

Claire

A comedy

By C.E. Gatchalian

CHARACTERS:

1 -- male, mid-30's, blonde hair, blue eyes

2 -- female, mid-30's, black hair, black eyes

3 -- male, early 20's, black hair, black eyes

CLAIRE -- 10, black hair, black eyes

All of the characters maintain a home position on the stage:

1

2

3

CLAIRE

[Pool of light on CLAIRE, sitting cross-legged down centre, a bouquet of forget-me-nots in her hands, a baseball bat in her lap, looking unblinkingly into the audience. This light remains fixed on CLAIRE for most of the play. The stage behind her is dark.]

[Voices.]

VOICE OF 3: I am no one.

[Beat.]

VOICE OF 2: I am no one.

[Beat.]

VOICE OF 1: I am no one.

[Light on 3, middle left.]

3[matter-of-factly, with a smile]: He had hair that glistened like the sun, my lover, and eyes as blue as the sky. Cloudless. Every night he would kill me with his eyes, my lover, and everything would fall into place.

[Pause.]

Had a tiff with him last night. We were just about ready to make love. I wanted to fuck *him*, he was always fucking *me*, but he refused. Flat out refused. Said it was against natural law for me to fuck him, said he'd sooner eat shit than be the fuckee. So he beat me black and blue and raped me. Rivers of blood from my ass.

[Pause.]

A few hours later he was asleep. So I grabbed a butcher knife from the kitchen and killed him. Chopped him into a million little pieces.

[Pause.]

All I wanted to do was feel my dick in his ass. All I wanted to do was love him.

[Light on 2, middle right.]

2[ibid.]: My husband came home from work. He was such a nice and soft-spoken man. He had thick blonde hair and the bluest eyes I'd ever seen. The blue of the forget-me-nots in my mother's garden.

[Pause.]

I was living a picket-fence life. Everything under control. He was a natural at that, my husband. Keeping everything under control. He had a way of making things seem right. As if everything had a clear definition. He hurled me down the stairs once and raped me. I dusted myself off and went on.

[Pause.]

My husband came home from work. Upstairs our five children were dead. I'd put pillows over their faces and smothered them.

[Pause.]

My husband came home from work. I'd done exactly what he'd asked me to do. I'd watered the plants, scrubbed the floors, removed every dustball in sight. He came home and dinner was ready. Ready on the dining room table. He sat himself down and ate. Five seconds later he was dead.

[Pause.]

I'd put cyanide in his mashed potatoes. He was such a nice and soft-spoken man.

[Light on 1, up centre.]

1[*ibid.*]: My wife was crazy about baseball bats.

[Pause.]

She was a fanatic, the cunt, followed the team wherever it went. My first game as an Astro, I homered. Twice. She wouldn't stop screaming, so I fucked her.

[Pause.]

My wife was crazy about baseball bats. I'd come home from a road trip and we'd make mad passionate love. "You're a great lover," she'd say. "I'm no fag," I'd say. Then she'd cry on my shoulder and tell me how much she loved me, that she'd die if anything ever happened to me. "I love you, sir," she'd say. "I love you." But I was never sure whether she really meant it. "Do you mean it?" I'd ask. "Yes, sir," she'd say. So I'd grab a bat from the closet and beat her, beat her, and when I'd finish she'd stare at the bat as if it were God. "I'm yours, sir," she'd tell me afterwards. "I'm yours." And we'd roll around in the light, fucking in her blood.

[Pause.]

But it just couldn't go on, this beauty, this order. And yesterday, yesterday night, it snapped.

[Pause.]

We'd just finished making love. I was stroking her black hair and looking into her black eyes. "I love you, sir," she said. "Do you mean it?" I asked. "Of course, sir," she said. Sir? SIR?! "Prove it," I said. So she grabbed the bat from the closet and gave it to me. "Beat me," she said. "Beat me." And did, and she laughed the whole way through. "I love you, sir!" she screamed. "I LOVE YOU!" And then it snapped. It finally snapped.

[Pause.]

