Cast of Characters

Martin A green Martian teenage boy
Maria 30 something Hispanic Women.

Time: Now
Place: A single tombstone in a desert graveyard
SCENE ONE.

A young Space Alien green from head to toe, with sprinkles of metallic colors sparkles which makes him glow. His exposed torso reveals a ridged back down his spine and almost organ like abdomen where his rib cage should be. He is all a green glow except for his heart. Which is a deep dark blue. He is kneeling by tombstone with a bouquet of flowers in the middle of the desert. Behind him is a large stone wall. He places the flowers on the gave and suddenly there is a rattle of rocks behind him and a small hole opens up in the wall. You can see a eye looking through the hole, then lips...

MARIA

Calling through the hole in the wall
What do you want?

MARTIN

Who’s that?

Martin runs and hides behind the gravestone.

MARIA

What do you want?

He pops his head up over the gravestone to peek a look.

MARTIN

What?

MARIA

I see you! I’m not afraid of you.

She tosses a rock over the wall.

MARTIN

I don’t see you and I’m not afraid.

Martin stand up and quits hiding.

MARIA

Who sent you?
MARTIN
Why are you scared of me?

Another rock is tossed over the wall.

MARIA
I told you I’m not afraid. Who sent you?

You alone?

Two rocks fly over the wall one right after another.

MARIA
Are you? Why are you here?

MARTIN
Yes you alone. Why are you asking me all these questions?

MARIA
Where did you come from?

MARTIN
I’m alone too. It’s hard being alone in this world. I came here not to feel alone anymore.

MARIA
I understand.

MARTIN
Do you?

MARIA
Why do you feel lonely?

MARTIN
Why are you all alone?

He waits for a response but gets no answer.

MARIA
What is it you want?

MARTIN
Something I can’t have.
MARIA
That’s why they are wants. We don’t have them. Why can’t you have it?

MARTIN
I want my mother back.

Maria, a Hispanic woman in her mid thirties, does not know how to respond. She climbs the wall so she is now sitting on top looking down at the Space Alien.

MARIA
What is your name?

MARTIN
Martin.

She lets out a little laugh.

MARTIN
What’s so funny?

MARIA
Martin the Martian. I’m Maria

MARTIN
Yeah I get that a lot. Hello Maria.

MARIA
Well, Martin, What makes you think your mother is not still with you?

MARTIN
I miss her face.

MARIA
But you remember what she looks like?

MARTIN
Yes.

Maria gives him a warm smile.
MARIA
And you brought her such lovely flowers.

"He gives her a nod."

MARIA
I think your mother is still very much with you.

MARTIN
She is?

MARIA
I’m sure of it.

MARTIN
She died here.

MARIA
On this spot?

MARTIN
They would not tell me how she died, but I have an idea.

MARIA
Who won’t tell you?

MARTIN
I found a story on it on the internet.

María
A story?

Martin
“UFO crashes Alien gives birth before dying.” She died here, I was born here.

MARIA
I’m sorry Martin.

MARTIN
Maria, What do you want?

MARIA
Something I can’t have. I want my son back.

MARTIN
Your Son?
MARIA

Yes.

MARTIN

Is he dead?

MARIA

Dead? No he is not.

MARTIN

Where is he?

Maria points past Martin.

MARIA

About four hundred miles in that direction.

MARTIN

Why don’t you go see him?

MARIA

I can’t

MARTIN

Why not?

MARIA

You ever wake up one day and feel like your whole life has changed and you have no control? There is nothing you can do to make it better. You were born that way and you will remain that way. Not because you choose to remain that way but in the eyes of others you could never change. They force you to be what you are today.

MARTIN

My whole life changed when my mother died.

MARIA

Yes, I’m sure that was a shock. However Martin the Martian, you have a choice now.

MARTIN

A choice?

MARIA

Yes, a choice. You can choose to go on with your life. To live the life that your mother would have wanted you to live it or you can choose to live in the past and dwell on her death.
MARTIN
What makes you think I’m dwelling? My Flowers?

MARIA
No, I love that you brought her flowers. I wish my son would bring me some. You just looked like this was a special trip you made to see her. This is out in the middle of nowhere. Like you had planned this for a while.

MARTIN
I did. Today is my birthday. Why did you come here?

MARIA
Happy Birthday.

MARTIN
My birthday wish is for you to tell me why did you come here?

MARIA
This is the closest I can be to my son.

MARTIN
The closest? Does he not want to see you?

MARIA
No, he would love to see me.

MARTIN
I don’t understand. Your both alive.

MARIA
I have no control over it.

MARTIN
Over seeing your own son?

MARIA
Yes.

MARTIN
I would take control. If my Mother was still alive I would do whatever I had to take control back and see her.

MARIA
You are a good son.
MARTIN

I still don’t understand.

MARIA

People make rules.

MARTIN

Someone made a rule against you seeing your son? What kind of country is that?

MARIA

America.

MARTIAN

But I live in America.

MARIA

How did a Martian become an American?

MARTIN

I was born here.

MARIA

That’s right, your lucky Martin.

MARTIN

This is silly. I have never heard of such a Law. Climb down here and I will help you find your son.

MARIA

Martin, you are a very sweet boy. However, I told you I can’t.

MARTIN

Why not?

MARIA

I’m not permitted.

MARTIN

Who is stopping you?

MARIA

Martian, I was not born in America, but my son was.

MARTIN

Oh.
Martin walks over and picks a few of his flowers off his Mother’s grave. Then walks over the wall.

MARTIN
I’m Fourteen today. In four years I can vote. Change is coming.

MARIA
So, I sit here on this wall. The closet I can be to my son. It’s worse then him being dead Martin. He is alive and I can’t see him. All I can do is sit on this wall and wait for change.

He hands her the flowers.

MARIA
I’d like to believe that Martin.

He puts His long green arm around her and the two of them sit watching the sunset.

FADE TO BLACK.

Curtain