

FANNY GOT FINGERED

An apartment living room. JOE and SAVANNAH (both in their twenties) sit on a sofa in silence. The emotion is so thick, you can almost see it. Joe appears to be furious. Savannah, while having a hint of sympathy, seems more put out than anything.

SAVANNAH. How long are we going to sit here? *(Silence.)* Joe?

JOE. I don't know.

SAVANNAH. You don't know?

JOE. I said...I...don't...know.

SAVANNAH. *(Standing)* Alright, I'm leaving. I thought maybe, just maybe, we could talk this out...

JOE. Talk it out?

SAVANNAH. Yes. Talk it out. As adults are supposed to do.

JOE. I don't understand how you can be so cavalier about all of this. It's a pretty big deal.

SAVANNAH. I was curious.

JOE. I don't care.

SAVANNAH. It was just a one-time thing. I won't do it again.

JOE. Do you realize the full ramifications of what you've done?

SAVANNAH. No.

JOE. Let me spell it out for you. Fanny and I have been together for over ten years.

SAVANNAH. I realize that.

JOE. We have been through hell and back together.

SAVANNAH. If you say so.

JOE. I do.

SAVANNAH. I suppose in your mind you did.

JOE. Hell and back, Savannah! Hell and back!

SAVANNAH. Again, perhaps you're overstating matters...

JOE. From your vantage point, I guess so. After all, you just decided to grab Fanny on a sunny afternoon and do a little experimentation, didn't ya?

SAVANNAH. I just want to see what the big deal was.

JOE. Well, you sure did, didn't ya? Got your fingers in her good. I hope you're proud of the trust you've destroyed not only between the two of us, but also the years of magic that both Fanny and I shared. It's gone!

SAVANNAH. It doesn't have to be.

JOE. I'm afraid it does. *(He slinks down on the sofa, looking as if he is about to cry.)*

SAVANNAH. I'm sorry I fingered Fanny, I never expected you to find out. It was just a one-time thing, I promise you. I had never done it before, and I guess I'm just going through a phase. Still, we've been friends since fourth grade, Joe.

JOE. I don't want to talk about it. She was mine. You knew that.

SAVANNAH. I know. *(Pause.)* I know.

JOE. The fact that you knew makes it even harder to deal with.

SAVANNAH. I'm sure. *(Pause)* Can I tell you one thing? Maybe it will make a difference. *(He looks up.)* I'm not sure why it happened. I came over here to pick up my

notes for school. Fanny was in the bedroom on the chair, by your computer. It was the weirdest feeling. I just...got drawn in. Compelled is probably a better word.

JOE. Yeah. That's how it was with me.

SAVANNAH. I walked over and just stared at Fanny. I knew it would be a bit before you got home and figured since the urge was so strong, why not?

JOE. Why not?

SAVANNAH. Why not? I mean, Fanny wasn't going to say anything, I felt pretty sure about that. So, I took a few of my fingers and slowly slid them into the hole. It felt...nice.

Right. *(Joe nods his head, fighting becoming emotional.)*

JOE. Go on.

SAVANNAH. I liked it. It was just the tips.

JOE. You put two fingers in Fanny?

SAVANNAH. *(Softly. Remembering.)* Two fingers. Yes.

JOE. *(Knowingly.)* Like some old guy ordering scotch in a western saloon?

SAVANNAH. Hair of the barrel.

JOE. Or cat.

SAVANNAH. Or cat. Kitty, if you like. *(Silence.)* I did.

JOE. It is intoxicating. How her roundness and curves slope into all of her holes.

(Savannah stares at Joe for a moment.)

SAVANNAH. Well, that's between you and Fanny. My experience, while bizarre and intense was completely different. *(Joe nods.)*

JOE. She was my first. That's what makes this so difficult. I knew that had had been the only one, until today. Call me superstitious, call me a madman, call me a simple-minded lonely fool, but there was a strange sense of comfort from knowing I was numero uno.

Now...

SAVANNAH. I haven't told you the worst part. The last few moments before you burst in. Sit down. I'll tell you. Then, we will bring Fanny out and you can make a decision on where to go next. *(Joe eyes her for a long moment, then sits.)* I pulled out my fingers in amazement. They smelled of lubricant and danger. Still, I wanted to see just what she could handle. So, I inserted my thumb. I was so excited by this point, I just jammed it in there. It got stuck.

JOE. Your thumb?

SAVANNAH. Fanny was all over the chair. The more I wriggled my thumb around, trying to get it out, the more Fanny became hard to control. I felt like...

JOE. Little Jack Horner.

SAVANNAH. Yes, stuck right there in Fanny's pie.

JOE. Please. My imagination is already painting a vivid picture as it is. Don't embellish.

SAVANNAH. I jerked and jerked. Finally, it popped out. Fanny's hole was tighter than I thought.

JOE. It's been that way since the beginning. I've tried to come up with a good reason for it. Maybe it's because she might be Chinese. Or from Kentucky. Or something else. Still, she a tight little number.

SAVANNAH. When I pulled my thumb out, I left a bit of skin inside her. I'm afraid you'll have to deal with that. Couldn't get it out. *(Joe looks at Savannah for a long moment, then starts to laugh.)* What's funny?

JOE. If you've left your mark on her, I'm not taking her back. Every time I stick my fingers in I'll feel your skin, and I'll be reminded of all of this! Keep her for yourself!

SAVANNAH. I'm not keeping her for myself! She's yours!

JOE. She was mine!

SAVANNAH. It was just a fluke moment, Joe!

JOE. Perhaps, but the mind wanders.

SAVANNAH. I think we should bring Fanny out here and resolve this together.

JOE. There is no way we can resolve this, Savannah! Fact! She was mine! Fact! You stuck your fingers in her when I wasn't here! Fact! I have these vivid images of your finger skin all up inside her! Fact! Nothing will ever be the same! Now get out!

(Savannah walks to the door and turns back.)

SAVANNAH. There is something in the human spirit that drives us to do certain things, Joe. I know it. You know it. You might think that this is resolved by throwing me out into the cold all because of one indiscretion, but the over-reaching implications are going to haunt you all the days of your life. Where is your forgiveness? *(Joe stands and walks away to the other side of the room.)* I'm sorry that you can't look me in the eye and believe that this was a one-time thing. Perhaps there was a reason that Fanny let me do what I did. Perhaps she's not happy in this relationship. Perhaps it was a cry for help. I don't know. *(She begins to cry.)* I wish I could say I'm sorry and you would believe me. That you could find it in your heart and trust me as your friend. Friends make mistakes. Had you not walked in on Fanny and me, I would have never spoken of this whole thing because I love you. *(She walks over to Joe and puts her arms around him from behind. He looks like he might want to turn, but doesn't.)* I'm sorry. *(Savannah walks to the door, and throws one last look at Joe, then exits. Joe breaks down and starts to weep.*

Eventually, he collects himself. He turns to the opposite side of the stage and calls out...)

JOE. Fanny! Get in here! *(A BOWLING BALL rolls onstage and stops at Joe's feet. He looks down, angry, then picks up the ball and places it on the sofa.)* You want to tell me your side of the story? *(Silence.)* Fine. I can wait. *(They continue to sit in silence as...)*

END OF PLAY