

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 sensation 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 some one 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 urinating. Yes, I thought so. My God. — *stop*

~~Where was I? A reading from Charles' Dickens' *Tale of Two Cities*. "A wonderful fact to reflect upon, that every human creature is constituted to be that profound secret and mystery to every other. No more can I turn the leaves of this dear book...than the book should shut, forever, when I had read but a page...My friend is dead, my neighbour 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

MRS.
GOTTLIEB