I hated her, the cunt, her devotion, politeness, it had to stop, this order, it had to change. So I turned all the lights off, took the bat to her head and beat her till her brains oozed like toothpaste out of her head. When the clock struck twelve she was dead.

[Pause.]

Our daughter was watching us, a bunch of forget-me-nots in her hands.

“We need numbers, sir,” she said. “We need names.” I swung the bat
across her head and killed her.

[Pause.]

Clear the bases.

[Pause.]

Burn the stadium.

[Pause.]

It’s over. Everything...is over.

[Pause.]

- 3: I am not my lover’s lover.
- 2: I am not my husband’s wife.
- 1: I am not my daughter’s father and my wife is not my wife.
- 3: I’ve sewn my ass shut.
- 2: I’ve torn my wedding dress to shreds.
- 3: A is not A.
- 2: Two times two is not four.
- 3: I lick myself clean of the wounds he gave me. Wounds from his hands,
wounds from his mouth, his hands and his mouth moving over my body,

there is no ceiling and there are no more rules, I will be who I want to be,
there is no sun.

2: The pain is gone, the pain in my jaw which he broke three times, in the
wrists he twisted, in the breasts he chewed open, I will forget about my
house, I will disregard ceilings, I will not live for love, there is no sun.

1: My wife is dead, my daughter is dead, I've quit playing baseball and I have
no name, I will be who I want to be, there is no sun, I will not live for love, it
is over.

[Beat.]

No pain.

[Beat.]

No love.

[Beat.]

3: I am free.

2: I am free.

1: I am free.

[Lights out on 1, 2, and 3.]

CLAIRE[singing slowly]:

“Twinkle, twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are.
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
Twinkle twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are.”

[Lights on 1 and 2. The tone is cautious, the pace irregular. For most of this scene they look at each other only from the corners of their eyes.]

1: Hi.

[Pause.]

2: Hi.

[Pause.]

1: It's dark.

2: Yes.

1: Very.

2: Yes.

[Pause.]

2: Nice night.

1: Morning.

2: Night.

1: If you like.

[Pause.]

2: It's cold.

1: Hot.

2: Cold.

1: If you like.

[Pause.]

1: Why are you here?

2: I'm going somewhere.

1: Where are you from?

2: Nowhere.

[Pause.]

2: Why are you here?

1: I'm running away.

2: Where to?

1: Nowhere.

[Pause.]

1: You have nice hair.

2: What?

1: Such black hair.

2[louder]: It's not black.

1: It *is*.

2[angrily]: It's blonde! Like the sun!

1: If you like.

[Pause.]

2: You look familiar.

1: No I don't.

2: Yes you do.

1[angrily]: No I don't! I'm a stranger!

[Pause.]

2[catching herself]: You're absolutely right.

1[quieter]: I'm a stranger.

2: You're absolutely right. I have never met you before today.

[Pause.]

I have never met you before today.

[Pause.]

1: Can I...hold you?

2: What?

1: Can I hold you.

2: No.

1: Please.

2: No!

1[grabbing her violently]: Please!

2[pulling away from him, in terror]: Stop it!

[Pause.]

1[contrite]: I'm sorry.

2: You're hurting me!

1[letting go, near tears]: I'm sorry! Please! I didn't mean it! I'm sorry!

[Silence.]

2[softer]: You are?

[Pause.]

1: Yes.

[Silence.]

2[quiet terror]: I'm scared.

[Pause.]

1[quiet terror]: So am I.

[Pause. 1 slowly comes up behind 2, touches her shoulder, holds
her gently.]

2: What...what's your name?

1: No names.

2: What?

1: No names.

[Silence.]

2: Cunt.

[Pause.]

Cunt.

[Pause. Steely determination--]

Your name is Cunt.

[Pause.]

1: If you like.

[Pause. 1 has turned to look at 2.]

2: Our eyes can never meet.

1: No?

2: Never.

1[turning away]: Yes.

[Pause.]

2: I'm hot.

1: Are you?

2: Yeah.

[Pause.]

It's the clothes.

[Pause.]

They're extraneous.

[Silence.]

Fuck me.

[Pause.]

I want you to fuck me.

[Pause.]

1: I'm scared.

