CAL. I don’t know, I don’t pretend to understand these things. I honestly think Andre sent Will to me.
KATHARINE. I wish he’d do the same for his mother.
CAL. Would you let him?
KATHARINE. I don’t understand how my life turned out like this. I don’t know what I’m supposed to think or feel anymore. I’m confused, I’m frightened, I’m angry about almost everything. I could let that ottoman put me in a rage. Thank God for Jeopardy and even that’s started to annoy me. I’ve begun taking the bus everywhere just because it takes longer than if I drive myself. It’s usually late, which makes me angrier. People like me don’t take the bus in Dallas, Mr. Porter. Buses are for help. And then when I get to wherever I was going, I can’t bring myself to leave wherever it is I’ve gone.
CAL. I’ve noticed that.
KATHARINE. I really have thought of taking my own life. I’m a widow. My only child pre-deceased me. No grandchildren. I don’t like most people and I think it’s a pretty safe assumption most people don’t like me. I’m not a joiner. My eyes are going, so reading is hard. I never liked to cook. I always dreaded mealtime, now I detest it. I could go on. So does it really matter if I draw another breath?
CAL. That’s a very poor solution, Mrs. Gerard.
KATHARINE. It’s a good thing you’re not a therapist. A woman on television drank a bottle of Clorox. It didn’t work. They rescued
her. Go to all that trouble to kill yourself and they rescue you! Well, I thought it was funny. It’s a stupid show. They’re all stupid.
CAL. Have you ever been in therapy?
KATHARINE. The whole notion of spilling your guts to a stranger and then paying him for the privilege? What? Are you going to charge me for this? I don’t know why I told you any of it. Forget everything I said. “What about them Yankees?”
CAL. Andre thought of suicide when things got really bad. I’m very glad he didn’t. I know that was selfish of me. We stuck it out together. Some together! They put him through hell trying to keep him alive. Some of the treatments were unbearably painful. You don’t want to know. They were trying to find a cure and they didn’t care how they went about it. That’s not fair; they were desperate to find one but time wasn’t on our side. One of our best friends was diagnosed 18 years ago, 2 years after Andre died. He’s skiing in Park City as we speak. Today, Andre would still be alive. We probably wouldn’t have a child; there might be a Tony Award on the mantel (he was good, really, really good, Mrs. Gerard, you should have come up the summer he played Hamlet); we would have just celebrated our 25th anniversary and doing our best to grow old gracefully together. I don’t know what else I can tell you. I wasn’t expecting this. This was going to be just another day.
KATHARINE. Do you ever worry about forgetting him?
CAL. A little bit, sure, but not the best part of him. Sometimes I panic that I can’t remember the color of his eyes.
KATHARINE. Gray. (Will returns.)
WILL. Now he’s got his snorkel on and is practicing his dead man’s float. So don’t have a heart attack if you go in there and find him like that. I’ve got the name of that restaurant, Il Gatto Bianco, The White Cat. It’s just off the Piazza San — I’m sorry, am I interrupting?
KATHARINE. Your husband has been telling me what he thinks of me.
CAL. That’s not true.
WILL. What is that?
KATHARINE. That I’m a terrible woman. Men are noble, good. Men are to be loved. Women — especially mothers — are evil, cunning, vile even. Pity the young man who has a mother such as André’s. He was doomed to a life of AIDS.
CAL. This is unspeakable. I hoped you’d let Andre go. That some part of you had accepted our loss.
KATHARINE. It will never be “our” loss. You lost a man and quickly found other men. I lost a son.
CAL. I’m sorry, I will always be sorry.
KATHARINE. Not good enough. The two of you, this fancy apartment, a child of your own who will no doubt grow up to cure cancer and take the men’s title at Wimbledon. Any mother would be proud to have a son like that. I’ll order another one myself. How much do they cost? What other tangible evidence of happiness haven’t you shown me yet? Why did your life get better after Andre and mine got worse? Why haven’t you been punished?
CAL. I can’t help you, Mrs. Gerard.
WILL. Talk to her, Cal.
CAL. Bud, Buddy, are you still in there? You’ll turn into a prune!
(He goes to check on Bud.)
WILL. I know we can’t understand your loss, Mrs. Gerard, but we are trying to respect it. If anything had happened to me before my mother died! I always thought she was worried it would. So were a lot of parents. I think she was relieved when I met Cal as much as anything. Loss. It’s a terrible word.
KATHARINE. I know what loss means.
WILL. Try to respect Cal’s. He lost more than your son. He lost a generation. People who might have mattered. Hamlets. Nureyevs. Melvilles and Whitmans. Young men who wanted to write the Great American Novel, too.
