

HENRY

Easy. Love is a very simple thing, when you get past all the details. All we have to do is ask him and I'm sure that, for all he lacks in eloquence and appearance, he will make up for in sincerity.

ANA

Fine. SLAV!

He comes out of the closet immediately.

HENRY

Why do you stay with Ana, Slav?

SLAV looks at ANA.

ANA

Permission to speak!

For the rest of this exchange, SLAV assumes the perfect posture of a horribly earnest actor.

SLAV

Because I love her, Henry!

ANA

You do not.

HENRY

He does!

ANA

He doesn't.

SLAV

Oh, but I do, I do, I love her with all my heart!

HENRY

Then tell her, Slav! Open the floodgates of your adoration! Let your spirit soar!

SLAV takes a deep breath, and readies himself for performance.

SLAV

Baby I love you you complete me you are my other half I want to spend the rest of my life with you you're the mother of my children you're my cup of coffee in the morning you're my first my last my everything you're my partner you're my soul mate I think that we were meant to be together I'd give anything for you I would give up everything so long as we could be together I remember when I first looked into your eyes I knew we were meant for each other I think I could be your muse I want to love you again and again I would die for you You're so beautiful the perfect body the perfect face You're my girl I know what love is I know it's You baby let me be your man I won't disappoint you think of all the nights we spent together when I'm without you I long for you I miss you I would give up everything for you!

ANA

Everything?

SLAV

Everything!

ANA

Anything?

SLAV

Anything!

ANA

I'm so flattered, Slav. Will you get your Love a scalpel?

SLAV runs to the closet, gets a scalpel, and nears ANA.

THE JAZZ transitions to a lustfully paranoid groove.

Give it to me.

SLAV hesitates.

Now.

SLAV reluctantly hands her the scalpel.

Thank you. Now give it to me.

SLAV

Wh...wh...what?

ANA

You said you would give me anything, so give it to me.

HENRY

He meant that metaphorically!

ANA

I think we're beyond symbols.

HENRY

But he loves you!

ANA

Do you love me, Slav?

SLAV

Yes, but I also love my -

ANA

Which do you love more?

SLAV

I can't say, I love both so much...

ANA

PICK!

SLAV

But the two go so well together...

ANA

PICK!

SLAV

But one wouldn't be the same without the other...

ANA

PICK you lying mother fucker!

She brandishes the scalpel menacingly.

SLAV exits through the blue door. As he exits, he screams.

SLAV

But I'm so well hung!

Silence.

A few moments pass.

HENRY

That was absolutely unnecessary.

ANA

I don't think so. I think I just proved my point. Besides, I thought you wanted to be alone with me.

HENRY

But I never wanted to hurt anyone!

ANA

Who ever does? But that's what we seem to do.

HENRY

He loved you.

ANA

He showed me what he loved.

HENRY

You gave him an impossible choice!

ANA

I think we're beyond possibility.

HENRY

You weren't fair.

ANA

He had a choice.

HENRY

But he loves you!

ANA

You're an idiot. I'm just a leather-clad chaperone to the eternal courtship of his cock.

HENRY

He would never have left you. He would have loved you for the rest of his life.

ANA

But it wouldn't have been sincere.

HENRY

Who gives a damn about sincerity?

ANA

But Henry. What happened to the pure simplicity of love?

She confronts him. The two are inches away from each other.

HENRY

Why can't you just be beautiful?

ANA

Fine. If that's all you think you want. This is one of your favorites, isn't it?

ANA ejects the porno from the VCR, and puts in one of the old musicals. ANA molds her mannerisms to that of an innocent little girl.

ANA

Care to dance?

HENRY takes her hand reluctantly. THE JAZZ plays a happy waltz. They begin to dance. The stage is flooded with sparkling white light.

ANA

I've never danced the Studebaker waltz before!

HENRY

But you move so beautifully.

ANA

Everything is moving so fast!

HENRY

That's all right. Just listen to your heart.

ANA

It's beating so fast!

HENRY

The music?

