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Special Delivery

Jacob M. Guerra
University of Texas-Pan American

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SPECIAL DELIVERY

A Thesis

by

JACOB M. GUERRA

Submitted to the Graduate School of
The University of Texas-Pan American
In partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF FINE ARTS

December 2013

Major Subject: Creative Writing

SPECIAL DELIVERY

A Thesis
by
JACOB M. GUERRA

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

Dr. Phillip Zwerling
Chair of Committee

Dr. Marci McMahon
Committee Member

Mr. David Carren
Committee Member

December 2013

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ABSTRACT

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Special Delivery is a play that focuses on gender roles, specifically that of the Latino
male in today's culture.

DEDICATION

I could not have completed this Thesis without the love and support of my family, who encouraged me, even when I felt like quitting. My mother Diana, my father Gustavo and all my brothers and sisters, thank you for believing in me. And to my wonderful partner Gilbert, who stood beside me through all this, thank you for never letting me forget why I love to write.

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SPECIAL DELIVERY: A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION

The search for gender identity has been a theme in many forms of literature, from heroines in Bronte classics trying to exert their independence in a male dominated world, to those seeking spiritual fulfillment for a life that feels empty. The theater is no exception to this rule. Many plays have dealt with the idea of gender identity, and have often inspired many to build upon those ideas. This is especially true in feminist plays, such as Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, which deals with a woman breaking free from her male-dominated surroundings. However, the same theme can be found in Latino plays such as *Zoot Suit*, which place the emphasis on how Latino men deal with how the world views them. My play, *Special Delivery* adds to that canon of work.

Special Delivery puts gender ideas into question by placing a young man who grew up in a traditional Latino household into a role generally meant for females when he mysteriously becomes pregnant. Throughout the play, the young man not only struggles with the perception that others might have with him, but also how he views himself. The main conflict arises from his father, a Hispanic male with very strong opinions of what it means to be a man.

Men, most notably Latino men, have also prided themselves on a standard of masculinity that must be adhered to. What I hope to achieve with my play is to call into question those ideals, and really dig into what motivates these feelings by asking two central questions: First, what exactly does it mean to be a man? Second, why do we continue to carry these ideals over from one generation to the next?

The Plot

In *Special Delivery*, a young married man named Marcus suddenly finds himself pregnant. Being a man, he finds such a situation impossible, though his wife feels that it is a blessing from God. Marcus, who was raised by a very male-centric household, is scared to believe what the world would do to him if it was ever to find out he is carrying a child. Marcus' father further plants the seeds of doubt in his mind, reiterating the fact that it is the woman's "job" to have the children. All the man has to do is make them.

The play also deals with Marcus' brother, who was beaten and killed for being gay. Marcus is afraid that a similar fate is in store for him if people find out that he is pregnant. Marcus believes that people fear those that do not follow the norm, and react violently when to situations they cannot comprehend. He does not personally have a problem with those who are different, but believes that the world has not changed enough from when his brother was killed to fully accept his situation as a blessing.

Marcus's wife, Lacey, a young woman, is the exact opposite. She believes that this is a blessing, God's way of handing them the baby she could not create. Marcus refuses to believe Lacey's view, but goes along with the idea because he wishes to give his wife the one thing she felt she could never have.

Throughout the play we see how Marcus has struggled to find his identity as a man, which is based on his father's teachings. His father, Hector, does not condone Marcus's decision

to keep the baby, and disapproves of anything that might make his sons appear as lesser men in the eyes of others.

The idea of being different is portrayed as a negative route in the play, one that could lead to violence and possible death. Hector has made it clear that anyone different will be ostracized by society, and even goes as far as throwing Marcus's brother Patrick out when he finds him in bed with another young man. He eventually wants Patrick back, but by then it is too late. Tim, Marcus's other brother, believes that he has one upped Marcus by having a son before him, though Hector still finds fault with Tim every time Tim's wife Marissa expresses her thoughts.

As the play continues, Marcus struggles with the thought of keeping the baby, causing him to seek spiritual guidance in an entity that he long ago abandoned. The God character, simply known as Woman, never outright admits to being God, yet makes statements that allude to that fact. This character is significant, even though it only plays a minor role. As the play ends, Hector sees the error of his ways and goes to give his blessing just as Marcus is about to have his baby.

Themes

Different "Categories" of Men

On *Special Delivery*, the idea of identity is focused on gender, specifically what it means to be a man in today's world. We may have come a long way since the archaic notion that a man's job is to bring home the bacon and get his wife pregnant, however thoughts and fears still exist that make it difficult for some men to adopt any alternative philosophy. Men, even today, still worry about not being man enough, and even though different versions, such as metrosexuals, exist, they often are met with ridicule.

Probably the most polarizing idea in male identity is the view of homosexuality. In a three year study done by Marysol Ascencio, the subjects being interviewed identified homosexuality as the opposite of being a macho man (118). That is because liking a male was a female trait, and many being interviewed were fearful of being approached by a homosexual male. Because of this difference, violence against homosexuals was justified.

Though the idea and acceptance has a much more positive spin than that of years past, many homosexuals still feel that they are looked down upon society as not being up to par with “real” men. This is rather odd, given that the image of a typical homosexual is a man with great beauty, in top physical condition, and with a heightened sense of ambition. *Special Delivery* takes this idea a step further, but putting more focus on a Hispanic family, giving insight into how race can possibly play a role in gender perceptions.

In this day and age, there appear to be many classifications of a traditional man. For starters, you have the traditional he-man who believes it is his job to take care of his family. He eats meat and shoots guns, bringing home a paycheck that supports his wife and babies. He does not clean (or does so on a limited basis), and believes that his home is his castle.

On a slightly different scale you have your metrosexuals; men who still love women, but take on a more thoughtful approach to their style and grooming. These men take great care in how they look and present themselves, and are often ridiculed by other people for not being manly enough.

So what does it take to be a man? Must we eat Whoppers with two patties instead of one on a regular basis? Or perhaps fix the car ourselves without the assistance of a mechanic? The answer

is complex, and although I do not attempt to reach any conclusions, I hope to make people realize that being a man (or woman) is not that simple.

The Role of Homosexuality in Special Delivery

Though not the main focus, homosexuality plays a big part in Special Delivery. It is the guiding force for Marcus' fears, since being homosexual is what led to his brother's demise after he was brutally attacked. Marcus believes that others will place him in the same category because he is taking on a feminine role, eventually leading someone to take matters into their own hands the way they did with Patrick.

At first it seems that Hector is simply not tolerant of Patrick's homosexuality, but as the play continues on, it is revealed that Hector too might be bisexual, and fears that Patrick might suffer the same hardships he did when his own father found out about his secret desires. Because Hector's father and other family members were so hard on him, Hector developed a negative reaction to being homosexual, and to a lesser extent, not being perceived as a man. In his own warped way, he believes he is helping his sons from a life of misery, though in reality, he is causing their misery himself.

This causes a self-hatred in Hector that eventually turns to fear. That same fear spread to his children, first to Patrick, then to Tim and Marcus, as Hector decided to make them into "real" men. He does not want them to ever face what he did, so in order to protect them, Hector makes his children hunt and play sports; in other words, partake in manly activities. Deep down, Hector hates himself, and instead of protecting his children, he begins to cultivate that same kind of self-hatred in them.

The idea that Hector cannot be himself is one of the themes that I wished to explore, since it is something that has affected many gay men over the years. Hector loves his wife Blanca very deeply, and the feelings he has inside cannot be denied, but his fear of any type of reprisal overwhelms him. Not only does he believe that he will suffer, but his sons will suffer as well, giving him a tendency to want to overcompensate for any lack of perceived “manliness.”

I feel that the idea of someone hiding their homosexuality stems from the fact that role models were almost non-existent until recently. There have always been gay people, however they were never portrayed in a way that some people can relate to. I believe that if a work such as *Special Delivery* existed when I was growing up, and if I had access to read it, it would have helped me understand myself a bit more, and I wouldn't have felt so ashamed of my feelings.

Which brings me to another reason of why writing a play with such provocative themes is necessary: giving people a voice. I hope to help give a voice to those who feel afraid to speak up. Not just for gay people, but for anyone who felt different due to constraints society places on gender. Not everyone is good at sports, and some girls do not enjoy wearing dresses. I want to help people feel comfortable in their own skin, that way they know that someone in this world understands what they are going through.

Female Roles and Situations

The significance of the God, or the Maid character, lies in the fact that generally people attribute a masculine identity to God, thus assuming that he is male. Making God a woman breaks general stereotypes, since when people refer to God, they often use the pronoun “he.” Rarely does anyone consider God to be a woman, despite the fact that as a supreme being, God takes the shape of all that has been created.

I also try attempt to play around with the language in the play, placing dialogue that is associated with women into the mouths of my male characters. For example, when Marcus and Lacey are discussing the idea of whether or not to keep the baby, Marcus tells her that since it is his body, it is his decision. That is a line that normally is told through a female perspective, and it holds a completely different context coming from a male.

As playwrights, I feel it is important to use our works to explore ideas that help expose prejudice and discrimination in the world. Be it racism, homophobia, or gender inequality, exploring these themes and placing them in the context of characters and situations that people can relate helps bring light to the change that is needed. Others have shared this view, and have used their work to blow stereotypes right out of the water. This awareness has not been limited to recent plays.

Father/Son Dynamics

Most people I have spoken to write about things that they need to work out; frustrations that they have that easily lend themselves to a story. For me, my inner demons involve the long and tangled relationship I have had with my father. I knew that he loved me while I was growing up, but at times I felt as if he was disappointed that I did not turn out to be the sports star that he wanted. He was an athlete in his younger days, and expected me to follow suit. I was in little league, football, and basketball, but it just wasn't something that I felt comfortable with.

This somehow manifested itself through Hector. However I would never place my father in the same category. Yes, he had a temper, and the insults he hurled sometimes stung, but there was also a quiet side to him, a gentleness that showed remorse, one that appears to be absent in Hector. The last scene (which is also my favorite) in the play shows that Hector is not a complete

monster. He knows that somehow he is pushing too hard, and decides to apologize. In a sense, that is probably the manliest accomplishment done in the play.

This is because Hector is at his most vulnerable, and finally does not care if anyone discovers his big secret. He has put aside his fears in order to come clean to his Marcus, and shows a bravery that does not hide under any false bravado. If the definition of a man is to do things without fear, then it is at this moment that Hector truly shows the kind of man he can be.

I have known many other people who have had issues with their father being too driven in their desire for their sons to be real men; that is why I decided to explore the nature of father/son dynamics. Though I know this crosses all race lines, I felt using Latino's would add a personal dimension to the play, one that would allow me to express my own personal feelings that connect to other works of a similar nature.

Similar Works

Plays with Father/Son Dynamics

Though some might disagree, I think the play that has the biggest influence on my work is Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman*. I state this because it is a play with a significant father/son dynamic, as well as a vision of a father that is led by a delusion of what a real man should be. Though Miller's play focuses on the father, it is his ideals and own "fragile self-esteem" that shape his sons into who they are (Tracy and Robins 57).

Willie Loman is the epitome of a father who puts high expectations on his sons, only to have it crash down on them later. He also places those expectations on himself, which again puts Willie in a position in which he cannot deliver. This is not to say that it is entirely Willie's fault.

He may be placing his lack of success on his boys, but they look up to him as well with the same delusional grander. Happy, in particular, is the spitting image of Willie; lying and cheating to achieve what little success he has, though he never seems earn his father's favor the way older brother Biff does (Tracy and Robins 57).

The biggest similarity between my play and Miller's is in Willie's treatment of his older son Biff. Not in what Biff is told, but in how it affects him. Biff is a marvel of masculinity in Willie's eyes, and nothing Biff does is ever wrong. After all, Biff is strong, handsome, and very well liked. Biff even begins to believe in his own hype, causing him to believe that he can get a job that with a very important person, one he believes likes him just as everyone else has. However, he realizes that his bravado is just a façade created after years of his false image of him; a façade that he thoroughly believes until it is too late.

The basis of both Hector and Willie's actions seems to be rooted in their self-esteem (Tracey and Robins 57). Both have a fragile nature formed by a root cause that drives their emotions. The difference, though, lies in what that root cause actually is. Willie's appears to be from his current lack of success and his need to be liked, while Hector has a fear of being discovered as different, or unmanly. Willie passes the notion that a man must be "well liked" onto his sons, who are liked in high school, but later are failures in life, though he refuses to see it.

In *Special Delivery*, Hector does the very same thing to his sons. Marcus and Tim are given high expectations of what it is to be a man, ones that might be too high to fill. Yet, Hector's approach differs from Willie's. Instead of high praise, Hector hurls insults at his sons, constantly taking aim at their perceived lack of masculinity. Hector, like Willie, thinks he is doing this to help them; however it is only hurting their images.

