Main Street Drag

A Short Story

By Maryanne Peters

Chapter 1

In our town, main street drag used to refer to the Saturday nights, and some other nights too, when the guys would cruise down Main Street in their cars and trucks, showing off.  There was not much to do Dubbinville, but every farm had a shed and every house in town a garage, and fixing cars was just our thing.  Main Street Drag.

I guess that was why my Uncle Gus called his club in Lawrence City “Main Street Drag”.  It’s called irony.  It harked back to the town he grew up in, but thumbed his nose at the place.  Because Uncle’s Gus’s club was a drag show, and that kind of drag has no place in Dubbinville.  Necks don’t get any redder than they are in my hometown.

I guess that Uncle Gus did not fit in, and somehow I felt that I just did not fit in either, but I didn’t really know why.  Maybe it was because I was not interested in cars, or maybe the fact that I was not a farm boy like most kids at school.  They would always talk about farming stuff.  I guess most of them thought that was how they would end up – working the family land.  I lived in town, the son of the local sheriff.  I had no idea what farming was.

My father was brought up in Dubbinville with his brother and a sister – my aunt Rachel.  Rachel married a farmer and they lived a little way out of town.  They went out of the county for their honeymoon.  I think that was the only time they ever did.  My Pa was a little different.  He went into the Army. He served in the Middle East, so he saw some stuff. “Not a lot of it worth seeing,” he said. “You can have the rest of the world, Dubbinville is as close to heaven as you’re like to find.”

When he got back he went to Police College.  It was not about excitement or firing guns.  Dad said it was about wanting to try to make things better for regular folk.

Pa said it was his job to keep Dubbinville that way.  To do that, there was no room for “deviants”.  At Police College he learned that crime is deviant behavior.  If people are normal, then there is no crime.  People have to be normal.  Deviants should leave town.  He said that Uncle Gus was a deviant so he could not stay in Dubbinville.

But my mom told me that all artists are deviants. She said this with a laugh while working on her own art. “We don’t get things of beauty without artists, and artists are not “normal,” she said.  She made beautiful drawings in colored pencils of babies, birds, old people, and dogs. Even of the old swing on our front porch.

But she wasn’t going to confront my father about deviancy.  He said that she was just “talented”.  Maybe she quietly influenced him in her own way, but after she died, any of that was shelved.  My father threw himself into his work – keeping the peace and rooting out deviants.

When my mother died – it was cancer – I thought that my world had collapsed.  My older brother was closer to my father - like the chip off the old block – but I guess I was a mommy’s boy.  Even so, Greg had married and moved away with his bride to another state.  They would visit but it seemed to me that he was just living in another Dubbinville.  I don’t have much in common with Greg.

That left Pa and I in the big empty house. I suppose that I did not realize just how much of mommy’s child I was until things started to go wrong between me and my father.

Chapter 2

I was sitting at the kitchen table after having cleaned up all the dishes and put them away. I’d done the cooking too, because my father was horrible at it. A person can only eat so many burnt grilled cheese sandwiches before doing something about it.

That evening I had made a roast with garden vegetables and fresh cornbread. Pa ate all of it and had left for what he said was likely to be a long evening “minding the store” as he called it. Meaning patrolling Main Street, looking for deviants, I supposed.

I actually liked to cook and I didn’t mind clean-up, because usually that was my time to think. And what I had thought of that evening was that I would like to do a drawing of my mother. So when I was done with chores, I gathered some of her art tools and laid them out on the table.

My mother had been important to me, and I suppose that I felt that the image of her was slipping away. My father had decided that the photographs of her in the house were too painful, so he had all of them in a drawer that he would go to from time to time as a part of his grieving process. I suppose that I thought a drawing would be different somehow. I did not want to do it from a photograph. I wanted to sit back and find an image of her in my head and get it down on paper. It was like having her in the room.

I even included a few wild lines Mom had called them—strokes in the background that had nothing to do with what I was drawing but deepened the field of vision to make the face lift off the paper and come alive. I felt happy and closer to Mom than I had felt in the three years since she had died.

I didn’t even hear my father come in. He must have been standing right in front of me for some time, entering through the door from the kitchen to the garage. I started a bit when he spoke.

“When I came in,” he said, his voice sounding choked, “Frank, I thought you were your mother, sitting at the table, drawing while she waited for me to come home.”

