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## LIVING AT HOME

by Anthony Giardina

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Mary Langtree is a Radcliffe sophomore and a "really all right" girl, according to her date, John. After a drink or two at the kitchen table, John persuades Mary to reveal what happened on the night of her senior prom. Mary, her boyfriend, and three other couples drove to a lake in New Hampshire to go swimming.

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MARY: I guess I must have gotten pretty far out, because I couldn't hear anything anymore. Only Gordon's voice calling me from somewhere. Then a splash and a steady rippling of water, and then Gordon's face was beside me in the water, and I had to laugh, he suddenly looked so stupid, just this maze of yellow hair and two eyes and a nose and a mouth full of teeth, all of it wet, and there was all of a sudden no more of a person there than I might have felt in a fish or a seal that had swum up beside me. Just some happy animal that I had nothing whatsoever to do with.

*(Beat.)*

And the next thing was—out in the middle of this lake was a small island. I'd never really noticed it

MONOLOGUES FOR WOMEN

when we'd been to the lake before, but suddenly here it was, right in front of us—and I remember thinking. Now what is this doing here? Because it was obvious that the happy animal and I would have to somehow deal with its being there. We couldn't swim around it.

(*Beat.*)

So we stood up. That is, *he* stood up. I sat there on the edge of the sand, letting the water run up my suit and down it because I *loved* the way it felt. And here we were on this tiny little Eden, and I knew exactly what the happy animal was thinking, if he was thinking anything at all—it was like God or somebody had put this island here for us tonight—and then of course I was being kissed all over, but not really *there* at all, somewhere else, and my beautiful new black bathing suit was being taken off me and thrown aside. My one clear action, the one thing I, my real self, remembers doing, was breaking apart to retrieve the suit. But by that time it was too late. It had gotten washed away.

(*Beat.*)

So I sat there, waiting for it to come back. All of a sudden I was obsessed by what I had been when I bought it. Different. I mean, I suddenly felt so different from the girl who had gone into Filene's on the damn trolley to buy herself a bathing suit. I liked *her* so much, and I hated myself just then.

(*Beat.*)

The last thing I remember was Gordon—he was Gordon now, he'd regained something of a personality, asking me what the matter was. I wanted

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to swim. I said that. Maybe it was just in my head, but I remember saying that—I just wanted to swim.

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