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SF PERUSALS

Be a Good Little Widow

A FUNERAL

by Bekah Brunstetter

A Samuel French Acting Edition



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BE A GOOD LITTLE WIDOW was first produced by Ars Nova in New York City on May 2, 2011. The performance was directed by Stephen Brackett, with sets by Daniel Zimmerman, costumes by Jessica Pabst, lighting design by Burke Brown, and sound design by Bart Fasbender. The cast was as follows:

MELODY . . . . . Wrenn Schmidt
CRAIG . . . . . Chad Hoeppner
HOPE . . . . . Jill Eikenberry
BRAD . . . . . Jonny Orsini

CHARACTERS

MELODY – a young wife, 26
CRAIG – her slightly older husband, 30
BRAD – Craig's friend and co-worker; Melody's age
HOPE – mid-50s, Craig's mother, a widow since '82

MUSIC

Many ages and many kinds.

I.

(A nice living room. A couch, a coffee table, a TV.)

*(***MELODY** *stands in front of the TV, fork in hand, zoning out.)*

CRAIG. *(voiceover of voicemail)* Hey Mel. I'm on my way home finally I'll be there in – seven to ten minutes – I don't know if you are getting this, you didn't pick up, it's – 7:43 so I'll be there by 8 the latest. Love you. Oh, it's Craig.

*(***CRAIG** *enters, weary from a flight, in the crisp French blue of corporate America.)*

(He rolls a sad black suitcase.)

Hey!

MELODY. Hey!

(She goes to **CRAIG***, kissing him.)*

How was your flight?

CRAIG. Long and stupid.

MELODY. Awwwwwwwww

*(***CRAIG***'s already on his blackberry checking emails, engrossed in it.)*

CRAIG. Sorry – there's this – I just have to check this real fast –

MELODY. You hungry?

CRAIG. Big time.

MELODY. I got Thai!

CRAIG. Score.

MELODY. Pad Thai. Witthhhhhhhh tofu.

CRAIG. Ew.

MELODY. It's good for you!

CRAIG. Fine. What'd you do today?

MELODY. I did stuff today.

CRAIG. I know –

MELODY. There's nothing to do.

CRAIG. There are things to do in Connecticut.

MELODY. I checked out that yoga place!

CRAIG. Yeah was it good?

MELODY. Bunch of old ladies queefing.

(pointing to it, it's hideous)

And I found this lamp!!!

CRAIG. Where?

MELODY. Thrift store!

CRAIG. *Nice!*

MELODY. And I unpacked the last box! It was labeled books but it did not contain books!

CRAIG. Yeah what was in it?

MELODY. Ummm cables and extension cords –
Hold on this bitch is about to get punched –

(Eyes on TV. Punch.)

Nice!

I've seen this one like eight times.

Yeah cables and stuff and I didn't know what to do with it so I put it in the hall closet. Which is kind of like unpacking it.

CRAIG. Thanks for doing that.

MELODY. ALSO I organized my sweaters by color which made me really happy. Which is sad.

CRAIG. Do mine next?

MELODY. It'd take me two minutes. Blue; Gray.

CRAIG. Ahhhhhhhh It's good to be home.

MELODY. For a whole week! You spoil me.

CRAIG. Actually um –
They've got me going to Chicago Monday –
I'm sorry they just dropped it on me –

MELODY. You said you were going to start being gone LESS –

CRAIG. It'll be better after this merger I *promise.*

MELODY. But it's been MORE. You can't just freaking leave / me here

CRAIG. I know, I just – we just have to give it some time!

MELODY. That's what we've been doing!!

CRAIG. Are you pissed?

(beat)

MELODY. I know. It's not your fault.

(beat)

CRAIG. Hey c'mere!

MELODY. What?

*(***CRAIG** *puts his arms around her.* **MELODY** *smiles.)*

CRAIG. I wanna a kiss.

MELODY. I kissed you!

CRAIG. No I want like a real kiss. Like a welcome home kiss.

*(***MELODY** *gives him a kiss, a bit longer and deeper.)*

MELODY. Like that?

CRAIG. Yeah that's better –

MELODY. Better than what?

CRAIG. Nothing.

MELODY. What?

CRAIG. I like the big soft kisses not the / like

MELODY. *(hurt for some reason)* Well sometimes I kiss you and your mouth is all small and tight and it's kind of like I'm trying to make out with a butthole.

