

~~didn't know how to open her mouth.~~

~~HANNAH. She's still alive, yes?~~

~~BUBBIE. Yeah, she lives in Jersey. We don't see each other for fifteen years maybe.~~

~~HANNAH. How come?~~

~~BUBBIE. She learned how to open her mouth. (BUBBIE serves the tea.)~~

SAM. Mrs. Kantor.

BUBBIE. What?

SAM. Would you mind, in a glass please?

BUBBIE. In a glass. Like a good Russian boy. Certainly, certainly. A glass for the pickleman. (*She transfers the tea to a glass.*)

HANNAH. (*Smiles approvingly.*) Ain't he something. He's new, he's fresh. He likes the modern way, but he understands what's good. Right, Sam?

SAM. Right.

BUBBIE. You like my blintzes?

SAM. They're very good, Mrs. Kantor.

BUBBIE. They're the best thing you ever put in your mouth! Isabelle. Isabelle! You gonna push or you gonna eat?

IZZY. I'm not so hungry, Bubbie.

BUBBIE. Since when?

HANNAH. Leave her alone, Idela. — So, Sam, talk to us. Give us the picture, yes?

SAM. Well, Mrs. Mandelbaum I don't know. What do you want to know?

HANNAH. Your future, your plans, your thoughts, what you dream about, what you do with yourself. Anything.

SAM. (*laughing nervously*) Well, uh ... I'm a pretty happy fella, you know. I like to get up in the morning and hear the birds tweet-tweet. I put on a nice clean shirt. I walk to shule and make the morning prayers. I have a cup coffee by my friend Schlomo's. Then nine o'clock my doors open. — It begins! — You make good blintzes, Mrs. Kantor, but I got to tell you, I make the best pickles in New York.

BUBBIE. Is that so?

SAM. That is so. And to prove it, I brought you a present. The best I got. (*He pulls out a series of jars from a shopping bag at his side.*) You got sour and half sour and here's a little kraut which you also cannot beat. And some sweet little baby tomatoes. (*He has lined the merchandise up on the table.*)

BUBBIE. (*Goes to the table and holds up the jar of pickles to the light.*) Looks nice. I got to tell you something, Sam. I been buyin' pickles from Hiam for 30 years maybe, so don't hold it against me.

SAM. I look at it this way, Mrs. Kantor, whatever happens between us, I'm doing you a favor giving you my pickles. You been missing the best.

~~HANNAH. He knows what's what. This is confidence.~~

~~BUBBIE. So what you got to say for yourself, Isabelle?~~

~~IZZY. Excuse me?~~

~~HANNAH. (*getting up*) Idela, I got to peck at those drapes in the living room. You gonna show me how you make them so nice?~~

~~BUBBIE. What are you talkin'?~~

~~HANNAH. (*taking her by the elbow*) Come, come.~~