

**Cuando Cierras Your Eyes**  
**When You Close Tus Ojos**

Work-in-Progress

Cleveland Public Theatre  
6415 Detroit Ave.  
Cleveland, OH 44102

Confidential Draft

10/14/2013

## Scene A: Prologue

ERNESTO

Mi tio nelson fallecio el anio pasado

DANTE

The good Juan

RIVERA

My beloved grand father Don John

LIZ

My great grandmother died when I was ten

RAFY

Daisy, my good friend,

LETICIA

Jose was my favorite patient.

FAYE

Lucy.

ALEJANDRO

Mi querida abuela

LORNA

Jimmy, the town drunk.

PABLO

Mi abuelo

BLANCA

My childhood friend from the hood—we called him Frankenstein.

ERNESTO

*Was about a big hole*

DANTE

He told me a story about blindness.

RIVERA

He told me the story of the weeping lady.

LIZ

The story of love.

RAFY

A story about two revolutionary girls,

LETICIA

fsdafdsfda

FAYE

Ads;lkjdsf;sldajf

ALEJANDRO

La historia de donia Margarita

LORNA

Passionate love.

PABLO

BLANCA

A man whose heart was made of stone.

ERNESTO

*Habia hombres lobos y brujas*

DANTE

Its about when you close your eyes.

RIVERA

About loss and sorry.

LIZ

My great grandmother died when I was ten

RAFY

Its about liberta

LETICIA

About a broken heart.

FAYE

Lucy.

ALEJANDRO

La mujer que nunca se amargo

LORNA

True and messy love.

PABLO

The bandages of love.

BLANCA

Acceptance and forgiveness.

## Scene One: Two Priests

*Father Ortiz sits at his desk. He checks his watch. He gets out his phone.*

ORTIZ

Roberto? Estoy un poco atrasado. No te preocupes, estare ahi.

Este es probablemente el ultimo buen dia para la temporada de golf y I have a new nine. Si, si, I am just waiting for someone. I have it all planned out.

*una apuesta? en el juego? \_ seguro pero cuando es el handicap.*

OK

Espera que veas mi Nuevo Big Bertha.

*Knock on the door.*

Oh, I gotta go. estare alli en media hora.

*Knock on the door. ORTIZ quickly puts his phone away and begins to look busy at the desk.*

*(English)* Come in.

*JUAN enters. JUAN is a student at the seminary who has been assigned to ORTIZ as an apprentice. ORTIZ does not look up.*

JUAN

Hola! Mi nombre es Juan. Estoy aqui para asistirlo en la parroquia.

Hola! Mi nombre es Juan vengo del seminario y estoy aqui para ayudarlo.

HELLO! MY NAME IS JUAN I AM HERE FROM THE SEMINARY....

ORTIZ

I'm not deaf.

JUAN

Yes of course not... I...

ORTIZ

*(English) Sit down. (JUAN does not move. ORTIZ switches to Spanish.)* sientese

JUAN

Yes of course... sorry...

*JUAN sits. ORTIZ goes back to work. JUAN tries to see what he is doing. ORTIZ glares at him. JUAN backs off. This may be repeated.*

JUAN

Excuse me... but I don't think you understand I am here to help you.

ORTIZ

And what is your experience.

JUAN

Oh, I have lots of experience ... lots... oh yes...

ORTIZ

Really?

JUAN

Oh yes, I have written many papers on the biblia, and I have been in seminary for 5 years now... I am especially good at writing sermons. Maybe you would like me to write some sermons for you.

ORTIZ

I write my own sermons.

JUAN

Well, maybe I could help you improve them a little bit.

ORTIZ

Besides writing do you have any real experience.

JUAN

Oh sure! At the seminary....

ORTIZ

At the seminary?

JUAN

Yes, I know a lot.

ORTIZ

About what.

JUAN

So many things... so many things... uh... Jesus. Maria.

