

CUT #1
IZZY and BUBBIE

ACT I

CROSSING DELANCEY

13

... brought her over and put her in a lovely place
palace.

IZZY. He was a good son.

BUBBIE. The best. *(She gulps coffee and dunk some bread.)*
So one afternoon we're having dinner. Nathan comes
over and shows me some papers. He made up a plan to
take the copper out of the ground and make it pure. Very
cheap. The idea alone is worth a million bucks. Some
skunk finds out he's a great idea so what do they do?
— They get him drunk, they make him sign papers in
English that say he does own the plans — *they* own the
plans. — The next Sunday, he comes over for dinner. He
eats a nice big bowl of soup, he kisses Mama, he kisses
Papa's hand. We're all talking, eating. He goes into
the bedroom. ... BOOM! An explosion. I walk in, there's
Nathan in the chair like this ... his eyeball hanging down
on a string. Ayo-yo. I walk over, I look at the gun, I look at
Nathan and I spit on him. "PTU! PTU! Stupid idiot.
Stupid stupid."

IZZY. Not everybody is as strong as you, Bubbie.

BUBBIE. You said it. Look at this. *(She rolls up her sleeve
and flexes her muscle. It dances as the flesh around it jiggles.)* This
is me! *(BUBBIE closes her eyes and throws back her head and
sings a full chorus of an old Russian folksong ... Then she dances
around the kitchen, arms raised above her head, humming the
next chorus.)**

IZZY. *(applauds)* Bubbie, you should go on the stage.

BUBBIE. I am on the stage. The whole East Side is
my stage.

IZZY. *(Starts to collect her things.)* Anything else you want
me to do before I go?

* See page 85.

BUBBIE. What? You going already? (*She looks toward the window.*) Yes... it's dark... go. Go. You'll call me when you get home. — Ah — it's a terrible, terrible thing. Terrible.

IZZY. What?

BUBBIE. That you should be all alone. — A professor once said. A college professor. No matter how much money you got, if you're alone, you're sick.

IZZY. I'm not alone.

BUBBIE. You took in a borderka?

IZZY. No, but I have friends, people at the bookstore — I'm not alone.

BUBBIE. All day you stand in a bookstore ... you make your room a bookstore Books don't make blintzes, my girl ... books is just paper. Books can't be your Bubbie. Books can't be your husband.

IZZY. Bubbie, please don't start—

BUBBIE. You listen to me, loneliness is a very lousy case. I sit in the house when you go away. I sit and one day, I listen, I'm talkin' to myself. Plain, I thought I was meshugah. Talkin' and makin' with my hands and talkin'. That's how you get nervous.

IZZY. I'll see you next week. (*She kisses her.*)

BUBBIE. (*tying a kerchief around her head*) Call me. Let me know that you're safe. Don't talk to nobody. The subways are murder. Be smart. Call me. I'm waiting. (*IZZY opens the door.*) I don't breathe until I hear that phone.

(*Crossfade to the bookstore. Phone rings in bookstore.*)

IZZY. (*Finds her keys in her bag and opens the door, rushing to*