

## David and Barbara #1 Audition scene

**David:** I'm starving. Where are we going to eat?

**Barbara:** I thought La Goulue.

**David:** Great. Who are we eating with?

**Barbara:** Trudy and Martin.

**David:** God. Do we have to *eat* with them?

**Barbara:** Yes. If they want to discuss something, it's always easier over a good meal.

**David:** You don't even know what they want to discuss.

**Barbara:** I'm sure it's serious. Trudy sounded so ...

**David:** Unhappy?

**Barbara:** No, not unhappy,

**David:** Upset?

**Barbara:** Not really.

**David:** Euphoric? Giddy?

**Barbara:** Strict.

**David:** Strict?

**Barbara:** Stern. Sober. She sounded like a prisoner of war reading from a prepared statement.

**David:** What did she actually say?

**Barbara:** Her exact words?

**David:** Doesn't have to be verbatim.

**Barbara:** It opened, "Hello Barbara? Trudy." Then the usual, "How's David? How's Martin?" And so on.

**David:** Then?

**Barbara:** Then she said, quite out of the blue, "Are you and David planning on being home tonight?" I said, "Sure, it's just a regular old Tuesday night". Then she said, "You don't have one of your *openings* to attend tonight?" "*Openings*," that's just how she said it, like it was something dirty.

**David:** Putting you on the defensive.

**Barbara:** Then she says, with this voice, "You sure you're not having some trendy little East Side dinner?"

**David:** This is nothing new.

**Barbara:** She has this view of us; it's so depressing to me. Then she completes it all by saying, "Because Martin and I have something we'd like to discuss with you and David. Alone." *Alone*. Think about it, David, I'm not seeing this clearly, I know.

**David:** Sarah's knocked up. They want a trendy little East Side doctor.

**Barbara:** I keep thinking maybe mother isn't well.

**David:** If anything was wrong, Trudy would have told you over the phone.

**Barbara:** Of course. Mother died. Oh my God, she died.

David: Barbara, you don't come to someone's house to discuss the fact that your mother died. We've got something we'd like to talk over with you, Barbara and David, we'd like your opinion too: Mother is dead.

**Barbara:** I have a bad feeling.

**David:** Your mother's barely eighty. She's got at least thirty years left.

**Barbara:** Come on, David; she did break her hip.

**David:** At a Macy's white sale.

**Barbara:** So what? It's a sign.

**David:** It's sign she is not feeble. I mean, it's one thing to break your hip just rolling off the john. She was apparently running down the aisle towards some bath towels.

**Barbara:** David, she's definitely deteriorating. Her hearing ...

**David:** She never listened anyhow. I'm telling you, they have some crisis with Sarah – a sex and/or drug scandal.

**Barbara:** You know, I think you're rooting for that.

**David:** Certainly not, but it is a possibility. Sarah's a spectacular, miraculous girl, raised by a pair of Yaks. Now that she's left the nest, she wants to make herself over, create herself, get in touch with life. Screw lots and lots of people.

**Barbara:** God, I hope not. They'd go crazy. (Sighing)

**David:** Why are you sighing? You're worrying yourself into this state.

**Barbara:** You know I haven't spoken to her in a week.

**David:** Who?

**Barbara:** Mother.

**David:** It's no sin. We've been so busy.

**Barbara:** We're always so busy.

**David:** You do as well with your mother as can possibly be expected.

**Barbara:** It's not enough.

**David:** It's never enough.

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**Barbara:** A little to the left. (David moves painting) That's it. Fantastic.

**David:** It's as good as anything he's done in five years.

**Barbara:** And it's my mother. (She sighs) God.

**David:** Amazing ...

**Barbara:** I'm just finding this so terribly complicated.

**David:** Of course ...

**Barbara:** I mean, it's wonderful ... But none of us ...

**David:** A romance? No. None of us ...

**Barbara:** Particularly with Maurice. She's already talking about the show at the Modern, what she should wear for the opening. It's two years off, and she's talking about keeping Maurice fit, you know, in such a proprietary way. "My Maurice," "I told Maurice ..."

