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Oedipus at Palm Springs

A Five Lesbian Brothers Play
written by
Maureen Angelos,
Dominique Dibbell,
Peg Healy,
and Lisa Kron

A SAMUEL FRENCH ACTING EDITION

**SAMUEL
FRENCH**
FOUNDED 1830

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OEDIPUS AT PALM SPRINGS was first produced by the New York Theatre Workshop in July 2005. The performance was directed by Leigh Silverman, with sets by David Korins, costumes by Miranda Hoffman, lighting by M.L. Geiger, and sound design by John Gromada. The production stage manager was Martha Donaldson. The cast was as follows:

JONI..... Babs Davy
CON..... Lisa Kron
FRAN..... Maureen Angelos
PRIN Dominique Dibbell
TERRI Peg Healey

CHARACTERS

PRIN – (short for PRINCESS, early 50s*) Terri's lover, a handsome stone butch and a highly successful/wealthy entrepreneur with a penchant for the ladies and booze. Loves and is devoted to Terri.

TERRI – (mid-30s*) Prin's lover. A younger, post-gay lesbian and a student. A devoted lover, dependent on Prin.

CON – (40s) A feminist lesbian. Fran's life partner, co-parent of Basil, an industrious hospital administrator, sexually frustrated.

FRAN – (40s) Soft butch. Con's life partner, bio-mom of Basil. Ex-business partner and long-time devoted friend of Prin. Sexually disinterested.

JONI – (60s) Blind manager of Casitas Bonitas, painter and soothsayer. One thirty-eighth Native American.

**NOTE: The age difference between Prin and Terri must be 15 years or more.*

SETTING

CASITAS BONITAS

A private, walled-in women's desert resort. Set should include: two private bungalows, a swimming pool, a barbecue/dining area, an entry gate.

OTHER LOCATIONS:

SHAME ON THE MOON, a restaurant

COCKATIELS, a night club

PALM CANYON DRIVE, outside the night club

TIME

2005

Casitas Bonitas Courtyard, Friday Evening

(A private, walled-in, women's desert resort. Several casitas – numbered bungalows – are decorated in faux Native-American style.)

*(k.d. lang's "Constant Craving" plays at a level just high enough so that it can't be ignored and just low enough that you can't quite listen to it.)**

JONI, *the hotel manager, pushes a cleaning cart upstage. Her hair is white and shorn close, except for a long braid that drops all the way to her butt and is tied off with a bell and some feathers. She is naked except for sunglasses, a full-body tan that can best be described as "desert crinkle" and a cell phone that is strapped around her waist.)*

(Her keys jingle as she works quickly, unlocking doors and dropping off clean towels and welcome baskets.)

(After a few moments, a buzzer rings.)

JONI. Mother! Fuck!

(She crosses to the intercom. For the first time, we see that she is blind.)

JONI. *(into intercom)* Yeah?

(A woman's voice responds through the speaker.)

CON. *(offstage) (over the intercom)* Hey, Joni, it's Con.

JONI. Who?

CON. *(offstage)* Con! Con and Fran!

JONI *buzzes them in then grabs a gauzy dress from a pile of dirty towels and pulls it over her head.)*

*Please see Music Use Note on Page Three.

(CON and FRAN enter with tons of baggage.)

CON & FRAN. Oh, it's so beautiful. Isn't it?

(then)

Joni. Hi.

JONI. Greetings.

CON. Look at this place! We got here at the perfect time.
The light is magical. Isn't it beautiful, Fran.

FRAN. Looks great. Did you do some renovating?

JONI. Time passes. Some things fall away. Others take their place.

CON. I don't know what it is about walking through that gate.

FRAN. I know! Palm Canyon Drive is right out there. But this side of the wall feels like another world.

CON. It's so great to be somewhere we can just be ourselves.

FRAN. Yeah.

(CON gives FRAN a peck and a little squeeze.)

CON. Are Prin and Terri here yet?

JONI. No.

CON. Really? Good.

