

## Grace, Irene, Kathryn

GRACE. Was she at the service?

IRENE. MacNeil? Are you kidding? Y'think she'd cross the street for her own mother?

KATHRYN. Most everybody else was, though. You was about the only girl from the floor who wasn't there.

GRACE. I wanted to come. But Ma was workin' and I had to watch the little 'uns.

KATHRYN. Ya coulda brought 'em.

GRACE. All seven?

KATHRYN. Well if it was me, I'da tried to get there.

IRENE. Just lay off. Grace feels bad as it is.

GRACE. Were many of the fellas there?

KATHRYN. Oh yeah—lots of fellas from downstairs. Mr. Roth from the front office. Dr. Von Sochocky was there. And Mr. Roeder.

IRENE. And he left early.

KATHRYN. So? He was there all the same. Oh! And, Grace—you know that fella from crystalizing, what's his name, the one with the red hair? He was there. Y'know who I mean?

GRACE. Oh! The tall fella with the freckles?

KATHRYN. That's the one—who snaps his fingers all the time.

GRACE. George!

IRENE. Jerry.

KATHRYN. I think it is George.

IRENE. It's Jerry. Jerry Mallon. He's the one who was always talkin' to Amelia in the day room.

KATHRYN. That's right! Ooh, Grace! When the mass was over, he goes over to the coffin- And he goes like this, like this he goes— *(She puts her hand to her lips and slowly blows a kiss to an imaginary coffin.)*

GRACE. No!

KATHRYN. Yes!

GRACE. Really?

KATHRYN. Really! *(They both squeal excitedly.)*

IRENE. Oh for pity's sakes.

KATHRYN. Well, he did. Nobody could believe it.

IRENE. So what if he did?

KATHRYN. So what? He was in love with her, that's so what. Don't you think so, Grace?

GRACE. Well I guess he had to be. If he did that.

KATHRYN. And can you imagine? Can you imagine? If he loved her and he never told her, never could bring himself to say! Because ... because she was so beautiful... and ... and he was so shy. And now it's too late. It's too late, their love is forever thwarted. He didn't tell her, and he'll never get a chance ever again. *(They reflect on this realization somberly.)*

GRACE. Poor Amelia.

KATHRYN. Poor Amelia!

IRENE. Poor kid.

KATHRYN. Her family took it awful bad, Grace. Albina, Quinta, everybody. Everyone of 'em cryin'. Even her father, cryin' so bad. I never saw a man cry before and not like that—just bawlin' like a baby.

IRENE. And y'know why, too.

GRACE. 'Cause their daughter had died.

IRENE. What she died *from*.

KATHRYN. Irene. Don't go spreadin' stories.

IRENE. It's not a story. Albina told us. No reason Grace shouldn't know.

GRACE. Know what? Know what? *(KATHRYN whispers something awful.)* Amelia?

KATHRYN. Ain't it awful? Albina said her father's fit to be tied, too—six girls at home and ain't none of 'em ever goin' to a dance again.

IRENE. All because Amelia upped and died from syphilis!

GRACE. Sh!

IRENE. I can't help it if that's what she died from!

GRACE. You don't know that for sure.

KATHRYN. It's on the death certificate.

IRENE. Anemia and complications from syphilis!

GRACE. But Amelia was ever so nice.

IRENE. Guess she got around more than we knew.

GRACE. Maybe it's a mistake. Maybe the doctor got it wrong.

IRENE. Come on.

GRACE. He coulda got it wrong. Doctors are wrong sometimes.

KATHRYN. That's true. Doctor was wrong about Aunt Ivy.

IRENE. What's Mama got to do with it?

KATHRYN. Irene, don't you remember? Up to the day she died, doctor said Aunt Ivy would be fine. Said take a cup a tea, get a good night's rest. And two days later we was taking her to Rosedale cemetery.