

Praise for *The Baby Monitor*

Nominated for 4 IDGTF Gala Awards (Dublin, Ireland):

Doric Wilson Award for Intercultural Dialogue

Micheál Mac Liammóir Award for Outstanding Performance by a Male: Leo Goodman

Eva Gore Booth Award for Outstanding Performance by a Female: Amanda Jones

Oscar Wilde Award for Best New Writing: David Stallings

"*The Baby Monitor* asks courageous questions about gay parenting, race and discrimination from loved ones – And this tight-knit cast really do feel like a family, each performance echoing and bouncing off the others with a skill that makes the relationships depicted appear hauntingly real... Some in the LGBT+ community who have suffered discrimination from loved ones still love who have discriminated against them. We try to give people second chances, but it puts our safety at risk – and *The Baby Monitor* shows that, when we ask ourselves whether we should stop trying, there's sometimes no easy answer."

-Cassia Gaden Gilmartin, *Gay City News* (Dublin, Ireland)

"If we learned anything from Ireland's marriage referendum it is that many people still have misgivings about gay parents. Children were frequently used as a stick to beat the yes side with and the amount of misunderstanding and ignorance around the issue was shocking. This makes this play perhaps rather timely for Irish audiences as same sex couples are still fighting for equal rights when it comes to parenting... Extremely thought provoking this will no doubt reopen debates amongst some audience members about same sex parental rights and the complications of surrogacy. At 75 minutes it doesn't outstay its welcome and for those not familiar with the complexities and prejudices that often accompany same sex parenting this will prove a very educational piece." -*No More Work Horse* (Dublin, Ireland)

"Even in an era with an explosion of visibility for LGBTQ people in the media, few of those portraits have gone beyond "skin deep". *The Baby Monitor* is unafraid to navigate into previously uncharted territory, particularly when it comes to tackling the issue of the deeply ingrained prejudices still faced by LGBTQ people– even as we enter 2019, even in "progressive" cities like the play's setting of Boston, and even when it comes from people who call themselves our allies. Just as Stallings' drama boldly taps into the feelings of its well-written, multi-faceted characters, it challenges the audience to do the same."

-Jed Ryan, *Lavender After Dark* (New York City)

"*The Baby Monitor* by David Stallings is a fascinating examination of how quickly our intimates resort to self-serving, backstabbing deception just when their loyalty is most needed. That it involves the relatively new phenomenon of gay parenthood gives it an added impact. That it is written with a thorough understanding of the complexities of gay parenthood vs. conservatives-in-liberal-clothing keeps it constantly edgy... Antonio Miniño's direction not only keeps things flowing, but almost makes up for the lack of a set. He understands just how to bring out passions and uneasy silences when necessary."

-Joel Benjamin, *Theater Scene* (New York City)

"5 Stars! Holiday gifts came early to the East Village this year... we were treated to a 5-star performance of Different Translation's *The Baby Monitor* at The Theater at The 14th Street Y... Although billed as a "workshop" of the play, the production is over-qualified to be called such. So check it out now, while it's still priced accordingly" -*Opplaud New York* (New York City)

"The plot centers around the suspicions a woman harbors concerning her gay cousin's treatment of the toddler son he shares with his husband. By fleshing out this nightmare scenario with all-too-common misunderstandings stemming from distinctions in race, class and religion, playwright David Stallings has delivered something far richer than an issues play. It is a thoughtful examination of the ways in which simply tolerating differences rather than embracing them can cause irreparable damage to our societal fabric... Direction by Stallings' husband Antonio Miniño is skillful, with an engaging blend of quiet touching moments and palpable strain."

-Cathy Hammer, *The Unforgettable Line* (New York City)

The Baby Monitor

A New Play by David Stallings

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The Baby Monitor was first presented as a workshop by Different Translation LLC at The Theater at the 14th Street Y in New York City, from November 29 through December 16, 2018, under the direction of Antonio Miniño, with the following cast:

CLAIRE	Amanda Jones
DAMON	David Stallings
PHILLIP	Héctor Matías
JOSH	Leo Goodman
SOLEDAD	Greta Quispe
SHELLY	Mel House

Lighting by Kia Rogers; sound by Jacob Subotnick; stage manager, Rachel Denise April; assistant stage manager, Ashton Pickering; assistant director, Ty Autry; associate producer, Ann Marie Yali; publicist, Katie Rosin of Kampfired PR.

The Baby Monitor was presented by Different Translation LLC as part of the International Dublin Gay Theatre Festival at the Teachers Club in Dublin, Ireland, from May 6th through the 11th, 2019, under the direction of Antonio Miniño, with the following cast:

CLAIRE	Amanda Jones
DAMON	David Stallings
PHILLIP	Antonio Miniño
JOSH	Leo Goodman
SOLEDAD	Greta Quispe
SHELLY	Mel House

Sound by Jacob Subotnick; stage manager, Rachel Denise April; associate producer, Ann Marie Yali.

The Baby Monitor was presented by Different Translation LLC and Heartefact Fund as part of the first Belgrade Pride Theatre Festival at the National Theater in Belgrade, Serbia, on September 9th, 2019, under the direction of Antonio Miniño, with the following cast:

CLAIRE	Amanda Jones
DAMON	David Stallings
PHILLIP	Antonio Miniño
JOSH	Leo Goodman
SOLEDAD	Greta Quispe
SHELLY	Mel House

Lighting by Kia Rogers, Sound by Jacob Subotnick; stage manager, Rachel Denise April; associate producer, Ann Marie Yali.

A finalist for the 2014 National New Play Network, *The Baby Monitor* was also developed at Planet Connections Theatre Festivity's Playwrights for A Cause, at The Duo Multicultural Arts Center's Pride Week Festival, and at Original Binding Productions' Naked Theater Festival. It was also developed in Hollywood at The Blank Theatre's Living Room Series.

Character Breakdown

Claire: (F) Late 30's, a self-proclaimed liberal with a conservative family history. Married to Josh.

Damon: (M) Late 30's, pragmatic, a blend of kindness and self-righteousness. Married to Phillip.

Phillip: (M) Late 30's, Dominican American, educated, gentle, and calm. Married to Damon.

Josh: (M) Late 30's, a pacifist with progressive ideals. Married to Claire.

Soledad: (F) Late 30's, artist & part-time nanny, Dominican immigrant. She has real depth and confusion over the issues in the play.

Shelly: (F) Late 20's-30's, no tolerance for apathy and unafraid of offending anyone.

Place: Boston, Mass.

Time: Thanksgiving 2018

Setting: Realism or realistic set is not necessary to tell the story.

Intermission: The play should be performed without one.

Spanish Translations can be found in an appendix.

Punctuation: / The next person begins to speak; —An interruption; ... There are no words

* Note, the show has Dominican characters, and Dominican Actors would be ideal, however, to fill the need other Latinx heritages are acceptable if all avenues have been explored and the characters are comfortable with the language.

Act 1
Scene 1

Lights up on Damon and Phillip's classy living room in a South End Boston street level apartment, with a large, expansive window looking out to a snowy day. It is late afternoon and Thanksgiving Dinner has just finished. It is obvious that a small child lives in the home—toys and books—a playpen in the corner and baby monitor on the coffee table. Claire sits alone in silence drinking wine.

Claire

Nothing changes. Not really.

Damon *directly offstage in the kitchen*

Yeah?

Claire

Same meal every year. From when our moms used to make it. Remember the night before? When they'd have us peel the crust off of all those loaves of French bread? Because *no crust* could be in the stuffing. We'd peel and crumble only the *white* of the bread. Then soak it in water, squeeze...then add the egg and the onion and the parsley and the sage and slow cook a ladle at a time in butter for hours. Up all night, while my Dad drank Fosters, until the two of us would pass out and wake up to the smell of that stuffing simmering in the turkey as the Macy's Day parade would start on TV. Did you make it just like that?

Damon *still in the kitchen*

I did.

Claire

You can call it tradition, but it lasts because it's right.

Damon

It's just the drinks that got stronger.

Claire

Would you get in here?

Damon

Let me load the dishwasher—

Claire

We have a second—*one second* before the boys come barreling / back in that door—

Damon

And I want to take that second to *clean* / before we—

Claire

/That has never bothered you—

Damon

Ever since Caleb I am obsessed with a clean house.

Claire *pointedly*

The nanny helps / I'm sure—

Damon

She's temporary for the holidays—until business slows down. (*Entering*) I'm here...

Claire

So, you don't trust the nanny?

Damon

We don't want a stranger raising our child.

Claire

We didn't have nannies.

Damon

You had a stay at home mom.

Claire

You didn't have a nanny.

Damon

No. My mom left me with *your* mom. Besides, Phillip knows her... We were beyond. Honestly. We were always fighting—

Claire

You just made my day.

Damon

...

Claire

Oh please—you both are always so perfect—

Damon

We are not / *perfect*—

Claire

/Aside from the fact that you're gay, you are practically perfect.

Damon

Aside from the fact that we're gay?

Claire
That's not so ideal.

Damon
It's fine by me.

Claire
You had an obstacle.

Damon
Being gay is an *obstacle*?

Claire
Tell me, did *not* having a vagina help you have a child?

Damon
...

Claire
I just mean it's nice that you have real problems too, Mary Poppins.

Damon
I don't want to talk about parenting today.

Claire
No—you just don't want to talk about parenting with *me*.

Damon
It's not like that.

Claire
We aren't even trying anymore, Damon. It's not a competition with me. Anymore. I know it seemed like it was. But now it definitely isn't. I can't have kids.

Damon
Who said that?

Claire
We've been trying for five years.

Damon
Claire...

Claire
My doctor says I missed my window. Just like that. At thirty-five.

Damon

I'm sorry.

Claire

Yes. And it happens. It's good to be with you again, showing me what a lovely *mother* you've become.

