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Dramatic Publishing

CALABASAS STREET

by

JOSÉ CRUZ GONZÁLEZ



Dramatic Publishing

Woodstock, Illinois • London, England • Melbourne, Australia

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CALABASAS STREET was first presented by California State University, Los Angeles Theatre Arts & Dance Department on October 14-16, 21-23, 1994.

CAST

Michael Aparicio
Gaby Cerda
Susan Clay
Chrys Dulac
Maria Orlandi
Jennifer Uzan

PRODUCTION STAFF

Director José Cruz González
Set and Costume Design G. Shizuko Herrera
Lighting Design Lonnie Alcaraz
Stage Manager Yuki Uehara

CALABASAS STREET was further developed at the HBO New Writers Project in September 1995.

CALABASAS STREET

A Play in One Act
For 2 Men and 4 Women

CHARACTERS

DOMINGO a college student,
transforms into an 8-year-old as he narrates

LA VIUDA MARTINEZ . . . an elderly Mexican-American
woman, a piñata maker. Her first name is Consuelo.

MIERCOLES Domingo's older sister, 11 years old

VIERNES Domingo's younger sister, 7 years old

DICIEMBRE. Domingo's mother, late 20s

KIKO. La Viuda Martinez's husband, a memory
(doubles as the School Bus Driver)

SETTING: Suggestive. Set pieces should be kept to a minimum. The piñata artwork should be a combination of papier-maché and sculpture work.

Running time: 45 minutes

For María Jesus González

CALABASAS STREET

Glossary

Pg. #

- 8 **Mira, es la loca!** - Look, it's the crazy one!
bruja - witch
viuda - widow
Tio/Tia - Uncle/Aunt
- 9 **Mocosco** - snot-nose
- 12 **“Domingo, ayudame!”** - Domingo, help me!
“Domingo, apurate!” - Domingo, hurry up!
Ay, Dios, mio! Que susto. - Oh, God, what a fright.
- 13 **Que dices** - What did you say?
- 14 **Mira, La Señora Martínez es una viuda.** - Look, Señora Martínez is a widow
- La Señora Martínez vive solita. Esa señora no es loca. No tiene marido que la cuide. Andale, levale estos tamales.**
Señora Martínez lives alone. That woman isn't crazy. She has no husband to care for her. Go on, take these tamales to her.
- Andale! Miercoles!** - Come on! Miercoles!
- 15 **Ven conmigo.** - Come with me.
cuartito - little room
- 16 **Esto son mis hijos.** - These are my children.
- 17 **barco** - a boat
La Ballena - a whale

- 17 **El Pez** - a fish
- 18 **Como te llamas?** - What's your name?
Mucho gusto. - With pleasure.
Probecito - Poor little one
- 19 **La sirena**, a mermaid
Levantanse, sleepy heads! - Wake up, sleepy heads!
Porqué no? - Why not?
De veras? - Really?
No, mijo. - No, son.
menudo - tripe
- 20 **De veras ... ?** - Really ... ?
Te conosco, Mosco, - I know you, Mosco!
ven aca! Andale! - come here. Now!
Sopas! - An expression: "There you go!"
mentiritas - little lies
- 21 **y vamonos!** - and let's go!
- 22 **La escuela!** - The school!
- 25 **nopales** - cactus
- 26 **mijito** - son
Pero porqué los quieres? - Why do you want them?
Como que "fix up"? - What do you mean "fix up"?
Bueno pues, Well,
- 28 **mentiroso!** - liar!
- 31 **Que milagro?** - What a miracle?

CALABASAS STREET

AT RISE: *Music. Lights up on DOMINGO, a young man.*

DOMINGO. My name is Domingo Sanchez. And I grew up on Calabasas Street not far from here. My parents still live there. You might recognize their house. There's statues of the Virgen de Guadalupe, Pinocchio and the King, Elvis Presley.

(An OLD WOMAN dressed in black enters wheeling a small cart.)

You see that woman dressed in black? That's La Viuda Martinez. Everyone on Calabasas Street called her "la Loca"—the Crazy One. Why? Because she was always dressed in black, collected junk from garbage cans and liked smoking Cuban cigars. *(The OLD WOMAN spits loudly. She goes to a garbage can removing newspapers and cans, etc.)* Yuck! Everyone on Calabasas Street was afraid of her but they shouldn't have been. You know, sometimes the things we fear most are the things we least understand. I learned that one summer when I was still eight years old and Calabasas Street was the only world that mattered. La Viuda Martinez changed all that.

(MIERCOLES enters, followed by VIERNES.)

VIERNES. Mira, es la loca!

MIERCOLES. Be quiet! She might hear you! I heard she turns kids into rocks!

DOMINGO (*as a boy*). What's she doing?

VIERNES. Something crazy I bet.

MIERCOLES. Papí said to stay away from her. All she does is collect junk and takes it home.

VIERNES. Do you think she's a bruja?

MIERCOLES. Well, she's dressed in black, que no? All witches dress in black.

VIERNES. Look, she's even got a broom!

DOMINGO. She's coming this way!

MIERCOLES. Don't look in her eyes. She'll turn you into a rock! Run! Hide! (*They all cross themselves and exit except for DOMINGO. LA VIUDA MARTINEZ continues to collect junk.*)

DOMINGO (*as a young man*). La Viuda Martinez had lived on Calabasas Street for as long as I could remember. She was a viuda. Her husband had died long ago. She lived in an old house on Calabasas Street and it was the scariest looking house there was. Nobody ever wandered into her yard. It was like stepping into your worst nightmare. (*MARTINEZ spits loudly.*) Yuck! She had this disgusting habit of smoking cigars and spitting wherever she went. You could always tell where La Viuda Martinez had gone because she'd leave a trail of tobacco juice stains.

