

JEANNETTE. We want people drinking and dancing and howling at the moon. We want them to have such a righteously good time that they all roll home and make mad-dog love. We want babies made out of this party. Right, Babe?

NEIL. That's right.

DINAH. When is this happening?

JEANNETTE. Two weeks from Sunday.

DINAH. Oh gosh. That's so soon. Oh Neil...

NEIL. It's all right, Cousin, I'm more than ready.

DINAH. Oh Sweetheart. Jeannette, listen. I want you to know that any time you want to call me up – the middle of the night, I don't care – even if you just need someone to listen to you sob your heart out, I'll be there. Do you promise that you'll call me?

JEANNETTE. Sure.

DINAH. We're family. Friends will make time for you, but only up to a certain point. Everyone rallied around Bill and me when Cindy was killed but once the memorial service was over they all wanted to get back to their own lives and I don't blame them. But the fact is, we're childless now and we're out of the club. Not that anyone's really snubbing us. We still get invited to the barbecues and such. And Thanksgiving, I'm sure one of the families will take us in. They'll sit us next to the old folks who've been sprung for the day from the convalescent home. But even the old coots will be better off than us because they'll be surrounded by their children and all their darling grandchildren and we'll be sitting there listening to Cindy's old friends talk about their new jobs and their wonderful fiancés. And no one will talk about our girl except maybe to mention her at grace – "Let us all remember Cindy and keep her in our hearts." And I'll thank them all for remembering her and Bill will take my hand and say something grateful as well, even though what we'd

really like to do is to stand up and push the table over on the whole damn bunch of them, send the cranberry sauce and the gravy flying...

JEANNETTE. Maybe it's time for some new friends.

DINAH. Well, that's why we joined this church. They opened up their arms to us and said, "Come on in!" Bill is happy as can be, but frankly I can't stand the minister. He keeps talking about "God's wisdom" and how wonderful God was to sacrifice His only son to save us from our sins. Well, what kind of father would abandon his beautiful, peace-loving boy to a bunch of Roman sadists, to let him be tortured and humiliated and let him die in such a horrible, horrible way. Oh, and then what He did to Abraham – telling that poor man to slit his child's throat to show his devotion, and then, whoops, just kidding! I'm sorry, but that's the most twisted, hateful thing I ever heard. I love the son, I do, I love the son but I cannot stand the father. I'm sorry, I know I'm supposed to love both of them, but I just can't go there right now.

(a beat)

Am I high?

JEANNETTE. I think you might be there, Hon.

(JEANNETTE and NEIL are laughing)

DINAH. Was it like this for you the first time?

JEANNETTE. No, but I wish it was.

DINAH. Where's Bill?

JEANNETTE. I see him, he's taking a walk.

DINAH. Oh good, he likes to explore...oh Neil.

NEIL. Oh Dinah.

DINAH. Why do all the good people have to die?

NEIL. The bad ones die too. There're just more of them to go around.

DINAH. Oh, Neil.

NEIL. Oh, Dinah.