

LUCILLE. They look good together, don't you think? Ten to one says they'll be married before the year's out ... That'll be some affair, huh? Gotta have good meat ... You could've made some haul on that one ... Me and Selma'll probably be bridesmaids ... There's a switch. Selma at somebody else's wedding. *(SHE laughs, then stops.)* They'll make a good couple. *(Pause.)* Probably won't see much of her. *(Fighting back tears.)* Look at this place. *(SHE begins picking out some leaves from the ivy. Her movements quicken and become more careless.)* A person shouldn't have to be picking leaves out of ivy. A person shouldn't have to spend the rest of their life taking care of a grave! I shouldn't have to come here" very goddamn month to... *(SHE begins sobbing as SHE grabs leaves, rocks, anything and smashes them against the grave. Finally, SHE stops and stands up. Softly, sadly.)* I'm gonna miss you, Doris. *(SHE pulls herself together and regains her composure.)* But I'm telling you now... I'm not coming here every month. I don't care how much time we've spent here, I'm not going to remember you and me in this place! I'm going to remember you dancing. I'm going to remember you arguing. I'm going to remember you pulling chicken wings out of your purse. *(SHE bends down, picks up a small stone and holds it to her heart as SHE looks at the grave. SHE then places the stone beside the marker.)*

So ... I'll see you ... when I see you. *(SHE picks up the folding stool to take with her then changes her mind. SHE sets it back down beside the grave. SHE wraps her coat around herself, picks up her muff and is about to leave when SHE turns back to the grave.)* And listen ... If you see Harry, tell him ... Tell him I said goodbye. *(SHE walks slowly but steadily and exits as the LIGHTS fade out on the cemetery and Doris's grave.)*

End of Play