KATHARINE. Why are you telling me this?
WILL. I think people like Cal have been punished enough, Mrs. Gerard. I try to imagine what those years were like for him and Andre but I don’t get very far. Maybe I don’t want to. The mind shuts down — or the capacity to care. It’s one way of dealing with it.
KATHARINE. I don’t have that luxury.
WILL. Of course you don’t. Neither does Cal. “What Happened to Gay Men in the Final Decades of the 20th Century.” First it will be a chapter in a history book, then a paragraph, then a footnote. People will shake their heads and say, “What a terrible thing, how sad.” It’s already started to happen. I can feel it happening. All the raw edges of pain dulled, deadened, drained away.
KATHARINE. I know what I did wrong: I didn’t go out and find another Andre just as soon as I could.
WILL. I’m not another Andre, Mrs. Gerard.
KATHARINE. No one knows that better than I. It’s presumptuous of you to think you could ever take his place.
WILL. Cal didn’t want another Andre.
KATHARINE. There is no other Andre, just mine, and he is gone forever and I will mourn him forever. I don’t want peace or closure — another word I detest. I want revenge. I’m Hamlet. Take my picture. I’m my own poster. Vengeance!
WILL. You won’t find it here.
KATHARINE. Then where?
WILL. I don’t know but not in our home.
KATHARINE. It’s not a home, it’s an apartment. I hate it when people call their apartments homes.
WILL. You say “hate” a lot.
KATHARINE. I dislike imprecision. You’re a writer, so should you. (Cal returns.)
CAL. I said he could stay in for another 5 minutes. We don’t have a child, we have a fish.
KATHARINE. I still want to know what you’re going to tell him when he grows out of bathtubs.
WILL. I told you.
KATHARINE. Easier said than done, Mr. …
WILL. Ogden.
KATHARINE. Ogden. Easier said than done. (Will has noticed Andre’s diary.)
WILL. What’s this? “A.G.”?
CAL. A diary Andre kept, a journal. I sent it to Mrs. Gerard quite a few years ago and now she’s returning it to me.
KATHARINE. I bought it for him on his 18th birthday.
CAL. I didn’t know that.
KATHARINE. He hated the initials on the cover. He thought they were tacky. I thought they were classy. “A.G.” It’s the very last trace of him, that he ever existed.
CAL. There isn’t a day I don’t think of him.
KATHARINE. How does that make Mr. Porter’s second husband feel?
WILL. I’m Cal’s first husband. I like precision, too.
KATHARINE. I stand corrected.
WILL. I’m happy he was in a good relationship before he met me. If you’re wondering if I’m jealous, I am a little bit. Cal and I weren’t young together. I never got to see him screw things up the way he
sees me screw up. He was all evolved and perfect and his own man
by the time I met him. I’m sure Andre had a lot to do with that.
CAL.  He did.  *(Will opens the diary.*)  What are you doing?
WILL.  Aren’t you curious?  Very legible handwriting.  *(He reads
from it.*)  “4th of July weekend. The Pines. Parker lent us his house
while he’s on jury duty.”
KATHARINE.  What are the Pines?
CAL.  A community on Fire Island.
WILL.  A gay community. Who’s “us”?
CAL.  I don’t know.
WILL.  Who’s Parker?
CAL.  I don’t know.
KATHARINE.  I’m sure I’m in there somewhere. It won’t be
 flattering.
WILL.  “I told my mother I was on the Cape, as if she knew what
the Pines were, let alone Fire Island. The Pines is the new Port
Chester. Lord, what fools we mortals be.”
KATHARINE.  I told you so.
WILL.  “It’s a beautiful day. Enjoy it while it lasts. Rain tomorrow.
Right now the ocean is blue, perfect surf. I didn’t want to get out
but I have to run lines. It’s my first Albee, the theatre said he’s
coming (all the way to Providence? Really?), and I want to be good.
There’s a beautiful sailboat way out on the horizon (Parker has
great binoculars) probably on its way to Nantucket or Martha’s
Vineyard. Anyway, I’m just breathing and feeling the sun and
enjoying the sea breeze and wondering why life can’t always be like
this. The cute guy in the house next door just came out on his deck
again. To be continued.” It’s been more than five minutes. This is
between the two of you. Coming, Buddy Bud Bud! *(He goes.*)
CAL.  Bud likes one of us to dry him after his tub.
KATHARINE.  Andre loved my mother drying him off after a
tub. She’d stand him on top of the toilet seat and put a bath towel
between his two little legs and go back and forth with it. “See-
saw,” she’d go, “see-saw.” I never approved. I think it’s improper to
touch a child down there. I don’t know why I told you that. And
no, I don’t think Andre turned out gay because my mother ran a
towel between his legs and went, “See-saw, see-saw.”
CAL.  I wasn’t going to say that.
KATHARINE.  But you thought it was what I was thinking.
CAL.  Nothing made Andre gay.
KATHARINE. I didn’t. *(Cal holds the journal out to her.)*

