

LUCILLE. ... So what do you think?

IDA. I think you should just forget the whole thing.

LUCILLE. I mean about the coat. Look at this how she doesn't even notice.

IDA. Oh Lucille, it's beautiful. New?

LUCILLE. Have you seen it on this gorgeous body before?

IDA. You should wear it in the best of health.

LUCILLE. You ready for the best part? Guess how much.

IDA. A coat like that you must have paid at least three thousand.

LUCILLE. Nope.

IDA. Less?

LUCILLE. Much.

IDA. What, twenty-five hundred? (LUCILLE joyously shakes her head.)

IDA. Don't tell me it was under two thousand.

LUCILLE. Nineteen fifty.

IDA. I'm fainting.

LUCILLE. Is that a steal or is that a steal?

IDA. Where did you find it?

LUCILLE. Well, I was walking in Manhattan down Fifty-seventh Street when I pass the Ritz Thrift Shop. Usually, I would never even look in the window. I mean, what could they have garbage, right? This time I happen to look and what do you think I see?

IDA. That coat.

LUCILLE. No. I see a full length brown fox you could die from. I go in, try it on and my mazel it's a little too tigh- (She's about to say ("tight" but stops herself short). Then as I'm walking out, I'm looking down the rack and what do you think catches my eye?

IDA. That coat.

LUCILLE. A leopard jacket that made my heart stop. But for how often I'd get to wear it, it didn't pay.

IDA. Lucille, we're not getting any younger. Where did you find the mink?

LUCILLE. So, as I'm about to leave I see them bringing in a new rack and what do you think is the first thing I spot?

IDA. Who knows?

LU CILLE. This coat.

IDA. Thank God.