

CUT #12

IZZY and TYLER

ACT II

CROSSING DELANCEY

53

are not handsome men. The clothes make them sexy —
Come to Max, he'll give you the extra something. Believe
me.

(Blackout. Lights up in the bookstore. Phone rings several rings. IZZY appears from the backroom in complete dishevelment — Her dress half-on, her long sleeves trailing the floor, she finally lurches for the phone, juggles it unsuccessfully, finally gets it in her hands.)

Izzy. New Day Books. *(Hearing nothing on the other end, she hangs up.)* Give me a break — *(She turns to the audience, twisting herself into the cunning dress as she talks.)* I haven't gotten the system down yet — the only worn this dress once before — last year, on my birthday. My friends Elissa and Pety were taking me out to dinner at the Russian Tea Room — and I thought, why not look like something? So for the first time in my life, I walked into Bergdorf's and there it was. — The saleswoman said it had been written all over it.

(TYLER enters.)

TYLER. Do I see what I think I see? — Has our little Miss Izzy Goldberg—

Izzy. Grossman.

TYLER. Has our little Miss Isabelle Grossman been transformed into the image of Grace Kelley at her dewiest? You look gorgeous!

Izzy. Thanks.

TYLER. You've been hiding all this from your book-

buying public?

IZZY. *Your book-buying public.*

TYLER. Ah — and she's fast too. Come, we must have a drink. You must let me buy you a drink. When are you done here?

IZZY. Six, but—

TYLER. *(Checks his watch.)* Good. Where shall we go? You name it.

IZZY. I'd love to, I'd really love to, but I can't — not tonight.

TYLER. You're a complete mystery to me, my girl. You call me up — badger me for weeks about this interview—

IZZY. I — I didn't badger.

TYLER. *Badger.* And now, here I am, presenting myself to you for the occasion and you say, frig off.

IZZY. Not frig off — just that I have an obligation.

TYLER. What kind of obligation? Who is this obligation?

IZZY. It's a dinner thing.

TYLER. A dinner thing. You're blowing an opportunity that in all likelihood will never come your way again for a dinner thing? Where is the wisdom in that, Ms. Grossman?

IZZY. I don't have any choice.

TYLER. You always have choices, Izzy. When you stop seeing them, you're in real trouble.

IZZY. Couldn't we do this tomorrow?

TYLER. There are no tomorrows. There is only the moment. And it wants to be seized.

IZZY. Are you pressuring me?

TYLER. I most certainly am. — Awwwww — relax. We'll just have a drink. Then you can scoot. — Keep them waiting, Izzy. They like to be kept waiting.

Blackout. Lights up in BUBBIE's kitchen. The full spread of food on the table. BUBBIE sits in silent horror watching HANNAH systematically devour everything on the table with a steady, well-practiced rhythm. Then standing it no longer.)

BUBBIE. How much you weigh, Henka?

HANNAH. *(not breaking the rhythm of her meal)* I don't know.

BUBBIE. I got a scale.

HANNAH. How old is she — your Isabelle?

BUBBIE. I'll ask her — you got enough to eat there?

HANNAH. Yeah, that is good. Just a snack.

BUBBIE. I wouldn't want you should starve.

HANNAH. Please, don't enable yourself for me. A bite is good. Until supper.

BUBBIE. Herbie, may he rest in peace, did he ever sit down to eat with you?

HANNAH. What time? — He was my husband.

BUBBIE. All the pentas made bla bla bla when he jumped from the sixteenth floor — such a nice, new apartment — why should he want to fly away?

HANNAH. *(still not breaking her rhythm)* He never got a chance to tell me. *(BUBBIE crosses to the window.)* Ida—

BUBBIE. Yeah?

HANNAH. Something's bothering me — I got to know — why are they set up to meet by you tonight? Isabelle's ashamed to show him where she lives it's so messy?