

# EL LORO, EL GATO Y EL ESPÍRITU SANTO (OR THE PARROT, THE CAT AND THE HOLY GHOST)

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A short comedy by  
Kelly McBurnette-Andronicos

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## CAST OF CHARACTERS

BERNA, the oldest, and bossiest, of the three sisters. She always knows what to do, and who should do it. Latina female, teenager.

VERONICA, the second oldest sister. Thoughtful and intelligent. A problem solver. Latina female, younger teenager.

CECI, the youngest of the three sisters. Optimistic, sensitive and naive. Latina female, youngest teenager.

DOÑA CUCA, the pious and elderly neighbor. Latina female, elderly.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

*El Loro, El Gato Y El Espíritu Santo (or The Parrot, the Cat and the Holy Ghost)* was first performed at the Civic Theatre of Greater Lafayette (Lafayette, Indiana) as part of the First Annual 10-Minute Play Festival. The cast was:

BERNA.....Ariel Laukins  
VERONICA.....Alondra Magallanes  
CECI.....Josie Luptak  
DOÑA CUCA.....Heather Bungard-Janney

## DEDICATION

To Cecy. Thanks for the stories and the laughs.

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*(Lights up. A Sunday in summer, the present. A backyard in El Paso, Texas. Mass is about to let out. VERONICA is sitting in an old chair, using yarn to tie a piece of bologna to a long stick. CECI is standing nearby, looking up in a tree, calling to Putsy the cat. BERNA enters in a panic, carrying a paper lunch bag.)*

**CECI:** *Puuuuutsyyyyyyyyy...kitty, kitty.*

**BERNA:** That stupid cat still up there?!

**VERONICA:** We're working on it, Berna.

**BERNA:** *(Dumping Veronica out of the chair and sitting in it herself:)* ¿Qué hora es?

*(No one responds. Veronica is still busy with the bait. Ceci is keeping her eye on Putsy.)*

What time is it?!

**CECI:** I don't know!

**VERONICA:** There ain't been no bell.

**BERNA:** Doña Cuca may be nutso but she ain't never late.

**CECI:** When'll Papá be home?

**VERONICA:** He's gonna kill him.

**CECI:** *(To Berna:)* Think he'll kill him?

**VERONICA:** He'll be home just before Mamá. Like always, stupid.

**CECI:** He *always* says he's gonna kill Putsy.

**BERNA:** He *always* means it.

*(Veronica presents her bologna-baited fishing rod proudly.)*

**VERONICA:** Ok, ready!

*(Stealth like, she moves towards the tree and after a few calculations and considerations, casts the bologna towards Putsy. The bologna flies off, splatting on the ground.)*

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Ceci, go get another piece of bologna.

**BERNA:** (*Standing up, exasperated, pointing over the fence:*) Look, Miss Crazy over there is gonna be home any minute.

(*Shaking the paper bag at her sisters:*)

We gotta get rid of this thing –

**CECI:** Lazarus.

(*Berna and Veronica stare down Ceci.*)

Well, that's his name!

**BERNA:** We gotta get rid of this *thing* before she finds out what happened.

(*Referring to Putsy in the tree:*)

*That pendejo* [Estupido] is on his own.

**VERONICA:** What kinda looney names their bird Lazarus? Seems like you're just asking for it.

**BERNA:** Same kinda lunatic that teaches her bird Bible verses.

**CECI:** I think it was a perfect name. He was like fifty years old or something. That's old for a bird. Just like Lazarus was really old.

**BERNA:** Lazarus was raised from the dead, stupid. He wasn't old. That's Methuselah.

**VERONICA:** Hey! Maybe he's not really dead.

(*They all stop what they're doing and stare at the paper bag.*)

Maybe he's like...all knocked out or something. I mean we better find out, right? Like we can't be all...*disposing* of it, you know...if it's alive or something.

(*Berna considers this for a moment.*)

**BERNA:** Get me a stick.

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*(No one moves.)*

Ceci!

*(Ceci moves towards Veronica's fishing pole but Veronica jealously guards it.)*

**CECI:** Where am I supposed to get a stick?

**VERONICA:** *(Finding a bent-up wire hanger, she gives it to Berna:)*  
Here.

*(Berna opens the paper bag and all three sisters crowd together to look inside.)*

**CECI:** He's like...all dusty.

**BERNA:** Putsy, next time you go on a killing spree, do us all a favor and eat the evidence.

*(Putsy meows. Veronica nudges Berna to poke around in the bag. She pokes. Nothing happens.)*

**VERONICA:** Papá's gonna really kill him this time.

**CECI:** *(Shoving Veronica:)* Shut up!

**VERONICA:** YOU shut up!

**BERNA:** SHUT! UP!

*(Berna rolls up the paper bag and puts it on the ground in front of her. They all stare at it. Veronica bites her nails. Ceci does a nervous jig. They are quiet for a moment. Putsy meows.)*

**VERONICA:** What if we snuck over, ya know? And...and...opened the door to the cage, right? And it'd look like the stupid bird flew out.

**BERNA:** Well, that's a great idea, Veronica. Except that everyone in the whole [neighborhood] damn 'hood knows that stupid bird can't fly!

**CECI:** Why couldn't it fly?

**BERNA:** Because Doña Cuca never taught it how, stupid.

**VERONICA:** She taught it how to pray instead.

**BERNA:** It spent its whole stupid life in that crappy back porch cage getting prayed over.

**VERONICA:** I know, right? She's all crazy!

**BERNA:** Like she's always dragging that fifty-pound Bible of hers out on the porch.

**VERONICA:** And teaching that idiot bird Latin. I mean...*Latin!*

**BERNA:** Dumbass [Stupid] bird couldn't fly but it could sure [as shit] recite a novena.

**VERONICA:** Hey, we could hide the body in the bottom of the trash.

**BERNA:** You think we don't know what you hide in the trash?

*(Veronica is mortified.)*

The whole neighborhood—

*(The sound of church bells are heard, then the sound of an old woman approaching, singing a hymn in Spanish. The girls share panicked, fearful looks with each other. Veronica shoves the bag in Ceci's hands, Ceci throws it to Berna. Berna, with nowhere to turn, makes an executive decision. She quickly drags the chair over to the fence, stands on it, drops the bag over, and scampers over the fence. Ceci rushes to look through a small hole in the fence, Veronica pushes her out of the way. Both are trying to see what Berna is doing on the other side. A screen door is heard squeaking open then slamming.)*

**VERONICA:** She's brushing the dirt off his feathers.

*(Beat.)*

She put him back in his cage!



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*(Berna makes her way back over the fence with an empty paper bag.)*

**BERNA:** I put it back in the cage.

**CECI:** You shut it?

**BERNA:** Yeah, it just looks like he died there.

*(All three girls huddle by the fence on the ground, hiding and waiting. The church bells have stopped. DOÑA CUCA, who had been singing this whole time, suddenly stops in mid note. Silence. Putsy meows. Then a terrific scream from Doña Cuca.)*

**DOÑA CUCA:** Ahhh!!! Ha resucitado! Ahhhh!!! Ha resucitado!

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