

*(THEY begin getting dressed and continue throughout the scene. THEY wear identical bridesmaid's dresses.)*

DORIS. Funny, I've never been to one of Selma's weddings without Abe. I feel a little nervous.

IDA. Me too.

DORIS. It's going to be strange seeing all the old faces ... the friends, the couples.

IDA. Murry used to love to make up stories about everyone there. Just for me, I mean. I'd point out a couple and he'd make up a funny story about them-how they met, how they argue ... I used to laugh.

DORIS. All Abe wanted was to be on the dance floor. All night he could dance.

IDA. Me you're telling? He pulled me up more than once.'

DORIS. The cha-cha, that's what we loved. The cha-cha-cha.

IDA. *(Pause.)* You going to dance tonight?

DORIS. Me? I don't think ... I don't think I could.

IDA. You afraid?

DORIS. Of what?

IDA. Of dancing.

DORIS. Don't be ridiculous. What's to be afraid? I just don't think I'll be in the mood, that's all.

IDA. How could you know now if—

DORIS. Enough already with the dancing. What's so important?

IDA. Nothing. Here.

*(SHE gives Doris her back so she can do her up. Pause.)*

DORIS. You going to dance?

IDA. If someone asks.

DORIS. But you... you want to.

IDA. If my feet don't object why should I?

*(THEY both turn so Ida can zip up Doris.)*

DORIS. You still love to dance, don't you?

*(IDA smiles.)*

DORIS. You uh ... you want to dance with Sam?

IDA. If he asks.

DORIS. And it wouldn't bother you it wasn't Murry.

IDA. Doris, it can't be Murry. And what should I do? I'm standing, the music's playing, and Murry's not on the dance floor. What should I do?

DORIS. Go back to your table.

IDA. *(Turning Doris to face her.)*

Listen to me, Doris. For you it's enough to have your friends, family, children, and live alone. Me, I can't do it. I need to be with someone, to give to someone. That afternoon, when you and Lucille left and Sam and I were alone, I came alive. I felt awkward, nervous, excited-my heart was pounding. For the first time since Murry died I felt alive. And yes, part of me still feels miserable for feeling that good. But I'm not going to give in. I'm

not going to spend the rest of my life feeling guilty for wanting to be touched, to be held by someone who isn't Murry.