

LERV

An entr'acte by Eric Presland

CAST

MUTT: A brisk, business-like stage hand – or waiter – or anyone with a job to do

JEFF: A lovesick calf in a world of its own. Clown-like innocence.

MUTT is cute. JEFF isn't. In a conventional sense.

SET

[As an entr'acte, LERV is designed to be performed between two longer pieces. During the course of it, the first play is struck, and the second play is set. MUTT is concerned to get the work done; JEFF doesn't care. It has also been performed in a café where MUTT and JEFF were waiters and served food in real time to genuine customers while performing the play. It could be adapted to any working environment. Actors must be prepared to improvise if necessary.]

LERV

[MUTT enters to strike the set; he drags JEFF, who is holding on to his leg, behind him. JEFF is belting out a Shirley Bassey hit]

JEFF: Love...

MUTT: What? Oh that tired old thing...

JEFF: Look at the two of us...

MUTT: *[To audience]* Don't, please. It's not a pretty sight.

JEFF: Strangers in many ways...

MUTT: Who the fuck are you? I've never seen you before in my life.

JEFF: We'll have a lifetime to share...

MUTT: You make it sound like a holiday villa on the Costa del Sol.

JEFF: So much to say...

MUTT: Don't you ever shut up?

JEFF: And as we go...

MUTT: Why don't you? Please...

JEFF: From day to day...

MUTT: Hold that brace. I'm trying to strike this flat.

JEFF: I'll feel you close to me

MUTT: Get off! You're giving me the willies.

JEFF: Let's take a lifetime to say
I knew you well

MUTT: Won't that make conversation rather limited?

JEFF: For only time may tell us so
And love may grow –

[Looks down his trousers]

- Look! It's growing!

MUTT: Don't be disgusting

JEFF: For all we know ...

MUTT: Shut up. You're giving me a headache.

JEFF: But I love you.

*[He produces a magician's stick which turns into a bunch of paper
Flowers]*

JEFF: For you –

[MUTT starts sneezing]

MUTT: Take them away, take them away

JEFF: But I got them specially

MUTT: I don't care!

JEFF: How can you be so cruel?

MUTT: Practice.

JEFF: Smell them! They're lovely.

[JEFF flourishes the plastic flowers under MUTT's nose.]

MUTT: I'm allergic to flowers. Get them out of her. Oh, my
hay fever.

JEFF: But they're only paper.

MUTT: Alright then, I've got crepe fever. I'm allergic to paper. I'm
allergic to you. Just get the hell out of here.

JEFF: But I love you.

MUTT: You already said that.

JEFF: I've always loved you. Ever since that enchanted night at the Gaysoc meeting. *[To audience:]* I'm a mature student.

MUTT: Geriatric, more like.

JEFF: Politics, economics and making paper flowers.

MUTT: Well, he's got to do something to supplement his pension.

JEFF: Don't you mock my war wound. I got that in the heat of a fierce military engagement.

MUTT: A love bite from a corporal in the Royal Engineers.

JEFF: I got an honourable discharge.

MUTT: I hope you saw a doctor.

JEFF: No doctor could cure me of my sickness. Sennapods and suppositories are powerless against the fever of my love. Nor do I want to be cured. I would rather lie back on my couch of enchantment, and pine in a pale but interesting manner. Always my mind goes back to that first Gaysoc meeting. Our eyes met across the crowded room.

MUTT: There were four people. And one of them thought it was the mountaineering club.

JEFF: I was surrounded by young men who wanted to discuss the social construct of concepts of sexuality from Victorian times and rip the clothes from my body. But I thought to myself, "pish. I did. "Pish" and "tush" and "For fie." For what had callow youth to offer a person of my maturity and intelligence?

MUTT: A good fuck?

JEFF: And then I saw you. For a second your eye held mine, and I knew what you were thinking.

MUTT: Whoever dragged that in here should have scraped it off their shoe at the door.

JEFF: Then you turned away, and blushed, embarrassed by the power of your emotions.

MUTT: Nausea.

JEFF: From that moment, nothing was the same.

[MUTT exits]

JEFF: I was hooked. Smitten. My life had been taken over, it didn't belong to me anymore.