This is especially true in the case of Marcus, since he already feels “unmanly” thanks to having his wife support him. Now that he is pregnant, he has truly lost any semblance of what he believes it is to be a man. Like Biff, that image was shaped by his father. But this time, nothing is actually good enough, and it appears (at least to Marcus) that he will never achieve being a “real man,” at least not in his father’s eyes.

Much like Biff, that image set forth by his father follows Marcus into adulthood, shaping the way he thinks of himself. But unlike Biff, Marcus’s feelings are outright self-loathing, and not false grandeur. He is ashamed that he lost his job, but is even more displeased that he has yet to start a family like his brother Tim. Though he seems to have done okay before he lost his job, he cannot appear to move on from his father’s harsh words.

Another similarity is in the character of the mother, Linda Loman, in respect to Marcus’s mother Blanca. Both Linda and Blanca are a bit passive to their husband’s antics, even when treated poorly. They ask their kids to respect their father, and to help them when possible. They also appear to excuse a bit of their more heinous acts. In the case of Blanca, this is when Hector kicks Patrick out of the house for being open about his sexuality.

Though they appear passive on the surface, both Blanca and Linda have moments of fire in which they urge other characters to do things to benefit the family. The only difference is that Blanca faces her husband, while Linda goes to Biff and Happy. Blanca is not totally oblivious to the wrongs that Hector does, and pushes him to do the right thing when she asks him to move Patrick back in. Linda, on the other hand, sees that Willie might commit suicide and decides to push Biff to make something of himself.

As a gay male with a Latino heritage, I feel that it is important to include that aspect of my life into my work. Not simply because I am gay, but because throughout history there has been a struggle to move past a certain image that pervaded early gay theater. Though the image has improved tremendously over the years, there is still a struggle to have gay men and women portrayed beyond their sexuality.

John Leguizamo is a comedian/actor who has had several one-man shows, such as *Freak*, that have explored the lives of Latino's in the United States. What he also does well is examining his own life, which was shaped by his domineering father Fausto. Fausto considers himself the epitome of masculinity, and often belittles John and his brother for not living up to his expectations. Though Fausto takes great pride in himself, he often lies to his sons in order to hide his own failures.

This is most telling in the where John and his brother Pookie show up at the restaurant where their father works. John and Pookie believe that their father is the head waiter, but just as they begin to argue with one of the employees, the door to the kitchen opens and John realizes the truth: their father is a busboy.

The reason I feel that this scene is very significant, and how it relates to my work, is that disappointment can be a two-way street. Yes, John is often insulted by his father, and at the end makes the realization that he doesn't need him, but he has also built up ideals of what a man should be, and his father does not live up to that expectation.

In a way, I believe that Marcus acts the same way towards Hector. Hector does have his ideals of what a man should be, but Marcus does as well. He feels that a man should be a father and love his children no matter what, and Hector simply does not live up to that vision. The only

difference is that in the end, Hector's true motivations are revealed, and he ultimately changes for his son, whereas Fausto never does.

Variations of the Dynamic

Parents wanting to protect their children from the cruel world does not exist solely with fathers and sons; in fact, it can also occur with mothers and daughters. Cherrie Moraga's *Heroes and Saints* is a prime example of a parent wanting to protect their child from the outside world, although they may not be doing it in the best interest of the child. The child, however, does not allow their handicap to affect them, and wishes to be part of something greater.

In California's McFarland community, farm workers and children are dying at an alarming rate due to the insecticides being used. The bodies of the children are being crucified in protest, so that people can see the horror that is happening. Cerezita is a character who was affected by the poisoning, since she was born without arms and legs and is essentially just a head. Cerezita's mother Dolores would prefer that she stay in the house and never be seen, however Cerezita believes the contrary.

Though it would appear on the surface that Dolores is ashamed of Cerezita, she is doing what she thinks is best to protect her daughter. After all, Cerezita was made into a spectacle at the age of two, and no action appeared to have been taken from that. So in a way, Dolores's fear is justified (Greenberg 172). It is Dolores's belief that if people were to see her daughter, they might harm her.

This is an interesting aspect of Dolores's character, because she sees motherhood as painful (Greenberg 173). These issues are rooted in her religion, which takes form of believing that what happened to Cerezita is a result of her husband's sins against the family. So instead of

feeling like a victim, Dolores allows herself to believe that Cerezita's condition is something that could not have been controlled (Greenberg 172).

God's will is also what Dolores attributes to AIDS, which she feels is used as a punishment for homosexuality. As her son Mario (who is gay) points out, Dolores is shying away from the real issues by hiding behind religious explanations. Much like Hector, Dolores uses God as a way to define what is happening around her, since she cannot possibly come up with an explanation of her own.

Plays that Deal with Hidden Homosexuality

Most plays that include gay characters, including those of renowned playwright Tennessee Williams, the gay character was often someone who was generally tortured, either by others or because of their sexuality (Hornby 278.) Tennessee Williams's own "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" as an example. In the play, a married couple has not had intercourse in quite some time, especially as the husband (named Brick) struggles with the recent death of his friend Skipper. But as his wife Maggie and father Big Daddy point out, Brick's relationship with Skipper was more than meets the eye.

It turns out that Skipper revealed his feelings for Brick. Brick claims he rejected them. But somehow that feeling might have been mutual, causing a Brick to believe he is responsible for Skipper's death because Skipper believed he loved him in the same way. The idea eats away at him so much that he turns to alcoholism as an escape.

The surprising factor is the ease of which some of the characters accept Brick's possible homosexuality. Even Big Daddy seems to understand (though not totally approve) of Brick's ties with Skipper, while Maggie appears to just want him to admit so he can move on and help her make an heir for Big Daddy's fortune.

In my play, Hector suffers from the same identity crisis, which in turn causes him to also react negatively to those around him. Hector has had hidden feelings of homosexuality, and has pushed them so far into his subconscious that it has now manifested itself in a metaphorical disease; one that he must rid himself of, as well as prevent his children from catching it. This stems from being caught by his father who punished and ridiculed him later in life for it.

Perhaps someone in Hector's position would be more understanding if someone in his life were gay, however, when it is revealed that one of his children is a homosexual like himself, Hector rejects him much in the way that Brick may have rejected Skipper, leading to a tragedy all of their own. This propels Hector down a similar spiral as Brick.

Though Hector did not play an actual hand in his son Patrick's death, his reluctance to accept Patrick and his fear of being seen in the gay part of town plays a big role. The friend Hector sends in his place not only tries to rape Patrick, but kills him when Patrick resists. So, like Brick, Hector feels the guilt of having a part the death of a loved one, and tries to find a way to ease his pain.

As mentioned before, Brick's uses alcoholism to numb his pain, which he uses to ease the pain of what happened with Skipper. Hector, in contrast, focuses on making his sons manlier, so that people will not try to humiliate or hurt them the way he and Patrick had been. However, because of his deep emotions, Hector does not quite know how to deal with the rage inside of

him, and instead of lovingly trying to protect his children, he appears as a monster, insulting them at every turn.

Even Tim, the more “masculine” of the sons, yet is not able to escape ridicule. He may be married with a child of his own, however because his wife Marissa is a strong presence, Hector often teases Tim about not being able to control his woman. Marcus, on the other hand, always seems to be picking activities that are not traditionally male. For example, when he wants to be drum major (the very last scene), Hector throws a fit because of his memories of the drum major being teased during his childhood. He eventually gives in, realizing that it would make Marcus happy.

Plays That Deal with Gender Roles

Lysistrata, written by Greek playwright Aristophanes, tells the tale of one woman's attempt to end the Peloponnesian War. The main character, Lysistrata, insists that if the women withhold sex from their husbands, the men will be forced to listen them and negotiate peace. Though women are seen as the weaker of the two sexes, the significance is that they still hold the ability to extend beyond the roles that men have assigned to them. But this is all not done without its complications.

In the play, the women are viewed as intruders because they are dealing with policies that are generally left to men. In this instance, it is the fact that the women are trying to negotiate peace (Foley 5). This is a threat because not only does the interference involve women becoming more dominant (or masculine), but because there might also be feminization of the men occurring, which is a common fear in Greek drama (Foley 10).

Lysistrata is at a disadvantage, since she is lumped together with those who appear to almost be giving into their temptations before the men do. An example of this is character of the magistrate who is none too happy with Lysistrata, and feels that she is intruding on things which she cannot understand. Women have a role in the home, but not in politics. Lysistrata feels differently, especially in an area such as war. To her, women are better suited for making such judgements.

It could be argued that the use of their bodies is a cop out; one that puts the women's advantage with their bodies and not with their minds or political understanding. However, being that the men are also feeling the sexual frustration and ultimately give in before the women shows that men, too, are ruled by emotions and wants, and do not necessarily always keep their wits about them. Therefore, they are not so different than women after all.

Which is essentially the point I am trying to make. Be it gay or straight, man or woman, we are all human and go through the same struggles. Like the magistrate, the men in *Special Delivery* feel that the roles are divided, with men and women being placed on different spectrums. This is especially evident in Hector's reaction to the news that Marcus is pregnant, since he feels that Marcus has now finally accomplished a manly duty.

Yes, there are some differences, such as men not being able to give birth, but we are all deeply flawed creatures whose uniqueness needs to be celebrated, not brutalized. Marcus may not be as pro-active as Lysistrata, especially early on when he is hesitant about being different, but he does eventually assume the role that God has made for him.

Susan Glaspell's *Trifles* is another example of a feminist play. It differs from *Lysistrata* and other plays on this list because the main characters are not outrightly proactive in their attempts

to go against the dominance of male culture. Their actions and motivations are much more subtle, which empowers them without shattering the status quo.

The story begins during an investigation of a murder. A man has been found hung in his bedroom, and it is believed that his wife has done this. However, the male sheriff and his associates are having a terrible time finding a motive for her actions. The female characters, who include the wife of the sheriff and a neighbor, are much more in tune to their surroundings, and are able to pick up on little cues that are found in the kitchen and sewing area; places where the men appear to simply glance over without a second thought.

It should be noted that the fact that the men simply gloss over the kitchen and other “womanly” areas is very telling. The play takes its title after the word trifle, which the sheriff uses to describe what women tend to preoccupy themselves with. Because of this attitude, anything connected to a woman’s way of life is ignored in the investigation.

Why is it that they feel that there is absolutely no value in exploring these areas and instead choose the supposedly more male dominated bedroom to investigate? If they were not so obsessed with gender roles and dominance, the men might have been able to notice the subtle nuances of the scene that they other women pick up on, and perhaps they would have seen how unhappy Mrs. Foster was with her life.

Trifles also has significance because it gives a voice to those that may have felt too scared to speak up (Ben-Zvi 162). Given that it was written in the early 20th century, this certainly could be the case or women who felt that they could not go against their husband’s wishes. This is most telling in the very last moments of the play, when Mrs. Hale and the Sheriff’s wife decide to hide the dead canary, which is a key piece of evidence. This bold move is done very quietly, but still

has significant implications because they somehow sympathize with Mrs. Foster, and decide to help her out in their own way by interfering with the male investigation. They are still making a stand, but not one that will make waves.

In this day and age of young people killing themselves because they fear the world will not accept them, it has become more important than ever to give a voice to those that feel that they do not have one. Though Marcus is not gay, he is still going through changes that many would attribute to a gay person, especially since society still views gay men as more “womanly” creatures. Though there is absolutely nothing wrong with being an effeminate male, the negative connotation is often accompanied by hostility and self-loathing. As a writer, and more importantly, a gay writer, I feel that it is my job to help gay people (and anyone who feels like an outcast) that feel like they do not have anyone in the world that understands them by providing a work that they can look to and connect with; much like Glaspell did for women with *Trifles*.

Though *A Doll's House* opened to acclaim, many critics were outraged at the character of Nora, stating that she was “an unnatural woman for leaving her husband and family,” and that this particular behavior “undermined and threatened the stability of society (Forward). Indeed it was shocking at the time to have a woman simply decide to walk out on her family, and on the surface, it might seem selfish. However, Nora is treated unfairly by her husband, who like her father, sees her as a doll to play with rather than an equal.

This is especially true with even the most trivial details of Nora's life, such as her husband Torvald forbidding her to eat macaroons. Nora shows early thoughts of breaking free by sneaking macaroons here and there, and even plays a little flirty manipulation with the doctor

when she convinces him that the macaroons in question are from her friend Mrs. Lind and not hers (Forward).

Ibsen's *A Doll's House* may be seen as a play about women's rights, but it can also be argued that it is a play about human rights (Forward). Nora deserves to be free and happy as much as anyone else, yet society feels that because she is a woman, her first responsibility is as a wife and mother. In that sense, happiness plays absolutely no part in her life. Since she is supposed to be happy only when her husband is happy; she must conform to what he believes his wife should be like.

In *Special Delivery*, Marcus is trying to conform to be a real man, but we also have his wife who is trying to be what is supposedly a real woman. Early on Lacey is disappointed that she cannot bear children, and feels that God is punishing her somehow. She desires to be a mother so much that she is even willing to accept that her husband could really be pregnant, even before any tests are done.

