

Someone comes up to Aida and hugs her, handing her a black veil, which she puts on and takes her place in the front pew.

Music begins. Bert is giving a eulogy.

"WE'RE GONNA FLY (REPRISE)"

BERT

Before Nash and me was "Williams and Walker," we was "Walker and Williams." We changed it, you see, when we decided that I'd make a better comic and George a better straight man. But in my mind, really, from the day we started to the day he died, we was always "Walker and Williams." George wasn't just my partner; he was the soul of our act. He was the only one between us with any business sense.

(The audience snickers a bit.)

You see? You all know it's true. He was also the only one to ever really see our worth, see that we were worthy of first-class theatres, worthy of good pay, worthy of Broadway, worthy of...of being treated like men. He saw it, and for him, it was just a matter of time till the rest of the world saw it too.

(sings)

AND THEN WE FLEW HIGHER.
WE DARED TO TOUCH THE SKY.
AND WHEN WE FLEW HIGHER,
HE WAS THE REASON WHY.
HE SAW OUR FUTURE CRYSTAL CLEAR;
AND THAT'S HOW WE GOT HERE.
I ALWAYS FLEW HIGHER
WHEN HE WAS NEAR.

Everyone rises and makes their way past the open casket, looking in on George, walking past, hugging Aida, and walking off.

CHORUS

AND WE ALL FLEW HIGHER.
WE DARED TO TOUCH THE SKY.
AND WE ALL FLEW HIGHER,
BECAUSE YOU WERE NEARBY.
YOU SAID YOU SAW WHAT WE COULD DO.
YOU MADE US SEE IT TOO.
AND WE'RE GONNA FLY HIGHER
WE'LL FLY HIGHER
THINKING OF YOU.

Blackout.