

The Last Flight of the Mercenary
CLAIRE monologues

1

CLAIRE

(to Kate, referring to the wedding dress which the dog has ripped to shreds)

It really can't be repaired. It's ruined. Look at this. I was stupid with this romantic idea that I would marry a tall and angelic man with smooth shoulders and long golden hair. That he would have the kind of gentle smile and reassuring touch that would cure thousands, and we'd meet secretly under the stars one evening. Fresh lilies for my bouquet. Purple petals I'd spontaneously pick from under white rocks in a clear pond. And a soliloquy by a bright green frog catching a fly for his lunch. And there we are, holding hands, catching a glimpse of a white swan swimming through the effervescent reflection of our love in a shallow pool of water. There, as if mother nature dressed me herself - a delicate curl brushing my cheek. Rosy red lips, and this - from the cover of Bride Magazine, courtesy of the Saks that is truly on Fifth Avenue, a white satin gown trimmed in pearls and imported Italian lace. Nine thousand five hundred dollars. *(cries)*

At least if he was belligerent or even indignant, I could yell at him and curse him. But he mopes around here like he lost his best friend. So I feel sad. I say to him, "you poor dog." I - I should've known as soon as you said there were no stars in the night's sky.

2

CLAIRE

(to Blake) Some people aren't complete until they find their soul mate. Maybe we don't all have soul mates. Some of us have soul-things. Like artists have their sculptures or chord progressions or poems, and scientists have their equations and proofs. Things they need to fill up their soul and make them complete. But what everyone has, what we all share is the fact that we are driven by some higher cause, and whatever it is, it's for love. It's always for love. Mine is the love of a person. I happen to have a soul mate. That's what will make me whole. And from there I can begin the process of my own unique and individual awakening.

I suppose *you* are in the later phase of the process. Jesse was. I knew that. I should have realized. I did realize. I was just so taken by the idea that he and I were one. That he loved me, and that he was the one for me. And now I'm realizing that he loved everyone, and he was one with everyone, and maybe I was wrong. He didn't need me as much as I needed him. Is that you? Did you complete your soul in a past life so now you're free to weave in and out of the steel girders of the Whitestone Bridge feeling completely whole and content and happy with yourself? But why should that make it possible for you to insult me simply because I haven't been around as long as you and I'm not as well put together and I feel empty. That's pretty low. It's pretty - *(recovering)*... Tell me, Mr Fields, do you make fun of war veterans who are missing a leg? Of tuberculosis victims with one lung?