FRAN. I've got to pump. My breasts are killing me.

CON. We have a kid now, Joni. He's three and, believe it or not, this is the first time we've been away from him.

FRAN. You'd love him. He's a pisser. He's so smart.

CON. He can count to eleven...

CON & FRAN. (together) ...in Spanish.

JONI. Don't like children anymore.

(then)

You're in the Jacuzzi room.

CON. (psyched) That is very good news.

(They follow JONI to their door.)

FRAN. Prin got us the Jacuzzi room?

CON. She said she wanted this weekend to be really special.

(They follow JONI to their casita. JONI opens the door. They enter.)

(FRAN does the heavy work of moving the luggage while CON unpacks a few frills to add ambience to their room – a sexy fabric for the bed, candles, incense, etc.)

CON. Fran. Fran. It's like a honeymoon hideaway.

JONI. Check out the services binder. There's some new spa treatments we're offering.

CON. Do you still have that German lady who does the facials?

JONI. Belgian. No, she goes back to Europe during the off-season. But I'm doing key readings.

FRAN. Key readings?

JONI. I toss your keys then read the energy. It's very effective.

(CON emerges from the casita.)

FRAN. Maybe we should try it, hon. Figure out what the fuck is wrong with us.

CON. *(nervous laugh)* Fran!

FRAN. *(to JONI)* Nothing's wrong with us.

CON. Nothing's wrong with us.

(JONI stares at them, inscrutable.)

(CON gets increasingly uncomfortable as JONI remains mute.)

CON. We're having a little sexual dysfunction, but that's very normal for a couple after their first child. Maybe our lack of sex – that's our problem, lack of sex – maybe it's gone on a little long. Longer than usual.

FRAN. This weekend's really going to help.

CON. Yeah.

JONI. I'll get your muffin basket.

(JONI leaves.)

CON. Why did I say all that? God, she's so inscrutable.

FRAN. Shh. She's blind, not deaf.

CON. I said inscrutable, not rude and bizarre. And please can we not broadcast all our personal business.

FRAN. Me? You were the one blabbering on.

CON. Yeah, I know. But you just stood there. You could've stopped me. Hey, I really don't want you talking with Prin and Terri about our sex life this weekend, okay?

FRAN. Okay.

(FRAN gets a beer from the mini cooler they brought.)

CON. Where are you going?

FRAN. The girls are going to be here pretty soon. I want to meet them.

CON. Is that a beer?

FRAN. Yeah.

(FRAN goes out to the courtyard.)

CON. Fran?

FRAN. What?

(then)

Is it the beer? I just thought since we were away I might have a few.

CON. Honey, I need you not to disappear on me this weekend.

FRAN. Alright, then. I won't drink the beer.

CON. That would be good. And I won't drink either. That way we'll be able to show up for each other this weekend and work on what we discussed with Devra.

FRAN. Totally.

CON. Refocusing.

FRAN. Refocusing.

CON. On what?

FRAN. On our sexual connection?

CON. Yes, that. But mostly on each other. On being in our relationship, prioritizing that.

FRAN. I was close, though, right?

CON. So that's what we're going to do?

FRAN. That is totally what we're going to do. So. Should we do our exercises now?

CON. Out here?

FRAN. Sure. No one else is here. We can do the one.

CON. Okay.

(They hug stiffly.)

CON. Are you doing the breathing?

FRAN. Yeah.

(They continue hugging in silence.)

CON. I don't know if you're supposed to be resting your head on my shoulder like that.

(FRAN lifts her head and tries to figure out what to do with it. She leans it against CON's head.)

CON. Didn't Devra say that we're supposed to each be leaning "into" each other but not "on" each other?

FRAN. Am I leaning?

CON. A little bit.

FRAN. I'm just hugging you.

CON. Okay.

(then)

Ow.

FRAN. What?

CON. Nothing. Just keep hugging until we're relaxed.

(The Main Gate opens and PRINCESS enters. She is a handsome stone butch in her early 50s.)

PRIN. Caught cha!

