

Nick 1

NUNZIO. I want a really big piece!

AIDA. Don't announce anything yet, Nicholas.

NICK. Nan! (*Aida rushes into the kitchen.*)

EMMA. Oh Nicky, here, before I forget — I got you a mass card.

NICK. Mass card? Aren't these for sick people?

EMMA. Two Thursdays from now, the 7:30 mass at St. Anne's will be said for you —

NICK. Why?

EMMA. — in hopes you meet a girl to marry.

NICK. And the priest agreed to this?

FRANK. Hey, go to the mass, maybe you'll meet her there.

NUNZIO. If you go, Nicky, whatever you do, don't talk to Father Vincenzo.

EMMA. Not with Father Vincenzo again!

NUNZIO. Hey, fifteen years ago, him and I had a big falling out!

FRANK. About what?

Start

NUNZIO. I don't know. I just remember being right! (*Aida enters and distributes the cake and coffee.*)

AIDA. Okay, here we are —

NICK. Thank God. Can I start now?!

FRANK. Wait! I feel a draft.

EMMA. Me, too. What's open?

NICK. It's a hundred and ten degrees in here!

NUNZIO. We're old, we're chilly.

AIDA. (*Closing the window.*) Oh my lord, I forgot all about it!

NICK. Good thing you got that, Nan. For a moment, you almost let air seep into the room! All right, does everyone have their crumb cake? Does everyone have their coffee? Is anyone disturbed by any unbearable drafts?! (*Nunzio snaps a flash picture of Nick.*)

NUNZIO. Okay, all done.

FRANK. Make me a copy, Nunz, I'll pay you for it.

NICK. Can I please say this now?!

NUNZIO. What's he getting so upset about?

EMMA. He was always anxious. Remember how he used to chew on his rattle.

NICK. Can we not tell the rattle story right now?!

EMMA. We're just trying to understand you better, Nicky.

NICK. Oh, and the rattle story just explains it all! I don't even know why I bother going to therapy!

EMMA. What?

NICK. Nothing! I said nothing!

NUNZIO. He said he's going to therapy.

FRANK. What the hell is that?

EMMA. He's going to a psychiatrist.

FRANK. Foot doctor?

EMMA. Head doctor.

FRANK. What?!

AIDA. Nicholas, you're seeing a head doctor?

NUNZIO. Oh my God!

NICK. Look, it's no big deal. All my friends are in therapy — it's just someone to talk to —

EMMA. What kind of friends do you have, Nicky?

NICK. I said it was no big deal.

NUNZIO. Can't you just talk to us?

NICK. How?! I can't even get this announcement out!

FRANK. Do you pay this person or is it covered with insurance?

NICK. I really don't want to talk about this right ...

FRANK. I hope you don't pay this person.

AIDA. We listen to your problems for free.

EMMA. A priest would, too, Nicky. Should I call a priest?

NUNZIO. She's always calling a priest!

EMMA. Shut up, I'm talking to my grandson!

NUNZIO. The other day, my back hurts, I hear her on the phone to the parish.

AIDA. Tell us your problems right now, Nicholas.

NUNZIO. I walk out of the bathroom, Father Fanelli's standing there waiting to bless my spine.

NICK. Look, I'm seeing this therapist, yes! But I won't be seeing him much longer —

EMMA. Thank God!

NICK. And that ties in with my announcement! Can I please tell you now?!

AIDA. Nicholas, go ahead, say your announcement. We're all listening very hard.

NICK. Okay!

FRANK. All right!

EMMA. Everyone quiet!

NUNZIO. Okay!

AIDA. Okay!

FRANK. Where the hell is Seattle?

AIDA. Rose Ranolli has a beach house there. Exit 94 on the Parkway.

FRANK. No, her house is further down, by the big Foodtown ...

NUNZIO. No, no, stop, stop. Stop. (*A beat.*) I know where Seattle is — Washington. Not the close Washington. The faraway Washington by California. All the way by California.

AIDA. Nicholas, is this true?

NICK. It's in Washington state, yes. (*A beat.*) Look, I just got the offer this morning — my head is still swimming. But it's a promotion. And now would be the time — right? I'm young — unattached. So there's nothing really to keep me here. (*A beat.*)

AIDA. What about us?

NICK. Well I mean, yeah, except you.

NUNZIO. Nicky — ?

FRANK. So you're leaving?

NICK. Moving, yes.

FRANK. Right. Leaving.

NICK. I told my parents — they thought it's a terrific opportunity. And besides, I grew up in this area, went to college here. I've never lived anywhere else.

EMMA. I've never lived anywhere else —

NICK. Look, I know this might come as a bit of a shock —

FRANK. Shock?! No, why should this be a shock?! First your parents move to Fort Lauderdale, then your sister moves to San Diego, gets married and has my great-grandson —

NICK. Gramps —

FRANK. My great-grandson! I have one great-grandson and he's three years old and I've seen him exactly twice. Twice!

NICK. Gramps, please!

FRANK. You know what that's like! I've lived long enough to have a great-grandson and he has no idea who I am — why I'm important to him. Last time, we got off the plane, and he saw me standing there — with my arms outstretched — and he ran away. He thought I was just another old person. Another old person who wanted to annoy him with a hug. (*A beat.*)

AIDA. Nicholas, I don't know if I understand? You're just going to go?

NICK. Look, it just came up today, I just wanted to tell you first.

NUNZIO. But your family's here, Nick —

Stop