

# Side 4: Rolando, Ximena

COLMILLOS

Hijole! So what's the plan?

MICTLANTECUHTLI

We'll just have a good ol' Halloween costume party ready for old Memo and his two yanquis when they cross over. Trick or treat!

(They roar with laughter.)

(Crossfade to Fevronia's living room. Rolando and Ximena are alone putting items on the altar.)

ROLANDO

How's your mama?

XIMENA

Resting. She's tired and, I might add, rather disappointed. I expect the kids to be sin verguena because they don't understand. But you? How could you bring donuts instead of bread of the dead for mi padre's ofrenda? That bread symbolizes that life is a never-ending cycle. It is as important to Mama as our wedding ring is to us. And you bring Winchell's donuts!

ROLANDO

Sorry. Maybe I should have brought Dunkin' donuts instead.

(Rolando giggles at his lame attempt to make light of the situation. Ximena glares back, looking very angry.)

ROLANDO

I'm sorry, really I am. I know this is important to your mom, but I got to tell you, Ximena, it gives me the creeps! I'm 45 years old and this death thing is starting to come home to roost.

XIMENA

You mean Juan Martinez.

ROLANDO

For one. Dropped dead of a heart attack right there at his desk in our law firm. Boom. Gone, and only 47 years old. And what about Elizabeth Brewer? Thirty nine and she keels over with an aneurism.

XIMENA

You don't need to be so paranoid, Rolando. You're in better shape than any of those people. You jog every day. You eat a low-fat diet. You don't smoke or drink. You shouldn't be afraid of dying, it cuts into your time to live. Besides, there's nothing you can do about it. Death comes when it's time.