I looked up at him, smiling. I saw the clock above the washing machine, it was after one a.m., I’d been drawing for six hours. “Hi, Pa,” I said. “I didn’t realize it was so late.”

He looked at what I had on the table in front of me. The look on his face was hard to describe. I had hoped for love, but it was a mixture of horror and despair.

“It’s Mom,” I said quietly, rather proud of the likeness so far.

Before I could say anything else he had snatched up the drawing and crumpled it up, dropping his hat on the floor while doing it.

“Don’t!” he repeated, suddenly raging. “Don’t you ever draw your mother again!” he screamed right in my face. “What are you trying to me?”

We’d had arguments, even screaming matches before but this one went on and on and we both said things that we instantly regretted but could not be unsaid.

“Why couldn’t you have got the cancer instead of Mom?” I asked in a cold and vicious voice

Chapter 3

I decided that it was time to leave home.  I would run away, but where could I go?  I had to leave Dubbinville, but it seemed that there was nowhere else.  I had been down to Lawrence City before – almost daily when Mom was in hospital there – but there was nobody there except Uncle Gus, and he was deviant.  Maybe he was, but he was all I had.

I got an education in Dubbinville.  I don’t want it said that I didn’t know what a homosexual was, or that there were men who were softer than you might expect.  It was just that we didn’t have them in Dubbinville, and when I last saw my uncle he wasn’t like that because in Dubbinville you just can’t be.  But living down in Lawrence City he had changed.

I got my uncle’s address from my aunt’s book and I collected some stuff and instead of going to school I got on the back of a truck that I knew was headed into the city.  There I just asked around and found the street and then the number.  And there I was standing outside “Main Street Drag” – a bar you might say, but with stairs at the side leading up to a few apartments upstairs.

My uncle opened the door.  It was just before midday but it looked like he was not long out of bed.  The only strange thing is that he looked like he was wearing a robe like my mother used to wear, and I could see that he did not have hairy legs like most men.  He was surprised to see me, and I expected that.

“Please don’t tell Pa,” I said.  “If you say I can’t stay then I’ll go somewhere else.  Anywhere but Dubbinville.  I’m done with that place.  But please don’t tell Pa.”

Uncle Gus said, “Francis, you poor thing.  You come inside right now.  You have to tell me all about it.  If we can fix things with your father then we will, but don’t worry - I won’t tell him.  As for Dubbinville, I am with you on that one, Sweetie.”

I guess it was strange being called “sweetie” but I was OK with it.  In fact, I kind of liked it.  He was smiling and welcoming, and he made hot tea and we sat down while I told him all about the fight with my father. He listened without saying much, just asking a few questions to be sure he had the details right. He patted my hand a few times, too, and offered me a biscuit stuffed with peach jam.

When I finished, he handed me a dish towel to wipe my face and commented, “They didn’t name Ernesto that by accident.”

I grinned. It had been the right thing to say. Pa’s name is Ernest Grimes, but Uncle Gus always called him Ernesto, apparently just to be irritating.

“I care about Dad,” I said.  “But it is just like he is a man of cold stone.  I guess that helps him to do his job, but I just wish that he could be somebody nicer at home.  And then just when we are close for the first time in years, he explodes and destroys my stuff.”

“Men are hard to explain,” said Gus.  “Not all of us are men.”

“But you are Uncle Gus,” I said.  I knew that guys who do drag dressed as women to perform comedy or musical comedy routines, but they were still men.

“Oh I am male,” he said with a laugh.  “But not necessarily a man,  That’s a state of mind rather than a question of biology.  Your father is a man.  A mystery to people like me.  But you won’t have to wait long.  The rest of the team will be arriving for the show tonight quite soon.  You can meet them all and then stay for the show if you like, watching from the sound and light booth.  For a young man from Dubbinville, it will be an education.”

Chapter 4

Under the stairs up to the apartment above the bar was a door which they called a Stage Door.  It led into a passage that had steep stairs on the right up to the sound and light booth Gus had talked about and a narrow hall down to cramped dressing rooms on the left.  They were cramped because most space had been surrendered to racks for clothes and shelves for shoes and wigs and headdresses

The sights were strange to me, but there was something about the colors and the smells that were strangely bewitching, if that is the right word.  But then I was confronted by the arrival of the artistes.

