

TOMMY: It's not bad. It's nice really—except when it rains.

GRACE: Hmmmm. (*Pause*) I know! You'll stay here! With us!

TOMMY: Well—

EMMA: That's a wonderful idea!

TOMMY: I'm afraid I couldn't do that.

GRACE: Why not?

TOMMY: I have my pride.

EMMA: Tommy!

TOMMY (*Proud*): Did you ever see *The Grapes of Wrath*?

GRACE: I'll tell you what—you can earn your keep!

TOMMY: Doing what?

GRACE: Well, Flo seems to be *in absentia*. You can be the maid!

TOMMY: I don't know—

EMMA (*To Grace*): You're a genius!

TOMMY: I don't think—

GRACE: Perhaps Mr. Duncan could find you something at the bank, but I hate to ask him—he's been so overwrought lately. If you prove yourself as the maid then he'll have to give you a job!

TOMMY: Couldn't we just—

GRACE: It's settled. You need a job and I need a servant!

TOMMY: But—

GRACE: No, no! I've decided. And when I decide something I decide it. Now, come along with me and we'll see if that old Flo left any uniforms in her closet—you'll love the servants' quarters. Pale blue with little ducks on the baseboard—then you can draw me a bath!

TOMMY: Emma!

GRACE (*Ushering Tommy off*): You can have Mondays and every other Sunday off. Unless of course we're entertaining. Can you make Bananas Foster? Flo made a divine Bananas Foster!

TOMMY: Of course not.

GRACE (*Exiting*): It's easy! You take several ripe bananas and a bottle of brandy, sauté in butter, halve the bananas, flambé and serve, at once, à la mode.

(*Grace and Tommy are gone. Emma goes to her purse and takes a pill. She addresses the audience. As she speaks, Todd enters, unnoticed by her, through the terrace doors.*)

EMMA: I know I shouldn't. But one can't hurt, and dear God, I'm in continual pain. My skin is killing me. I feel as if this weren't my skin at all. It's someone else's skin. It's the skin of a tiny child and it's been stretched over my body. I'm sorry, I'm Emma Duncan. Welcome. I don't mind telling you I'm glad that's over. Mother can be so overbearing. I know she means well. I know she loves me. I know it, I know it, I know it, I know it. But that doesn't make her any easier to take and Tommy doesn't have much self-confidence. But he does have beautiful hair and lips like pudding. Doesn't he? I think I love him very much. I dream about him every night—

TODD: Hello.

EMMA (*Startled*): What?!

TODD: I said hello.

EMMA: Where did you come from?

TODD: I walked from the train station.

EMMA (*Nervous and afraid of him*): How did you get in here?

TODD: I just want to lie down.

EMMA: I asked you a question!

TODD: The door was open.

EMMA: That door is locked!

TODD: No, it's not.

EMMA: What do you want?

TODD: I need a place to live. I need a place to sleep. I've been traveling so long. I've been walking forever.

EMMA: Don't sit down!

TODD: Everything's different.

EMMA: What are you talking about?

TODD: The furniture's different.

EMMA: Different from what?

TODD: The sofa is new.

EMMA: Do you want money? Is that what you want?
 TODD: I don't want any money.
 EMMA: Why are you staring at me?!
 TODD: You look so different.
 EMMA: Don't come at me—
 TODD: You look beautiful.
 EMMA: Get out of here!
 TODD: Don't you recognize me?
 EMMA: Just go, please!
 TODD: You don't remember me?
 EMMA: We've never met—
 TODD (*Approaching her*): Of course we have.
 EMMA: Stay away!
 TODD: Don't be afraid.
 EMMA: Stay where you are!
 TODD: I'm your brother.
 EMMA: I don't have a brother!
 TODD: I've been away a long time.
 EMMA: My stomach hurts.
 TODD: But I'm back.
 EMMA: My skin is too tight.
 TODD: What's wrong with you?
 EMMA: I don't have any brothers or sisters!
 TODD: Look at me!
 EMMA: My father'll be home soon! If you touch me, he'll kill you!
 TODD: Look at me Emma!
 EMMA: He's the chief of police! He's a Nazi! He'll kill you!
 TODD (*Grabbing her*): Think!
 EMMA: Let me go!
 TODD: Remember growing up!
 EMMA: You're hurting me!
 TODD: We played games!
 EMMA: Oh God! You're going to rape me, aren't you! GOD!
 DADDY! GOD! HELP ME!
 TODD: Think!

