

*She passes it to Dwight.*

DWIGHT

A house made of paper.

*Dwight tries to build a little house out of the paper.*

JEAN

Yeah.

And this one! Braided hair.

*Dwight touches it.*

DWIGHT

Can I braid your hair?

JEAN

What?

Okay.

*Dwight stands behind Jean and fumbles with her hair.*

DWIGHT

Am I pulling too hard?

JEAN

No, that's fine. It feels nice.

You know what's funny? I never had a cell phone. I didn't want to always *be there*, you know. Like if your phone is on you're supposed to be there. Sometimes I like to disappear. But it's like—when everyone has their cell phone on, no one is there. It's like

we're all disappearing the more we're there. Last week there was this woman in line at the pharmacy and she was like, "Shit, Shit!" on her cell phone and she kept saying, "Shit, fuck, you're shitting me, you're fucking shitting me, no fucking way, bitch, if you're shitting me I'll fucking kill you," you know, that kind of thing, and there were all these old people in line and it was like she didn't care if she told her whole life, the worst part of her life, in front of the people in line. It was like—people who are in line at pharmacies must be strangers. By definition. And I thought that was sad.

But when Gordon's phone rang and rang, after he died, I thought his phone was beautiful, like it was the only thing keeping him alive, like as long as people called him he would be alive. That sounds—a little—I know—but all those molecules, in the air, trying to talk to Gordon—and Gordon—he's in the air too—so maybe they all would meet up there, whizzing around—those bits of air—and voices.

DWIGHT

I wonder how long it will take before no one calls him again and then he will be truly gone.

JEAN

I wonder too. I'll leave his phone on as long as I live. I'll keep recharging it. Just in case someone calls. Maybe an old childhood friend. You never know.

DWIGHT

Did you love my brother?

JEAN

I didn't know him well enough to love him.