ORTIZ

Well I am so glad you know so much. I am so glad you are here. Because today is a very big day here. We have three funerals!

JUAN

*(stands in his excitement)* Three funerals! Wonderful... I mean... how sad, but how nice, because I wrote a lovely sermon for a funeral once, in a class. I still remember it...

ORTIZ

*(Standing to get ready to go)* Great! That's great.

JUAN

Yes , let me tell it to you now... its called, When You Close Your Eyes. When you close your eyes...

ORTIZ

*(Trying to get out)* Ok, fine, I'm sure it will be fine.

JUAN

Well, yes, but you need to hear it... I will recite it for you. When you close your eyes you look forward...

ORTIZ

No no, that's quite alright.

JUAN

No no, I am happy to recite. You're going to love this, really, When you close your eyes, you look back and... I mean you look forward to look back and...

ORTIZ

NO! I don't need to hear it.

JUAN

But if you don't hear it how will you use it in the service today. Let me tell you now...when you...

ORTIZ

Oh no! There must be some misunderstanding here. *(pause.)* YOU are doing the funerals.

JUAN

*(slowly catching on)* ... what? Me?

ORTIZ

Yes, you are here to help me... you will help by conducting the funerals.

JUAN

But, what about you?

ORTIZ

I have an engagement.

JUAN

Uh, what kind of engagement?

ORTIZ

An important engagement.

JUAN

*(Quietly in rising fear)* An important engagement.



ORTIZ

A VERY important engagement.

JUAN

But... but...!

ORTIZ

Don't worry, you'll do fine. (*Begins to go...*)

JUAN

But... but... I CAN'T DO THE FUNERAL!

ORTIZ

What? Why not

JUAN

I've never done a funeral.

ORTIZ

You've never done a funeral???

JUAN

No... in the seminary...

ORTIZ

Well, this will be a great learning experience for you then.

JUAN

No no... I have a little problem

ORTIZ

Whats the problem...

JUAN

I don't like... I am... I can't... I am afraid of the dead body.

ORTIZ

You're studying to be a priest and you're afraid of the dead body...

JUAN  
Yes...I'm not perfect.

ORTIZ  
You'll do fine...

JUAN  
NO. I am not a real priest yet... I am still student...

ORTIZ  
How else can you learn?

JUAN  
But my English is very bad and...

ORTIZ  
You'll be fine. *(Really begins to go.)*

JUAN  
*(grabbing the priest and bend down... he is on his knees...)* No! I have a confession!

ORTIZ  
Well, ok but I don't have a lot of time... *(begins to speak litany for confession)* How long has it been since your last confession.

JUAN  
No not that kind of confession ...

ORTIZ  
OK... what?

JUAN  
Nunca he dado un sermon antes

ORTIZ  
*(really can't believe this)* What?

JUAN

*(English.)* I have the “stage fright.”

ORTIZ

*(Spanish sigh curse—“oy vey.” Remembers he’s late for the golf game.)* Well, I need to go.

JUAN

No, don’t leave me... please... please... por favor... se lo suplico.

## Scene Two: Big Funeral

*JUAN enters. He is a bit happy to be here. He is sort of excited to do something real. Then he remembers about his fear of dead bodies. He slowly approaches the coffin.*

JUAN

Tienes que ser fuerte. FUERTE

*Funny business with “takes” ensues and culminates with JUAN bumping the coffin. He notices he has bumped the body. He looks and begins to mirror the expression on the dead face.*

*Chonchita, the nosy neighbor of the deceased enters. JUAN immediately composes himself and moves to the podium as if nothing happened.*

CHONCHITA

Hello—look at you—are you a new priest here?

JUAN

Not really... I am just...

CHONCHITA

You look too good to be a priest.

JUAN

OH... well...

CHONCHITA

You remind me of the priest on the TV show *The Thornbirds*.

JUAN

Wonderful.

