

*(EVE clicks off the tape recorder, then presses intercom.)*

EVE. Send him in, please, Ethel.

*(She then takes out a compact and checks herself. Satisfied she growls at the mirror)*

EVE. Not bad.

*(BROTHER BOY enters. 40's. In full make-up and the longest false eyelashes on the market. He wears a pink housecoat, with fuchsia marabou feathers outlining it. Under the housecoat are women's green pajamas, accessorized with heeled wedgies, adorned with a poof of the same fuchsia feathers as the housecoat. He is wearing a knotted nylon stocking on his head that covers most of his hair. One hand is holding a can of Aqua Net and a cigarette, a purse positioned on that arm. The other hand holds a wig head with a very big poofy blonde wig perched on it, that is partially teased, partially combed out.)*

BROTHER BOY. I did it! I did it! I walked right down that hall without my hair on. I feel naked, but I did it. How are you, Dr. Eve?

EVE. Well, good for you, Earl. I'm fine. Sit. Please.

BROTHER BOY. *(Sitting.)* That mean orderly Bumper and some of them other 'uns was catcallin' at me, but I did it. I sure did it.

EVE. Yes, you did! Good for you! I am so proud of you!

BROTHER BOY. Well, thank yewww! *(Indicating wig.)* I washed and set this an hour before my appointment, so it would just have just enough time to dry up under my portable and I wouldn't have time to finish fixing it, so I'd have to bring it to my session to put on the finishin' touches on it bein's I have a show

after this in the rec room. I can't disappoint my fans. They're crazy, but they're loyal. They're always there.

EVE. Maybe that's because they're locked up and don't have anywhere else to go. *(Laughs.)* That was a joke.

BROTHER BOY. *(Not amused.)* O-kay.

EVE. I caught your last show.

BROTHER BOY. Oh, well, that 'un was a little bit out of control. Usually I perform after the patients have been medicated. If you could talk to Nurse Jackson and tell her that that was a much better system, I'd sure appreciate it.

EVE. I'll see what I can do. This is a big step, Earl. Very big. You coming in without the wig on. I believe we've made some progress.

*(BROTHER BOY digs in his purse, then takes out a fancy rattail comb and proceeds to take the pins and curlers out of the wig and backcomb it.)*

BROTHER BOY. Well, I gotta tell you, I feel a little bit like a whore in church.

EVE. You look a little bit like one too. *(Pause.)* That was just another little joke.

BROTHER BOY. *(Attitude.)* O-kay.

EVE. No offense.

BROTHER BOY. None taken. Listen, Dr. Eve, how long is this gonna take?

EVE. It's just a regular session. About forty-five minutes.

BROTHER BOY. No, no, no. This whole dehomosexualization thing. 'Cause it seems to be going at a very slow pace.

EVE. Well, Earl, you really haven't been participating in your own recovery. I don't have a magic wand.

BROTHER BOY. I do. Somewhere back in my room. I've had