

Monologue #2 from The Extinction Therapist

Character: A Female Anglerfish

Speaking to Glen Merrick, Minister of the Environment.

Female Anglerfish:

Imagine, the utter hopelessness of his situation.

Lost in all that vast inky stretch of water, groping through the endless dark rippling currents for his soul mate. Desperately hoping for completion, dreading that he will never be completed.

If the male angler fish gets lucky, if he overcomes the odds, and strikes the biological jackpot, if he detects traces of female hormone in the water, and successfully follows the stream and locates a partner, he quickly opens his mouth, latches on, and in so doing at last receives the nourishment he has so desperately sought.

But.

Like everything in life, it comes with a cost. The very instant the male makes contact is also the last truly free moment of his life. The enzymes generated on contact disintegrate the connecting tissue of his mouth and lips. His teeth dissolve, his muscles shrivel, and skin from the female host grows over top of the parasitic male as he finally fulfills his ardent reproductive urges. Sated, at the end of his courtship, he becomes blissfully, perpetually connected as a blind, dangling minor appendage. .

You...

(She touches Glen on his nose.)

...remind me a little of my other half.