

~~Izzy. (Opens book and reads inscription.) To Izzy, A reader's devotion is a writer's nourishment. Thanks for the meal. Always, Tyler Moss. (She closes the book and kisses the jacket.)~~

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*(Crossfade to kitchen. BUBBIE stands ironing at the kitchen table. She uses a very old, heavy iron that she slams down for emphasis as she talks. IZZY crosses left to her.)*

BUBBIE. The important thing is you shouldn't go naked.

IZZY. I'm not going at all.

BUBBIE. You're going, you're going. But not naked. Not like that. You put on a nice dress. You put on stockings. You look like a person. No naked legs.

IZZY. Bubbie, you don't understand, I can't do this.

BUBBIE. Hannah says he's the best she's got — That pickle stand on Ludlow — that's him. That's some nice business.

IZZY. What can I say to a pickleman?

BUBBIE. You're over twenty-one. — His father just died last year. He's the oldest, so it's his business naturally. She says there's a younger brother, Moishe — not much there. Sam is the one for you. — We'll see. We'll take a look.

IZZY. I can't believe you're doing this.

BUBBIE. If I waited for your mother to do something for you I'd die without any great-grandchildren. — What kind of life do you have alone in that room? What is that?

IZZY. Bubbie, it's very different for women of my

generation. It's not like it was for you. Everything's different. We have options.

BUBBIE. Options? What's options?

IZZY. Like choices — like you don't have to do things the same way other people do. — It's a tremendous luxury I have. — I can do anything I want to do. Go anywhere I want to go.

BUBBIE. Tell me the truth, you ever go out with a boy sometime?

IZZY. Sometimes ... sure. I have — plenty. — I have plenty of boyfriends.

BUBBIE. Plenty? You don't need plenty. You need only *one*. Who you got? I don't see nobody.

IZZY. I haven't brought them to meet you yet — they're friends — you know. Nothing serious yet.

BUBBIE. Listen, my girl .... friends is friends ... and you can do *this* with them. (*She makes an obscene gesture.*) A husband is a husband for life.

IZZY. Maybe I don't want a husband.

BUBBIE. (*slamming the iron down*) Don't talk crazy.

IZZY. And if I did, he wouldn't be a pickleman.

BUBBIE. Get off your high horse, Miss Universe .... this man is just lookin' ..... He ain't askin' to buy.