(CON and FRAN break their hug.)

PRIN. Easy on the nookie, you two. The weekend's just getting started.

FRAN. Hey!

(PRIN gives FRAN a big bear hug.)

PRIN. You beat me, you dog. You hit that traffic around Corona?

FRAN. Yeah. I was going to take the 15 up to the 60, but Con was like, no, let's stay on the 91.

PRIN. Fucking 91. Backed up to Riverside.

(While still talking to FRAN, she goes to CON and takes her in her arms.)

And how is the most gorgeous mommy in Rancho Mission Viejo?

(She dips CON.)

CON. *(fanning herself)* Hot.

PRIN. I'll say.

CON. Better not let Terri hear that.

(then, concerned)

Is she doing okay?

PRIN. Yeah, she's okay. She's a trooper. I've got a fantastic weekend planned.

CON. It's good we're here. It's always hard – the first birthday without your mom.

PRIN. Don't make a big deal though, okay? She just wants to have a good time.

FRAN. Oh sure.

CON. Oh, we wouldn't.

(TERRI enters.)

TERRI. Hi, you guys!

CON. *(all super sympathetic)* Hey, kiddo.

(CON and TERRI hug.)

FRAN. How you holdin' up, Ter?

TERRI. *(big sigh)* I'm okay.

(beat)

I'm really okay, you guys. How are you? I'm so glad to see you.

CON & FRAN. (*still focused on Terri*) We're fine. We're good.

TERRI. We're going to have a fantastic time. Okay? That's what I want for my birthday, okay?

(*changing the subject*)

Con, when did you do that to your hair? You look amazing.

CON. You've seen this.

TERRI. No, I haven't.

CON. I had it done three months ago.

PRIN. We haven't laid eyes on you since what – the Rusty Pelican?

FRAN. No way, that was around Easter.

CON. I think she's right. We were going to do that Sparks thing but we had to back out.

FRAN. Basil had that reaction to kiwi.

CON. She gave him kiwi. She gave a three year old kiwi!

FRAN. I didn't know it was on some list of reactive foods.

PRIN. Yeah, whatever. The point is it's not easy getting you two out of that hermetically sealed nursery.

TERRI. Prin, stop. You both look beautiful. Fran, you look so voluptuous and gorgeous.

(*FRAN shifts from foot to foot uncomfortably.*)

How's B?

FRAN. I miss him so much already.

CON. He's good. He's at his grandma's.

FRAN. I can't believe you got us the fucking Jacuzzi room.

PRIN. Jacuzzi room? No, that's some kind of mistake. I didn't get you the Jacuzzi room.

(*CON and FRAN look at each other awkwardly.*)

FRAN. Oh, we...Joni said...

PRIN. I hope you didn't stain the sheets yet.

FRAN. No, we...

PRIN. I'm just kidding you. I got you the Jacuzzi room.

CON. Jesus! Prin!

FRAN. Next time's on us.

PRIN. Hey, I like the new Saab. Very nice.

FRAN. Yeah, Con let me have it.

CON. I drive the minivan.

PRIN. Job treating you okay? Ketterwelter busting your ass?

FRAN. Oh yeah. Doug's great. It's good. Good.

CON. Are you kidding? The whole department worships her.

PRIN. I got a great deal going down in these condos in Phoenix. Sure you don't want to jump in with me?

FRAN. Can't do that anymore. I've got enough ups and down with the kid and all.

PRIN. Fen Yan is giving me a 30-year fixed rate at 3.5.

FRAN. 3.5? Really?

(CON and TERRI share a look.)

TERRI. Hey! Woo-hoo! Masters of the universe! We're on vacation, remember?

CON. First rule of the weekend – no business talk after sunset.

PRIN. Con has spoken.

FRAN. Sorry, babe. You're right. I'm here to leave all that behind.

(JONI enters.)

JONI. Princess. Good to have you back. My oldest customer.

(She holds out her hand. PRINCESS shakes it.)