CRAIG. Big kiss –

(BIG KISS.)

(He then puts his arms around her, starts to slow dance with her. She's uncomfortable, he's loving it.)

MELODY. Ha what're you doing?

CRAIG. Dancing with my wife in my new house.

(They dance.)

Because I'm actually here for a minute and not in a stinky hotel room or on a plane squished next to some fat mathematician.

MELODY. Was he really that fat?

CRAIG. I don't wanna be a dick or anything but seriously the guy needed two seats.

(He tries to twirl her. It doesn't work.)

MELODY. If we're gonna do this we need music.

(She separates from him, mutes the TV, dashes to her iPod, pink and on a dock, and selects something like Louis Armstrong – "When We are Dancing, I get Ideas.*)*

CRAIG. What's this?

MELODY. Louis Armstrong!

CRAIG. Ohhhhh yeah!

MELODY. I downloaded a bunch!

(She returns to him. They dance, a bit better.)

(But the moment is not nearly as romantic as the music, as it never can be.)

MELODY. I'm hungry.

CRAIG. Just another minute.

MELODY. This song makes me feel like I'm in love.

CRAIG. You're not?

MELODY. No I am, just like moreso.

(They dance.)

Music helps you access your emotions. If you're having trouble – accessing an emotion generally, a song will take you there.

CRAIG. You know what?

I think you'd be an awesome therapist.

---

*See Music Use Note on Page 3.

MELODY. Stop it –

CRAIG. What?

MELODY. You don't have to like suggest careers for me –

CRAIG. I know! I didn't say anything!

MELODY. I'm going to do something / I just don't know what for yet okay?

CRAIG. I was just saying

MELODY. I'm only three years outta college it's normal for a person to take some / time to

CRAIG. Maybe my Mom could help you get into real estate?

MELODY. Gross, no.

CRAIG. We gotta have her over for dinner soon or she's just gonna show up. With dinner.

MELODY. I just – want the place to be ready.

CRAIG. It looks great!

MELODY. Yeah?

CRAIG. She's gonna love it.

(He kisses her. Tries to start something.)

MELODY. Weird.

CRAIG. What?

MELODY. Don't talk about your mom then try and make out with me.

(Beat. They separate.)

Should we eat now, or –

CRAIG. Yeah! I gotta drop a load off first. Drop the kids off at the pool.

MELODY. I hate it when you say that.

CRAIG. You love it.

MELODY. Just use the spray.

CRAIG. I will.

(beat)

MELODY. Love you!

CRAIG. Love you.

(The music and its romance swell, but there they are, standing apart from each other, looking at each other like strangers.)

(Transition. **HOPE** *arrives for dinner. Stands with* **MELODY***, inspecting the room.)*

(An uncomfortable silence.)

HOPE. Is there – I thought there was a fireplace?

MELODY. No –

HOPE. I *love* my fireplace, it is HEAVEN. My fireplace and a good book and a nice glass of a Bordeaux.

MELODY. Yeah – no fireplace!
Great weather! We've been having.

HOPE. Yes! Except for all of the rain!

MELODY. Right! Yes! It's been raining!

HOPE. Craig loves the rain.

MELODY. Yeah, he does.

(beat)

I like it! It like never rains in Colorado.

HOPE. Yes! It was very dry at the wedding. The air was quite dry.

MELODY. I got some rain boots, they're fun.

(beat)

HOPE. *(getting an idea)* You know what?
My friend Naomi from jazzercise! She has a daughter your age. She does – I think she's dentist? Or works for a dentist?
I'm going to give her your phone number.

MELODY. Aw – that's really sweet / but

HOPE. You'll have lunch! You'll make friends!

MELODY. Okay!

*(***CRAIG** *enters from kitchen.)*

CRAIG. How was the drive?

HOPE. Terrible traffic on 84. I left a bit late, the League coat drive ran late –

CRAIG. *(to* **MELODY***)* Mom's huge in the Widow's League, super active –

MELODY. I remember!

HOPE. It's just something I do!

CRAIG. She's a total asset, they wouldn't EXIST without her.

HOPE. We received DOUBLE the coat donations this year. DOUBLE.

MELODY. That's great!

CRAIG. You shoulda taken 91, shave off 20 minutes!

HOPE. But 84 is much more scenic, God that view of the river I could just eat it for LUNCH! Remember when we used to take that drive to your grandmother's?

