



*Above: Sea glass photo by Deborah Block*

# *Sea Glass Ladies*

**A play by Albert Fried-Cassorla**

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**SETTING:** *Steps Beach, Rincon, Puerto Rico. At the beach. The audience faces the remaining strip of beach sand and the ocean beyond. SFX: waves crashing and surf sounds throughout. At various intervals, we hear the delighted screams of people doing water sports.*

**CHARACTERS:**

RACHEL - a 25 year old woman, a jewelry-maker on vacation. She must be physically lovely with long hair. She wears a bikini. She might have body tattoos. She has two small cinch-bags tied to a leather belt at her waist. One is labeled as a YES bag for stones to keep, and one is labeled a MAYBE bag.

ANTHONY – a 40 year-old accountant and performance artist, on vacation. He is trim and handsome and wears only a bathing suit.

MILLIE – A 55 year old woman. A retired art teacher. She lives on the Island. She is also physically lovely. She need not be dressed as skimpily as RACHEL but must be attractive and have allure.

*AT RISE: RACHEL is scouring beach sand for sea glass, shells, and other beautiful items. Perhaps she hums. She occasionally sees something interesting, bends to examine it and puts it back down. On her third stooping, she exclaims:*

**Scene 1**

RACHEL

Oh, wow!

*(RACHEL puts the item in a bag on her waist labeled YES. She continues to inspect the pebbles below and to occasionally stoop and gather. Enter ANTHONY stage left. He is apparently just strolling on the beach. He only carries a camera. ANTHONY smiles at RACHEL as he passes by her. She smiles back and continues her perusing.*

*(ANTHONY crosses to Stage Right, pauses, then walks back slowly, and approaches RACHEL, stopping at ten feet or so away.)*

ANTHONY

Find anything interesting?

RACHEL

Oh yes! Lots!

*(beat)*

ANTHONY

If you don't mind my asking, what're you gonna do with them?

RACHEL

Make lovely jewelry.

ANTHONY

That's cool.... And sell it?

RACHEL

Mm-hm.... At art galleries and on-line. This won't be common stuff.

*(Beat. Anthony absorbs this.)*

ANTHONY

...That's cool. I bet you're talented. You're choosing some lovely stones.

*(RACHEL looks at him..)*

RACHEL

I think so too!

*(ANTHONY gazes at the seat and then he is suddenly distracted by para-sailers in the distance.)*

ANTHONY

Oh my god, check out those para-sailers!

*(ANTHONY points towards stage left.)*

RACHEL

They're going down fast!... I think they're gonna get nice and wet in the water!

ANTHONY

Nah. I think the boat's gonna pull ahead and lift them up and—

*(They react to seeing the para-sailers hit the water.)*

RACHEL and ANTHONY

Whoooah!

*(SFX screaming sounds.)*

RACHEL *(laughing)*

Oh m'gosh! Ha!

ANTHONY

You were right... Oh, man!

RACHEL

Oh-muh-gosh! There they go up again!

*(SFX: more screaming sounds.)*

*(beat)*

ANTHONY

I'd never do that.... But I give them credit for courage.

RACHEL

Why?

ANTHONY

*(beat)*... Why *what?*

RACHEL

*(saying these lines with pleasure,  
not with a mean-spirited challenge)*

Why wouldn't you do that? I mean, pardon me for saying this -- but don'tcha think we should expose ourselves to, uh, all of life's pleasures?

ANTHONY

Before it's too late, ya mean?

RACHEL

Exactly.... My name's Rachel, by the way.

ANTHONY

Hi, I'm Anthony....

*(ANTHONY extends his hand, and RACHEL accepts it. They shake hands briefly, then she returns to searching..)*

So *why* wouldn't I go doing what those guys do?... Hmm. Because I'd be scared to death... and I'd rather not die of a heart attack.

RACHEL

That's a shame....

*(ANTHONY shows that he is taken aback at this.)*

I mean not that I want anybody to die of a heart attack.

*(RACHEL suddenly spots an appealing item below and stoops to get it.)*

Ooo! Here's a beauty!

ANTHONY

Mind if I look?

*(RACHEL extends a hand containing a stone.)*

RACHEL

Red sea glass!

ANTHONY

You're sure that's not a ruby or a garnet?

RACHEL

Yes, well... at least until I get back and put it under a microscope. Maybe I'm wrong and it used to be an Amstel Light bottle!

ANTHONY

Well, it's beautiful nonetheless.... I wonder... how you'll make it even prettier.

RACHEL

Ha!... Trade secret.

ANTHONY

So how long've you been in Puerto Rico?

RACHEL

Three days, and I'll be here four more or so.... It depends.... How about you?

ANTHONY

Four days so far, and I'll probably leave in three....unless I feel like staying longer.

*(RACHEL sees something exciting off at Stage right.)*

RACHEL

Look! The banana-boaters're getting ready to go! That looks like such total fun!! I'm *definitely* doing THAT before I leave!

*(SFX: boat engine roaring, followed by screams.  
RACHEL and ANTHONY follow the action with their eyes and heads. They both express surprise at something they see, then they both laugh.)*

RACHEL

I guess the captain just has to make an extreme turn!

ANTHONY

Yeah. They'll be back banana-ing in a few seconds....Mind if I help you look for sea glass?