[Pause.]

2: So am I.

[Pause. 1 reflects, then hesitantly takes 2 in his arms.]

We are home.

[Pause.]

Free.

[Pause.]

1: We are home.

[Pause.]

Free.

[They both tie blindfolds over their eyes. Then they turn to face one another.]

2[her hands gently feeling his chest]: No pain.

[Pause.]

No love.

[Pause.]

Gentle.

[Pause.]

So gentle.

[Pause.]

1[his hands gently feeling her breasts]: No pain.

[Pause.]

No love.

[Pause.]

Gentle.

[Pause.]

So gentle.

[Fade out.]

CLAIRE[mEEKLY but with a sense of pride, more to herself than to anyone else]:

My name is Claire.

[Pause.]

I am ten years old.

[Pause.]

My hair is black.

[Pause.]

And so are my eyes.

[Pause.]

I shall be good and not cause trouble and do as Daddy has told me.

[Pause.]

I shall review my multiplication tables. I shall say my prayers.

[Pause.]

I am Daddy's daughter--now and forever.

[Lights on 1 and 3. The tone is cautious, the pace irregular. They look at each other only from the corners of their eyes.]

3: What time is it?

1: Hunh?

3: What time is it?

1: No time.

3: Pardon?

1: No numbers, no math, no nothing. Understand?

3: Yes. I forgot. Yes.

[Pause.]

3: Sir?

1: Don't call me sir.

3: Pardon?

1: Don't call me sir.

3: I'm sorry.

1: Don't say that.

3: I'm sorry.

1: You're so fucking polite.

[Pause. Unfeelingly--]

Faggot.

[Pause.]

3: Hunh?

[Pause.]

1: Are you a faggot?

3: Don't call me that.

1: Well, are you?

3[angrily]: Don't call me that!

[Pause.]

1[sincerely]: I'm sorry.

3[ferociously]: DON'T CALL ME THAT!!!

1: I'm sorry.

3[in tears]: You hurt me.

1: I'm sorry.

3: You hurt me!

1[touching his shoulder]: I didn't mean to--

3[pulling away]: Don't touch me.

1: Just listen.

3: Don't touch me!

[Silence.]

3: Faggot.

[Pause.]

Faggot.

[Pause. Gaining confidence.]

Are *you* a faggot?

[Pause.]

1: If you like.

[Pause.]

1: You have nice eyes.

3: What?

1: Such black eyes.

3: They're not black.

1: They are.

3[angrily]: They're blue! Like the sky!

1: If you like.

[Pause.]

3: Nice night.

1: Morning.

3: Night.

1: If you like.

3[aggressive]: It's hot.

1: Cold.

3: Hot.

1: If you like.

3[has the upper hand now]: What's your name?

1: I don't have a name.

3: Well I'll give you a name.

1: If you like.

[Pause.]

3: Faggot.

[Pause.]

Faggot.

[Pause.]

Faggot.

[Pause.]

1: If you like.

[Pause.]

3: Our eyes can never meet.

1: Sir?

3: Never.

1: Sir.

3: Now close your eyes.

[1 closes his eyes.]

Come to me.

[1 comes to him.]

Kiss me.

[1 kisses him.]

Turn around.

[1 turns around.]

Pull your pants down.

[1 pulls his pants down.]

Relax.

[3 hesitates, then, in utter exaltation, almost in tears--]

Oh God. Oh God. Oh God.

[Fade out on 1 and 3.]

[CLAIRE is on her knees, hands clasped.]

CLAIRE[solemnly]: “Our Father, Who art in heaven,

Hallowed be Thy name;

Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done

On earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread

And forgive us our trespasses,

As we forgive those who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation,

But deliver us from evil.

For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory,

Forever and ever. Amen.”

[Light on 2 and 3, blindfolded.]