Damon

Well... If you need tips on how to have a child without using your own vagina...

She belts out a laugh as if it were her first in years.

Claire

I love the hell out of you... I've missed you.

Damon

I see you all the time.

Claire

I know you think I resented you having a baby—

Damon

We don't have to do this—

Claire

I did. I resented it. *(Beat)* But I love you. And I love Phillip. And I *love* your son.

Damon

Thank you.

Claire goes to the window and looks out.

Claire

And *Caleb* is *so*—he's gotten so big in the last couple of months.

Damon

You guys are going to have to go soon if you want to avoid the ice.

Claire

I want to stay a bit longer if that's okay?

Damon

What are they doing out there?

Claire

It's involving a ball.

Damon
Phillip can't even catch when a two-year-old throws.

Claire
Your nanny is better than both of them.

Damon
She's intense.

Claire
Where's she from?

Damon
She's Dominican. Like Phillip.

Claire
Oh but she seems... more ethnic than Phil—right? —

Damon
Don't say that—

Claire
I didn't mean it as a negative.

Damon
Please.

Claire
Is she legal?

Damon
You sound like your mother.

We hear a front door open and close. Voices and movement. Josh and Phillip (the respective husbands) enter taking off gloves etc. Phillip touches Damon.

Damon
You're freezing.

Claire
Where's Caleb?

Phillip
Soledad is putting him to bed.

Josh
That kid is amazing. Claire, did you see?

Claire
We were catching up...

Josh
You've got to get him a mitt—

Phillip
Josh, I swear! *(To Damon)* Caleb did love it.

Josh
If you want, I can come by sometime and...

Phillip
That would be / great.

Damon
/ Okay. I say another round.

Claire
Yes please.

Phillip
Josh. Scotch?

Josh
Anything but what the three of you are having.

Claire
Don't act like not drinking chardonnay makes you butch.

Josh
Oh, I know I'm not—you tell me all the time—

Claire
I do not! Damon—I am so glad our mothers aren't here.

Damon goes to the bar and prepares drinks.

Josh
We are *all* glad your mothers aren't here.

Claire
Since our mothers aren't here I get to ask *the question*.

Josh suddenly to Claire

Are we there yet? / No /

Claire

/Yes / Why not?

Phillip

What?

Josh

Phil, I don't know if you are aware but Claire and I are barren.

Phillip

I wasn't.

Josh

We don't mean to be forward—

Claire

Not at all—

Josh

Not at all.

Claire

How much does renting a uterus cost?

Phillip

That's not something we're comfortable—

Damon

About sixty-five thousand.

Claire

Holy fucking Christ!

Josh

Fuck me.

Damon

It was expensive.

Damon hands out drinks.

Claire

I need my Chardonnay with an ice cube.

Damon

Okay.

He goes into the kitchen, opens an icebox, uses a tong to get a single ice-cube.

Claire

Sixty-five thousand fucking dollars for *nine months*?

Damon

And the loss of her stomach and thigh definition—

Claire

Do you think there's negotiating room?

Damon

We didn't feel like bargaining was appropriate.

Claire

And how much did the egg cost?

Phillip

It was donated from a friend.

Claire to Josh

I told you it was that lesbian from the wedding. *(To Damon)* The assistant at your shop?

Damon

Shelly—you've met her a dozen times—but we promised anonymity.

Claire

We should befriend a lesbian. At least the egg would be free.

Josh

Your eggs are fine. *(Then to the boys)* It's the "house" that needs lending.

Claire

Surrogacy actually sounds much less painful than the ring of fire your sister spoke about.

Josh

Colleen had a natural birth with a midwife. I filmed it. The midwife suggested a glass of wine just before labor but she wouldn't have it/

Claire

/Neither would I/

Josh

/There was a sound—I kid you not—when the head crowned—like a snap—

Claire

Josh! Seriously... *(Beat. She eyes Damon.)* Who's the father?

Phillip

It's not a fair question.

Claire

We are family. We need to know. You cannot both be the father.

Phillip

We both donated our sperm so the result would be fate.

Claire

You're Latin, Phil.

Phillip

My mother had green eyes.

Claire

Caleb's eyes are blue. *(An awkward moment.)* I just keep waiting for the day you guys decide you want another baby, only with my egg and Phillip's junk.

Damon

That would never happen.

Phillip

Josh is dying.

Josh

Josh is fine. Josh has lost all "ickiness" when discussing fertility, vaginal humidity, moments to be ready to go—even if you just ate—Josh has endured sperm counts, taking cold showers, wearing boxers instead of briefs—at this point, Josh is immune to it all!

Claire

But he *is* wondering why the T.V. isn't on.

Josh

Because the game starts any minute guys and I'm going to lose it.

Damon

We're having Thanksgiving.

Josh

For many, Thanksgiving involves the Saints.

Damon

I'm not religious.

Josh

It's a football team.

Damon

Oh I know. I just prefer freedom of speech over the NFL these days.

Claire

When did you ever watch football—don't make a political statement today when you—

Josh

I actually agree with you on that Damon... I'm fine.

Soledad enters.

Soledad

He's out. Didn't I tell you that he'd sleep better if he got some exercise?

Phillip

Ajá. Lo has dicho bastante veces.

Soledad

Ya ves que tenía la razón.

Claire

What's going on?

Phillip

Caleb went right to sleep.

Soledad to Phillip

Do you need me to stay, **Felipe**?

Claire

Ask her to join us...

Damon

Ask her yourself.

Soledad

I'll stay.

Claire
Good, I didn't get to say two words to you at dinner.

Soledad
Yeah.

Claire
I'm sorry I'm just meeting you today.

Soledad
Nice to finally meet your family Damon.

Claire
How do you like the states?

Damon
/Claire. Seriously. /

Soledad *to Claire*
How do you find the states? I've lived here fifteen years. I had my little girl here.

Claire
Well, that's the Dream Act isn't it?

Josh
Soledad. I think you're cool.

Soledad
Who are you? I just mean I ain't seen your family around here. And they said family was close when I took the job.

Claire
We're close by New England standards.

Soledad
I feel that. I see my family whenever I can.

Claire
They're in the D.R.?

Soledad
Washington Heights. Manhattan.

Claire
Oh—Why are you up here?

Soledad
They pay me good.

Damon
Claire—Christmas? You'll be with your mom?

Claire
Yes.

Josh
Her mom is a bitch about Christmas.

Claire
Fucking hell, Josh!

Damon
Oh Aunt Kathy... You cannot move in her house with all the paraphernalia. I mean; she sets the manger in the fireplace. With angels on the mantel, porcelain animals all around the hearth, and baby Jesus right in the middle of kindling. Every year I threaten to light the match.

Claire
Mom is a traditional person.

Phillip *to Claire*
I only know Kathy from the wedding—she wore the hat.

Damon
She didn't say a fucking word to me though—I was shocked she came.

Claire
She's old. Her coming was statement enough.

Damon
Not even a "congratulations"? She just stood there at our wedding like it was a funeral.

Claire
Your mother didn't say much either.

Damon
I spoke with her about that.

Claire
I'm sure you did. (*She could drop it here but cannot.*) You've got to let it go Damon. It's their generation, it takes them longer.

Damon

Sure...

Claire

They love you. That's why they were there. Even if they didn't know what to say.

Damon

Everyone knows what to say at a wedding. They chose not to say it.

Soledad

My family wouldn't get it. In our country, the gays stay quiet and sure as hell don't have no wedding.

Phillip

And that's why I moved. *(Beat)* Okay. I just want to say. Thank you. To everyone here. Because, it took us a while to get here and we did. I don't know how much Damon has told you, but my parents are no longer with us. I lost both of them by the time I was a teenager. I had no immediate family and when I met Damon, he didn't have much either. Claire, you were the only family talking to him. Now that's changed. I've met aunts and cousins and... on behalf of our family, I'd like to thank you for being part of that change. *(He raises his glass.)*

Claire raising her glass as well

And to all the love and tradition that...though it has changed, is still the same basically.

Damon

I like to think so.

Claire

Not trying to get pregnant has made my relationship with alcohol much more interactive.

Damon

Believe me—having a child has the same effect.

Josh

How's the shop going?

Damon

Boston is probably the only city in the US that can support an independent bookstore. Kindles gave us all a big hit—then smart phones—but the coffee shop is what saved us.

Phillip

That was my idea.

Damon

And that's the part that's mobbed—the books are collecting dust.

Soledad
White people love their coffee shops.

Claire
Phillip, are you and Soledad related?

Phillip
No. Her mother was my caregiver as a child. And when my parents died, Soledad's mother basically raised me until boarding school.

Claire
Like Damon and me. Oh! Will Caleb go to St. Thomas?

Damon
No. *(Beat)* Caleb is going to the Montessori school.

Phillip
He's waitlisted...

Damon
He'll get in—everyone wants gay parents now. Lesbian moms in particular—trending.

Claire
I thought he'd go to St. Thomas like we did.

Damon
A kid with gay parents at a Catholic school sounds a bit contradictory.

Claire
The church has changed a lot—

Damon
I don't think we should talk about the Catholic Church today. Besides, it would be hypocritical of me to send our son there. I was bullied there, among other things.

Claire
I remember.

Damon
So—

Claire
I threw myself between you and several fists on multiple occasions. I remember.

Josh
Honestly I wouldn't care where my child went as long as there were metal detectors.

Claire

He doesn't mean at pre-school.

Josh

Yes I do. How many shootings since Sandy Hook? 200?

Damon

More. It was up to 220 when Florida happened last winter. Then Texas in the spring—

Claire

Please—guys, I walk into public schools daily—you'll give me nightmares.

Damon

And with this monster in the White House—

Claire

No-no no. No politics. We promised—

Damon

He legitimately belongs in prison/and the entire world knows it.

