

(She spits. IZZY gathers up her bag and crosses to her from the side. They settle down on the bench and look around the park.)

Put your dress down.

IZZY. It is down.

BUBBIE. Naked legs. What can I do? *(BUBBIE looks around the park and swings her legs back and forth happily.)*

Don't scream.

IZZY. Why should I scream?

BUBBIE. Hannah's coming.

IZZY. Who?

BUBBIE. Hannah. She's coming over.

IZZY. Yeah?

BUBBIE. I asked her for a hello.

IZZY. I don't think I know her.

BUBBIE. I made her some tagelah. *(She pulls out a coffee jar full of honeyed balls of dough.)* She loves my tagelah. Who wouldn't? She's never tasted anything so good in her whole life.

IZZY. Why should I scream?

BUBBIE. Once I gave her some blintzes. I made a mistake — I let her come in the house. I sat her down. I gave her coffee. I gave her blintzes. Blueberry. Cheese. You name it. She couldn't eat fast enough. A regular garbage truck.

IZZY. *Why should I scream?*

BUBBIE. Hannah. *Hannah.* The shadkhn.

IZZY. You made an appointment with a marriage broker?!

BUBBIE. She's had her eye on you for a long time.

IZZY. ~~Wait a minute—~~

~~BUBBIE. ~~Everytime you come to visit. You go away, she~~
Everytime you come to visit. You go away, she~~

comes over, she says to me, Ida, Ida, what is going to happen to that girl? What can I tell her. You live alone in a room. Like a dog. A dog should live alone. Not people. A dog. Loneliness is a sickness. I should know. Loneliness is a sickness all by itself.

IZZY. It is not a *room*. It's an apartment. A very nice apartment. You've been there. You know. There's a bedroom and a bathroom and a little kitchen and lots of furniture. It's not a room.

BUBBIE. With bars on the windows like a prison. Someone should crawl in at night I'm always thinking.

IZZY. Stop thinking.

BUBBIE. Why not? I gotta think. I wait for you, you'll never do it.

IZZY. What are you talking about?

BUBBIE. *You*. I'm talking about you. — She's got some nice boys. Some fine, respectable boys. Not like Nate the butcher. His mother is a spider. Feh! — Oh, he has some big eye out for you. Whenever you go to buy meat with me, he gives me a little something extra, always on the side a few ounces. I see him do it. He knows. I watch him.

IZZY. Bubbie, this isn't the way I live. This is a hundred years ago. This isn't me.

BUBBIE. You can say that again.

~~(MAMMAH, a very large woman, waddles towards them and the circle of people, stopping to shake hands with them.)~~

~~BUBBIE. Listen, you're a jewel. — A little bit maybe, but you're mine. You're a million bucks.~~