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*Dramatic Publishing*

# Los Zapatos Mágicos de Pedro (Pedro's Magic Shoes)



Comedy  
by  
Ric Averill

*This wonderful multicultural story  
is told using about 15 percent Spanish.*

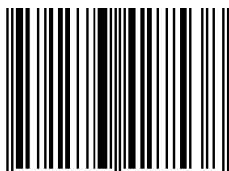
# Los Zapatos Mágicos de Pedro (Pedro's Magic Shoes)

**Comedy by Ric Averill.** *Cast: 2 to 4m., 1w., 6 either gender.* To feed his family, save the valley and recover his abuelo's (grandfather's) heritage, Pedro must prove he is the greatest trickster of all times. With the help of a pair of zapatos mágicos (magic shoes)—“no matter where you go, the shoes will return you home”—Pedro outwits his selfish boss, Don Juan, and el diablo de la montaña (the mountain devil), freeing his abuelo's spirit. Pedro then returns home to reclaim his heritage and make things right for his family in their valley of mesquite and sage. In this bilingual piece based in part on Latino trickster tales, English-speaking students will learn some Spanish, and Spanish speakers will find their own culture celebrated in this flavorful romp through America's Southwest. This play was developed at the Lawrence Arts Center (Lawrence, Kansas), San Diego State University's Theatre of the World Festivals, and the Mesa Children's Theatre and went on to tour nationally. *Unit set. Approximate running time: 1 hour.*

*Cover: Seem-To-Be Players production, Lawrence, Kansas.  
(l-r) Adam Blair, Richard Stubblefield and Mario Bonilla.  
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By  
RIC AVERILL



**Dramatic Publishing**

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LOS ZAPATOS MÁGICOS DE PEDRO  
(PEDRO'S MAGIC SHOES)

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS and PRODUCTION HISTORY

Special thanks go out to Gloria Yumurtaci, who did the original Spanish translations for me and to my cousin, Jane Averill, who connected us.

The play, originally entitled *Tales From the Mesquite and Sage*, was developed at the San Diego State University's Theater of the World Festival in February of 2003.

The play was supported in development by an Aurand Harris grant from the Children's Theater Foundation of America in 2003. A reading of the play was staged with Jose (Tony) Perez from San Diego State University in the role of Pedro, Dorothy Webb of the Bonderman Youth Theater Playwriting Symposium as dramaturg and José Cruz González as director.

The play was officially commissioned by and premiered for The Classics in Plano, Texas, 2003. The Seem-To-Be Players professional touring company of the Lawrence Arts Center toured the production for three seasons, traveling as far as Los Angeles and Ft. Lauderdale. I wish to give special thanks to Jennifer Akridge, whose Mesa Children's Theater toured this version of the script.

The premiere production was given by the Seem-To-Be Players, Lawrence Arts Center, Lawrence, Kansas, April, 1, 2004, with the following:

### CAST

Pedro Udermales . . . . . Jose (Tony) Perez  
Duende / Miguelito / Politician / Cuaquo del Fuego  
Jason Ware  
Don Juan . . . . . Adam Blair  
Teresa / El Diablo / Santa Niño / Horse / Bebé . . Heidi Van

### PRODUCTION STAFF

Stage Manager . . . . . Danny Rogovein  
Set Design & Construction . . . . . Jon Cupit  
Costume Design & Construction. . . . . Jennifer Glenn



# Los Zapatos Mágicos de Pedro (Pedro's Magic Shoes)

## CHARACTERS

PEDRO UDERMALES . . . . . a trickster  
TERESA . . . . . his wife  
BEBÉ . . . . . their baby, perhaps a puppet  
DON JUAN . . . . . the bad neighbor  
DUENDE . . . . . an elf  
SANTA NIÑO . . . . . a young boy saint, perhaps a puppet  
MIGUELITO . . . . . the donkey  
HORSE . . . . . who is spotted  
POLITICIAN . . . . . who is corrupt  
MOUNTAIN DEVIL / EL DIABLO . . . . . also a trickster  
CUAQUO DEL FUEGO . . . . . his horse

TIME & PLACE: A day in the life of the Valley of Mesquite and Sage, perhaps a few years ago.