Lacey is also faced with being the breadwinner, which according to Hector makes her more of a man than Marcus. Though Marcus at times feels the same way, Lacey tries to assure him that this is not the case. Like Nora, Lacey and Marcus begin their respective journeys wanting follow the proposed path for a man and a woman, however each finds that they need to go down a new word in order to achieve the happiness that they want.

The endings of both plays are also similar in their ambiguity. Many might feel that when Nora leaves she heads off to a life of self-fulfillment. However, is that really the case, or does she end up alone and desperate like her friend Mrs. Lind (Lee)? The same can be said of Marcus

and Lacey, who end up having their miracle baby at the end. We know that they appear happy at the moment, but we honestly do not know what struggles they may face down the line.

Although Jose Rivera's *Marisol* shares the notion of a pregnant man in its story (it is not the main focus), it's actually similar to my work in terms of identity. To be more concise, *Marisol* focuses on the loss of identity that people have built up for themselves in terms of class, gender, race and home, and the destruction that follows.

Marisol centers on Marisol Perez, a young Latina working as a copy editor for a Manhattan publisher. She has moved up in the white collar world, but still lives alone in the Bronx. The Bronx is also where she grew up. One day Marisol is visited by an angel who informs her that there is a revolution going on in Heaven against God, who has become old and senile. This war begins to show itself in the City, and Marisol and a collection of other characters find themselves without homes or identities.

As Josephine Lee states in her essay "Teaching A Doll House, Rachel and Marisol: Domestic Ideals, Possessive Individuals and Modern Drama", Marisol begins in a world where legal boundaries between gender and racial equality are not as prevalent as they were before. Marisol has moved up quickly in the world, and did so by giving up her cultural identity and assimilating into a completely different world (Lee).

Once the world enters into chaos, the identities that people have built up for themselves no longer matter. This leaves to a loss of identity and security, since a good majority were identifying themselves by their jobs and their possessions. Marisol does feel the impact, however it is not as strong since she already let go small parts of her identity earlier on (Lee).

Special Delivery also relates to the loss of identity through Marcus, who feels like he has lost his manhood due to the fact that God has decided to make him pregnant. We never find out why he has been given this particular task, however it is one that strips him of his already fragile ideals. Marcus was already feeling inadequate due to the fact that he lost his job and cannot provide for his family, and has had to step aside while his wife Lacey pays the bills.

Although Marcus felt that he wasn't doing his manly duties, he still had some hope to hold on to this ideal by controlling whether or not he and his wife had a baby, which he did through "faking" his orgasms. But just like in *Marisol*, an unexplained heavenly event interjects and throws the characters for a loop, displacing their identities and forcing them to search for new ones.

Latino Male Identity

Our expectations of what it means to be a man often come from family and culture, however there are many times when it comes from within ourselves. That is definitely the case in Luis Valdez's play *Zoot Suit*, which is based on the real life Sleepy Lagoon murder trial. In the play, Hank Reyna is arrested along with his friends for the murder of a supposed rival gang member. Henry and his friends are wrongly convicted and jailed for the murder which none of them committed.

Zoot Suit is notable for its inclusion of the Pachuco character who serves as not only the chorus, but also can be considered Henry's conscience. Dressed up in a Zoot Suit and heavily masculine mannerisms, the Pachuco chastises Henry for not being "Chicano" enough (which can also be read as not being man enough) in fighting back on his situation. In his introduction to Valdez's *Zoot Suit and Other Plays*, Jorge Huerta states that "El Pachuco represents an inner

attitude of defiance determining Henry's actions most of the time" and is also reminiscent of the Diablo or Diabla character "that permeated Corridos, motivating the characters' hapless choices as in Medieval morality plays. In this case, the choices are not moral ones, but based on judgements of character (Huerta).

El Pachuco not only wants Henry to defy the system, he wants Henry to defy the "white" system. Since El Pachuco is written as the embodiment of Chicano identity or consciousness (Babcock), he represents an ideal that Henry sometimes feels he cannot live up to. He agrees, but also realizes that he has to disagree on occasion (Huerta).

So not only is Henry trying to do what is right as a man, he is also trying to do it as a Chicano. This is the same as Marcus, who faces a dilemma from his father. In a way, one can see that Hector is *Special Delivery's* version of El Pachuco. In his own way, Hector is the driving force behind many of Marcus's actions as he tries to act as his moral conscience. Hector also shows great frustration in different aspects of Marcus's life, and often uses his voice to express displeasure.

For example, early on we see Hector criticize Marcus for both not being able to throw a football properly, as well as not being able to understand Spanish. Hector, much like El Pachuco, tries to act a conscience that directs all of Marcus's action. He has an ideal of what it means to be a man, and more importantly a Hispanic man, and tries to get his son to fit that persona.

Gay Themed Plays

Monica Palacios's "Greetings from a Queer Seniorita" is an auto-biographical one woman show that details her experiences growing up as a gay Chicana. Like John Leguizamo, Palacios is not shy when confronting hot topics, and also delve into her identity in order to show the

audience what makes her tick. Palacios is up front about her sexuality, and suggests the positive values of loving someone who is like one's self (Marrero).

Though the main character Marcus is not gay himself, I was hoping to deliver the same kind of message that Palacios has in her work. Marcus is different because he is pregnant, but he doesn't need to be ashamed of it. In fact, he should be proud that he able to do something as special as give birth. If Palacios proves that Lesbianas can be sexy and hot just like other senioritas (Marrero), then Marcus and his brother Patrick can be normal men as well, despite what society thinks.

Conclusion

Male identity plays a significant role in the Latino landscape, however I believe that those who wish to break free from the cliché must take action. This can be done through political or creative action. Many playwrights have done so in the past, and I wish to continue that tradition. That is why I have written my play. I feel that many can benefit from questioning why we hold onto the ideals that we have in regards to masculinity, which will in turn allow for change to occur.

Special Delivery

A Play

By

Jacob M. Guerra

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Marcus – Early 30's, chubby in a geeky sort of way

Hector – Late 50's, Marcus's father, stern looking

Lacey – Early 30's, Marcus's wife

Blanca – Late 50's, Hector's wife, Marcus's mother

Tim – Mid-30's, Marcus's brother

Patrick – 16, Marcus's brother (deceased)

Marissa – Mid-30's, Tim's wife

Abel – 10, Tim's son

Man – 40's, overpowering and mysterious

Maid – Mid-70's, very down home

ACT I

SCENE 1

Setting: A doctor's office, with various equipment and posters spread out.

At Rise: MARCUS lays on the exam bed. LACEY, his wife, is seated on a chair next to him.

LACEY

I'm sure the doctor will be here soon. You doing okay?

MARCUS

I'm fine, still a little nauseous, but it seems to be passing.

LACEY

Look, I know I you don't like for me to bring this up, but I was thinking that maybe this is somehow related to yesterday. How long has it been?

MARCUS

Two years now. Mom and Dad still won't even talk about him. He was their baby, and they won't even acknowledge that he's

gone.

LACEY

It was a tough situation. You said they never spoke to him after he told them. At least he is in a better place now.

MARCUS

I'm not sure if I believe all that anymore.

LACEY

In what, heaven and hell?

MARCUS

Religion in general. It makes people do crazy things.

LACEY

You can't blame religion for all that. We do have free will after all.

(Marcus sniffs the air.)

MARCUS

New perfume?

LACEY

Yeah, but I barely put any on. How in the world did you smell that?

MARCUS

I'm not sure. Anyways, you were saying...

LACEY

I just think that the stress of that, and other stuff might be causing all this.

MARCUS

Stuff like what?

LACEY

Nevermind, I don't want to fight.

MARCUS

You already brought it up, you might as well finish.

LACEY

I know it must be hard, just getting laid off, not being able to find anything else.

MARCUS

Having your wife support you.

LACEY

That again.

MARCUS

It's the truth.

(Dr. Martin, late 30's, walks in.)

DR. MARTIN

Thank you for waiting Marcus

(looks at Lacey)

Do you think we can speak in private first?

LACEY

I'm his wife, I should be here if it's bad news.

DR. MARTIN

Well, I think it would be best if we spoke alone first.

LACEY

Fine, I'll just be right outside.

(Lacey leaves the room and glares
at Dr. Martin. Dr. Martin starts to pace
back and forth.)

MARCUS

(beat)

Are you gonna tell me what's wrong. I'm dying, aren't I? I
knew it. I was telling Lacey on the way here I knew it was
my time.

DR.MARTIN

Oh, no, no. It's nothing like that.

(beat)

Well, you see, remember when you were telling me about
your symptoms, and I joked that you might be pregnant,
and you laughed, and then I laughed, then we both

laughed together.

MARCUS

Doctor Martin? You're really freaking me out. What happened?

DR.MARTIN

Congratulations.

MARCUS

(shouts)

Lacey, let's go.

(Marcus gets up off the table and runs for the door. Dr. Martin cuts them off.)

DR. MARTIN

Wait, I just want to draw some blood to be sure. We can run a few tests and that should tell us something. Unless you want to pee for me?

MARCUS

Let me go you crazy witch. Don't you realize how stupid this sounds. I'm a guy, I can't get pregnant. I think that degree on the wall should help you figure that out.

DR. MARTIN

Look, I don't believe it either, but we did the test so many times, and each time it said the same thing: Baby.

(Marcus starts digging through
canisters and drawers.)

DR. MARTIN

What are you doing?

MARCUS

If you aren't crazy, then this has to be a joke, or some
sort of hidden camera thing. Lacey put you up to this,
right? I'll be damned to find myself on youtube or Facebook
with this crap.

(Dr. Martin grabs him.)

DR. MARTIN

Look, it's okay if you don't believe me. I don't fully
believe it either, that's why I need you to do the blood
work. Just let us draw some and then this could all be over.

MARCUS

You're serious? I mean, you honestly believe this could
actually be happening?

DR. MARTIN

Nothing in med school prepared me for this. But my faith
tells me that anything is possible. Please Marcus, I really
need to know.

MARCUS

Well, if it will make you feel better...No! This is stupid.
I'm so reporting this to the medical board, or surgeon

general, or whoever the hell it is.

DR. MARTIN

Just one sample, and if I'm wrong, then I'll turn myself in.

MARCUS

You honestly want to try this.

DR. MARTIN

I do.

MARCUS

(sighs)

Okay, but once this is over I'm never coming back here ever again.

(Doctor Martin begins to draw some blood. Off stage a voice can be heard.)

VOICE

Ma'am, you can't go in there, ma'am.

(Lacey runs in breathless and closes the door. Someone tries to open it from the other side, but she closes it back and locks it.)

DR. MARTIN

I should've locked that.

LACEY

I heard shouting. Look, I'm his wife, I demand to know what the hell is going on.

DR. MARTIN

I think I'll take this to the back while you all talk this out.

(Dr. Martin unlocks the door and exits.)

MARCUS

I'm so tired of being in this room.

LACEY

Are you going to tell what's going on? Why all the secrets? Oh my God, you're dying? I knew it, on the way here I told you, but you wouldn't listen.

MARCUS

I'm not dying, well, maybe from embarrassment. It's actually kind of funny. That quack thinks I might be pregnant.

LACEY

Pregnant? She knows you're a man right?

MARCUS

Uh, yeah. Of course she does. What the hell are you saying?

LACEY

It's nothing. Okay, sometimes when you wear certain shirts,

and comb your hair a certain way, you kind of look like....

MARCUS

Kind of look like what?

LACEY

A lesbian.

MARCUS

What, no, that's not even funny.

LACEY

I only said sometimes, not all the time.

MARCUS

Well, it's nice to know what you think of me.

LACEY

I didn't say it was a bad thing. Maybe if you lost some weight, it wouldn't be so bad.

MARCUS

Just great. First the doctor thinks I'm pregnant, now my wife thinks I'm a lesbian.

LACEY

I didn't say you were a lesbian, I just said you looked like one.

MARCUS

Just leave me alone, I want to rest a bit before she gets

back.

(Marcus turns around and lays down
on the table. Lacey begins to stroke
his back)

LACEY

I'm sorry, I was just trying to lighten the mood.

(beat)

It would be something though. To actually have a child.

(Marcus turns back around)

MARCUS

What?

LACEY

Well, we have been trying.

MARCUS

Yeah, for you to get pregnant, not for me.

LACEY

You know what I meant. At this point, I wouldn't care how we
made one.

(There is a knock at the door. It
opens and Dr.Martin peeks her head
through.)

DR. MARTIN

Are you sitting down?

MARCUS

(rolls his eyes)

Yes.

(Dr. Martin enters the room
completely with a balloon that
reads congratulations.)

MARCUS

So you just have those laying around? That's not funny.

DR. MARTIN

But it is appropriate.

LACEY

No. You don't mean...

DR. MARTIN

(excited)

You're expecting.

MARCUS

All of this doesn't make any sense. You all have got to be
doing something wrong. This isn't possible. I'm a guy.

DR. MARTIN

Marcus, we've run every possible test more than once and it
always came back positive. What other explanation can it be?