**David:** It's staggering.

**Barbara:** I get a little dizzy listening.

**David:** It's such a shock. It's insanity, really, I mean, Sophie.

**Barbara:** It's so unsettling. And now apparently they are talking about moving her to France.

**David:** No! Maurice asked her?

**Barbara:** This morning. I didn't tell you.

**David:** How could you not tell me? He asked her?

**Barbara:** David, don't press me. Yes, he asked her. They woke up and ordered coffee and croissant and apparently Maurice turned to her and said, "We could do this every morning at Cap D'Antibes."

**David:** Astounding.

**Barbara:** She just loved those croissant. Went on and on about them. How flaky, She said it a hundred times "flaky".

**David:** Do you think she will really go? I mean, from Mineola to Cap D'Antibes in three weeks, She'll get the bends.

**Barbara:** She said, "I guess I have a thing for painters."

**David:** "A thing for painters."

**Barbara:** She sounds positively girlish on the phone now. And she hears everything. (looking at Sophie's portrait) You think I look like her?

**David:** A little. The mouth

**Barbara:** I suddenly feel like *her* mother. Is it crazy that this picture make me so sad? I mean, I'm exhilarated by it, and wiped out by it at the same time.

**David:** You see yourself?

**Barbara:** I see myself. I see... I don't know ...

**David:** What?

**Barbara:** I just feel so totally *strange* all of a sudden.

**David:** Sweetie ...

**Barbara:** Oh David. Are we alright?

**David:** Of course we're alright.

**Barbara:** You don't feel like there is something missing?

**David:** No

**Barbara:** Really? We're married sixteen years now.

**David:** So what?

**Barbara:** So, I don't know. What's the point now, maybe that's it. Things happen, people evolve, and all we do is comment on everything.

**David:** That's not true.

**Barbara:** I just feel stuck. Absolutely stuck. When mother was here, I had absolutely no libido. Then she rediscovers sex, and she's gone. And I keep thinking of Sarah in Buffalo, on fire with sex, just on fire with it. The two of them, sixty years apart, burning at different temperatures.

**David:** And you're in the middle.

**Barbara:** Buried in the middle, that's how I feel.

**David:** And no kids, is that part of it?

**Barbara:** No, that really has nothing to do with what I'm talking about,

**David:** Which is?

**Barbara:** I just have to find that fire again. Both of us do.

**David:** Fire?

**Barbara:** I'm talking about sex, David. Remember? Sex?

**David:** I remember it with great fondness.

**Maurice, David, Barbara #7 Audition scene**

**David:** Maurice, Oh, my God, what a terrible mistake ... The apartment was recently re-done.

**Maurice:** Barbara! My darling.

**Barbara:** Maurice.

**David:** The low point of my entire life.

**Barbara:** Okay.

**David:** Rock bottom.

**Barbara:** Fine, David, I understand. (to Maurice) How are you?

**Maurice:** I am wonderful.

**David:** Why was she running around naked?

**Barbara:** (to David) Can we discuss this later?

**David:** No. Later she'll be dead. There'll be police and reporters all over the place.

**Barbara:** Enough. Enough! (to Maurice) You look terrific!

**Maurice:** For a hundred-year old Jew, I look terrific.

**Barbara:** You look terrific for anyone. Come, let's get your coat and hat. David?

**David:** I'm nauseous.

**Barbara:** (to David) Can't we please forge ahead?

**David:** Maurice, let me take your coat and hat.

**Maurice:** Thank you David.

**David:** Least I can do after putting you in the closet. (to Barbara) She's securely locked in? No chance of a breakout?

**Barbara:** She's getting dressed, and I will not discuss it further.

**David:** I'll discuss it. Maybe I'll call up a radio show and discuss it over the air. (Barbara leads Maurice to sofa)

**Maurice:** Has been so long.

**Barbara:** Too long.

**Maurice:** Three years.

**Barbara:** It's three years already? My goodness.

**Maurice:** Three Christmas' ago. We all had dinner at Moulin de Mouglin.

**Barbara:** I'll never forget that dinner. Here we go. (Barbara helps Maurice to sit on sofa) How was your day in New York? Good?