[MUTT re-enters, with a kazoo in his mouth and an old-fashioned bicycle lamp, which he keeps hidden from the audience behind his head. The lights dim/blackout. On the kazoo he plays "Also Sprach Zarathustra" - the theme music from "2001" - and as he does so, he raises the lamp slowly behind his head towards the audience in a parody of the monolith scene from the movie. He is the monolith. JEFF has reverted to ape/man. He slowly approaches the monolith and touches it. Then falls back, smitten. MUTT switches off the lamp and exits with it. Lights return to normal.]

JEFF: Somehow I managed to struggle through the rest of the evening. People spoke to me, I suppose I must have answered them more or less sensibly, because nobody seemed to notice anything out-of-the-way. But my mind was filled only with images of you. And later, in the student Union Bar, I finally managed to pluck up the courage to talk to you. In a dream, on a cloud, I picked my way through the empty crisp packets and crushed cans of MCEwan's Export. It seemed to take forever, as I slowly, slowly, infinitely slowly, approached you at the bar. Finally I stood next to you. I could feel the hot gusts of your body heat radiating towards me. I couldn't think what to say.

[MUTT has re-entered.]

JEFF: Mutt... How would you like to come to see "Torch Song Trilogy" with me next Tuesday?

MUTT: Seen it.

JEFF: There's a production of Orton's "Loot" on at the Playhouse, meant to be really good.

MUTT: No. Don't fancy it.

JEFF: Mapplethorpe's got an exhibition at the Photographers' Gallery?

MUTT: Mmmm. *(Finally)* No.

JEFF: Marc Almond's playing the Exhibition Centre?

MUTT: No.

JEFF: There's a new club opening -

MUTT: No.

JEFF: The Berlin Symphony Orch -

MUTT: No.

JEFF: Finally the right words came to me. "Do you want to fuck?"

MUTT: Animal! Don't you ever think about anything except sex?

JEFF: And you choked into your Newcastle Brown, then threw up on the floor.

(MUTT exits again)

JEFF: That was it for me. That was the moment I knew. I realised that you felt the same way about me that I felt about you. You just didn't know how to put your feelings into words. And I vowed that I would help you to find those words, for we were made for each other.

MUTT: *[Offstage, calling]* Heathcliff!

JEFF: Kathy!

MUTT: Heathcliff!

JEFF: Kathy!

(Ad lib as they run in very slow motion towards each other; but instead of meeting, they pass, and continue calling to offstage until they both exit on opposite sides.)

JEFF: From then on, I lived only for those moments when I might meet you. Always I felt the same pounding of the heart, the same tongue-tied agony.

(MUTT reappears)

JEFF: Oh Mutt, you do look wonderful.

MUTT: Oh, ta.

JEFF: Your eyes are like opals flecked with gold.

MUTT: *(Beginning to get into it)* Do you think so?

JEFF: Your lips are like a rose opening to the sun.

MUTT: Really?

JEFF: Your hands are like soft fronds of voluptuous yumminess

MUTT: Yes...

JEFF: Your thighs are like two strong, firm pillars pointing the way upward to ecstasy

MUTT: Yes, yes...

JEFF: Your crotch is like the stamen of some exotic orchid beckoning me to taste the honey

MUTT: Yes, yes, yes...

JEFF: Your buttocks are like - like - melons? No... Pomegranates? No... Grapefruit? No... Rugby balls? Maybe... – No. Balloons? Definitely not - *(MUTT exits, bored)* Two pairs of socks? Nah. Anglo-Saxon shield bosses? Of course! *[Turns to where MUTT*

was] Mutt, your buttocks are like Anglo-Saxon shield bosses.
Mutt! Mutt!

(To audience:) I knew that Mutt felt the same way as I did, if only he could pluck up the courage, find the right words. But somehow Fate always intervened at the crucial moment, and the opportunity was lost. My dreams were filled with nothing but Mutt - Mutt - Mutt –

But even my dreams conspired against me.

(MUTT re-enters, he and JEFF see each other, fly into each others' arms; kiss; in a frenzy they mime taking off their clothes; JEFF starts to screw MUTT, is getting into it, when –]

MUTT: Hang on, Jeff. Are you sure it's in?

[JEFF deflates onto the floor.]

MUTT: *[Getting up]* Now listen, Jeff, I mean every sex manual says it's not important how big it is, and there's no reason to feel inadequate or less of a man just because it feels being fucked by a very small gherkin... I'm sure gherkins are very nice - if you like that sort of thing...

(JEFF rushes off in humiliated tears. MUTT shrugs and carries on working)

JEFF: *(Re-entering)* And if one fantasy doesn't work, try another...