NOTE ON MUSIC: An original score and recorded sounds are available from the playwright/composer, Ric Averill ([raverill@sunflower.com](mailto:raverill@sunflower.com)). However, producers are highly encouraged to create their own soundscapes and use live music whenever possible.

# Los Zapatos Mágicos de Pedro

## (Pedro's Magic Shoes)

**SETTING:** *A backdrop depicts southwestern mountains rising above the valley. On one side of the stage is a small poor-man's casa and on the other, the entrance to a large hacienda. Between the villas is a worn path along which there is a water well and a large saguaro cactus. The Fire Mountain scene may be played in front of a mid- or main drop and with flats depicting tongues of fire that take the audience away from the valley.*

**MUSIC.** *A baby cries. A rumble is heard, followed by the whinny of a nightmare horse. All quiets down as PEDRO enters. He is a pleasant and disarming hombre and walks eagerly to the center and sits on a rock by the well.*

PEDRO (*acts "wealthy"*). Here I am at a grand fiesta. I am the wealthiest hombre in the valley! Solanente dos tortillas. ¡Muy bien! (*He eats more.*) Such food—carne asada, pollo con mole, mmmm, gracias, Teresa, my wife, for setting out such a feast for me at the end of the day. (*He pretends to listen.*) What did I do today? Me? I told others what to do. I am, after all, Don Pedro of the Valley. (*A baby cries. PEDRO looks to the hut,*

*stands.*) She will not believe me. Don Loco, she'll call me. Gracias, Don Juan, my dear neighbor, for your generosity, my dear neighbor. *(He looks in his bag.)* He only paid me dos pesos. Two pesos. Barely enough to pay the rent, buy those tortillas for a snack, a few, uh, supplies, a trinket for Teresa and para mi bebito and now— *(Pulls his pocket inside out.)* Nada de dinero. *(He looks over at DON JUAN's wealthy hacienda.)* Perhaps, Don Juan— *(He takes a couple of steps toward the villa.)* I worked so very hard already today—from sunrise to sunset. I am so sore ¡oh que dolor! And then, at the end of the day, all I get for my labor is dos pesos. *(He takes a few more steps toward the hacienda.)* Things must change, Don Juan. *(He takes a few more steps toward the hacienda.)* No, he won't want to part with any more dinero. *(He looks back at the hut and takes a deep breath.)* But I have a family to think of. *(He knocks at the door. There is a grumbling inside.)* Juan! My dear neighbor! ¡Don Juan! ¿Está usted aquí?

*(DON JUAN's voice is heard before he is seen. He is a wealthy and arrogant landowner, eccentric, menacing, gruff but a bit foolish and quite foppishly dressed.)*

DON JUAN. Who's that yelling and screeching at my gate? *(Bursting open the door, he almost knocks PEDRO off his feet. He has grapes in his hand—he is always eating.)*

PEDRO. Su vecino.

DON JUAN. My neighbor? *(He looks around, notices PEDRO.)* Oh, Pedro, it's just you. Did you forget to put

away your tools, to close the gate on my garden, to clean up after the burro?

PEDRO. No, no, Don Juan. It's just...on my way home, I began to think...of my hungry bebé and my sweet wife.

DON JUAN. Thinking can get you into trouble.

PEDRO (*plows right ahead*). How, at the end of the day, when I get my wages, there is hardly enough...

DON JUAN (*overlapping the word "enough"*). Enough for any of us, Pedro. (*Eating a grape.*) Times are difficult, as you know.

PEDRO. I wish I had your difficulties.

DON JUAN. There you are, thinking again. Just like your abuelo. Tell me, Pedro, did you come to my door and wake me from my siesta just to sing me this sad song? I won't put up with such wailing from my workers. ¡Véte!

PEDRO. No, Don Juan. I was...I was hoping you might have a little extra work for me. Soy un buen trabajador. I am a hard, hard worker!

