

CONNIE. To warm so easily to two people you just met.
After such a long period of warming to no one.

LEIF. Kindred strangers.

CONNIE. I like that.

(She kisses him.)

LEIF. You taste like pizza.

CONNIE. *(Grinning, pointing to the bag of ice cream on the bar counter.)* And the ice cream cometh!

(They laugh. Lights fade here and come up elsewhere on INA GLUCK. She is slightly younger than her sister ALTHEA, and wears a night robe.)

START

INA. *(Speaking to the audience.)* I worked the damned things the summer I was ten. The summer Althea and I spent at sleep-away camp. It rained almost the whole time we were there. A veritable monsoon. And there was nothing to do but read Nancy Drew and piece together those ancient jigsaw puzzles that smelled of must and baked beans. I grew to hate the blasted things. So, for me to stand here in the middle of the night and share perky tips on how to conquer the jigsaw in record time - well, honey, you get absolutely no buy-in from *me!* What I *will* tell you about the jigsaw puzzle is that it's the most inane, useless, mind-numbing pastime devised by man. It rivals solitaire and painting by numbers. Filling the void of the empty life. My life, as it so happens, is sufficiently full. So, I will leave the puzzles for those less blessed. Like my sister Althea. ~~She has dozens of them. She's worked~~ every one of them, I believe. When her husband died and after that terrible incident where she ran over my nephew with her car, she'd cocoon herself off in that dark, dank basement of hers and flick and snap those pieces together like some psychiatric patient, and I would try my best not to worry. Fortunately, she is **now**

END