

4

Nina: "Me too. It was the best thing though. After dad died I needed to get away... all those reminders; loss. The placement in Costa Rica was perfect. In many ways a new beginning." Stopping what she is doing, Nina looks reflective "At the funeral when I saw Rich laid out, this wave of grief struck me. I ran from the viewing room, retching as though I could purge the pain that had set deep hooks into me. I felt I'd never stop." Pause, "Suddenly I felt this calm wash over me, holding me...the heavy bitter anguish that was choking me moments before, melted away; my sorrow vanished; as if nothing but lightness was left in the world. Bizarre right? But for the briefest moment all was well and perfect. And I wanted desperately to cling to that feeling and never let go. Never wake up. But I did wake up and bled until I was wrung out; unfeeling; a rock." Pause, "Travel helped. Then slowly... It wasn't until I was up some tree in Peru that I felt that calm presence again, a whisper towards life. Such a lot of time wasted...Oh but then I met some fine fellow travelers that brought me onto a moving path again. I missed hugging the most. Hugging and laughing. Do you think that was strange?"

Arty: "Strange?" Indicating herself "A relative term don't you think? If it works..." smiling and shrugging her shoulders at Nina.

Nina: "I do know you wanted to help, Arty. Thanks." They both hug and let go easily and comfortably. Daphne comes back on stage with an arm load of wood and places it by kitchen area.

Daphne: "Look at this wood. We are having s'mores tonight! Did you bring any sugar free chocolate?"

Nina: "Sure did. Cause you're sweet enough, right." Daphne pats her waist and smiles.

Nina getting up and grabbing her towel, "This can wait. I'm ready for a fresh lake swim.

See you there."

Arty: Calling after Nina as she leaves stage, "What no fire drill?" Nina shrugs and smiles and leaves. Arty laughs, shakes her head then looks at Daphne as Daphne adjusts her T shirt, brushing off wood debris and we see her very curvaceous profile "Well June's Busting out all over!"

Daphne: "Ah you're talking about my new additions to the family. I had a good run with my old ones, they served me well, but after I had Crystal, my girls were looking a bit used, run down...way down" laughing. "So I bought me a new set. And I'm perky again. What, is it distracting you?"

Arty: "You're definitely not my type. I go for the natural look."

Daphne: "Natural look? I saw who you brought to my Halloween party, and I'm guessing they weren't in a gorilla suit. You like your women hairy."

Arty: "Just for clarity's sake, I like my women and Men hairy. Except for Lance then bald is beautiful."

Daphne: "Natural..."

Arty: "Exactly! As nature intended."

Daphne: "Well whatever works for you...I have to admit, it's a relief not to primp out here. When I go canoeing with the family, we can be gone for a couple weeks...and I can let it go. When I return home I savor the slow shifting back. Maybe a shower the first day. I'll make it hot and steamy, and I can smell the campfire leaving me.

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