

Terry is about to reveal some-
don't owe any explanation.

within" more years than even
me, homosexuals were the
id support, acceptance, and
d their balls and clubs and
ways welcome? Homosexuals
nan, without judgement or
I have to fend off unwanted
ide to them. I'm not telling
in a piece of paper purposely
creating this organization is
morally wrong not to extend
in the homosexual world. I
ame for us.

if the resort were to fill up
many more fun places to go

at in jail? Must I remind you
that if you were drinking in
it's happened. Facing arrest,
ear you weren't one of them?
because doing so would attest
ighbors gathered to enjoy one
ation of such clubs is wrong.
s, when homosexuals are still
of society, cross-dressing will
And transvestites everywhere
aking the hard decisions that

meeting is adjourned.

how it's done.

? Knives, ropes, ether and a
re outside and then off to the

it know what to say. I'm so
think if I speak to each one
round.

(With the others.)

VALENTINA. *(To Gloria.)* Just for the record, I was counting on
your support.

GLORIA. And there is no Santa Claus. When did you become
Charlotte's flunky?

VALENTINA. I need Charlotte.

GLORIA. She's a zealot!

VALENTINA. We're dying, Gloria. I'm broke. Dead broke. The
bank has given us until October to pay up. There just aren't enough
girls to fill the resort all summer. And the regular vacationers
don't come anymore. Air-conditioning leveled the mountains.
Why drive three hours to sleep comfortably when you can just plug
in a machine at home.

GLORIA. If it's a loan ... Any one of us would be happy to ...

VALENTINA. Bubble gum on a flat tire. Charlotte is the only move
I have. Her nationwide endorsement could fill this place three times
over ... *(Rita enters from the kitchen but, hearing Valentina's confession,
does not enter fully. She hangs in the doorway, listening.)*

GLORIA. Her price is too high.

VALENTINA. I don't happen to think so.

GLORIA. You really believe we have nothing in common with those
people? Not prejudice, persecution, isolation, self-loathing? You
don't suppose any of them rush into marriage to prove there's nothing
wrong? You don't think they sneak around living double lives?

VALENTINA. *(Venomously.)* I don't stick my hands down your
pants or my prick up your ass. Isn't that difference enough for you?

GLORIA. But you've certainly begged the attention of men.

VALENTINA. You trying to be funny?

GLORIA. I'm not one of your readers, Val. We've been going out
to bars and clubs together for a decade at least.

VALENTINA. And you know exactly why we went.

GLORIA. Yes, I do. We dressed in our best and hoped we could
pass undetected as women.

VALENTINA. Exactly. Because passing is the greatest achievement of what we do.

GLORIA. And when a man sent over a drink?

VALENTINA. Validation for a job well done.

GLORIA. And when he'd come over to talk, and tell you how pretty you were, and light your cigarette? You want to tell me you never flirted back? You want to tell me you never gave a man your number?

VALENTINA. Not the right one.

GLORIA. So that's your line between decency and depravity?

VALENTINA. Validation of my skill. You never saw one of them touch me.

GLORIA. I saw many of them touch you. And, for what it's worth, I know for a fact that you were aroused.

VALENTINA. My wife is right outside if you need to quiz someone on my sexual preference. She might be the right person to allay your fears.

GLORIA. My fears? Darling, I'm not afraid of you. You know, I was quite the thing at university. Yes, I'm a pretty girl, but I'm an irresistible boy. And my conquests amongst coeds remain legend. I've actually heard a rumor that I deflowered an entire sorority house. Not true, of course. How was I to know there were rooms in the basement? But through all of that wickedness, after each and every conquest, no matter how hard I tried, I could never keep my eyes from wandering past their naked forms to their discarded clothing on the ground. My desire to slip into their garb did not make me queer any more than my plundering their bodies made me straight. If there's one thing you and I know better than any psychiatrist — There is no black and white, only an infinite variation of gray.

VALENTINA. I was an unattached woman sitting in a bar. Wouldn't it have drawn more attention if I didn't flirt?

GLORIA. At the risk of trespassing in Bessie's backyard, there's an Oscar quote ... "When God made man he overestimated his abilities." I learned that from a college professor. I won't shock you with what he learned from me. *(Goes out. Valentina is surprised to see*