

*She makes it to the door.*

*Unlocks it.*

*Opens it.*

*In the doorway: Nora.*

*Long pause.*

*Then . . .)*

Oh Nora!

NORA

Hello Anne Marie.

ANNE MARIE

Nora I can't believe it's you!

NORA

. . . It's good to see you.

ANNE MARIE

It's really you. Nora Nora Nora—

It's been so long

NORA

it has.

ANNE MARIE

. . . You got a little fatter.

You got older and you got a little—

NORA

well you hit a certain age—

ANNE MARIE

Don't I know it.

Come in come here give me a hug it's so good to see you.

How are you. Come in there's some chairs you can take a chair and sit in it

NORA

don't worry about me, I'm fine

ANNE MARIE

I'm going to sit I'm going to sit my knees aren't good

However I look on the outside—

inside it's all a lot worse. And how are your insides—?

NORA

They're good, Anne Marie.

ANNE MARIE

That's good.

Mine, I don't know, it's the stomach that

feels like it's gone all wrong,

but you look good and if your insides are all in order

then I'll take your word for it—

I just—I just can't believe it's really you

NORA

well

ANNE MARIE

I didn't know—no idea—if you'd ever come back around.

That first month, and those first six months—the first year or

two or three even—there was the thought that maybe you'd show

up, come back around, but then the more time that passed—you

didn't even write, no letters, nothing—

Fifteen years, fifteen years, could've thought you'd gone off and died—

ANNE MARIE + NORA AND SIDE