(JEFF re-enters; he stands as at a urinal. MUTT joins him. They make eye contact, reach out and take hands, turn inwards, JEFF goes down on MUTT. As MUTT is getting into it, he sees somebody coming in, and freezes)

MUTT: Hello, officer... Er - I'm a sperm donor, this is my doctor.

(JEFF makes gobbling noises of assent)

MUTT: There's a lesbian in urgent need of Artificial Insemination in the Infirmary. It's a life or death situation. He didn't have a test tube on him.... We had to improvise...

JEFF: Gulp! *[A big swallow]*

MUTT: Now look what you've made him do. You've just killed millions of unborn babies. I'll set Victoria Garlick on you. There'll be thousands of pro-Life protesters picketing the police station.... No listen, officer - I had a snake bite, he was sucking out the poison
-

(JEFF and MUTT are manhandled offstage.)

(Re-enter MUTT, striking more of the set, JEFF again clinging onto him. A new Shirley Bassey song)

JEFF: I'd like to run away from you

MUTT: Good

JEFF: But if you never followed me
I would die

MUTT: Don't put ideas in my head.

JEFF: I'd like to break the chains you put around me

MUTT: Keep your fantasies to yourself

JEFF: But I know I never will

MUTT: Not even for ready money?

JEFF: You steal away, and all I do
Is wonder why the hell I wait for you

MUTT: Why indeed? That train's been cancelled.

JEFF: Not even a bus replacement service?

But when did common sense prevail
For lovers, when we know it never will?
Impossible to live with you –

MUTT: You said it

JEFF: But I know I could never live without you

MUTT: Do you want the telephone number of Dignitas?

JEFF: **For whatever you do
I never want to be in love with anyone but you.**

I realise how hard it is for you to express your feelings

MUTT: No it's not. Piss – off.

JEFF: You're just masking your deep feelings of insecurity and unworthiness, When a man – young, attractive, intelligent –

MUTT: Anyone I know?

JEFF: When such a man falls passionately in love with you, you think, "Why should this happen to me?"

MUTT: Why indeedy?

JEFF: "What have I done to deserve this?"

MUTT: You said it.

JEFF: You see, I understand you. I can empathise. I know what you're thinking. And I'm here to help you try to release the real you. You see, this isn't the real you.

MUTT: Who is it, Ethel Merman?

JEFF: Please don't be, I haven't brought my ear plugs. No, this is someone bruised, crushed underfoot, like a windfall apple.

MUTT: Then chuck me away! The real me just wants you to get the hell out of here.

JEFF: You're only saying that. Oh I know how hard it's going to be –

MUTT: Hard? In your dreams...

JEFF: It may take years of therapy -

MUTT: Therapy?

JEFF: I know this woman who does amazing things with crystals.

MUTT: What does she do for an encore? Bring out the tap-dancing penguins?

JEFF: There's no need to be defensive about it.

MUTT: *[Shouting]* I am not being defensive.

JEFF: There's no need to shout either. You're obviously really screwed up. There's a lot of latent aggression there to deal with. I really think it's about time you came to terms with it.

MUTT: Look, Jeff. If there's one thing I know about my aggression it's that it's not latent. Right? It's right here on the surface. It's quite naked and explicit, and at this precise point in time it's directed fairly and squarely at you. See? Here is my aggression - look - authentic 35mm Kalasnikov self-loading repeating aggression. See where it's pointing? Ker-pow! SPLAT! Bang on target. There's no mystery about it. Me, here. You, there. In the middle, my aggression. Grrr. Snarl. *[He bites JEFF's ankle]* Do I make myself clear?

JEFF: *[Considers, then -]* You're only saying that.

MUTT: God give me strength!

JEFF: I know you better than you know yourself.

MUTT: Alright, little Mr. Smarty-pants. If you know me so bloody well, where was I born?

JEFF: Well -

MUTT: What's my mother's maiden name?

JEFF: I don't see what that's -

MUTT: What size shoes do I wear?

JEFF: I don't -

MUTT: What colour boxer shorts have I got on?

JEFF: *[Reaching for MUTT's trousers]* Ooh - Can I look?

MUTT: No! Get off! You see, you don't know the first thing about me.

JEFF: I know the real you. The deep-down-inside you. I know your soul; that little white dove fluttering to be free.

MUTT: That little white dove is going to do something very nasty right on the top of head. Why don't you just let me get on?