ANA

No! My heart!

HENRY

I'm sorry. We can pick a slower tune if you'd like.

ANA

Don't apologize! My heart's aflutter, and I've never felt so wonderful!

HENRY

Stop talking like that!

He lets go of her. The music stops.

ANA

Like what?

HENRY

Like a little girl.

ANA

But that's how she sounded in the movie. Oh. You forgot, I've been watching you.

She strokes the back of his neck.

You dressed me like her. Don't you want me to sound like her, too?

HENRY

No.

ANA

You don't want a pure and innocent little girl?

HENRY

No. Not anymore.

ANA

All right. Would you like me to put a sorority sweater on, and get on all fours, like your campus sweetheart?

HENRY

NO!

ANA

Then who do you want me to be, Henry?

HENRY

I want you to be yourself.

ANA

Then why did you ask me to change my clothes?

HENRY

You terrified me. You looked like something out of a nightmare. A character from the type of movies I can only bear a glimpse of before changing the channel in fear.

He picks up the video jacket to one of the musicals.

And all I ever wanted was a little fantasy, just a sweet respite from the dreary world. For though you were anything but mundane, and even strangely attractive, somehow...and it still confuses me, for I'm usually quite open to new things...it was just much too hideous, and all too real. I have my limits, Ana.

ANA

You seem to be in control of your senses. Very admirable. When Slav found me, he oozed into the leather, and embraced the whip. You, on the other hand, you are much more resistant than Slav.

HENRY

You sound different all of a sudden.

ANA

You finally asked me to be myself.

HENRY

Finally? You talk to me as if you already know my fate. Who are you to know my destiny? And how dare you compare me to Slav! I'm personally offended that you should mention me, a custodian of culture, in even the same conversation as that devoted slave of lust.

ANA

But Henry, all you know is what Slav has become. You don't know what he was.

HENRY

And what was that?

ANA

Slav was a brilliant poet, once.

HENRY

A brilliant poet? Slav? I don't believe you. How could a man sacrifice poetry, the most delicate of the arts, for something as violent and degrading as masochism?

ANA

Slav did not see it as a sacrifice, but merely a transfer of authority. As a poet, he worshipped the cruelest of muses. She gave him the talent for mediocrity, and the illusion he could be better.

HENRY

That's not uncommon.

ANA

You interrupted me. The cruel part is this: One night, to his complete surprise, the muse gave him a single taste of all he ever desired. For three moments, his goddess smiled, and the two sailed far away to the realm of decadence. They landed in a cloud, and sat like lovers at the table of Bacchus. The muse smiled again, and poured into his mouth a single, decadent, sip of divinity. But before the sacred wine could touch his tongue she whipped him back to this mundane world, and he awoke with a vicious hangover; the excruciatingly untouchable memory of all he had perceived, but could never hope to express. His goddess smiled one last time, this time with ferocity, and was gone. She left him alone to starve on the meager scraps of mediocrity. Slav tried to write. He tried in vain to remember all the wonders he had seen. The critics called him, "quirky," and forgot him for the failure that he was. But Slav was not destroyed. The muse did not get her wish. For, eventually, Slav got sick of going hungry. He decided he loved himself more than words. And so he came to me.

HENRY

But you are just as cruel.

ANA

And you are still an idiot. Yes, I may tease him. And I might make him suffer, a little. But, in the end, I give him all he needs. Slav never starves with me, for I am more fulfilling than words could ever be.

HENRY

Ah, but you are not. Slav is gone! He has left you! To him, you were merely a brief and sordid pleasure, a holiday for the senses. Perhaps he was even doing research for a novel. But he is finished with you, Ana. He has gone back to the muse. For though his goddess may be cruel, at least she has her dignity.

ANA grins, glances at the medical closet, and clenches her fist.

ANA

SLAV!

Several quick steps are heard, along with hysterical shouts of glee. SLAV enters through the blue door, and dances to a point just between ANA and HENRY.

SLAV

I have three books out of print!

ANA

Hello, Slav! How about a poem?

