

**'SOY GAY'**

LORENA (Latina, late 20s-early 30s) sits, fidgeting, in a hospital chair next to her grandmother's hospital bed. Her grandmother is unresponsive but the doctor has told her that she may be able to hear her if spoken to. The monitor beeps slowly, tracking her grandmother's heart rate.

LORENA

Hola, Abuela. Dicen los doctores que a lo mejor me puede oír...

Beat.

LORENA

I don't know if you can hear me or not but I figured I should come here and tell you something I've been wanting to for a very long time because we only have a short time on this earth and we shouldn't spend it having secrets from each other...

You know how you get up every Saturday morning and blast Juan Gabriel? I mean, you LOVE him. You bought all of his albums despite that one...thing... about him. And Walter Mercado! When I was a kid I'd hear his voice coming from the TV ALL the time. You even let me host my own seances and you always tell that story about how you caught me making a cape out of uelito's calzones. Which reminds me, please burn those photos. Anyway, you LOVED Walter. You'd shush me anytime he spoke!

Beat. LORENA composes herself and takes a breath...

LORENA CT'D

What I'm trying to say is...Abuela. I am gay. Soy gay. (exhales)

ABUELA'S heart rate monitor begins to beep faster. LORENA is stunned. She looks up in surprise.

LORENA CT'D

What--oh my god--can you...hear me? (beat, a test) Grandma. I'm gay.

ABUELA'S heart rate beeps faster again.

LORENA CT'D

Oh, GOD. OKAY. I'm glad we got that out in the open! Um, while we're on the subject, my roommate, Ella? who you LOVE, is actually my girlfriend and I'm gonna propose to her.

ABUELA's heart rate spikes even faster on the monitors causing all sorts of alarms to go off. Panicked, LORENA begins gathering her things...

LORENA CT'D

I'm gonna take this as a good sign? Maybe?! OK. Oh! One more tiny little thing--Mami said I could have your engagement ring! Adios, Abuela!

LORENA runs out of the room just as a nurse starts rushing in.

END.