

The Hole in the Wall

by Anthony L. Mariani

Contact:

Anthony L. Mariani
14810 Ridgewood Drive
Little Rock, AR 72211
Marianifilms@gmail.com
501-295-9647



© All rights reserved. 2018

A young Space-Alien whom is green from head to toe, with sprinkles of metallic colors sparkles on his body which makes him glow except for his heart, which is a deep dark blue. His exposed torso reveals a ridged back down his spine with an almost organ like abdomen. He is kneeling by a tombstone with a bouquet of flowers in the middle of the desert. Behind him is a large stone wall as He places the flowers on the grave and suddenly he hears a rattle of rocks small hole opens up in wall. You can see an 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 stands 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?

MARTIN
You alone?

Two rocks fly over the wall one right after another.

MARIA
Are you?

MARTIN
Yes, your 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 but need 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 so she climbs the wall and 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.

MARTIN

Yeah, I get that a lot.

MARIA

I'm Maria

MARTIN

Hello, Maria.

MARIA

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

MARTIN

I miss her face. It's all I remember of her.

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

Is she?

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 an story on the internet.

MARIA

A story?

MARTIN

"UFO crashes Alien gives birth before dying!" She died here, and 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?

Yes. MARIA

Is he dead? MARTIN

Dead? No, he is not. MARIA

Where is he? MARTIN

Maria points past Martin.

About four hundred miles in that direction. MARIA

Why don't you see him? MARTIN

I can't MARIA

Why not? MARTIN

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 stay 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 it was hard growing up without a mother. 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 place 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 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.

I still don't understand.

MARTIN

People make rules.

MARIA

Did someone make a rule against you seeing your son? What kind of country is that?

MARTIN

America.

MARIA

But I live in America.

MARTIN

How did a Martian become an American?

MARIA

I was born here.

MARTIN

That's right, you're lucky Martin.

MARIA

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

MARTIN

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

MARIA

Why not?

MARTIN

I'm not permitted.

MARIA

Who is stopping you?

MARTIN

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

MARIA

Oh.

MARTIN

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

MARIA

So, I sit here on this wall. The closest I can be to my son. It's worse than 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.

Martin climbs up the wall and sits next to Maria.

MARTIN

I'm Sixteen today. In two years, I can vote. Change is coming.

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.

END OF PLAY