

ED: It's that damned kid. This was going to be a perfect weekend; just the three of us. I thought, seeing you two together . . . I thought I'd be able to put a period on that whole chapter of my life. But the second he walked through the door I knew the period had been there long ago and this whole weekend was for nothing.

LAUREL: I'm glad you've made up your mind.

ED: I didn't mean . . . I wasn't planning on comparing the two of you. Leave it to Arnold to bring that kid.

LAUREL: He also brought a cake, a lace tablecloth, and a copy of *The Village Voice*. Enjoy them all.

ED: Come here and I'll read you the funny pages.

LAUREL: I have my own reading, thank you.

*(Back on the other side of the bed, Alan and Arnold are cuddling.)*

ARNOLD: This was my room. I mean, we slept together in there, but I kept my stuff in here in case any neighbors or family snooped around.

ALAN: Did you really love him?

ARNOLD: I guess.

ALAN: And he loved you.

ARNOLD: I wouldn't say that.

ALAN: I would. I see the way he looks at you. Why'd you two break up?

ARNOLD: We wanted different things.

ALAN: Like what?

ARNOLD: I wanted a husband and he wanted a wife.

ALAN: You ever think of going back?

ARNOLD: You can't go back.

ALAN: Why not?

ARNOLD: Because.

ALAN: Because why?

ARNOLD: Good thing I was not your mother. I could have denied you nothing. I am in awe that she denied you as much as she did for you to need to ask for so much now.

ALAN: Ssshhh! I thought I heard someone talking.

ARNOLD: Probably Ed talking in his sleep.

ALAN: He talks in his sleep?

ARNOLD: Talks, screams, kicks, plays with puppets . . .

ALAN: You really loved him, huh?

ARNOLD: Again?

ALAN: I'm curious. Why?

ARNOLD: Why? Why does anyone love anyone? Because I did. Because . . . Ed did. Because . . . he let me. Now, talk dirty to me.

*(Laurel and Alan START . . .)*

LAUREL: So, tell me about yourself.

ALAN: I'm a model. Clothes, toothpaste . . . Whatever they can sell with an all-American puss.

LAUREL: And where'd you grow up?

ALAN: Arnold says I haven't.

LAUREL: You two must be very happy together.

ALAN: There are easier things than living with Arnold. He thinks it's immoral, that it makes him a lesser person to be with me because I'm good-looking.

LAUREL: Come on . . .

ALAN: Really. He'd be much happier if I was his age, his size, his . . . size. Sometimes I'm not sure if he wants a boyfriend or a bookend.

LAUREL: It's good that you have a sense of humor. Ed has none. But that's part of his charm.

ALAN: No wonder they didn't last.

LAUREL: There's possibly more to it than that. Did you know that they were still seeing each other when I met Ed? I didn't. Friends introduced us. I had just come through a rather bad relationship with a man who turned out to be bisexual. The bi leaning more toward the new boyfriend. I was quite a mess. He wasn't the first unavailable man I'd dated. My therapist thought I should take a break and just work on me. But then my friend Janet said she knew this handsomely available teacher named Ed, so . . . I said yes. She set it up. And here we are.

ALAN: A real live blind date.

LAUREL: Blind. Right. We'd been going out for more than a month before he told me about Arnold. By then it was too late to give up without a fight.

ALAN: A fight?

LAUREL: Not a fight. There was no fight. I just pulled back enough to let Ed feel his freedom. No commitments. No pressure. Soon he was telling me that he wanted to end his relationship with Arnold, so I suggested he speak to my therapist and that was that.

(Ed and Arnold are now together in each other's arms.)

STOP

ARNOLD: You never told me about a shrink.

ED: I know how you feel about them. But she's been very supportive. Never pushed me toward any decision I didn't want to make.

ARNOLD: So, you're straight now?

ED: Not now. I always have been.

ARNOLD: And me, and all the others . . . ? What were we; a phase you were going through?

ED: For you, everyone is either gay or in the closet.

ARNOLD: I could've kept you.

ED: You think so? In all of my time with Laurel I've never cheated on her once. And believe me, our relationship allows for it.

ARNOLD: If your relationship allows for it then it isn't cheating.

ED: Are you making a pass at me? *(They both laugh.)* You don't love that kid.

ARNOLD: Says you. What makes you think I'm in love with anyone?

ED: Because we've been lying in bed together for over an hour in and out of each other's arms and you've yet to make a pass at me.

ARNOLD: That's not love. That's good taste! You and Laurel working on having kids yet?

ED: No.

ARNOLD: Don't you still want kids?

ED: Laurel thinks we should wait. Why rush?

ARNOLD: Do you remember that woman we met at that party? She arranged for gay couples to take foster kids? You probably don't remember, you said you wanted a boy, but you were gay then.

ED: That was just talk. A fantasy.

ARNOLD: Is that what it was?

ED: Sure. Like having our own island, or airplane . . .

ARNOLD: Or relationship.

ED: That was one of the best things about being with you. I could fantasize about anything. Let my mind go off as far as it could, and there you were all caught up with me, making it almost real.