**Maurice:** Very. The Museum of Modern Art has an idea for my hundredth birthday, God forbid, a retrospective. The entire museum.

**Barbara:** No!

David: Isn't it staggering. Picasso, now Maurice. They're calling it, "Koenig: From Yonkel to Masada." We had lunch with Bill Rubin. He gave us the full spiel.

Barbara: That's absolutely incredible.

Maurice: I told them, If I'm not here, proceed without me!

Barbara: Oh, you'll be there.

David: I think even Maurice, with all his honors was overwhelmed.

Maurice: Absolutely. To imagine such a thing ...

Barbara: It's so wonderful. (There is a dull thru from the guest room).

Sophie: (from the guest room) I'm fine. Just a chair darling.

Maurice: And then I saw the show at your gallery.

Barbara: Yes? The Oliveros?

David: Maurice absolutely flipped.

Maurice: The color.

Barbara: Isn't it great?

Maurice: Like Nolde.

David: I have to write to Julio in the morning.

Barbara: (to Maurice) when he hears that you liked the show ...

Maurice: Excuse?

Barbara: WHEN HE HEARS THAT YOU LIKED THE SHOW.

David: Maurice, some wine?

Maurice: Wine would be lovely.

David: Snookums?

Barbara: Thank you David. A big glass. Maurice, I made a little appetizer, although I'm sure next to what your cook whips up ...

Maurice: Oh, my goodness. Gefilte fish!

Barbara: No, it's actually cold mousse of pike, Maurice. I have a Pernod sauce ...

Maurice: Gefilte fish, this is not served anymore?

Barbara: Oh, no. Of course it is.

David: (at bar pouring wine) Of course what it?

Barbara: Of course gefilte fish is still served.

David: Oh, sure. A lot of new gefilte joints have opened recently; Gefilte King, House of Gefilte ...

Maurice: I know you are joking.

Barbara: You know David Maurice.

**Maurice, Sophie, David, Barbara #8 Audition sides**

**Sophie:** You remind me so much of my Sid, my late husband.

**Maurice:** Yes?

**Barbara:** He doesn't really look like Dad.

**Sophie:** He was a painter, too. A housepainter (a look to Barbara) I know it's not the same.

**Maurice:** But it's an art.

**Sophie:** But it's an art. Bobbsy, remember what they use to call Daddy?

**Barbara:** The Rembrandt of Dinettes.

**Sophie:** The Rembrandt of Dinettes – my Sid!

**Maurice:** Yes? (to David) This is true?

**David:** I believe he even signed some of his dinettes.

**Sophie:** When Sid worked, apartments weren't like they are today. They had foyers, nooks, moldings. Sid was so dedicated, he'd stay up all night worrying. "That two-bedroom in Woodside", he'd say, "I don't know whether to go with a gloss or semi-gloss."

**Maurice:** He cared.

**Barbara:** He really did.

**Sophie:** You know how much he cared, Maurice? And not just about painting. During the war – something about Hitler being a housepainter ...

**Maurice:** Yes? Upset him?

**Sophie:** Very much.

**Barbara:** He had a sort of breakdown.

**David:** Took to his bed.

**Sophie:** He just stopped painting. For years, wouldn't take a job.

**Maurice:** Because of Hitler.

**Sophie:** He worked for a friend, Nat Meltzer, repairing radios. Then the Rosenberg case came along, and it turned out Rosenberg was a radio repairman. Poor Sid didn't know what to do.

**David:** Sid took these things to heart. He was a sweet soul really.

**Sophie:** He finally decided it wasn't his responsibility anymore. So he went back to house painting. That was really his first love.

**Barbara:** He did love it. Went on and on about all the colors. He had this book, remember Mother, with all the colors. (to David, holding up her glass) Another.

