

Little Bird | Guadalupe Miranda

Scene 1

PEDRO sits in his cell, shamelessly hitting on the GUARD.

PEDRO
I'm looking at your fine ass.

GUARD
Chum it up with your cellmate.

PEDRO
He was bailed out.

GUARD
Wait for another.

PEDRO
But I'm looking at your fine ass right now.

GUARD
Go suck a dick.

PEDRO
I'd like to be sucking on yours.

GUARD
(hits baton on the cell bars)

Hey!

(Beat)

Has your grandmother come to visit?

PEDRO
Yesterday. She brought over these fine ass enchiladas.

GUARD
Why do you always have to use those words?

PEDRO
Because I love seeing your fine ass react in the way that
you do.

GUARD
You've only been here a month, Pedro.

PEDRO
I love easy.

GUARD
Get your shit together, man.

PEDRO
I'm just getting comfy.

GUARD
Your grandmother will bail you out.

PEDRO
My abuela ain't got that kind of money.

GUARD
Any rich relatives?

PEDRO
You think I'd be in this joint if I had any?

GUARD
Why are you here, anyway?

PEDRO
(blows the GUARD a kiss and winks)

If I told you, I'd have to kill you.

GUARD
Was it murder?

PEDRO

What would you give me if I told you?

GUARD

(tries to be menacing, but fails)

You'd save yourself a beating.

PEDRO

A little sucky suck?

GUARD

Man, I told you—

PEDRO

How about a little kiss?

GUARD

Pedro.

PEDRO

On the cheek. We'll take it nice and slow, baby.

GUARD

Slow? A second ago you wanted to suck my dick.

PEDRO

I'm warming you up to it.

GUARD

I ain't gay!

PEDRO

Maybe a little bi-curious?

GUARD

(hesitates, adjusting his belt)

I'm married.

PEDRO
To a woman?

GUARD
No, to a burly man. Chops up some real good wood.

PEDRO
So you like em' buff? Okay, no problem. Give me a little
time to bulk up. I ain't sweating it.

GUARD
Yes, a woman!

(Beat)

I've got a little girl.

PEDRO
You got a kid?

(GUARD nods.)

It's alright, baby. I'll love her like my own. I'll cook her up
some real good food. Teach her how to make my abuela's
fine ass enchiladas. Drop her off at school so you can rest
and prepare yourself for this big, fat—

GUARD
Quit it!

PEDRO

*(laughs and places air quotes around the word
wife)*

What's your wife's name?

GUARD
Don't put my wife in quotations!

PEDRO
Sorry. Her name?

GUARD
Beatrice.

PEDRO
How young we talkin'?

GUARD
None of your damn business.

PEDRO
Young like old people kind of young, or young like you
could be in the next cell over?

GUARD
She is well over eighteen!

PEDRO
So twenty-one.

GUARD
Don't you have something better to do?

PEDRO

(walks around his cell with arms outstretched)

Got nowhere else to go. Unless you want to use those
pretty little fingers to slide that key in and let me out?

GUARD

(shakes his head, ignoring his request)

You got anymore of those enchiladas?

PEDRO
Should be getting some more today.

GUARD
Can I try—

PEDRO
A kiss for an enchilada?

GUARD
Goddammit, Pedro!

PEDRO
I ain't no giver upper.

(Beat)

You really not gay?

GUARD
I am ninety percent sure.

PEDRO
That ain't a hundred! I got a ten percent chance.

GUARD
You got no chance.

PEDRO
Ever had a boyfriend?

(GUARD shakes his head in disbelief. He drops his head with a sigh.)

GUARD
It wasn't a legit relationship.

PEDRO
So a drunk makeout sesh?

GUARD
It was nothing.

PEDRO

(hysterically laughs and reaches through the bars to playfully hit GUARD'S shoulder.)

You crack me up, Guard. I see the way you check out my
ass.

GUARD

(scoffs, but not very convincingly)

I've never done that.

PEDRO

Step out of that closet and let the light shine on you.
I promise you won't burst into flames, or go to hell, or
whatever. Swear, I used to go to church every Sunday with
my abuela.

