

The VET goes.

DOLORES fixes herself a drink, a dash of vodka with the product of a crushed orange. She goes and uncovers the monkey down to the neck.

Poor little monkey. I did all I could. Old age. Well, that'll do for Hank. I sure dunno what he's gonna say. When he left y'a week ago, you was jumpin up and down, chattering away, playing ball with him in the garden, scratching your underarms, a healthy monkey. He'll just never believe you're dead. You were always Hank's little monkey. I could never figure out why, as soon as Hank left the house, you so completely altered your personality. I had no idea it was within a monkey's physiogomy to do that. But I guess it was because he was your brother. I grew to love you in the end. Sad as hell you're dead. Sad as hell. Christ I'm, so sad. Goodbye little monkey. I love ya . . .

She covers him.

A door slams out back.

HANK enters.

He is a big, rangy guy. He is awkwardly dressed in a salesman's suit. He is tired and grimy. He walks straight to the easy chair and flops.

HANK: Hullo sweet.

DOLORES: Hullo Hank.

HANK rises. He kisses DOLORES full on the mouth. he is horny. When he has finished with her, DOLORES asks:

How was your trip?

HANK: My trip? It was a journey through a whore's soiled undergarments.

DOLORES: Gee I'm sorry to hear that Hank.

HANK: No it was good.

DOLORES: You made a lotta sales?

HANK: I sold all my stock. And more. But who the fuck to? Sharks. Leeches. Assholes. And what for Dolores? To pay off my company debts! Christ there are guys out there look at me and say he's so dumb that Hank he thinks a Mexican border pays rent.

DOLORES: Oh Hank honey, they don't.

HANK: Plain as a lead pipe.

He vigorously squeezes oranges into the juicer.

You know what I think of the world Dolores? This thought revolves around my head when I'm gunning down the freeway. The centre of the world is a monkey's asshole. Every time the monkey shits the world contracts a little bit. Shits some more and the skin draws tighter across the globe. Pretty soon, this is before I hit the next state, the whole world is a vast pile of steaming monkey's shit. But the monkey is so fuckin' greedy he starts eating himself and he shits himself through his own asshole. Then there is nothin left but monkey shit.

He's finished juicing and pours juice into the jug.

Hey! I forgot! How's the monkey?

DOLORES: Monkey's dead Hank.

HANK: Shit! Dead? Shit! Where?

DOLORES: Right here Hank, on the table.

HANK goes to the table. He uncovers the monkey.

HANK: Aw, hell. My little monkey!

HANK falls on the monkey and weeps.

DOLORES: I'm sorry Hank I'm real sorry.

HANK: My little little monkey!

DOLORES (crying): Broke my heart Hank, broke it right in two. I dunno what I'm gonna do without him.

HANK: Aw, my little monkey! Oh God I was gonna play so many games, I bought a bat'n ball for him, bought a big beach ball, I blew thirty-seven dollars in a kidstore . . .

DOLORES: Aw, Hank . . .

HANK: . . . gotta sackfulla nuts out there . . . big walnuts . . .

DOLORES: Hank we . . .

HANK: I think of him all the time I'm out there gunning down the freeway, can't wait to get back to my little monkey . . .

DOLORES: Can't you Hank?

HANK: My li'l monkey!

DOLORES: I loved him too Hank, he was a companion to me when you was away . . .

HANK recovers. He straightens up and reverently replaces the blanket over the monkey's head.

HANK: How d'e die Dolores?

DOLORES: Old age Hank.

HANK: Old age. Well. Rest in peace.

HANK returns to the juicer. He juices more oranges.

Any ice in the icebox?

DOLORES: I'll fix you some ice Hank.

HANK: Thank you Dolores. Mighty grateful.

DOLORES opens the frigidaire and gets out some ice. We notice the frigidaire is empty. DOLORES finds a glass for HANK and places ice inside it. HANK fixes himself a long orange drink with a dash of vodka. He sits in the easy chair. DOLORES sits in a dining chair. HANK stares into space. DOLORES stares into space.

HANK (at length): We're living in the armpit of an opera singer's vest Dolores. This is what I'm thinkin when I'm gunning down the freeway. We hear all round us the cacophonous overtones of a gross, distorted drama. We sense the massive shiftings of a roaring body round a stage. What we experience is stinking perspiration and the darkest corners of a dying animal in its third and final act.

DOLORES: Yes, Hank.

HANK: Yeah. It's occasions like this, when the monkey passes on, that I dream of, when I'm gunning down the freeway.

DOLORES: I know Hank.

HANK: Shit! Maybe I should ask for a new automobile.

DOLORES (hugging HANK): Oh Hank. I love you Hank. I love you so much!

HANK (stroking her hair): Thanks Dolores.

DOLORES: Hank. We've got each other now. No-one else. No monkey . . .

HANK: That's correct, Dolores . . .

DOLORES: Why don't we . . .

HANK: What?

DOLORES: Monkey around? Make love? Right here, right now, on the kitchen floor.

HANK surveys the kitchen floor. It is filthy and covered in magazines.

Maybe from the depths of our grief, might come, something else?

HANK: Another monkey?

DOLORES: He's up there looking down on us Hank. His spirit is with us. All around us. It'll never leave us. Maybe in ten years time we'll tell our children about the monkey and they'll say we know. We know he's here.

HANK: Say, that's a sweet thought Dolores.

DOLORES: It is Hank. I don't have many lately.

HANK: What are we doin Dolores? Shit! I'm home two goddam nights! Then it's out again. Wisconsin! Wis fuckin consin!

DOLORES: We're at a crossroads Hank.

HANK: I hate my job, my monkey's dead.

DOLORES: I was speaking with Judd a lot when you was away this trip . . .

HANK: Judd?

DOLORES: He says there's a job goin for ya anytime y'ask for it down at the junk lot . . .

HANK: I can't work for that jerk Dolores. You know that.

DOLORES: Bring you closer to me . . .

HANK: Bring me a whole lot closer to Judd . . .

DOLORES: Judd's changed. He's altered Hank, since college days . . .

HANK: How do you know?

DOLORES: I'm round there most days when you're away. Susan's my buddy, you know that.

HANK: You leave the monkey?

DOLORES: I left the monkey here Hank. I can't take him round there Hank, they have fruit trees. A date palm.

HANK: What is a jerk like that doin with a date palm?

DOLORES: What d'yexpect I should sequester myself with the monkey 24 hours a day?

HANK: Maybe that's how he died. Pining for company.