Claire

Damon—We were raised to respect the president.

Damon

We have a violence at every turn. Kids in cages—

Claire

It's awful. And their parents shouldn't have brought them.

Damon

I feel like I'm having an extended nervous breakdown—

Claire

I don't want to talk about this.

Damon

We were moving forward. What the actual fuck happened?

Claire

Frankly, I voted for Obama twice but I don't know that he did that much.

Damon

He made it so I could legally get married, give my husband health care if I needed to and created stability so we could start a small business. What are you talking about?

Claire

We were talking about guns though I wish we weren't.

Josh

That's where my mind would be if we had a kid. Can some jerk walk in with a gun? That's the bottom line.

Damon

And yes Josh—yes they can...

Phillip *rising and clapping his hands*

Baby pictures!

Claire

Yes! Baby pictures!

Damon

He really is amazing—Phillip tell them what Caleb did—with the action figures.

Phillip

It's *beyond*... He already understands that some people are gay and some aren't.

Claire

Not at that age.

Damon

Yes, he gets it.

Phillip

The other day he picked up two action figures—a boy and a girl. And he put them together and had them kiss. He said, "This is like Ben's Mom and Dad".

Damon

Ben's a friend from the playground.

Phillip

And then he picked up two male action figures—

Damon

Batman and Robin—

Phillip

And had them kiss and he said, "And this is like my daddies."

Damon

At two!

Claire

But he doesn't really *get it*.

Phillip

He does.

Soledad *rising*

I'll clean up.

Claire

He's trying to understand it—but—I know some grown men who don't get it.

Damon

Grown men are assholes. Kids get it more than you might suspect. Phillip, get the album.

Claire

You have to put today in it!

Damon

Yes.

They look through the book. Soledad collects abandoned glasses.

Claire

Oh my God! I've never seen this one—is that—

Damon

Just after delivery.

Josh

He came out big.

Damon

Almost nine pounds—with hair on his back.

Claire

He came out with blue eyes that stayed blue. Like Damon's eyes. I need another drink.

Damon

Me too!

Josh he really wants to catch the game

Are you sure? / It's just getting late!

Claire

/Hush.../I am with adults thank you and having fun thank you and need a chardonnay and pictures of babies. Thank you. (*Damon goes for the wine.*) With one ice-cube.

Soledad

I'm going to my room. You listen now—he still has those fits.

Phillip

Lo sé. Thank you for having dinner with us.

Soledad *turning on the baby monitor*

Someone had to make sure you made that boy eat. You just pinch his cheeks and tell him he's cute. I make him eat.

Josh

Snow's coming down fast...

Damon brings Claire her wine.

Claire

I'm having this and then we can go.

Phillip

Here is Caleb's first smile.

Damon

Or gas attack

Phillip

Stop it—

Damon

He's lactose intolerant because of me.

Claire

He *is* yours! I knew it!

Phillip *quickly moving on*

Here's my favorite! Shower with Daddy.

Soledad *suddenly stern*

Felipe...

Phillip

Vete. Vete ya.

She exits.

Claire

Make sure Soledad speaks only English in front of Caleb.

Phillip

Why?

Claire

You don't want to raise Caleb bilingual—at least not for the first five years.

Damon

You're not a doctor, Claire.

Claire

Speech-Language Pathology is associated with the profession. A bilingual home can cause language development issues that often go undiagnosed. (*Is this racist? She decides not.*) In Texas, for example, it's a real problem for bilingual teens. There are studies. It's not about you being Latin, Phil. There is time for him to bond with you on that level as he gets older.

Damon *quietly*

We speak English around Caleb. (*Beat*) Soledad's right. This picture is embarrassing.

Claire *finally looking*

Holy crap—are you naked Damon?

Damon

Well I don't wear a bathing suit in the shower—not since I was twelve anyway. Besides, it's decent. It's only waist up—I've gained weight.

Joshua

Hey man, it happens with pregnancy. (*Seeing the picture.*) Holy shit, he's peeing on you!

Damon

Yes.

Josh

It's definitely a boy! Look at that little cock!

Phillip

He pees on command!

Damon

He pees every time we bathe him! So we've moved on to showers.

Josh
Look at that little cock!

Damon
His little cock sprays like a water hose.

Josh
He's not circumcised?

Damon
No—we gave him that gift. Besides, it's way more sensitive if you don't.

Josh
Yeah?

Damon
Believe me—the first time I was with an uncircumcised guy, I thought my skill level must have drastically improved—but it was...

Josh
I'll take your word for it... He's a great kid.

Claire
He's two.

Josh
Only two and he can throw—you've got to get him a mitt.

Claire setting down her wine
Okay, snow's coming down hard. It's time to go. Why don't you go start the car?

Josh jumping up
I know—it's getting bad. I wish we could stay... I liked your scotch.

Phillip
We'll bring you a bottle.

Josh
Yes please. Boys... Boys! Always...

He hugs Damon and Phillip both individually with big bear hugs and exits.

Claire
I have to drag him here every time. And then getting him to leave is... He loves you guys.

Damon

I need you to help with the leftovers.

Damon exits into the kitchen.

Claire

Listen. I was talking to mom. Why haven't you baptized Caleb?

Damon *off*

I don't see how we could.

Claire

There's a Unitarian Church that will do it. I have friends who go there. I just mean if you're interested but don't want all the Catholic stuff. I'd love to be the Godmother.

Phillip

We'd love you to be the Godmother.

Damon reentering with a casserole dish

We'll think about it. Here, just take it—please. Love you.
They hug.

Claire

Who knew huh... It would turn out like this?

Claire exits. Phillip puts away the picture book. Claire stands outside, alone in a spot. We hear a car warming up. Josh joins her.

Josh

It's freezing—thank you for getting me out of there! What? (*Claire suddenly looks at him. Intensely. Josh doesn't get it.*) Babe let's go.

Josh exits to the car. Phillip exits. Damon looks outside the window and sees Claire. He waves. Claire waves back at Damon and exits. Spot out. Damon is alone on stage.

Blackout.

Scene 2

Damon and Phillip's: the following Saturday Morning. Soledad is on the phone with her daughter.

Soledad

And what did grandma make? **Sí? Ay que rico.** And then what did you do? **Al cine? Que película? La de la princesa? Tu eres una princesa mi amor. Sí.** When mommy comes home you have to sing it to me. You got to learn all the words **y cantármela. Te amo también mi niña bella.** I'll be there **mañana.** You be good, **respeto a la abuela.**

She's not mean—you listen to grandma. **No digas eso muchacha— portate bien. Oíste? Te quiero.** Put on your **abuela... Mami...** Why'd you take her to that movie? You knew I wanted to take her. I know I saw it—that's why I wanted to take her. I saw it with this kid, not mine. **No me estás oyendo. Sí,** I'll be there tomorrow. **Un día.** No, I won't be there Christmas—I told you. (*Sees Claire arriving*) **Mami, me tengo que ir. No, no soy la sirvienta – pero soy la única en la casa y tengo que atender a la visita.** Okay, bye.

She hangs up and exits, reentering with Claire who has the empty casserole dish.

Soledad

Back so soon? *Now* I believe you're family.

Claire

I wanted to return this. The boys aren't here? I thought since it was a Saturday—

Soledad

Busy day for them at that gay coffee shop.

Claire

Is it a gay coffee shop?

Soledad

I think it's a hookup spot.

Claire

Oh—I didn't—

Soledad

They act like they don't know. Like it's their coffee that's good. They called it Hard Bound, **por amor a Dios**—

Claire

That's because of the books.

Soledad

Hard Bound's some gay shit. You want some coffee?

Claire

Um. Sure.

Soledad pours coffee.

Soledad

You want milk? (*Claire nods.*) I figured... **Café con leche.**

Soledad hands her the coffee. Claire drinks.

Claire
This is great.

Soledad
Dominican coffee.

Claire
I didn't see you at the wedding. Damon and Phillip's.

Soledad
We weren't invited.

Claire
Oh.

Soledad
We wouldn't have gone.

Claire
A religious thing? (*Soledad is silent.*) My parents—they're religious too.

Soledad
I don't have a problem with gays.

Claire *smiling*
Neither do I. I was a bridesmaid at their wedding.

Soledad
You're a regular fruit fly.

Claire
Have you been taking care of children long?

Soledad
Since I was a kid. I stopped to have my own. Bianca.

Claire
How old is she? (*Beat. Soledad is skeptical.*) Why didn't you bring her here?

Soledad
She's young.

Claire
You just said you're okay with it.

I'm an adult. Soledad

I don't know that age well— Claire

Kids ask questions. Soledad

Does Caleb ask questions? Claire

Beat.

Lady...why are you here? Soledad

I wanted to talk to you. Claire

Soledad *laughing*

Coño... you never wanted to talk to a woman like me in your life.

I wouldn't say—no. Soledad No. Besides I—I—I love Damon and I don't want... Claire

What? What! Soledad

I don't—I don't— Claire

Now I'm speaking better than you. Put down that coffee—It's too much for you. Soledad

I have concerns. Claire

Concerns? Here's how this goes lady. You say what you got to say and maybe I'll answer. Soledad
But I ain't just gonna start shit—you understand?

Beat.

Does Caleb sexualize his toys often? Claire

Soledad *through a big laugh—it might take a minute*
 What?!? I don't even know what that means!

Claire

Where is he now anyway—is he...

Soledad

Jesus. He's... *(She controls herself.)* Nap time. *(She hands the baby monitor to Claire)*
 You can hear him breathe. Hear that?

Claire

He sounds so sweet.

Soledad

He's just breathing.

Claire

Phillip mentioned something Caleb does with his toys—his action figures.

Soledad

His dolls. Boy dolls are still dolls.

Claire

Making them kiss.

Soledad

Yeah he does that.

Claire

Is that normal in your experience?