Alan was the first, who would later appear on stage as Jemima Dick. Alan was bald and big and arrived wearing baggy pants in patterned fabric, and a t-shirt under a longer duster coat.  He had a huge smile on his face that was clearly there to stay.

Clay arrived dressed more conventionally in jeans and a jacket.  He was tall and slim but definitely a he.  He had stubble on his face, and almost immediately set about giving himself a close shave.  It would be the first step in transforming him into Wilma Balsho.  His hair was colored and his eyebrows a little shaped, but he looked like a man.

Last to arrive was Dan, as uncle Gus explained “fresh from his day job” wearing a suit and tie.  He looked the least like a deviant as far as I was concerned.  More like a woman in man drag, which is sort of not queer, at least to me. He seemed quiet and even shy, but as Uncle Gus explained “When he becomes Lois Tovthaloe he opens like a flower”.

But such transformations take effort, and there were 4 chairs and 4 mirrors surrounded with lights.  Uncle Gus took his seat.  He invited me to stay and watch, so I did. Uncle Gus became May Hem right before my eyes

There were other staff of the club who popped in to check up on the act.  Jack was sound and lighting – another man with a day job, and no alter ego … that anyone was aware off.

He brought up the lights and the music, and clearly had some skill, and the entire troupe burst onto the stage. In the lighting they all looked so much more spectacular than they had in the dressing room.

The audience was small. Jack said that 50% would be regulars who would be exuberant from the outset. The others were a little slow to start but soon got caught up in the fun of the night.

Uncle Gus as May Hem introduced the various solo pieces that each of the players took the stage to do, and some came on in pairs or threes plus the ensemble numbers with all four. It was all very professionally done. I always had the impression that these drag acts would be something dirty, but this was the opposite. This was bright and clean in its delivery.

There was no weakness. Everybody played their part. There weas the usual lip syncing and exotic dancing, all played for laughs. Lois did card tricks which turned into comedy as the audience was sprayed with cards. She looked the most female of all so that her faked dismay tugged at the heart strings. Near the end Jemima played with fire and took her wig off explaining to the audience that “synthetic hair is so inflammable” – that was spectacular. For the final number she appeared with her hair back on – a special wig made of steel wool which she set on fire.

Even the regulars who must have seen it so many times were on their feet shouting and clapping.

It made me proud of my uncle. This was something special. Lawrence City was not a big place, and this had to be the best entertainment in town. Uncle Gus had made something of himself, and I was hooked.

Chapter 5

Uncle Gus said that I could earn my keep by tidying up the club, and I could stay on until things were settled with my father. But I said that I would be interested in doing more. Perhaps helping Jack, or rehanging the wardrobe, or even ironing.

Uncle Gus was keen to give me something to do. He said that I needed to read more widely, and maybe do some web-based study so as to improve myself.

“You need skills,” he said. “Anything but show business. I love it, but sometimes loving the wrong thing can be a curse, just like loving the wrong person.”

I suppose that I realized that my father and my uncle were both lonely men. It was clear to me that Uncle Gus was gay, and he was probably out having gay sex when he disappeared after the show or on weekend afternoons, but there was nobody permanent in his life. My guess was that there may have been a long-term relationship but that it was over.

I think that he was warning me off being gay, and being involved in drag. I did have some ability with computers and that flair for art and design that had got ne into trouble with my father those months before. I started doing graphic work and coding using the hard drives available - the one in the apartment that was available at night, and the one downstairs available during the day. I started doing freelance work on websites on introductions by a hosting company.

“Your father has called me,” said Uncle Gus. “I did not tell him you were staying with me. I don’t think that he would be happy if you were. I said that you were holding down two jobs and finding yourself, and that you and I were in touch and I was keeping an eye on you.”

I just did not want to go back to Dubbinville. It seemed as if I had moved past that way of life.

I had plenty to do, but somehow those racks of clothes and the makeup table with its mirror seemed to draw me in. On the weekend afternoons when I had the complete run of the building, I would dress up. My uncle had explained that some men dressed as women for a thrill, and some because of a need. Some dressed in female clothes because they just felt they belonged in them, but for others it was just fun. That’s how it was for me.

It was only a matter of time before Uncle Gus caught me dressed. I had decided to go upstairs in a maid’s outfit with a blonde 50’s style wig and makeup and just do some house work. It was just being a character like in the show, and getting my chores done. I even gave myself a name – Betsy Bottoms. Uncle Gus walked in while I was singing “I Want to Break Free” – a song by Queen.

