

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 dust ball 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 I 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.