PRIN. Aw, come on. 52's not that old. What are you doing here this time of year? Aren't you usually on a treasure hunt or...what are those things you do?

JONI. Vision Quest. No, I couldn't go this year because Jorel and Tiny are in Guatemala on a buying trip so they asked me to stay through August. So, here I am. Casita 26, right?

(JONI pulls out her keys. Then when she senses TERRI, freezes. There is a pause.)

TERRI. Hi. My name's Terri.

CON. She knows you, Terri.

TERRI. No, we've never met.

CON. You've never met Joni?

PRIN. She wasn't here when we came before.

(TERRI extends her hand. JONI doesn't take it.)

JONI. Is she your...?

PRIN. She's my girlfriend.

(TERRI drops her hand.)

JONI. No. This is someone else.

PRIN. Nope. I'm pretty sure this is my girlfriend.

JONI. Hm.

FRAN. She's brought so many girls here over the years
you're probably just confused.

PRIN. Terri and I have been together for seven years. It's
her birthday. Remember, I told you that over the
phone?

JONI. Today is her birthday?

TERRI. Sunday, actually. Sunday's my birthday.

(JONI laughs.)

TERRI. What's so funny?

JONI. Birthdays are funny things. How sometimes you can
forget your own birthday.

PRIN. I do that. I forget if Terri doesn't remind me.

JONI. It looks like you four have the place to yourselves this
weekend.

CON. Yeah. We're the only ones crazy enough to come to
the desert in the middle of August.

JONI. I think it's the best time to come. Only the strong
remain.

TERRI. Joni, I was wondering if you had some information
about the Painted Canyons?

JONI. The painted canyons can never be fully known.

TERRI. I just meant, the hours and stuff.

JONI. There is a brochure in your binder.

TERRI. Oh. Thanks.

JONI. What are you looking for?

TERRI. Um, looking for?

JONI. You're looking for something...

TERRI. I...

JONI. A roadrunner?

TERRI. Well, yes, I'd like to see a roadrunner.

JONI. (*laughs*) You won't find it there. Here. Take your muffins.

(**JONI** *exits.*)

(**FRAN** *makes a space ship sound.*)

TERRI. What was that?

CON. You'll get used to her. She does readings and stuff. It can be kind of fun.

FRAN. Isn't she like 1/38th Blackfoot or something?

PRIN. How can you be 1/38th anything?

TERRI. I just asked her a simple question.

PRIN. Readings, predictions. You make your own bed and you lie in it, that's what I say. What say we hit the pool and drown ourselves in some margaritas? I got the good stuff.

FRAN. Sounds great!

CON. Fran?

FRAN. Oh. Okay, well.

CON. I think we're going to turn in early. It's been a long week.

PRIN. You're kidding me. It's only 8:30!

CON. We're on "mommy time."

PRIN. Oh, I get it. These two get five minutes away from the kid and BANG! (*to FRAN, wink, wink*) No worries, pal. Have a good "rest."

(**TERRI** *grabs PRIN by the hand.*)

TERRI. Come on, baby. I'm feeling a little "tired" myself.

CON. See you in the morning.

PRIN. Right! Morning. Fran, we have tee-off at 7:30. You girls have the whole morning at the outlets. Don't spend too much. Back here for BBQ. Then Sunday is birthday, birthday, birthday. Dinner at Shame on the Moon.

CON. Wow! You really do have the whole weekend planned.

PRIN. That's just the beginning. 'Night folks!

Prin and Terri's Casita

(PRIN and TERRI enter. They kiss, deeply. TERRI breaks it off.)

TERRI. I can't believe it's been so long since we've actually seen Fran and Con.

PRIN. Who?

(TERRI pushes PRIN off.)

TERRI. You devil.

PRIN. I can't get used to that rack on Fran.

TERRI. Go easy on her, Prin. She's a little fragile, I think.

PRIN. The mommy thing's makin' her all soft.

TERRI. You love your friend, Fran.

PRIN. Do not.

TERRI. You've missed her.