“Francis, I don’t have to tell you what your father would think if he saw you looking like this.”

“I was just having a bit of fun.  It doesn’t mean anything - right?  You do it. I am not gay, Uncle Gus.”

“Good,” he said. “Then tomorrow you can look after Michelle. I want her to get right away from gay men.”

I had no idea what he was talking about, but the following day Uncle Gus introduced me to the most important person in my life.

I had no idea what the connection was between Uncle Gus and Michelle. I only found out later. But she was only a few months younger than me and just about to graduate high school. Uncle Gus had offered to help her with a prom dress, and have some of the team work to refit some flashy garment into something more suitable. The problem was that Michelle’s date had pulled out and she was a bit down. I have no idea why any guy would do that to her. She was gorgeous and a very nice person – just a little shy.

We just sat in the apartment – which she seemed very familiar with - and talked. Then I suggested that we go to a movie. By the end of the night we were kissing and I was her date to her school prom.

It turned out that she was the daughter of Mike who had been in a long term gay relationship with my uncle, so he was her “Uncle Gus” too. So it seems that her father was bisexual or whatever, but she seemed relaxed about it. She was not from Dubbinville.

“I miss not coming here when my mother sends me to my father,” she said. “My father misses this place too. He misses Uncle Gus, but he is too proud to admit it.”

We sort of decided that we would try to get them back together. It became our project, and her prom night seemed to be the way to make it happen.

Chapter 6

The other person who had a bigger role in my life at this time was Dan, who performed a Lois Tovthaloe in the show. I loved Alan (Jemima) and Clay (Wilma) because they were so totally ‘out there’ and funny, but it seemed to me that Dan was a more complex person, who always found time to talk to me.

Dan worked in an office during the day, and said thy he did drag as “a release”, but he was now almost ready to tell everybody that he was he was about to leave manhood all behin.

“I am transgender, Frank,” he told me. “Do you know what that means?”

If you had asked me when I lived in Dubbinville I might have been uncertain. It is not that we have not heard about what goes on the “sinful states” but there was never discussion there. But you don’t work backstage in a drag show without understanding that most drag artists are not transgender.

“The 6 people closest to me are Ma, Jem and Wilma, and Gus, Al and Clay, but I am asking you, Frank. I don’t want happy reassurance I want the truth. Can I pass as a woman?” It was interesting that Dan considered the drag personas to be extra people, but I can understand why she did. When they were dressed they were different. But in a funny way, Nat was not like that. The act was an act, but not really the person behind the act. If the others were 6 people, there were only 7 in total

“When I first met you I thought you were a woman,” I said. It was partly true. Nat had thick longish hair and was slightly built, and he was certainly not the same as the other three. “I guess you won’t know until you try.”

Nat’s drag name was Lois Tovthaloe – Lowest of the low. It seemed like a joke but there was a sadness in it – a lack of self-esteem. Encouragement was needed and he could get that from more than just me. I urged him to tell them. I urged him to become her.

There were some jokes about “turning vaginal on us” but she would have to expect that – I mean she – Natalie. The important thing was the outside her office that was who she now was. She was on the road and taking the hormones and getting the facial electrolysis. I was relieved.

I told Michelle and she was very supportive too She told Natalie that female puberty had been difficult for her, and so because Natalie had no mother to go to through this, Michelle would try to be there to be that.

Natalie cried a few happy tears. She said that they were her first such tears, and she loved it.

Natalie just needed to be advanced enough to explain things to her boss. She was valuable at work but her boss said that she could no longer do “customer facing work, because your circumstances would be too difficult to explain.” Natalie was not happy, but she was prepared for something like that.

Chapter 7

Natalie continued to be Lois for the show, but to her it was not quite the same.

“I know that I am not fully a woman yet, but I feel that I am woman enough to say that it seems strange that I am in a drag revue,” she said. “Maybe you should train up to replace me?”

I would be lying if I said that I had not thought about it. It was just that if Natalie felt awkward, so did I. I was not gay. I knew that for sure now.

“Plenty of straight guys do drag,” Uncle Gus said. “Some of the best are married, but their wives have to be supportive.”

He looked at Michelle and she playfully punched him on the shoulder, but we were really close by then.