(*MARTINEZ spits and exits as MIERCOLES and VIERNES enter.*)

VIERNES. Look, Miercoles, la Loca's going into her house.

MIERCOLES. I heard lots of people went into that house and never came out, Viernes.

VIERNES. Really?

MIERCOLES. Some say she even killed her children.

DOMINGO (*as a boy*). Is she La Llorona?

MIERCOLES. Who knows, but you better watch out, Mocososo.

DOMINGO. Don't call me Mocososo!

MIERCOLES. Well, that's what Tio Agosto calls you. Don't be playing baseball out here by yourself because you might not come back home. La Loca might get you. I'd hate to tell Papí she got you.

VIERNES. He'd be real angry.

DOMINGO. I'll do what I please, Miercoles! I'll play baseball if I want to! La Loca doesn't own the block and neither do you!

MIERCOLES. Don't say I didn't warn you, little brother! Let's go, Viernes! (*MIERCOLES and VIERNES exit.*)

DOMINGO. There were six sisters in my family and I was the only boy. We were all named after each day of the week in Spanish. Can you imagine? There were the twins, Lunes and Martes, my older sister Miercoles, Jueves, the bookworm, Viernes, the tattletale and Sabado, in diapers. I was the born on a Sunday, so naturally I was named Domingo.

(*MIERCOLES enters sucking on a lollipop.*)

MERCOLES. La Llorona drowned all her children and now she's looking for troublemakers like you, Domingo. I'd

learn to sleep with one eye open if I were you. (*MIERCOLES exits.*)

DOMINGO. La Llorona, which Miercoles sometimes called La Viuda Martinez, had been a story passed on in my family for generations. La Llorona is a story filled with tragedy and guilt. Most Mexican stories are. (*DOMINGO picks up a baseball.*) I loved playing baseball when I was a kid but I had no one to play with. All my sisters ever wanted to do was to play dolls, play house or play dress up. Worst of all they hated baseball! I had no one to play with.

(*MIERCOLES and VIERNES enter with dolls.*)

DOMINGO (*as a boy*). Hey, Miercoles, Viernes, you guys wanna play some catch?

MIERCOLES. No.

VIERNES (*imitating MIERCOLES*). No.

DOMINGO. Me against you two?!

MIERCOLES. No.

VIERNES. No.

DOMINGO. I'll let you win?! Please...?

MIERCOLES. Only if you play dolls with us?

VIERNES. Only if you play dolls with us?

DOMINGO. No way!

MIERCOLES. You can be Ken!

VIERNES. Yeah, you can be Ken!

DOMINGO. I don't think so.

MIERCOLES. Suit yourself, Worm.

VIERNES. Yeah, suit yourself...

DOMINGO & MIERCOLES. Be quiet!

VIERNES. What?!

MIERCOLES. You sound like an “echo”! Stop repeating everything I say!

VIERNES. Jeez, you two always pick on me! ‘Amá!
(*VIERNES exits.*)

MIERCOLES. Wait, Viernes, don’t you want to play dolls?
(*MIERCOLES exits.*)

DOMINGO. Sisters. All they’re ever good for is making life horrible. I always got even with them though. You see, I’d switch their dolls around. Doll parts and everything. They’d get angry at one another thinking the other sister had done it. I never said a thing!

(A roar of a crowd is heard as DOMINGO plays baseball by himself. An ANNOUNCER’s voice is heard calling the game.)

ANNOUNCER (*voice-over*). It’s the bottom of the ninth and the count is full at Chavez Ravine. What incredible pressure this young man must be feeling today. Sanchez steps up to the plate. But, wait, the young Dodger sensation is tipping his hat to the Giants’ pitcher. Now, he’s making faces. What could this mean? Sanchez digs in. (*The sound of a baseball pitch is heard hurtling toward DOMINGO. DOMINGO swings and hits it. The crowd roars.*) Oh, my gosh, it’s back, back, way back!! Domingo Sanchez has hit a thundering home run out of Chavez Ravine! (*DOMINGO starts running the imaginary bases.*) He’s rounding the bases. Waving to his family and friends. Stopping for a Dodger dog and a Coca-Cola. The Dodgers are the world champions! The world champions!

DOMINGO. Where'd my baseball go? Oh, no... I hit it over into the La Viuda Martinez' yard. The Black Widow Spider's house! Nothing ever comes back from there! I could see my ball just over the fence. It was right there among the weeds staring me right in the face. Calling to me. "Domingo, ayudame!" What should I do? We're not supposed to go into other people's yards. "Domingo, apurate!" So I decided to go after it. I jumped over La Viuda Martinez' fence. Then suddenly the house looked bigger than before. And the paint was cracking and the house creaked. It kinda looked like the Addam's Family house except there were no clouds or thunder. (*The crack of thunder is heard.*) Maybe there was thunder. The weeds suddenly were real tall. Her whole yard was like a jungle. (*The sound of jungle animals are heard.*) What was that?! Oh, it just kept getting worse. Lions, tigers and bears. Suddenly I heard a door open.

MARTINEZ. Ah huh, I finally found you, Perro Pestoso!

DOMINGO. "What should I do?! Where's the fence?!" I heard footsteps!

(*MARTINEZ enters holding a broom. They bump into each other scaring each other.*)

DOMINGO. Aghhh!!

MARTINEZ. Agghhh!!

DOMINGO & MARTINEZ. Agghhh!!

DOMINGO. I got so scared I fainted! (*DOMINGO faints.*)

MARTINEZ. Ay, Dios, mio! Que susto! (*She crosses to DOMINGO.*) Muchacho, are you all right?! Wake up!

DOMINGO (*awakening*). 'Amá? Do I have to go to school today?