**Sophie:** The big book. Do I remember?

**Maurice:** You remember well.

**Sophie:** Like it was yesterday.

**Barbara:** I guess nobody's hungry.

**Sophie:** He had such pride in his work.

**Maurice:** and you felt the pride also.

**Sophie:** Of course. So, I can imagine what your late wife felt when you showed her one of your beautiful pictures.

**David:** How does she know Maurice's wife died?

**Barbara:** I have no idea. This is so incredible.

**Sophie:** She must have burst with pride.

**Maurice:** She was very proud. Very supportive.

**Sophie:** Sure she was. That's what a wife is for.

**Maurice:** That's what a wife is for, Sophie. Sophie. (Maurice takes Sophie's hand)

**David:** Why do I find myself trembling uncontrollably?

**Barbara:** David! Look at this?

**Sophie:** He's holding my hand Bobbsy. What should I do?





**Sophie, Barbara #6 Audition scene**

**Barbara:** I'm not over-excited. Mother, enough - go get dressed, please. This is Maurice Koenig we're talking about now.

**Sophie:** Soon enough, I'll be gone, then you won't have to worry.

**Barbara:** Oh, for God's sake ...

**Sophie:** "Sophie Greengrass, beloved mother of Barbara and Trudy, adored grandmother of Sarah ..."

**Barbara:** Stop it?

**Sophie:** Trudy had them all written out.

**Barbara:** Has what all written out?

**Sophie:** My death notices. I found them in her recipe box, under "casseroles."

**Barbara:** Death notices? You found death notices?

**Sophie:** She had them all prepared.

**Barbara:** Trudy actually sat down and ...

**Sophie:** She said that she knew when I died she wouldn't be able to think straight. So she wrote them down beforehand.

**Barbara:** I can't believe it.

**Sophie:** Knowing Trudy, I thought maybe there was a discount, doing it in advance.

**Barbara:** No mother ...

**Sophie:** It was just her wish, I guess, right, Bobbsy? Is that the right psychological thing? She wanted it to be ...

**Barbara:** Mother, I think it was a dreadful thing for her to do. Inexcusable.

**Sophie:** First, I read death notices. The next think I know, I'm dropped off here like a package from Altman's.

**Barbara:** Mother, listen to me: I can understand your feeling hurt, feeling angry.

**Sophie:** Nobody's hurt. Nobody's angry. This is how my children do things.

**Barbara:** Mother, you have every right to be angry. In fact, I think it would be healthier if you actually got angry, if we could talk things out more.

**Sophie:** What?

**Barbara:** I SAID IF WE COULD TALK THINGS OUT MORE.

**Sophie:** You'll always be my little Bobbsy.

**Barbara:** Sure ...

**Sophie:** In the ballet slippers and the tutu. Remember when we went to buy them?

**Barbara:** Sure: On 56<sup>th</sup> Street.

**Sophie:** 54<sup>th</sup>.

Barbara: (deciding not to press the point) That's right. Now, let's get you dressed.

Sophie: I'm too comfortable like this. What's the big deal? Dinner is dinner. (Barbara picks up cloth napkin and bites it hard.) Even when you were little, you use to bite napkins.

Barbara: Mother, you have to change. This is a dinner party for the great Maurice Koenig. I will not allow you to greet him wearing that shmata.

Sophie: Even if I'm so comfortable?

Barbara: Even if you're so comfortable. That's correct.

Sophie: Bobbsy, the man's a hundred years old; you don't think he'll understand?

Barbara: I don't care if he understands. It is common courtesy to dress for dinner under any circumstances. Considering the stature of our guest ...

Sophie: Your father was a painter; he loved me in my housecoats.

Barbara: He was a house painter, and he did not love you in your housecoats.

Sophie: Of course he did.

Barbara: He didn't. I specifically remember him walking through the door at night and saying, "Again a housecoat?"

Sophie: That was his humor.

Barbara: That was not his humor. Mother this is absurd. Please, as a favor to me, go now and get dressed.

Sophie: I never did you a favor? That's a good one.

Barbara: Mother, I'm not saying that you never did me a favor ...

Sophie: "Mommy, I'm thirsty!" Who was there at two in the morning with a glass of seltzer, Casper the Ghost?

Barbara: You've done me countless favors, Mother. All I'm saying now, as calmly as I can before all my internal organs explode and I fall dead on the floor, is that I would like you out of that housecoat before David and Maurice Koenig get here. That's all.

Sophie: Okay.



