

*(SHE opens the door. LUCILLE bursts in wearing a long fur coat.)*

LUCILLE. Son of a bitch!

IDA. What's the matter?!

LUCILLE. A guy follows me all the way from Queens Boulevard, undressing me with his eyes, and she asks what's the matter.

IDA. Again someone was following you?

LUCILLE. Can I help it if men find me attractive?

IDA. Who was it this time?

LUCILLE. I didn't get a name. He had blond hair, six one, six two, about a hundred seventy pounds-a very nice build with green eyes and a cleft chin...

IDA. What were you, walking backwards?

LUCILLE. I happen to have an excellent memory ... So what do you think?

IDA. I think you should just forget the whole thing.

LUCILLE. I mean about the coat. Look at this how she doesn't even notice.

IDA. Oh Lucille, it's beautiful. New?

LUCILLE. Have you seen it on this gorgeous body before?

IDA. You should wear it in the best of health.

LUCILLE. You ready for the best part? Guess how much.

IDA. A coat like that you must have paid at least three thousand.

LUCILLE. Nope.

IDA. Less?

LUCILLE. Much.

IDA. What, twenty-five hundred?

*(LUCILLE joyously shakes her head.)*

IDA. Don't tell me it was under two thousand.

LUCILLE. Nineteen fifty.

IDA. I'm fainting.

LUCILLE. Is that a steal or is that a steal?

IDA. Where did you find it?

LUCILLE. Well, I was walking in Manhattan down Fifty-seventh Street when I pass the Ritz Thrift Shop. Usually, I would never even look in the window. I mean, what could they have garbage, right? This time I happen to look and what do you think I see?

IDA. That coat.

LUCILLE. No. I see a full length brown fox you could die from. I go in, try it on and my mazel it's a little too tigh- (*She's about to say "tight" but stops herself short*). Then as I'm walking out, I'm looking down the rack and what do you think catches my eye?

IDA. That coat.

LUCILLE. A leopard jacket that made my heart stop. But for how often I'd get to wear it, it didn't pay.

IDA. Lucille, we're not getting any younger. Where did you find the mink?

LUCILLE. So, as I'm about to leave I see them bringing in a new rack and what do you think is the rust thing I spot?

IDA. Who knows?

LUCILLE. This coat.

IDA. Thank God.

LUCILLE. There's only one thing that bothers me.

IDA. What?

LUCILLE. Knowing it was someone else's. I mean, who knows who this person is? All I know is that she's tall, terrifically slim and probably didn't look half as good in it as I do.

IDA. So what are you worried? You got a gorgeous coat at a great price.

LUCILLE. Ida, why would she give this coat up?

IDA. Who knows? Maybe she died.

LUCILLE. Oh my God. I didn't even think. This poor woman could be dead. For all I know, she could have died in this coat. The poor thing could've been wearing this coat, crossing the street and got hit by a car. It's not marked anywhere, is it?

*(SHE turns around to show Ida the back of the coat.)*

IDA. It's perfect. Not a scratch on it ... except for that one tire mark down the back.

LUCILLE. Oh!

IDA. I'm only kidding. There's nothing on it. Let me try it on.

LUCILLE. My pleasure.