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.)

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 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.