(*She breaks free.*)

Emma!?

EMMA (*Threatening him with a letter opener*): I don't know who you are, but get out of here or I'll kill you myself! I WILL!
 TODD: I just needed a place to stay—

(*Grace rushes on.*)

GRACE: Emma! What on earth's going— (*She sees Todd*) Todd?
 TODD: Mother.

(*Grace and Todd embrace.*)

EMMA (*To herself*): There's something wrong with me. There's something very wrong.
 GRACE: Let me look at you!
 TODD: How are you Mother?
 GRACE: Emma, why didn't you tell me your brother—
 EMMA: I don't have a brother!!
 TODD: I'm home Mother.
 EMMA: Who is this person?
 GRACE: She forgets things.
 EMMA: I'd remember a brother.
 GRACE: Well, you'd think so—Todd, let me look at you.
 EMMA: What's going on here?
 GRACE: Oh think, Emma. You remember Todd. Think! He went away five years ago to study sculpting?
 EMMA: I don't think so.
 GRACE: Think back. When you were twelve we went to Washington? We had a picnic. We sat on the lawn and ate sandwiches and grapes. You got amebic dysentery.
 EMMA: Who did?
 TODD: When you were ten we all went to London, for Christmas.
 GRACE: We ate lard and salty beans.

TODD: We walked the bridge in the cold dank mist.
 EMMA: I don't know what anyone's talking about!
 GRACE: She represses.
 TODD: She's lucky.
 GRACE: What an ironic remark. Isn't your brother ironic?
 EMMA: Who?
 GRACE: Skip it—You look thin. Are you eating?
 TODD: You mean right now?
 GRACE: I meant in general.
 TODD: Oh.
 GRACE: It's wonderful to see you.—How long can you stay?—
 Your father'll be thrilled!
 TODD: He will?
 GRACE: He'll be home soon. He's at the bank.
 TODD: On a Sunday?
 GRACE: Is it Sunday?
 EMMA (*Out*): Who are these people!
 GRACE: I was just saying to Nina Triten how I wish you'd come home for a visit. I was beginning to think you didn't like us. And now, here you are! You're a man! A grown up! Do I look different? I've just lost five pounds. I eat lemon zest and bib lettuce! Prisoners on death row eat better than I!—I've stopped smoking. That was three years ago. When Bunny Witton died of emphysema, I took it for a sign—You look well. Your clothes don't fit and I must admit they're dirty.
 TODD: They're comfortable.
 GRACE: We'll get you some new clothes. We'll go shopping first thing in the morning. Remember how we used to go shopping? You'll need a blazer. I saw a beautiful Byblos at Plage Tahiti.—Where are my manners!? You must be starved! How did you get here? Would you like a drink?
 TODD: No thank you.
 EMMA: I would.