CHONCHITA

Well, I'm Chonchita. I was the next door neighbor of the dear deceased.

JUAN

Oh... (*trying to remember*) so sorry for your loss.

CHONCHITA

Where is Father Ortiz?

JUAN

Oh... he had a ... big ... hmmm... baptism.

CHONCHITA

Ohhhh. And what's your name?

JUAN

Juan

CHONCHITA

Juan what?

JUAN

Juan Juan.

CHONCHITA

Oh, how nice. Smile!

*She takes a me-picture with her phone.*

JUAN

Oh, please—no photographs...its disrespectful.

CHONCHITA

Oh, OK no problem. Do I sit here?

JUAN

No, that's for the family.

CHONCHITA

Where should I sit?

JUAN

In the corner.

CHONCHITA

Ooh! Such a bad boy. *(brief pause)* I'm going to pay my respects. *(She goes up to the body.)* Oh. You look like shit. I'm sorry to say it. I gotta take a picture of this. *(she snaps a few photos including a Me-Pic with her leaning into the body and waving.)*

JUAN

Please!

CHONCHITA

It's no problem. This is Instagram. It's different *(notices)* Where is everybody? Maybe nobody showed up... kinda sad... he was a good man and all, but he had little problem with the... *(makes a sign for drinking)* I don't wanna say nothing bad about the dead, but... it's true. I should know. I see it all the time—right through their window.

JUAN

Maybe you are a little early.

CHONCHITA

Well this is not very interesting for me, so I'm going out there.... Do you have any refreshments? Donuts?

JUAN

Maybe...

CHONCHITA

OK See you later Juan Juan.

*She exits. JUAN goes to look at the body again. Hector, the best friend of the deceased enters. JUAN immediately composes himself and moves to the podium.*

HECTOR

Hola.

JUAN

*(English)* Hello. *(Bowing a formally with hand shake. There is a pause there JUAN does not let go of hand. HECTOR looks quizzically. Eventually JUAN lets go of the hand.)* Sorry. My name is Juan I will be the funeral...*(can't find the right word)*... person. And you are...?

HECTOR

*(English)* My name is Hector and the deceased was my best friend.

JUAN

Oh. *(he goes over to his notes...reads... returns and speaks formally again reaching out to shake his hand.)* Sorry for your loss.

HECTOR

*(English)* Where is the priest.

JUAN

He had... uh... a big wedding. Yes... a big wedding.

*HECTOR extracts himself from JUAN and goes to pay his respects.  
He notices something odd about the body.*

HECTOR

Uh, excuse me... did someone move the body.

JUAN

No.

HECTOR

Are you sure?

JUAN

Yes.

HECTOR

No. Somebody moved this body. I know this man. He was my friend for many years. And never in his entire life did he ever look like THIS. *(He makes a face.)*

JUAN

Are you sure?

HECTOR

How can you ask me this question? Yes, I am sure—somebody moved the body. Yes I am sure... never never never did he do this. *(He makes a face.)*

JUAN

Well I can't say.

HECTOR

My friend was a revolutionary.... Never, never, never would he ever look to the right. Only to the left.

JUAN

Well what do you think you will do then?

HECTOR

I'll tell you what we are going to do. WE are going to reposition the body.

JUAN

WE can't touch the body.

HECTOR

WE have to.

JUAN

Well maybe we can just move the coffin a little bit and the head will roll... *(he demonstrates)* this way.

HECTOR

We need to hurry. I don't want the family to see him this way.

*They make a big effort to move the body. Enter WIFE and MOTHER of the deceased. JUAN and HECTOR immediately stop. JUAN tries to disappear.*

MOTHER

Oh oh oh *(crying)*

WIFE

What is going on here?

*MOTHER goes to coffin. Crying loudly. HECTOR goes to MOTHER. WIFE goes to JUAN. During the following dialogue HECTOR will lead MOTHER to sit.*



WIFE

Why were you on top of my husband.