RACHEL

Sure.

ANTHONY

What should I look for?

RACHEL

Anything... that's...one hundred-percent beautiful.

ANTHONY

By whose standards?

RACHEL

*By your standards. ... But you'd better have great taste. I'm very picky... (resumes scouring for glass). So what do you do with yourself, Anthony?*

ANTHONY

I'm an accountant and a performance artist.

RACHEL

Ha!... Yeah right.... Don't you mean you're an undertaker and a break-dancer?

ANTHONY

Hm! You hurt me to the quick! Accounting's not a morbid a profession like undertaking... It's not fair to compare the two... Though I have to admit break-dancing has something in common with performance art.

RACHEL

Oh come on with those absurd jobs! I mean, I barely know you and I feel you must think I'm some gullible idiot.

ANTHONY

Well, I --

RACHEL

I mean just because I'm dreamily gathering sea glass here – does that mean I'd believe anything you'd say?

ANTHONY

Well, hey, excuse me.... And also accept my apologies for the fact that it's all true!

*(RACHEL stews and crouches, continuing to collect shells silently for awhile. ANTHONY speaks and she mainly does not look at him, except for some glances.)*

...Ya see, I'm a freelance accountant with some prosperous clients it's taken me years to get and keep.... And that's why I can leave this island any time I choose.... or not.

RACHEL

Mmh-hm.

ANTHONY

I spent thirty years with O'Malley and Reilley -- that's a huge accounting firm. Then one day, I packed up my calculator and began calling my own shots.

RACHEL

It was that easy?

ANTHONY *(mildly taken aback)*

No, it wasn't easy at all. ... Anyhow, after several years, I now have two employees -- well, home-based contractors. And I can kind of run things by remote control.... Though not completely of course.

RACHEL

Of course not.... Maybe I can believe that, but not the performance artist jive!

ANTHONY

*(mocking the situation, possibly with a British accent)*



Well, my dear Rachel, after all the time we've spent together, it's an affront to my sensibilities to think you'd believe *I* would prevaricate.

RACHEL

I never said you prefabricated anything..... You just made it up on the spot, that's all.

ANTHONY

I... I don't know what I have to do to convince you...

*(ANTHONY picks up a stone, inspects it closely, seems pleased, shows it to RACHEL.)*

How about this one?

RACHEL

Let me see that.... It's a maybe. Put in my *maybe* bag.

*(RACHEL turns and thrusts out her hip, a bit suggestively, and opens the MAYBE bag. ANTHONY drops his stone into it.)*

... All right, Mister Prefabricator... Let me hear about your performance stuff.

ANTHONY

You promise you won't laugh?

RACHEL

No.

ANTHONY

Then you promise you *will* laugh?

RACHEL

Okay.... Hey, check out those surfers. Wow! What do they call that move? Shootin' the tunnel?

ANTHONY

Not sure... but it is so cool! ..... Whoops! That dude even *bailed* gracefully!

RACHEL

People invent such fantastic ways to have fun and be happy!...  
So tell me. Shoot.

ANTHONY

Well, ya see, I own these foam-making machines. Have you ever seen them? They're huge! But pretty quiet. I own four of them. So, along with my friends, we put them at each corner of an intersection. That's back in Philly, where I'm from. You know Philly at all?

RACHEL

Yeah, I used to go on class trips there from my school in Asbury Park. We'd go see the heart at the Franklin Institute. Thump-thump - you know.

ANTHONY

Yeah, well this happens at 4th and South, about once a year. It takes an incredible amount of work to get a permit. Anyhow, then we turn on the foam-makers and flood the whole intersection with mounds and waves of lime green and mango-colored foam!

RACHEL

What a great mess! You're not jokin'?

ANTHONY

Would I shit you?

RACHEL

Watch your language!

ANTHONY

Sorry!

RACHEL

...So what do you do while this is goin' on?

ANTHONY

I sit on top of a high wooden box. And I play the guitar and sing the 59<sup>th</sup> Street Bridge song. Then I dive into the foam, and we invite people to join in, to wade in with us and forget whatever was on our minds! It's a total blast!!

RACHEL (*very impressed*)

That is soooo cool! Are you for real? You're such a joker, I don't know if I should believe you.

ANTHONY

Honest to god!

RACHEL

But what's the 59<sup>th</sup> street Bridge Song?

ANTHONY

Oh, that's a Simon and Garfunkel song. I guess you don't listen to oldies.. It's before my time -- and yours. It goes like this, "*Slow down, you move too fast, got to make the morning last! Just skippin' down....*"

*(ANTHONY suddenly sees and points to a bather in a purple floating device.)*

Hey, check out Purple Guy!!

RACHEL

Purple guy?

ANTHONY

Yeah -- that heavy dude just floating along in his purple air mattress.

RACHEL

What's so special about him?

ANTHONY

Well, I love Purple Guy.... I like his tude.

RACHEL

Tude?

ANTHONY

You know -- Atty-tude.... Just watch him.

*(They peer at him and smile.)*

RACHEL

He just floats along... paddles here... and there.

ANTHONY

Yup. He just takes it *all in*... See his big smile? Like he's King of the Universe. And he is, of *his* Universe....

*(ANTHONY crouches near RACHEL  
and speaks quietly and earnestly.)*

I *like* it when people show me new ways to be happy.... including lovely people like you.