(*Grace rings bell.*)

GRACE: Be honest. I look older, don't I? I shouldn't. I had my eyes done last August, but one's tighter than the other and now everyone thinks I'm winking at them all the time—I know! We'll have a party! How long can you stay!
 TODD: I don't think that's—
 GRACE: It's decided! I have decided. You'll be the guest of honor!
 TODD: I have AIDS.
 GRACE (*After a moment*): We'll have a buffet, that'll be nice. You give me a list of what you'd like. Or we could barbecue. That'd be sweet. I don't have any idea what you like anymore.
 TODD: I have AIDS. I need a bed and a place to live. I have AIDS.
 GRACE (*Falling apart, plowing ahead*): Your father can string up those paper lanterns. The ones we used at your sister's sweet sixteen. We still have them, I think. I think they're in the attic. We packed them away, I think, with the Christmas ornaments.
 TODD: I need a pillow and some peace and quiet.
 EMMA: Who are you?
 GRACE: We'll serve champagne or punch, or something to drink.
 TODD: I have—
 GRACE (*Her despair now shows*): And the Beekmans'll come! Essie was always fond of you. She's married now. Gotten fat. Don't be shocked when you see her.
 TODD: I said—
 GRACE: I don't think she's happy really. She married a nice enough man. Very attractive. In real estate.
 TODD: I have AIDS.
 GRACE: I think he beats her.
 TODD: I have AIDS.
 GRACE: And the Plimptons.
 TODD: Listen to me.
 GRACE (*Rather frenzied now*): And the Weathertons—maybe we should cater! I don't know—I love planning a party! I feel I'm really in my element when I'm planning a party! We'll have music on the terrace! I'm most alive planning a

party! You'll see, Todd, it'll be wonderful! It'll be beautiful! You're going to love it! You're just going to love it!

TODD: I have AIDS.

(Blackout. Grace steps into a pool of light and addresses the audience.)

GRACE: We were always very close and I thought Todd extremely gifted. He sculpted the gargoyles on the terrace, of course that was later. We didn't need to speak. Sometimes, we would just sit in the garden, reading, not needing to speak. We would watch the leaves change color.

(Arthur joins her in the pool of light.)

It's Todd, Arthur.

ARTHUR: Who?

GRACE: Buzz. Talk to him.

ARTHUR: What's wrong?

GRACE: He's dying.

(Grace turns and exits. After a moment, Arthur addresses the audience.)

ARTHUR: When he was a boy, Buzz wanted to be a sports announcer on the radio. He loved the Philadelphia Phillies. He talked about them all the time. He said their names over and over again: Nick Etten and Danny Litwhiler, Eddie Waitkus and his favorite, Granville Hammer. Buzz worshipped him. He saw the poetry in his name. Oh, that was me. Not Buzz. I liked the Phillies. Buzz drew a lot. I think Buzz was born a month after my father died and I was a little distracted. He never liked the Phillies, I did. But later, we had catches, on the yard. And like all little boys, Buzz looked up to me and idealized me. He admired me. He loves me and I love him. He's my son and my world and the most

important thing in my life—did I say thing? I mean person. And I would do anything for him. Take any suffering. I would cut off my arm. I wouldn't cut off my arm. I know it's a figure of speech, but I wouldn't. I need my arms. He's not the most important person in my life. I do love him, but I said that, didn't I?

(The lights come up. Todd is dragging a large sack in from the terrace.)

Buzz?

TODD: Yes?

ARTHUR: What are you doing?

TODD: I've been in the yard.

ARTHUR: What?

TODD: I fell asleep on the sofa, I thought I'd never wake up. But I had strange dreams, so I went out for some air. *(He spills the contents of the sack onto the floor. It is dozens of bones)*

ARTHUR: What is that?

TODD: There was something sticking up, out of the ground. I dug it up.

ARTHUR: This is garbage.

TODD: These are bones.

ARTHUR: So, a dog buried bones.

TODD: We don't have a dog.

ARTHUR: Maybe your sister.

TODD *(Sorting through the bones, on the floor)*: I think this house was built on a burial ground.

ARTHUR: So what?

TODD: Or maybe there's been a murder.

ARTHUR: What are you talking about?

TODD: Or maybe these are fossils.

ARTHUR: Put them away.

TODD: I'm going to find out. I'm going to put them together.

ARTHUR: I'd like to talk to you.

TODD *(Fitting the bones together)*: Talk.