

→ SARAH RUHL ←

JEAN
Me.

GORDON

Yes, you were eating the last bite of my soup. But I wanted you to have it. That's why my eyes looked so nice—I was giving you my last bite. They say love goes right through the eyes—bam. I saw you before I died; you didn't see me. You saw me after I died; I couldn't see you. We had star-crossed eyes. Now we can gaze and gaze for all time...

They kiss a strange kiss.

We don't really kiss with our mouths up here. Just letting you get the hang of it.

JEAN

What do you kiss with?

GORDON

Our hair.

JEAN

Oh, God!

I am dead, aren't I?

GORDON

Yes.

JEAN

I suddenly feel very lonely.

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→ DEAD MAN'S CELL PHONE ←

GORDON
You can still listen to the others, you know. Invisible conversation. They're still in the air—listen:

A recording of Jean:

Should I stay with him?

There seems to be no one working at this café.

JEAN

(To Gordon) You can hear cell phones here?

GORDON

Oh, yes. The only communication device God didn't invent was gossip, and that's the most advanced technology to date. It's what they call the music of the spheres—listen—

A cell phone baller.

Beautiful music.

People moving through the rain

with umbrellas, talking into their cell phones,

fragments of lost conversations float up.

Jean listens.

Then, Mrs. Gottlieb enters.

MRS. GOTTLIEB

Of course he has my phone number, he's my son, I'm his mother. Who is this? Gordon?

Mrs. Gottlieb exits.

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JEAN

I heard her voice. On your phone. I thought—what can you tell a mother—about her dead son. I said: have a good day. And then I kept on lying to her, to make up for it.

GORDON

Ah, mother.

She was never so comforting in life as she was in death. If mother did not approve, then mother did not appear to love. Funny. I never knew whether or not my own mother loved me.

JEAN

Oh, she loved you.

Your mother is beside herself with grief.

GORDON

No lies, Jean.

JEAN

No lies. Not that you deserve it.

Your mother said: I see it as my job to mourn him until the day I die.

GORDON

She did?

Jean nods.

How about that: My mother loved me after all.

Gordon's face, aglow from loving his mother best.

JEAN

Gordon—your face is different.

GORDON

How?

JEAN

You look well-loved.

Gordon?

GORDON

Mother?

Gordon disappears.

He is sucked into a cosmic pipeline attached to his mother's hell.

JEAN

Gordon?

Gordon!

A silence.

Jean, alone in the afterlife, an Edward Hopper painting.

It's so quiet.

I'll just call Dwight.

Turn on. Turn on.

Stupid, stupid phone.