RACHEL

Oh, that's so sweet of you to say!...

*(ANTHONY resumes actively searching for  
sea glass.)*

ANTHONY

This one's so green! Do you like it?

RACHEL

Very nice. I like the natural oval shape. Very rare. Good find! THAT one goes right into the YES bag!!

*(RACHEL tilts at the waist, opens the bag,  
and ANTHONY drops it in.)*

Yup, right there.

ANTHONY

So where do you live the rest of the year? Still live in Springsteen country?

RACHEL

No... I live in Fort Greene, Brooklyn. It's a really hip, cool neighborhood. I share an apartment.

ANTHONY

You like your roommates? Artists, I bet.

RACHEL

Don't assume, like, you *know my type!*....

ANTHONY

Okay.

RACHEL

...Actually, there is one artist besides myself, Giselle, a sculptress. And we're a fun bunch. We have a French teacher and a subway worker. We also have an Internet genius, Manny. Besides being a great guy, he helped me set up my Sea Glass Jewelry business online. Now I sell stuff all over the world. It's so cool! I even have my Aunt involved in the business.

ANTHONY

That's a very impressive bunch of people.... (*sees an interesting stone*)  
How about this black one? It's so smooth!

RACHEL

Yeah. Well, it's a definite maybe..... How 'bout you? You live with other people?

ANTHONY

Nah... Not that I would never.... It's just that when I'm not being very public, I like to be... ahhh....

RACHEL

Very private?

ANTHONY (*laughs*)

Yeah. How'd you know that?

RACHEL

You're not as hard to figure out as you like to *think* you are.

ANTHONY (*laughs*)

Ouch!...So do a lot of guys come along on this beach and try to pick you up?

RACHEL (*saucily, amused*)

Is that what you're trying to do?...

ANTHONY (*deadpan*)

I would never admit to that..... initially....

RACHEL (*laughs*)

I thought we were just having a conversation.

*(Very LOUD noise of a seaplane roars overhead.  
They dive and cower, but are amused.)*

ANTHONY

He was tryin' to buzz us! Coulda killed us!

RACHEL

That's how he gets his buzz.... Beautiful!

ANTHONY

Here's a green one we haven't seen before? Is that a YES?

RACHEL

Nope. That's another maybe.

ANTHONY

Why haven't you got a NO bag?

RACHEL

I'll let you think about it.... So... Do you have a girlfriend?

ANTHONY

Not now. I broke up with a woman about a month ago. We'd been together for almost two years.

RACHEL

Why didn't it work out?... If I'm not being too nosy

ANTHONY

No, you're not being too nosy.... She wanted me to use cherry flavoring in my foam machines, and I refused.... So, you know the old story... *Intense Artistic Differences.*

RACHEL

Come on, B-S artist!

ANTHONY

...Actually, things became too routine. We weren't making it new for each other anymore... You know that concept, I bet.

RACHEL

I *live* by it.... Then what?

ANTHONY

Then one day, we got up and looked at each other across our bowls of Post Toasties... and both decided to call it quits. That's the truth of it.... So I decided to open myself to new experiences... Instead of thinking of it as a failure, I'm teaching myself something...

RACHEL

What?

ANTHONY

That this is a new and freer part of my life... So here we are in Rincon... You know what Rincon means?

RACHEL

Corner.

ANTHONY

That's right. So I threw myself here... like a piece of your sea glass. It's a special corner of the world, where amazing things can happen... to people who are open to them.... And how about you?... Do you have a boyfriend?

RACHEL (*has a bitter expression suddenly*)

I did....

ANTHONY

And what happened?

RACHEL

I'd rather not talk about it.

ANTHONY

If you don't mind my asking...Why?

RACHEL

I *do* mind your asking. If a woman says she doesn't want to talk about something, you have to respect that.

ANTHONY

Sorry.... Now let me guess... I bet his name was Andreas, a gorgeous German hunk who's an idiot.

RACHEL (dumbfounded)

What the fuck?! I *did* have a German boyfriend, but his name was Klaus. Did you research me on Facebook or something?

ANTHONY

No way! How could I? I didn't even know your name until a few minutes ago! And I still don't know your full name.

RACHEL

Then you must have a case of the telepathies or somethin'. You got me wondering, Anthony!!

ANTHONY

Hmm.... You didn't notice I called Andreas or Klaus an idiot? Did he play around on you?

RACHEL

If he did, that wouldn'ta bothered me much.... I do, too. It's part of life.

ANTHONY

What is?

RACHEL

You know... the ebb and flow of emotions. It can't be stopped, just like that--



*(RACHEL points to the waves.)*

ANTHONY

I *did* say he was stupid.... To leave you behind...

RACHEL

Do you mean... to leave my behind?

ANTHONY

Well, that too! But I wasn't being so crude just then.... You know, you're very pretty.

RACHEL

Ah-huh.

RACHEL *(saucily, amused)*

Nice of you to say, but I don't believe it.

ANTHONY

A woman as stunning as you? I bet you get compliments all the time. By the thousands! Come on, admit it!

RACHEL

No woman gets enough compliments... if you want to know the truth of it.