JUAN

I am the new .... Hmmm pastor...

WIFE

You're a priest?

JUAN

Someday maybe... someday...

WIFE

You're not a priest?

JUAN

...IF I can make through. *(Spanish)* si sobrevivo este dia lo sere

WIFE

Where is the real priest.

JUAN

He ... he... he had very ...very big ... catechism... to teach...  
Please! Sit here, I have a special chair for you here.

*They go to a chair. She sits. JUAN goes to leave but WIFE grabs his arm.*

WIFE

Don't mess this up!

MOTHER

Why don't you cry. What's wrong with you?

WIFE

*(Under breath.)* you're crying enough for the both of us.

MOTHER

You didn't love this man? You didn't love my son.

WIFE

Of course I ...

MOTHER

Then you should be crying. But no, you're a cold hearted woman who didn't deserve my son... and next thing you know you'll be kicking me out of the house...

WIFE

Have you been drinking?

MOTHER

*(spanish) hijo! hijo! (Goes to the coffin again.)*

*BROTHER of deceased and SON of deceased enter. JUAN goes to shake their hand but BROTHER moves past to immediately go to WIFE. SON has been drinking a little bit.*

SON

*(Shaking hand of JUAN.) (Spanish) yo soy el hijo*

*Goes to grave as MOTHER goes to sit down. WIFE comes down to him. MOTHER seizes opportunity to sit in WIFE chair.*

WIFE

*(Going to son.) (Spanish.) Oh hijo. hijo (English) Oh, so you've been drinking too.*

SON

*(solo un poquito, fue mi padre no?)*

WIFE

*(Spanish.) eres igual que tu abuela (Goes back to chair and notices...) So now you're going to sit in my chair? Moving into my home wasn't enough for you?*

*CHONCHITA enters.*

CHONCHITA

Oooh, hello *Juanon Juanon*. HELLO every body! (*Takes a picture Goes down to grave. Speaks to corpse.*) Don't look now but wait til you see whose gonna be coming through that door any minute.

MOTHER

(*To son.*) Give me some of that. (*He hands her the flask.*)

*ALONDRA, the mistress, enters. She is dressed a bit too elegantly for the occasion. HECTOR crosses to her directly and grabs her just as JUAN reaches out.*

JUAN

So sorry for your...

HECTOR

(*dragging her downstage.*) What are you doing here.

ALONDRA

I have as much right to be here as she does.

HECTOR

No. You shouldn't be here.

*SON crosses to ALONDRA*

SON

Hey Alondra, what are you doing here. And looking so *bonita*.

ALONDRA

(*crossing away from the me both.*) Please.

SON

(*Following her.*) You always look so beautiful. Why won't you answer my calls? Why won't you go out with me? One date. Just one date.

ALONDRA

Miguel, leave me alone.

SON

Hey, what are you doing here, anyways?

ALONDRA

Miguel, just go.

*He leaves dejected. WIFE is noticing. She comes down stage.*

WIFE

Excuse me.

ALONDRA

Yes?

WIFE

Did you know my husband well.

ALONDRA

Yes. Yes I did.

WIFE

Did you work with him.

ALONDRA

No.

WIFE

Did you know him from church?

ALONDRA

No

WIFE

Are you old friends?

ALONDRA

Not old, but we're friends.

WIFE

What exactly are you doing here?

ALONDRA

*(Spanish)* que estoy haciendo aqui? Que haces tu aqui mejor dicho?

WIFE

*(Spanish)* que, que hago yo aqui? Yo soy la esposa, and who are YOU?

ALONDRA

*(Spanish)* yo soy la amante!

*All gasp...*

WIFE

his mistress?!

*Explosion and chaos. Finally...*

JUAN

NO! NO! STOP STOP STOP!