- 3: Faggot’s hands how gentle, even as mine are rough. Hands so tender up and down my chest, down through my pants and into my crotch. He kneels at my altar, blindfolds over our eyes, his tongue wraps ribbons, it’s an offering. A gift. In him I am God, in him I am free. I smile for the ribbons and for the eyes I don’t see.
- 2: Cunt’s hands how gentle down my neck, over my breasts, blindfolds over our eyes so nothing to see. “You’re a goddess,” I make him say. “The belle of the ball. The cream of the crop. The most beautiful woman in the world.” We fuck for *my* pleasure, and for once it is real. He comes; I come. I am free.

[Light out on 2 and 3.]

CLAIRE[slowly, carefully]: Two times one is two.

Two times two is four.

Two times three is six.

Two times four is eight.

[Sound of 2 moaning in the dark.]

Two times five is ten.

Two times six is twelve.

Two times seven is fourteen.

Two times eight is sixteen.

Two times nine is eighteen.

Two times ten is...is...

[Sound of 2 coming, screaming.]

Help! Help!

[Pause.]

Two times one is two.

Two times two is four.

Two times three is six.

Two times four is eight.

[Sound of 1 and 3 fucking.]

Two times five is ten.

Two times six is twelve.

Two times seven is fourteen.

Two times eight is sixteen.

Two times nine is eighteen.

[The grunting crescendoes.]

Two times ten is...is...

[The grunting crescendoes.]

Two times ten is...is...

[Sound of 3 coming, screaming.]

Help! HELP!

[Pause.]

Daddy? DADDY? WHERE ARE YOU?

[Trembling. In terror.]

IT'S SO DARK! DADDY! IT'S SO DARK!

[Lights on 1, 2 and 3, in their original places, all blindfolded.]

1: It's dark so nothing to see, nothing blonde and nothing blue. In the dark I
subvert everything, everything's upside down. I am Cunt; I am Fag; I am
free.

[Beat.]

3: Blindfold over my eyes.

2: And nothing to see.

3: I've sewn my ass shut.

2: I've torn my wedding dress to shreds.

3: A is not A.

2: Two times two is not four.

3: I am free.

2: I am free.

1: I am free.

[Lights out on 1, 2, and 3.]

CLAIRE: Daddy's eyes how lovely, but they're always filled with tears. At night when I see him crying I beg him to stop, but he can't. Then I start to cry, and he follows me into my room, says he's sorry he upset me and sings me a funny little song. I laugh, he laughs and we wipe away each other's tears. Then we hug and my soul fills with light.

[Lights on 1, 2, and 3. They are all wearing blindfolds, all facing the audience, and though they address one another briefly they seem trapped in their own mental spaces.]

2[to 1]: What's wrong?

[Pause.]

1: Nothing.

[Pause.]

3[to 1]: Something's wrong.

[Pause.]

1: Nothing's wrong.

[Pause.]

1[with a smile]: I had a friend once, a boy. He's dead now. In heaven. He had a father that he loved, that he idolized, so I've heard. Sometimes, so I've heard, he'd fail his father at a baseball game. "Faggot," his father would call him, and he'd make the boy do penance. After the game he'd take him home and drag him to his sister's bedroom. He'd take a gun to the boy's head and tell the poor simp to fuck her. "I'm your father," he'd whisper. "You do as I say. Or else you'll never enter the kingdom of God." Choking back tears, the boy did as he was told. "Are you a faggot?" his father'd whisper. "Cause real men don't cry. Crybabies never enter the kingdom of God."

[Pause.]

So I've heard.

[No smile.]

Lies.

[Pause.]

Tears are beautiful.

[Pause.]

Fuck God.

[Silence. 2 and 3 have been listening intently to 1. As if by some ineffable magnetic force they have both turned to face him. Fade out.]

[Pause.]

CLAIRE: Daddy, don't cry. Wherever you are...don't cry.

[Light on 3, blindfolded.]

3[with a smile]: My lover, the old one, a memory of him last night. He's on top of me, my leg a giraffe's neck over his shoulder. "Faggot," he calls me. "You godforsaken faggot." I lie there and take it, I hate it but take it. He won't let me be a man and I hate him for it.

[Smile disappears.]

But somehow...somehow...I stroke his blonde hair. The ceiling above is a pleasant shade of grey. His eyes are blue like the sky. Cloudless.

Somehow, in spite of everything, I'm smiling.

