

JAMIE *sheepishly takes a piece of paper from his pocket, unfolds it, taking his time, deep breath, reads it:*

JAMIE Sandra Banana.

HUGO *(unimpressed)* Sandra. Banana.

JAMIE I know!

HUGO Sandra Banana?!

JAMIE I know!

HUGO You'll have to do better than Sandra Banana! Your name's your brand! Along with the clothes, the hair, the make-up - it's a process of...*becoming*.

JAMIE Becoming what?

HUGO Becoming *more*. She's in there Jamie, she really is, just waiting to burst forth from you. Like that bloody great worm out John Hurt's chest in't first Alien movie.

JAMIE I get it, I do, and she...but for now - I was just going to go to prom in a dress.

HUGO Prom? As in 'school prom'?

JAMIE Yeah. Do you think I'm stupid?

HUGO I think... I think...

*Long pause.*

FUCKING HELL!!! You don't ask much of yourself, do you lad!

JAMIE Is it mad? Is it too much?

*JAMIE puts the red dress back on the rail.*

HUGO Honestly Jamie... I'd be lying if I said I didn't have concerns. I mean people...they can be fuckers. And teenagers...they can be *fucking* fuckers. What if they turn on you? Have you thought of that?

JAMIE So don't you think I should go?

HUGO No Jamie - you *have* to go! In honour of all your fallen comrades what came before you! This is war my son, you're a warrior now, and a warrior needs the very best armour.

JAMIE What's my armour?

HUGO *Her.*

*HUGO grabs the red dress from the rail - and hands it back to JAMIE!*

You have to create a *persona* - you can't just be a boy in a dress. A boy in a dress is something to be laughed at - a Drag Queen is something to be *feared*. You won't believe the power it gives you, putting on that wig, slipping on them heels - you'll hold your audience in the palm of your hand. Folks *love* a drag queen, but folks are *terrified* of 'em.