

BRIAN. Mom.
What you're saying is, it's not making any sense.
NANCY. So, then the years went by and finally, I thought, if I have a child, maybe.
Maybe that will help. So I had children.
Ben, and then you because I wanted Ben to have a companion.
And also I thought maybe at some point something will click
And my heart will do the things it's supposed to be doing.
But my heart never did.
And so then I just sort of... Gave up.
BRIAN. Gave up on...
NANCY. On getting out of love with him.
I probably still love him right now.
Hard to say.
BRIAN. Hal.
NANCY. Stop saying "Hal" like that.
BRIAN. Is it not his name?
NANCY. I don't like it.
BRIAN. You don't like his name.
NANCY. I don't like the way you say it.
BRIAN. I don't know how else to say it.
Hal. "Hal."
NANCY. The point being,
I realized it was impossible for me not to love him,
So I just learned to live with it.
Sort of the way people live with back pain.
Or a limp.
Don't act like it's some big deal.
BRIAN. Why didn't you marry him in the first place?
NANCY. The timing was always wrong.
Oh, I waited and waited for him—
For years, I waited—
And then
I just panicked.
I wasn't getting any younger and,

In those days, you know,
It was very uncommon for a girl not to be married.
And your father seemed nice enough.
And stable.
A pharmacist is a very respectable job.
BRIAN. Jesus, Mom.
NANCY. And then by the time Hal finally came home from all his adventures—
It was too late.
So, there you go.
BRIAN. And that was it?
NANCY. Well, no.
I would see Hal from time to time.
He would come round every now and then to see his parents—
This was before they died.
His mother had terrible Alzheimer's.
It was so sad, by the end she didn't even recognize Pepper—
They always had terriers, I don't know why START
BRIAN. So, every few years you would grab a cup of coffee with Hal.
NANCY. Mmm-hmm. He was married too. He had daughters.
BRIAN. But he felt the same way.
NANCY. Oh, yes.
BRIAN. But you'd just, like, go to Peet's Coffee at the mall.
NANCY. A bit further out.
I'd tell your father I was getting my hair done or something.
He'd never notice if I had my hair done or not, so.
BRIAN. And you'd just grab a coffee.
NANCY. One time we had dinner.
Your father was off on a fishing trip
And Hal's mother happened to have broken her hip
The exact same week so, you know, for once in our lives our timing
was good.
BRIAN. Uh-huh.
NANCY. And Ben was old enough to watch you by then,

And I told him if he was good I'd buy him baseball cards and then I just...

I snuck out.

Like a teenager.

BRIAN. Where did you go?

NANCY. We drove, we drove a few hours away
And had dinner at a steak place in Philadelphia.
It was delicious.

One of those places where the butter is shaped like roses.
And then, after dinner, he asked me if I wanted to go on a drive.
We drove and drove.

And he parked down under a bridge,
By the banks of the Schuylkill.

I was wearing my first dress of the summer—
I remember it was short, with no stockings on—
Purple and green and black.

Do you remember it? You wouldn't.

BRIAN. No.

NANCY. It had these tiny flowers and it was one of those halter tops,
My shoulders were bare in it, and it was so
Short that when we got out of the car,
I worried it would blow right up.
But I kind of liked that feeling too
Because I was wearing my best underwear.

BRIAN. Mom.

NANCY. And we just sat down, out there, by the water.
I could feel the wind blowing up on my legs, and
I could feel the cold ground underneath me.
Nobody was around—it was the middle of the night.
I had lost all track of time.

BRIAN. You're lucky Ben and I didn't die.

NANCY. I know, I know.

But really, he was old enough to look after you // at this point.

BRIAN. This is Ben we're talking about, Mom.

NANCY. You were fine.

BRIAN. And you're out in fancy underwear.

NANCY. I didn't say it was fancy, I said it was my best.
It wasn't all that nice.

And then later that night...

He gave me the most incredible...

BRIAN. What?

NANCY. How do you say it...

BRIAN. What,
Flowers?

NANCY. Head.

BRIAN. (*A pause, confused.*) What?

NANCY. He gave me the most incredible head.

BRIAN. WHAT?

NANCY. I lay back // and he just went up under my skirt—

BRIAN. Mom Mom Mom Mom Mom Mom Mom—

NANCY. I had never felt anything like it in my entire life.

BRIAN. Mom. You have to stop.

NANCY. I had never felt anything like it.
He told me—he loved my, you know...
He said, "I love your pussy."

BRIAN. Mom, please—I'm begging you—

NANCY. Just like that. Just like that.

And. The truth is?

In my entire life with your father, he never said anything like that to me.
He never said anything like that.

In our entire married life he never once even mentioned my pussy.
I mean we never discussed it.

God knows, I praised his penis to the high heavens—
I went on and on about how wonderful it was—

BRIAN. (*Trying not to hear this.*) Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah.

NANCY. (*Sudden, forceful.*) No.

You have to hear this.

Nancy turns to him with ferocity.
I will be a whole person to you.

END