DON JUAN. Oh? If you're such a hard worker, then why don't *you* own the land, eh? Why don't I work for you?

PEDRO. ¿Señor?

DON JUAN (*looks around*). I don't see any work that needs to be done. Besides, it is time for me to return to my siesta.

PEDRO. ¿Siesta? Allow me, señor. I could sleep for you. I'm very tired.

DON JUAN. Are you making fun of me?

PEDRO. No, I'm truly tired.

DON JUAN. ¡Véte!

PEDRO. Please, even if you have no more work... (*Holds out his hat.*) ...could you spare un poco dinero?

DON JUAN. You are begging?

PEDRO. I suppose. I hate to beg, señor, but—

DON JUAN. If you hate to do it, peasant, don't.

PEDRO. I won't. I wouldn't. But I just can't go home empty-handed.

DON JUAN (*suddenly very warm*). Bah. I can't stand the thought of one of my workers feeling he has to beg for anything. (*Pause. Then pleased with himself.*) You're fired. Now I don't have to feel sorry for you. And you may leave me to my siesta.

(*DON JUAN goes back into his hacienda. PEDRO looks after him.*)

PEDRO. Fired. ¿Estoy despedido? Little in my bag and no hope for more. Santo Niño, where are you when I need you?

(*He walks to the center of the stage and starts to kick the cactus, when there is a sweet flute sound, oddly answered by a strange rumble and an unearthly whinny. PEDRO looks at the cactus—did the sound come from it? Then he looks around. As he looks back, DUENDE, a mischievous desert sprite, enters. He wears a black-and-white striped costume with an elf's cap and has a sharp nose and eagle eyes. DUENDE rushes on, stops suddenly, then ducks down out of sight. PEDRO shakes his head, talks to himself in his abuelo's voice.*)

PEDRO (*cont'd*). "Don't feel sorry for yourself, Pedro."  
(*He turns to go home, stops, shakes his head, realizing all that has happened.*) But what can I tell Teresa?

*(DUENDE pops up his head, looks at PEDRO, whispers.)*

DUENDE. Tell her you're the most foolish hombre in the valley since your abuelo disappeared. *(He hides again.)*

PEDRO. Maybe I should admit I'm the most foolish hombre in the valley since my abuelo... *(Looks around.)* Where did that idea come from? *(Looks behind the bushes.)* Sometimes I think this valley of mesquite and sage is filled with mischievous Duendes doing their best to keep Teresa and me poor and starving. *(He sighs.)* I could tell her that, but she'd think I was as loco as mi abuelo. On the other hand... *(Pulls out a simple necklace, a pretty bauble and a small sack.)* ...these gifts are sure to make her happy. *(DUENDE makes a spitting sound and runs off, disgusted by PEDRO's optimism.)* Teresa, Teresa!

*(TERESA, his wife, enters and looks at him, cradling a baby, which can be a puppet, voiced by TERESA.)*

TERESA. Pedro! We're so happy to see you.

BEBÉ *(goos, "Yes, we are, Papa).* Ooochee, Papa.

PEDRO. You will be so happy, wife. Look... *(Holds out the necklace.)*

TERESA. That is very pretty, mi amor. But I can't eat it.

BEBÉ *(goos, "I can").* Bee noop.

PEDRO. And for the bebé... *(Hands her the bauble which she holds out for the baby.)*

BEBÉ *(laughs, then cries, "I like that, I'm hungry").*

Wooo, itsy, oh, waa, waa.

TERESA. Even more beautiful, but the baby can't eat that.

PEDRO. I had two tortillas, but...

TERESA. You ate them?

PEDRO. I thought you'd be making supper.

TERESA. Pedro, is this all you brought home from a day's work?

PEDRO. A day's *hard* work. Don Juan had me harvesting melons, carrying wood, burning brush, fixing the fence—

TERESA. ¡Maravilloso! So where is the dinero?

PEDRO. I paid our rent, Teresa—and I bought food for the horse.