SLAV giggles.

HENRY

I see. Laugh it up. Slav never left, after all. But the joke is not on me, you slimy little fool. It is squarely upon you. But I cannot bear to laugh. I actually feel sorry for you, now that I have seen the heights from which you fell.

SLAV remains delightfully unperturbed.

And you, Ana, I'm on to you now. I see where you are leading me, for I see what you have done to him. What you cannot own with the whip, you dominate with your mind. But I'm not as weak as you think I am. I am not going to break so easily. You forget that I never desired any of this. You came to me!

SLAV guffaws.

Quiet! HENRY

He's a man said Henry the - SLAV

I said quiet! HENRY

HENRY grabs him.

Pretends Narcissus but isn't he vicious? SLAV

Get out! Out! HENRY

If Slav is a slave then who plays the knave? - SLAV

I'll kill you! HENRY

Silence. ANA

HENRY lets go of him abruptly. They both stand at attention like two boys at play, after they are interrupted by their Mother.

Recite, Slav.

I refuse to listen to this shadow of a maggot on the feces of a man! I'm gone! HENRY

HENRY enters the closet. ANA stares at SLAV, who looks at her earnestly.

Permission...to...to...speak? SLAV

Yes. Recite. ANA

But may I...may...I... SLAV

Reci- ANA

Ask the Master a question? SLAV

Brave, Slav. Very brave. ANA

She pets him as one would pet a reptile.

Are you...you...you wouldn't...but...are you...going to... SLAV

If I did, you would leave me. ANA

She strokes him. He oozes with pleasure.

Now let's hear one, Slav.

A new one! SLAV

A new one? But I thought you had quit. ANA

Is the Master angry? SLAV

I don't know. Let's hear it. ANA

SLAV takes a deep breath, and readies himself for performance.

THE JAZZ begins a confused improvisation.

A blooming, scarlet, Swedish boy went prancing along the beach, and came upon a flock of birds, with long legs and pretty mouths. SLAV

Mouths? ANA

SLAV
Mouhts? Beaks. Beaks!

ANA
You used to be much better. Start over.

SLAV takes a deep breath, and readies himself for performance.

SLAV
A blooming, scarlet, Swedish boy -

ANA
Faster.

SLAV
A blooming Swedish boy in scarlet -

ANA
Slower.

SLAV
A blooming, scarlet, Swedish boy went prancing -

ANA
Louder.

SLAV
A BLOOMING SCARLET SWEDISH -

ANA
Softer.

SLAV
A blooming scarlet -

ANA
More emotive.

SLAV
A blooming; scaaarlet; Sweedish; boy went praaancing -

ANA
Less emotional.

SLAV
A blooming, scarlet, Swedish boy -

ANA

More physicality.

SLAV

A blooming, scarlet, Swedish boy went prancing by the beach, and came upon a flock of birds with long legs and pretty beaks.

ANA

Less sexual.

SLAV

A blooming scarlet Swedish boy went prancing by the beach, and came upon a flock of birds with long legs and pretty beaks.

ANA

Good. Now recite the rest exactly like that.

ANA strokes SLAV affectionately. He shivers with delight. SLAV takes a deep breath, and readies for performance.

SLAV

A scarlet - No! A Swedish! No! A...A...little girl? How did she go?

ANA

You've already forgotten?

SLAV

The Master forgot something?

ANA

No, Slav. But thank you for your concern.

She strokes him. He oozes with pleasure.

ANA

Now let me alone with him, Slav. We nearly have him.

SLAV

But how is the Master -

ANA

You leave that to me. Now, make a commotion.

SLAV approaches the closet. He bangs on the doors.

SLAV

Shadow of a maggot on the feces of a man! Shadow of a maggot on the feces of a man!

HENRY comes out of the closet, and chases SLAV around in a quick circle. But SLAV is more agile, and he escapes back into the other closet, slamming the doors shut behind him. HENRY approaches ANA.

HENRY

I'm not like him. I'm still a man. And I always will be!