ANTHONY

I *do* want to know.... and I am sincere. No, really. I was walking along the beach, just admiring the tide pools and I saw you in the distance.... with your unimaginably lovely, wild hair and gorgeous figure. And I thought... Is this a vision? Is this a fully-formed Greek goddess just emerged from the sea to enchant me?

RACHEL

Watch it, I might turn you into a swine....

ANTHONY

So what do you think.... Am I a tiny bit cute?

RACHEL

Aren't we getting a little diverted from our *job*, Anthony? I'm gonna have to dock your play.....So no comment.... Hey, I need yellow sea glass now. Look over there, wouldja? (*points*) I thought I saw something shining before.

ANTHONY (*laughs*)

I'm so easily distracted from our work.... But I don't blame myself.... Ya know, your tattoos are so.... amazing!

RACHEL (*preening*)

Do you like them?

ANTHONY

To tell the truth, I normally hate tattoos... but yours are so sinuous and colorful... May I see that one?

RACHEL

Sure! I didn't do this one myself because it would've been so hard... But I did do the design.

ANTHONY

(*bends, examining her calf*)

It follows your calf contours so naturally.

(*rises and embraces her*)

...It makes you even more alluring.

RACHEL

...Do you think so?

ANTHONY

Yes, I do.... But I'm glad you didn't tattoo your lips.

RACHEL

Didn't think I'd adorn my lips too?

(*softer*)

You're such a charmer... *(She tries to break away.)* But I really don't know you, do I?

*(ANTHONY turns her gently back to him and they kiss.)*

ANTHONY

Yes you do... You know all... *(kiss)* you need *(kiss)*... to know. *(kiss)*...Rachel.

*(RACHEL enjoys the kiss but breaks away gently and holds his hand, leading him.)*

RACHEL

Let's go see the tide pools down by the cape.

ANTHONY

With you, my dear...I'd go anywhere.

*(They exit stage left, hand in hand.)*

*(SFX: ocean sounds up. Fade to black.)*

## Scene 2

*(The next day, later that afternoon . SFX: wave sounds. Lights fade up to reveal ANTHONY lying on a blanket with a hat over his face. Enter MILLIE stage right. She walks across and downstage of ANTHONY. She admires him for some time. Then she excitedly spies sea glass near him. She digs and after a short while, she "accidentally" tosses sand on him as part of her digging. Anthony awakens and the hat falls from his face.)*

ANTHONY

What the---?

MILLIE

Oh, excuse me. I didn't realize I was throwing sand that far back!

ANTHONY

It's okay.

MILLIE

Damn!

ANTHONY

Damn what?

MILLIE

Can't find turquoise! Can't find magenta!

ANTHONY

They'll turn up... At least it's a beautiful morning for sea glass hunting. I guess that's what you're doing.

MILLIE

Of course I am! We're getting a storm tomorrow, elevenish,

ANTHONY

I shall look forward to it.

MILLIE

It might get rough even sooner.... Soooo... you like sea glass too?

ANTHONY

Some of it's real pretty! I don't usually own necklaces, but I have one today.  
Full of sea glass beauties. ... Want to take a look?

*(MILLIE closely examines it.)*

MILLIE

Very... very nice.... That one might be an amethyst actually!

ANTHONY

Do you think so?

MILLIE

I think! ... I think more than half the lugs I usually meet on this beach at any  
rate.

*(MILLIE is suddenly alarmed and points to the sky.)*

Crackpot para-sailors!...

*(ANTHONY stands now, and he and  
MILLIE place hands on their foreheads  
to shield the glare and observe the para-sailors.)*

MILLIE

What idiots!!

ANTHONY

They'll be lucky if they don't break their necks!... But they're happy, I guess.

MILLIE

Happy my ass.

ANTHONY *(mumbling)*

I'd be happy if I were your ass.

MILLIE

What's that?

ANTHONY

I'd be happy if that came to pass... It'd serve them right. Goddamned risk-takers!

MILLIE

Ha!... My name's Millie. (*pointing at him with a short shovel.*)  
What's yours?

ANTHONY

Anthony.

MILLIE

Nice to meet you.

(*They shake hands.*)

You seem a decent sort... Not from around Rincon, I bet.

ANTHONY

Nope. Philadelphia.

MILLIE

Oh year. I love a good cheese-steak. And isn't your art museum running that blockbuster - what is it? - a Van Gogh show?

ANTHONY

Yup, and it's spectacular!... Saw it just last week. And I can even get my friends in for free.

MILLIE

Free?

ANTHONY

And ahead of the crowd -- I have contacts in the art world. (*suddenly surprised by water skiers nearby*) God! Look at those water skiers go! Whoa! WHOAAA!!!!

MILLIE

Ya know, half of them break their legs. And the other half drown. ...In their own vomit.

ANTHONY

Is that a fact?

MILLIE

You could google it, Mister Anthony.... So what do you do with yourself when you're not admiring those risk-taking idiots?

ANTHONY

I'm a performance artist back in Philly.

MILLIE

Oh *are* you?

ANTHONY

Plus I have a rewarding passion for accounting. My art pays for my numbers addiction.

MILLIE

What?!! You sure you don't have it the other way around?

*(ANTHONY is non-chalant and does not respond at first.)*

ANTHONY

Well, actually, I was just kidding. It *is* the other way around.

