

CUT #13

HANNAH and BUBBIE

ACT II

CROSSING DELANCEY

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~~WALTER. 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 on BUBBIE's kitchen. The full spread of food on the table. BUBBIE sits silent, or watching HANNAH systematically devour everything on the table with a steady, well-practiced rhythm. Then stopping it for a moment.)~~

~~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, this is good — Just a snack.

BUBBIE. I wouldn't want you should starve.

HANNAH. Please, don't trouble 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 else? — He was my husband.

BUBBIE. All the yentas made blah-blah 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 so ashamed to show him where she lives it's so lousy?

BUBBIE. You stinker — she gives me a little nachas, this is her job. It's such a crime?

HANNAH. Excuse me for asking. *(pause)* She's coming right from work?

BUBBIE. Yeah. You don't need to broadcast she works on shabbos.

HANNAH. Don't worry, I keep secrets like an old cocker keeps a young wife.

BUBBIE. For my money, she can work on Yom Kippur — honest work is honest work — but I don't want to shake up the little pickleman, f'shtast?

HANNAH. The little pickleman is already plenty shook.

BUBBIE. It was the same with me — all the boys, they lost their tongues when they saw me. The poor schmendricks.

HANNAH. So tell me, Ida, satisfy my curiosity, why did your Isabelle decide to turn around and give him another look. You promise her something nice? Ain't I right? A little gelt maybe?

BUBBIE. I don't butt in. I don't operate this way.

HANNAH. So what happened?

*(doorbell)*

BUBBIE. In her dreams she saw pickles.

HANNAH. It's a match.

BUBBIE. Not so fast. *(She crosses to the door.)*

HANNAH. It's a match. — I got to admit — sometimes I know what I'm doing in this life.

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