

ARNOLD
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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.

(*The covers fly off the other side of the bed, exposing ED and LAUREL post-cotitus.*)

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.

stop