**Trudy, Martin, David, Barbara #5 Audition scene**

**Trudy: It's Trudy, Mother. We're back.**

**Barbara: Trudy, believe me. She's not there.**

**Trudy: (peering into guest room) Her walker is in there.**

**Barbara: She doesn't use it any more.**

**Martin: She doesn't**

**Trudy: I don't like this. (going into guest room)**

**Martin: (To David) Everything all right? The old lady didn't ... I mean, she's alive, right?**

**David: Oh, sure. We wouldn't let her death just slide by.**

**Trudy: There's no clothes in here! Where are her clothes?**

**Barbara: Trudy ...**

**Trudy: What is going on?**

**David: Plenty.**

**Barbara: Trudy, Mother hasn't been here for a week.**

**Martin: She hasn't**

**Trudy: Where is she? (a grim smile) You threw her out. I'm not surprised. With your way of life ...**

**Barbara: We didn't throw her out.**

**Martin: David ...**

**David: We have a major announcement. Major.**

**Martin: An announcement?**

**Trudy: Barbara, please.**

**Barbara: Mother is with Maurice Koenig. They are having what has to be called an affair.**

**Martin: What do you mean, an affair?**

**Barbara: They seem to be very much in love, that's all I can say. It's been the most amazing week.**

**Martin: So, they're actually dating each other, is that it? (David indicate that their relationship is of a more physical nature). That's not possible.**

**David: Sure it is. You know what artists are like.**

**Martin: How did they meet?**

**Barbara: Here, Martin. We had a little dinner party for Maurice. He and mother just ... it was extraordinary.**

**David: They just hit is off. Drink anyone?**

**Martin: Tab**

**David: Lime?**

**Martin: What?**

**David: Lime in the Tab.**

**Martin: No, of course not. (David goes to kitchen).**

**Barbara: Trudy, how about you, something to drink? It's a shocker, I know, but if you'd been here ... I mean, they just keyed right into each other. After dinner, Maurice insisted that we all go to the Carlyle to hear Bobby Short.**

**Martin: He's the blind one?**

**Barbara: The blind one?**

**David (bringing Martin Tab) Who?**

**Barbara: Bobby Short isn't blind.**

**David: Certainly not. Near-sighted, perhaps. You're thinking of Ray Charles, Martin.**

**Martin: Maurice Koenig took you to Ray Charles?**

**Barbara: No, we went to the Carlyle to hear Bobby Short. And when Bobby saw Maurice walk in ...**

**David: He went nuts.**

**Barbara: He sang to us for what, David, an hour and a half?**

**David: At least.**

**Barbara: And he finished off with a Cole Porter medley that he dedicated to Mother. He sang, "You're the top, you're Sophie Greengrass."**

**David: Sophie was glowing like a Botticelli.**

**Barbara: I haven't seen her look like that since my wedding.**

**Trudy: (regaining power of speech) What about my wedding?**

**Barbara: And your wedding. Of course.**

**Martin: So, where is she now?**

**Trudy: She's with Maurice Koenig! Martin, listen, will you! God! There must be something in the air here, or the water, some sex chemical. Sarah use to get all aroused here, you two doing lord knows what in the middle of the day, and now Mother's in bed with some old man, killing herself. It's disgusting, simply disgusting!**

**Barbara: Trudy ...**

**Trudy: I can't even trust her with you for three weeks!**

**Barbara: Trudy, she's happy.**

**Martin: It can't be healthy.**

**David: Why not?**

**Martin: Come on.**

**Trudy: How can it be healthy at her age. Her heart, her lungs, her hips for goodness' sake.**

**David: I'm sure they're doing nothing elaborate. At their age, anything is gravy.**

Trudy, Martin, David, Barb #4 Audition scene

David: Let me finish. Now Sarah might well have been taking a shower at two-thirty, after writing a paper that was due the next morning, or after being out with some friends, having a beer or smoking dope or whatever you do in Buffalo when you're eighteen. And maybe, God forbid, you're worst suspicions are true and she was not in the dorm at all, but rather in some boy's house, tipped off that you had called by a comrade on her floor. I submit, "So what". I realize this is hard for you to accept, but Sarah is not going to be a virgin for much longer and indeed may not be as we speak. She is an extraordinarily attractive girl with, as I'm sure you recognize, the most *amazing* body. She is, I'm quite sure, very popular with the boys. You'll have to live with it.

