

ED: You had no right to. This weekend was supposed to be just the three of us.

LAUREL: What's the big deal. We've got enough food for four. I didn't have to open another room or anything. What was Arnold supposed to do—watch us toddle off to bed while he slept alone?


ED: Did you catch the way he fawned over him at dinner? He practically cut his steak for him.

LAUREL: No more than I fawned over you. And I did cut your steak.

ED: I could have killed you for that.

LAUREL: You're being ridiculous. There are bound to be compensations on all four of our parts. Little games and jealousies are going to pop up. But I'm positive it's going to be a great weekend.

ED: Did you see how he made such a point of running off to bed early? "I'm so tired. All that good food has done me in." His hands all over the boy.

LAUREL: Well, if I had something as pretty as that to go to bed with, I wouldn't stay up late either. 

ED: You really think he's pretty? You don't think he's a little young?

LAUREL: You hear the way their bedsprings were squeaking?

ED: I think I do pretty well in the squeaking department given allowances for wear and tear. . . .

LAUREL: It's a little early in the race to be making excuses, don't you think?

ED: You want to race? All right, let's race. And may the best man win!

LAUREL: And now, ladies and gentlemen, driving a 1968 Serta orthopedic . . .

ED: On your marks . . . Set . . . Go!

(Ed pulls the covers over them which exposes Alan on the other side of the bed. He bolts upright in bed, a look of panic on his face.)

(Alan takes a moment to place himself and then begins to search for Arnold under the covers. He pulls the blankets off Arnold and speaks right into his face.) **START**

ALAN: Are you asleep?

ARNOLD: God, you're gorgeous. Now go away.

ALAN: Come on. Wake up.

ARNOLD: But I'm having this flawless dream.

ALAN: About me?

ARNOLD: If it is, can I go back to sleep?

ALAN: Yes.

ARNOLD: All about you.

ALAN: What about me?

ARNOLD: *(Suddenly feeling the boy's presence)* You really are awake.

ALAN: That doesn't matter.

ARNOLD: Maybe not to you.

ALAN: Tell me the dream.

ARNOLD: If you like it, can we . . . ?


ALAN: No.

ARNOLD: Then I'm going back to sleep.

ALAN: Then I'm going to see if anyone else is up.

ARNOLD: Give my best to the bisexuals.

ALAN: Only he's bisexual. She's straight.
 ARNOLD: Too bad. Mixed marriages never work.
 ALAN: Then what were you doing with him?
 ARNOLD: Slumming.
 ALAN: And what are you doing with me?
 ARNOLD: Nothing. It's gone!
 ALAN: It'll be back.
 ARNOLD: But it won't be the same.
 ALAN: Of course it will.
 ARNOLD: Do you ever think before you speak?
 ALAN: No. Do you?
 ARNOLD: Frequently. It helps pass the time while you're speaking.
 ALAN: Tell me the dream.
 ARNOLD: How old are you?
 ALAN: You know how old I am.
 ARNOLD: Tell me again. I need reassurance. Why's it still dark out?
 ALAN: It's nighttime. Do you mind?
 ARNOLD: Of course not. *(Taking Alan into his arms)* What frightened you?
 ALAN: Nothing. I just felt like talking. Did Ed ever have bad dreams?
 ARNOLD: Everyone does.
 ALAN: Get me a dog.
 ARNOLD: Why?
 ALAN: I want one.
 ARNOLD: I don't give you things.
 ALAN: Yes, you do. No, you don't. But a dog's not a thing.
 ARNOLD: I have no money for a dog.

ALAN: Sometimes they have dogs for adoption in the paper. Where's that newspaper?
 ARNOLD: Under the bed. Is that what you tell the other models at the studio; that I buy you things?
 ALAN: No.
 ARNOLD: Don't do that to yourself; treat yourself like a piece of meat. That's what all those leering faggots do, so you don't have to do it to yourself.
 ALAN: I don't.
 ARNOLD: You're so much more than that. You're smart and ambitious. You don't have to be a model.
 ALAN: You don't have to be a drag queen.
 ARNOLD: Not the same thing at all. A model *is*. A drag queen *aspires*.
 ALAN: Would you stop? Where's the paper?
 ARNOLD: *(Slapping it into his hands)* Here.
 ALAN: I love you. **STOP**
(The covers fly off the other side of the bed exposing Ed and Laurel, post coitus.) 
 LAUREL: I don't believe I've seen you this turned on in months. If that's Arnold's effect on you, then I'm asking him to move in.
 ED: It's not Arnold, it's you.
 LAUREL: Is that why you called me Arnold?
 ED: I did not.
 LAUREL: You certainly did. Deep into loving you whispered in my ear, "I love you, Arnold."
 ED: That's not funny. You shouldn't make up things like that.
 LAUREL: Fine. I misheard you. Take it easy.