(Marcus jumps off the table and
begins pacing. Lacey stops him and comforts him.)

MARCUS

This is crazy. I'm either dreaming, or I'm dead and have
gone to hell.

(Marcus walks over to the table
with various medical models and
spots one of the female anatomy. He
looks at it in horror.)

MARCUS

Where the hell is it going to come out from? I'm not built
for this. I don't have one of these.

(holds the model in front of Dr.
Martin)

I can barely stretch enough for my own pee.

DR. MARTIN

Marcus, you need to calm down to calm down. All this isn't
good for the baby.

MARCUS

(stops)

I need a second opinion.

LACEY

She is right you know.

MARCUS

Why are you so calm? Why are you freaking out too? This woman just said your husband is pregnant. Your husband. A man.

LACEY

I don't know. Maybe it just hasn't sunk in yet. Or maybe I'm just thinking we should go somewhere else to be sure.

DR. MARTIN

(angrily)

Don't you dare.

MARCUS

(confused)

What the hell is wrong with you?

(Dr. Martin grabs Marcus. Lacey
tries to break them apart.)

DR. MARTIN

Promise me you won't go anywhere else but here for your treatment. I know I am technically not an OBGYN but I can't let anyone else handle this. This is my baby. Well, your baby is my baby.

(They struggle some more.)

MARCUS

Let me go you crazy bitch.

DR. MARTIN

Promise me you won't go to anyone else.

MARCUS

No, now let me go.

(She shakes Marcus and Lacey.)

DR. MARTIN

Promise me!

MARCUS

Okay, Okay.

(Dr. Martin lets him go.)

MARCUS

But you have to promise me you won't tell anyone. I need to sort this out.

(Dr. Martin pulls out a piece of
paper.)

DR. MARTIN

Just sign here and you can leave.

MARCUS

(takes the paper and pen)

What's this?

DR. MARTIN

A little understanding between the two of us.

MARCUS

(reads)

I don't think so. We still don't even know if this is real.

LACEY

There's gotta be a sonogram machine around here or something.

DR. MARTIN

(grabs the paper back)

Fine.

MARCUS

(to Lacey)

You can't be serious.

LACEY

Once we see nothing is there, then we can end this.

DR. MARTIN

I'll see what I can do.

(Dr. Martin leaves the room.)

MARCUS

I think we can make a break for it now.

LACEY

I think we should wait. Just to be sure.

MARCUS

You believe this. You actually believe this. You realize it's not possible. I'm the husband, the man, I'm the one that gets you pregnant.

LACEY

I know, it's just that, that....

(Lacey begins to break down)

We've been trying for so long, and I've wanted a little girl so badly.

(Marcus gets up to console her)

MARCUS

Baby, I know it's been hard on you. But that doesn't make this real. Don't let this cloud your judgement.

LACEY

I know. It's stupid, and unreal, but what if, just what if this actually might be happening.

(Marcus breaks away from her)

MARCUS

I can't believe this.

LACEY

I'm just saying that maybe this is God's way of fixing what is wrong with me.

MARCUS

Wrong with you? What do you mean?

LACEY

I've been to four doctors, they've tested both of us, and even though they say everything is okay, I know it's gotta be me. What else could it be? That's why I think we've been given this gift, this chance, this possibility.

MARCUS

It's a mistake. A human error, that's all.

LACEY

What happened to you? You were never this cold.

MARCUS

I'm just trying to be realistic. Obviously one of us has to be, because it sure as hell isn't you.

(Lacey begins to sob harder)

MARCUS

Oh damn, baby, I'm sorry. Look, I'm just weirded out, that's all. I'll be fine once they prove that I'm not having a baby.

LACEY

Do you think maybe we can just pretend for a minute longer.

(They hug again)

MARCUS

It might not be you.

LACEY

What was that?

MARCUS

You, there isn't anything wrong with you.

LACEY

I don't understand.

MARCUS

I've been faking.

(Lacey pulls away)

LACEY

I'm a little confused.

MARCUS

I've been faking, you know.

(Lacey still looks confused)

MARCUS

I've been faking my orgasms.

LACEY

Wait a minute, men can do that?

MARCUS

It's not as hard as it sounds. In fact it's pretty

easy.

(Lacey begins to hit him repeatedly
on the shoulder)

LACEY

You mean to tell me that all this time we've been trying,
you've been pretending. All those nights I've been crying
myself to sleep, wondering why I can't get pregnant, why God
doesn't think I should have a child, and all this time it's
been because of you.

MARCUS

Can you blame me? I'm not working. We can't afford a baby
right now. We can barely afford ourselves.

LACEY

I make enough for the both of us.

MARCUS

That's not the point. I need to be able to provide.

LACEY

Are we in the 50's? People don't think like that anymore.

Neither do you. There's got to be something more to it.

MARCUS

Tell all that to Patrick.

LACEY

What does your brother have to do with this?

MARCUS

Nothing, nevermind, forget I said anything.

LACEY

Not everyone thinks the way those idiots did.

MARCUS

But they still exist. They killed him because they didn't like such a small part of himself. He was a nice regular guy, but they didn't see that. All they knew was that he was a gay guy, an activist trying to make life better for himself and others like him, and they didn't like that, so they took a bat to his head. Okay, so maybe they won't do the same to me, but I don't want to risk having that happen to a baby, our baby. I couldn't live with myself if that happened.

LACEY

You can't predict those things. All we can do is love them and hope for the best.

MARCUS

Maybe I'm being punished. I was so afraid of being

different, being seen as less of man, because I didn't want to end up like Patrick, and now, if this is real, I'll stand out even more. What will happen? Do you really think people will accept this?

LACEY

I have faith that they will.

MARCUS

That makes one of us.

(Dr. Martin enters the room with a machine.)

DR. MARTIN

Okay, now we'll have all the proof we will need. It wasn't easy, I had to go over to the next building, and well, they aren't too happy when you refuse to explain why you want to move expensive equipment around.

MARCUS

Finally, so now we can end this.

LACEY

Oh this is far from over. We're still going to talk about that faking when we get home.

DR. MARTIN

Did I miss something?

LACEY

Oh nothing, just a minor deception.

DR. MARTIN

Are you saying the baby isn't yours?

(They both stare at her.)

Sorry, I couldn't resist.

(Dr. Martin prepares Marcus for the
sonogram.)

MARCUS

I'm sorry. I really am. I just couldn't.

LACEY

You should have just told me how you felt. It's not good to
keep things bottled up like that.

MARCUS

You just wanted it so bad. I didn't know how to tell you.

LACEY

So you lied.

DR. MARTIN

Okay here we are. Oh my God.

MARCUS

What, I don't see anything.

DR. MARTIN

(pushes the button on a machine)

Maybe this will help.

(a beating sound can be heard)

LACEY

Is that?

DR. MARTIN

Yes it is. That is your baby's heartbeat.

MARCUS

This is real. This is really real.

END OF SCENE

SCENE 2

Setting: Living Room

At Rise: Marcus and Lacey are setting up a table, which has been ornately decorated with Thanksgiving keepsakes. They continue to move about setting plates, rearranging knives and forks, as the scene goes on.

MARCUS

Now remember what we talked about.

LACEY

No baby.

MARCUS

That's right.

LACEY

You know we could just lie and say that I'm the one expecting. That way
maybe someone could be happy for us. I mean, it's not like we've decided to...

MARCUS

The only reason we haven't taken care of this thing is
because the doctor is not sure how. Once they find a way,
we've got to get rid of it.

LACEY

And that's the end of that. No more talking, no more
discussions. It's over. Just like that.

MARCUS

Yup, just like that.

LACEY

And I don't get a say.

MARCUS

It's my body Lacey.

LACEY

Well I had to help somehow, you don't think you did this all
on your own did you?

MARCUS

Well, we don't know that for sure.

LACEY

Oh I see how it goes. So basically you are saying that you have some sort of super sperm that got you pregnant?

MARCUS

It's not like you got any in you. All you got are eggs. How is an egg supposed to fertilize an egg? Can't happen, plain and simple.

LACEY

As simple as a man getting pregnant. Marcus drops a plate that shatters.

MARCUS

God Dammit.

(Lacey runs to him.)

LACEY

I'll get the broom. You just sit down and relax. Remember what Dr. Martin said. Stay relaxed, since we don't know what stress will do to the baby.

MARCUS

I was relaxed before we started talking.

(A Doorbell rings.)

LACEY

Crap, can you get the door.

MARCUS

We're not done with this.

(looks at the table)

What the hell is this doing here?

(Marcus picks up a DVD. Lacey walks
back in.)

LACEY

Dr. Martin sent that over. It's the sonogram.

MARCUS

We'll get rid of it.

(Lacey takes the DVD and walks off
stage. Marcus opens the door and in
enters HECTOR, BLANCA, TIM,
MARISSA, and a young boy, ABEL.)

HECTOR

Why'd you keep us out there so long? We were freezing our
asses off for ten minutes.

MARCUS

It wasn't ten minutes.

HECTOR

So what, you were timing it?

BLANCA

Hector, leave mijito alone. It wasn't that long.

(She kisses Marcus.)

BLANCA

Where's Lacey?

MARCUS

In the kitchen getting a broom.

(Blanca walks over to the mess.)

BLANCA

Is she okay? Did you all have a fight? Oh my god, you didn't hit her did you? You know I taught you not to hit a woman.

MARCUS

She's fine mom.

BLANCA

Did she hit you? Where is she? I'll kick her butt.

HECTOR

Calmate Blanca, butterfingers here probably just dropped the plate.

TIM

Just like he would all those footballs, right Dad.

BLANCA

I better see if she needs help.

MARISSA

I'll go too.

ABEL

I wanna help.

(Abel begins to run, but Tim stops
him in his tracks.)

TIM

No son, the girls will handle all that. Gives us a chance to
have man talk.

ABEL

Like what?

MARCUS

You know, like sports, guns, and other bull...

HECTOR

Watch it.

MARCUS

Stuff.

ABEL

Sounds boring.

HECTOR

Boring, what the hell are you teaching him?

TIM

Nada, he's just playing, right son?

ABEL

Whatever?

HECTOR

Whatever? Whatever? Are you just going to let him talk back like that? Whatever!

TIM

Abel, what did we say about talking back?

HECTOR

See, that's what's wrong right there. You shouldn't ask him about his feelings, you should be giving him a spanking. Kids today are out of control because parents don't know what to do anymore. They worry too much about hurting everyone, making them not feel special. It's crap, and you are going to turn your kid into a sissy if you don't show him the right way to act. Abel begins to cry.

MARCUS

Just like the good old days, huh Tim. Good times.

TIM

(goes to Abel)

Hey now, no tears. Remember what we talked about.

ABEL

Am I really a sissy?

HECTOR

He is if he keeps crying that way.

TIM

Dad, I can handle this.

(to Abel)

No son, you aren't a sissy. But remember what we talked about, how boys aren't supposed to cry like girls. Remember?

MARCUS

Unbelievable.

TIM

Abel, go with your mom so she can clean you up, okay?

(Abel walks off-stage.)

TIM

You two happy.

MARCUS

What the hell did I do? I'm not the one scarring him for life.

HECTOR

Scarring him. I'm preparing him for the real world. Do you think everyone is just gonna hold his hand and make him feel

like everything is gonna be sunshine and rainbows?

Marissa comes on stage.

MARISSA

Tim, can I see you for a second?

TIM

For what?

MARISSA

Tim!

(Tim runs off-stage, and Marissa follows.)

HECTOR

I don't know where I went wrong with you boys. I did everything right for the two of you.

MARCUS

Pardon? Don't you mean three?

HECTOR

(ignores the last remark)

Ay, there you go with your fancy words. Pardon? That's what I mean. I taught you all to be men, and look at you two. Your brother jumps every time his woman calls, and you let yours support you.

MARCUS

I don't let her. That's just the way it is right now.

HECTOR

A real man would have found a way without letting his woman take over.

MARCUS

What do you expect me to do? No one is hiring right now, so it's nearly impossible to get anything.

HECTOR

Not anything, just that pansy work you do.

MARCUS

Here we go. You know, just because I work with my mind and not my hands doesn't mean I don't work hard.

HECTOR

You two boys wouldn't know how work if it hit you on the head.

MARCUS

Don't you mean three?

(Hector ignores him. Tim re-enters the stage.)

TIM

I said I would handle it.

HECTOR

So what were you told to do?

TIM

Nothing. Look Dad, Marissa and I...

HECTOR

You mean Marissa.

TIM

Marissa and I would like if you kept your comments to yourself, at least around Abel.

HECTOR

Maybe your woman can keep you quiet, but she's not gonna do that to me. I'm the head of this family. No one tells me what to do with my two boys. Marcus begins to speak, but is silenced by a scream heard off-stage. Blanca and Marissa run on stage, with the DVD in Blanca's hand. Lacey follows rather sheepishly. Blanca and Marissa run to their husbands and begin chattering wildly.

MARCUS

(to Lacey)

Now what?

LACEY

I'm so, so sorry.