MILLIE

Well, you should know this place and Aguadilla are *crawling* with performance artists. You'd hardly think you guys'd all come to Rincon, Puerto Rico! My niece Rachel said she'd met one of you guys earlier today!

ANTHONY

That'd be me! She's a nice young lady.

MILLIE

Yes... Yes she is. Otherwise, I wouldn't let her live with me.... So what kind of performance art do you do anyway? Wild stuff, huh? Like balancing two ledger books on your nose, huh?

ANTHONY

Last month, I did something cool. I dropped two million dollars worth of M and M's on schoolchildren from a helicopter. The kids loved it!

MILLIE

What!! You coulda given 'em a concussion!!

ANTHONY

Yeah, plus tooth decay!

MILLIE

I dunno, you accountant-performance artists are gettin' t be a big public health... Ha!

*(MILLIE sees body surfers)*

Look at those crazy body surfers! So close to the shore! Don't they know there're sharp rocks there? But how could they, with all the rocks in their head.

ANTHONY

I guess nobody told them about the rocks... or they don't care.

MILLIE

I'd make it illegal.

ANTHONY

What? Swinmin' with rocks in your head?

MILLIE

You'd at least havta get beach tag. Ya know, with a cranial X-ray first, of course. But seriously, ya know how many injured *fools* we get each year, gettin' -- gettin' carted off on a stretcher?

*(ANTHONY laughs.)*

You wouldn't laugh if you'd seen what I've seen! I volunteer at the Aguadilla Emergency Ward. I'd hate to see *you* in a stretcher.... Though I wouldn't mind seeing you horizontal.... Did I say that?



ANTHONY

I appreciate your saying that.

MILLIE

Ahh, I'm just an old lady with too much time on my hands.

ANTHONY

I don't see any old ladies around! But you're ignoring my esthetic education in sea glass! And my apprenticeship. Tell ya what. Here's how I'm gonna repay you. Any great sea glass I find is gonna be yours, okay?

MILLIE

Am whatta I gotta give you in return?

ANTHONY

T-B-D. Now, instruct me. I think you have a special style that you need to teach me.

MILLIE

Okay... I saw the way you were doin' it before. Very bad! Very mechanical. Before. You were doin' like this.... working in rows and rectangles. What're you, an engineer?

ANTHONY

No, an accountant.

MILLIE

Same difference....

ANTHONY

And what're you? A medium? A..necromancer?

MILLIE

What!! Someone who loves corpses?

ANTHONY

No -- a necromancer speaks to spirits.

MILLIE

I'm an art teacher. Retired two years.

ANTHONY

Are you married?

MILLIE

Widowed. My Raymond passed away nine years ago.

ANTHONY

And... was Raymond supportive of your art? I mean, you deserve to have someone like that in your life.

MILLIE

Oh, very. While I was working and afterwards, he helped me mount shows, do publicity. Sell my work. He appreciated that I have artistry in every fiber of my body....

ANTHONY

I'd guess that's true, and I've never even seen any of your work!

MILLIE

Hah! You're lookin' at it now! Pardon my pride, but that's also how come I spread the sand with such style. Pay close attention! (*she spreads sand with great sweeping flourishes*) And your rows are pathetic!

ANTHONY

That bad? Come on, Millie!

MILLIE

Pa-the-**TICK!**

*(MILLIE makes fun of him by mechanically spreading sand in rows, with an idiotic expression.)*

I hate to tell ya, but your spreadin' don't inspire the baubles to come up...

ANTHONY

Oh, so they have to be inspired?

MILLIE

Like duh... Whatta YOU think?... Your sea glass has to feel wanted to...to want to reveal herself.... So *use swirls*....Swirls is what does it.... Watch me....

*(MILLIE demonstrates very stylistically. ANTHONY tries to imitate but does so clumsily.)*

MILLIE

More like this.... Use your fingers more than your palms.

ANTHONY

Wow! Look at this one!

MILLIE

That's a beauty! Let me see.

*(MILLIE gets very close to examine the stone.)*

Throw it in my basket, deputy.

*(ANTHONY and MILLIE work together.)*

ANTHONY

So are you living here... like is this your year-round home now?

MILLIE

Mm-hm. I've travelled all my life, and this is the best possible corner of the universe to be happy. So I just cast myself here, like a stone skippin' on the water. Bop-bop-plop - Rincon!

ANTHONY

Is that so?... I'm starting to think you're right about this place...

MILLIE

Not that I really KNOW how to be happy. It's been a lifelong project.

ANTHONY

Uhh, Millie.... Do you mind if I make an observation?

MILLIE

It'd better be a nice one.

ANTHONY

Of course.... Hey! You're worrying a lot about these adventurers here. No need... Stand up and come here, and let's look at the sea together.

*(ANTHONY approaches the apron, beaming with pleasure.  
MILLIE arises, dusts herself off, stands next  
to ANTHONY, both facing the audience now.)*

Look around us. It's incredibly beautiful here! Forgive me for stating the obvious.

MILLIE

I forgive you...In fact, I forgive you in advance for all your trespasses.

ANTHONY

Good. Now come closer.... and be serious.

*(MILLIE gets closer. ANTHONY nestles her  
in his arms, placing ne arm around her waist,  
and using the other hand to point.*

Do you mind if I point?

