

This is enough.

(Making the sign with his hands)

Enough.

Light shift.

Music: Fugue in G Minor by J. S. Bach begins to play through the Bakelite radio. It is performed by a brass quartet.

A huge bed appears upstage.

Ed, propped up with pillows and reading a newspaper, sits regally atop the bed. He lifts the covers next to him, inviting Arnold in.

The light box that reads "The International Stud" flickers and shorts out.

Arnold walks upstage to meet the bed, climbs on top, and takes his place beside Ed.

The lightbox flickers back to life:

"FUGUE IN A NURSERY" —Summer, 1975

Arnold slips down under the covers. Laurel sits up from under the covers on the other side of Ed.

The music resolves.

NOTE: Bits of the fugue can be used throughout as punctuation or to aid in separating scenes from one another.

### START

LAUREL: Isn't this civilized? Do you think they have enough blankets? Maybe I should . . .

ED: They'll be fine.

LAUREL: But it gets awfully cold in there. . . .

ED: Laurel, they'll be fine.

LAUREL: All right. Don't be so grouchy. (Cuddling) Wanna . . . ?

ED: Didn't you say you had some paperwork to finish?

LAUREL: I'm too excited. (Snatching his paper) Don't you wanna . . . ?

ED: Can I have my paper?

LAUREL: You're an old fart, you know that? (Returning the paper) This is just so civilized. Guests up to our country home for the weekend. I can't tell you how excited I am.

ED: We've had guests before.

LAUREL: I'd hardly compare this to having your sister and the kids up. Imagine being hostess to your lover's ex and his new boyfriend. It's downright Noel Coward. How's your English accent? I think we should use English accents all weekend.

ED: Would you stop?

LAUREL: I'm excited. That's all.

ED: This is not the weekend I had planned.

LAUREL: I have no idea what you're talking about.

ED: Alan. That's what I'm talking about. I should have known Arnold would pull something like this.

LAUREL: Arnold asked if he could bring a friend and I told him he could. . . .

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.)* **STOP**

*(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.