PRIN. Have not.

TERRI. Be sweet with her. She thinks you don't approve of her life with a kid and a desk job.

PRIN. I don't.

TERRI. I'm just saying. You be sweet.

PRIN. Okay, I'll be nice. I'll be like – No, tell me again? How many times did Basil poop today? I'm really interested.

TERRI. You know what's insane?

PRIN. What?

TERRI. That kid is crazy for you.

PRIN. What can I say?

(grabbing TERRI's ass)

The youngsters love me.

TERRI. Yes we do.

(PRIN pushes TERRI on to the bed. They kiss. Then...)

Before I forget I need to call this guy back.

PRIN. Which guy?

TERRI. That detective who found Antonia's mother.

PRIN. I don't know who that is.

TERRI. Yes you do. Antonia, from that group. She's been looking for her mom for like 12 years. This guy is amazing and he found her in, like, a couple of weeks and Antonia flew to Houston and met her mother. She has a brother and two sisters now. When she came back she was so changed. She said she felt whole for the first time in her life.

(PRIN gets up and goes to the fridge.)

I'm sorry.

PRIN. For what?

TERRI. You're so irritated with me.

PRIN. I'm not irritated with you. I'm just getting some ice.

TERRI. I know you think it's a bad idea for me to look for my birth mother.

PRIN. I don't have an opinion about it, sweetheart.

TERRI. But you think I'm too focused on it.

PRIN. I think you had a great mother.

TERRI. I know. I did. I had a wonderful mother. But when Betty died – I can't explain it. It feels like it opened up this hole in me that nothing can fill.

(heading PRIN off)

And don't go making one of your jokes.

PRIN. Do you think maybe you just need to give yourself some more time to deal with Betty's death?

TERRI. It's been six months. It's not getting better. I feel like I'm not attached to anything. Like I don't belong anywhere. What have I done with myself? I pissed away my twenties.

PRIN. Who didn't?

TERRI. You didn't. You started how many businesses? And Con and Fran didn't.

PRIN. You're gonna get your degree in a few months.

TERRI. But does the world really need another communications major?

PRIN. Baby – look at me. How ‘bout giving yourself a little break? Huh?

TERRI. You’re right. You brought me out here for a beautiful birthday weekend and I’m going to have one. I’m putting away my cell phone and I’m focusing on you and our friends. But mostly I’m going to focus on you.

PRIN. That’s my girl.

TERRI. Oh, Prin, was I always this touchy?

PRIN. I don’t know. Let me touch you.

TERRI. Come on, I didn’t used to be like this. Did you see how I was with that crazy Joni? She totally spooked me.

PRIN. Yeah, well. She’s spooky.

TERRI. Prin. What would I do without you?

PRIN. Perish.

TERRI. I would.

(then)

God. How do you do that to me? Is this my birthday present. Because it’s really good what you’re doing right now.

PRIN. No, it’s even better.

TERRI. Better than this?

PRIN. Yeah, I’m going to go to the mall and get you some socks or something.

TERRI. You beast! Just for that I’m going to go sleep in Fran and Con’s room.

PRIN. Oh, don’t interrupt them. Now that they’re away from that kid, those two are going at it like porn stars just finishing a prison sentence.

(PRIN throws TERRI on the bed and climbs on top of her like a porn stud. TERRI squeals with delight.)

Fran and Con's Casita

(CON is lying on the bed. FRAN is sitting next to her and stroking her lightly with one hand.)

FRAN. How does that feel?

CON. Nice.

(A timer goes off.)

FRAN. So that was nice?

CON. Yeah. It's interesting that you just use the one hand.

FRAN. Good interesting or bad interesting?

CON. Neither. Just interesting. Feathery.

FRAN. Feathery, yeah. That's what I was going for.

CON. Oh. Well, it was good then. It was really feathery.

FRAN. Did you not like it? I'm not clear on what you're saying to me.

CON. It was good. It was fine. It was really nice. It's just interesting to me because I use both hands and massage more but you're doing something different. It felt a little like you weren't paying that much attention but now that I understand you're doing the feather thing it's fine.