GUARD

I am not—

PEDRO

Baby, that closet is made of glass!

GUARD

Can we drop this?

PEDRO

Not a fat chance. Not until you man up and give me a fat
kiss on my fat dick.

GUARD

(hits baton on the cell bars again)

You don't have to be so vulgar!

PEDRO

So you admit it? You might be a little gay?

GUARD

If I say yes, will you tell me why you're in here?

PEDRO

(leans seductively across the bars)

I'll whisper it in your ear. Come a little closer, Guard. I don't
bite.

(PEDRO reaches through the bars and loops his

finger through GUARD's belt loop, pulling him closer. GUARD does not object.)

GUARD
Who'd you kill, Pedro?

PEDRO
Why do you assume I killed someone?

GUARD
I know you killed someone.

PEDRO
I didn't!

GUARD
I read your file.

PEDRO
Ain't that illegal or some shit?

GUARD
I work for the county jail.

PEDRO
That doesn't fill you with the authority to be looking at my
file.

GUARD
Why'd you do it?

PEDRO
Why ask, if you already know?

GUARD
I want to hear it from you.

PEDRO
What else do you want from these pretty lips?

GUARD
Pedro.

PEDRO

She banged her head! I had nothing to do with it.

GUARD

They caught you with the bloody phone in your hand.

PEDRO

He was fuckin' my ex-girlfriend!

GUARD

I thought you were gay?

PEDRO

Like you, I was in the closet. I caught her bouncing on his dick like it was some kind of pogo stick.

GUARD

A pogo stick?

PEDRO

She was bouncing on my pogo stick!

GUARD

He could have been bi?

PEDRO

He was gay!

GUARD

All the way gay?

PEDRO

Yes! I yanked her hair and cut his dick off.

GUARD

And he bled out?

PEDRO

I bashed his head in until I felt skull. Then he bled out.

GUARD

And the girl?

PEDRO
She ran.

(Beat)

You running away now?

GUARD
I've had plenty of opportunities to run.

(A buzzer sound fills the cell corridors. Lights out.)

See you tomorrow, Pedro. Save me some of those fine ass
enchiladas.

SCENE 2

The next morning. Pedro reaches under his mattress for two enchiladas wrapped in a napkin. He hands one to GUARD through the bars.

GUARD
Your grandmother's a good cook.

(PEDRO stifles a laugh.)

What?

PEDRO
I added a special ingredient. A love spell. You're all mine
now.

(Beat)

I know all kinds of brujería.

GUARD

(spits out the enchilada)

You're fucking sick!

PEDRO

*(reaches through the bars trying to touch
GUARD.)*

Come on, baby. Let me get a piece of this.

GUARD
You didn't.

*(PEDRO grabs the enchilada out of GUARD's
hand and takes a bite.)*

PEDRO
I just like fucking with you. Go on, finish it.

GUARD
I'll save it for later.

PEDRO
Fair.

(Beat)

So your boyfriend—

GUARD
He was a friend. And a man.

PEDRO
Fine, your manfriend. What happened here?

GUARD
Nothing.

PEDRO
Talk to me, baby.

GUARD
I had this thing. I hadn't met my wife yet.

PEDRO
Right. The eighteen year old.

GUARD
She's twenty one!

PEDRO
Go on.

GUARD
We met at a bar. And he came up to me—

PEDRO
And you started making out?

GUARD
Can you let me tell the story?

PEDRO
Sorry, continue.

GUARD
He came up to me, told me I was cute. I said I thought the same. And we danced.

PEDRO
Romantic.

GUARD
You want the story? Hold back on the side comments.

PEDRO
Kay, sorry.

GUARD
So we danced. We went back to his place. And you can assume what happened next.

PEDRO
You manhandled him till he couldn't take no more?

GUARD
I didn't manhandle—

PEDRO
You're a bottom? That's okay baby, I can top you all night—

GUARD

(with some hesitation, he shouts)

We fucked, okay! He fucked me!

PEDRO

(suddenly extremely serious)

You're scared.

GUARD
Excuse me?

PEDRO
Sit.

(PEDRO sits on the ground in his cell. He urges GUARD to do the same. GUARD sits on the floor outside the cell after seconds of hesitation.)

