

BARBARA. David and Maurice Koenig, Mother. I thought they were coming at eight, but Maurice apparently . . . well, he got in on Monday, and perhaps he's still a little jet-lagged . . . In any case, I think our number-one priority is to get you dressed and all spiffed-up.

SOPHIE. (*holding up a butter knife from the dining table*) Where did you get these?

BARBARA. Those? Georg Jensen.

SOPHIE. What?

BARBARA. *Georg Jensen.*

SOPHIE. Just like the ones we had.

BARBARA. Did we have butter knives? Isn't that odd, I have no recollection.

SOPHIE. Call Trudy. She'll remember the beautiful butter knives we had.

BARBARA. Next time I speak to her.

SOPHIE. The pattern was a little different. It was called the "Loch Sheldrake Arms" pattern—after the hotel we went to, remember?

BARBARA. I don't actually.

SOPHIE. You don't remember the Loch Sheldrake Arms?

BARBARA. How old was I?

SOPHIE. Two and a half.

BARBARA. *Well.* How could I remember that?

SOPHIE. We stayed in the new wing, even. You have any idea what that cost? Even in those days, so you'd have a breath of fresh air?

BARBARA. Mother, I'm not disputing that we stayed there, or that it was a sacrifice. I simply don't *recall* the event.

SOPHIE. They had the new wing and the old wing. Your father and I stood at the front desk, and guess

what he said, even if it cost more?

BARBARA. That we should stay in the new wing.

SOPHIE. What?

BARBARA. *That we should stay in the new wing!*

SOPHIE. That we should stay in the new wing.

BARBARA. Mother, I think it's wonderful that you did that for us . . .

SOPHIE. And those melon balls you were so crazy about?

BARBARA. What.

SOPHIE. You don't remember those either?

BARBARA. I was two and a half. How am I going to remember melon balls from 1946? (*SOPHIE shakes her head in disbelief.*) What. (*more shaking*) Mother, why are you shaking your head?

SOPHIE. No reason.

BARBARA. There must be a reason.

SOPHIE. It's just amazing to me what happens.

BARBARA. Meaning what?

SOPHIE. How people change.

BARBARA. "People?" Anyone specific?

SOPHIE. What?

BARBARA. I said, are you referring to anyone specific? I mean, if you're talking about people in general, perhaps it's true, perhaps they change. If you're talking, say, about me, your daughter, I'd like to know what you mean. How have I changed?

SOPHIE. There's no reason to analyze everything.

BARBARA. I'm not analyzing anything. I'd just like to know . . .

SOPHIE. Nobody's changed, everything's nice. (*studying the hors d'oeuvres tray on the coffee table*) Does this look gorgeous.

BARBARA. Mother, we really have to get you ready . . .