[Pause. The smile returns.]

That was the past. I've butchered the ceiling. Blue eyes worth shit in the dark.

[Light on 2, blindfolded.]

2: My husband, that bastard, a memory of him last night. He pins me down on the dinner table and rapes me, the bastard, his fist pressed hard on my mouth.

[Pause.]

"Cunt," he calls me. "Cunt."

[Pause.]

Cunt.

[Smile disappears.]

Cunt.

[Pause.]

Somehow, in spite of everything, I'm smiling.

[Pause. Smile returns.]

But now, things are different. There is no sun. Forget-me-nots dead in my mother's hands.

[Pause.]

Forget-me-nots dead in my mother's hands.

[Pause.]

3: Faggot.

2: Cunt.

3: Faggot.

[Beat.]

3: Faggot. I'm on top. That's it. That's all it means. I'm a man now. I don't love him. It's dark so I don't love him.

[Beat.]

2: It's dark and I can't see him. So I don't love him.

[Beat.]

3: I can't love him.

[Beat.]

2: I can't.

[Beat.]

3: I'm scared.

[Beat.]

2: I'm scared.

[Beat.]

CLAIRE: I love you, Daddy. I love you.

[Beat.]

I'm scared, Daddy. I'm scared.

[Lights out on 2 and 3.]

[Light on 1, blindfolded.]

1[with a smile]: It all began with a baseball bat.

[Pause.]

A family heirloom, this baseball bat. First saw it when I was four years old.

My father was the greatest hitter the Astros ever had. Wanted to make sure

that I followed in his footsteps. So on my fourth birthday he showed me the

baseball bat his father had given to him. He put it in my hands, made me

hold it, feel it, said that one day my whole world would depend on it. And

from that day on he made baseball my life. Every day without fail at 6:30 in

the AM it was off to the park for batting practice. Whenever I'd miss he'd

come up to me, smile and whisper "Faggot" twenty-three times into my ear.

He had blonde hair and blue eyes like the sky. Cloudless. He was such a

nice and soft-spoken man.

[Pause.]

A family heirloom, this bat. No one loved it more than my mother. One day I was sick and woke up early in the morning when I heard Mom screaming and laughing in the basement.

[Pause.]

The room was bright with light--Dad was scared as hell of the dark--and he was beating Mom silly with his bat. It was sick. Perverted. But I loved it. Every minute of it. His muscles...his sweat...it was beautiful. Divine. Dad saw me watching him, caught me hiding in a little corner. He looked up at me, tried to speak, but fell crying on the floor. His shame...his pain...it was beautiful. Divine.

[Pause.]

It went on for a few more years. Loved it. Every minute of it. But one night it all snapped. There was a power outage and it was dark, so I did it. I did it. Clubbed the letch dead with his bat.

[Begins to laugh.]

After Mom stopped crying--she cried non-stop until dawn--she came to me and handed me the bat. "Your father's dead," she said. "So it's time you took over. Sir." She called me. "*Sir.*" She lay on the floor, her hair and eyes

as black as shit. "Beat me," she said. "Or I'll kill myself." I laughed and turned away, she took a gun and blew her hand off. So I did as I was told, beat the shit out of the old cunt; and Eureka!--the lights flashed back on.

[Becoming increasingly feverish.]

It went on for a few more years. It was sick. Perverted. But I loved it. Every Minute of it--the house aglow with light. But one day when I was eighteen Everything snapped. For good. I woke up in the middle of the night and finally decided...I wanted to see....So I turned every light in the house off and killed her, killed her, took the bat to her black head and sent her sick soul to heaven. As she took her last breath her eyes melted into mine. "Thank you," she said. And she died.

[Pause.]

I chopped her up, the old cunt, the way I chopped up Dad, chopped her into a million little pieces. Then I scattered her over the lake, the little lake in the woods, and on the shore bloomed forget-me-nots as blue as my father's eyes.

[Pause.]

They're dead. They're all dead. But I'm alive. Alive. Forget-me-nots dead in my daughter's hands.

[Pause.]

[Lights on 2 and 3, blindfolded.]

3: It's dark and I can't see him. So I don't love him.

