

MONOLOGUE 2: PLAY THE SUN

MARIELA

He couldn't get out of the car without playing "Here Comes the Sun" by The Beatles. I don't even know why he liked that song so much, but like clockwork, every day at 7:45 AM -- "mama, play 'The Sun,' play 'The Sun.'" My dad plays it all the time, he loved The Beatles. When he first moved to the U.S. ... it's how he learned the language you know. Listening to rock music. And my Javi, he always wanted to be like his grandpa. His 'wuelo.

I was irritated that day, got up on the wrong side of the bed I guess. Stubbed my toe, burnt the toast, spilled the coffee. We were running late and I knew my boss was going to give me an earful when I came in. So, that morning, when I rushed him to school and he said "Mama, can you play 'The Sun' please?" I snapped. "Mama needs some peace and quiet today, Javi." But he didn't like that response. I could see his little face in the rear view mirror.

"But, mom!"

"But nothing! I'm the mom, and I decide. And when you have a drivers license, and you're driving your own car, you can decide what to play.

"But mom!"

"No."

And then he just looked out the window. Pissed at me. Javi rarely got pissed at me, but he was that morning... and I can't believe the last thing I said to him was no. I couldn't say that I had a feeling something was going to happen, but nothing was going right. And maybe it was God's way of telling me to slow down. To just stop. To say yes. To say fuck it, to skip work, play hooky. Avoid the mess.

(MORE)

MARIELA (CONT'D)

Get an ice cream, sit in the park.
Enjoy my son. Play The Sun.

*Little darling, it's been a long
cold lonely winter.*

I can't uh - sorry I haven't
actually - I haven't sung that song
since that -- since that morning.
But um. He was in the classroom
that day... and all I can think
about is how he didn't get to
listen to his favorite song one
last time.

And I think about the gun and I
think about the gunman and I wonder
if he was upset with his mom. And I
wonder if he burnt the toast and
spilled the coffee. And in all of
the scenarios I wonder why it had
to end with my son. My son who will
never get his drivers license. And
he'll never get to Play the Sun
when he wants to. Like I said he
would.

Sometimes, on accident, I drive by
the school because I'm still
breaking the habit. It was just the
two of us, our routine. Now it's
just me... my routine. Unbalanced
without my little ray of light.

I miss my Son. I miss my Sun.