*(SPANISH)* You sit here. You, shut up and sit down. You over there. Sit sit. Everyone shut the fuck up! *(He crosses to podium. And switches to English.)* I may not be Father ORTIZ but I am supposed to conduct this funeral. My English is very bad, I hate the dead bodies, and you are all crazy! But I will do this Fuerte! Fuerte! *(clams down a bit.)* And now for the sermon., “when you close your eyes...”

BROTHER

Wait wait! *(He pushes chairs aside and goes to WIFE)*

WIFE

What now?

BROTHER

*(Kneeling.)* Mi querida. Te amo. Will you be my wife.

*ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE.*

**Scene B: Funerals**

## Scene THREE: Two Priests..again

*Juan rushes into room. He is pacing and talking quickly.*

JUAN

Ohhhh God! My first funeral was a disaster! I didn't speak well. I didn't do my perfect, perfect sermon, *when you close your eyes*. It was terrible! I don't know what I'm doing! I don't know what I'm talking about! I don't know nothing! Please God help me. I need a big help.

*He begins to pray. Father Ortiz enters. He has forgotten Big Bertha and came back to retrieve it. He sneaks into the room, gets Bertha and begins to leave. He thinks he has almost gotten away with it and then Juan turns*

FATHER ORTIZ!!!! Thank you God for answering my prayers. Thank you, Father! You came back! I need your help!

ORTIZ

Son, son. I uh only came to ahh. I am going to the ah wedding.

JUAN

The wedding.

ORTIZ

Yes, son. I have a wedding!

JUAN

A wedding? But it's Tuesday, Father, there is no wedding on a Tuesday!

ORTIZ

Oh Oh. I mean a baptism. An important baptism! Now I must -

JUAN

Father, I may not be a real priest but I know that Baptism happens in the church...What are you keeping from me?

*Ortiz looks at his watch. He starts to walk downstage, trying to come up with a suitable excuse that will get him out of there quickly. It comes to him. He has a hushed tone.*

ORTIZ

Uh. Uh...Oh...Son, I didn't want to tell you this but.... Come here, come to me, son.

*Juan carefully comes downstage.*

ORTIZ

A little closer son.

*Juan carefully comes closer. He is a little afraid.*

Closer, son.

JUAN

Father ?

ORTIZ

I need to do an...exorcism

JUAN

Wow.

ORTIZ

Yes.

JUAN

An exorcism. Ohh boy. Well, take care father

ORTIZ

Yeah, yeah. I'll be fine.

*Juan looks at the Golf club.*

JUAN

Father, why do you need *that*?



ORTIZ

Oh..it's ah for the exorcism.

JUAN

Wow.

ORTIZ

Son, the devil is very strong and the soul cannot wait. Godspeed and goodbye!

*He turns and starts to leave.*

JUAN

Okay...goodbye Father...FATHER! FATHER! WAIT! I NEED YOUR HELP!

ORTIZ

What is it now son?

JUAN

The funerals! The funerals! I know nothing! Give me something. Some advice! Some prayer! Something! I NEED YOUR HELP!

ORTIZ

Ok! Jesus Cristo! Calm down. Come sit. Sit!

*They sit.*

ORTIZ

No, actually stand up. Stand up.

*Juan stands.*

ORTIZ

Ok. So we are at the funeral.

JUAN

We are at the funeral. The funeral! The fu-ner-al.

ORTIZ

Shh! We are at the funeral. There is the family sitting over there.. And then the deceased is right here.

JUAN

Ohhh the dead.

ORTIZ

Yes, the deceased. This is why we are at a funeral!

JUAN

Of course! ...Are there flowers?

ORTIZ

Flowers?

JUAN

Flowers are very important; they are very beautiful. There should be flowers.

ORTIZ

Sure! There are flowers.

JUAN

What kind of flower? Carnation? Rose? Lilly? Lilies would be nice. Lots and lots of beautiful white lil -

ORTIZ

There are lilies! There is the dead! And there is the family! First, you need to greet the family.

JUAN

Greet the family.

