

MARK        There goes my fair-weather father.

FRAN        Don't say that.

MARK        Come on, Mom. We all know that you steer this ship in a storm. He's a great Dad. He coached us in Little League. He was terrific at that. Anything more complex and he's a little lost.

FRAN        It might be me you see shouting the orders but it's always your father making the phone calls behind the scenes, making sure things happen. He and I are a good team. But we never saw this one coming. Don't expect us to be good at it, right away.

MARK        But eventually? Can I expect that, Mom?

She hesitates... she doesn't know what to say.

MARK        It's ok. I've got good people around me.

FRAN        What people have you got... what people have you spoken to before you would speak to your own family about this?

MARK        People like me, Mom. There's a whole world out there.

FRAN        Spare me the details, would you?

MARK        You need to get educated. If you want to have a relationship/

FRAN        What?

MARK        If you want to have a meaningful relationship

FRAN        You're threatening me?

MARK        If you want to have a relationship with me in the future you need to know that the space in between black and white is much wider than you have ever imagined.

FRAN        I have been a nurse for thirty years. I have seen all sorts of in-between. I have wiped the asses and tended the wounds of men who have been women and women who have been men. So I know what this looks like. But here, now I am a mother. And I'm losing something I don't want to lose. That boy. The one we raised. Your father and me. That man. What happens to him? Do we even get to say goodbye?

MARK        I'm moving to San Francisco in a month.

FRAN        No.

MARK        You don't get to decide that.

FRAN        You're going to need support.

MARK        Yeah, but not from you.

They hold on each other.

MARK        I don't want to hurt you, Mom. But I can't do this here. There's no place for me here.

FRAN        We will make a place.

MARK        Yeah, I can just see it. I don't want to be the strange Aunt at the end of the table at Thanks Giving. The woman whose hands are too large and whose voice is too deep to be right. The unhappy woman at the end of the table who everyone talks about when she goes home.

FRAN        Is that who you think we are?

MARK        Mom, I can't stay here. I've got to find my own people. I've got to make a new family.

FRAN        And what do I get? Your mother. Who pushed you out of here. My cunt. And don't flinch at the word, Mark. Not if you're going to go out and get one.