*(He points in the distance, leftwards.)*

MILLIE

Go ahead. Go teach an art teacher about beauty, why dontcha.

ANTHONY

Look, I might tell you things you already know, but just be open.

MILLIE

I *am* open. I'm open to all experiences at this point in my life..... everything you can imagine.

ANTHONY

Now look at those dolphins leaping out of the water. See 'em?

MILLIE (*cranes*)

Now I do... They're adorable. But everything's adorable when you hold me this way.

ANTHONY

Do you want me to stop?

MILLIE

No! I'm paying attention.

ANTHONY

They're teaching us something... about jumping for what we want out of life. Hop with me.

*(MILLIE and ANTHONY hop a couple of times.)*

Everywhere you gaze, there's the beauty of the thing itself....

MILLIE

*Claro que si.*

ANTHONY

...And then, sometimes, there's a lesson for us too... if we try to find it.

MILLIE

*Estamos en acuerdo.*

ANTHONY

I only have a little Spanish. But I think you said you agree.

MILLIE

*Si.*

*(ANTHONY points a bit more to his right.  
MILLIE follows with her eyes,  
nestling ever more intimate in his arms.)*

ANTHONY

Now see the sharp edge of ocean and sky at the horizon?

MILLIE

I do.

ANTHONY

At one time, that was the big drop-off -- the cliff where all life ends.

MILLIE

And now?

ANTHONY

Now it's a lesson that life has cliffs and new horizons for us.... If you got way out there, Millie, on a sailboat with me, I'd show you a new horizon, a new goal to conquer!

MILLIE

I'd show you a sea-sick woman. Barfin' all over your nice clean, boat!

ANTHONY

I'd mop it up...Look!... That golden sun!

MILLIE

It's a very nice yellow ball. I have often admired it.... Seriously. But it's the sunsets, the *sunsets* here in Rincon that slay me.

ANTHONY

Then let's stay to witness one together tonight.

MILLIE

Orange, then pink, then deep scarlet with a vodka martini in each of our hands.... Wilfredo and me...

ANTHONY

Wilfredo, huh?

MILLIE

Well, I know you don't think you're the only one.... But it *could* be you and me... I could die during a sunset. And I often do!

ANTHONY

I'd revive you in a *very* special ceremony. We would pour on special oils and say prayers to the Sun God.

MILLIE

You mean pour on the SPF-60 and pray to avoid skin cancer?

ANTHONY

Yes, I will personally slather you and pray for you, my dear. But your Life Lesson's almost over now. So get into this gorgeous water. Go and look for stones in this tide pool..... (*reflectively*) Ya know, there's a lot to go crazy about here... And did I tell you? You're so elegant and lovely as you gather your stones.

*(MILLIE crouches in a tide pool on all fours.  
ANTHONY crouches beside her, outside the pool,  
instructing her.)*

MILLIE

Go on... especially the lovely part.

ANTHONY

Well, I'm not just saying that. You're incredibly beautiful.... And I hate to see your forehead all knotted up with worry.

MILLIE

Is it really?...All knotted up? I hate that.

ANTHONY

Yes, a bit.

MILLIE

Straighten it out. Would you? You can do it for me.

ANTHONY

What? Straighten your brow with my hands?

MILLIE

That's right. Smooth it out for me. I can't see what it looks like, and I don't have a pocket mirror.

*(ANTHONY smooths her brow.)*

That feels nice.... There's something about you that's very sweet.

ANTHONY

Must be the taffy in my pocket.... You're sweet too.

MILLIE

No I'm not.

ANTHONY

Yes, you are. Salty and sweet.

MILLIE

Yeah... Like a salted nut log..... Now do my neck....

*(ANTHONY massages her neck.)*

ANTHONY

Like this?

*(MILLIE licks his hand and sucks his fingers.)*

MILLIE

Yeah. Good.... Ya know I'm old enough to be your mother.

ANTHONY

Nah! More like my older cousin...by just a few years. So maybe this massaging'll erase some of your unnecessary worries...

MILLIE

I *do* worry too much.... You're kind to tell me that.. I think I have to quit volunteering at the hospital. *That's* what it is. Too much death and damage.... You're very nice.

ANTHONY

I don't know if I'm nice.... What I am is determined....



MILLIE

To?...

ANTHONY

I'm determined to find happiness wherever I can. Even if it takes me to the far corners of the world.

MILLIE

Even here, to Rincon?

ANTHONY

It means corner, si?

MILLIE

Si. So.... finding anything interesting yet, lover boy?

ANTHONY

Ha! That's not a bad handle, but why call me that?

MILLIE

I heard about your night with Rachel.

ANTHONY

You did? Jesus!... Not in too much detail, I hope. I didn't think you ladies talked that way, like guys do.

MILLIE

We do talk sometimes... But we don't call it shooting the whatever. We call it... *sharing*.

ANTHONY

Sharing...

MILLIE

Yes. It's female-speak for shooting the crap.... So you like Rachel?

ANTHONY

She's delightful, your niece.

MILLIE

I think so too..... And sexy, don'tcha think?

*(ANTHONY seems embarrassed.)*

ANTHONY

Ha! ... I need to get my feet wet. Excuse me, boss. Break time.