(She gets up.)

Want some water?

FRAN. Sure.

CON. Prin and Terri seem good.

FRAN. Yeah. Always at it.

CON. It's almost too much, you know? Like, if you have to flaunt it, you haven't got it.

FRAN. Oh, I think they have a pretty good sex life.

CON. Yeah.

FRAN. They have some connection.

CON. Well, they're still getting to know each other.

FRAN. After seven years?

CON. Yeah. Give them another decade and we'll see how hot they are.

FRAN. Oh, totally.

CON. *(then)* Okay. So, your turn. I do you.

(FRAN lies down on her stomach.)

Honey?

FRAN. Umhm.

CON. I think you need to turn over. This is the part where we add in the breast touching.

FRAN. Oh, no. I don't think I can do that.

CON. I won't do it in a sexual way. I know it's hard to feel sexual when you're nursing.

FRAN. Yeah. I'm more comfortable this way.

CON. Honey. That's hard for me. Honey? It feels really rejecting to me.

FRAN. I'm not rejecting you, honey. I just don't want to have my tits touched in that way.

CON. I'm not going to inappropriately sexualize you but I want to be close to you. I want to share this experience with you.

FRAN. Okay.

(FRAN turns face up. CON touches her breasts through her clothes.)

CON. How is this for you?

FRAN. It's so uncomfortable.

(CON gives a deep, irritated sigh.)

What? I'm sorry. It is.

CON. No, I know.

(CON gets up and starts straightening up the room.)

FRAN. Con.

CON. What?

FRAN. Con. Come on. Come over here and let's talk about this.

CON. What? I love your tits and I'm not allowed to touch them and it makes me really sad!

FRAN. Oh, honey. I'm so sorry. I do understand. I just don't know what to do. I mean, it is really intense while I'm breast feeding. It's like my breasts aren't for sex. They're for food.

CON. Do you think we should try again to wean Basil?

FRAN. Really? You think so?

CON. No, never mind. I'm the bad mommy.

FRAN. Con, don't do that. You're not the bad mommy.

CON. I'm the bad, selfish mommy. He is three, Fran.

FRAN. Yeah, but I think he's still really... It's a big thing for him still.

CON. You're right.

FRAN. Don't be mad.

CON. I'm feeling a little desperate. Do you understand that?

FRAN. Of course I do, honey. I love you so much.

CON. Then kiss me, Fran.

(FRAN gives her a kiss.)

Kiss me like you mean it, Fran.

(FRAN kisses her a little deeper.)

CON. Make love to me, Fran.

FRAN. Oh, Con. I can't. Not right now.

(CON pulls away.)

Honey, I'm just not in that place.

CON. It's been four years, Fran.

FRAN. I know, honey. We'll work on it. We are working on it.

CON. No, you're not listening to me. Four years. Four. Four. Four. Four. Years since we last had sex –

FRAN. We'll work on it, honey.

CON. We've been in couple's counseling for six years. We've been in sex counseling since last November. No, Fran, no. No more processing. It's not working. You need to figure out how to give me some sex.

FRAN. Okay, okay. I'll go into individual counseling. I can wean Basil. You're right. It's time. I'll figure it out, honey. Just give me a little more time.

CON. You have till Sunday.

FRAN. Sunday?

CON. I'm not kidding.

FRAN. Not kidding about what?

CON. This weekend, Fran. You have this weekend to figure it out and give me some sex.

FRAN. But Con...

CON. Figure it out.

FRAN. Honey?

CON. I'm going in the bathroom and I'm going to jerk off. That's the other thing that's going to change. I'm not going to keep sneaking around. We both know I masturbate all the time. I'm desperate for sex. I know I seem insane. I can't help it. I can't keep pretending that I don't have any needs. I cannot continue in this relationship the way it is. I love you, Franny, and I love Basil but I just can't do it.

(She exits into the bathroom and slams the door.)

