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Start

it. No, the whole time I was there, I was wishing I was back home, taking care of your grandfather. I had to take care of him, Nicholas. He needed me to — so much. How many people can get to be my age and can say that — that there was someone who needed them that much. I can say that, Nicholas. I can't go. Not from here. Your grandfather built this house for me. How can I go? Stay for dinner. Please.

NICK. Okay. Okay. (*Aida exits into the kitchen.*) Not long after, I achieved what my grandparents considered the greatest accomplishment known to man: I married. *Tengo famiglia*. And now, when Theresa and I sit home in Portland, awaiting the birth of our first child, my mind often wanders back to those few final days spent with my grandparents. And I wish I could neatly sum up who they were and what they meant to me and how they fit into the puzzle of my life. But instead, what is most clear to me, is that my grandparents worked every day of their lives to ensure that their family would be more educated and successful than them. (*Aida enters, setting the table.*) But what they didn't foresee was that they would elevate me to a life so far removed from their own that they could never quite comprehend who I had become or how I would continue their legacy. And when I looked back at them, I, too, saw only a vague reflection of myself. Still, they let me go — they got me to laugh — and to this day, I get great food in the mail. **Stop**

AIDA. Everything came beautiful — didn't it, Nicholas?

End of Play