Soledad

Man... Look, I'm here one more month and then I'm out.

Claire

You know I respect you. I respect you as a hard-working childcare professional.

Soledad

That's some fancy shit. No, I'm not that. You know what I do? I'm an artist. Yeah. I make art out of other objects. Like rice. I got this whole movement made out of different types of rice: portraits, murals—table tops for restaurants. Got a website. *This work* is my mother. She did it her whole life. And I got her and my daughter and just me to pay bills. So, this helps me.

Claire

Well. *They* need your help. They don't know what they're doing.

Soledad

Now *that!* *That's* true. They give him whatever he wants.

Claire

That's not what I mean—

Soledad

Spoil that child. You don't ask a baby what they want to eat—you give it to them and say, “eat that.”

Claire

I'm more concerned about Caleb's questions. Little kids ask questions. You said. I want to know what Caleb's are. *(Beat)* I love Damon. I know he would never intentionally hurt his son in any way. My concerns are with what might be unintentional. *(Soledad is silent. Claire goes to the bookshelf and gets the photo album.)* Is there anything in here that upsets you? You seemed bothered on Thursday by one of the pictures... I was bothered by one of the pictures. *(She opens the album deliberately.)* I was bothered by *this* picture.

Soledad *a jab*

I'm sure you were...

Claire *giving up*

I...I should go.

Soledad

It's my daughter's birthday today. Five today. That's a big one.

Claire

Why did they ask so much of you—to come from New York?

Soledad

'Cause he was in me for nine months.

Beat.

Claire

You're the surrogate?

Soledad

If that means I was the one they paid to carry their son.

Claire

He should have told me.

Soledad

No lady, I told them—none of that—

Claire

And they asked you to come here to look after him after that? Christ, Damon!

Soledad

I just carried him.

Claire

You can't *just* carry a child.

Soledad

You're right—I was paid. That was a lot of money for me—it was a chance to start my business and support my girl. She was only a year when it started. But by the time she was two I was full pregnant. She thought she'd get a baby brother or sister. She didn't understand why the baby was not mommy's... How it was not her brother. That was rough. It's like she gave him away too. *(Beat)* So this time, when they needed help, I left her home. No more confusion.

Claire

Do you think Caleb understands why he is with two daddies?

Soledad *laughing*

Lady—you are too much.

Claire

I am a supporter of their rights; I just have trouble seeing *this (the picture)* in their home.

Soledad *staring at the picture*

Yeah...I know...

Claire

You do. I saw.

Soledad

And also...

Claire

Yes?

Soledad

All they ever have over here are gay people. You know what I mean?

Claire

That's not—no that's not what I mean. Soledad, I just want you to tell me if you see or hear anything that might...disrupt Caleb's development. Or understanding.

Soledad

I don't know about that.

Claire taking a card out of her purse

Here's my number and address. And seriously. I want you to tell me if *this* (*She points to the picture*) happens again. I just want to talk to Damon about it if it does.

Soledad looks at the album. Suddenly, Shelly enters. She is no nonsense and fun.

Shelly to Soledad

Hey girl—I've had to fucking pee for ten minutes.

She exits to the bathroom, completely ignoring Claire. Damon follows closely.

Damon

Claire? I thought that was your car/ in the—

Claire

Well there you are!

Damon

You know we spend Saturdays at the store.

Claire

Oh! I was already out running errands. And I drove by and wanted to drop off your—

Damon

Shelly and I were thinking brunch—you want—

Claire

Oh brunch sounds—but I don't want to intrude on your time with—

Damon hopefully to Soledad

I want to feed Caleb first, but we can go brunch after since I'm not breast-feeding.

Soledad

He ate.

Damon

It's one o'clock.

Soledad

I feed him at noon.

Damon

I feed him at one.

Soledad

Noon is lunch.

Damon

I bet he fell right to sleep? (*Soledad nods.*) I know it's only two months but I'm jealous.

Claire

Damon, I should go—

Damon

Join us. We'll all go in a sec—I'm getting some water. You need anything?

Damon goes into the kitchen. Shelly reenters and hugs Soledad.

Soledad

I told you to call me if I was getting a spot check—

Shelly

That man ambushed me, girl.

Soledad

You could text.

Shelly

I was driving!

Soledad

If it was one of your tinder ladies you'd text.

Shelly

...You go home tomorrow?

Soledad

Yes! My baby is five!

Damon *off*

Bring Bianca back with you.

Soledad

Not this time.

Shelly

I want to meet her someday.

Soledad

You will.

Claire sees the album still out, she closes and returns it.

Claire
Shelly. How are you?

Shelly
My wife and I are getting a divorce.

Claire
I'm sorry. Wow. That's...

Shelly
It's fine. We've been struggling, it just isn't working out.

Claire
Well, it can be a two-mimosa brunch.

Shelly
I'm sober, Claire. Ten years. I smoke a lot of pot though.

Damon *off*
Soledad? What did you feed Caleb?

Soledad
Spaghetti. Cut up in butter. All he likes.

Damon enters with the empty box—it has the Barilla brand.

Damon with as much restraint and kindness as possible
So...I am going to say something. And you're going to think I am overreacting, but when you came here I gave you a list of products not to bring into the home. Right?

Soledad nods.

Damon *cont. almost too nice*
Well this was on the list.

Claire
Oh my God Damon, seriously—

Damon
Claire, please—

Soledad
He likes pasta.

Shelly
Soledad—no. Barilla is evil.

Claire
Pasta is evil?

Damon *kindly*
Lots of companies make pasta—

Soledad
That's the one I grabbed.

Claire
I use Barilla.

Damon
That's your house. This is my house.

Claire
Your mom uses it.

Damon
Soledad, I'm not trying to be a pain in the ass. But this company does not support my family, so I don't want to support them.

Claire
It's *spaghetti*.

Damon *sharp*
Claire! (*He reins it in.*) Fine. I just. (*He aims for the high road.*) Okay...
He storms into the kitchen and rummages. He reenters with a Campbell's soup can.

Shelly
Oh, that's bad.

Claire
It's chicken noodle.

Soledad
He likes noodles.

Shelly
Campbell's soup uses a supplier who actively work against LGBTQ rights.

Damon
My rights...personally. The rights of my family. This was on the list too.

Claire
I'm going to go now—

Damon
Say what you want to say.

Claire
I don't think so, I think the gay police have it covered.

Damon
You've already insinuated yourself—

Claire
I don't need a Damon lecture today I just came back to return a dish.

Damon
When you knew I wouldn't be here?

Claire
Yes, I prefer your hysterics in smaller doses.

Damon slams the soup on a counter.

Damon
I don't want this shit in my house.

Claire
Fine! But you don't have to act like that to someone who is just helping out!

Damon
I do have to act like this—because it is the only way I'll get her to not bring it in my home!

Claire
You need to back down.

Damon
I'm serious.

Claire
I just don't see how this drama in any way affects Caleb. He eats pasta, the girl/

Shelly
/Woman/

Claire
/gets him pasta—let it go for two months—you have a child!

Damon

I will not let you or anyone else make decisions for my family.

Claire

That's not what I was trying to do.

Damon

Claire—

Soledad

Listen! You all need to chill out! I *forgot*. Is that okay with you? I forgot! I got a two-year-old kid screaming in a cart at a supermarket, I grab pasta and soup.

Damon

I usually do the shopping.

Soledad

I'm trying to help you.

Damon

Yeah. Okay. Sorry.

Claire and Damon stand awkwardly, each aware of their own bad behavior.

Claire

I'm sorry too. Okay?

Damon

Yes.

Claire

We didn't fight on the holiday so we were over-due.

Damon

I love you. Leave.

Claire laughs and nods, squeezes his arm and exits.

Shelly

Your right. She's *way* better than she used to be.

Damon

Ask Phillip. He said—

Shelly

I don't need to ask Philip. She's a garbage person.

Damon

Hey—I don't want to kick you out too.

Shelly

Soledad. Do you like her? (*Soledad smiles.*) See? Never liked her.

Damon

She's the only one who tries. Aside from mom. I have four aunts. Six uncles. Eleven cousins. And she's the only one who calls.

Shelly

I bet she voted Jill Stein.

Damon

... I don't think she'd ever vote for a woman.

Shelly

That's. Not surprising. Blood may be thicker than water but it ain't thicker than ignorance.

Damon

When I was fifteen and that thing with the priest happened...She was the only one who believed me. Not even my mom did that.

Shelly

I know.

Damon

I want to hope that we are finally getting through to them—by not kicking everyone who lets us down out of our lives. Sometimes you need to reach across the aisle.

Shelly

And sometimes you need to burn the aisle down.

Damon

I don't even have anyone left to argue with anymore—I've cut them all out. I'm tired. I'm tired of saying "Your beliefs hurt me. You're out."

Shelly

Whatever. Our community has always had to create its families.

Damon

You can't be black and white on everything. You have to give a little.

Shelly

Fuck that. I saw Dinah's profile on OK Cupid. Do you know what it's like to see your ex on a dating app?

Soledad

Yes.

Shelly

She always said I was too rigid. Never would change my views. But why should I? I told her when we met I didn't want kids. Ten years later, she's shocked I didn't change my mind. I can't with people who throw everyone else under the bus for being who they are. You're not the problem babe. And when you let that go, you'll learn you don't have to be two people depending on who's in the room; or have two families...

Damon

How was your holiday?

Shelly

Hard.

Damon

You were missed.

Beat.

Shelly

Don't break my egg.

Damon

He's not an egg anymore.

Shelly

Fine. Don't let other people break my egg. It's a cute egg.

Damon

Want to see him?

Shelly

No. Kids are gross.

Damon

Okay. Wait for me. I'll be out in a sec.

Shelly nods to Soledad and exits. Damon looks at Soledad, searching for something.