MELODY. I'm so excited to finally have you over Mom!

*(***HOPE** *grimaces at the word, as does* **MELODY** *a little bit.)*

CRAIG. It's true, she's been freaking out / getting the place ready for you to see!

MELODY. I haven't been freaking out –

HOPE. Awwww, you don't have to make a fuss over little old me!

MELODY. I just wanted it to look nice for you.

HOPE. Awwww. Isn't that – that's so sweet.

(Beat. **MELODY** *waits for* **HOPE** *to compliment her house, but she doesn't.)*

MELODY. Your home is *so* beautiful I just…you have such beautiful taste!

HOPE. Awww – thank you –

(Beat. **HOPE** *looks around the room.)*

It is *such* a lovely little house! It's smaller than I remember.

CRAIG. C'mon Mom it's not *that* small –

HOPE. *(a Hope joke)* Where will you fit the grandchildren?

MELODY. The hall closet!

*(***CRAIG** *laughs,* **HOPE** *does not.)*

CRAIG. She's kidding.

HOPE. Well it's *very* cozy. Like a little fairy tale.

CRAIG. I think she did a fantastic job.

HOPE. Very eclectic. Like a movie set!

MELODY. What kind of movie?

HOPE. You know one where there's – things. In the house.
Honey is your stomach still bothering you?

CRAIG. No it's better!

MELODY. What's wrong with / your stomach?

HOPE. You've got to keep an eye on him.

MELODY. I – I do –

HOPE. You might have a wheat allergy! So many people these days are allergic to wheat!

CRAIG. I'm fine, it was just a / little

HOPE. Well I'm going to talk to my allergist for you.

MELODY. Should I put some music on?

HOPE. If you'd like! I'm enjoying the quiet.

MELODY. Sometimes I can hear silence.

*(***HOPE** *nods, trying to agree.)*

HOPE. Well I *loved* the band at your wedding! So romantic, the slow songs –
It was fortunate you found a band, so quickly!
It all happened so quickly!

(beat)

Craig called me and said you were engaged and I thought *April Fools!!!!*

CRAIG. It was April *second,* Mom –

HOPE. I'd only met you the one time! So. But I was very happy.
Very happy.
So nice to have you back where you belong.

CRAIG. I know, it's great!

HOPE. You know what I was remembering?!

CRAIG. Oh God, what –

HOPE. When we played *circus?*

CRAIG. Ahh c'mon – that's just mean!

HOPE. He was in the backyard in a tutu – *I am in a Circus – I am in a Circus –*

MELODY. Ah – haha –

CRAIG. She always remembers this, I don't remember this –

HOPE. I'll never forget it.

MELODY. I used to pretend like I was homeless!

(Beat.)

HOPE. So what's for dinner, it smells *delicious!*

MELODY. I roasted a chicken. There is also a salad.

HOPE. That sounds just gorgeous!! Do you like to cook?

MELODY. Yeah I love it, I kind of just throw stuff together though, I'm not so much into recipes, I usually just – but I love that cookbook you gave me for Christmas. I love that!

There's a Whole Foods down the – I love Whole Foods.

(beat)

*(***MELODY** *sits back down on the couch.)*

See can you hear that?

CRAIG. What?

MELODY. Silence!

HOPE. I hear the dishwasher?

MELODY. We don't have a dishwasher.

HOPE. How can you not have a dishwasher?

MELODY. I'm the dishwasher!

I'm just usually broken!

(Beat. **HOPE** *puts a hand on* **CRAIG***'s knee.)*

HOPE. What time's your flight tomorrow?

CRAIG. Ungodly, 6 AM.

HOPE. Craig! How do they expect you to function?! That's ridiculous!

CRAIG. I'm a pro!

MELODY. He is a pro he's got like a whole / system

CRAIG. Then the next day, Detroit.

HOPE. Oh heavens why?

MELODY. That's what I / said

HOPE. Then Chicago then back home to the wife for a whole week!

MELODY. He calls me 'The Wife.'

CRAIG. She likes it.

MELODY. I do!

HOPE. It's a big word to live up to!

MELODY. Yes it is!

HOPE. When you pack him tonight, make sure he has plenty of socks. My boy has sweaty feet!

MELODY. When I p –

HOPE. When you pack him. Tonight.

(beat)

MELODY. May I offer you some brie?

HOPE. No thank you, dear.

MELODY. Okay.