CAL. Read from anywhere.

KATHARINE. “Kansas City. We’re a hit. The local cricket said I had a lot of promise …” He called them crickets instead of …

CAL. I know.

KATHARINE. “… of promise and predicted a bright future.” I can’t.

CAL. He’s your son. *(She goes to another part of the journal.)*

KATHARINE. “Cal bought a NordicTrack and is taking lots of vitamins. I think he’s scared. We both know I’ve put him at risk but we don’t talk about it. It’s just there, our own elephant in the room. I’m not a bad person, just a very imperfect one. Cal deserved so much better than me.” Should I stop? *(Cal is motionless.)* “One day we’re certain we’re going to beat this. The next, I’m dying. Cal is a rock. I am blessed. My family wouldn’t be able to handle it.”

CAL. I wasn’t a rock but I’m glad he thought so. *(Will enters with Bud, who is in a terrycloth robe. Bud’s hair is wet.)*

WILL. Meet the cleanest young man on Central Park West. You clean up good for a little boy, Buddy Bud Bud.

BUD. I’m not a little boy. I’m almost 7. *(To Katharine.)* Do you like our apartment? At the Thanksgiving Day Parade, Spider-Man is so close to our window you can almost touch him.

WILL. You’re lucky you have two dads to keep you from falling out.

BUD. Can I have a cookie?

WILL. You know where they are.

BUD. Would you like something, Andre’s mother?

KATHARINE. No, thank you. I’d like you to call me Katharine.

BUD. Pappy?

WILL. Sure. *(Bud goes. We will hear sounds from the kitchen from time to time. Doors, drawers opening and closing.)*

KATHARINE. I’ve stayed way too long. I’ll be late.

CAL. For what? You said you didn’t have any friends, especially in the big cold city.

KATHARINE. The Algonquin and I are not total strangers. The Dorothy Parker Suite and I have become very good friends.

CAL. Andre loved Dorothy Parker.

KATHARINE. Who do you think got him reading her?

WILL. Our doorman will help you get a cab. Unfortunately, this is the worst time for one. They all have their off-duty lights on.

BUD. *(Off.)* Pappy! Pappy! *(There is the sound of crash, things breaking.)* Ow! *(He begins to cry.)*
WILL.  Coming, honey, Pappy's there! I've got it. (*He goes.*)

CAL.  You should have held me that day in the park. I'd lost Andre, too. Instead you made me feel ashamed and unwanted, just as you'd made Andre feel. We weren't strong then against people like you. You held all the cards. He wanted your love all his life, so much he had to pretend he didn't. So did I that day, God forgive me. I wanted you to love me for loving Andre. I wanted to forgive you. I don't anymore. I don't care. If you hadn't done this I wonder if I would have thought of you ever again. No offense, but I don't think news of your passing will make the *New York Times*, Mrs. Gerard. And then there truly will be none. It is sad when you think about it. But this thing isn't over. This thing that brought us all together and can still tear us apart. Young men are still falling in love but some of them are still being infected. And some of them are still dying. If anything like this happened to Bud — or Will, sure, there's that possibility, too — I would be devastated but I would not reject either one of them. I'm Will's husband, not his judge; Bud's father, not his scourge. If that were my son wasting, writhing, incoherent, incontinent in that bed in St. Vincent's, I would want him to know how much I loved him, how much I would always love him. I did what I could for Andre. I hope to this day it was enough. (*He collects himself.*) Being a parent has made me quite defenseless. It's a good thing I don't want anything from you anymore. I'll get your coat.

KATHARINE.  I couldn't hold you when I should have had my son to hold. I still can't.

CAL.  Jesus Christ, woman, reach out to someone, let someone in.