Soledad

Tu prima is the same. *(Beat)* Your cousin and you. Always got somethin' to be upset about don't you?

Blackout.

Scene 3

In spot, that Saturday night. Phillip speaks to Caleb.

Phillip

Once, there was a gypsy woman who was in love with a man from another tribe. This was forbidden. The woman walked into the night and prayed to the full moon—for at that time, the moon was always round and full. What? *(Beat)* Yes, **Luna** in the song. **Luna** means moon in my language—but don't you say that yet because I don't want you to stutter or something. *(He smiles and smooths out Caleb's hair.)* The moon said it would grant her wish if in exchange she gave it their first child. She instantly agreed. And the moon felt the deal was fair, as anyone who would give up their child was not ready to be a parent. And the moon—who was neither man or woman truly, desperately wanted a child. Why? Well, sometimes, a grown up is filled with so much love, that they want to share it with a child and help them grow. So. Time passed, the gypsy woman married her love and a child was born. A child with pale skin and grey eyes—a child of the moon. The father thought his wife had tricked him and in a fury...well he...we'll skip that—he got mad. And he stole the baby and abandoned him on a mountaintop, but the moon came down to save him. And in the song, it questions the moon. It says, “Moon, you want to be a mother but you do not have what makes a woman. What do you pretend to do with a child: **un hijo de la luna?**” But the moon proves us wrong. For when the child is happy, we see in the sky, the moon is full. But when the child is sad or sleepy, the moon can change its shape and become the crescent, to cradle the baby in its arms.

Blackout.

Scene 4

That same Saturday night. Claire and Josh's home. Another very nice home. Josh is up working on his laptop; it is the middle of the night. Claire enters. She has been sleeping.

Claire

Whatcha doing?

Josh

Go back to sleep. *(Beat. He types. She watches. Beat.)* Colleen is pregnant again. She called earlier.

Claire

She just gave birth to Lily.

Josh

It's been a year.

Claire

I guess it has been... Wow. Good for them.

Josh

She's already past the first trimester. She waited to tell us.

Claire

That was considerate.

Josh

It's going to be a boy. *(Beat)* Sorry. This is due Monday. *(He types.)*

Beat. Clare doesn't move.

Claire

You want to do what the boys did? You want to get a surrogate?

Josh stopping and looking at her

Yes. You don't want that.

Claire

No. I don't. *(This is the first time they've honestly said this aloud.)* I think it's expensive and the eggs may not stick and the disappointment has exhausted me.

Josh moving to her

I love you.

Claire

Stay there. Please.

Josh

I'm not—

Claire

I don't want to know how sad you feel. Okay? I don't want to know Colleen's walking on eggshells about something that should be making her happy. I don't want to hear how we're just unlucky. I don't know why we care so much about having a child—it's become grueling. What is this? Is it because in ten years when it's still just us, and we've finally accepted the sterility—*my* sterility, I'll want out? Or even worse that you'll stay with me because of some twisted sense of chivalry and we just wait it out to the end? Leave me alone—don't make me *feel* anything. I honestly don't know if it's my eggs that froze into some premature dormancy or if it's us. *(Beat)* Come to bed when you're tired. You don't get enough sleep on the couch...come to bed when you're ready.

She exits.

Blackout.

Scene 5

The next evening. Sunday at Damon and Phillip's. Damon alone, listens to Phillip over the Baby Monitor singing to Caleb. It is "Hijo de la Luna" by José María Cano. After a moment, Phillip enters. He sees that Damon is teary.

Phillip
 What's wrong?

Damon
 ...

Phillip
 You were eavesdropping on me and Caleb again.

Damon
 He's started doing that same butt wiggle you do when you're happy.

Phillip
 I do not.

Damon
 Always. Like a puppy wagging his tail. I love how he mimics you because...all of your beautiful cute little ticks will now be a part of our son. And it just proves. He came from *us*. You know?

Phillip
 Hopefully he won't wind up crazy like you.

Damon
 And he's started learning the words to that song. He was singing it quietly yesterday and wiggling his cute little butt.

Phillip
 Don't tell Claire it's in Spanish.

Damon
 Claire can suck it.

Phillip
 I shouldn't have brought it up.

Damon
 I love your Spanish.

Phillip
Te amo.

Phillip kisses Damon. It progresses tenderly.

Damon

That's nice. It was nice having a day to ourselves. I missed it being just the three of us.

Phillip

I love you, crazy little man.

Damon

I love you too.

A deeper kiss. Caressing.

Damon cont.

Are we going to have sex?

Phillip nods.

Damon cont.

Oh thank God.

Phillip with a finger to his lips

Shhh.

They kiss some more. Phillip takes off Damon's shirt. Then his own. He then slides down to his knees. Phillip unbuckles Damon's pants. It gets close to happening. Soledad enters.

Soledad

Shit!

Damon

Crap!

Damon scrambles for his clothes. Soledad shields her eyes.

Soledad

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I took the early bus—

Phillip

It's fine—everything's fine.

Caleb starts crying.

Damon

I'll get him.

Soledad *snapping*

Buckle your pants before you go in there.

Damon

Hey— ... I'm putting my shirt on.

Damon exits.

Soledad

Qué coño fue eso?

Phillip

It was almost sex.

Soledad

Qué estabas pensando?!

Phillip

Baja la voz!

Soledad

Y si te hubiera visto tu hijo eh?

Phillip

Estaba dormido.

Soledad

Por lo visto no—

Phillip

Se despertó con tus gritos.

Soledad

Si me oyó a mi, oyó lo otro.

Phillip

Lo otro? Cómo que lo otro?

Soledad

This is messed up.

Phillip

We are in control of it.

Soledad

Dios mio. Si los hubiera encontrado el muchacho y no yo?

Phillip

We'd deal with it. **Pasa a cada rato. Hijos encontrando a sus padres en el acto. Total. Como si fuera a saber lo que pudo haber visto.**

Soledad

Deal with it? You think a baby don't know what he sees when he sees that?

Phillip

No hubiera pasado—

Soledad

Tu crees que yo deajo que mi hija me vea “rapando”? Tu crees? Claro que no.

Phillip

He is not yours!

Soledad

El es más mío que tuyo! Quién eres? Ni eres el padre. Y definitivamente no eres la madre. And I had him in me! So, who are you?

Phillip

Sal de mi casa ahora mismo. Largate.

Soledad storms out of the house. Lights shift from the house to a spot. Soledad rages into the spot.

Soledad

Fuck this! *(She pulls out her cell phone and dials.)* **Mami. Esto no puede seguir asi. Por qué no te hice caso. Necesito tu ayuda Mami. Necesito hacer algo. Blackout.**

Scene 6

Monday afternoon. Josh and Claire's. Claire is taking toys out of a shopping bag as Josh enters. She is in a completely different mood from before, almost chipper.

Josh cautiously

Claire?

Claire

I'm in here. How was the meeting?

Josh

What's all this?

I got some toys for Caleb.

Claire

Did you get him a mitt?

Josh

What—

Claire

Why can't anyone get that boy a mitt?

Josh

What is this about? Did no one ever get you a mitt?

Claire

I have five sisters. I was the youngest. Did you know there was a Little Mermaid Nintendo game? I had that. She threw bubbles at her enemies....

Josh

She pulls out a child's baseball mitt.

Is this what you were going on about?

Claire

Yes!

Josh

This? This glove?

Claire

A mitt.

Josh

Claire pulls out a ball.

I assumed we needed this too.

Claire

She throws to Josh, he drops it, they both laugh. She looks at him honestly.

Claire *cont.*
We are an Aunt and Uncle. Let's just be a good Aunt and Uncle. Swoop in. Spoil them. Then leave the parents to deal with the teen years while we spend our savings on traveling.

Whatever you say.

Josh

A knock at the door. Claire answers. It is Soledad.

Soledad
Can I come in? I need to talk to somebody. Alone.

Josh
What's going on?

Soledad
You're gonna be getting a call.

Claire
Okay.

Soledad
From Social Services. *(Beat)* I contacted them—anonymously but—

Claire
When?

Soledad
This morning.

Josh
Why?

Soledad to Claire
I been thinking about what you said. About Caleb being exposed to things and stuff.

Josh to Claire
What did you say?

Claire to Soledad
I told you to contact *me* if something happened.

Soledad
That house is dangerous for that boy.

Josh
Danger from whom?

Soledad
I was home with my girl yesterday. I went back to the house last night earlier than I thought. And they were going at it in the living room. Clothes off—all over the place—

Claire
Where was Caleb?

Soledad
In bed.

Josh
Of course he was—

Soledad
He woke up two seconds after I got there. *(To Claire.)* Your cousin went in to settle him down. He was barely dressed.

Josh
I'm going to stop you there. Were they expecting you?

Soledad
Not yet.

Josh
I'm having a hard time figuring out what the problem is other than you should knock.

Claire
The problem is that they are too free sexually around Caleb. I don't think it's intentional.

Josh
Are you serious?

Claire
Yes. I noticed some things. Soledad and I spoke about them.

Josh
What kind of things?

Claire
Soledad. I wish you had come to me first.

Soledad
No little boy should see two men going at it—that's not what any child should see.

Josh
You are the nanny, yes?

Claire
Soledad was the surrogate.

Soledad

When I told **Felipe** I would do this I said, “you got to raise him right.”

Josh

You knew he was gay? They were a couple?

Soledad

This ain't about that.

Claire

It's about what they were comfortable with their son seeing.

Soledad

Exactly.

Claire

It's about sexuality. Not homosexuality.

Soledad

What's gonna happen now?

Claire

You gave them my information. (*Soledad nods.*) They'll call me. Our concerns at this point are pretty mild to be honest. And that's a good thing. It's indicative of behavior that needs to be modified. Where did you stay last night?

Soledad

At the bus station.

