

*(Sign language again)*

Not enough.

**START**

*returns to dressing.)*

For those of yis what ain't yet guessed, I am an entertainer. Or what's left of one. I go by the name Virginia Hamn. Ain't that a kick in the rubber parts? You should hear some of my former handles; Kitty Litter, Bertha Venation, Bang Bang LaDesh. . . . There are easier things in this life than being a drag queen, but I ain't got no choice. Try as I may, I just can't walk in flats.

You know what I want? The International Stud. Not the bar. The man. I want a stud. A guy who knows what he wants and ain't a'scared to go out and get it.

A guy who satisfies his every need, but don't mind if you get what you want in the bargain. Matter of fact, he aims to please.

He'd be happy to be whatever you want him to be 'cause you're happy being what he wants you to be. The more you put in, the more you get back. An honest man. The International Stud. One size fits all.

But I wouldn't want no guy that wanted me like this here. No. I need him for the rest of the time. For the other part of me. The part that's not so well protected. Oh, there's plenty that want me like this. And I take their admiration gratefully but at a distance. A drag queen's like an oil painting—you gotta stand back from it to get the full effect.

*(Music begins to play offstage. He snaps to attention.)*

**END**

**ARNOLD**

My how time flies when you's doin' all the talking. Who knows, maybe he's out there tonight, right?

*(Making the "I love you" sign)*

Y'know, in my life I have slept with more men than are named or numbered in the Bible. Old and New Testaments put together. But not once has someone said, "Arnold, I love you," that I could believe. So I ask myself, "Do you really care?" And the honest answer is, "Yes, I care. I care a great deal. But not enough."

*Arnold exits, leaving the radio on.*

