

~~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 gets 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 Finkle, 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.)*

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