

JANET 1

SUSAN:

(channeling Mr. Rogers) Before we begin, I'll get the iced tea, and you girls can take a beat and have a seat.

ELAINE:

Start I'll have mine with two Stevia, please—

SUSAN:

No can do, I'm all out—

JANET:

Just have a sugar, Elaine, it's the same thing—

ELAINE:

I don't want a sugar, sugar makes me feel bloated. I want Stevia! What is going on, Publix is out too—

SUSAN:

As I always said to my kids at Danbury Elementary, you get what you get, and you don't get upset. Here...

Sue serves the iced tea.

ELAINE:

You do know we're not your Kindergarten students, right?

SUSAN:

Of course I do—does anyone need to use the potty?

ELAINE:

I thought Bruce looked *good* on the court today. It has been *eight weeks* since Jessie died—

JANET:

Not that she's counting—

SUSAN:

I thought the Widower Waiting Period was three

months?

ELAINE:

Oh no, the Widower Waiting Period is two months now—

JANET:

Ever since Jeannette moved in with Michael—*while his wife was still on a respirator*—common convention has been to shift the timeline *way up*.

SUSAN:

I see.

(beat)

Now girls—

ELAINE:

This tea is delicious—

ELAINE:

It is, is it Rooibos?

SUSAN:

Whoohooooo, attention, please—

JANET:

Oooh I think you're right, it is Rooibos—

ELAINE:

It's got that earthy taste, doesn't even need Stevia—

Susan has lost her class who prattle on, while she seamlessly puts on a sock puppet, MR. NOODLE. He's bossy and says things Susan can't.

SUSAN / MR. NOODLE:

(demanding silence) BA BA BA BA BA BOP!

Macaroni and cheese... everybody freeze.

The other women are used to this and react obediently.

SUSAN:

Thank you, Mr. Noodle. Now girls, I invited you here today because *we are going to play a game of high-stakes poker!*

ELAINE:

Oh no, I am not falling for that again; she looks all sweet and innocent, but she's a shark!

JANET:

Sue, how did you get to be such a good liar?

SUSAN:

Thirty years of working with children.

JANET:

I don't know how you spent all those years working with other people's kids. I can barely tolerate mine.

ELAINE:

I can barely tolerate yours either.

SUSAN:

I'd like you to take a gander at... this.

Susan places a beautiful flower arrangement on the table...

JANET:

Ooooooh, I wish I had a husband to buy me flowers.

ELAINE:

You really want to get married a *fourth* time?

JANET:

It's not my fault all the men I marry die.

SUSAN:

These flowers are not from Robbie. They're from Wellesley, my alma mater.

ELAINE:

You must be a large donor—

SUSAN:

I'm a mid-sized donor—

JANET:

I'm a mid-sized donor to Queens College, and they never send *me* flowers.

ELAINE:

I don't think they have flowers in Queens.

SUSAN:

Wellesley sends flowers the one time: when you die.

ELAINE:

Is there something you're trying to tell us?

SUSAN:

Well I am not dead yet—

JANET:

Phew! **Stop**

SUSAN:

—But Wellesley seems to think I am.

JANET:

Awkward.

Elaine reads the card with the flowers.

ELAINE:

“We express our sympathy to the family of Susan