

SAM. I like a quiet girl.

IZZY. That's nice.

SAM. And softspoken, too. *(pulling his chair in closer to her)* That's some Bubbie you got.

IZZY. Yeah.

SAM. She's a corker.

IZZY. Yeah.

SAM. You come to visit every Sunday?

IZZY. Yeah.

SAM. I think she loves you very much.

IZZY. *(pause)* Listen — *(looking up for the first time)*

SAM. Yes?

IZZY. I didn't have anything to do with this. It wasn't my idea.

SAM. You feel funny, huh?

IZZY. This isn't the way I live. This isn't the way I do things.

SAM. How *do* you live?

IZZY. Well, for one thing, I don't live down here.

SAM. Yes?

IZZY. I live uptown.

SAM. Is that right?

IZZY. Yes, and emotionally — sociologically, I'm a million miles from here.

SAM. This isn't your style.

IZZY. This *isn't* my style.

SAM. Sometimes you can change your style.

IZZY. You don't understand—

SAM. Sometimes you put on a new hat, you become a new person.

IZZY. Look, I'm sorry you had to go through all this, but when my Bubbie wants something—

SAM. I have a friend, Harry Shipman. Shipman Imports. Lox, caviar, fancy stuff. For years he wore the same kind of hat. A little brown cap, the brim pulled down, you wondered how he could see. One day, he's crossing Delancey, a big wind comes — poof — it's gone. He runs after it, but it's too late, a truck was there before he does. He comes into me, crying, he feels so bad. I said, Harry. Harry, I said, here. Here's a present. From me to you. Take five dollars, go across to the kiosk, buy yourself a new one, something special. From me to you. But do me a favor, forget the brown cap. He goes, he picks out, he comes back an hour later. He's a new man. *A grey felt Stetson!* A beauty! The next day he makes an engagement.

IZZY. To be married!

SAM. That's right. Between you and me he must of given him some Nova on the side — That's no five-dollar hat.

IZZY. A man trades some lox for a Stetson and gets a bride in the bargain. Very romantic.

SAM. Oh, he had his eye on her for a long time. But she couldn't see him. The cap. That little brown cap. She couldn't see his eyes. *(He bends down close and stares into her eyes. IZZY tries to look away, but feels herself drawn into the warm, bright, steady gaze.)*

*(BUBBIE bursts into the kitchen, HANNAH trailing behind.)*