

DORIS. You know, I was thinking, when I go to the cemetery tomorrow, of maybe telling them to take up the ivy from Abe' s plot and replace it with wood chips. I figure that way it's good all year 'round and .. and I won't have to worry if they're watering and ... and the wood chips I think look nice.

IDA. I'm not going tomorrow, Doris.

DORIS. Did I say anything about you going? I didn't hear your name mentioned.

IDA. Why don't you try one month not going to the cemetery?

DORIS. Ida ... You do what's right for you. I'll do what's right for me.

IDA. Okay.

(THEY hug. The DOORBELL rings.)

IDA. Oh my God! He's here!

DORIS. Ida.

IDA. Where are my shoes?

DORIS. There's something ... something I think I should tell you.

IDA. My shoes. (Running around, looking.)

DORIS. There ... (Pointing next to the couch.) Listen to me. Lucille and I did something—

IDA. How do I look? I look okay?

DORIS. You look ... sensational.

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.