(beat)

Why not?

HOPE. Pardon?

CRAIG. Saving room for dinner, huh?

HOPE. Indigestion.

MELODY. You *love* brie. Craig said it was your favorite.

HOPE. That was very sweet of you! It just looks a little – under-ripe.

CRAIG. *(to* **MELODY***)* The, um. You're supposed to take it outta the fridge, a few hours before.

HOPE. At least three hours before.

MELODY. *(to* **CRAIG***)* Why didn't you tell me?

CRAIG. I thought you already did!

MELODY. Well I didn't, I wish you had told me –

HOPE. I'm just going to the little girl's room. Wash my hands.

I'll give you two a moment.

MELODY. We don't need a moment.

HOPE. But I do have to use the restroom.

MELODY. Right down the hall, first door on the left – there's plenty of everything!

HOPE. Thank you.

*(***HOPE** *goes.)*

*(***CRAIG** *watches* **MELODY**.*)*

CRAIG. …*What?*

MELODY. Oh my God.

CRAIG. What?

MELODY. These pillows suck – why did I get these pillows – When I PACK you?!

CRAIG. Why are you freaking out??

MELODY. Your mom hates me!!

CRAIG. She does not */ hate*

MELODY. Okay well she doesn't like me very much.

CRAIG. Yes she does!!

MELODY. She doesn't.

Which really isn't fair because SOME people think I am *awesome.*

CRAIG. I think you're awesome.

MELODY. You're required to, by law.

CRAIG. Nope, it's my choice.

MELODY. She'll like me. She just has to get to know me.

CRAIG. Just be yourself.

MELODY. What is that?

CRAIG. ….What?

MELODY. Tell me what to be, and I'll be that.

*(***HOPE** *re-emerges, sniffing the air.)*

HOPE. Is something burning?

MELODY. Oh crap –

Excuse me –

*(***MELODY** *beelines for the kitchen.)*

*(***HOPE** *joins* **CRAIG** *on the couch.* **CRAIG** *puts his arm around her.)*

(a crash from the kitchen)

CRAIG. *(off)* You okay baby?

MELODY *(offstage)* Yeah I'm good! Sorry!

*(***HOPE** *smiles.)*

CRAIG. …What?

HOPE. She *is* a baby.

CRAIG. *Stop.*

HOPE. I ran into Stephanie's mother –

CRAIG. Ahhh –

HOPE. She's still not seeing anyone.

I don't think she ever got over you.

(beat)

I still think about her sometimes. Stephanie.

CRAIG. Well I don't. So – don't.

(beat)

HOPE. Are you happy?

CRAIG. Very much.

HOPE. You sure?

(beat)

CRAIG. *Yes.*

HOPE. Then so am I.

(lights)

*(***HOPE** *is gone.)*

(In the dark, the sun comes up. Very early in the morning.)

*(***CRAIG***, in suit, comes in with a suitcase, finishing a cup of coffee.)*

*(***MELODY** *comes in sleepily.)*

(He kisses her goodbye.)

*(***MELODY** *stands alone in the house.)*

(Lights shift to day.)

II.

(Still in sleep clothes, She's sitting next to one of the boxes, sifting through it listlessly.)

*(She goes to her iPod and selects a country song in the style of Dixie Chick's "*Cowboy Take Me Away"*)*

*(***MELODY** *starts to cry, but it is sort of childish and pouty and small.)*

(She gives up, goes to the couch. Sits. Reaches for her phone. Calls.)

MELODY. *(on phone)* Hey Dad! What are you doing?

Oh yeah? What kind? YUM. With pecans? *(She laughs.)* What's Mom doing?

This morning I invented 'pizza omelet!' Yeah and then it's rolled up like a 'breakfast calzone.'

(Tears come to her eyes.)

No, Craig's good, he's fine, I don't know, he's just never here

But I'm okay.

No, I'm not crying. I'm fine! I'm *fine.*

Go to work.

Love you. Bye.

*(***MELODY** *exits upstairs to her room, we hear voice-mails.)*

CRAIG. *(singing).*

I LOVE YOU MELODY
OH YES I DO
WHEN I'M NOT WITH YOU
I'M BLUE

Hey. We haven't taken off, we're delayed like two hours now, I just wanna get back to you.

And I think I left my iPod at home, is it there? Also there's no wireless and I gotta get this proposal in so Brad's gonna come over and grab it off my desktop, okay?

