

and only sees the best. Like Dad. That's what Dad sees when he looks at me. I wish you could too.

*(Sings) Yes, and Jane came by with a lock of your hair
She said that you gave it to her*

Fran joins her softly

That night that you planned to go clear

And then Fran sings the last line alone

Did you ever go clear?

START

PIP

I never really understood the song when I was a girl. I still don't. But I knew enough to know that it was about love and that each time you played it you wanted to cry. You never did. Not with us around. Only once did I see you let yourself go. You thought you were alone. In the backyard. Leaning against the old oak tree. Howling and howling. Banging your head against the trunk. Why were you crying that day, Mom?

Fran quickly wipes a tear away before it dares to fall.

PIP

I'm sorry I never asked you. Why didn't we have those conversations? I think that maybe we were too busy hiding the things that really mattered from each other.

And so I'm sitting here in my apartment and it's threatening to snow. And I hope that it does because that's a good enough reason not to go out. And I'm playing that song and wondering why it meant so much to you. And I can only ask this from a distance because I'm scared of seeing the truth in your face like you saw it in mine.

I met him at an education conference on that first trip to Helsinki. I didn't see it coming. Do you ever see it coming? So yes, your accusation of another man was right. Are you ever wrong, Mom?

I was ready. For him. For love. A guy from Finland! Can you believe it! I mean it sure aint the Midwest. I guess that was the point. He wasn't a part of the world I knew. A public education specialist. A man who spoke with passion about things I stopped caring about years ago.

It wasn't hard. I was ready to fall. For someone. Someone who reminded me of what mattered. And so I fell, Mom. In love. Three days at a conference. Six months of thrilling emails and text messages and clandestine phone calls and I knew that I had to come.

He's married. Of course. You knew that too. Three children. A son and two daughters. To a woman who is good and fine and right and beautiful. But I don't care. Because I feel loved. By him. Like I have never felt loved by Steve. My good sweet husband who has done nothing but care for me and the children but who does not look much further in life than the end of his own driveway. And now, I'm waiting for his call, my lover, wondering if tonight he will find the excuse to leave his good wife, his sweet children and his safe home and come to me.

I didn't want to be this woman, Mom. But I can't leave. I won't. Eventually, he will have to make a choice and it probably won't be me. But for now... well for now, I am this woman.

"Thanks for taking the trouble from her eyes". Do you remember that line from the song? That is what this man has done for me. And I'm wondering if there was someone who could have done it for you, if you let them.

My love, Pip.

Fran sits in the silence of the yard. Bob has come out of the house and is watching.

BOB Is everything all right?

FRAN It's fine.