JEFF: There's - someone else, isn't there?

MUTT: What?

JEFF: You don't have to lie to me. I can take it. You're seeing someone else, aren't you?

MUTT: It's not that...

JEFF: I'm sorry that you don't feel you can be honest with me, Mutt. That hurts me deeply.

MUTT: There isn't anyone.

JEFF: It shows that you don't trust me. You don't respect me as a person. You don't think I can handle it.

MUTT: I simply can't stand the sight of you.

JEFF: Go on, tell me the worst.

MUTT: I feel no attraction to you whatsoever.

JEFF: Yes. Yes.

MUTT: In fact, I feel positive - how shall I put it – revulsion.

JEFF: That's right. Hit me with it

MUTT: On an attractiveness scale of 1 to 10, you score about minus 25.

JEFF: I'm a mature adult.

MUTT: Somewhere below a large Alsatian dog turd.

JEFF: Go on. Get it off your chest. You'll feel

MUTT: If you were the last person on earth - if we were stranded alone together on a desert island for ever and ever - I'd go celibate - I'd fuck with sharks - I'd go straight - I'd swim the Pacific rather than have any kind of relationship with you.

JEFF: You're only saying that. You don't really mean it.

[MUTT screams and bangs his head against the wall.]

MUTT: What do I have to do to prove it to you?

JEFF: Tell me who it is.

MUTT: Who?

JEFF: The person you're in love with.

MUTT: I've told you, there isn't anyone.

JEFF: I don't believe you.

MUTT: It's true.

JEFF: It can't be.

MUTT: Why not?

JEFF: Why else would you turn me down?

MATT: Repulsion?

JEFF: You're only saying that.

MUTT: You're right. I can't disguise the truth from you any longer. It's true. I am already spoken for.

JEFF: Who is it?

MATT: Evelyn

JEFF: Evelyn? Who's Evelyn?

MATT: *[Indicates a chair onstage]* Jeff - meet Evelyn. Evelyn - this is Jeff.

JEFF: But - it's a chair.

MUTT: That's right. This is the seat of my affections.

JEFF: But you can't be in love with a chair.

MUTT: Who says?

JEFF: It's not natural.

MUTT: Who's to say what's natural and what isn't?

JEFF: Is it a *gay* chair?

MUTT: It's bentwood.

JEFF: How long has this been going on?

MUTT: I think I've always known I had a predilection for furniture. Ever since I was seduced by an old Chesterfield at an early age. My first true love was my school desk, but it couldn't last. My headmaster caught me carving D-E-S-K and a heart with an arrow through it onto the PT teacher. I was expelled. Then there was a series of casual affairs with pouffes. I became completely promiscuous. Settees, sofa-beds, high-backs, barstools. I used to haunt branches of IKEA in a dirty raincoat, until the store detectives got suspicious. Then I'd go and sit on men in parks in the hope of picking up benches. Once I had group sex with a three-piece suite in Harrods furniture department. It landed me in court.

JEFF: I can imagine. The other shoppers...

MUTT: It wasn't that. The suite was underage. That was when I realised I had a problem, and fell in love with Evelyn.

JEFF: But Evelyn is so plain. I could understand if you'd fallen for a Chippendale.

MUTT: Evelyn saved me from the miserable cycle of sex addiction.

JEFF: How long have you known it - her?

MUTT: Him! I haven't gone straight.

JEFF: All right. Him, then

MUTT: I saw him in the window of an Oxfam shop about six months ago. Just one look and I knew I had to go in.

The minute I walked in the joint
I could see it was a seat of distinction
A real big bentwood
Good looking, and for sale
I wouldn't have liked to swap for any Chippendale
So then I got right to the point
I didn't pop my cork for any old settee
Hey big bentwood
Be a little bent with me

He looked so lost and forlorn and lonely among the second-hand Mills and Boons and the serge trousers with 48-inch waists. I could tell that he'd suffered. He'd been ill-treated. There were scratch marks all over his legs. If I ever get my hands on that swine... Anyway, they were only asking fifty pence for him - and what's fifty pence for a lifetime of happiness?

JEFF: But what on earth do you see in it - her – him?

MUTT: What do I see in him? Look at him. How can you ask such a question? Such strong legs - and what a bottom!

JEFF: That's just lust.

MUTT: Oh, no, no, no. It's far deeper than that.