Martin: Are you finished?

David: I hope I wasn't out of line.

Trudy: I wish it was just what you said, David. I wish it was just that simple.

Barbara: It isn't?

Martin: (with a voice like death) Sarah is living with two men on Bogle Avenue in downtown Buffalo. She hasn't set foot in her dorm in a month.

Trudy: She hasn't gone to class either.

David: (stunned) She's living ... with two guys?

Martin: We haven't slept in a week.

Barbara: Living with, meaning actually ...?

Trudy: (nodding yes) It's not that she's living with some boy and he has a roommate. She's living with both.

Martin: They call it a menagerie.

Barbara: Menage a trois.

Trudy: All right. Well, you'd know better than we would.

David: Although it usually refers to two women and one man ... one of the traditional male fantasies, I might add.

Martin: I see. Well, apparently Sarah is taking on both of these characters – once named Billy from Syracuse, the other a Peruvian named Gonzalvo.

Barbara: (reeling) I still remember the Paddington Bear we gave her.

Martin: Sarah's last words to me on the phone were, "I live for sex. Everything is sex".

David: (staggered) I spent my entire life looking for a girl like that.

Barbara: David!

David: I'm sorry. It just takes my breath away.

Martin: I had heart palpitations when she told me that, as you can imagine.

Trudy: He was white when he came back to bed. I mean, Martin's always white, but this was *pure* white.

Barbara: Does Sarah at least like these boys? Or is it purely ...

Trudy: She says they're very close.

Martin: She told me what they do all day. Quite a story.

David: Martin, spare us. Spare yourself.

Martin: First, she and the Irish kid ... (to Trudy) What did she call that?

Trudy: Head.

Barbara: Martin, I really don't want to hear this.

Martin: She has heads with the Irishman, then she turns around and has heads with the Peruvian. Sometimes she has heads with both of them.

Trudy: I can't imagine how she does that. Can you Barb?.

Martin: Then, after that, they go out for lunch.

David: This was just the morning?

Martin: "I live for sex now, Dad. I live for sex"

Barbara: This is absolutely staggering.

David: I always thought Sarah was precocious, but I must say ...

Trudy: You encouraged this, both of you.

Barbara: Trudy ...

Trudy: You told her to go away to college.

David: I thought it was a good idea. I still do.

Trudy: Martin, tell them what else she said.

Barbara: Trudy, we get the picture. This is obviously very painful for Martin.

Martin: No, you should know it all. You always thought of Sarah as your daughter. You were her liberated parents with none of the responsibility.

Trudy: You took her to see that filthy Picasso show.

David: Oh, please! That hardly opened the door to *this*. Thousands of people saw those paintings and went home to their wives and husbands and children.

Barbara: Trudy, I resent the implication that we're somehow responsible for this.

Trudy: I'm sorry. I'm upset. It's just been ... Maybe I'll take a little scotch, David. Any kind.

David: Of course.

Trudy: (holding out her ginger ale glass) Just put some in here. A little. It's fine.

David: Martin, It's quarter of eight. You sure you won't take a little head start.

Martin: I've always been a disciplined person.

Barbara: But this is a uniquely stressful situation.





Trudy, Martin, David, Barbara #3 Audition scene

Barbara: (into Intercom) Yes?

David: Like a damn air raid warning.

Barbara: (into intercom) What? Okay. Thank you.

David: Them?

Barbara: Them. (Barbara opens door, looks down hall, closes door) I hate this. That interval after the buzzer sounds.

David: It's in Dante. The ninth circle of hell. You spend eternity waiting by the door for someone to get off the elevator.

Barbara: My palms always start to sweat. God, I hope it is nothing serious.

David: Your palms? I'm sure they'll dry right up again.

Barbara: David, I'm not enjoying your humor this evening. Really. (She opens door and peers down hall). Hi! (She closes the door again) They're here.

David: You going to make them ring the bell?