MARCUS

You didn't.

LACEY

It was an accident.

HECTOR

Will somebody calm down tell me what is going on.

(Blanca waves the DVD in the air.)

BLANCA

We're going to be grandparents.

(She hands the DVD over to Hector,
who gives it a glimpse and passes
it over to Tim, who then passes it
to Marissa, then back to Blanca.
Blanca runs up to Lacey and gives
her a big hug.)

BLANCA

See, I told you that if you prayed and prayed, God would
listen and bless you with a baby. And now look at you two,
you're going to have your first baby. Oh my, I need to call
your Tia Mary, and tio Roberto, and my friend Nattie, and
then your cousin Betty, they are gonna be so happy for you.

HECTOR

(hugs Marcus)

Well, it's good to hear you are doing at least one of your
manly duties. But you better find a job soon, especially now

that your wife will be home with the baby.

LACEY

Excuse me.

MARCUS

He means for the pregnancy.

LACEY

Sure he did.

TIM

(to Marcus,solem)

Congrats little bro.

MARISSA

You could at least fake a smile.

TIM

What, I'm happy for them.

MARISSA

Whatever.

TIM

Not now.

HECTOR

No, wait. I want to hear this. What is your husband telling you now?

MARISSA

You see, this is all your fault, with those stupid comments. He always feels like he has to be a big man around you, or else you'll call him a girl. Well you know what Hector, there are worse things in the world that my loving, thoughtful husband could be. But no, because of you he can't even enjoy his brother's good news. Why? Because now he won't have something he could hold over Marcus.

TIM

That's just stupid.

MARISSA

It's true. No matter how much of a wimp your father made him feel, Tim always thought that as long as you didn't have kids that he was still the better man. But don't worry dear, maybe they'll have a girl and you'll still be top dog.

BLANCA

(to Lacey)

Ay, imagine that, a little girl that we can dress up all pretty.

HECTOR

(to Tim)

Are you gonna just let her talk to me like that?

Marcus

(screams)

Stop it, you all just stop it.

TIM

Hey bro, the way you are carrying on, you would think that you were the one having the baby.

MARCUS

You know what. It is me. I'm having the baby, not Lacey.

BLANCA

Mijo, that's not very funny, especially on a blessed day like this.

MARCUS

I'm not kidding. I'm really going to have one.

(to Lacey)

Tell them.

(Lacey begins to cry and runs off stage.)

MARISSA

(at Hector)

See what you did.

(Marissa walks off stage.)

HECTOR

Are you gonna let your wife talk to me like that?

TIM

Yes. No. I don't know.

(Tim runs off stage. Hector
follows.)

MARISSA

Tim!

HECTOR

How can you just run off and let her raise her voice to me?

BLANCA

(to Marcus)

Don't worry. Everyone is very happy for you. Even if the
baby is a girl. This is a blessing, you will see.

(Yelling can be heard off stage.)

BLANCA

I better go. I know how to calm him down.

(Blanca walks off stage.)

MARCUS

(to the air)

And that's what you want me to bring a baby into? So now
what do I do now?

END OF SCENE

SCENE 3

Setting: Doctors Office

At Rise: Dr. Martin is in her examination room, going over some charts. A MAN walks into the room and promptly sits down.

MAN

Been a long time doc.

DR.MARTIN

How did you get in here?

MAN

I have my ways. I can be very convincing.

(Dr. Martin gets up and goes to him.)

DR. MARTIN

Well, take off your shirt. If anyone walks in, I wouldn't want them to get suspicious.

MAN

No, of course not.

(The man removes his shirt.Dr. Martin begins to examine him.)

DR. MARTIN

Breathe in please.

MAN

(inhales, then exhales)

Well, you do like to be thorough, don't you.

DR. MARTIN

I try my best.

MAN

Too bad you don't try hard enough to make up your debts.

DR. MARTIN

I told you, I just need more time.

MAN

Time. The one thing everyone wants, but just can't get more of.

DR. MARTIN

Please, I know that you can do it. I'll do anything.

MAN

Well, there is one thing.

DR. MARTIN

Name it, whatever it is, I'll do it.

MAN

So eager to please. I like that. Here is what you can do for

me. I've heard you have a special patient, one that is in a very delicate situation.

DR. MARTIN

What? How did you know?

MAN

Are you really asking me that? You know that I find out everything.

DR.MARTIN

Of course. Yes, I have a patient that has found himself in an unusual situation.

MAN

I'd say being pregnant stands as a bit more than unusual.

DR. MARTIN

Yes, I guess it does. But we still don't know quite what is going on, and he refuses to let any specialists come in to see. He is very scared of the word getting out.

MAN

As he should be. It could end up being very bad for him. Or more importantly, it could end up being bad for me.

DR. MARTIN

I don't follow.

MAN

Lets just say that I've taken great pains to make sure a

certain amount of fear and irrationality exist in this world. To have it possibly undone would be a severe blow to my credibility.

DR. MARTIN

I still don't understand where you are getting at.

(The man rises.)

MAN

Well, then let me make this simple for you. I cannot allow this baby to be born. It will end the world as we know it, and I like the world the way it is. You take care of this for me, and I will grant you the riches you have been so determined to get.

DR. MARTIN

And my contract?

(The man grabs Dr. Martin.)

MAN

Are you trying to get me angry on purpose?

DR. MARTIN

No, of course not. I will do as you ask.

The man drops Dr. Martin, takes his shirt and throws it over his shoulder, and walks out. Lights fade.)

END OF SCENE

SCENE 4

Setting: Living Room

At Rise: Marcus lays on a couch. He motions the sign of the cross and begins to speak.

MARCUS

(looks around)

Hey God. I know it's been a while, but I'm not sure where to turn. I just need to know, why me? Why of all the people in this world, why a nobody like me. If you are trying to make a statement, wouldn't it have been better to have a celebrity like Brad Pitt or if you really want to go for attention, one of the "Twilight" guys go through this. At least then it would make sense. But why me? I've never done anything wrong. Well, okay, maybe some wrong things, but nothing that bad. I think I'm a good person. I may not come to church that often, but I try to live by the Ten Commandments, and I watch it every year on TV, if that counts for something. Why am I being punished?

(A MAID enters on stage ,
and starts to listen to Marcus. As
he talks, she approaches
slowly,finally putting her hand on

his shoulder.)

MARCUS

I've lived my whole life trying to fit in, be the perfect man, and now, now I'm a freak. Why, God, why?

(Marcus startles as the woman puts her hand on his shoulder.)

MARCUS

Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't hear anyone walk in.

(Marcus begins to get up and leave.)

MAID

Well, I just thought I would check on you, see if you were feeling any better before I went back to your parents house.

MARCUS

Was I out that long?

MAID

A couple of hours.

MARCUS

Oh. Wow, I didn't realize how exhausted I was.

MAID

Not to worry. I'm sure there is a good reason for being so tired.

MARCUS

Yeah, you would think so.

MAID

So what's troubling you. You look are too young to be so tired.

MARCUS

That obvious.

MAID

(smiles)

Just a little.

MARCUS

I've just been thinking a lot lately about life, you know, and destiny. Like why do bad things happen to good people type of stuff.

MAID

God only gives us what we can handle.

MARCUS

Now you see, everyone says that, but lately I am starting to wonder. I mean, look at all that has been happening lately. People are losing their jobs, their homes, their livelihood. You can't tell me that God is testing them, or that they were all bad people that need to be punished. Some people try their whole lives to be the best person they can be,

provide for the families, and then bam, it all comes to a halt. Why would God let that happen to someone who tried so hard to be, to be....

MAID

Perfect.

MARCUS

Sure, it sounds bad when you say it like that.

MAID

Perfect is just a word that people made up. It really doesn't have a definition.

MARCUS

What? That doesn't make any sense.

MAID

Maybe you need to stop worrying about how other people define you, and make up your own meaning of perfect.

MARCUS

But the world doesn't work that way.

MAID

They might if you give them a chance.

MARCUS

Not if they knew.

MAID

Tell me. Tell me what has you so troubled.

MARCUS

I can't.

(fights tears)

I can't. The words just can't come out.

MAID

Its okay. It might help to get it out there.

MARCUS

I'm pregnant.

(The maid sits silently as Marcus
gazes at her.)

MARCUS

Hello, is this thing on? I said I'm pregnant.

MAID

I heard you.

MARCUS

Then why haven't you said anything.

MAID

I was waiting for you to finish.

MARCUS

No, that's it. I'm a pregnant man. And not like the one that
was on TV. I'm a full blooded American male. No spare parts,

and now I've got something inside of me that isn't supposed to be there. Something that can bring a world of hate to my door.

MAID

Usually a baby brings some joy into one's life.

MARCUS

Yeah, when it happens normally.

MAID

Normal is just a word.

MARCUS

Like perfect?

MAID

Exactly. Just like perfect.

MARCUS

Tell that to the people who will probably send me bomb threats and break the windows at my house.

MAID

So don't do it for them.

MARCUS

That's not so easy. My brother tried to live his own life, and look where that got him. Dead. And he fought to make things better for guys like him. But someone wanted to make an example, so they bashed his head in. He was so kind and

generous, despite the taunts my father gave him. And he just lived his life how he wanted. But now he can't even enjoy it. If people did that to him, imagine what they would do to me?

MAID

Do you think Patrick was truly happy?

MARCUS

Well, yeah, he was. He finally felt free after years of hating who he was.

MAID

Well, maybe you should take a lesson from that.

MARCUS

You know, with vague answers like that, you're almost starting to sound like...

MAID

Like who?

(A single solitary spot light on
Marcus now.)

MARCUS

(laughs)

Like God.

(The woman gets a sassy look on her

face.)

MAID

Are you saying a woman can't be God?

MARCUS

No ma'am. I mean, yes, God could be a woman.

MAID

That's what I thought.

(The maid exists.)

END OF SCENE.

SCENE 5

Setting: Doctors Office

At Rise: Hector, Blanca, Lacey and
Marcus are waiting in Doctor
Martin's exam room. Hector and
Marcus both fidget in much the same
way.

HECTOR

Why am I here? I don't see why you can't call me with
what happened.

BLANCA

Shoosh Hector. It is a privilege to be invited to these
types of things. Men just don't understand, do they Lacey?

(Lacey gives off a nervous laugh.)

LACEY

Yup, they sure don't.

MARCUS

When is the doctor getting here? I just want this over with.

(Dr. Martin enters.)

BLANCA

It will be fine.

(pats Marcus's stomach.)

My my mijo, you have been putting on some weight. It's funny cause Lacey is hardly showing at all.

DR. MARTIN

Oh my, we have a full house today, don't we? Well, are you sure this is what you want.

MARCUS

Yes, it needs to be done.

HECTOR

She wasn't talking to you pendejo.

(Dr. Martin laughs nervously.)

DR. MARTIN

Well then, lets get to it. Lie down and lift up your shirt.

(Marcus does as he is told.)

HECTOR

Stop playing around and put your beer gut away. Your mom is in the room, she doesn't need to see that.

BLANCA

Ayy, I changed his diapers, I can handle his stomach. But please mijo, stop joking. It doesn't look right at the doctor's.

MARCUS

I'm not joking. This is why I brought you here. You need to see this.

(Hector and Blanca look at each other. Dr. Martin continues the sonogram. The usual noises are heard. Blanca walks closer to the screen.)

BLANCA

What am I looking at? This isn't real right? Are you all joking with me?

LACEY

(grabs Marcus's hand)

No Blanca, it isn't a joke. Somehow this little miracle happened and brought us a baby.

BLANCA

It was God. He heard our prayers. It got a little mixed up,
but he heard them.

HECTOR

But is the baby okay?

(Everyone looks at him astonished.)

HECTOR

Well, babies aren't supposed to be in a man, so I need to
be sure. It is my grandchild.

MARCUS

Wait, so you aren't upset or going to go on some sort of
tirade. Like how men are supposed to make babies, not have
them, or something like that.

HECTOR

Who am I to go against God?

MARCUS

I'm just surprised. I mean, it took me forever to come to
grips with this, and you are taking it like nothing. I
expected people to be weirded out and upset, but maybe I was
wrong.

DR. MARTIN

Well, this is your family, you never know about other
people.

HECTOR

The doctor is right. We should just keep this in the family.
After all, my boy and grandbaby's life is at stake.

LACEY

As much as I would hate to say I agree with Hector, he has a
point.

BLANCA

What do you think mijo?

MARCUS

I'm just really scared. I don't know what to do. But now
that I have your support, I feel better about all this.

HECTOR

Doctor, you haven't answered my questions. Is my boy ok?

DR. MARTIN

As far as I can tell, everything is going to plan. Other
than being pregnant, there is nothing out of the ordinary.
But there is still so much we don't know, and even if Marcus
will survive.

LACEY

But you said everything is going ok?

DR.MARTIN

Yes, but we cannot predict what kind of complications can
happen, since there isn't anything we can base this off of.

HECTOR

Well, what about that pregnant man from before.

