

play and begged me and Wilson to come up to New York and see him in it. Well, I was just dying to see Glenn Close in “Sunset Blvd.,” so I talked Wilson into going up there. The play was called, oh I forget the name, some musical term...“Allegro”...“Alegre”—

SISSY. Crescendo?

LATRELLE. No. Whatever it was it had nothin’ whatsoever to do with the subject matter. Anyhow, the play was going all nice like—and all of a sudden my son walks out on stage—naked! Buck naked, Sissy!!

SISSY. Sweet Jesus! Naked!

LATRELLE. And you could see everythang.

SISSY. His tallywhacker?

LATRELLE. Everything! And he was playing a...*(Whispers.)* ...homosexual—again! I just looked down at my lap until it was over. I have never been so humiliated in all my life. And you know what he had the audacity to do? Came up to us after and said, “So what’d ya think?” What’d I think?! What was I supposed to think!? Well, I just stared at him with my mouth open and he said, “Okay, let’s go get some dinner.” Wilson said we weren’t ever going back to New York. Said it was worse than Los Angeles. I raised him better than that, Sissy. I did. Oh! And on top of everything, when we went to see “Sunset Blvd.” the next night, Glenn Close had lost her voice and this other girl that I never had heard of in my life did the role of Norma Desmond...who they said had once had a part on “Rhoda”, but I certainly didn’t remember her. The entire trip was one big bust!

SISSY. *(Pause, not really listening.)* Well, that’s too bad. I thought in that TV movie where he played that AIDS patient that he was real good. They had him lookin’ like death warmed over. I wish they had given him a bigger part, though. Vera went to the bathroom and missed him altogether.