

Talk excerpt

*Fran walks onto the patio to join Anna.
Inner Fran follows right behind.*

ANNA

It's heaven up here.

INNER ANNA

Is there a heaven?

FRAN

Where are the guys?

ANNA

(Pointing out to the lake)

Out there.

INNER FRAN

Fish. You catch 'em, you clean 'em. Gut a fish. My gut is too big for this suit.

Carl waves and Anna waves back.

ANNA

Nice suit.

INNER ANNA

(Looking at Fran)

Healthy. Strong.

FRAN

I think it makes my stomach look fat.

INNER ANNA

Fat is meaningless.

ANNA

Every bathing suit makes our stomachs look fat.

INNER ANNA

We're alive and-

ANNA

-we have stomachs.

INNER ANNA

Alive. Get it? Alive.

FRAN

What do you think they're talking about out there?

ANNA

Oh clearly, their deepest fears, hopes and ambitions.

As they talk, Fran and Anna get more and more relaxed and Inner Fran and Inner Anna lounge back, growing increasingly languid and drowsy.

FRAN

Oh yeah, of course.

ANNA

Because, we both know that men just love revealing their inner emotional life to each other.

FRAN

Talk about their feelings.

ANNA

Their mothers.

FRAN

Their failings at work.

ANNA

Whether God exists.

FRAN

Inadequacies in the bedroom.

ANNA

And, of course, creeping hair loss.

FRAN

And when they're finished, having embraced and thanked each other for their friendship-

ANNA

-they're going to row back in-

FRAN

-remembering to bring in everything from the boat-

ANNA

-check and make sure things are picked up around the living room-

FRAN

-wipe up around the sink after washing their hands, and, oops, noticing that the hand towel is dirty, wet and frayed, run to the linen closet and replace it-

ANNA

-and, finally, make sure everything is chopped and prepared for dinner tonight.

FRAN

So everyone else can relax and enjoy themselves. Always thinking of the comfort, ease and feelings of others, those guys!

ANNA

I finally got a cleaning service. I couldn't take the rage.

FRAN

I hate strangers poking around my house. *(Pause)* Why is it so hard for them? For men? It's just having the desire to notice what another person needs to make her day easier. Smoother. In the moment and in the future. What would make Anna's day easier when she wakes up tomorrow morning? Would having clean underwear in her top drawer, ready to go without having to dig in the dryer, help her? Well, then, I'll do that for her today. Because I love her. And I'm going to do it without her having to ask me to do it, how to do it, when to do it, and then ANNOUNCE to the world that I am doing it so I get credit the afternoon before, when I'm doing it, then praise the next morning when she pulls open her drawer and has that flush of pleasure...she better thank me again, then, for this wonderful act of generosity and love. You know, emptying the dishwasher is an act of love. Picking up your shoes so your husband doesn't trip over them and bang his shin in the middle of the night, on the way to the bathroom, and is then lying awake for the next hour, worrying about that delivery, the two employees with the flu and how she's going to fit in that trip to the dentist, is an act of love. Want to get me excited? Scrub the toilet. Want to kiss me? Do a load of laundry. Want to make me come? Drive the kids to soccer so I can take a fucking nap.

ANNA

Put a little thought into this?

INNER ANNA

Ever told Graham this?

FRAN

Just a bit.

INNER FRAN

Think I'm crazy?

ANNA

The crazy comes from not talking about it. (*Pointing out to Carl and Graham*) Can you explain the fishing thing to me?

FRAN

As far as I can tell, the point is to catch a really big one but it completely doesn't matter if you don't.

ANNA

Sounds quite metaphoric.

FRAN

I suppose. But leave it to a guy to be looking for his metaphor at the end of a long, hard pole jutting out between his legs.

ANNA

Casting about for it in the lake of desire.

FRAN

Fishing for answers.

ANNA

Always hoping they have the biggest one.

FRAN

It was this big. Boy, it feels good to be bitchy and sarcastic. Why is that?

ANNA

Beats having all those comebacks banging around in your head with no place to go. When is that other couple coming up?

INNER ANNA

Are they going to ruin this mood?

FRAN

Don't really know.

INNER FRAN

Don't really care. Should care. Don't care.

*Inner Fran smiles and closes her eyes.
Silence except for the water lapping at the*

*shore. All the Inners are asleep, the Inner
men sleeping on the luggage, the Inner
women sleeping on the chairs.*