DR. MARTIN

But that wasn't really a man. Or at least, not technically.

LACEY

Maybe we should consider getting more opinions.

MARCUS

I don't think there will be a need for that. It was hard enough telling my parents, the world is a whole other ball game.

LACEY

But we need to know if everything will be OK. This is my baby too.

DR. MARTIN

Well, we can't be sure of that either.

LACEY

What is that supposed to mean?

DR. MARTIN

Well, Joseph though he was going to have one too with Mary, and look what happened there.

BLANCA

Doctor, that is not appropriate thinking. Of course this

belongs to Lacey, even if she didn't help put it there.

DR. MARTIN

In theory, yes, but possibly not scientifically.

HECTOR

Enough. You heard my mijo. He said no specialists. Now let us go and enjoy this moment in peace.

(To Marcus)

Let's get you home.

(Hector helps Marcus up off the table and everyone but Dr. Martin exits. The Man steps out of another door and approaches DR. MARTIN.)

DR. MARTIN

Did you see how hard I am trying?

MAN

Yes. You've done very well to plant the seeds of doubt, which take time to grow. But even they have a time limit.

DR. MARTIN

I don't know what else to do.

MAN

You better figure it out soon.

(There is a knock at the door. The

Man rushes back to the door he was
at. Marcus walks in.)

DR.MARTIN

Well hey there again?

MARCUS

I needed to talk with you privately.

DR. MARTIN

(coughs)

Well, sure, of course.

MARCUS

I want to get rid of it.

(Dr. Martin stops in her tracks.)

DR.MARTIN

What was that? I didn't quite hear you.

MARCUS

No, I think you did. I said I want to get rid of this thing
inside of me. I don't know how, but its got to be done.

DR. MARTIN

I've been thinking the same thing. In terms of your safety.
We still don't know so many things, and....

Marcus cuts her off.

MARCUS

I know that, but I've made my decision.

DR. MARTIN

Does your wife know?

MARCUS

No, I just thought of it right now.

DR. MARTIN

I think you should talk to her at least, hear what she has to say. She did sound like she wanted the baby.

MARCUS

I know you keep saying that word, but it just can't be. IT has to be something else, something that evil.

DR. MARTIN

I don't want to get into your personal life...

MARCUS

Too late for that.

DR. MARTIN

But, I do believe that you should talk to your wife about this. I don't think you would want her to make that same decision without you. Besides, I wouldn't know where to begin a procedure such as an abortion for a man without talking to someone, which is something you didn't want.

MARCUS

My goodness, did you actually make sense right now?

DR. MARTIN

It happens from time to time.

MARCUS

And there isn't anyone you can talk to. Anyone one person that you trust.

DR. MARTIN

Well, there might be someone.

MARCUS

Fine, call them, text them, do whatever. Just let me know when to come back so I can get my life back to normal.

DR. MARTIN

Will do. Now please, go home and rest.

(Dr. Martin ushers Marcus out. She goes to the other door and opens it.)

DR. MARTIN

Well, I hope that pleased you.

(Dr. Martin opens the door completely, but no one is there to be found.)

END OF SCENE.

SCENE 6

Setting: Living Room.

At rise: Lacey is reading on one of
the chairs, when Marcus walks in.

LACEY

There you are. I was wondering where you ran off to.

MARCUS

Sorry, I had to convince my mom not to go baby clothes
shopping yet.

LACEY

Oh, she better not without me. I love your mom, but I can
only imagine what kind of stuff she would pick out.

(Marcus laughs nervously and sits
down beside Lacey. She cuddles up
against him.)

MARCUS

Well, I did tell her to wait, at least until I talked with
you.

LACEY

Great, I wanted to talk with you too. We need to start
thinking of names, as well as all the things we need. There
is just so much to do. But I'm glad we are doing this
together.

MARCUS

We also have to think about the alternatives.

LACEY

Alternatives? Like what?

MARCUS

Well, you know, whatever is growing inside of me might not come out normally. It could have a lot of stuff wrong with it.

LACEY

Whatever the baby comes out with, we will deal with it together. That's what marriage is all about.

MARCUS

I'm not just talking about autism or anything like that. It could be something even more.

LACEY

Are you still on the whole anti-christ thing? Haven't you seen all those movies? If you were truly having something evil, don't you think you would have none already?

MARCUS

I don't know what to think. I just feel we need to keep our options open.

LACEY

You mean an abortion, don't you?

MARCUS

Yes. I think it might be for the best. We don't know if I can survive this, so I thought maybe Dr. Martin could bring someone in to see if an abortion was possible.

LACEY

So you ask for someone else for an abortion, but you won't bring in anyone else to see if you can safely have the baby. How selfish of you.

MARCUS

(gets up)

How selfish of me? How about you? You are so hell bent on getting a baby that you'll risk my life and body. Look I'm sorry that you can't have one of your own, but that doesn't mean you should push this all on me.

LACEY

How dare you say that? You know how much I've been hurting about all this.

MARCUS

I can't tell. Every time I try and tell you how I feel, you just tell me about how stupid I'm being.

LACEY

I've never called you stupid.

MARCUS

You don't have to. But you just don't understand, you're not

a...

LACEY

I'm not what Marcus? I'm not a man. Is that what you were going to say?

MARCUS

Well, you just don't know.

LACEY

That's what it always goes back to, doesn't it. Even your father, the most machismo acting man I know called this his grandchild. And yet you can't get beyond the fact that women are the ones that normally have babies. This is a blessing, plain and simple.

MARCUS

We still don't know that. But I've made my decision. You can either support me, or you can be against me.

LACEY

Well, I'm making a decision too. If you want to do things on your own, you can continue to do so from now on. You know, I realize what happened in your past was horrible, but you have to realize the world has changed.

MARCUS

Maybe, but maybe not.

(Lacey runs off stage. Marcus sits
back down on the couch and puts his

face in his hands.)

END OF SCENE

ACT II

SCENE 1

Setting: A front yard.

At Rise: Marcus (as a boy) plays on the lawn, throwing a football in the air, but not being very successful at catching it. An argument can be heard in the background. Blanca enters the scene and sits on the ground next to Marcus.

Marcus stops playing and looks down at her.

MARCUS

What are you doing Mama? The ground is cold and wet.

BLANCA

(wryly)

It is warmer than in the house.

(She motions for Marcus to sit down beside her.)

Come mijo, sit beside your mama.

(Marcus sits down and gets right
up.)

MARCUS

It's so cold.

BLANCA

And they say women are the ones who whine. It won't kill
you, you'll get used to it. Sit. Just for a minute then you
can go back to your game.

(Marcus sits again and squirms for
a bit.)

BLANCA

Don't move so much, it will get warmer if you sit closer.

(Blanca puts her arm around
Marcus.)

BLANCA

See, isn't that better.

(Beat.)

MARCUS

Mama, why were you fighting again?

BLANCA

You don't need to worry about that mijo? That is stuff for

grown-ups.

MARCUS

But I do worry. I don't like it when you fight. It makes me sad. Was it because of the game?

BLANCA

No mijo, he has forgotten all about that.

MARCUS

I didn't mean to drop the ball. I tried so hard to catch it. I really did. But I couldn't see.

BLANCA

It's okay mijo. I told him that. He understands now.

MARCUS

I don't like playing football.

BLANCA

I know mijo. I know.

MARCUS

I wish I could quit.

BLANCA

I know. But it's almost over. Then we can talk to your father again.

MARCUS

But why can't I quit now.

BLANCA

Because we have already paid the money. If it was free, I would have let you.

MARCUS

Mama, who was that guy with Patrick?

(Blanca stands up suddenly. Yelling can be heard again from inside by two males.)

BLANCA

You're right mijo, the ground is really cold. We should go inside.

(The yelling gets worse. Blanca sits right back down.)

BLANCA

Or not.

MARCUS

He must have been a really bad guy. Papa was really mad that he was here.

BLANCA

No, he was just a friend. But you know how your father doesn't like people in the house.

MARCUS

But Tim gets to have friends over and Papa doesn't care.

BLANCA

I meant having people over when we aren't home.

MARCUS

But Tim...

BLANCA

Ya Mijo, enough about Tim and Patrick, and Patrick's friend.

(Blanca gets up and begins to cry.

She turns her back to Marcus.

Marcus rises and tries to comfort

her.)

MARCUS

I'm sorry Mama. I didn't mean to make you cry.

(Blanca turns around and hugs him.)

BLANCA

No mijo, it wasn't you.

MARCUS

Then why are you crying.

BLANCA

I don't know. I don't know. Sometimes women just cry.

MARCUS

I don't think I'll ever understand women.

BLANCA

Don't worry Mijo, you'll understand them, you just won't know how to fix it. Just like every other man.

(PATRICK, teens, enters. He looks at Blanca and Marcus, as if to speak. Hector's voice is heard in the background. Patrick walks away quickly.

Hector enters, very gruff.)

HECTOR

(yells)

You better run. Pinche joto chingado. And don't come back here again until you learn to do as I say. Do you hear me?

Beat.

HECTOR

What? Can't a father yell at his son in peace?

(Marcus begins to cry. Hector walks up to him, annoyed.

HECTOR

So you want to cry like a girl, huh? Then you can go with him and be girls together.

(Marcus begins to cry harder.

Hector starts to push him towards
off-stage.)

HECTOR

Go. Come on. That's what you want right? Go be a little
faggot like your brother.

MARCUS

(crying)

I don't know what that is.

(Blanca runs up to Marcus.)

BLANCA

Leave him alone. He's just a boy.

(Hector breaks them apart.)

HECTOR

No more of that. That's what you would do with the other
one, and looked what happened. You know what, I was okay
with that. But I told him, don't bring anyone here to the
house. Don't make it obvious. People will try to hurt you.
But does he listen? No, everytime he just keeps breaking the
rules and joining those clubs that make a big deal about
everything, marching in the streets. But from now on we are
going to raise these boys the right way.

BLANCA

So what, you gonna take them to your titty bars?

HECTOR

No pendeja.

Beat.

HECTOR

I'm going to take them hunting.

(calls to the house)

Tim, get my guns and help me start cleaning. We are going to go hunting tomorrow.

(Hector walks off-stage. Marcus and Blanca remain.)

MARCUS

I don't have to go, do I?

BLANCA

Yes, but don't worry. Your father is not a good shot.

SCENE 2

Setting: The Woods

At Rise: Guns shots can be heard in the distance. Hector, Marcus, and Tim walk on stage armed to the teeth, and dressed in fatigues.

HECTOR

Damn, almost had him.

TIM

Yeah, you did. Maybe the sight isn't on straight.

HECTOR

That is probably it. Can't catch birds in the air if the sight doesn't work.

MARCUS

Maybe they are too fast for you.

HECTOR

(scoffs)

Good hunters can beat any bird. But they can't overcome bad equipment. Here comes some more. Hurry up, try to get them.

(Both Tim and Marcus point and shoot. Marcus is thrown back by the force of the gun.)

TIM

God Dammit.

(looks at Hector)

I mean, damn.

HECTOR

It's okay. Out here men can say whatever they want.

TIM

Well in that case, I'm gonna go take a piss.

(Tim checks to see if Hector's back is turned, and pulls a magazine from under his shirt. Tim runs off-stage. Hector walks over to Marcus and picks him up.)

HECTOR

You need to learn to hold a gun right. That way it won't throw you back and kill us all.

MARCUS

I think I broke my shoulder.

HECTOR

No you didn't. If you did, you'd be crying like a little girl the way you always do.

MARCUS

Thanks for inviting me. I'm having a blast.

HECTOR

Funny guy. A regular Paul Rodriguez. Well funny guy, it's not so smart to say stuff next to a guy with a gun. They might shoot you.

MARCUS

Not with a broken sight.

(Hector waves Marcus' comment off.)

HECTOR

Always something smart to say.

(Hector puts his gun down on the ground and walks over to Marcus. He turns Marcus around.)

HECTOR

Here, let me show you.

(Hector pulls the gun up and stands behind Marcus. Marcus looks a little uneasy, but remains still.)

HECTOR

You've got to hold it firm, here. The force kicks it back, so you need to make sure you have a good grip. Keep your legs strong too. Don't be surprised by the force of it. That is why you get thrown down.

(Birds can be heard in the distance.

Hector gets excited, but stays behind Marcus.)

HECTOR

There's your chance. Let's get them.

(Marcus and Hector follow with the gun, as if birds are flying over them.)

HECTOR

Wait, wait.

HECTOR

Now.

(Marcus fires the gun. It shakes him a little, but he stands a bit firmer than before.)

MARCUS

I did it.

HECTOR

Yes you did, my boy. Look, you got one.

(A dead bird falls on the stage a slight distance from Marcus and Hector.)

MARCUS

I've never got one before.

Beat.

MARCUS

What do I do now?

HECTOR

Dios mio. Go get it Pendejo.

(Marcus runs up to the bird. When he reaches it, a solitary spotlight is shown on him. He looks at the bird and kicks it a second. The bird doesn't move. He tries again.