KATHARINE.  There is so much I want to say that's not about Andre. It's about me and no one else. Me, as if I were the only person on the planet which is what I have felt all my life. There were other people: a mother, a father, a husband. It didn't matter. I was still alone. And then there was Andre and I thought everything would be fine. He was going to fix it. He didn't even come close. Maybe when he fell down and I soothed him until he stopped crying, I felt a connection. When he was in pain, I was his mother. When he needed me. Like what's going on in there. (*She means the kitchen off where Bud and Will are.*) Don't mistake that for love. It means comfort. It means concern. It doesn't mean love. I watched Andre give our dog more of himself than he gave me.

CAL.  We've all felt like that. It's human nature being ridiculous.
KATHARINE. He was a dachshund turning gray. Andre tried to dye him with some of my hair coloring. It didn't work.
CAL. That sounds like Andre.
KATHARINE. I’m the only one who thought Andre was a difficult child. He was smarter than anyone else. He had secrets. I was afraid of him. He could be so remote. I didn’t know where he’d go in his head. I wanted him to take me with him — away from Dallas and a husband I didn’t love and never tried to love, he was unlovable. Some people are, you know — I’ve turned into one — but I would have married anyone who took me out of Port Chester, even if it was only across the railroad tracks to Rye. But Mr. Gerard wanted to go west, young man. Which is ridiculous because he wasn’t a young man and Dallas isn’t the west, it’s Dallas. I was, I am a Yankee. I remain one. I need four seasons. I need to be around people who know what time it is. I don’t suffer fools. I was a smart young woman. I thought I was going to die with that secret. My father worked in the post office. My mother spent the day ironing and baking and cleaning and we ate on a table covered with an oil cloth. With my Port Chester High diploma, I went to work for a dentist, Dr. Minnerly, Dr. Pain, his patients called him. He didn’t believe in Novocain. I hated him and I hated my job (you can tell your husband I know how much I use that word; he didn’t score any points there). Every week I saved my money until I had enough to buy myself an evening dress that would get me into the Rye Country Club Spring Dance where I knew I would meet my savior and I did. I got him to marry me like that. (She snaps her fingers.) And I didn’t get knocked up to get him to do it, like most of my girlfriends. I turned on the charm. I can when I want to. I’ve given you a glimpse of it. And I always had good legs. I still do. Andre got his legs from me. He had beautiful legs for a man.
CAL. Yes, yes he did.
KATHARINE. And I thought I could be happy for a little bit. I don’t know what I mean by happy anymore. I thought I did then: content, not jealous, able to stop jiggling. I’m a nervous woman. I still can’t cross my legs without jiggling them. Andre once said, “Mom, you look like a woman in heat when you pump your legs like that.” He could be very fresh. I wanted to slap him. Then, out of the blue, just like that, he decides he wants to be an actor. Drama club, acting lessons, singing, dancing. And I was his chauffeur for all of this. I read a lot of good books in the car, waiting for Andre, our gray dachshund happily drooling away on the seat beside me. I
got thanks, I got presents, I got “I love you,” but I didn’t get him. I got everything else but him. He was supposed to let me love him the way I’d never been loved. I was going to make him happy the way I’d never been. And then he was off to New York City. Suddenly he had a life and it had nothing to do with me. All I was was Andre’s mother: the woman who bore him. He wrote something when he wasn’t much older than your boy. “God bless the Lord. God bless my mommy. She has good things in her oven.”

CAL. That’s lovely.

KATHARINE. I was Andre’s mother to him as much as I was to any of his little friends. “Can I have a cookie, Andre’s mother?” “You can if you call me Mrs. Gerard.” But they never did. I wasn’t a person to them either. I was Andre’s mother. I got pregnant when Andre was 4. I aborted it. I never told anyone. I was waiting for the right time to tell Andre. It was going to be our final secret together.

CAL. Andre loved you.

KATHARINE. We all say we love someone. Words are the bridge we build across the void that separates us, desperate to cling to something. “I love you” is the best we’ve come up with for pretending it isn’t there.

CAL. I don’t agree with you.

KATHARINE. I’m almost done. Before I knew it, he was in New York and then there was a friend, who became a roommate, who became a lover.

CAL. That would be me, Katharine.

KATHARINE. You took him from me forever.

CAL. All you had to do was open your heart to him.

KATHARINE. I couldn’t, I still can’t. I don’t know why, I don’t care why anymore. It sickens me. After all these years, it still sickens me.

CAL. Is it the sex? Two men, physically intimate? Fucking, sucking, making love? All those things people do and are never going to stop.

KATHARINE. It’s everything. What kind of life is that child going to have?

CAL. A better one than Andre’s. A better one than yours.