[Beat.]

I can't love him.

[Beat.]

2: I can't.

[Beat.]

CLAIRE: I love you, Daddy. I love you.

[Beat.]

3[to 1, hesitantly]: I love you.

[Beat.]

2[to 1, hesitantly]: I love you.

[Beat.]

CLAIRE: Take me home, Daddy! Take me home!

[Beat.]

3: Say you love me.

[Beat.]

2: Say you love me.

[Beat. Light out on 1.]

CLAIRE: I'm lost. I don't know where I am. Where are you, Daddy? I miss you! I

Miss your smile, your blonde hair...your beautiful blue eyes.

3[no smile]: Your lips. Your hands. The graceful curve of your body. The only things I know you by. And it's enough.

2[no smile]: Enough. Your hands so nervous over my neck and down. Even as you fuck me you seem shy. Guilty.

3[ibid.]: You've swallowed your pride--you've let me take over. I use you, defile you, but you never say a word. Is it your hand stroking my hair every time after we fuck? Is there something--*something*--beneath the fear and trembling?

2[ibid.]: You sob into my breast every time after you come. I don't know what to think, I don't know what to feel. All I know is that I'm holding you while I hold onto myself. I want these blindfolds off, I want your looks to kill me; but I clutch onto your head and hold on.

3[ibid.]: I've painted a picture of you in my head. I tried to hold on, I didn't want to do it. But in my mind you have hair that glistens like the sun; and your eyes are blue like the sky. Cloudless.

2[ibid.]: I love the sound of your voice whenever you sing in your sleep.

A standard ditty, usually, but such a deep, pleasing voice. You're such a nice and soft-spoken man. [[ibid.]: When I was a little boy I was scared to death of the dark. Every night I'd scream like crazy when my father turned the lights off. So he'd zoom back to my bedroom and turn the lights back on, and hold me in his arms until I fell asleep.

2[ibid.]: When I was a little girl I was scared to death of the dark. Every night I'd scream like crazy when my father turned the lights off. So he'd zoom back to my bedroom and turn the lights back on, and hold me in his arms until I fell asleep.

CLAIRE: It's dark, Daddy. It's so dark.

[Beat.]

3: Give me sun.

[Beat.]

2: Give me sun.

[Beat.]

CLAIRE: I'm cold, Daddy. I'm so cold.

[Beat.]

3: Take me home.

[Beat.]

2: Take me home.

[Beat.]

CLAIRE: Daddy? Daddy? You know how scared I am of the dark. Remember

how I'd scream when you'd turn the lights off at night? And how you'd run

back to me and hug me, and tell me sweetly, "I love you?"

[Beat.]

2[bitter smile]: The ceiling above is a pleasant shade of grey. The cuts on my

breasts are red gaping mouths. Hot tears slide from my eyes to the bed.

Sunlight streams through the blinds.

[Beat.]

3[bitter smile]: The ceiling above is a pleasant shade of grey. My pants and

underwear lie torn on the floor. The glass in the mirror breaks and

cascades. Sunlight streams through the blinds.

[Beat.]

2: Blue eyes on me, pin me to the bed.

3: Forget-me-nots in vase, alive and well.

2[taking off blindfold]: I tried. But I have to see you.

3: I have to see you.

[Beat.]

2: I'm weak. I have to love you.

3: I have to love you.

[Light out on 3. Light on 1, with blindfold. An agitated 2, *sans* blindfold, slowly approaches him.]

2: You.

1: Yeah.

2: This isn't enough.

1: Hunh?

2: I want to see you.

1: What?

2[grabbing him]: I *have* to see you.

1: No.

2[desperately]: Please!

1: No!

2: Please!

1: No!

[She tries to remove his blindfold. They struggle.]

2: Blue eyes.

1: No.

2: Blue eyes!

1: No!

2: Blue eyes!!

1: No!!

2: Blue eyes!!!

1: No!!!

[She rips off his blindfold.]

1[erupting, seizing her by the throat]: Do you know what you've done?

2[quailing]: No!

1: Do you know what this means?

2: Please!

