

IDA  
LUCILLE  
DORIS

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 I 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..

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.

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.