

Last Summer At Bluefish Cove

Lil: Will you get outta here? (They exit. Lil straightens up, unmakes the bed, sits on it despondent. To herself.) It isn't fair. (She examines ANNE'S sculpture on table, replaces it, lights cigarette, than hurls the ashtray on the floor.) Goddammit. (She bursts into tears and races into the bathroom.)

(Lights slowly down on cabin, up on beach. A passage of time. Eva, wrapped in jacket and shivering against the sea breeze, enters. She looks up at the cabin and begins to mount the stairs. Lil, coming out of the bathroom, is startled by the knock.)

Lil: Who is it?

Eva: I'm too upset to sleep.

Lil: (Not going to door.) It's late, Eva. I'm very tired.

Eva: But I need to talk.

Lil: (Reluctantly coming to door.) We'll talk tomorrow. Life doesn't look so damned dramatic in the sunlight.

Eva: Have you been crying? Your face is swollen.

Lil: Naw. Catching a cold or something.

Eva: Your eyes are puffy.

Lil: Probably an allergic reaction to the sun. I stayed on the beach too long this afternoon.

Eva: I warned you. Bet your shoulders are blistered.

Lil: No, they're fine.

(Eva touches Lil's shoulder; Lil winces.)

Eva: See? You ought to put something on them. You have some noxema?

LIL: No, Eva I'm just fine. I'm terrific, wonderful. Good night.

Eva: It's gets cold here at night, doesn't it? (She shivers visibly.) That sea breeze.

Lil: All right, Eva, but not for long. I've got to get some sleep.

(She lets her in. Lil keeps her distance. Eva sits awkwardly.)

Eva: I used to talk to my little boy, Lenny, late at night like this. I'd sit by his bed and talk and he'd listen to me. He lived to be six years old. I taught him to read - he loved to read. He'd read to me out loud. I'd never been much of a reader myself, until Lenny came along. Then I started going to the library and bookstores to get books for him - and I'd pick up something for myself. In away, you could say Lenny taught me to read. I think George thought he was somehow responsible for Lenny's heart. George thinks he's responsible for everything. He's not a mean man, he's just set in his ways. My mother wanted me to marry an adventurer - she was always dreaming about adventures. Going places no one else had gone, doing things no one had done - she never went anywhere herself, of course, it all happened in her mind. She wanted me to have adventures for her. And I haven't had a one...

Lil: Oh, I'm sure you have, Eva. Coming to the party tonight was a kind of adventure, wasn't it? Maybe not a pleasant one, but -

Eva: I bet you have adventures all the time.

Lil: Don't make a heroine out of me, Eva.

Eva: But I admire you.

Lil: I've done a whole lot of things in my life which were not in the least bit admirable. Ask Kitty Cichrane, she'll give you an earful.

Eva: Were you and Kitty...

Lil: For a while.

Eva: But now, you're not..

Lil: It's not a time for me to make commitments. I was never much for making commitments, anyway.

Eva: How did you know you were?

Lil: (Challenging her.) What?

Eva: (Forcing herself to say it.) Gay.

Lil: I fell in love with a woman. (Snaps.) What is this, twenty questions?

Eva: I'm sorry - I just don't know anything about it and -

Lil: Okay. I knew very early, some people do. I knew when I couldn't take my eyes off my high school English teacher, when my knees quivered every time my chemistry lab partner brushed her elbow against mine. When I could hardly wait for double dates to end so my girlfriend and I could cuddle in her bed together and demonstrate to one another what the boys had done to us. I knew it didn't mean a thing to her - that when I touched her, she was pretending that I was a boy. But I wasn't pretending. She was the real thing for me. I didn't know there were so many others like me until I got to college and met Annie. Annie swears that she was born gay. She was playing doctor with little girls in kindergarten. She's never had the slightest heterosexual tendency.

Eva: So, it was you and Annie?

Lil: Oh goodness, no. Never. Annie and I are best buddies. It was Annie who showed me the gay bars and restaurants, the gay resort areas - we gays are kind of like the hobbits - no matter how repressive earthlings get, we continue to thrive in Middle Earth. We're survivors. We straddle both worlds and try to keep our balance.

Eva: Kitty Cochrane's book says you can be bisexual. She says it's the most natural way to be.

Lil: (Sardonically.) She does, huh?

Eva: I'd really never thought about that before.

Lil: (Knowing what is coming.) Well, Kitty also claims a mature person should not expect their partner to remain monogamous, that jealousy is an immature response. And I'm here to tell you that what Kitty says and what Kitty does are not the same thing. Kitty is a very possessive lady.

Eva: You don't like her, do you? You're always putting her down.

Lil: Like Kitty? I adore Kitty. She's my good friend. I might poke a little fun at Dr. Kitty Cochrane, feminist soothsayer, but that's just the mask she wears. The real Kitty is an old friend of mine. We've been through a lot together. Kitty's all right. I can count on Kitty to come through.

Eva: Lil, were you ever attracted to a man?

Lil: Are you writing a book or what? It's after midnight!

Eva: (Flustered.) No, I'm just trying to...

Lil: (Challenging.) To what?

Eva: (Quietly.) To understand. You think I'm boring, don't you?

Lil: No....

Eva: Just another runaway housewife.

Lil: I don't think you're boring, Eva. You're lonely, vulnerable, curious - and that combination scares the hell out of me. (Lil smiles at Eva)

Eva: (Shyly.) I thought about you ever since I saw you on the beach today - the party tonight, I could feel you watching me. I thought I could. (Lil shrugs, admitting it.) I sensed something was happening between us, I mean I've never felt this kind of thing with a woman and I didn't know how to...I don't know how to...I mean, I've never...I wasn't even sure, I'm not sure...(Lil begins to grin, watching Eva stammer through this.) (Quietly smiling.) Are you just going to let me stand here and make a fool out of myself?

Lil: I'm not a curiosity, Eva. I'm not an experiment, not an adventure. On the other hand I have never, repeat never, gone shopping with anybody for matching sheets and drapes at Bloomingdale's.

Eva: I understand.

Lil: (Touching her face.) Do you?

Eva: (Bravely.) I'm not as naive as you think I am.

Lil: You're not? (Lil touches Eva seductively.)

Eva: All right, I am.

Lil: Uh - huh. (She guides Eva toward door.) Go home, Eva. It's late, I'm tired, I'll see you on the beach tomorrow. We'll spend the afternoon together on the beach, all right? (She touches Eva's lips with her fingers. Sighs.) My mother must have told me fifty times, never kiss on the first date.

Eva: You're puritan.

Lil: No, but my mother is. This is the first time I've ever taken her advice. Goodnight. (Eva starts to descend stairs, looks back.) Goodnight, Eva.

(Lil smiles as Eva exits, but the smile fades to anxiety as