Claire

The guest bedroom is down the hall, on your left. Get some sleep.

Soledad

I just want to get my things and go home.

Claire

Give it a few days. Once the dust has settled you can get your things.

Soledad exits into the house.

Josh

You need to call the boys and warn them. (*Beat*) Claire?

Claire

It's not about them being gay.

Josh

Babe, did you hear her? I don't see how that isn't a factor here.

Claire

Because you're in love with liberalism. You watch Rachel Maddow and vote for Hillary and think that life is red or blue, but it isn't. This is about what they are exposing their child to. He is exposed to sexual ideas. Making his toys kiss. That picture—

Josh

I don't like this.

Claire

Do you think they'd ever touch him—unintentionally—nothing deliberate—but somehow make him feel—

Josh

This is crazy.

Claire

It's not—they have serious boundary issues—

Josh

How?

Claire

A picture of a naked boy being held by a naked grown man. Is that okay with you?

Josh

He's their son.

Claire

Yes. A naked man in a shower with a baby boy and a camera.

Josh

Stop.

Claire *cont.*

And at first Damon didn't want us to see it. Did you notice that? And then. Damon said, "His little cock".

Josh

I said it first.

Claire

It's not the same when you say it. Would a mother call a boy's penis a "cock"?

I don't know Claire.

Josh

Mothers I know don't say "cock". Men say "cock".

Claire

They *are* men.

Josh

Men who suck cock—

Claire

You are way out of line.

Josh

Since when are you on their side?

Claire

There is no side—I love you—I just—

Josh

They always made you uncomfortable!

Claire

Damon makes me uncomfortable because he is pretentious. Not because he's gay.

Josh

I didn't call social services—she did—his mother.

Claire

She is not his mother.

Josh

He has no mother.

Claire

You are not his mother—

Josh

I know that—

Claire

They are his parents. Not us. *(Beat)* We know them. *(Beat)*

Josh

Claire

If they were strangers?

Josh

They're not.

Claire

What do you think happens? When that kind of thing happens.

Josh

I don't know.

Claire

Do you think it's always planned? It's not. It's not always planned. Sometimes it just happens. They have a *boy*. A *boy* they have to see naked at least once a day for the first ten years of his life—don't wince at me—

Josh

We saw them for three hours. We don't know anything.

Claire

Damon used to mess around with kids. When we were kids.

Josh

I bet you did a lot yourself.

Claire

It's not the same.

Josh

We're taking this way too seriously. I mean...Phil? Damon may be a jerk but I like Phil—he could've done better.

Claire *a hurricane*

You know before he was gay he was actually a nice person. Sweet. Gentle. When he came out. More like he exploded out: announcing it to the world and looking for a fight. It broke my heart when he said he was gay—I knew he was going to have it rough. I mean couldn't he have waited until at least after high school? But I stood by him—I did. My mom was distraught. I defended him when Sister Jean asked questions; thought about expelling him and I defended him when mom lost friends from church. She did. I defended him when he came out. When he got married. When he had a *child*. And until last week I honestly thought it would all be okay. I thought mom was just of a different time, when she reacted the way she did. Didn't speak to him or her own sister for ten years. But no Joshua. If something makes you feel uncomfortable—you need to listen to it. No. It's not fucking normal. The situation is not normal and I'm sick of being bullied by everything and everyone into pretending I agree that it is. I don't. I don't. It endangers the child.

Josh
Do you think something happened?

Claire
We should know more... *(Beat)* Who touches little boys?

Josh
I don't know.

Claire
Men do it. Most of the time.

Josh
Men do it when it's girls too.

Claire
We aren't talking about that.

Josh
If we had a daughter would you let me bathe her?

Claire
Not after the first year.

Josh
This is bullshit—

Claire
I saw something.

Josh
Did you?

Claire
Jesus Christ Joshua, I am not a monster! Is that what you think of me? We don't parade our sexuality around like a medal. Damon does. He always has. And on Thursday it bothered me. Okay? It bothered me. Am I allowed to say that at least?

Josh
Of course...

Claire
They need help. They were not ready or prepared for this. They rushed all of it. This is beyond our scope—all of us. It's for Caleb. And if nothing happened—and it *probably hasn't*—maybe they can be trained on what is appropriate—so it is a safer environment.
Blackout.

Scene 7

Tuesday morning. Damon and Phillip's home. Damon rushes in. Coat off etc.

Damon

Where are you! I came as fast as I could.

Phillip enters. He has been crying.

Phillip

They took him. He's gone.

Damon

I told you to tell them I was on my way.

Phillip

I did! They took him Damon! The police just took him.

Damon

They can't do that. *(Phillip throws up his hands.)* Tell me what happened.

Phillip

They rang the bell right after you left. Two cops came in with a social worker. She flashed a badge. Said a 51A had been filed.

Damon

What is that?

Phillip

It's a report of child abuse. *(Beat)* They felt that the claims were serious enough to...

Damon

Did you call her?

Phillip

They said it was anonymous.

Damon

Did you tell the police that the woman who reported us came to this country illegally?

Phillip

Stop it!

Damon

They took Caleb, Phillip! Because *she* saw us together! This is so fucked! We should have never let her in our home!

Damon picks up his phone and hits a button.

Phillip

Who are you calling?

Damon

Claire.

Phillip

They saw a Latin gay man with a white child who was not his and—the way that cop looked at me. They didn't care when I told them I'd legally adopted him.

Damon

Claire—Claire it's me Damon. Please call me back—something happened. I don't even know what. I need you okay? *(He hangs up.)* I don't have Josh's number. Do you?

Phillip

You don't have Josh's number?

Damon

No.

Phillip

I'll call him. *(He does.)* Josh, it's Phillip. Please call me back when you get this.

Damon

What do we do?

Phillip

We have to call Social Services and ask when the hearing will take place.

Damon

Did they say where they were taking him?

Phillip

People think we did something bad.

Damon

It was only her.

Phillip

People think—

Damon

She caught us Phillip. And I know this is why we haven't had sex in over a year. You judge it. You judge us being parents and being...and it's been a year! Are we supposed

to just quit fucking all together? The child didn't even catch us, the nanny did! We'll have him back in an hour. I promise you. I'm calling Claire again.

Phillip

I'm calling Michael.

Damon

Your ex?

Phillip

He's a lawyer.

They both dial. The conversations overlap.

Damon

Claire? It's me.

Phillip

Hi it's me.

Damon

Look—Yes—I know—I saw your missed calls yesterday—I need to—

Phillip

No. I'm not okay. No. It's Caleb. Something happened.

Damon

Listen. The police came and took Caleb.

Phillip

Our son was taken from us by Social Services—Damon thinks our nanny called—

Damon

I was at the shop. He was with Phillip.

Phillip

It was a...yes 51A—where do you think they would have taken him?

Damon

Hold on a minute—what?

Phillip

The biological mother is not involved.

Damon suddenly brightening

What! Okay—no that's—okay—hold on—hold on Claire I have to—

Phillip

Anyone you can recommend would be great. We have within three days—

Damon

Phillip! Phillip! He's with Claire!

Phillip

Michael, he's with his cousin. *(Beat)* Hang up now.

Damon

Why?

Phillip gestures to end the call. Damon does.

Phillip

Michael says Claire must have said something to get Caleb.

Damon *dialing again*

Claire wouldn't do that—she was trying to tell me—

Phillip *back to Michael*

Claire—his cousin. Yes—we know her, she and Damon are—she was here on Thursday—

Damon

She's not picking up...I'm going over there.

Phillip *still to Michael*

I have to go. *(Phillip hangs up and stops Damon before he can leave.)* You can't go there.

Damon

I am.

Phillip

You're not going to win this way.

Damon

Fucking let me go—

Phillip

You want to lose him—then go. You've never dealt with anything on this level. You know what being a brown man in this country is like? You don't argue with the fucking cops or you lose everything.

Damon

She was talking to me.

Phillip

And now she's not. You think Social Services would just show up with Caleb? No, they took him to Claire because she worked with them. Spoke about us. *(Beat)* At least we know. We know where he is. He's with someone responsible.

Damon

Who thinks...what? Who thinks we abused him? I can't believe that. She would never. She loves us.

Phillip

I think we lost him.

Damon

We didn't do anything.

Phillip

We stopped looking over our shoulder. *(Phillip breaks away from Damon. Restless, angry.)* When I was ten, I remember my father pointing at a man. He was wearing really tight jeans and a red shirt. He was flashy. He was happy. My father said, "You see that... If you ever turn out like that, I'll kill you and then myself." That's when I knew my father knew I was gay. I would never be what he wanted. I promised myself that I would never let Caleb down the way my father let me down. But I did. Because I think what my father was really trying to tell me was that we'd never be safe. And we're not.

Blackout.

Scene 8

Wednesday morning. The sound of a child screaming. Claire and Josh's home. Josh is working as Claire enters.

Josh

What did you do to him! I need to finish this—

Claire

I have to go to work.

Josh

Leave *me* with it then!

Claire

Believe me Joshua, I'm not. Soledad's with him.

Josh

And doing nothing—he is terrified! *(Caleb screams offstage.)* What did you tell him?

Claire

The same thing we've been— (*Caleb screams. Claire heads for the front door. Josh stops her.*) Not now. I can't. I have to go to work. I cannot miss another day.

Josh

Take him home. Now.

Claire

There is a court order forbidding me. If we do that, the court will just take him away again and put him in foster care. Do you want Caleb in foster care?

Josh

I want him home with his parents.

Claire

The hearing is tomorrow.

Josh

And what are you going to say? (*Beat*) Claire?

Claire

I have to be honest. I have to.

Josh sits, frustrated and resigned. Claire pulls out a cell phone. We still hear Caleb.

Claire *cont.*

Hi Sarah. It's Claire. I'm not going to be in today. I know. It's the same family emergency. Yes. I understand. I'm sorry.

