

NOTES

Mourning Love may be performed as either a Dramatic Interpretation or as a personal narrative and be entered in Prose Interpretation. This beautiful, love story should be performed by a female, who is adept at playing humor, as well as drama. Humor plays an important part in this story. It is important for the audience to like the character, in order to empathize with her at the end of the performance. If performing this in Prose Interpretation, the drama masks serve as suggestions as to when to turn the pages of the manuscript. The character is American; however, the story could lend itself to a *Shirley Valentine*-esque quality, if so desired.

This morning, on my way to work, I was driving by a cemetery, and they were having graveside services. Nothing unusual so far, right? But here's the thing...there were only two people there. I figured one of them had to be a minister, so that left only *one* person to mourn for the dearly departed. Okay, so maybe the deceased wasn't so *dear*, after all, but *come on*...one person at a *funeral*? It's sad enough when someone dies, but I think it is *equally* sad if there's no one who *cares* if you died. Driving down the road right then and there, I had an *epiphany*. I have *decided* that on my days off... I will attend *funerals*.



Okay, attending funerals might not sound *normal* to the average person, *but*... for a *single* girl with *no* social life...I figure it will *at least* get me out of the house. My day off is two days from now. After work today, I stopped by a newsstand and got the daily paper. There were *fourteen* people listed in the obituaries, and *four* of them have a funeral on my day off. Now the hard part. Choosing *which* funeral to attend. My choices are: Morgan Freeman, a retired insurance salesman, *not the actor*, with six lines of surviving relatives; Sally Kensington, a salon stylist. Don't you know she'd be picky about who does *her* hair for the funeral! Dylan Moore, age six...I just don't think I could attend the funeral of a child so young; and Carl Stewart, survived by three grandchildren. Well, it seems my choice is made. Carl Stewart, I will see *you* on Thursday.



The funeral was very moving today. *And* there were a *lot* of people in attendance. It seems that Mr. Stewart was a very active man. He was very involved in his *church*, so there were a lot of *parishioners* there. And I

couldn't be sure, but it seemed like all three of his grandchildren were there as well. All in all, I'd say Carl Stewart left quite a *legacy* behind. There were lots of tears, dozens of beautiful floral arrangements, and four people that I had *never* met...*bugged* me.



Today I went to the funeral of a woman who once designed perfume in Paris. I forget her name, but supposedly, when she was in her twenties, decades ago, she worked as a chemist and designed perfumes worn by many of the famous, glamorous women around the world. *Everything* in her funeral consisted of *pinks* and *creams*. It looked like the set of a movie! And everyone there seemed to be *very aware* that I didn't belong, but each time someone looked or stared at me, I just bowed my head in mourning... said a little prayer for her...then looked up and admired *all* of the pink roses. I kept thinking to myself, "She's probably looking down on all of us right now and saying to herself, "*Who* is that *girl* wearing that *awful*, knock-off, *White Diamonds* by Elizabeth Taylor?"



I may not go to a funeral tomorrow. It's supposed to thunderstorm, and I have been battling a cold. I'll wait until the morning to make my decision, but right now? I'm staying in bed and reading a little *Judith Krantz*...



Even though I'm not a hundred percent *well*, I decided to go to the funeral of a Mr. Earl Watkins. It rained cats and dogs this morning, but by mid-morning, the skies cleared up and I decided that getting out *might* make me feel better. And it did. Trust me. *It did*. I got to the service just after it started, so I had to take a seat on the last row. Like I said, I still wasn't a hundred percent, and my nose was running, so all in all, I definitely *looked* like I belonged there. My nose has been beet red for three days, and as I was trying to quietly blow my nose, the man next to me leaned over and asked if I was one of Mr. Watkins' former students. I looked at him, not knowing *what* to say, and said, "Yes. Yes, I was." He asked how long ago. I said, "I was his student five years ago." He then scooted over closer to me and whispered in my ear, "*Liar*." Then he just kept staring at me and smiling. After I give him this *what-did-you-just-say-to-me look*, he *leans* over one last time and says, "Earl Watkins retired eleven years ago." Caught, I just turned my face *straight-ahead*, listened to the eulogies, and as is customary for *me*, said a prayer for the dearly departed. After Mr. Watkins' funeral was over, I headed straight to my car...only to be followed by...*you guessed it*... by *Mr. Sherlock Holmes* himself. "How did you know him?" he asks. Wanting nothing more than to *leave*, I decided to tell the *truth*. "I didn't," I said. "I go to funerals on my