---

*Please see Music Use Note on Page 3.

Love you. Oh, it's Craig.

(Sound: Beep.)

MELODY. Hey.

You don't have to say "I love you its Craig" anymore cause I know your voice. Okay? And you don't have to – I mean *thank you* for doing it but you don't have to update me every second, it's stressing me out, I know you'll get here when you get here, okay?

(Sound: Beep.)

CRAIG. I'm not trying to update you every second I'm sorry I just, I thought you'd want to know. So I was just telling you.

We're taking off now.

Bye.

(Lights shift to:)

*(***MELODY***, watching TV.)*

(She is doing yoga on the floor.)

(The TV screen goes out. She futzes with the cable box, turning it on and off.)

(The doorbell rings.)

*(***MELODY** *lets in* **BRAD***, younger and hotter than Craig. Dark, slightly brooding, delicious. Craig's paralegal. He wears workout clothes.)*

(There is subtle tension between them, of the sexy variety. Chemistry, clearly.)

MELODY. Hey Brad.

BRAD. Hey, sorry –

MELODY. Hey! It's okay, come in! How's it going?

BRAD. Good!

Just got grab this thing off / Craig's

MELODY. Yeah, he told me.

BRAD. We're working on this huge merger and then maybe I'll sleep?

MELODY. Overrated!

BRAD. So where's the –

MELODY. Oh, upstairs. On the left.

*(***BRAD** *goes upstairs.)*

*(***MELODY** *goes back to her mat, stretches. Aware of her shape, her pose.)*

*(***BRAD** *comes back downstairs. Watches her stretch. He exhales. Clears his throat.)*

BRAD. Hey – so – I'm done –

*(***MELODY** *gets out of her pose.)*

MELODY. Oh, cool!

BRAD. Have you guys tried Bikram?

MELODY. Not yet but I totally want to!

BRAD. There's a *great* center downtown.

MELODY. Yeah?

BRAD. Yeah and it's so, so intense. The sweat – *mobilizes* you. You're slippery like a baby. And you go through the things, and time flies and you come out at the end and it's like you've been fucking or crying for eight years.

MELODY. That sounds amazing!

BRAD. Yeah it totally is.

(beat)

I really liked talking to you. At that thing.

MELODY. Yeah me too!

BRAD. God I hate those things.

MELODY. Me *too!* Well at first I'm like, yay, excuse to wear a dress! But then an hour in my feet hurt and everyone's talking about refinancing their mortgages and I'm just really confused.

Craig bought this house, isn't that crazy?

BRAD. *So* crazy.

MELODY. *(smiling)* I got a little drunk at the thing.

BRAD. A little?

MELODY. I got medium a lot drunk.

BRAD. Me too. Um, we were wasted.

MELODY. Yes! Yes we were!

BRAD. It's the only way to make it through those things without inexplicably bursting into tears or killing yourself.

MELODY. Totally.

I was thinking the other day about that thing you said. About Tibetan Buddhists?

BRAD. Ah! You remember!

MELODY. I remember some parts! Of our conversation!

BRAD. Yeah about how they – um – contemplate their own deaths on a daily basis.

MELODY. Yeah and then this makes them less afraid.

BRAD. Yeah –

MELODY. That's so powerful –

BRAD. I watched a documentary online. I don't personally know any Tibetan Buddhists.

MELODY. That's okay!

BRAD. So you stoked for Craig to come back? Tonight, right?

MELODY. Oh, yeah! Yes.

His flight was super delayed so.

BRAD. He's freaking out, isn't he?

MELODY. How'd you know?

BRAD. Once he was running like ten minutes late for a meeting and he almost had a panic attack.

MELODY. Yeah, he does that!

BRAD. He's a great guy. He's a great guy to work for.

(beat)

So you having a better time?

MELODY. What?

BRAD. At the party, you said *I hate it here* –

MELODY. I did?

BRAD. Yep –

MELODY. Nah, I'm fine.
It's just kind of – it's just hard to be so far from home. And it's – you know it's an okay town / but

BRAD. Whoa, don't talk shit about my hometown!

MELODY. Oh sorry

BRAD. I'm totally kidding, I fucking hate it here.

MELODY. I should give it a chance, I haven't given it much of chance.

BRAD. Everyone's pretty lame. I mean like really good people.
But lame.

MELODY. I should make friends.