Marcus falls to his knees and starts sobbing quietly.)

MARCUS

Did I do this to you? I didn't mean to. Am I a murderer?

HECTOR

Now that's my boy. Go ahead, pick it up.

(Tim enters the stage, zipping up his pants.)

TIM

I heard shots. Did you get one dad?

HECTOR

No, but Marcus did.

TIM

Marcus got one? You're kidding right?

(Marcus begins to stiffen up.)

MARCUS

No, he's not kidding. I got one. That makes it one to your, your, well I guess you don't have any yet. Unless you got some while you were taking your piss.

TIM

I'm so gonna kick your ass.

(Tim throws down his gun and lunges at Marcus. They both roll around on the floor as Hector tries to split them apart.)

HECTOR

Hey, no more fighting, especially around the guns, you idiots.

(The magazine Tim was hiding falls out of his jacket. He tries to pick it up but Hector beats him to the punch.)

HECTOR

Well, what do we have here, cochino. So is this what you were doing for so long?

TIM

I was just looking reading the articles.

(Hector throws down the magazine.)

Marcus picks it up.)

HECTOR

Reading the articles. Don't lie to me. Cochino, out in the open. At least wait until you are in your own room.

(thinks it over)

When you get your own house, I mean.

MARCUS

Hey, that has your name on it dad.

(Tim freezes in terror as Hector takes the magazine and looks closely at the cover.)

HECTOR

This is mine. I thought the mailman stole it. But it was you, pendejo.

TIM

I didn't mean to, I just wanted to look.

(Hector takes Tim by the ear. Tim begins to wail in pain.)

HECTOR

Keep crying, just wait until we get home. Then you'll do some crying.

(Hector and Tim leave off stage.)

Marcus stays behind and looks at the bird. He picks it up and holds it close to him. The lights fade.)

Scene 3

Setting: A Backyard.

At Rise: It is nighttime. Marcus is digging a hole in the yard. A shoe box sits next to him, highly decorated.

He continues digging, but stops every now and then to sob. He looks to the sky and cups his hand in prayer.

MARCUS

Dear God. I know we haven't talked since the whole ball through the window thing, but today I need your help. I'd like you to take this bird with you in heaven. I know dad says that heaven is only for people, but maybe you can make an exception for Patrick, oh yeah, I named him after my brother, sorry for the confusion. Anyways, it wasn't the birds fault. Marcus begins to tear up.

MARCUS

I really didn't mean to shoot him. I tried to miss, but it I didn't work. I forgot the sight was crooked.

(There is a sudden rustling sound.
Marcus looks around frightened.)

MARCUS

Who's there?

(The rustling stops.)

MARCUS

Don't try and hide. I already heard you. If you don't come out I'll get my gun. I'll hit you, you know, just like this bird.

(whispers to the bird)

I'm sorry.

(Patrick walks on stage, scraggly and unkempt, as if he has been living on the streets.)

MARCUS

Patrick!

(Patrick puts his finger to his lips.)

PATRICK

Shhh!

(Marcus runs to give him a hug.)

MARCUS

I've missed you so much.

(Patrick gives him a look.)

MARCUS

I'm sorry.

(quietly)

I've missed you so much.

PATRICK

I've missed you too buddy.

MARCUS

Does this mean you are back?

PATRICK

No, not exactly. I just wanted to look at the house.

MARCUS

You should have come earlier. Mom made enchiladas.

PATRICK

Marky, please don't talk about food.

MARCUS

No one has called me Marky since you left. I really missed that. I have so many questions. Like, where were you? Why did you go? Why did you leave me?

PATRICK

Shhh! Dad can't know I'm here.

MARCUS

But why did you leave? I cried so much, but only in my room
so dad wouldn't hear.

PATRICK

It's complicated.

MARCUS

I don't know what that means.

PATRICK

Maybe it is best that you don't. Sometimes ignorance is
bliss.

MARCUS

Ugh, more riddles. You never say what you mean.

PATRICK

Same old Marcus. Here, hug me again.

(Marcus goes hug Patrick. A sound
of a door opens.

They both freeze in terror. Blanca
enters the stage in a robe and
curlers, holding a plate.

Marcus sighs in relief, but Patrick
remains still and silent.)

MARCUS

Oh good. It's just Mami.

BLANCA

Oh how nice. Just mami huh? Maybe I should go wake your daddy up?

MARCUS

I meant it as a good thing.

BLANCA

That's better.

MARCUS

Look, Patrick came back. Right Patrick. You're here to stay right? Mom, come hug us.

BLANCA

I don't know if he wants me to, do you mijo.

MARCUS

Of course he does. Right Patrick?

(Patrick remains silent and turns away.)

MARCUS

Patrick? Hello?

(Blanca goes up to Marcus and turns her to him.)

BLANCA

It's okay. He'll hug me when he is ready.

(She puts her hand on Patrick's
shoulder, but he pulls away.)

MARCUS

Patrick!

BLANCA

Marcus, it's late, you should be in bed. Go inside before you catch a cold.

MARCUS

But I'm not done.

(He points to the bird.)

MARCUS

I still have to bury him.

(Patrick breaks his silence.)

PATRICK

I'll do it. I'll bury him for you.

MARCUS

But I really wanted to do it.

BLANCA

Do you want me to get your father?

MARCUS

No. Fine, Patrick can do it. But be gentle. He had a horrible death and I
want him to be comfortable.

(Blanca begins to usher Marcus off
stage.)

BLANCA

I'm sure he will.

(Marcus continues to give instructions as Blanca takes him off.)

MARCUS

And make sure you dig a deep hole. I don't want any dogs or cats to bring him
up. Okay? You hear me Patrick.

PATRICK

I hear you Marky.

MARCUS

Did you get that? A deep hole.

BLANCA

He got you, mijo, now go to bed.

(Marcus tries to say something
else, but Blanca gives him a final
push off stage as she remains. A
sound of a door closing can be
heard. Patrick sits on the ground
and begins to dig with the tiny

shovel.

She grips the plate with both hands
as she walks over to Patrick. He
begins to dig with more force as
she gets closer.)

BLANCA

Stop for a minute please, so we can talk.

PATRICK

I made a promise. I intend to keep it before I take off.

BLANCA

Please.

(She touches Patrick once again. He
stops digging, but won't turn
around or even get up. Blanca sits
on the ground with him.)

BLANCA

I made you a plate.

PATRICK

Can I eat it inside?

BLANCA

(hesitates)

I don't think you should. If your father wakes up...

(Patrick interrupts her.)

PATRICK

I guess Marcus is the only one who hasn' tchanged.

(Blanca drops the plate and begins
to sob.

She turns him around and touches
his chin.)

BLANCA

Do you think that this was easy for me? You were my first
boy. My Patty-cake. There hasn't been a day that I haven't
missed you.

PATRICK

(sobs)

Then why did you let him kick me out. Why didn't you defend
me?

BLANCA

I had to make a choice. It might not have been the best one,
but it was the only one I could think of. Things needed to
calm down.

PATRICK

I don't get it. He said he was fine with me.

(Blanca gets up.)

BLANCA

Of course he was, because your dad loves you. But he didn't want you to get hurt by someone, that's why he was mad that you brought that friend to the house, the one who causes all that trouble.

PATRICK

Ronnie cause trouble. Is trying to make the world better for guys like us.

BLANCA

Oh mijo. If only I make you understand. Besides, you don't everything. He misses you too.

PATRICK

Yeah right. He misses his big ol' joto of a son.

(Blanca slaps.Patrick grimaces.)

PATRICK

Ow, what was that for?

BLANCA

Mijo, you may not live here but that doesn't mean you should talk so foul. Maybe your father handled it wrong, but he only wanted what's best for you.

PATRICK

By hiding myself. What good will that do? If people want change, they need to see how normal I am. That just because

I'm gay doesn't mean that I don't like to play sports,
or fix cars. I just love a little differently. If dad really
loved me, he would understand and support me. Has he said if
he wants me back home?

BLANCA

No, but I see little things. Like every time on the news when
they say they found some boy on the streets, he looks with
such horror, such pain, that I know he is thinking of you.
Worried that he sent you to that. I know because it is the
same look I have. But there is more. Evertime one of those
stories pops up, suddenly he needs air, and has to go for a
drive. But I know he is hoping to see you, to find you, just
to make sure you are okay. He won't admit it and I'll never
ask, but I know, because if he didn't, I would do the same.

PATRICK

I just want to come home. I miss you all.

(They embrace.)

BLANCA

Even Tim?

PATRICK

(thinks for a moment)

Even Tim.

BLANCA

Then I'll talk to him. But we cannot go behind his back.

I'll call your Tia and see if you can stay there, then we will bring your father over and we will make our family one again.

PATRICK

Do you think it will work?

BLANCA

My heart says yes, but my mind says no. Let's go with my heart on this one, okay mijo.

(They hug tighter as the lights
fade.)

SCENE 4

Setting: A kitchen.

At Rise: Lights rise on a dinner table. Hector sits drinking a beer, the can nervously shakes with each sip. Blanca enters with a plate of food.

BLANCA

Hector, do you think you can help me bring the food out?

(Hector remains quiet.)

BLANCA

Hector?

(louder)

Hector!

(Hector turns to her.)

HECTOR

Do you think I'm a monster?

(Blanca gently places the plate on
the table.)

BLANCA

There is no safe way to answer that question.

HECTOR

So then it is true.

BLANCA

I think you mean well, but you don't understand that times
are different. People are not what they used to be.

HECTOR

That is only part of it. I'm just not sure. I want my son
back. I want to make sure he is okay and not dead in the
gutter. I don't care that he's gay. I don't agree with
it, but he is my son. I just don't want him acting stupid
around other people who don't understand him.

BLANCA

Do you love him?

HECTOR

What kind of questions is that?

BLANCA

He'll want to know.

HECTOR

I'm going to let him back aren't I, that should be enough.

BLANCA

What happened to the moonlight walker I married? The one that told me he wished he could lasso the moon? I miss him, even if he stole lines from old movies.

HECTOR

(smiles)

You're supposed to tell that to women when you date them.
That's how you get them to marry you.

BLANCA

Mira, a smile. I haven't seen one of those in ages. I'm glad it is back. I was beginning to wonder if I would see one again.

HECTOR

I just want them to be good, smart men. The kind that can take care of themselves.

BLANCA

And they are. We have some smart, wonderful boys that are

going to be something special.

HECTOR

But I don't know. Maybe I failed Patrick. Maybe I didn't show him enough. Maybe I needed to teach him some more. Maybe just maybe...

(Beat.

Hector becomes a little choked up, but fights it pretty hard. A knock is heard at the door. Blanca gets up to answer it. A MAN's voice can be heard off stage.

MAN O.S.

Mrs. Juarez?

BLANCA

Yes, I am Mrs. Juarez. How can I help you officer?

(Hector gets up to join her.)

MAN O.S.

I'm afraid I have some bad news about your son, Patrick.

BLANCA

No, not my Pat. No.

(Blanca falls to the floor, crying.
Hector sits down to join her in an
embrace. He does not cry.

Lights fade.)

END OF SCENE

SCENE 5

Setting: Living Room.

At Rise: Hector sits on the couch,
pretending to read a newspaper. The
Maid from the enters and sits down
next to him. Hector seems a bit
uncomfortable and starts to move
slightly away.

MAID

It's okay, I don't bite.

HECTOR

Sorry. Just thought you would like some space.

MAID

How kind of you. But I'm okay. And there are worse things
than being bumped into by a handsome man such as yourself.

HECTOR

I don't know about that.

MAID

Sure you. Nice, strong looking man like you probably had to beat the women off with a stick.

HECTOR

Well, maybe when I was younger, but not now. Not at my age. Not that I would want them to line up for me anyways.

MAID

Well, you do have a wife.

HECTOR

Yeah, I do. But that's not...you know what, nevermind.

MAID

Something on your mind. I might be able to help.

HECTOR

Just some stuff. But I don't want to talk to anyone, so.

MAID

You don't strike me as the type that tells his loved ones much.

HECTOR

You're good. You were a shrink before a maid, or something?

MAID

No,. I've just lived long enough to know people. If you've been around as long as I have, you get to know the ins and

outs of how people think.

HECTOR

You don't look that old to me.

MAID

Why thank you. But looks can be deceiving. And from what I can tell, the same might apply to you.

HECTOR

(rises)

Hey, I didn't say we could talk about me.

MAID

So much stored anger. I can sense it. What has someone with such a beautiful face so angry?

HECTOR

(sits back down)

I can't tell you. I can't tell anyone. My boys life is at stake.

MAID

Oh, that is serious.

HECTOR

Somethings happened. Something so messed up that I don't know what to do. But I can't tell anyone. If I tell, someone might try to hurt him the way they hurt my other boy. And it

will be my fault.

MAID

You can't control how people act. They gonna do whatever they want with or without your blessing.