Courtyard, Later that Night

(Late night. FRAN is awake in her casita. She steps out into the night. She dips her toe in the pool.)

PRIN. So. Did you get any?

FRAN. Prin?

(FRAN turns to see PRIN's cigarette glowing in the dark.

PRIN gets up out of a chaise and walks into the light. She carries a cigarette and a tumbler full of amber booze.)

PRIN. I love this time of night. My mother would give me beer sometimes. In my bottle.

FRAN. No shit?

PRIN. When I cried too much.

FRAN. That's funny 'cause you don't like beer now.

PRIN. Ah, that's kid stuff. You and Con settle in okay?

FRAN. Oh yeah. Yeah. Real nice.

PRIN. So, how you been since the playoffs?

FRAN. Oh you know. Pretty good. I'm tired, is all. Tired of being tired, too.

PRIN. The little bruiser keeps you busy, huh?

FRAN. Yeah, he does. But I wouldn't trade it, Prin. He can catch a hardball now, I told you that right?

PRIN. Thought he liked tennis.

FRAN. He does. I'm trying to discourage him. Like you said, who watches tennis?

PRIN. That's the spirit. If he has a shot at really doing anything, team sports, dude.

FRAN. So, how you been?

PRIN. Pretty good, pretty fucking good.

FRAN. Yeah, sounds like business is going great.

PRIN. Business is always just business at the end of the day. After a certain point, how much shit can you buy with all the money you make. There's more important things in life.

FRAN. Who are you? What have you done with my friend Prin?

PRIN. Can I show you something, Fran?

FRAN. Am I going to have to show you mine, too?

PRIN. No, no. Hold my cig.

(FRAN takes PRIN's cigarette and takes a drag off of it while PRIN fishes in her pocket. She pulls out a small jewelry box and opens it.)

FRAN. Wow, that is nice. Really nice. Terri's gonna love it. Con and I...I hope Terri likes what we got her. We took a bit of a risk.

PRIN. Got one for myself, too.

FRAN. Oh.

(then, getting it)

Oh...Prin. Does that mean what I think means?

PRIN. I'm giving it to her, man. To Terri.

FRAN. Are you shitting me?

PRIN. If the pope falls in the woods, does he make a sound?

FRAN. Are you having a wedding? This is blowing my mind.

PRIN. No wedding. No public thing. Just – I just – I love her.

FRAN. You always love 'em, pal.

PRIN. No, I don't think so. I don't think I really knew what that meant before.

FRAN. When did you decide this?

PRIN. I started thinking about it when her mom got sick. You know, I wondered if I could hack it. I just loved her more. I didn't expect that. I figured, if I can get through this and still be crazy about her, then maybe it's time to make it official.

FRAN. Wow, that is great. That is fucking great.

PRIN. Think she'll have me?

FRAN. Oh, god. Totally.

PRIN. I'm giving it to her Sunday night, at dinner. I'm going to be an old married lady, just like you.

FRAN. Ugh. God, I hope not.

PRIN. Rough night, huh?

FRAN. Huh?

PRIN. Come on, Fran, something's up. You've got that twitch under your eye.

FRAN. I don't know.

PRIN. I told you my secret. It *is* a secret, by the way. No telling anyone. Not even Con.

FRAN. Con's pissed at me, I guess.

PRIN. Okay. Have a schnort.

(FRAN's hand shakes as she pours herself a shot.)

You're fucking shaking like a leaf.

FRAN. It's totally fucked up.

PRIN. Sit back. Here's a smoke.

(She hands FRAN a lit cigarette.)

Now, speak, my friend. What's up?

FRAN. Oh, man. Well, aside from Con threatening to break up with me, nothing much.

PRIN. So, Con is upset.

FRAN. Fuck yeah, she is. Oh, man, Prin. It's intense. I don't know how to say this. She says if we don't have sex by this weekend...she's going to...well, she didn't say exactly. But the implication was that she's going to leave me? Is that possible?

