

NARRATOR: It was the first time the woman had been to church since she was a little girl. A nameless longing had been growing inside her, and it made the memories of praying and singing in church sweet. So she had gathered her courage, put on what she hoped were church clothes, and walked into the lobby. She wanted to catch someone's eye and be welcomed.

(Elder enters R. She will go center and catch sight of Guy as he enters L. She looks him up and down with disapproval. They will circle one another in an unfriendly fashion and end up in their original positions, facing away from each other. Husband will enter on the last sentence of the next section of narration.)

One of the elders entered, a warm, wise person whose empty nest could have been a paradise for the lonely newcomer. But their eyes didn't meet. The elder was distracted by a young man. *(Guy enters here.)* He was one of those creative, all embracing people who could have erased the visitor's anxiety in a minute or two, but his eyes locked instead on the elder. *(They circle here.)* The visitor watched. She eavesdropped.

HUSBAND: *(Joining his wife R)* There you are. What's wrong? You look upset.

ELDER: *(Glancing over at the Guy)* How can someone come to church looking like that? I don't understand.

HUSBAND: *(Following her gaze)* He's not even wearing any shoes.

ELDER: Isn't it just basic that if you're going to come to church you dress to show respect for God? People have always done that. There's no reverence anymore!

HUSBAND: *(Taking her arm and heading toward the upstage exit)* I know. My Father used to inspect us at the door. We had to shine our shoes, brush our coats, wash behind our ears...

FRIEND: *(They exit as Friend enters L and joins Guy.)* Hey, what's going on?

GUY: *(Looking offstage after the elder.)* I just got the evil eye from that old lady. She hates me, I can tell.

FRIEND: *(Looking in the same direction.)* What's her problem with you?