She puts her phone away. The crying softens.

Josh

Tomorrow you need to go into court and tell them that this was blown way out of proportion. I need you to do that.

Claire

You loved the first night with him. (*Beat*) He's scared, but I am not going to influence this situation one way or the other.

Josh

You already have.

Claire

That is what I have decided.

Beat. She picks up some crayons and paper and leaves to the other room.

Claire cont. to Caleb offstage

Hey—no—it's okay. It's okay Caleb. *(Caleb screams)*. Caleb, it's your Auntie Claire. You can call me Auntie. Yes? Good. It's not the same as Mommy or Daddy. For now. Yes. You can call me Auntie Claire. If you want... Here are some crayons. I want you to draw something for me. Anything Caleb. Anything you want. I want you to draw your family. Whatever that means. Even if you think it might not be right—if someone told you different—I want you to draw your family. Very good. And who is who? Show them to me... And where are you? Oh that looks just like you! Good! Which is Daddy? You got to tell the two apart. They both are? *(Beat)* Okay, Caleb. They both are.

Josh puts on his coat. He leaves her.

Blackout.

Scene 9

Wednesday night. Damon and Phillip's house. Phillip sits on the couch with Damon's head on Phillip's lap. They are lit by the light of a television screen on silent, wearing the same clothes as the day before. We hear keys in the door. Shelly enters from the kitchen.

Shelly

I got it.

Soledad slowly enters. She stops. Damon stares at the television set.

Shelly cont.

Hi. Your things are here. I packed them. Is that okay?

Soledad

Yeah.

Shelly

Do you have a place to stay?

Soledad nods.

Shelly cont.

Phillip wanted me to give you this. *(She hands her an envelope with cash.)* It's the rest of what they owe you. Do you need to count it?

Soledad

It's good.

Shelly

Okay. So, they don't owe you anything else? *(Soledad shakes her head.)* Okay, then I need you to give me your keys.

Soledad takes her keys out and hands them over. She exits.

Shelly *cont.*

You should have given her a check so you have a record.

Phillip

She won't ask for more. Thank you.

Shelly

Call me tomorrow—when you know when the hearing is.

Phillip

You'll go with us?

Shelly

I will be the meanest looking face of scorn the judge has ever seen. And I have a Facebook group of people who will be outside the courthouse.

Phillip

Shelly. If it doesn't go well...we might need you...

Shelly

I'm here. You know that.

Damon

We might need you to come forward as a parent.

Shelly

Oh.

Phillip

We hate to ask that of you. But if they... We spoke. And we need to trust who has him if we need to keep fighting.

Shelly

I can't do that Phil. I won't do that.

Phillip

We may not have a choice.

Shelly

Fuck that.

Damon

We need you.

Shelly

No. I'm not his parent. You are his parent. Both of you are. I would never take that right from you.

Damon

We haven't seen our son in over forty-eight hours. Multiple lawyers have told us to be prepared for this to take months.

Shelly

This fight is larger than you.

Damon

I don't want to be the face of a movement. I just want our child home.

Shelly

I'm not that. If we play into their ideas then we'll never win. And you're going to win. It's time we all started winning again. And they are going to see that we will not be bullied or I will be shipping queer people in buses from every city on the East Coast to fight this.

Damon looks to the window. Phillip and Shelly move forward.

Damon

They're here...

Phillip steps closest to the window. Damon turns off the television. Voices can be heard approaching. Shelly turns off any lights on in the room. The only light is now from the lamp lit street as news-vans approach. We hear anger and screaming from the street. It builds while those inside remain paralyzed. A brick is thrown through the window.

Blackout.

Scene 10

Thursday Morning. In front of a courthouse. Soledad is smoking a cigarette. She is bundled in a puffy coat. It is cold. Very cold. Phillip is passing and sees her. They see each other. A long beat.

Phillip

Tu no fumas.

Soledad

Fucking Boston. Fucking Massachusetts. Only white people could live here—I got to put fire in my lungs to breathe.

Phillip

Are you testifying?

Soledad
She says nothing will happen to me...

Phillip
No te pueden preguntar eso.

Soledad
One look at me and they'll assume I'm illegal.

Soledad offers him the cigarette. He leans against the building, next to her and inhales.

Phillip
They don't tell the parents when it's happening. We have to find out on our own.

Soledad
Que fuerte.

Phillip
Yeah?

He hands her the cigarette. Soledad smokes.

Soledad
When we were kids I thought you were white. Until the States, I thought your family was what white people were. In DR you were white. Sucks to be here huh? Sucks to not be white. **Nah. Es mejor.** Better to know no one owes you. **Pero si.** I used to think, you were that fancy white boy, but you still got hit by your father more than I'd ever seen before. I thought I'd save you. I'd stop that man from slapping you and take you away.

Phillip
I think you knew about me before I did.

Soledad
Si. Demasiado lindo.

Phillip
You didn't out me.

Soledad
He would have killed you. I honestly think he would have killed you.

Phillip
I didn't treat you right.

Soledad
Yeah.

Phillip

I should have invited you to my wedding.

Soledad

I would have done it for free. Had your son. *Me ofreciste dinero y lo acepté. Por que lo necesitaba. Pero lo hubiera hecho gratis.*

Phillip

Nothing happened.

Soledad

Lo sé.

Phillip

I love him.

Soledad

You're his favorite. You're just still in that house—the white people's house.

Phillip

No. You were in that house too/

Soledad

/Don't/

Phillip

/ **Ni tu ni yo pasamos hambre en un país tercermundista.** We both had it luckier than most. And we both had people struggle to get us out. See our mistake, was that we never realized we were family. But. You don't get the last word this time. You don't get to be anonymous with the type of phone call you made—you don't get to be too afraid to get in there and tell them—**diles por qué hiciste lo que hiciste—**

Soledad

Look. I don't think little kids should be with gays. And I know that's bullshit of me, okay—after everything—I'm sorry—I thought it was okay—I had that boy for you—but I was wrong. I didn't realize 'til I lived with it. I didn't think about it like that. And I gave up... I left my own kid behind to help you with yours. I've been with your baby and not mine. And the reason I didn't bring my girl? Because I didn't want my girl to see that. And that's it. That's the truth. That's what I'll tell them.

Blackout.

Scene 11

Friday Afternoon. The window is now boarded up. Moving boxes are scattered around the apartment. Many things have been packed away. Shelly opens the front door.

Shelly

Do you have anything else or am I leaving!

Phillip *offstage*

One second!

Shelly

Damon is putting Caleb in the car and neither the kid nor I want to be here when that bitch gets here so you better hurry up.

Phillip enters with a bag he is stuffing with Caleb's things.

Phillip

I don't like your choice of language.

Shelly

Good. Maybe you'll learn fast that I shouldn't be a backup babysitter when he drops his first "Fuck" in conversation.

Phillip

I got Cheerios. He's in a Cheerios phase—I can't remember if it's on our boycott list—

Shelly

They're General Mills, they're fine. Breathe. If it goes long have Damon text me and I'll drop him off with his mother for the night.

Phillip

If we're being too much trouble—

Shelly

You are. Way too much. If it's going to go past seven let me know because there's a Bruin's game tonight and I'm not missing it. *(Beat)* Hockey—it's a hockey team. Jesus fucking Christ.

Damon enters the doorway. She walks to him. They have a moment.

Shelly *cont.*

Remember. You don't need approval from family. You need respect.

She leaves. Beat.

Phillip

He still does that reach thing. With his fingers. Every time I walk away—like he’s trying to grab me—afraid I won’t come back. Did he do that before? *(Beat)* You want a glass of wine? They say he won’t remember. Once we get back into a pattern.

Claire Arrives.

Claire

Phil.

Phillip

Hi Claire.

Claire

Hi Damon.

Phillip

Let’s sit down and get this over with.

He sits. Claire does not. She looks at the boarded-up window.

Claire

Jesus.

Phillip

They threw a brick.

Claire

Who?

Phillip

A group of angry people who were told we abused a two-year-old.

Claire

Are you moving?

Phillip

We thought Josh would be with you.

Claire

I had no idea they would take Caleb from you. Honestly, what a mess...

Phillip

Where is Josh, Claire?

Claire

He went to stay with his sister for a few weeks.

Phillip

Why didn't you come to us?

Claire

I was there for your son, Phillip. Your *surrogate* reported you. Not me.

Phillip

You spoke to her about action figures and pictures—she did report us—but this was you.

Claire

Damon. My opinion on the situation has evolved. You won in court. I reevaluated what happened and I evolved my perspective. Bottom line. I am happy for you.

Phillip

What did you tell our son?

Claire

That he was just visiting us.

Phillip

Did he ask how long he'd be with you?

Claire

I told him we weren't sure.

Phillip

Did he cry?

Claire

Yes.

Phillip

Did he sleep?

Claire

...

Phillip

I will forever hate you.

Claire

There is nothing I can say to describe how. Hard. That was. But understand, what pushed me was the thought that maybe I was wrong. And someone else would see that. Which they did. And the child is most important. That Caleb be safe.

Damon

I want to be clear about what happened, Claire.

Claire

I think we know—

Damon

I need this. And if you disagree with what I say, you can stop me but I need to say it.

Claire

Okay.

Damon

What happened is that. We invited you and your husband to our home. We prepared a dinner for you to eat. And we were happy to do it. We sat down for a bottle of wine after dinner and shared family pictures. *(Beat)* And we shared with you one single picture that Phillip took of our son. A two-year old. In a shower that I was giving him. Holding his head and smiling. A proud parent. That was the picture.

Claire

The point is proven—you were exonerated! We were practically scolded by the judge! Taking us to court for defamation won't do any of us any good.

Damon

We have to leave our home—

Claire

I think that's extreme/you don't have to move—

Phillip

/Extreme? /

Damon

We were on television Claire!