*(ANTHONY steps forward, feels the water under his feet. He seemed very happy about this. Peers hand over eyes in one direction seaward, then slowly in the other direction. He moves slowly to his left and is suddenly bitten by a crab he has stepped upon. )*

ANTHONY

YOW! YOW! What the f--!!

*(ANTHONY hops around on one foot.  
Then he hobbles back to Millie. )*

Millie, I got bit by something!

MILLIE

Let me see. Sit down and give me your foot.

*(ANTHONY groans and sits,  
and MILLIE examines his foot  
and starts medicating his wound  
and bandaging it.)*

MILLIE

You're bleeding... but it doesn't seem too deep. I have a little first-aid kit here. I've done this maybe three times since I been living here. You have to watch what you're steppin' on. I shoulda warned you. I don't warn people enough.

ANTHONY

Yes you do. I'm an adult and I ought to watch where I'm stepping.

MILLIE

I still feel responsible... I hope you don't mind my talking so much. ... I came to this beach this afternoon, wanting to collect at least twenty fabulous stones.... So am I talking too much?

ANTHONY

Not at all.

MILLIE

Have I been too forward?

ANTHONY

I love forward ladies. Things happen with forward people. Anything could happen around them or just drop out of the sky!

*(A large coconut falls on the beach near them and bounces.  
ANTHONY and MILLIE jump back.)*

ANTHONY and MILLIE

Whoa!!

ANTHONY

See? You're at least partly right to worry! Even in paradise.

MILLIE

Yeah, things can happen. But I wanna start chillin' instead, and you're helping me.

ANTHONY

Yeah, it would've *killed* me , or us, if it hit a few feet closer. That'd be a new performance art product from me... a new drink.

MILLIE

What?

ANTHONY

A bloody Anthony.

*(MILLIE is tickled by this.)*

MILLIE

Ha!... Speaking of concoctions, how'd you like a mojito, my treat?

ANTHONY

How? Oh... Where?

MILLIE

About a thousand feet that way, behind that stand of palms and up the hill. See the porticoed front? That's my house up there. I'd be happy.

ANTHONY

Hmm... Well... Your niece...

MILLIE

Rachel? You're worried she'll be jealous of us?

ANTHONY

Is that conceited of me?

MILLIE

No, it's idiotic! Tell ya what... I've had enough sea glass hunting for today anyway. You just hang out here. I'll be back.

ANTHONY

Yeah.... Okay.

MILLIE

See you soon?

ANTHONY

I'll be here.

*(ANTHONY lies down. MILLIE exits stage left.  
After a beat, RACHEL saunters in from  
stage right. ANTHONY catches sight of her  
from below his sun hat.)*

ANTHONY

Hi!

RACHEL

You weren't expecting me?

ANTHONY

I don't know what to expect on this mysterious beach... occupied by enchanting women. Bring 'em on, man!

RACHEL

Them!? What *them*?

ANTHONY

I just met your Aunt. Millie is her name, I believe? An intriguing woman. Are you fond of her?

RACHEL

Were you... flirting with her?

ANTHONY

Well, we kind of both got fond of each other... in a surprisingly short time. She's so... intriguingly different.

RACHEL

Oh? Like lemons? Like lemon juice on a cut?

ANTHONY

Hm... More like aftershave lotion with alcohol. In fact, she helped dress my little wound. Got bit by a crab. See?

*(RACHEL peels back the bandage, examining the wound.*

*In this scene, both ANTHONY and RACHEL continue searching for sea glass. They pause occasionally to look at each other.*

*This stage business should be done with great artistry as every motion gives both actors an opportunity to express their character's feelings. )*

RACHEL

Whoa....You can't trample their universes. That's what they'll do.... So you discovered the many sides of my Auntie.

ANTHONY

Not really... I know hardly anything about her art.

RACHEL

Oh man!! Millie is such an amazing woman. I mean, she's briny on the outside - a dill. But what a *doll* once you get to know her.

ANTHONY

I love good deli food - and antique dolls.

RACHEL

But you should see her paintings. My god!... Kind of like Rousseau's jungle scenes... only more evocative. ... Plus there are sides to her you wouldn't know... just meeting her so casually... I bet she makes absolutely sure your wound gets healed.

ANTHONY

So I got me a nurse, huh?

RACHEL

Mm-hm.... And she's so generous. You might not think it.

ANTHONY

How so?

RACHEL

Well, we share everything. We wear each others' clothes, except for some stuff from each others' wardrobes that we don't like... We talk about our dreams... You know sleep dreams and...ambitions.

ANTHONY

Let me ask you something... Would you share *me*?

RACHEL

What?!!

ANTHONY

I don't know how to say this... But I'm so taken by both of you.... I'd like to... uh, live with you... up there.

(RACHEL paws the sand, looking for sea glass.  
ANTHONY awaits her response.)

RACHEL

...I'm not going to... pretend to act totally surprised.... I mean, we've both gotten fond of you... in the tiny amount of time we've had to know you... I'm just not gonna answer you right now.

(RACHEL gets up in his face.)

But tell me. What are you going to *do*, if you live here?

ANTHONY

Well, I'll keep you both happy...

RACHEL (saucily)

In what way?

ANTHONY

In every way!

(ANTHONY is suddenly energized by his vision.  
He stands, arms akimbo and exults.)

AND, I've got to get started on my PerformaPallooza!

RACHEL

Your *what*???

