



The next day I may wear lip gloss. And on the third day, I'm telling Cheryl at the spa, to heat a bucket of wax and not stop until she gets to my eyebrows."

Arty: "I just don't get you out here. What's it got for you?"

Daphne: Confident, calm and easy, "Arty, you're the funny one. Here you've etched out a pretty unconventional life for yourself, but I'm the one that baffles you? The problem you have Arty is you think there's only one way to be a woman, and everyone else is faking it. Well I love diversity. My world has lots of different women in it...and in my world you can be as hairy and bald as you want. If it feels good, great. Look at me; I've had 3 kids and 3 husbands. The only difference between you and me is that you see that as a failure and I see it as a continuing success. Better and Better baby. As for me loving being out here...you don't have to 'get it' in order for me to 'get it'. I love me out here. It is just another wonderful facet of my already bejeweled life." Daphne gets up to exit stage with a towel; Arty is following with her own towel.

Arty: "My disposition might just change if I trade my mattress for yours."

Daphne: "Not a chance. You'd probably make it lumpy."

Arty: "You've left me no choice but to threaten gas warfare."

Daphne: "Coming from you that isn't a threat, it's a certainty, so I'm not giving up my mattress. I might as well suffer in comfort...with the tent flap open." As they exit, Arty pretends to towel-snaps Daphne's behind.

End of Act 3 Scene 1

Act 3 Scene 2

Sunny day. Noon time. The women are all on stage finishing up lunch. The women are wearing slightly different clothes that indicate a different day from scene 1. Some are standing, some sitting on boulders and logs.

Arty: "Hey! You've got to try the seaweed wrap with nutbutter, jam, summer sausage, onions, and cappers. Great combination. It's a new classic."

Daphne: "Disgusting! That's just so out there I think I'll have to try it tomorrow."

Nina: "And it only took three days out here for the gastronomic experimentations to begin. Quickest time yet."

Arty: "It's all part of the experience."

Grace: "I think I'll stay with my hummus and pepper wrap, thanks."

Arty: "Still shirking meat are you Grace? I thought that after you got out from under your ex's thumb, you'd celebrate with roasted pig...ooh I like the symbolism of that."

Grace: irritated but trying to remain calm "I am *grateful* that Gerry got me into an ashram; it was the beginning of my spiritual journey, my enlightened path; giving up meat was just a natural step on that path. I don't expect that you would understand that."

Arty: "I get the 'enlightened path', if you mean life without Gerry."

Nina: "Hey. Cool it Arty. This subject is now closed."

Grace: "No, it's OK, I understand Nina. Arty just has a hard time thinking anyone could be left by her husband and be alright about it. She hasn't had the years of meditation that has formed my spiritual practice; the Reike energy that gives me strength. Gerry just needed to grow another way; with another. I wish for him only the best."

Daphne: "Great Grace. For me, I love looking forward."

Grace: "Yes. I know all will be provided. No need to worry."

Arty: "Good luck with that!"

Nina: Interjecting quickly before anyone else could speak "OK. Let's just think about our paddle this afternoon. Anyone for the rapids again; Or the slant-tree island beachfront?"

Arty and Daphne: "Beachfront!"

Nina: "Gracie? I know you said earlier you wanted to do the rapids."

Grace: "Sure." Haltingly "The beach would be..."

Arty: cutting Grace off "...Whoohoo! The Beach! Mai Tais. Yacht gazing, Caribana carousing..."

Daphne: "You'll be asleep in five minutes!"

Arty: "Sure. And that's what I'll be dreaming about."

Nina: "Just a few things to look after before we go. I'll pack the food barrels..." As the women each claim their task and jump into action, Grace is just a bit slower and slightly panicky as the chores get snatched up.

Arty: "Wood for tonight right? I'm climbing."

Grace: "I'll get..."

Daphne: "Snacks. I'll get the snacks."

Grace: "Ah..."

Nina: "That just leaves..."

Grace: screaming, all her suppressed rage spilling out "Water! Why do I always get the water? 'Get the water Grace. We need more Water Grace. Grace the water is getting low again.' I'm sick of making the water! Every year it's been the same, well I'm not doing it. Do you hear me? Did you ever think I'd want to climb trees to get wood? No, you've only ever been thinking of yourselves. Well I'm no longer the Water Goddess. I resign." Nina, Arty and Daphne all look stunned.

Nina: "Gracie..."

Grace: "You think just because I'm agreeable that I actually *like it!* Never once did you offer to make the water. You just took for granted that I'd make it. I'm fed up! You're just like Gerry. Everything I did was to make him happy. *Him* happy! I picked up after him, cooked for him; God, I even gave birth without drugs because of him...*Twice!* He never once thanked me. Just like all of you." Grace breaks down and cries.

Nina: Going softly over to Grace "Gracie. Honey. I'm so sorry." She touches Grace but Grace moves abruptly away from Nina's hand. Daphne and Arty go to leave but Nina nods her head for them to stay. "You have to know that I was unaware of how you felt about the water."

Daphne: "Arty and I didn't know either Grace."

Grace: "Why didn't you?"

Nina: Slowly and clearly stated "Because you never *let us know.*" She pauses moving closer to Grace. "Gracie, there're some things that you need to do for yourself. Not

for anyone else, but just for you." Nina pauses then sits down beside Grace "Remember the Calligraphy that dad practiced for months at home, using his wood burning set?"

Grace: "Yah, at the dinner table he'd have fresh band-aids every night.

Our house smelled like cedar and charred flesh."

Nina: "Yah, and at graduation he gave us each a plaque, varnished and crudely etched. I loved that he made it for me, but I'm ashamed to admit I was embarrassed to hang it up in my apartment. So anytime I knew they were visiting, I'd drag it out and place it where he'd see it; then after a few years...I just forgot about it.

It wasn't until much later, when I was readying the house for my move to Costa Rica, purging so many memories, that I came across it again. Dad had been gone about a year then and reading it was like having him right beside me. I'd forgotten what he wrote..." Pausing; waiting to see if Grace would remember.

Grace: Recalling "*What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us.*"

Nina: "It's Emerson, right, but it's also dad. What of you, Gracie? It's your life...there's no pass or fail, just this moment; now. Little glimpses of joy. That's what being out here teaches me. This spruce doesn't see the certificates you have. This lake doesn't care how many sandwiches you've made for the soup kitchen. The sky doesn't give a rip about your crow's feet. It *is*, regardless. So do what gives you pleasure because just as that decaying stump and that new sapling shows us, we're as relevant or irrelevant as we make ourselves out to be.