ANA

I know, Henry. You're different. That's why I can't resist you. For the first time in my life, I'm beginning to feel what it must be like - You're just so strong -

HENRY

What were you saying?

ANA

That you were so strong, and masculine.

HENRY

No. Before. You said that for once in your life, you were beginning to understand-

ANA

I cannot say!

HENRY

Please tell me. I need to know what you were going to say.

ANA

It's so humiliating.

HENRY

Ana, think of what you've done to me. You owe me.

For a moment, ANA glares ferociously. HENRY takes no notice.

ANA

Fine. I will tell you. Henry, when I look into your knowing eyes, and hear your noble voice, I finally realize what it feels like to be Slav.

HENRY

Oh, Ana. It was just as I expected. Don't be ashamed. To be dominated can be liberating, Ana. For when the master owns all of your thoughts, the desires of the senses go unchallenged by reason and remorse, and we are free to lose ourselves in pleasure, for pleasure is our only concern. But that desire must be only a part of us, Ana. A small, half-hidden fantasy, never to be fulfilled. We cannot be slaves to our senses. And, as tempting a proposition as it is, I never want you to be a slave of me. For I know what it feels like to be Slav, as well.

THE JAZZ begins a laughing, happy tune.

ANA

No. You want me to dominate -

HENRY

Yes. And you want me to dominate -

ANA

Yes! But we cannot dominate each other, can we?

HENRY

Why not?

ANA

It must be against the rules.

HENRY

Masochism has morals?

ANA

It's all very complicated. For example, who will own the whip?

HENRY

We'll pretend we're an all-American family, and share custody.

ANA

And who will take the lead if we care to dance?

HENRY

Why, of course, I will still take the lead when we dance,
but-

ANA

That's not fair. What if I want to lead?

HENRY

Then, we will no longer dance at all. We will sing!

ANA

Duets?

HENRY

Duets.

ANA

What about Slav?

HENRY

A trio!

ANA

You forgive him for mocking you, then?

HENRY

I'm a very patient man.

ANA

Wonderful, just wonderful. But who will take which part?

HENRY

I once sang a perfect tenor.

ANA

Just like the man in your musical.

HENRY

Oh, but I was even better. I was the most beautiful man to
ever crack the boards, and the whole world was in love with
me.

ANA

Really.

HENRY

And, on the topic of musical theatre, a standard rule states that, at the end of the second act, the leading man and leading lady must share a kiss.

ANA

Oh? And which act do you think this -

HENRY kisses her. The stage darkens. The band plays on for a few minutes.

End of scene.

SCENE THREE

It is morning. HENRY is sleeping peacefully, although hideously covered with mosquito bites. Enter NURSE, still in the biohazard suit, with a tray of hot breakfast.

NURSE

Holy God!

She drops the tray, and runs out of the room. HENRY wakes up. He instantly looks around for his Love. She is not there. He becomes aware of all the bites on his body, and is very frightened and disturbed. He gets out of bed, and picks up a small mirror from the desk. He gazes at himself, first with horror, but then eases his grimace into a languid smile.

HENRY

"The horror, whatever it was, had not yet entirely spoiled that marvelous beauty."

My skin is covered with a thousand little sores, each a crimson memory of my sordid fantasy. I suppose I should feel remorse. But why? My body lies, for I see no "damned spot" of shame upon my clean hands. For who is harmed but Henry? Who have I corrupted but me? Some would insist I mourn the loss of my own innocence. The vanity!

He drops the mirror.

I admit I am a victim of my own imagination. But I do not tempt another. I keep my sin, if you wish to call it that, all to myself. But do not praise my virtue. I preserve it

HENRY (cont'd)

not for goodness, but for lack of any real opportunity. For in a place such as this, where young nurses wear masks and speak through machines, the imagination is all that lives. I hear footsteps. The doctor's on his way. He'll think I've gone mad. And let them all think that! The idiots! I will hide nothing from them, for I am not ashamed. And I hope they lock me away forever, all alone, in a room - in a room just like this! It would be all I needed. I would never starve.