[He tries to strangle her. Moments pass before he releases her.
She is coughing, her hand on her throat.]

1[helplessly, somewhat derisively; shaking his head]: It's over...you've ruined
it...it's over...

[Pause. 2 continues to cough.]

1: It's over...you've ruined it...it's over...

[Pause. 2's coughs subside. She is looking at him.]

2[slowly]: Blue eyes...blue eyes...like the forget-me-nots...in my mother's
garden...

[Pause. 2 rises slowly, 1 moves away from her.]

2: The light. It's come back. It's blinding me. Burning my skin. I hate it. Loved
the dark. But light is God. And God is right.

[Pause.]

Right now, looking at you...your blonde hair... your blue eyes...
everything's crumbling...all my dreams...everything I wanted to be...

[Pause.]

"Though you slay me, yet will I trust you." Daddy always told me to live by
God's will. I'm such a sweet and obedient little girl.

[Pause. She advances slowly towards him.]

Underneath it all this is what you want, isn't it? My father? My lord?... *Sir?*

[She runs her hands over his chest, speaks firmly.]

I know what I've done...I know what this means.

[She strokes his hair.]

I love you. It's sick. But I love you.

[She kisses his left cheek.]

Tell me you love me.

[She kisses his right cheek.]

Tell me you love me.

[She kisses his forehead.]

Tell me you love me.

[She kisses his lips.]

1[hesitating before answering flatly, helplessly, emotionlessly]: I love you.

[They kiss. Lights fade out on them.]

CLAIRE: And how I'd wake up in the morning and find you holding me in your

arms, a golden thread of sunlight streaming through the blinds?

[Light on 1 and 3. They are both wearing blindfolds. 3 is behind 1, fucking him. Suddenly he pulls away from 1, zips his pants up. Long silence.]

3[finally]: A *is* A.

[Pause.]

Two times two *is* four.

[Pause.]

The ceiling *is* the ceiling.

[Pause.]

The floor *is* the floor.

[Pause. He laughs bitterly.]

I was on a roll for a little while. Almost thought I could pull it off. And then it started happening: the soft feel of your lips...the passing warmth of your hands...the sad stories you'd suddenly tell, your voice on the verge of breaking....And it was all downhill from there--I nearly killed myself last night. It's sick. Perverted. I'm in love.

[Pause. He takes off his blindfold, slowly goes to 1, and gently and sensuously takes off his. They stare at each other for about ten seconds.]

Well, what do you know. Just as I expected. Blonde hair glistening like the sun.

[He runs his hands over 1's chest.]

I love you. It's sick. But I love you. You need me as much as I need you.

[He kisses 1's left cheek.]

You know this is natural. You know this is right.

[He kisses 1's right cheek.]

Beautiful blue eyes. Like the sky. Cloudless. The bluest blue eyes...they're blinding me, killing me.

[He kisses 1's forehead.]

I love you. It's sick. But I love you.

[He kisses 1's lips.]

Don't worry. I know exactly what this means.

[Pause. Gently and hesitantly 1 begins to touch 3's face. They kiss. Passionately. Fade out.]

CLAIRE: Two times one is two.

Two times two is four.

Two times three is six.

Two times four is eight.

[Sound of 1 hitting 2 and 2 gasping.]

Two times five is ten.

Two times six is twelve.

Two times seven is fourteen.

Two times eight is sixteen.

Two times nine is eighteen.

Two times ten is...is...

VOICE OF 1: It's morning!

VOICE OF 2: Yes!

VOICE OF 1: Morning!

[Beat.]

VOICE OF 1: It's black!

VOICE OF 2: Yes!

VOICE OF 1: Black!

[Sound of 1 hitting 2 one last time.]

CLAIRE[ecstatically]: Twenty! Twenty!! TWENTY!!!

[Long pause. Sound of 1 and 2 breathing heavily.]

2[wearily but longingly]: Give me a name.

[Beat.]

Give me a name.

[Fade out on 1 and 2.]

CLAIRE: My name is Claire. My name is Claire. Now and forever. Claire.

[Pause.]

Two times one *is* two.

Two times two *is* four.

