

swallow it and feel it inside your belly like a sewer. You wake up at night and you shake and you spit. You try to vomit it out of you. But you can't. It doesn't go away. It stays inside you. Inside every word, every touch, every move, every day, every night, it lies down with you and gets in between you. It's sick and putrid and soft and rotten and it is killing me.

BEVERLY. It's killing him, too.

MARK. That's right, lady. And some of us have to watch it. Some of us have to live with it and clean up after it. I mean, you can waltz in and out of here like a fucking Christmas tree if you want to, but some of us are staying. Some of us are here for the duration. And it is not easy.

BEVERLY. And some of us wouldn't mind changing places with you at all.

MARK. And some of us just don't care anymore.

BEVERLY. What?

MARK. Some of us just don't care.

BEVERLY. You're cute, Mark. But next to me, you are the most selfish son of a bitch I've ever met.

MARK. Oh, wonderful! That's what I needed. Yes, sir. That's just what I needed.

BEVERLY. You're welcome.

MARK. Look, don't you think it's time you picked up all your little screwing trophies and went home?

BEVERLY. Past time . . . way past time. The sign goes up and I can see 'useless' printed all over it. Let me tell you something, as one whore to another—what you do with your ass is your business. You can drag it through every gutter from here to Morocco. You can trade it, sell it, or give it away. You can run it up a flagpole, paint it blue or cut it off if you feel like it.

I don't care. I'll even show you the best way to do it. That's the kind of person I am. But Brian is different. Because Brian is stupid. Because Brian is blind. Because Brian doesn't know where you come from or who you come from or why or how or even what you are coming to. Because Brian happens to need you. And if that is not enough for you, then you get yourself out of his life—fast. You take your delicate sensibilities and your fears and your disgust, if that's all you feel, and you pack it up and you get out.

MARK. That simple, huh?

BEVERLY. Yes. That simple. A postcard at Christmas, a telegram for his birthday, and maybe a phone call every few years . . . if he lives. But only when it gets really bad. When the money and the time and the people are all running out faster than you care to count, and the reasons don't sound as good as they used to and you don't remember anymore why . . . why you walked out on the one person who said yes, you do what you have to because I love you. And you can't remember anymore what it was you thought you had to do or who the hell you thought you were that was so goddamn important that you couldn't hang around long enough to say goodbye or to find out what it was you were saying goodbye to . . . Then you phone, because you need to know that somewhere, for no good reason, there is one poor stupid deluded human being who smells and rots and dies and still believes in you. One human being who cares. My God, why isn't that ever enough?

MARK. You want an answer to that?

BEVERLY. No. I want you to get yourself together or get yourself away from him.

MARK. Just leave.

BEVERLY. Yes.