

I'm sorry.
Then—why?
Okay, I'll meet you.
What will you be wearing?

*A pause while the woman says:
I will be wearing a blue raincoat.*

Really? That's strange.
I'll be wearing a blue raincoat, too.
I'll see you then. Good-bye.

*Mass continues to be sung.
Jean kneels. She prays.
A spotlight on Jean.*

Help me, God.
Help me to comfort his loved ones.
Help me to help the memory of Gordon
live on in the minds and hearts of his loved ones.
I only knew him for a short time, God.
But I think that I loved him, in a way.
Dear God. I hope that Gordon is peaceful now.

*The music stops.
A woman comes to a podium.
Mrs. Gottlieb begins her eulogy.*

MRS. GOTTLIEB
I'm not sure what to say. There is, thank God, a vaulted ceiling
here. I am relieved to find that there is stained glass and the sen-
sation of height. Even though I am not a religious woman I am

glad there are still churches. Thank God there are still people who
build churches for the rest of us so that when someone dies—or
gets married—we have a place to—I could not put all of this—
(*She thinks the word grief*)—in a low-ceilinged room—no—it
requires height.

A cell phone rings in the back of the church. Jean turns to look.

Could someone please turn their fucking cell phone off. There are
only one or two sacred places left in the world today. Where there
is no ringing. The theater, the church, and the toilet. But some
people actually answer their phones in the shitter these days.
Some people really do so. How many of you do? Raise your hand
if you've answered your cell phone while you were quietly uri-
nating. Yes, I thought so. My God.

Where was I? A reading from Charles Dickens' *Tale of Two
Cities*. A wonderful fact to reflect upon, that every human crea-
ture is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every
other . . . No more can I turn the leaves of this dear book . . . that
the book should shut . . . for ever . . . when I had read but a page
. . . My friend is dead, my neighbor is dead, my love, the darling
of my soul—

*Jean's cell phone rings. She fumbles for it and shuts it off. Mrs.
Gottlieb looks up and sees the audience.*

Well.
Look at this great big sea of people wearing dark colors. It used
to be you saw someone wearing black and you knew their beloved
had died. Now everyone wears black all the time. We are in a state
of perpetual mourning. But for what?