ORTIZ

Yes, go and greet the family.

JUAN

Oh.. right now?

ORTIZ

*(swears in Spanish)* Yes now!

JUAN

Ok! Ok!...Formal?

ORTIZ

Formal. Go ahead. Go.

JUAN

Formal. I greet the family formal. A formal greeting.

*Juan walks over to the imagined family. He is taking large, stiff awkward steps. He bows too deeply and is about to speak -*

ORTIZ

Son, son, son. You're not a soldier. Relax. Relax.

JUAN

Okay. Relax. Relax. Relax. Relax. Relax.

ORTIZ

Relax.

JUAN

Relax.

*Juan starts over. Now we is walking a la cavalier. He bows and is about to speak*

ORTIZ

Son, Son. It's not a bar!

JUAN

Ohh God!

ORTIZ

You must be more - dignified!

JUAN

Formal. Relax. Dignified. Okay. Formal. Relax Dignified. Okay!

*Juan walks over again to the imagined family, bows and says:*

JUAN

Sorry for your funeral. I mean, for your loss. I am sorry for your loss. So very sorry.

*Juan is proud of his work and goes back to Father Ortiz.*

ORTIZ

Son, you have to greet the mother.

JUAN

That was not the mother?

ORTIZ

That was the wife!

JUAN

But she's soo old! Maybe it's the grandmother!

ORTIZ

No, the grandmother is her left.

JUAN

Noooo, to her left is the aunt with the red hair and the nice uhh bosom.

ORTIZ

No no no! *That* is the mother.

JUAN

Ohh the mother is lovely! But where is the son?

ORTIZ

The son is in the... (*Realizes this could do on forever*) Forget it! Forget it! You need to greet the whole family and don't forget the mother.

JUAN

SO SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS TO EVERYBODY, ESPECIALLY YOU, MOM!

ORTIZ

Good enough. Now you go to the deceased.

JUAN

Ohh the dead.

ORTIZ

Yes, you must bless the deceased.

JUAN

I have to do it now?

ORTIZ

Now would be good

JUAN

Go and *touch* the dead.

ORTIZ

Bless the dead.

JUAN

I have to do it?

ORTIZ

You have to do it...Now!

JUAN

Ok! ok ok ok.

*Juan carefully walks to the imagined dead. He reaches his hand in and realizes there is NO HEAD! He retreats back!*

ORTIZ

Son, what is it?

JUAN

Are you trying to kill me?! There was no head!

ORTIZ

No, no, he has a head.

JUAN

DECAPITATED! Why didn't you tell me? That is awful! He was killed! Oh my GOD!  
Oh no! Oh no! Oh no!

*Juan starts to cry/pray/freak out*

ORTIZ

Son! Son! Son! Pull yourself together! Be firm! You can do this! You are from the Semarnio de Santa Maria de l;kdjaf;lskdjkl.

JUAN

Yes, I am very smart

ORTIZ

Sure.

JUAN

I know a lot.

ORTIZ

Right.

JUAN

I have read soooo many books.

ORTIZ

OKAY. Now for the MOST IMPORTANT thing. Your job is to sure the family feels good.

JUAN

And how am I supposed to do that?

ORTIZ

In your sermon, you will say many wonderful things about the deceased.

JUAN

But I don't know the deceased.

ORTIZ

Yes, well there are somethings you can always say—like, he was a good man.

JUAN

He was a good man. *(Thinks a bit then)* Ok, maybe he drank a bit too much sometimes, but...

ORTIZ

No, don't say that.

JUAN

But I have to say more than "he was a good man"

ORTIZ

Yes, that's why you need to speak with the family and friends. Ask them lots of questions and slowly, slowly it will become as if you knew him. Ask the family questions. Ask the friends questions. Get lots of details...

*JUAN dutifully raises his hand with a question...*

Yes?

JUAN

I am not so good at the remembering of details... maybe I could write them down? I am very good at taking notes.

