

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