So I looked at her and she looked at me and said: “Go on then. I would love to see you in drag. Make it a family business.”

So I did. I did not want to be Lois. I wanted to be Betsy Bottoms. Betsy favour vintage styles. She learned the card routine and also did the maid cruising the audience and fluffing them with a feather duster.

I told myself that I was just helping out, but there is something about being in front of an audience, especially when you are alone and the focus of the collective attention of a crowd, that is addictive.

Michelle was excited about how well I was doing. She encouraged me, but I had to keep my night job secret, at least until after her prom night.

On that night I was her manly man Frank, which not really an act. I somehow felt that by being Betsy sometimes, I could be a better Frank. I could appreciate what made a man a man, and what things that a woman might disapprove of in a man. It sounds strange, but I found that this whole experience made me a better person. The prom might was a case in point.

I had arranged to pick Michelle up from her mother’s place. Her mother had accepted the dress from Uncle Gus because it was spectacular and would end up winning Michelle a prize, but she was not agree to having Michelle’s father there to see her be collected by me.

But we had arranged it so that her father could see her, and pose for some photos with him, at the studio set up by the official photographer. I wanted my family there too, so I invited Uncle Gus.

The photographer had no idea what was going on, but we did. We had arranged it this way. Michelle’s father Mike and Gus were together in the same space for the first time in years. There was no anger in their faces only regret.

“Come on Daddy! Come on Uncle Gus! No sad faces,” Michelle instructed. “You both need to get in shot. One on either side of me. Look at your little girl adoringly.”

There were adoring looks. They we left them there to head into the hall. As Michelle had planned they had her in common and decided to go for a drink together to talk about how their little girl grew up too fast, or whatever.

Mike moved back in to the apartment above the show, and I took his apartment, with Michelle being a constant visitor.

Chapter 8

It had been a while since I had seen my father, but it should be clear that he was not a person who took any pleasure in leaving Dubbinville. It was his town and also now his responsibility. The more that I experienced life away from Dubbinville the less I wanted to return, but the more I understood Pa. He was a simple man who preferred simpler times and simpler places. He liked a town where he knew everybody and where he could make a difference. In Dubbinville he could.

He had some stresses in his life. My mother’s death had hit him as ard as it hit me – I knew that. And policing can be stressful, even if done in his laid back way. But he coped, and always put responsibilities before his own comfort and happiness.

I think that I was beginning to understand that setting aside some old-fashioned attitudes my father was fundamentally a great human being – maybe one of the greatest. He could control a town, but not his own son, and certainly not his brother Gus. So we could leave, and order would be restored.

But Pa knew that he was a father, and a father has obligations. Maybe he figured that he had obligations as a brother too. He was the older brother, and he knew that Gus looked up to him. Maybe he thought that somehow in the way he related to us he was the source of our “deviance”.

So Pa decided that it was time to head down to Lawrence City and check in on his brother and his son. So he headed down late and checked into a motel before finding his way to Main Street Drag.

We never saw him in the audience. He was at the back by the bar. I am pretty sure he had never been to the show before. He must have spotted his brother Gus early in the show as May Hem, but quite when he saw Betsy Bottoms and realized that I was his own son, is unclear. I am only glad that I was not there to see him.

Pa is not a drinker, but I learned he had ordered successive shots about halfway through, when I was doing the card trick.

After the show the performers mingle with guests at the bar in costume. It is a thing that is done, to get people to buy a little more, and maybe fish for tips or compliments, or both. Uncle Gus was the first to head back. He was the first to meet Pa, and to my very good fortune, Michelle was back there to, waiting for me.

I am not sure exactly what happened, but before my father could launch into any kind of moralizing Gus introduced Michelle – “This here is Frank’s beautiful girlfriend. Michelle, this is your man’s father.”

I think that Pa was relieved or pleased, or just too damned polite to make any kind of scene, but that was all that Michelle needed to work her charm.

By the time Gus had warned me and I had come over to say (as if it meant anything from that painted mouth and with those eyelashes), “I am just helping out Uncle Gus, Pa” she already had him convinced that I was the manliest of men.

He held out his hand to shake mine. It had been a year, and that was how he greeted the son who walked out. I could have hugged him, but I knew what the offer of that hand meant from a man like my father. I took it and I gripped it. And love can travel through a hand just as easily as through lips or shoulders.