ORTIZ

Sure. Take notes.

JUAN

Oh good! I know how to take notes. I will get my pen and my paper. I will ask lots and lots of good questions to the family and take lots and lots of good notes. I know how to do this. I took very good notes at seminary.

ORTIZ

I'm sure you will be great!

JUAN

Thank you Father and goodbye. Yes, I can do this.

ORTIZ

Goodbye son!

JUAN

Oh and good luck with your ...exorcism

ORTIZ

Que?

JUAN

The uhhh devil..

ORTIZ

Oh, right right. Thank you, son. It will be fine.

JUAN

Bye! Bye!

*Ortiz turns and swings his club as he goes off stage.*



**Scene C: superstitions**

## Scene Four: Jose Rodriguez

ALEXANDER

Maybe I shouldn't be here. mejor perdona. Its done.

No, no... ..I came for a reason.....Yo vine para hacer algo!

But now that I am here... am I doing wrong? Should I do this? These people here... who are they and how did they know Sergeant Rodriguez? They probably think he's some hero. Pero no lo conoces. There were no heroes in Vietnam—I mean, there were heroes, but we weren't wanted.

I went there with all those images... manhood...machismo...heroism... pa hacer hombre, but they didn't want heroes from America. When I realized this—it was downhill from there for me. Quería regresar a casa.

You, Sergeant Rodriguez, you ordered us. Do this. Do that... for America, ...and I did it. I followed your orders. I followed your orders Sergeant Rodriguez. Que mas podia hacer. I acted, not out of my own will, but of your command, a false command. Me estavane usando, pero segue los orders.

But that one night—we followed your orders. We did what you said. Hold that line, hold that line...we held it for as long as we could, you were supposed to cover us. Tu tinea que estar ahi. But when we fell back, you were gone. Te fuiste. Corriste como un conejo.You coward, you betrayed us. Cobalde!

We didn't make it... Jackson, O'Brian, on the ground... I survived... not all of me... but I was the only one...

You left us behind. I promised, when you came to my hospital bed, making your bullshit excuses, Prometi, I will spit on your grave. Here I am sergeant. I aqui estoy, despues tantos annos.

JUAN

Hello, welcome, how were you related to the deceased?

EVA MARIE

Era un amigo. Era un amigo muy cercano. I haven't seen him for a long time. Too long.

JUAN

Tell me about him, he was from Puerto Rico.

EVA MARIE

No, no, no, Jose no era de Puerto Rico. He was from Mexico.

JUAN

I don't think so...

EVA MARIE

Como que no? Are you crazy... el era mejicano. Yo soy Puerto riquena. If he was Puertorican, maybe... maybe... it would have been different. We could have...

JUAN

Que?

EVA MARIE

We were young... I was young and so afraid. I didn't know what to do. You wouldn't understand.

JUAN

You can tell me. He has passed. Now is a time for healing....

EVA MARIE

Its been so long... we were kids. We had a connection, una coneccion bien especial. But my parents.... You have to understand, they were muy tradicional, he was from a poor family, and el era "mexicano".

JUAN

Que tiene que ver eso?

EVA MARIE

Todo! My parents wouldn't let us be together. And I could never, never cross my parents. I grew up in a very strict home.

JUAN

So... you haven't seen him recently.

EVA MARIE

No. Hace un tiempo me case, tengo ninos.

JUAN

Oh... did your husband know...?

EVA MARIE

No... and now it doesn't matter. Nos divorciamos. My husband ...no era mi amor verdadero. For five years, I am alone. I heard Jose had come back to town to take care of his father. Almost everyday, I thought about going to him... I dreamed about it... I wanted to tell him... I wanted to see him... but I was too afraid. Now its too late. What was I afraid of? If he were here, right now... I would tell him... the truth "toda mi vida tuvistes mi Corazon.

JUAN

*(Long pause...)* So sorry for your loss.