Bzzz.

And here he comes.

HENRY jumps back into bed. Enter EXTERMINATOR. He wears a biohazard suit, and carries a clipboard.

EXTERMINATOR

Jesus.

HENRY

Good morning!

EXTERMINATOR

Now, that's a bug problem.

HENRY

A mosquito problem, actually. And it's no longer a problem. She has agreed to no longer bite me.

EXTERMINATOR

Awful nice. But there's none left of you to drink.

HENRY

I know I look terrible, but really I'm fine. There will be no need to help me.

HENRY gets out of bed, and walks to the fallen breakfast tray.

So, if you don't mind, I think I have some breakfast -

EXTERMINATOR

But, how am I gonna get paid?

HENRY

I understand that you must think I'm insane, but-

EXTERMINATOR

Who called you crazy? I'm just here for the bugs.

HENRY

Well, if you don't think I'm insane, then why are you here?

Bzzz.

EXTERMINATOR

For the bugs!

HENRY

But the bugs aren't bothering me anymore.

EXTERMINATOR

You mean to tell me, lookin' like you do right now, that the bugs aren't botherin' ya?

HENRY crouches by the fallen breakfast, and begins to clean up.

HENRY

Yes. There may have been some awkward instances in the past, but Ana and I are getting along beautifully now.

EXTERMINATOR

Ana?

HENRY inspects a piece of toast, and takes a bite.

HENRY

As I said, I no longer have a bug problem, because, Ana, the mosquito, and I, became quite close last night and she has agreed to no longer bite me. Toast?

EXTERMINATOR chuckles.

EXTERMINATOR

Now, see, this is why I always take the hospital jobs.

HENRY

You do mainly house calls?

Bzzz.

EXTERMINATOR

House calls, offices, wherever the bugs are. But it's customers like you that give me a kick when this job gets more boring than shit.

HENRY

Did you say customers?

EXTERMINATOR

Yeah, customers.

Bzzz.

HENRY

You mean patients.

EXTERMINATOR

No. I'm no doctor.

HENRY takes another bite of toast, then stands up.

HENRY

Then who the hell are you?

EXTERMINATOR

I'm the exterminator.

HENRY

Oh. I was hoping you were a psychiatrist.

EXTERMINATOR

Well, no, Sir. See a shrink gets paid to kill the bugs in your mind, whereas I get paid to kill the bugs in your - Well, I guess I get paid to kill the bugs everywhere else.

HENRY

But you won't ever kill them all.

HENRY takes another bite of toast.

Bzzz.

EXTERMINATOR

Oh, I don't know about that, Sir. See, I've got a sign painted on my van that says 100% customer satisfaction, and I ain't repainting that van anytime soon.

HENRY

But you don't need to be here. I don't have a bug problem. I'm the customer, and I have already been satisfied.

EXTERMINATOR

But you're not the customer writing my check. And the suit that is writing my check tells me to kill everything in here except you.

Bzzz.

HENRY

What are they paying you? I'll double it! Do you take rupees? Where is my bag? Blast! It is lost! Listen sir, I am telling you now, as a man, that you cannot kill her.

EXTERMINATOR

Course I can. I'm a professional.

HENRY

But you won't.

EXTERMINATOR

I will.

HENRY

You cannot kill her!

EXTERMINATOR

Why the hell not?

HENRY

Because I love her.

Bzzz.

EXTERMINATOR

Jesus. You really do have a bug problem.

HENRY

Maybe I do but who cares! All I know is that last night, well, the second half of last night was the greatest night of my life and that this mosqui...this beautiful woman named Ana, was the reason for it and that I love her and that you cannot kill her!

EXTERMINATOR

You know you're the best customer I ever had. And I've been at this job a long time. But I've got van payments to make.

HENRY confronts EXTERMINATOR.

HENRY

If you gas this room, it will have me in it.

EXTERMINATOR

You must of lost a lotta blood last night.

HENRY

You will kill me before anything happens to Ana.