Something in the way he moves
Attracts me like no other loveseat

JEFF: But it's –

MUTT: He -

JEFF: He's a chair. He can't move. It is in the nature of furniture and fittings that they are essentially inanimate.

MUTT: Something in the way he woos me

I don't want to leave him now
You know I believe, and how -

JEFF: So? Some people believe the earth is flat, that doesn't make it true.

MUTT: You're asking me, will our love grow

JEFF: Well, I wasn't actually -

MUTT: I don't know, I don't know.
You stick around, now it may show

JEFF: Well, put it away again

MUTT: I don't know, I don't know

[MUTT is now totally into a Basseyy impersonation, in a trance]

JEFF: *[Clicking fingers]* Mutt, Mutt. Snap out of t.

MUTT: What? Where am I?

JEFF: You've had a funny turn. I've seen it before attack of Basseyyitis. It happens to queens of certain age. Comes from watching too

many drag acts - you're very young to be catching it. You need an intensive course of Stephen Sondheim as an antidote. Are you all right?

MUTT: I - think so.

JEFF: We were talking about why you're in love with a chair. Now: calmly, rationally, in words of one syllable - why?

MUTT: I can't explain, if you can't see it. To me it's obvious. It's a deep sense of security. It's knowing that he's always there. I go home in the evening with a song in my heart, knowing he'll be sitting there by the fire, in his favorite position. And you know something? He always is. Like a faithful pooch. Something you can lean on. Something that will always support you, however tired or wrong or irritable you may be. I can nestle in his arms, I can caress his back, his bottom, and the rest of the world can go hang.

JEFF: But isn't he a bit - isn't his conversation a bit - ?

MUTT: Go on, say it. Everybody does. Isn't his conversation a bit wooden? All right, mock. I don't care. A love like ours can triumph over the prejudices of the world. We smile at adversity.

[During this speech, JEFF produces the kazoo and starts playing Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" Overture. MUTT picks up the chair and dances a passionate balletic duet with it.]

MUTT: What can they know of the depths of true passion? They persecuted Abelard and Eloise, Hero and Leander, Romeo and Juliet, Little and Large. There are always the little people of the world, mean-minded and petty – mean spirited, trying to drag you down to the dreary level of their suburban imaginations. What can they understand of a love which gives of itself so unsparingly, unselfishly; a love which exists outside the worldly dimensions of time and space, which exists pure and strong and undefiled through all all eternity? Me and Evelyn, Evelyn and me
-

JEFF: I

MUTT: What?

JEFF: Evelyn and I

MUTT: I and Evelyn, Evelyn and I -

JEFF: Me.

MUTT: But you just said –

JEFF: Me and Evelyn, Evelyn and I

MUTT: How can you think of such things at a time like this?

JEFF: Just because you're infatuated, there's no need to be ungrammatical

MUTT: It's not infatuation, it's the real thing.

JEFF: How do you know?

MUTT: We're - going to be blessed. Look.

[He picks up the chair and shows JEFF a ring around one of its legs]

MUTT: I know it's only an old curtain ring, but Evelyn wanted something simple. It's being organised by MCC?

JEFF: Metropolitan Community Church?

MUTT: Maples Consumer Credit. We're just having a ceremony at Queensway, followed by a breakfast for a few friends in the Furnishings Department of Habitat. I've asked my futon to give me away.

JEFF: You're not serious.

MUTT: No.

JEFF: You've been leading me on.

MUTT: Yes. Well, you're being ridiculous.

JEFF: I'm being ridiculous!

MUTT: All this "lerv" nonsense.

JEFF: It's not nonsense. I love you.

MUTT: You just think you're in love.

JEFF: I think therefore I am. And you're trying to change the subject.

MUTT: What subject?

JEFF: The subject of who you're really in love with. All this is just a smokescreen.

MUTT: Why does anyone have to be in love, just because they don't fancy you?

JEFF: Because no-one could turn down a love like mine if they didn't already have someone else.