KATHARINE. There’s only one thing I ever did to Andre that I’m ashamed of. If he were here I would fall to my knees and tell him how sorry I am. He’d just gone to New York. I called him. It was late, very late. I woke him up. “What’s wrong, Mom? Are you okay?” I was laughing, I was crying, I’d been drinking. I said, “Honey, your mother just let a man pick her up at the Adolphus Hotel and he
drove me in his car to the very edge of Dallas where it was still woody and dark and he started making love to me. I couldn’t do it and I asked him to take me back to town. He could have been very nasty about it but he wasn’t. I think he was married, too. ‘So what do you think of your old lady now, kiddo? Somebody still wants to fuck her.’” He didn’t say anything. After a while one of us hung up. We never spoke of it. I won’t ask if he told you that story.

CAL. Thank you.

KATHARINE. And when his father was in the hospital after the first surgery for lung cancer (I said there was only one thing, Mr. Porter. I lied. There were two. Things that can never be taken back.), I found Andre in the visitors’ lounge. He was crying. I said, “I know why you’re crying. You’re not crying for your father. You’re crying because of what you are.”

CAL. I know, Mrs. Gerard. He called me right after from a pay phone there. He was pretty devastated.

KATHARINE. Can you imagine a mother saying that to her son? Her only child?

CAL. I’ll get your coat.

KATHARINE. Please. *(But she doesn’t move.)*

CAL. I don’t want the journal.

KATHARINE. Neither do I. *(Cal brings the coat to her. He tries to help her with it but her arms stay at her side. The coat hangs on her shoulders. Awkwardly, they hug goodbye.)* Thank you. *(Bud and Will come back into the room. Bud is in his pajamas. He has a Band-Aid on his forehead from where he fell. He is carrying a glass of milk and a plate of Oreo cookies for Katharine. Will is right behind him.)*

WILL. Ta da! In lieu of martinis, Master Bud Ogden-Porter is offering milk and Oreos this evening.

KATHARINE. Evening! I really must go. What time is it?

CAL. Honey, your head! Let Pop-pop see.

BUD. Pappy fixed it.

CAL. Did he give you a kiss and make it go away?

BUD. That’s for little boys.

WILL. *(To Cal.)* Of course I did.

CAL. Is he okay?

WILL. A little scratch. That chair is too wobbly to stand on, I told you this would happen. *(Bud has walked over to Katharine who is still sitting where she was.)*
BUD. Here. I was crying, too. These will make you stop. They’re Oreos.
KATHARINE. Thank you.
BUD. Do they have Oreos where you live?
KATHARINE. I think they have Oreos everywhere.
BUD. You don’t have to be my grandmother if you don’t want. (Katharine still hasn’t taken an Oreo or touched the milk.) They’re really good, Katharine.
CAL. That’s enough, Buddy.
KATHARINE. What did you call me?
BUD. I’m sorry, you’re Andre’s mother.
KATHARINE. No, I’m Katharine. Thank you, Bud. (She takes an Oreo and bites into it.) This is an excellent Oreo. I think it might be the best Oreo ever. (She takes another bite.) I’m sure of it.
BUD. Aren’t you going to drink your milk? (Katharine takes up the glass of milk.)
KATHARINE. It’s ice cold, just the way it should be. (She takes a sip of the milk.) Excellent.
BUD. You have a milk moustache.
KATHARINE. So do you.
BUD. Do you want me to tell you a story? I know how to tell stories. But you can’t cry anymore, Katharine. (He sits next to her.) Once upon a time, there was a boy with two fathers: Pappy and Pop-pop. They lived up high where they could see Spider-Man very, very close every Thanksgiving. They were blessed. But they had no grandmother. (Cal and Will are close together but apart from Katharine and Bud. Bud continues to spin his tale. The fireplace looks especially appropriate. Katharine still has her coat on. We hear a clear, lyric soprano singing “L’ameró, saro costante” from Mozart’s Il re pastore, the same music that was performed at Andre’s memorial service. Katharine takes it in.)
KATHARINE. Oh.
BUD. One day they found one. She had a milk moustache and her name was Katharine. (The four of them have stopped moving. The lights have stopped fading. Instead they are swiftly raised to a blinding white intensity. We look at them like this, motionless, until the lights snap off.)

End of Play
PROPERTY LIST

Andre’s journal
Large framed *Hamlet* poster with Andre’s photo
Large cardboard box of photos and clippings
Photos of Andre
Bottle of Dewar’s
Glass of Dewar’s
Yellowed press clipping
Glass of milk
Plate of Oreos