IMAROLD. It's the details that cost so much. Like this wood floor? Hand bleached. And the walls here, this marbleized effect? It's all hand-sponged.

YING-YING. Bleach and sponge cost so much.

LENA. And the pool. You probably can't tell, but it's got amazing mosaic tiling. You just can't buy that kind of craftsmanship anymore.

YING-YING. Water so green.

LENA. It's a wonderful location. It's practically undiscovered. (Ying tests the slant of the floor.)

YING-YING. Floor has running-down feeling.

LENA. Well, they're the original boards, Ma. Naturally, there's going to be some buckling.

YING-YING. Hanhh. (She swats at her leg. She has located a flea and is pinching it. She holds it up and squints at it.)

HARÔLD. Whoops, almost forgot. Left some stuff in the Jap Be

LENA. Are you thirsty, Ma? Can I get you something to drink?

YING-YING. No. I just looking.

LENA. Well, then why don't I show you your room? (Ying notices a clipboard.)

YING-YING. What this writing?

YING-YING. (Reading slowly.) "Lena. Chicken, vegetable, shampoo ... nineteen dollar ten cent. Photo developing ... thirteen dollar, twenty-two cent." (She frowns at Lena.) "Petunia, potting soil, fourteen dollar, thirty-nine cent."

LENA. It's just things we share. It's nothing.

YING-YING. Huh. (Continues reading.) This, you do not share!

YING-YING. "Harold, ice cream ... four dollar, fifty-two cent." LENA. What? You never eat ice cream!

LENA. It doesn't matter, Ma. It's just a thing we do. It's nothing, okay? (She shows Ying-Ying her room.) Now, here's the guest room. If you need anything, just let me know. (Ying-Ying sits with her handbag in her lap, testing the bed. She notices the endtable, a heavy block of marble on spindly legs that is set with a flower vase.)

YING-YING. What kind table is this? (Wobbles it.) If you touch,

LENA. Just leave it, Ma, okay? I'm going back down. (Crosses back to the living room area. Harold has crossed to the kitchen table, and is