EXTERMINATOR

You wanna die for some - a goddamn mosquito?

HENRY

Do you want to get the hell out of my room?

EXTERMINATOR

Do you wanna test 100% customer satisfaction?

HENRY

I think I'm testing it as we speak. Because I am one very unsatisfied customer.

EXTERMINATOR

Do you want me to holler for the male nurses?

HENRY

You can never please them all, Exterminator!

EXTERMINATOR

BOYS!

Two MALE NURSES enter, and quickly wrestle HENRY to the ground.

Get the arms. The legs. Fix his gown. I don't wanna see that. Get him outta here!

HENRY

I love her! I love her! Don't kill her please!

The MALE NURSES carry HENRY out through the blue door.

EXTERMINATOR begins to spray the room. Smoke rises from the ground.

Bzzz.

EXTERMINATOR hears the mosquito. He shuts off the gas for a moment, and thinks. Then, he begins spraying again.

EXTERMINATOR

100% customer satisfaction. You've got to respect 100% customer satisfaction. Crazy old man. Just lonely, that's all. And I bet it gets real lonely in a place like this. Everything so clean, and cold. It must be 45 degrees in here. It feels like that place in the movies, you know, when the main detective has to take the mother down into the basement of the station and they bring out her dead daughter.

Bzzz.

Once more, he shuts off the gas. He thinks for a little longer this time. Then he shrugs, chuckles to himself insecurely, and begins to spray again.

And it's some real pretty Latina girl usually, and she's raped and killed or something, and then the mom has to look at her, all cold and dead, and tell the cop that "yes, that's her, that's my daughter." That was my daughter. Down in a place like this. And she always still looks so pretty. They always make sure she stays pretty, with nice makeup and everything, even though the killer has gone and done something so -

Bzzz.

EXTERMINATOR tries to ignore what he has heard.

And they always give the daughter these blue lips, you know, real cold. And the mother always starts to cry. But the dead girl, she always still looks so beautiful. And after, the cop always has to go to a hot dog stand and eat like three hot dogs. Shoot, that's what I would do, too.

HENRY breaks back into the room. There is blood on his gown, and he has a scalpel in his hand.

THE JAZZ begins a sinister tune.

EXTERMINATOR

I told you to stay outta here!

HENRY

And I told you I didn't have a bug problem!

EXTERMINATOR

But 100% customer -

HENRY

Get out!

HENRY brandishes the scalpel.

EXTERMINATOR

Godspeed, man!

EXTERMINATOR exits.

HENRY

Ana! Ana! Ana, where are You?

The gas takes affect on him, he coughs.

Ana! Ana! I can't see...the gas...where are You?

He coughs loudly.

I'm a coward. I let male nurses push me around. But I came back, Ana, I came back for you...like a hero. I'll never leave you again. But where are you?

He crawls, searching.

They say I've got a bug problem...it's no problem...everything is clear...nothing is real...nothing is sincere...except you...I can barely see...You bit me...I loved it...I'm no Slav...But I love him...this life...this crazy life...this crazy...I'm beginning to see now...It's clear again...where...when...it was all real!

ANA falls out of the closet and onto the floor. She is dying. White light shines everywhere.

THE JAZZ plays something sincere.

ANA

Henry.

HENRY

Ana!

HENRY picks her up, and holds her in his arms. ANA struggles to breathe.

Ana, I'm so sorry. I tried to resist the male nurses, but they were surprisingly tough -

ANA

Leave...save yourself!

HENRY

What's there to save? Who am I without you? I would rather die!

ANA

Die? For what? Not for me!

HENRY

But I love you!

ANA

I'm not real!

HENRY

Yes, you are! I'm sure of it!

ANA

I'm a female mosquito!

HENRY

And I'm a weak little failure of a man! We're equals! No, you're better than me!

ANA

You're dying for a fantasy, Henry!

HENRY

No, I'm not! I'm dying for love!

ANA

A fantasy!

Love!

HENRY

What's the difference?

ANA

She is fading.