BRAD. *(fucking with her)* Yeah you should.

MELODY. *(cute, kidding)* Will you be my friend?

BRAD. Maybe.

MELODY. We could go rollerskating.

BRAD. We could get drunk and then also go rollerskating.

MELODY. Well wait, what're you doing here if you don't like it?

BRAD. *(shrugging, slightly embarrassed)* Yeah – My dad's a partner at the firm – so –

MELODY. Ah –

BRAD. Yeah so he got me the job, it's just paralegal bullshit, I'm just – just trying to figure out what I really want to do. Then I'm out.

MELODY. You don't belong in an office, you belong on a *boat.*

BRAD. Like what kind of boat?

MELODY. Like a dingy, sailing around the world.

BRAD. How'd you know?

MELODY. I just do. Also, You're meant to grow a beard.

BRAD. I had the most EPIC beard, in college.

(beat)

MELODY. Guess what, I think I have a brain tumor!

BRAD. No shit! Don't die!

MELODY. I have this pain thing in my ear. This stabbing pain. I went to braintumor.org.

BRAD. What it'd say?

MELODY. *(kind of joking)* I don't think I have one really. If I did I'd be seizing.

BRAD. *(smiling with her)* I'm sure you don't.

MELODY. Craig thinks I'm crazy.

Welp. I should probably get 'dinner on.'

BRAD. What're you making?

MELODY. Oh by get dinner on I definitely meant call a foreigner and ask him or her to bring it to me in containers. That I feel really bad about throwing away.

BRAD. Yeah me too. It's like really wasteful.

MELODY. So I stack them in a cabinet and every time I open the cabinet and look at all the containers I kind of want to die.

I suck at taking care of him.

BRAD. He can take care of himself!

MELODY. That's what *I* say! But his freakin mom –

BRAD. Ah, I met her – total Mayberry –

MELODY. I know, right?!

But she hates me. Or I hate her. I don't even know anymore.

Oh my God why am I telling you this?

I feel like I haven't talked to anyone in real life in 3 days. Wait, I haven't.

BRAD. You can talk to me.

(Beat. **MELODY** *lets go.)*

MELODY. Ahhhhhhhh I don't know if it's just being HERE or –

He's got this hoodie. Like his undergrad hoodie. It's got parmesan cheese crusted on the cuffs and it smells like balls and he won't wash it.

MELODY. He makes jokes but they're like: *what's a guy gotta do around here to get a blowjob?* And he's kidding, but he's not, And I'm like *you're* a blowjob!

Honestly sometimes I'd kind of rather just watch TV.

BRAD. Personally I'd always pick the blowjob.

MELODY. Yeah you would.

BRAD. What?

MELODY. Ha. Um.

BRAD. I'm sure marriage is like – super intense.

MELODY. It is but it's good.

(beat)

It's just different now.

(Beat. **MELODY** *is getting upset, flooded with honesty.)*

I look at him and it's like: who're you? Who is this person I sleep next to every night? You know what I mean?

BRAD. Totally.

MELODY. Do you have / a

BRAD. No but I totally know what you mean. About intimacy.

MELODY. You wanna get married?

BRAD. *(kidding)* You're married to my boss – awkward –

MELODY. No I mean in GENERAL.

BRAD. No, I mean maybe, like in my 30's or 40's? Once I'm ready?

MELODY. Yeah.

BRAD. Emotionally prepared.

(beat)

Not that you're *not* like ready I didn't / mean

MELODY. No, I know.

BRAD. Well I guess I better head out –

MELODY. Hey you know anything about cable boxes?

BRAD. Maybe?

MELODY. My 'box' is broken. Ha! I'm funny.

BRAD. Yeah you are!

*(***BRAD** *laughs.)*

Let's see here –

(He puts down his stuff, crouches in front of the TV.)

I think we just gotta re-boot it – this little button – c'mere, see?

*(***MELODY** *joins him.)*

(He presses a button. They sit close together, looking at the box.)

*(***BRAD** *looks at her.)*

(They look at each other. A moment. Will they kiss? Seriously? But - the cable box pops back on. Sound of bad TV.)

*(***BRAD** *pulls away, clears his throat.)*

Ahhhh – well –

You just gotta reboot the box, if it does that –

MELODY. Okay.....

(They both stand.)

BRAD. *(with voice)* I don't think you'll be having any future interruptions. Ma'am.