Claire

Your people released it to the press!

Phillip

Yes. To put pressure/

Claire
So don't blame me for that/

Damon
You're the reason it happened!

Claire
Stop—stop—stop! I can't stay here if you're both going to gang up on me!

Damon
You listen to me! I am selling my business. We are leaving the state.

Claire
There is no reason—you won/YOU WON! CHRIST!

Damon
/We both knew. Going into this. Starting a family. We knew we would forever be looking over our shoulders. Be held to a different standard. And we were ready. And when we discovered Caleb would be a boy. I broke down in tears because people accept us a little better as parents if the child is a girl. But if it's a boy/

Claire
/That has nothing to do with it! /

Damon
/we are seen as being what you accused us of being. I knew it would happen at some point. I just didn't think it would come from family.

Claire
What do you want Damon?

Damon
I want to know what made you think it.

Claire
You seemed uncomfortable.

Damon
Uncomfortable?

Claire
Yes.

Damon
When?

Claire

The entire time we were here. But especially with that picture—you were tense and seemed guilty about something. You seemed shamed.

Damon

I was shamed. I am always shamed when I'm around you—

Claire

/I accepted you! I *fought* for you!

Damon

But you never to your core understood it, right?

Claire

No. And if I were to say that to you at any time in our lives—you would have acted as sanctimonious and self-righteous as you are now.

Beat.

Damon

When we were kids, Aunt Kathy and my mom were very close.

Claire

They still are.

Damon

I remember being tortured every time we would visit your house with that video of you and I naked in a bath. We were Caleb's age. And mom and Aunt Kathy would laugh. Do you feel like that was our mothers molesting us?

Claire

Of course not Damon.

Damon

Phillip and I are good people. We are good parents. We did not post our baby's picture online. We simply had a memory of his innocence stored in a family album. And you have tainted that thought, that memory. And I cannot even bathe my son without feeling frightened of the world. And you did that.

Claire

My conscience is clear.

Damon

Your conscience is not legitimate to this argument anymore.

Claire

Damon. For our entire lives, our family has been forced to go against how we were raised to tolerate you—and yes that is what I mean. It has been a struggle. For Josh—he was raised like a hippy so he doesn't count. But *our* family had morals and for both of our parents—you made it impossible! And I honestly believe the only reason you had that child is to prove that you could. To shove it in the face of the world. I never thought you brought that child into this world because of love. He was a statement for you. Just like the wedding and everything else. You have expected all of us to ignore how we were raised. We have to watch what we say—it's like you're waiting for us to fail. You never gave us a learning curve for this.

Damon

I think humanity has had enough of a fucking learning curve!

Claire

When we were kids your mother would have never let you near a faggot!

Beat. Claire is immediately horrified—almost apologizes—knows she cannot take it back.

Damon

And that's the point. Things changed fast Claire—in the last ten or fifteen years. And everyone is pretending that they're okay but deep down you are still a bigot.

Claire

Listen to yourself! You want to sue me because I'm a bigot now!

Damon

Yes!

Claire

Just keep your nude pictures to yourself next time.

Damon

If a straight man had been in that picture you would have laughed. But it being me—

Claire

I have always loved you—even when you came out—

Damon

Every time a gay man is holding the hand of a child—it crosses your mind that that child might be in trouble because that is how we were raised.

Claire

You don't believe that.

Damon

I believe it and it makes me sick. Your mother taught you that; my mother taught me that: we were raised to believe that gay people are predators. It's ingrained in us. My entire childhood was spent in shame and disgust for something I had no control over.

Claire

I am not a bigot. You use that word to explain away why I don't understand you.

Damon

If you see a gay man and think of a sexual act, then you are a bigot.

Claire

Being gay *is* a sexual act.

Damon

No it's not. Being gay determines whom I love. I am predisposed to love Phillip. That is what being gay feels like.

Beat.

Claire

Where are you moving?

Damon

I feel like I just lost my sister.

Claire

You didn't lose me.

Phillip

Claire.

Claire

Okay. I guess that's it. I'll go now. Damon? I love you. Caleb is a wonderful boy. I *love* him.

She leaves.

Damon

When did it become okay for people to spew that shit again?

Phillip

Fuck her.

Phillip *smiling*

Actually, that was kind of fun. I'm serious. Every nasty thought is out there. I'm getting wine.

Damon

I'll just feel guilty when we pick Caleb up.

Phillip

No you won't... Are we just going to leave the window like that? We shouldn't leave it like that. *(Beat)* I liked this home. I want to replace the window before we leave. It's the right thing to do.

A beat. Phillip kisses Damon. Damon puts his head on Phillip's lap.

Phillip *a sung lullaby*

**Luna quiere ser madre
Y no encuentra querer
Quién te haga mujer
Dime luna de plata
Qué pretendes hacer
Con un niño de piel
Hijo de la luna.**

Damon

I've changed my mind. We're not going anywhere. Let's go get our son.

**Blackout.
End of Play.**

SPANISH-ENGLISH TRANSLATIONS

Pg 13	Phillip	Ajá. Lo has dicho bastante veces.	I hope so. You've said it plenty of times.
Pg 13	Soledad	Ya ves que tenía la razón.	You see; I was right.
Pg 21	Phillip	Lo sé...	I know...
Pg 21	Phillip	Vete. Vete ya.	Leave. Leave now.
Pg 24-25	Soledad	Sí? Ay que rico... Que película? La de la princesa? Tu eres una princesa. Sí... y cantármela. Te amo también mi niña bella... mañana... Respeta a la abuela... No digas eso – portate bien. Oíste? Te quiero... abuela... Mamí... No me estás escuchando. Sí.. Un día... Celebramos Navidad temprano... Mamá, me tengo que ir. No, no soy la sirvienta – pero soy la única en la casa y tengo que atender la visita.	Yes? How yummy... What movie? The princess one? You are a princess. Yes... and sing it to me. I love you to my beautiful child... tomorrow... Respect grandma... don't say that – behave. You hear me? I love you... Grandma... Mom... You aren't listening to me. Si... one day... We'll celebrate Christmas early. Mom, I have to go. No I'm not the maid – but I'm the only one home and I have to tend to the guest.
Pg 25	Soledad	...por amor a Dios	For Christ's sake.
Pg 25	Soledad	Café con Leche.	Coffee with milk.
Pg 27	Soledad	Coño...	Fuck...
Pg 38	Soledad	Tu prima...	Your cousin...
Pg 39	Phillip	Luna	Moon
Pg 39	Phillip	Hijo de la luna	Moon Child
Pg 41	Phillip	Te amo.	I love you.
Pg 43	Soledad	Qué coño fue eso?	What the fuck was that?
Pg 43	Soledad	Qué estabas pensando?	What were you thinking?!
Pg 43	Phillip	Baja la voz!	Lower your voice!
Pg 43	Soledad	Y si te hubiera visto tu hijo eh?	What if your son had seen you eh?
Pg 43	Phillip	Estaba dormido.	He was asleep
Pg 43	Soledad	Por lo visto no—	Apparently not—
Pg 43	Phillip	Se despertó con tus gritos.	Your screams woke him up.
Pg 43	Soledad	Si me oyó a mí, oyó lo otro.	If he heard me, he heard the rest.
Pg 43	Phillip	Lo otro? Cómo que lo otro?	The rest? What do you mean by the rest?
Pg 43	Soledad	Dios mio. Si los hubiera encontrado el muchacho y no yo?	My God. If the kid had found you and not me?
Pg 44	Phillip	Pasa a cada rato. Hijos encontrando a sus padres en el acto. Total. Como si fuera a saber lo que pudo haber visto.	Happens all the time. Children finding their parents in the act. Anyways. It's not like he would have known what he might have seen.
Pg 44	Phillip	No hubiera pasado—	It wouldn't have happened—
Pg 44	Soledad	Tu crees que yo dejo que mi hija me vea “rapando”? Tu crees? Claro que no.	You think I let my daughter watch me fuck? Do you? Of course not.
Pg 44	Soledad	El es más mío que tuyo! Quién eres? Ni eres el padre. Y definitivamente no eres la madre. And I had him in me!...	He is more mine than yours! Who are you? You are not the father. And you are definitely not the mother. And I had him in me!...
Pg 44	Phillip	Sal de mi casa ahora mismo. Largate.	Get out of my house this instant. Leave.

Pg 44	Soledad	...Mami. Esto no puede seguir asi. Por qué no te hice caso. Necesito tu ayuda Mami. Necesito hacer algo.	...Mom. This can't go on like this. Why didn't I listen to you? I need your help Mom. I need to do something.
Pg 61	Phillip	Tu no fumas.	You don't smoke.
Pg 62	Phillip	No te pueden preguntar eso.	They can't ask you that.
Pg 62	Soledad	Que fuerte.	That's harsh.
Pg 62	Soledad	...Nah. Es mejor	...Nah. It's better.
Pg 62	Soledad	Si. Demasiado lindo.	Yes. Too pretty.
Pg 63	Soledad	...Me ofreciste dinero y lo acepté. Por que lo necesitaba. Pero lo hubiera hecho gratis.	You offered me money and I took it. Because I needed it. But I would have done it for free.
Pg 63	Phillip	.Lo sé.	I know.
Pg 63	Phillip	Ni tu ni yo pasamos hambre en un país tercermundista	Neither you nor I were hungry in a third world country.
Pg 63	Phillip	...diles por que hiciste lo que hiciste.	Tell them why you did what you did.
Pg 72	Phillip	Luna quiere ser madre Y no encuentra querer Quién te haga mujer Dime luna de plata Qué pretendes hacer Con un niño de piel Hijo de la luna.	The Moon wants to be mother And can't find who will love To make her a woman Tell me silver moon What do you pretend to do With a child of flesh Son of the moon.