He said that he was staying at the nearby motel and perhaps we could catch up in the morning, a Saturday. Gus tried to persuade him to come upstairs but Pa wanted an early night, as was his habit, plus he was unused to the drink he had downed. There was also the small point that both his brother and his son were in tight frocks with large fake tits underneath. It was agreed that we would have breakfast at a nearby spot in the money, at not too early an hour.

We were there on time in the morning, but Pa had been there since the place opened – “Because you know I like to rise early”, and he was not alone.

“This is Danielle,” he said, introducing his new friend. “She is a local lady and has been sharing some stories with me.”

Sitting at the table with him was our very own Dan. I had filled the role on the night before because Dan had an engagement, but there “she” was, looking relaxed and radiant.

“It seems like Lawrence City is smaller than you think, Pa, because Michelle and I know Danielle quite well.”

“That is true,” said the prettily dressed Dani, her hair nicely styled and her makeup perfect. But she shared a private look of dismay with me which made it necessary for me to signal that her secret was safe with us.

A little later Uncle Gus turned up with Mike.

“This is my father, Mike,” said Michelle. Pa extended his hand and received a firm handshake. He thought that was all Mike was. It was not until well through or “Prairie Breakfast” that my father realized that Mike was not there as my potential father in law, but as Gus’s partner.

But by that time my father had unwound. He had learned that Mike was a solid guy, that Michelle was close to the perfect girl, that I was heterosexual and making something of myself, and that Danielle was something very special.

Chapter 9

If I learned something from my escape from Dubbinville and finding myself through Main Street Drag, it was that gender and sexuality is a million shades of color. That is not shades of grey between black and white but a tapestry of color that adds something to the world.

It was as my mother said when she remarked “All artists are deviants and we don’t get things of beauty without artists”. Dubbinville seemed grey in a world of color.

There are gay people and gay men who dress as women and enjoy that, and you don’t have to be gay to do it either. And there are men who are not men at all, like Danielle. Dani was always a woman, as she explained to us. She just needed to escape.

What she wanted more than anything was not to dress as a woman and perform as a showgirl in a small city burlesque, although if that allowed he some moments of womanhood in a barren existence she would jump at the chance. What she wanted was to live a woman’s life. She wanted to find a good man and be his wife, and love him and care for him, and make him better.

For Dani, as it turned out, that man was my father.

It was going to be hard to explain things to him, but to Pa’s credit he saw past all of her physical problems to the woman within. And he had his brother and his son to remind him of what he might be turning away for that sake of small anatomical anomaly.

Pa kept calling her, and she drove over to Dubbinville with Michelle and me for a visit. I wanted to show Michelle the shithole that I had left behind me, but Dani just loved the place.

“It just needs a little color,” she said.

I think that my father understood that too. Pa is a black and white person. There is wrong and there is right. There is good and there is bad. There is male and there is female. There is normal and there is deviant. Main Street Drag had changed that. There was his brother and his boyfriend who in many ways was just like my father. There was me and my girlfriend, and we sometimes shared clothes. And there was Dani, a woman that he was now hopelessly in love with, born a man.

That night we stayed at our old house in Dubbinville. There were plenty of rooms, but Michelle and I shared one, and while a spare room was laid out for Dani she never slept in it.

They had to get married because my father is old-fashioned that way. It so happens that Dani is a bit like that too. It just needed that final cut and the certificate necessary to obtain a marriage license.

Dani never disguised anything about her past, but she never advertised it either. Some chose to treat the rumors as true, some did not, but out of respect for the Sheriff of Dubbin County, nobody said anything to him.

I like to think that Dani did bring that color to Dubbinville. Certainly Gus and Mike, and Michelle and I, found it easier to visit the town after the wedding.

But we have a business to run. My website “Main Street Drag Online” is busy and Betsy Bottoms has been known to tread the boards when required. And we are expecting a child in June. Michelle is hoping for a girl, Pa is hoping it will be a boy, but as far as I am concerned, there is no difference.

The End

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*Erin’s seed: A boy, son of redneck sheriff runs away from home, goes to live with uncle who is drag queen, and runs a club for drag queens boy is too young to be in show but practices but slowly discovers, he's no drag queen, he's just a girl. One of the dancers (with a back story) at the club is coming to a similar discovery. Mean redneck dad is regretting things comes to club and falls for the co-transitioner*