MELODY. Thanks – cable man, sir –

(beat)

BRAD. I should / probably go

MELODY. You don't have to –

BRAD. Yeah but I probably should.

*(***BRAD** *goes.* **MELODY** *sits on the couch. Looks at her phone. She turns back to the TV. Flips channels. Stops.)*

*(***MELODY***'s eyes focus on the TV screen. They grow wide. Bigger than wide. She puts a hand to her mouth.)*

Oh my God – Oh my God Oh my God –

(She reaches for her phone.)

(From the TV:)

NEWS. *(droning)* At least 50 passengers were killed when a commuter plane originating in Chicago crashed into a home in the suburbs of Albany. The crash occurred just moments after the pilots lost communication with air traffic controllers. The aircraft began a sudden nosedive just after 9:30 pm, then hit a home and burst into flames, according to witnesses.

MELODY. Please pick up Craig please pick up –

*(***MELODY** *remains, crouched in front of the TV, eyes glued to the flickering footage.)*

(Night falls.)

(The sound of an airplane crashing into a house.)

*(***MELODY** *stays glued to the TV, sitting in front of it in a crumpled mess on the floor.)*

(She can't take her eyes off of it.)

(She sobs, or tries, but it gets stuck in her throat.)

(She scoots closer to the TV, watches, obsessed.)

(The sun comes up.)

*(***HOPE***, poised but damaged, comes in through the front door.)*

(She spots **MELODY***.)*

(goes to her, pulls her to her feet)

*(***MELODY** *is limp.* **HOPE** *helps her stand.)*

*(***MELODY** *leans on* **HOPE***, starts to sob.* **HOPE** *lets this happen, pats her gingerly.)*

(pulls **MELODY** *away from her, pushes hair out of her face)*

*(***HOPE** *leads* **MELODY** *offstage.)*

*(***HOPE** *returns and surveys the room. Begins to clean.)*

III.

(The living room, later the next day. **HOPE** *sits on the couch. She is a bit somber, but poised. She has a neat legal pad with a massive list.)*

HOPE. I've booked First Presbyterian for Sunday.

Good thing they were free. It's a lovely church, there's a real pipe organ. A place by the altar where folks can donate flowers. Lilies, azaleas.

The pastor, it was his father that baptized Craig.

(A moment. **HOPE** *starts to cry because no one is looking. She stops. She clears her throat. She tries to relate to* **MELODY**.*)*

We *would* be picking out the casket, his best suit.

With Craig's father he had gotten – he had gotten so THIN I – I had a new one made.

But there's –

there's not as much to do *now* with no body.

It's – it's unfortunate.

That there won't be a body.

*(***MELODY** *emerges in an awful black dress. Her eyes are red but her chin is high. She is stunned.)*

MELODY. Is this black black enough?

Is it gray, or is it black?

HOPE. Yes. That's black.

MELODY. I feel like a lesbian.

HOPE. It's not the prom, dear.

MELODY. This is my first funeral.

It's the only funeral I've ever been to.

HOPE. That dress will suffice.

(back to her list)

We'll have the lunch at my home after the service.

MELODY. Shouldn't we have it here?

HOPE. Dear, really, are you in any shape to host a lunch? Please, let / me

MELODY. Craig loved this house. This is his house.

HOPE. But my house is much more central for the guests.

MELODY. He'd want to do it here.

(beat)

HOPE. Fine.
I'll have the cleaners come by Saturday so we should straighten up first.

MELODY. What do we do now?

HOPE. Well we have a service to plan.
Did you speak with your parents?

MELODY. They're trying to get a flight – they got four feet of snow, the airports closed –

HOPE. Hopefully they'll make it by Sunday.

MELODY. Can we wait for them? If they can't –

HOPE. I'm sorry but it can't wait.

(beat)

We have to do it Sunday. It's the only day the church is available.

MELODY. I can make a playlist. For the service. I've been making it in my head, the songs he liked –

(She goes to grab it. It's a bright blue to her pink.)

HOPE. I've already hired an organist.

MELODY. Maybe we could put out all of the candies and stuff he liked, Little Debbie nutty bars! Skittles! And sour patch kids!

HOPE. Craig doesn't eat trash like that.

MELODY. Um, yes he did. Those are his favorites. He hid them in his car.

HOPE. *(flustered)* You can't serve CANDY at a funeral. What would people think?

MELODY. They'd be like: yay! Candy!

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