

BROKEN WINGS
BY Lorenzo Sandoval

As Play OPENS, a YOUNG WOMAN ENTERS a cemetery. SHE carries flowers as SHE looks for a certain grave site. DIEGO, one of the cemetery's "residents," calls out to her from his grave.

DIEGO

Those are very beautiful flowers, Señorita.

YOUNG WOMAN

Who said that?

DIEGO

(After a pause) Marigolds are my favorites.

YOUNG WOMAN

(Looks around) What is this place?

DIEGO

I never really cared about flowers when I was alive.

(YOUNG WOMAN gasps)

DIEGO *(continued)*

When I did try my hand at planting, they would always end up dying.

(YOUNG WOMAN walks slowly to DIEGO's grave)

DIEGO *(continued)*

My sister places the flowers with such care on my grave. Nice arrangement, don't you think? *(Pause as DIEGO looks intently at YOUNG WOMAN)* Don't be frightened, Señorita.

(YOUNG WOMAN relaxes just a little)

DIEGO *(continued)*

Are those flowers for me?

YOUNG WOMAN

(Confused, but looking squarely at DIEGO's grave) They could be. I don't know. I don't know where I got them from. *(SHE drops them on his grave.)* You are...?

DIEGO

Diego Alejandro Martinez Morales a sus ordenes. *(HE steps away from his grave and approaches YOUNG WOMAN.)* I live here—uh, no—I reside here. That's Dionicio right behind you. And there's Maria y el joven Roberto. In the corner there is mi mamá. *(HE calls to his mother.)* Beautiful day today, no, Jefita? *(To YOUNG WOMAN)* Then there's Doña Luz, la cuñada de mi mamá...y quién más...