ANTHONY

It's my huge international performance festival! ***PerformaPallooza 2013!***  
I'm getting all the famous performance artists down here for it, Laurie Anderson, Anna Deveare Smith. Blue Man Group, Adina Bar-On - everyone since Allan Kaprow invented the field. Every cent I've saved up in the past ten years is goin' into it! It's gonna be a smash, and you ladies are gonna ride right with it!... So whattaya think?

RACHEL

When I see it, I'll be ecstatic, but right now... No fuckin' sea glass comment!

ANTHONY

Well, I'll be--

RACHEL

Anthony, help me search.... Look over there. Millie and I need another ten stones to make our goals for today... I have this very positive feeling about you... but I'm not sure I should trust it... Maybe you're some middle-aged bullshit artist lobbing on the beach.... just thrilled with yourself! Or maybe you're a gorgeous genius sent here from Jupiter to help us find something... Oh look -- a greenie!!

ANTHONY

That's a beauty.

*(ANTHONY comes close and kneels.  
RACHEL and ANTHONY kiss passionately.)*

RACHEL

*(looks offstage, sees MILLIE coming)*

Here comes Auntie.

*(Re-enter MILLIE with a tray containing  
a pitcher of mojitos and cocktail glasses.)*

MILLIE

Howdy, you two. How's the hunt for the Hope Diamond coming along?

RACHEL

We're finding stuff. Finding all *sorts* of stuff!

*(MILLIE sets down the tray on a blanket or a towel.)*

MILLIE

Well how about finding a way to pour us some mojitos!

ANTHONY

Awesome!

RACHEL



Anthony, will you excuse us?... Auntie, I'd like a word with you.  
Let's you and I *stroll*.

*(RACHEL leads MILLIE off Stage left.)  
(ANTHONY pours mojitos but sets them on a tray  
and casually sprays sand around, looking desultorily  
for sea glass. He finds and puts aside a beauty.  
He begins humming or singing, Beyond the Sea,)*

Somewhere beyond the sea  
Somewhere waiting for me  
My lover stands on golden sands  
And watches the ships that go sailin'

Somewhere beyond the sea  
She's there watching for me  
If I could fly like birds on high  
Then straight to her arms  
I'd go sailin'

*(ANTHONY explores the sand with  
increasing interest and delight, finding  
pretty possible sea glass stones.  
After a short while, re-enter MILLIE and RACHEL.)*

ANTHONY

Oh... there you two are!

*(ANTHONY continues to hum "Beyond the Sea" and  
keeps singing as MILLIE sees the  
ready to drink mojito glasses and  
hands one each to RACHEL and ANTHONY  
and also takes one for herself.)*

MILLIE

Here we go. One for you... and one for me.... What's that song you're  
singing? Oh think I know it!

ANTHONY

It's a wonderful tune. *Beyond the Sea*. I'll remind you of the lyrics. I bet you'll remember them.... Somewhere, beyond the sea.

RACHEL and MILLIE (*singing with ANTHONY*)  
*Somewhere, beyond the sea...*

*(The balance of the play is spent standing,  
with RACHEL and MILLIE flanking ANTHONY.  
As they sing and drink, they face the audience  
admiring the moment and enjoying the sea.)*

MILLIE

Maybe it's the mojito, but we're not sounding so bad.

It's far beyond the stars  
It's near beyond the moon  
I know beyond a doubt  
My heart will lead me there soon

We'll meet beyond the shore  
We'll kiss just as before  
Happy we'll be beyond the sea  
And never again I'll go sailin'

I know beyond a doubt  
My heart will lead me there soon  
We'll meet (I know we'll meet) beyond the shore  
We'll kiss just as before  
Happy we'll be beyond the sea  
And never again I'll go sailin'

No more sailin'  
So long sailin'  
Bye bye sailin'...

ANTHONY

Ladies, I have been cheating on you... See this?

*(ANTHONY holds up a sea glass necklace.)*

RACHEL

It's lovely.

ANTHONY

But I *bought* it.

*(The RACHEL actress improvises praise  
for various actual sea glass pieces or  
jewelry in the necklace.*

*ANTHONY and MILLIE sway and  
hum, arms behind backs linked.)*

ANTHONY

Now sing this me with me, too. Skip, skip skip to my loo.

ANTHONY

*(beckoning to RACHEL and MILLIE to join him in song)*

Come on, skip to our loo. Repeat each verse after I sing it, okay?

*(RACHEL joins them, with ANTHONY in the middle.  
ANTHONY sings each verse and the women repeat it:)*

Skip, skip skip to our loo...

RACHEL and MILLIE

Skip, skip skip to our loo...

ANTHONY

One looks like amethyst pink its true

RACHEL and MILLIE

One looks like amethyst pink its true

ANTHONY

other's like licorice and blueberries too

RACHEL and MILLIE

other's like licorice and blueberries too

ANTHONY

love come in favors, varied hues

RACHEL and MILLIE  
love come in favors, varied hues

ANTHONY  
skip with them all, skip to my loo

RACHEL and MILLIE  
skip with them all, skip to my loo

ANTHONY  
*(sings solo and powerfully)*  
Skip to my sea glass ladies!

*(They rock and hum, facing the audience, as  
the sea's roar fades up, and lights fade down.)*



**THE END**