

DORIS. If you read carefully it also says that one of the two women, the promiscuous one, did something unforgivable at the other woman's husband's grave.

LUCILLE. If you look at the title of the story it's called "Doris lives with her head in the ground where all she sees is Abe."

DORIS. I would like my handbag back now please.

IDA. No one is getting a thing until this business is straightened out.

DORIS. Everything is straightened out. I'm never speaking to her again so there won't be any problems.

IDA. (*To Lucille.*) Why don't you just apologize?

LUCILLE. Why should I apologize? For meeting a charming man with whom I had a wonderful rapport?

DORIS. Maybe she would like for me to turn Abe's plot into a singles' bar.

IDA. What do you mean, a wonderful rapport?

LUCILLE. You should have seen the way he couldn't take his eyes off me at Harry's grave.

IDA. You're kidding.

LUCILLE. No.

DORIS. Ida, I think you're missing the issue here. I was trying to have a moment of silence for my husband who happened to die four years ago today.

LUCILLE. For Chrissakes Doris, you stand at Abe's grave like he died yesterday.

DORIS. And that is the way I will stand every month.

LUCILLE. Good, so from now on you can do it without me. As of today I officially resign from this ... this ... cemetery club!

IDA. Lucille.

LUCILLE. *(Taking off her coat.)* I mean it. I've had it to here with the goddamn cemetery! I refuse to be in a club in which half the members are dead!

DORIS. That's a terrible thing to say.

LUCILLE. Because it's the truth.

DORIS. No it's not!

LUCILLE. What do you mean it's not? I can guarantee if you took a roll call right now, three of the members would be marked absent.

DORIS. And that is why we go visit them every month.

LUCILLE. Well, instead of visiting the old members we should be out there scouting for new applicants.

DORIS. I don't believe what I'm hearing! Ida, will you talk some sense into this woman?!

*(IDA doesn't answer.)*

DORIS. Ida.

*(No answer.)*

DORIS. Ida.

IDA. (*Pause.*) Maybe ... maybe it is time we stopped.

DORIS. What are you talking?

IDA. For a while. Maybe ... maybe we need a break.

DORIS. Ida, do you realize what you just said? (*To Lucille.*) It's your fault. This is all your fault! (*To Ida.*) This woman is like poison to you. (*To Lucille.*) You told her to stop going to the cemetery !

LUCILLE. I did no such thing.

DORIS. Don't tell me!

IDA. Lucille never said a word. Doris, look at us. It's been over two years since Murry died, four years since Abe and what do we have to show for it? We've seen every movie that's come out, become experts at canasta, and I know Murry's headstone like the back of my hand. Do you realize how much time we've spent at the cemetery?

LUCILLE. Let me ask you something, Doris. Don't you ever feel like you sometimes miss having a man around?

DORIS. You I'm not listening to.

IDA. But Doris, don't you ever feel like you'd like to have someone there, someone new—

LUCILLE. Someone living.

DORIS. Abe and I gave each other our lives, Ida.

IDA. I know—

DORIS. Our lives. I have nothing to give to another man. Everything I gave to Abe and still give. And once a month I let him know.

IDA. But getting married again wouldn't mean you loved Abe any less. You wouldn't marry someone now for the same reasons you married Abe.

DORIS. I wouldn't marry someone now period. The case is closed.

LUCILLE. (*To Ida.*) What are you in such a hurry to get married? The thing to do now is to get out there again and ... and play the field.

IDA. What field?

LUCILLE. It's an expression. It means you should be dating, going out with different men.

DORIS. It's a stupid expression and a stupid idea.

IDA. Dating?

DORIS. Can you believe her?

IDA. I wouldn't even know what to do.

LUCILLE. It's like riding a bicycle.

DORIS. This whole conversation is ridiculous.

LUCILLE. To you.

DORIS. (*Hanging up her coat.*) All of a sudden Sam, the playboy butcher, shows up at the cemetery and the two of you go crazy.

IDA. Doris

DORIS. I would expect it from this one. (*Indicating Lucille.*) but you ... you, I'm shocked.