

IDA. (*Aware of Doris's choice of the word.*) Thank you.

DORIS. Listen to me

IDA. (*Grabbing her things.*) Oh, God, my jewelry. I don't have any of my jewelry.

DORIS. Ida—

IDA. (*Frantic.*) You open the door. (*Running upstairs. Excited.*) I can't.

(SHE exits to the bedroom. DORIS goes to the door, straightens herself out, and opens it. SAM enters in a dark suit and bow tie. He does look handsome.)

SAM. Hello, Doris.

DORIS. Hello, Sam.

(Suddenly a WOMAN steps in beside Sam. DORIS is quite taken aback.)

DORIS. Mildred?

MILDRED. Hello, Doris.

DORIS. I wasn't aware that you were coming with us.

MILDRED. Well, I was supposed to go with George and Elaine but Sam and I were out having dinner last night and I was telling him how the only thing worse than going to a wedding alone is going as a third wheel and he said he wasn't going with anyone either. I mean, he's driving you and Ida and Lucille but he wasn't *going* with anyone. So he asked me to go with him. How could I resist?

DORIS. Of course.

SAM. She didn't want to go with George and Elaine.

DORIS. (*To Sam.*) It's nice to see you working on a new chapter so quickly.

MILDRED. (*To Sam.*) I just hope those are your dancing shoes you're wearing because I have no intention of letting you leave the dance floor.

(SHE puts her arm through his. Just then IDA comes down the stairs. SHE sees Mildred and freezes.)

MILDRED. Hi, Ida.

IDA. (*Pause. Stunned.*) Mildred.

Sam
Doris
Mildred
Ida

DORIS. (*Gently.*) Mildred's going with us. Well, actually, she's *going* with Sam but she's *coming* with us.

SAM. (*Awkwardly.*) Hello, Ida.

IDA. (*Trying to conceal the hurt.*) ... Hello, Sam.

MILDRED. (*Noticing the dresses.*) So you girls are bridesmaids this time.

IDA. Yeah.

MILDRED. I haven't been asked yet. Maybe her next wedding.
(*SHE laughs. NO ONE joins in.*)

SAM. (*To Ida.*) You look very nice. (*Also to Doris.*) You both do.

IDA. Thank you. (*Pause.*) Well, why don't we sit down?
(*SAM takes off his hat and coat. MILDRED gives him her back indicating that he should remove her fur wrap. HE does. THEY sit.*)

MILDRED. So, I hear this Ed fell a Selma's marrying is loaded. Have either of you met him?

DORIS. No.

IDA. Not yet.

DORIS. It all happened rather quickly.

MILDRED. I know. First she was with Arnold then before any of us knew it she was with Ed.

DORIS. It's amazing how fast some people find replacements, wouldn't you say?

IDA. (*Pause. To Sam.*) So I...haven't seen you for a while.

SAM. I've been busy.

DORIS. I'll say.

MILDRED. (*To Ida.*) Can you believe he's selling the butcher shop?

IDA. I didn't know.

MILDRED. (*To Sam.*) Oh, I'm sorry. Did you not want people to know yet?

SAM. It's no secret. I put it up for sale last week.

IDA. Why?

MILDRED. That's exactly what I said.

SAM. I think it's time.

IDA. What will you do?

SAM. I'm not sure yet.

MILDRED. Well, I can't imagine going anywhere else.

SAM. There's Irving's place over on Queens Boulevard. He's got a great little shop.

MILDRED. It just won't be the same. *(To Ida.)* Am I wrong?

IDA. *(Turns away, unable to even look at her anymore.)* I don't know what's taking Lucille. *(Shouting to the bedroom.)* Lucille, you ready?

LUCILLE. *(Offstage.)* Be down in a minute. Sam here?

DORIS. He's here Lucille.

LUCILLE. Hello, Sam.

SAM. Hello, Lucille.

(Long pause.)

IDA and SAM. So ...

SAM. Go ahead.

IDA. No, you go. It really wasn't anything important.

SAM. I was just going to say that uh ... I uh ... I hope we don't hit too much traffic.

IDA. Yeah. *(Pause. Searching.)* Can I get anybody something to drink?

DORIS. No.

SAM. Not for me.

MILDRED. *(Feeling uncomfortable.)* Actually, I think I could use a little water.

(IDA starts getting up.)

MILDRED. You stay. I'll get it. Just point me in the right direction.

IDA. *(Pointing.)* The glasses are above the sink.

(MILDRED exits. There is a long awkward silence.)

DORIS. *(Calling upstairs.)* Lucille, we're going to be late!

LUCILLE. Coming.

DORIS. I can't understand how it could take a woman who wears so little so long to get dressed.

LUCILLE. *(Very nonchalantly saunters down the steps.)* Has anybody seen my lipstick?

(SHE looks around the room for her lipstick as SAM, IDA and DORIS take in the sight before them: LUCILLE is