



Daphne: to Arty "I'm going swimming no matter what the 'commander' says" grabs towel out of a pack and exits stage LT. Nina sighs, shakes her head in subtle annoyance, and tries to ignore the comment.

Nina: "Arty help me attach these ropes to the hammock."

Arty: "Sure; and you can you swat the mosquitoes that are tag teaming on me."

Nina: "Figures...looks like you're our decoy; thanks. If it's any consolation, the bugs help pollinate the blueberries."

Arty: "Argh. I'll never eat another frigg'n berry again." Irritated, smacking at her arms and neck etc.; drops the rope.

Nina: Arty give me the rope. If you'd read over the camp list you would've known to bring bug repellent." Sighing, "You can use mine. For now, to stop the itch, find a balsam tree and smear on some sap. It should work." Nina looks around then points at a tree just off stage. "Over there with the smooth bark." Arty goes to tree bark and starts smearing sap in place as they finish talking.

Arty: "Balsam, sure. Nina, you are unabashedly a nature geek...fess up."

Nina: "Guilty as charged. Bugged my dad, when I was eight, to teach me different slip knots...I would have loved boy scouts."

Arty: "Boy scouts...you would've left the little brats humiliated. Speaking of mortifying acts...how are you and Rich doing. Are you still drooling when he comes into the room? It used to drive me nuts at school, no respect for roommates..."

Nina: "Drooling has been replaced with a simpering smile, but yah we're doing great. As busy as he's been he tries hard to get away with me. He's the perfect canoe partner; he lets me do all the planning. He's been working on his J stroke."

Arty: "J *stroke*, eh; is that what you call it?"

Nina: "Right. Anyway, he's perfect. I love everything about him. His teeth, his hands; the way he plays with his nephews. He's reliable. The newspaper's doing well. He even has my parent's 'zeal' of approval. I just might ask him to marry me."

Arty: "Marriage, ew. Why would you go and ruin a perfectly mediocre relationship. Your life sucks!

Nina: "Go take some pictures will you...that's why you came, right. Your precious photos; just don't catch yourself having fun. Oh and Arty...wood!" Arty nods, click heels and picks up her camera.

Grace comes back, looking intently at her arm, Arty stops and watches her, curious.

Grace: to her arm, as if talking to a baby "Are you a bitey bug?"

Arty: sneers, disgusted, at Grace and growls "Grrr." Exits.

Grace: satisfied that the bug flew away turns her attention to Nina; a bit uneasy "I found it."

Nina: In jest, "Great, we can all breathe easier now." Notices how worried Grace is "What's up squirt?"

Grace: "There are spiders there and it's far away."

Nina: "Don't worry Gracie; camping's biggest hurdle. We'll make you a thunder-box champ yet. Daphne is swimming, so tie this hammock up for me. Thanks. Gracie, glad you came. Your massages will be great out here, especially when you dig in deep."

Grace proceeds to massage Nina's shoulders as they talk. "Have you heard back from out west?"

Grace: "I don't want to go that far away...mom and dad are getting older and like my help."