Give me your hand.

GUARD
You're not making me touch your dick, are you?

PEDRO

(grabs GUARD'S hand through the cell bars and runs his fingers across his palm.)

Do you feel that?

GUARD
It feels good, nice.

PEDRO
You feel that with your wife?

(GUARD watches PEDRO run his fingers across his palm. He shakes his head. PEDRO lets go of GUARD's hand and stands.)

You ain't no damn baby bird. You're a hawk!

GUARD
A hawk?

PEDRO
A hawk. And a hawk ain't got nothing to be afraid of.

(Beat)

So you fucked, then what?

GUARD
He told me he had a fiance. His girlfriend of three years.

PEDRO
Oh shit.

GUARD
He was inviting me to the wedding.

PEDRO
Oh shit!

GUARD
Can you believe that crap?

PEDRO
I'd never do something like that, baby.

GUARD
Pedro.

PEDRO
Sorry, it's a reflex.

(Beat)

I need to ask you something. And I need you to say yes.

GUARD
I'm not sucking your dick through the cell bars.

PEDRO

No. You need to get me out of here.

GUARD

Now you're talking crazy.

PEDRO

We're friends?

GUARD

You're a prisoner. I'm a guard.

PEDRO

But we're friends, ain't we?

GUARD

Look, I like you—

PEDRO

Then help me break loose.

GUARD

I need this job.

PEDRO

And I need to walk free.

GUARD

You've been here a month. You've never asked to bail.

PEDRO

Am I human to you?

GUARD

Course'. Flesh and blood.

PEDRO

Exactly. I ain't no bird. I don't belong in a cage.

GUARD

I know—

PEDRO

(is suddenly extremely aggressive, shaking the cell bars)

So help me!

GUARD

I'm sure your grandmother can scrape up some money—

PEDRO

Please! I was a little boy once, just like your little girl. I saw my mother destroy her body on every corner because my deadbeat father sat on his lard ass all day, calling his little boy a fairy. Goddamn it you little fairy! Be a man! Be a man! I was a little boy forced to shove his gymnastics ribbon into his dad's nose, until it pierced his brain. My mom came home, called the police and stuck the same ribbon into her neck. Tears and blood mixed together. Abuela came as soon as the police called.

GUARD

You killed your father?

PEDRO

He deserved it!

GUARD

I'm not saying he didn't.

PEDRO

You'll help me?

GUARD

I'd have to leave this job.

PEDRO

I'll make it look like I got the best of you. I'll give you a shiner, a real good one.

GUARD

How are you getting past the guards at the front?

PEDRO

I'll figure it out.

GUARD

Once you're out, then what?

PEDRO

Take care of my abuela. She ain't getting any younger.

GUARD

How do I know you won't end up in the can again?

PEDRO

(extends his pinky finger out of the cell bars)

Pinky promise?

GUARD

(smacks his finger away)

Get serious!

PEDRO

I promise on my abuela's life.

GUARD

You're a criminal.

PEDRO

With a moral compass.

GUARD

(hesitates for a moment before unlocking the cell doors)

Go to Mexico with your grandmother. Keep making those fine ass enchiladas.

(PEDRO steps out and punches GUARD. He falls to the floor. GUARD pretends to be knocked out for the cameras in the cell corridor.)

PEDRO
Invite me over for dinner before I go?

GUARD

(through clenched teeth, still pretending)

Maybe.

PEDRO
That ain't exactly a no.

GUARD
It's a maybe, with yes tendencies. Now go.

PEDRO
I like my meat well done.

(PEDRO leans down and grabs GUARD by the collar of his shirt.)

GUARD
What are you doing?

PEDRO
Getting a piece of the main course, baby.

(PEDRO leans down and kisses GUARD. GUARD sort of leans into it.)

GUARD
I ain't no baby bird. I'm a hawk.

(GUARD stands after PEDRO runs out of the cell corridors. He wears a smile on his face like a proud superhero. A moment later the voice of OTHER GUARD is heard.)

OTHER GUARD
He's got the gun!

(One shot is heard, then a scream. A final shot is heard, and a final scream. Lights out.)