

Side 7  
Del

Scene 13

*( Lights up on UNCLE DEL , seated center stage in front of steaming bucket. He's stirring it with a long stick.)*

UNCLE DEL: *(To audience as he stirs bucket. )* You give advice. They ask for it, you give it. Simple. I don't mind. Really. I don't mind at all. I don't expect anything out of it. Certainly not monetary compensation. It's all free. All of it. Why they keep coming to me is a mystery, tell the truth. In droves sometimes, they come. Lines. Limping. Begging on their hands and knees for the truth. As though it were the rarest thing on earth. As though it were hidden somehow. Sequestered away. Smacks them night and day directly in the face—yet they come to me, asking for it. Why? As though belief had to come through someone else. Somewhere outside themselves. I tell them no different than what they already suspect. Things are hopeless. Futile. Obliteration. Annihilation. They cringe when they hear it, but all the while they've known. All the while they've felt it creep in their bones. That's the part that baffles me. They know. They already know.