Barbara: (opens the front door) Hi! Welcome! Welcome!

Trudy: Hello.

(They enter looking sensible, dull and uncomfortable)

Barbara: David ... look who's here.

David: Right on time, too. Martin and Trudy are the perfect guests. Hello dear. (David goes to kiss Trudy. She turns her head to avoid getting kissed on the mouth) How are you. You look marvelous.

Trudy: Thank you. I'm all right.

David: Martin.

Martin: David.

David: This is a new suit I see.

Martin: This? No, I've had this suit, what, three years, Trudy?

Trudy: Four years at least.

Martin: I think you're wrong. I think it's three.

Trudy: Four. We were still driving the Valiant.

Barbara: Well, three or four, it's a very nice suit. Glen plaid becomes you, Martin.

Trudy: Your suit is something, David.

David: Thank you. It's not new either, actually ... (an awkward silence)

Barbara: Well, let's not all stand around like it's some *cocktail* party. Sit, sit.

David: Anybody care for a drink?

Trudy: If you have ginger ale.

David: One ginger ale. Martin, you're a seven and seven man, aren't you?

Martin: I never drink before eight.

Barbara: Well you can pretend.

Martin: I never pretend. Ginger ale is fine.

Barbara: Two ginger ales. Fine. Please everybody sit. (Barbara and David both flee for the kitchen but Barbara gets there first. David is left with his in-laws. Martin inspects the blue canvas and the white canvas)

Martin: You haven't sold these yet huh?

David: No, I have a real soft spot for those, Martin.

Martin: I always forget those crazy names. What's this one called, the blue one?

David: The Waldman? "Chesapeake Bay Variations".

Martin: Uh, huh. And the other one is Long Island Sound, right? (Martin laughs. Some laugh)

David: Good old Martin. No, the Ferragini is called "When Lilacs Bloomed".

Martin: And you paid a thousand each for them?

David: Correct.

Martin: And what are they worth today?

David: Martin, every time you come here, you want to know what they are worth. It doesn't change that drastically from year to year. Over a span of years ...

Martin: But it does change. I'm just curious, as an accountant, as someone interested in value, in appreciation and depreciation.

David: Well, I'd say the Waldman is worth about eighteen thousand. Ferragini is a little out of vogue, I'm afraid, so I would guess "When Lilacs Bloomed" would go for around seven, eight thousand.

Trudy: How can one be in vogue and the other one not? They're both blank.

David: Well, they're not blank. There's paint on them. They're paintings.

Martin: But there's no picture.

Trudy: I guess we don't understand art, Martin. David is an expert. He knows.

Martin: They're blank.

David: Martin, I don't insist that you like these two paintings. Taste is, of course, a subjective matter. But please recognize that the paintings are not blank. One has modalities of blue; the other, white. The paint is thicker in some places, thinner in others. Both paintings have texture. They do not depict bowls of fruit, little blue boys, or lonesome choo-choos in the night. But they are paintings.

Martin: They're blank. (Barbara enters from kitchen with 2 glasses of ginger ale)

Barbara: You aren't arguing about those paintings again?

David: Martin continues to withhold his approval.

**Martin:** No, I approve that you two paid two grand and now they're worth twenty-five. I think that's good business. I think as art they stink, and I'm not afraid to say it.

**David:** You've never been afraid to say it.

**Barbara:** Martin, sit. Here (gestures for Martin to sit beside Trudy. Then, to Trudy) If the ginger ale isn't cold enough, I can get more ice.

**Trudy:** Hot and cold are all the same to me.

**Martin:** Cheese and crackers.

**David:** Do you eat cheese before eight?

**Barbara:** David, don't be a tease.

**Trudy:** Looks very nice.

**Martin:** What is this white cheese called?

**Barbara:** Brie.

**Trudy:** We've had that, Martin, at the Bauman's. It's unbelievably expensive.

**Barbara:** Not really.

**Martin:** Have you ever seen two sisters so different? One says expensive; the other says cheap.

**David:** They're like those paintings. I mean, they're similar in origin, but how come one goes up in value, while the other levels off? (Awkward silence, Trudy munching cheese and crackers) That didn't come out right.