MUTT: All right, then. There's Albert, who's a lorry driver who whisks me off in his 40-ton truck and we sit high up over the Pennines in his cab making passionate love all night under the stars to the music of Patsy Cline; then there's Rudi, who's this champion weight-lifter in Bradford with a smooth, oiled suntanned body and firm strong biceps and a chest like a mantlepiece, who can come six times in a couple of hours; he massages my back with his powerful fingers, before going down on me with a mouth like a King Charles Spaniel powered by a Black and Decker. And there's Grant, a 21-year-old millionaire who made a fortune in biodegradable sex toys, with a 14-bedroom mansion in Weybridge, who swept me off on a three-month all-expenses-paid round-the-world cruise. Oh, and Michel who's a fashion model, and Andy the Olympic swimmer and Carl who's the principal dancer with the Ballet Rambert. And there's Enrique Iglesias and George Michael - well, you know about George. And the Triorchy Male Voice Choir.

JEFF: What, all of them?

MUTT: Not including the altos.

JEFF: What have they got that I haven't?

MUTT: *[Double-takes the audience]* Pul-lease!

JEFF: No, I'm seriously interested. I need to know. You know I'm not averse to criticism. I think one emerges a stronger person for it.

MUTT: Where do you begin?

JEFF: There's no need to be tactful.

MUTT: Well, there's looks for a start.

JEFF: Looks aren't everything.

MUTT: Money... sex appeal... talent... *[accelerating]* interest, conversation, style, energy, enthusiasm, intelligence, wit.

JEFF: Oh, is that all? Then I can still hope.

MUTT: I think in time I could come to accept you for what you are.

JEFF: And what's that?

MUTT: A mistake.

JEFF: I see. Right. Now we know where we stand. I'm glad it's out in the open. Cards on the table. It's good to clear the air. Honesty's always the best policy –

[He bursts into tears]

Now look what you made me do.

MUTT: I'm sorry.

JEFF: No you're not.

MUTT: I am.

JEFF: Not.

MUTT: Truly.

JEFF: Prove it.

MUTT: How?

JEFF: Say it.

MUTT: I just did.

JEFF: Say it properly.

MUTT: I'm sorry.

JEFF: On your knees.

MUTT: Oh, really -

JEFF: Go on.

MUTT: This is ridiculous.

JEFF: You're not really sorry. You're a sadist.

MUTT: Well, I've had my moments...

JEFF: You take pleasure in ignoring me and taking the piss out of me and rejecting me and humiliating me and –

I - I who have - nothing
I - I who am - no-one
Adore you and want you so

I'm just a no-one
With nothing to give you but oh
I love you

MUTT: Oh, all right. *[He gets on his knees]* I'm sorry. I apologise from the heart of my bottom. Or vice versa. Please accept this - this Tesco's mug *[or any item from the set]* as a token of my humble contrition.

JEFF: No.

I? - I who have nothing?
I? - I who am no-one?

Adore *you?* And love *you* so?
I'm just a no-one?
With nothing to give you but oh what a load of cobblers

I can't go on with this. I must have been off my head. How could I have been so stupid?

MUTT: What?

JEFF: I hate you. I despise you. You are unworthy of affections as noble as mine.

MUTT: But -

JEFF: Toad.

MUTT: But you wanted me to -

JEFF: Warthog

MUTT: I really don't see -

JEFF: Hippo

MUTT: Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me.

JEFF: You think...

[He starts hitting MUTT with a large thesaurus]

MUTT: Ow, get off.

JEFF: How could I have been so foolish? Throwing away my love on someone so superficial, so trivial,

[He stops and looks it up in the thesaurus, memorises a list]

MUTT: Callow?

JEFF: Thank you. [He carries on hitting] So callow - so immature - so shallow -

MUTT: Stop it.

JEFF: So frivolous - so silly - so mindless -

MUTT: You're hurting.

JEFF: Good. So - trite - so - empty-headed - so childish - so puerile - so insignificant - so inconsequential - so ignoble - so disgraceful - so noxious - so pernicious - so filthy - so foul - so polluting - so false - so corrupt -

[He has beaten MUTT to the ground]

MUTT: So you don't like me, huh?

[MUTT dies. Pause.]

JEFF: Mutt? Mutt? Speak to me, Mutt. It wasn't meant to happen like this. I didn't intend to hurt you. I'd never do you any harm. Of course I like you. I love you. I killed you to show you how much I love you. And now you know. No more arguments. It's settled. We'll be together now. Just the two of us. And it'll be wonderful. Mutt and Jeff - together for all eternity.

[He turns MUTT over and wraps his arms around his own leg, so he will exit with MUTT dragging behind him in a reverse mirroring of the way they entered.]

JEFF: Love
Look at the two of us
Strangers in many ways
We've got a lifetime to share etc etc.

[They exit]

BLACKOUT