

A HOLE IN THE FENCE

excerpt

PROFESSOR: If the audience will forgive another intrusion, it occurs to me that there are certain technical matters that require explanation but which lie, alas, outside my own area of expertise. I will then briefly turn the program over to James Peacock who will elucidate a few minor points. Mr. Peacock.

[As JAMIE assumes center stage, the Fairies rush on downstage with cries of, "Tell 'em about it, Jamie!" "Go it, girl!" "Let the Duchess speak!" etc. JAMIE addresses the audience.]

JAMIE: The Professor wanted me to say a few words about Fairies. First thing you gotta know is a Fairy ain't just a Fairy. Call 'er a Fairy, call 'er a queer, call 'er a queen. But a Fairy ain't just a Fairy. You got three types. There's your pogues, your cocksuckers, and your two-way artists. Now Ella here's a pogue. *[ELLA bows.]* She takes it up the ass. That's all. She won't take nothin' in her mouth. Don't even try.

Chuck, she's a cocksucker. No explanation needed. Petey's a two-way artist. Turn her up, turn her down, turn her over. It's all the same to Petey. Versatile, I think you call it. Them's the Fairies.

[Cries of protest from the Fairies: "What about you, Madame Thing?" etc.]

Quiet! A girl's gotta have a few secrets.

Then there's Trade.

[THEO enters and takes up a position downstage, apart from the Fairies. He lights a cigarette.]

First you gotta know what Trade ain't. Trade ain't a Fairy and Trade ain't queer. And Trade don't suck and Trade don't get fucked. *[He looks at THEO with a certain bitterness.]* But if you're nice to Trade and you give him pretty presents, he might just be nice to you in return. I think you know what I mean. *[He turns away from THEO.]* There's Trade that stays with the same Fairy all their lives, keeping house and making nice. But Trade ain't queer. That's the difference.

[As the others leave the stage:]

It's a different world, ain't it, ladies and gentlemen, lying just beneath the surface of your own? Where did you think it all ran down to, all that dirty stuff you try to wash away? It's right here, right where you can get at it when you want it, when things are a little too clean where you live and you want to get out and get away and muck it up a bit.

[The REVEREND HUTCH enters, a bespectacled man in his early forties wearing the collar of an Episcopal priest. He appears to be in a hurry.]

Ain't that right, Reverend?

REVEREND: *[stops, blinks]* Hm? What? Why, Jamie? How do you do?

JAMIE: Scrumptious, Revvy dear. And yourself?

REVEREND: *[uncertainly]* Oh, you know. Fine, fine. Occupied. The life of a Navy chaplain...

JAMIE: I know, I know. "A man he works from sun to sun, but..."

REVEREND: *[vaguely]* Quite, quite.

JAMIE: Rushing off?

REVEREND: A young man, in need of spiritual comfort.

JAMIE: That so? Well, don't let me keep you.

REVEREND: Yes... Yes... Must... Good-bye.

[He starts off.]

JAMIE: Oh, Reverend! *[The REVEREND stops.]* Give him some extra comfort for me.