

DIANE. Mitchell, I - whoa! (*Alex lets out a scream and covers himself with his hands. Mitchell says as calmly as possible as he wraps himself in a sheet.*)

MITCHELL. Diane, didn't we have a little discussion about knocking before entering?

DIANE. I'm sorry, I heard voices and I came in.

ALEX. (*Nervously looking for his clothing.*) Geez lady, I am sorry. I was just, are you his wife?

DIANE. No dear, and your little panties are on the floor.

ALEX. Girlfriend or - I'm really sorry.

DIANE. I'm nothing. I'm only the woman that taught him how to love.

ALEX. Oh fuck. I am so sorry, I -

DIANE. And dream.

MITCHELL. (*Getting dressed.*) Ignore her. She's being glib.

DIANE. My God, Mitchell, look at him. He's a child. Where did you even find him?

MITCHELL. Diane, just relax. Go back to your room, I'm with a friend.

DIANE. Friend? Come now, Mitchell - you're just having another one of your little adventures.

MITCHELL. I don't have adventures.

DIANE. Please. You're like Huckleberry Finn. Huckleberry Finn on a raft made out of rent boy.

MITCHELL. What makes you think he's a rent boy?

DIANE. You're sleeping with him.

MITCHELL. Actually, Diane, I'd like you to meet Alex and he's not a rent boy. He's a friend.

DIANE. (*To Mitchell.*) You've become so good at telling lies, you can even fool yourself.

ALEX. I should go. (*Starting to get dressed.*) I'm going to go.

MITCHELL. No, stay.

DIANE. You can't stay, not-a-male-prostitute Alex. Mitchell has been working hard, he deserved his little treat, but he has a lunch meeting now and -

MITCHELL. Alex and I are going to hang out for a while - I was thinking of taking him to the play tonight.

DIANE. No - that is - Mitchell, honey, I know you must get

lonely sometimes, but we are just now on the brink of everything we've ever hoped for. Let's not blow it. Now we are buying this play for you. It is not - wise to show up with some twinkiefuck on your arm. For the press to take pictures of. By the way, does he know?

MITCHELL. He's about to.

ALEX. Know what?

DIANE. Alex. Alex was it? I like that name, really, is it actually your - never - You see, Alex, Mitchell and I have a kind of - it's like a relationship, only it's enjoyable. What we have - more important than anything - is our mutual love for one another and our combined love of our work. And there's no personal relationship that we can have that will ever be larger than that. Now I've known Mitchell, for - how long?

MITCHELL. Seven years.

DIANE. *(To Alex.)* Seven years. That's almost half your life, Alex. And when I first saw Mitchell he stirred something in me. Not in a sexual way, PLEASE, but, you know, to want to put on dungarees and do chores with. And I knew we just had to be together for work. Just had to. And we are. For seven years now. So, now, you should leave. Mitchell and I have this very important lunch, then Mitchell has to see this play tonight, and then tomorrow morning Mitchell and I will be flying back ro LA. *(To Mitchell.)* Mitchell, we're having lunch with the fag playwright. Please. For me. As a favor. Butch it up, Mary. *(To Alex.)* Great meeting you, Alex. I love this city of yours. *(She exits')*