HENRY

There is no difference! All I know is that you bit me and whipped me and hurt me and all I wanted was more. All I needed was more! And I would have given it to you, Ana. I really would have. Who needs it, anyway? And it would have been so comfortable, and simple, and beautiful.

ANA

I never would have asked you for it, Henry. I just wanted you to get past the metaphors. And you did, and I did, and we will...So kiss me!

They kiss, and fall to the ground, into the fog, unconscious. THE JAZZ stops. Darkness for a few moments, as ANA exits.

End of scene.

SCENE FOUR

The lights come back up, and enter EXTERMINATOR, and NURSE.

NURSE

There he is!

They approach HENRY.

He's not dead.

EXTERMINATOR

No, he'll be alright. The poison's organic. Crazy bastard will be in love again before you know it.

NURSE

In love again. Should we put him out of his misery?

EXTERMINATOR

Don't be so cynical. Look at the smile on his face. Hey Nurse, why didn't you tell me he was going to be such a wack-job? I thought you told me this was just the quarantine wing.

NURSE

It is! And he was perfectly sane, last night.

EXTERMINATOR

It must be this damn room that did him in. It's too cold. And clean!

They pick HENRY up, and place him on the bed.

HENRY

Leather clad chaperone...musicals...given you anything...ANA...ANA!

NURSE puts an oxygen mask on HENRY, which sedates him.

EXTERMINATOR

See? Man's going to be fine. Just a little delirious. I don't know about his lady friend, though.

EXTERMINATOR begins to look around the room. NURSE checks the pulse of HENRY.

NURSE

Don't call her - I mean, it, that!

HENRY

Why not?

NURSE

It's just so...distorted. Last night, when we were speaking together, he was so eloquent, and charming. Like a real gentleman, out of some old movie. And for him to sink as low as this, as quickly as he did-

EXTERMINATOR

Why don't you lay off him? Man's just had a rough night, that's all. You think those old movie guys didn't have rough nights, sometimes? A real man needs a rough night, every once in a while. To straighten himself out. Otherwise, he'll never change his mind about a damn thing.

NURSE

Maybe you're right. I just hope the next love he finds is human, that's all.

EXTERMINATOR spots the porno tape.

EXTERMINATOR

What is this?

NURSE

Well, that's *Campus Sweethearts*, a...um...this is so embarrassing...it's just a movie we give out to patients who are going to be in isolation for a long time. It's standard hospital procedure, really.

EXTERMINATOR

Standard hospital procedure? But this is the devil's work! This explains everything. It's evil stuff! Have you seen the part when the guy takes out this plastic, double-sided -

NURSE

Or in the scene before when the two sorority girls jump on each side of a - So what were you looking for over there, anyway?

EXTERMINATOR

I found her!

EXTERMINATOR looks down, and picks up a dead mosquito (natural size and dimensions). He holds it up to the light, which is now yellow.

NURSE

A pretty little thing. She never meant to hurt anybody, did she. She was just a very needy mosquito.

A long, reflective pause.

EXTERMINATOR

100% customer satisfaction. 100% customer satisfaction! I almost feel guilty.

NURSE

But it's only a damn mosquito!

EXTERMINATOR

Not to him, she wasn't. And, you know what, not to me anymore, either. Not to any of us!

The two look at ANA for a few more moments. Then, they look straight at each other.

NURSE

You know, I am a very lonely woman.

EXTERMINATOR

And I'm a real lonely man.

NURSE

But if someone can love a mosquito...

EXTERMINATOR

Then we've got no excuse.

NURSE grabs his arm, the one holding the mosquito, and slowly lowers the arm to his side. He drops the mosquito. She takes off his mask. He takes off hers. They kiss. HENRY removes his oxygen mask.

HENRY

And the jazz begins again.

THE JAZZ begins again. NURSE and EXTERMINATOR begin to dance. After about ten seconds of dance, SLAV sneaks out of a closet unnoticed. He wrings his hands, giggles, and oozes out through the blue door.

End of play.