

EPILOGUE

The doors swing open, and ED enters. He is an older man, dressed in stylish but eccentric clothes.

ED

Sorry I'm late! Oh. Oh no. Is it over?

BERNINI

Uncle Ed? You came.

ED

I said I would.

MINGUS

I thought I saw you out there?

ED

Well I daresay I've changed a lot. I missed it all didn't I? You wouldn't believe the nightmare it is to find this place. Your Pa sure loved his privacy.

BERNINI

There is still some salmon orzo. Gogol, get him a bowl.

ED

Oh, I'm so rude.

GOGOL hands ED a bowl of the salmon orzo. He examines it.

Ah. Son, this is freezing cold.

GOGOL

We could see if there is something else.

ED

No, that's alright. *(pause)* How are you all?

They don't answer.

How did it go?

The siblings all look at each other.

MINGUS

It was a mess.

GOGOL

I don't remember.

ED

I understand. That kind of thing can be rather intense.

BERNINI

Nobody understood it.

ED

Well! We're artists aren't we? They will never ever truly understand it. Pick your chins up. You all celebrated a great man today. And you did it together.

Your father's funeral - now, the first one I guess - didn't go as planned. We missed you. New York City on a rainy day. At the last minute it was relocated from St. John's to the ballroom of the Milford Plaza! None of our school were people made for houses of worship - except for DeFrawn, I guess, but his voice was rather quiet. There was no real order-of-events to it. I think a few of us said some words - I did of course: something or other for my best friend. But then came the wine and drink. That's why we held it at the Plaza, so we could ensure that the bottles were chilled. It just became one of those parties we'd always have in the winter. And you all must remember those? You three were the only children there! That must have been something to see wasn't it. You three, barely even what? - how old?

GOGOL

I think I was 8.

ED

8! My God. Not even teenagers and you were watching us all pickle ourselves. Rather degenerative, I guess. Well, I always liked you there. It always reminded me that we fixed, visual minds can be nurturing. Your father proved that we can make other people happy without making ourselves miserable. However, he hung himself so I guess I can't really be certain about that. Some say he was just living life too fast, but I blame the article that student wrote about him - that and whatever garbage was being spewed on the internet.

Silence. The siblings all stare at him. He takes them in.

Maybe, people like us aren't meant to have children. It just divides the time.

You know, I noticed a tavern in town. Might have some hot food. Though I appreciate the effort on the salmon, what if I bought you all dinner, and a round.

The siblings all look down. GOGOL whispers in BERNINI's ear. BERNINI looks to MINGUS who nods. They both put an arm around GOGOL.

BERNINI

Ed. I don't think we want to leave.

ED

Why not?

BERNINI

This is a safe place for us. It does something for us that we don't want to give up.

ED

The place?? Look around you. There's nothing here! I don't think it's the place. It's the people. And I invited all of you, so I don't see the problem.

Pause

When I lost my mother.... I think the next fifteen years of my paintings were in honor of her. But after not long into that, I realized it couldn't get me any closer to her. The thing that always got me close was some air. A good laugh. When I laugh: *(he pats his heart)* she's right here. Come, join me.

Ed exits. The siblings slowly get up, and follow.

END of PLAY.