

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 Andre'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.