

IDA. You all right?

DORIS. I just ... need ... my milk.

*(IDA quickly gets the glass of milk and hands it to Doris.)*

DORIS. Thank you. *(Takes the glass, raises it to her lips then throws the milk in Lucille's face.)*

IDA. Enough! Enough!

*(IDA takes some napkins and cleans the carpet as DORIS and LUCILLE clean themselves off.)*

IDA. Look at you. Just look at you! What's happened to us?!

DORIS. I'll tell you what's happened! Nothing means anything anymore! *(Indicating LUCILLE.)* This one here only wants to sleep around...

LUCILLE. Oh, please.

DORIS. *(To Ida.)* And you, you only want to make a fool of yourself chasing after Sam.

IDA. Don't be ridiculous.

DORIS. Ridiculous? If we hadn't told him not to take you, you would've walked into Selma's wedding and made a complete fool of yourself!

IDA. *(Stunned. Confused.)* What?

LUCILLE. It certainly didn't seem to take him long to get over the loss.

DORIS. And to think I had second thoughts.

IDA. You told him ... (*SHE stops as the realization of it all sinks in.*) And you knew...? All the time ...? You watched me get dressed. You watched me make-up ... and you knew. (*To Doris.*) When I was telling you everything I felt, everything I wanted ... you knew. (*To Lucille.*) You watched me make a fool of myself when he walked in here with Mildred ... and you knew... both of you. (*To Doris.*) I figured you wouldn't understand but I never thought you'd try to stop it.

DORIS. We just wanted to

IDA. What about what I wanted? Did you ever think for one second, what I wanted?! And who put the two of you in charge of my life?!

LUCILLE. We were only concerned with...

IDA. (*Becoming furious.*) To hell with your concern! You weren't concerned with me. You were concerned with yourselves. (*To Doris.*) You couldn't stand the idea that I didn't want to go to the cemetery, that maybe I wanted to do something else with my life. (*To Lucille.*) And you, you couldn't stand the fact that maybe Sam was interested in me and not you.

LUCILLE. I could have any man I wanted.

IDA. But not Sam!

LUCILLE. I don't want Sam!

IDA. I saw the way you flirted. "Why don't you come to the cemetery with us, Sam?" "Maybe you and I could get together, Sam!"

LUCILLE. I was just trying to...

IDA. You were just trying to get him into bed is what you were trying!

LUCILLE. No!

IDA. That's all you've done since Harry died!

LUCILLE. I haven't been to bed with a man since Harry died!

*(Pause. IDA and DORIS look at her.)*

LUCILLE. I wanted everyone to know I was fine. That I didn't give a damn! That ... *(Pause. Holding back her tears.)* They don't come any better than me. I don't care who he had ...! If he was up there looking down I wanted him to see me with other men or to close his eyes. like I did. For three years ... I really wanted to do that. But I couldn't ... not even once. *(Sadly, quietly.)* I never said I slept with anyone. I said I go out and ... maybe I threw in a couple of extra names here and there but I never said I slept with anyone. You always said ... I just never denied it.

IDA. *(Pause.)* I'm going to bed. *(SHE heads for the stairs.)*

DORIS. Ida.

IDA. Take which ever rooms you want.

*(IDA goes up stairs and exits to the bedroom. There is a moment as DORIS looks to LUCILLE who has her back to her.)*

DORIS. *(Gently.)* How about one more glass of wine? A night cap.