Two times three *is* six.

Two times four *is* eight.

[Sound of 1 fucking 3.]

Two times five *is* ten.

Two times six *is* twelve.

Two times seven *is* fourteen.

Two times eight *is* sixteen.

Two times nine *is* eighteen.

Two times ten *is* twenty.

[Sound of 1 and 3 coming, screaming.]

Twenty. Twenty. Is. It *is*.

VOICE OF 1: It's morning.

VOICE OF 3: Yes.

VOICE OF 1: Morning.

[Beat.]

VOICE OF 1: They're black.

VOICE OF 3: Yes.

VOICE OF 1: Black.

[Beat.]

CLAIRE: Twenty. Twenty. Is. It *is*.

3[wearily but longingly]: Give me a name.

[Beat.]

Give me a name.

[Beat.]

CLAIRE: My name is Claire. My name is Claire. Now and forever. Claire.

[CLAIRE speaks very slowly. The light on her is now exceptionally
bright.]

My name is Claire.

[Pause.]

I am ten years old.

[Pause.]

My hair is black.

[Pause.]

And so are my eyes.

[Pause.]

I shall be good and not cause trouble and do as Daddy has told me.

[Pause.]

I shall review my multiplication tables. I shall say my prayers.

[Pause.]

I am Daddy's daughter--now and forever.

[Light on 1, in his original position. The stage, formerly dark, is now bright with light.]

1[smiling, eyes glazed]: It's over. Finished. The cunt and the fag. Shred them into a million little pieces.

[Pause.]

There is no sun. Two times two is not four. Forget-me-nots dead in my daughter's hands.

[Pause.]

CLAIRE: Daddy, don't cry. Wherever you are...don't cry.

[Pause.]

Remember how I'd see you beating Mommy with your bat? You'd lock

Yourself in the bathroom, crying like a little baby. Then I'd knock quietly on the door, beg you to let me in, and tell you to stop crying, because nobody's perfect.

[Pause.]

And remember how you'd beat yourself up with your bat? And how I'd scream at you to stop, that you should beat me instead?

1[*Ibid.*]: There is no sun. Two times two is not four. Forget-me-nots dead in my daughter's hands.

[Pause. The stage continues to brighten.]

CLAIRE: Remember that little song you used to sing me every night?

[Sings.]

"Twinkle twinkle little star,

How I wonder what you are."

And remember those mornings when I'd wake up in your arms? "Promise me," you'd whisper, "that you'll never tell Mommy." "I promise," I'd say. It was the least that I could do.

[She licks her lips. The next few lines very slow. With a smile.]

I knew what you were doing. I'm smarter than you think. It was wrong. Sick.

And I loved it. Every minute of it.

1[*ibid.*]: There is no sun. Two times two is not four. Forget-me-nots dead in my daughter's hands.

[Pause.]

CLAIRE: Your eyes are blue. Your hair is blonde. You're such a nice and soft-spoken man.

[CLAIRE rises and slowly turns to face 1. They look at one another intensely for ten seconds, after which CLAIRE begins to slither towards her father. The stage continues to grow ever brighter.]

CLAIRE[slowly, sounding a bit like Marilyn Monroe]:

"Twinkle twinkle little star,

How I wonder what you are.

Up above the world so high,

Like a diamond in the sky."

[The bat upright before her face, she goes down on her knees and begins to lick the bat bottom to top and down again, slowly, lasciviously. Smiling seductively she hands the bat to 1, who hesitates for a few seconds before taking it. CLAIRE slithers closer towards him. Fade out.]

[CLAIRE's voice in the dark. Very slow.]

“Twinkle twinkle little star,
How I wonder what you are.”

[Voices in the dark. The last lines are very slow.]

VOICE OF 3: I’m alive.

[Pause.]

VOICE OF 2: I’m alive.

[Pause.]

VOICE OF CLAIRE: I’m alive.

[Lights on 2, 3 and CLAIRE. The stage is brighter than ever and continues to brighten.]

3: I am Fag.

[Pause.]

2: I am Cunt.

[Pause.]

CLAIRE: I am home.

[Blinding light. The end.]

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