

KARL: Really what?

CANDY: You can't expect me to seriously believe that a man who has been shipping in and out of New Orleans for five years is still not able to recognize a queen in a gay bar.

KARL: I don't go with queers.

CANDY: I know you don't. [I'll tell you something. This is not the first time I have seen you. I mean this night. I have been noticing you off and on, here and there, ever since you started shipping out of this city. But up till lately I led a different life. I told you about my husband. When he broke with the normal world and took up with me as my sponsor, eighteen years ago, he changed his name. You wouldn't think it possible for any man to undergo such a complete transformation, new name, new life, new tastes and habits, even a new appearance. [*Turns his attention to the photo again.*] I mean he—ha ha!—not an old picture, either. Taken two years ago, slightly less. When he turned fifty. Remarkable? Would you guess it? Doesn't he look a fast thirty? I gave that man a new lease on life. I swear that when he started going with me in Atlanta, Georgia, he was a nondescript person, already a middle-aged one! Well . . . I never cheated on him. I'm the monogamous type. He did the cheating. And I was so trustful I didn't suspect it till after it had been going on for years . . . — Well, change is the heart of existence. I hold no grudge against him. We broke things off in a very dignified way. We had a joint bank account. I bought out his share of the business with my half of the money and he is now in Houston with his new chick, starting all over again, and I wish him luck with it. However he's picked a wrong one. But infatuation is even blinder than love. Specially when the victim is at the dangerous age like he is . . . [*Returns photograph to the bureau.*] — Well, he'll wake up soon and realize that he let a good thing go for one that's basically rotten. Just younger . . . Are you lookin' fo' somethin'?