HECTOR

And that's fine, but not when it comes to your kids. I've always thought I was doing what was best for them, you know. Making sure they turned out to be real men. Just the way my dad taught me. I hated my dad for what he did, but I accepted it; but not my boys, all three of them. I just thought they didn't understand how cruel the world could be for people that are different. Guys who don't act like men. I was just trying to help, but no matter what you do, the world still comes at them.

(Hector begins to cry, but tries his best to hold it in. The woman gets closer and places her arm around him.)

MAID

Do you mind?

(Hector shakes his head, signaling that it is okay. He begins to sob slightly.)

HECTOR

Plus, no matter how hard you pray, no matter how much you get up on Sundays, go to church, read the Bible, and try your best to lead a good life, people still come and hurt you. People who think they are better than God himself.

MAID

Or herself?

HECTOR

(not catching the comment)

My boy, Marcus, he's in trouble. And I lied to him about it. I told him I understood, but I didn't. I wanted to yell and scream, but I couldn't. I just sat there, because maybe I'm being punished by God.

MAID

Now why would you say a thing like that.

HECTOR

My first boy. I kicked him out because he wouldn't listen to me, instead of protecting him like a good father should. And now something bigger has happened and the whole world knows it. There's nothing I can do.

MAID

So instead of being with Marcus, protecting him, you are running again.

HECTOR

I don't know how to handle what's going on with him. It's

f'd up. How can I protect if when so many people are trying to get at him?

MAID

It can't be all that bad.

HECTOR

Okay, you asked for it. My son is pregnant.

(Maid stays silent, not even
flinching)

Hello, is this thing on? I said he was pregnant.

MAID

I heard you baby.

HECTOR

And you don't think it's a sign of the devil.

MAID

Not for me to say. All I can say is that if your scared at your wits end, then don't you think he's scared too? He might need you.

HECTOR

He never needed me. He hates me. Besides, I'll just make things worse.

MAID

He told you that?

HECTOR

Yes, once, or two times. Maybe more. But it was always because of me. I just had so much rage about what I did that I didn't know how to handle it. I thought I was doing good, you know, but...

(starts to cry)

MAID

There there now. I think you know where you need to be. Make this right.

(spotlight on Hector)

HECTOR

But what if I can't. People have been writing letters and calling his house. Someone even left a... Hello? Where did you go?

END OF SCENE

SCENE 6

Setting: Doctors Office

At rise: Marcus is once again lying on the doctor's table. Dr. Martin enters with the Man.

DR. MARTIN

Hello Marcus. This is the specialist I told you about. He is

going to examine you and see how we can best handle the situation.

MARCUS

I'm glad to meet you, Dr., um?

MAN

Man.

MARCUS

Okay, Dr. Man.

MAN

Well, lets take a look here.

(The Man begins to examine Marcus
as a doctor would.)

MAN

I'm very glad you all came to me. This could have been a very bad situation for everyone involved.

MARCUS

Finally, someone who understands.

MAN

Of course I do. We men have to stick together right?

MARCUS

Yes, we do.

(There is a knock on the door. Dr.

Martin goes to answer it. Lacey
rushes in.)

MAN

What on earth is she doing here?

LACEY

I got a call from here about your appointment. I rushed
right over to try and talk some sense into you.

(Lacey looks at the man rather
coldly.)

LACEY

I'm his wife. I belong here.

MAN

Funny, he didn't mention being married.

MARCUS

Well, we did just meet. I haven't had time to say anything.

DR. MARTIN

And I'm sure I mentioned it before.

(Dr. Martin laughs, but the Man
returns an icy glare.)

MAN

Well, either way a decision has been made, and we need to
continue. Your husbands life is at stake, or do you not care

about that.

LACEY

Of course I do. I love him and support him now matter what.
But I don't want him to throw away something just because
he is afraid.

(Lacey approaches Marcus and takes
his hand.)

LACEY

I love you, and whatever decision you make I'll try to
support you. But I want it to be one we make together.

MARCUS

I'm just scared, you know. What if people find out. Do you
know what they could do to you, and the baby? I couldn't
live with myself if anything happened to you all.

LACEY

And I get that. I really do. But we can't live our lives in
fear. We need to have faith that everything will work out.

MAN

(scoffs)

Faith. What does that get anyone? It's just an illusion
people use to make themselves feel better. People may say
times have changed, but we all know better. Look at any
comments section on the internet. People will tell you one
thing to your face, but it's a different story when you get

them alone. There is still hatred in this world, and it will stay that way forever.

DR. MARTIN

Unless something causes it to change.

(They all turn to Dr. Martin.)

MAN

Doctor, I believe you are out of line.

DR. MARTIN

No, I'm not. People won't change unless something helps them to change. Maybe something like this. I get it now. Why you want this stopped. But I can't allow it, and you all shouldn't either.

MAN

Marcus, listen to me. These idealistic fools don't get the world like you and I do. We know how much pain and hate exist in this world. Is that really something you want to inflict on yourself and an innocent baby?

MARCUS

But why would anyone have to know?

MAN

You don't think people are wondering already? You're getting fatter by the minute, and the shape isn't a normal gut. And even if they don't guess you aren't pregnant, don't you think they might start making rumors about other things.

MARCUS

It really doesn't matter what they think. I've got my wife by my side, and she is the one I should be doing this for. I've been so worried about people thinking I'm not a man, I forgot that I have more important things in my life to worry about. Dr. Martin, you can call in another specialist. We need to have all our options explored before we make a decision.

DR. MARTIN

Your wish is my command.

(The Man throws the chair back and begins to leave.)

MAN

You are all making a very big mistake.

(looks at Dr. Martin)

And some of you will regret it more than others.

DR. MARTIN

That's fine. Because for the first time in my life, I'm not doing something for just myself. I'm thinking of the greater good.

MAN

We will see how far that gets you. But you all haven't heard the last of me. I still have a few tricks up my sleeve.

(The man exists.)

MARCUS

Where on earth did you find that quack?

DR. MARTIN

It's not important. At least not anymore.

END OF SCENE.

SCENE 7

Setting: Living Room

At Rise: Marcus sits on a couch, hands burying his face. Lacey is beside him, rubbing his shoulders in a comforting motion. His pregnant belly keeps him from sitting comfortably. Boxes and stacks of letters surround them. They are broken off into two sections: hate mail and well wishes.

MARCUS

How did this get so out of hand? I told that bitch of a doctor to keep her mouth shut.

LACEY

Stop it! We still don't know if it was her.

MARCUS

Who else could it have been? She was the only other one who knew about all this.

LACEY

That's not true. Some of her staff knew. Plus that awful man with her. And your family, especially your dad.

MARCUS

As bad as my dad can be, I don't think he would have even sunk that low.

LACEY

(snorts)

Are you sure about that I wouldn't put it past anyone with that type of anger in them.

MARCUS

I know its hard to believe, but even that shred of hope is all I have to hold on to about him.

(There is a knock at the door.)

MARCUS

Oh God, please not anymore of this.

(They knock again, only louder.)

LACEY

Only person knocks like that.

(Lacey walks over to the door and opens it. Hector rushes in and trips over a box.)

HECTOR

What the hell is this?

LACEY

Hector, always a pleasure.

HECTOR

What happened to your house? It looks like you've become one of those "horrors" or whatever they call them.

MARCUS

The word is hoarder, but horrors sounds about right.

(Hector gets up and sits beside Marcus on the couch.)

HECTOR

Mijo, look, I need you to listen to me. But I want you to really listen. None of those smart remarks. Can you do that for me?

(Marcus begins to speak, but closes his mouth. Hector looks stunned.)

MARCUS

What's with the face?

HECTOR

You listened to me. It got me stuck. Now I don't know what to say.

LACEY

Maybe I should leave you boys here to your man talk.

HECTOR

No mija, this is for you too.

LACEY

Now color me stunned.

(Lacey sits in a chair next them.)

HECTOR

(snaps his fingers)

Ahh, thank you mija, now I know what I need to say.

LACEY

Mija two times in a row? Now that's something worth sitting for.

HECTOR

Please keep it coming, Mija. Its helping me think.

LACEY

Well, if you say so...

(Marcus cuts her off.)

MARCUS

How about we let him have this one, huh honey?

LACEY

I have to say, I am curious.

HECTOR

Ay chingow, please let me do this before I lose it.

LACEY

I'm sorry Hector, please continue.

HECTOR

(puts his hand on Marcus's
shoulder)

I need you to know that you are a better man than I could
have ever hoped for.

(Stunned silence.)

HECTOR

Ok, now when you should say something, you don't. Ay

Dios.

MARCUS

I just never thought I would hear those words from you. I
mean, like ever.

HECTOR

I've just been so angry, so hurt about everything. About...

(chokes up)

About what I did to your brother. To my Pat.

MARCUS

(consoles Hector)

Look, I know you couldn't handle him being gay, but you weren't the one who killed him.

(Hector begins to sob even harder.)

HECTOR

No mijo, there's something I have to tell you. Something that no one knows.

(rises, begins to pace back in forth)

I can't say it.

(Marcus begins to rise, but cannot do so. Lacey rushes over to him.)

LACEY

Marcus, remember what Dr. Martin said. We don't know what will happen if you get stressed out. We can't risk it.

MARCUS

(rises slowly)

I think its a bit late for that.

(moves closer to Hector)

What are you trying to say Dad?

HECTOR

It was my fault. Everything. I made him leave, then when I tried to make things right, I screwed it all up. That was my friend who picked him up that night. My friend who hurt him. My friend who killed him. I didn't know that he hated gays. I just wanted to make things right. To bring Pat home, to let him know that I, I.....

(Marcus gets closer and places his hand on Hector's shoulder. Hector continues.)

HECTOR

That I knew what it was like. I wanted to help him, but I was so afraid of people finding out that I was just

like him.

MARCUS

Dad, are you trying to say that you are gay?

HECTOR

Pos, no, I'm married. And I love your mom. But I had those feelings too. I tried to push them down, but they never went away. But to save my life, it had to stop. My pappi caught me. Not doing anything, but just looking. He saw me look at my friend, and how we would talk. He brought me in and tried

to beat it out of me.

LACEY

(joins them)

Oh my God. You poor thing. No boy deserved that.

HECTOR

He told everyone, and I was a joke. They never let me forget it, even though I was taken care of by my papi. That's why I was so hard on you boys. I didn't want anything to happen to you like what happened to me. I wouldn't trade life with your money for anything, especially since she gave me you boys. But I didn't want anyone to know. And when Pat was with that guy, I thought people would blame me. That I made him that way because I couldn't cure myself. I've never cheated on your mom, but my mind still thinks about this stuff.

(sobs)

I wasn't thinking when I threw him out. I didn't think he would be gone so long. And then when I wanted him back home so I could take care of him the right way, he was gone.

(sobs harder)

And now you need me, but I can't even be there for you because I am so scared of screwing this up too. But I will be here mijo. I won't let anything happen to you, or Tim. It may be too late for me to be forgiven for Pat, but I can

still make it right with you and Tim.

(moves over to the boxes marked
hate mail)

I won't let any of these stupid pendejos hurt you; not
now, not ever. Do you understand? I'll even write back
to them, like this pendejo here.

(picks up a letter)

T. Jones of Seattle, pendejo, I should by a plane ticket and
go kick your ass.

(picks up another letter)

Same to you, Peter from Maine. Maine, he's probably
joto and doesn't even know it.

Marcus walks over and embraces him.

MARCUS

Thanks dad. I could use some protecting.

HECTOR

Things are gonna be different mijo. You'll see.

(beat)

But please, don't tell your mother or Tim.

MARCUS

It will be our little secret.

(begins to groan)

Ohhhhhhhh.....

(grabs his belly)

LACEY

Oh my God. Does that mean?

MARCUS

My water just broke.

HECTOR

I'll go get you another one.

LACEY

No Hector, you remember what happens when the baby wants out, right?

HECTOR

You mean now? Ay Dios, was it me. Did I give you stress?

MARCUS

No time for that now, we need to get going. Lacey call Dr. Martin. Dad, help me to the car.

HECTOR

Anything for my Marcus.

(They exit the stage. Patrick and
The Maid enter.)

MAID

See baby, I told you it would all work out according to

plan.

PATRICK

I would lie and say that I wasn't skeptical, but I think you would know the truth.

MAID

Of course baby, nothing gets by me.

PATRICK

Couldn't we have just brought them together a bit more simply.

MAID

Maybe, but would they have listened?

PATRICK

Probably not. As much as they wouldn't want to admit it, they are both stubborn as hell.

(puts hand over mouth, then
releases it)

Ooops, sorry.

MAID

Not problem, baby. Just remember who created all that.

(The lights fade.)

END OF PLAY.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Jacob M. Guerra has been a lover of the written word as long as he can remember. He first started with Screenwriting, having earned a degree in Radio, Television and Film from the University of Texas. He then moved on to receive his teaching certificate in Special Education, which led him to a Masters of Science in Computer Education and Cognitive Systems. But the love of writing never left, causing him to earn his MFA in Creative Writing from the University of Texas – Pam American.