LUCILLE. You sure?

DORIS. Of course I'm sure! Abe died four years ago today.

LUCILLE. That's what I said. Four years ago today. Who

could forget? A wonderful man taken much too soon.

DORIS. They were all wonderful men. I wonder what the

three of them are doing now?

LUCILLE. Probably looking for a fourth to play cards.

(*As THEY laugh, IDA enters*

*with the tea and a plate of cookies on a tray.)*

IDA. So what are we talking? *(SHE sets the tray down on the*

*coffee table and hands out the cups.)*

LUCILLE. We're trying to figure out what the boys are doing

right now.

IDA. Murry is easy. Right now he's sitting, smoking a cigar

and any minute his ash is going to fall and burn a small

hole in a cloud.

LUCILLE. Let's see ... Today's Sunday, so Harry'll go right

for the Manhattan real estate section then yell for half an

hour how thirty years ago he could've bought a brownstone

on Park Avenue for twenty-five thousand dollars.

DORIS. Abe is definitely out on a walk. Sunday was his day

for walking, so wherever they walk up there, that's where

he is.

IDA. Here's to the boys ... wherever they are.

(*THEY all raise their cups,*

*toast, and drink.)*

DORIS. Funny, you know, I was reading last week how this

woman contacts the dead through a ... a what do you call

it? You hold hands in a circle around a big table. Like a

seder.

LUCILLE. Séance.

DORIS. That's it. She says she actually talks to them. You

have to put something that belonged to the deceased on the

table, or a picture.

LUCILLE. I don't believe in that.

IDA. I don't know. I've heard some pretty interesting things.

DORIS. I think: one day I'm going to try it. Wouldn’t it be

something if! could contact Abe, if I could talk with him?

Even if just for a few minutes.

IDA. I don't know if I'd want to contact Murry..

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DORIS. Why not?

LUCILLE. Because it unnatural. Your husband .dies, that's it.

The time for talking is finished.

DORIS. Unnatural is a man dying in his prime. You get

married so you can spend the rest of your life with

someone you love.

LUCILLE. You get married 'til "death do you part."

IDA. If I could contact Murry I'd like to ask him what he

would've done, if I had gone first. I wonder if he would

remarry.

DORIS. Abe, never.

IDA. I think Murry would. *(To Lucille.)* What about Harry,

you think he would?

LUCILLE. I couldn't care less. The only thing I'd like to ask

Harry is if maybe there's a bank account somewhere he

forgot to tell me about. What difference does it make

whether or not he'd remarry?

IDA. Oy, that reminds me. I completely forgot. I spoke to

Selma this morning

LUCILLE. No.

DORIS. Don't tell me.

IDA. She's getting married.

LUCILLE. I don't believe it.

DORIS. At her age.

IDA. Just goes to show you, you're never too old.

DORIS. *She's* too old.

IDA. She's the same age as I am.

DORIS. I rest my case.

IDA. Oh, you want to start talking age? After all, next month

you're going to be

DORIS. Don't you dare.

LUCILLE. It's like watching my two older sisters fight.

IDA. You keep out of this. You're only three days younger

than dirt.

LUCILLE. Look who's talking. I was there when you

celebrated your fiftieth birthday for the fourth time.

IDA. I did no such thing.

DORIS. Oh yes you did.

IDA. I am very proud of my age. I happen to think I look

pretty terrific.

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LUCILLE. You do. I hope *I* look as good as you do at your

age.

IDA. You did.

DORIS. *(To Lucille.)* I just hope I *reach* your age.

LUCILLE. *(To Doris.)* You've been my age twice.

DORIS. *(To Lucille.)* And *you've* been your age since I know

you.

IDA. Can we call it a tie on this one?

DORIS. Fine.

LUCILLE. It's all right by me.

IDA. Now where was I?

LUCILLE. Selma's getting married.

IDA. So I told her we would all be there.

LUCILLE. Of course.

DORIS. We've never missed one of Selma's weddings.

IDA. That's what I figured. She also asked if we could be

bridesmaids.

DORIS. You're kidding.

LUCILLE. I don't know her *that* well.

DORIS. What happened to the women she used last time?

IDA. She doesn't like to use the same bridesmaids for more

than one wedding. It's bad luck. Why don't the two of you

come over here? We'll change and all go together.

LUCILLE. Why not?

DORIS. Sure.

LUCILLE. When's the affair?

IDA. Month after next.

DORIS. So soon? She only met Arnold over the summer.

IDA. She's not marrying Arnold. She's marrying Ed.

DORIS and LUCILLE. Who's Ed?

IDA. Some man she met a couple of weeks ago on a singles

weekend. She says they're madly in love. And are you

ready for this? His name is Ed *Bonfigliano.*

DORIS and LUCILLE. Bonfigliano?

DORIS. That's not a Jewish name.

IDA. He's not a Jewish man.

DORIS. Selma *Bonfigliano* ...? What happened to Arnold?

IDA. He died.

LUCILLE. So Selma's marrying an Italian.

DORIS. Go figure.

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IDA. Well, she never did like being alone. Selma always said

she felt lonely being by herself in that house.

DORIS. If you don't like to be alone you get a dog not an

Italian.

IDA. I don't know. Maybe she has the right idea.

LUCILLE. What are you talking? The woman goes through

husbands like I go through nylons.

IDA. Look who's talking.

LUCILLE. Dating is one thing. Marriage is something else.

DORIS. I have to agree there.

LUCILLE. So when are you going to start?

DORIS. Don't push it. I think it's time we should be going. I

don't want to be late.

LUCILLE. What, if you're a little late he leaves?

(*DORIS gives her a look.)*

LUCILLE. I'm sorry.

IDA. *(Puts the cups back on the tray and heads off to the*

*kitchen. Offstage.)* It's cold out?

LUCILLE. A little chilly.

DORIS. It's perfect. The cemetery'll look gorgeous and if Abe'

s ivy is dead, heads are going to roll.

IDA. *(Reentering.)* It'll be fine, I'm sure.

(*THEY get their coats out of*

*the closet, and put them on.)*

LUCILLE. *(Showing off her coat.)* So Doris, what do you

think of the coat?

DORIS. Gorgeous.

LUCILLE. Guess how much.

DORIS. For something like that, if it's second hand and you

got a good price, with a little haggling you should've paid

maybe, what, nineteen hundred?

*(LUCILLE, annoyed, opens*

*the door and exits in a huff.*

*DORIS smiles at Ida as SHE*

*picks up her folding stool.*

*THEY exit with IDA closing*

*the door behind them as the*

*LIGHTS fade out.)*

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