PRIN. Just give her some time to cool off. She'll be sweet as can be tomorrow. Hell, make-up sex is the best anyway.

FRAN. That's kind of the problem. She wants to have sex, you know? But I don't feel like it.

PRIN. I don't understand.

FRAN. I'm serious. I mean, being pregnant was weird, I've got hormones now and shit and I'm all –

PRIN. Easy, Fran. Everybody goes through these dry spells, even me.

FRAN. *(incredulous)* Yeah?

PRIN. Yeah. That year I was having the change of life.

Sometimes I'd go weeks. I just couldn't think about it.

FRAN. (*despondent*) Weeks.

PRIN. How long's it been for you and Con?

FRAN. Four years.

PRIN. Holy Mother of God. I'd be dead.

FRAN. It's my fault. Con wants to.

PRIN. How come you didn't talk to me about this?

FRAN. I don't know.

PRIN. Man, if you told me sooner, we could have figured something out. Four years. Jesus Christ.

FRAN. What am I going to do?

PRIN. Well, what's the deal? You love her, right?

FRAN. More than anything. Except Basil.

PRIN. But you don't want to fuck her?

FRAN. I don't want to fuck anything right now. And then there's all this pressure.

PRIN. I think Con's right. I think you've got to fuck her.

FRAN. When I don't feel like it?

PRIN. You gotta prime the pump when it's dry.

FRAN. Oh, okay. I guess.

PRIN. Who knows you better than me?

FRAN. Nobody.

PRIN. You and Con are going to be fine.

Courtyard, Saturday Afternoon

(JONI sits facing an easel. We watch her blind face as she dips her fingers in to pots of paint and decorates a ceramic roof tile.)

JONI. What we're talking about here is 'predetermination'. Fate. The belief that one's destiny is sealed from the moment we're born. There's nothing we can do to change it.

(then)

No. Thomas Aquinas is "order of determination." That's different.

(The Main Gate opens.)

Oh shit. I gotta go.

(JONI removes the ear-bud of her cell phone and starts cleaning up.)

(TERRI and CON enter, carrying large outlet shopping bags.)

TERRI. I'm serious, Con. They're gorgeous on you!

CON. You don't think forty-four is a little old for low-riders?

TERRI. Honey, not your forty-four.

CON. Really?

TERRI. Hot! Very hot!

CON. Oh you! I'm gonna go change. Meet me back at the pool.

(CON goes into her casita.)

(The front gate opens. PRIN and FRAN enter carrying their golf bags.)

FRAN. I don't know what it is. My swing is just fucking gone.

PRIN. I'm telling you, Franski, we're going out again and I'm giving you a Bloody Mary to prove my theory.

TERRI. Hey! How was golf?

PRIN. Great.

(FRAN plops down on a chaise, exhausted.)

FRAN. Hot!

TERRI. You two missed a great time at the outlets.

(FRAN and PRIN exchange looks.)

Con and I had a blast. She got the hottest pair of jeans,
Fran. You should check them out.

FRAN. I will. Definitely.

(FRAN doesn't move.)

TERRI. *(sympathetically)* You tired, Fran?

FRAN. Pooped.

(TERRI kicks off her sandals and begins to undress completely.)

TERRI. The sun is really hot. I can't believe this whole 'no
nudity' thing. It's so stupid.

JONI. I don't make the rules.

(Startled, TERRI zips up.)

TERRI. Oh, Joni. I didn't see you there.

JONI. I didn't see you, either.

TERRI. What? Oh, ha ha.

PRIN. Hey, Joni, what are you painting?

(PRIN walks over and looks at JONI's painting.)

PRIN. Looks like someone's been messing with your paint
pots.

JONI. If so, then it was meant to be.

TERRI. Honey. How about a swim?

(The painted tile grabs TERRI's attention.)

TERRI. Wow. That's so...powerful.

PRIN. Is that a potato?

TERRI. I think it's a baby. Right?

JONI. I just paint what I see.

TERRI. I don't know why, but...it so moves me.

JONI. You should take it.

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