EULOGY REVIEWS

Los Angeles Times

L.A. Times: Mourning and dissecting Daddy

An amiable mixture of sass and sympathy attends "The Eulogy" at Beverly Hills Playhouse. As a not-so-grieving daughter who goes from rant to catharsis at her father's funeral, actress-writer Brynn Thayer delivers the goods as far as her solo premise permits.

The situation is basic. We are at the service for a deceased former Navy commander and Cabinet member whose flag-draped coffin rests at center stage. Thayer arrives at the lectern, svelte, enervated and ready to eulogize Dad.

Actually, she dissects him, in a circuitous, violets-and-vitriol fashion. Such as when Thayer calls out Candy, her father's trophy-girl mistress, while pointing out Mom down front. Or her entreaty of an attendee to place a cellphone call to Bobby Don, the absent family friend whose perceived betrayal led to SEC criminal charges and imprisonment.

Of course, it's as much about the mourner as the departed, and Thayer draws on an impressive vocal range and seriocomic timing as she jockeys between confidential intimacy and arm's-length restraint. Biographical references, such as Thayer's soap opera career -- "I was playing an ex-nun, whose husbands kept dying mysteriously" -- give her monologue a tantalizing bite of veracity. However, "The Eulogy" is at its most interesting when Thayer's bone-dry quips halt, her eyes fixed far beyond us, and the palpable warring emotions silence the room.

First-time director Michael Learned keeps this sardonic showcase spare, funny and accessible. It could stand some rethinking on wisecracks and a bit more soul-baring specificity at the climax, which does not yet carry the textual stakes to mirror Thayer's histrionic reach. Still, "The Eulogy" presents a singular talent in peak form, and playgoers with paternal issues will likely relate.

David C. Nichols

"The Eulogy," Beverly Hills Playhouse, 254 S. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills. 8p.m. Saturdays. Ends April 5. \$15. (310) 358-9936. Running time: 55 minutes.