TERESA. ¿El caballo? We don't have a horse.

PEDRO. Or the burro.

TERESA. We sold our last donkey.

PEDRO. Of course, I know that. But the merchant made me so mad—"What would you have, hombre?" he said. What would I have? I told him I'd like a caballo or burro to help with my work and he laughed. "For one peso, Pedro, you can buy some feed—put it in front of your hut and maybe some scrawny horse or donkey will come ask to live with you." So, I bought it—to show him that someday I'll be as wealthy as Don Juan.

TERESA. You are thinking like your grandfather!

PEDRO. He was a clever hombre. Un engañador.

TERESA. No, thinking like your abuelo at the end of his days when he forgot all his tricks, lost his wits and disappeared.

PEDRO. He didn't lose his wits and neither have I.

TERESA. Then why isn't there more money?

PEDRO. You don't understand how Don Juan pays me. I see all the money, but then he keeps one half for rent for the garden, one quarter for his new church, one

eighth for the Politician and one sixteenth for himself as a counting fee.

TERESA. Which left you with...?

PEDRO. The two pesos I spent on tortillas, trinkets and donkey food.

TERESA. Pedro. Pedro, Pedro, Pedro.

PEDRO. Teresa, Teresa!

BEBÉ (*cries. PEDRO takes the baby, tickles him*). Waaa, waaa, waaa.

PEDRO. Come here, bebé.

BEBÉ (*gurgles*). Ooo, pootsi.

PEDRO (*looks up at TERESA*). You must have some dinero. We'll buy tamales,

BEBÉ (*excited*). Tassssteem. (*TERESA shakes her head "no." Baby is disappointed.*) Pluuu.

PEDRO. ¿Sopas?

BEBÉ (*less excited*). Soo, soo, soo? (*TERESA shakes her head again. Baby grunts.*) Plof.

PEDRO. Tortillas...?

BEBÉ (*looks at TERESA, who shakes head. Baby cries*). Waaaaa!

(*PEDRO hands baby back to TERESA.*)

TERESA. Nada.

PEDRO. ¿Nada dinero? ¿Porque?

TERESA. My piecework?

PEDRO. Yes, you're wonderful with a needle and thread.

TERESA. Which do not grow on trees.

PEDRO. You had to go to market and sell your piecework to buy needles and thread? (*TERESA nods.*) To make more piecework?



TERESA. Ahora no tenemos dinero. All that I made I spent so that I can make more.

PEDRO. I'm not sure either of us understands business very well.

TERESA. Desde hoy, we have no dinero.

PEDRO (*hugs TERESA*). At least we have each other, Teresa.

TERESA. You are a charmer, mi amor. Perhaps you should go back to Don Juan?

PEDRO. He fired me today.

TERESA. If he fired you today, then he has no one to work for him tomorrow, so there is a wonderful opportunity for a job.

PEDRO. Now *you're* thinking like my abuelo.

TERESA. Go to Don Juan and ask him.

PEDRO. Please, can't we eat first?

TERESA. Do you have a recipe for tamales made from needles and thread?

BEBÉ (*excited*). Oooocheee, bon, bon?

PEDRO. Sí, with a sauce made from horse food.

BEBÉ (*makes "pllllll" noise in disgust*). Plplplplplplplpl!

PEDRO. If only I were more like my abuelo.

TERESA. If wishes were horses—

PEDRO. Beggars would ride. I'll set out again and see what work I can find. But give me un besito for good luck?

TERESA (*gives him a quick buss on the cheek*). There's your kiss.

BEBÉ (*gurgles*). Papa? Oooks? (*PEDRO kisses baby as well. Baby is happy.*) Wub.

PEDRO (*to TERESA*). You do love me.

TERESA. ¡Véte!

*(TERESA blows a kiss and PEDRO turns to run after it. TERESA returns inside hut and out of sight. PEDRO walks the path and hums to himself. DUENDE reappears, watching him, moving this way and that, peering at him from hiding.)*

PEDRO. Pienso que alguien me está espiando. *(He looks around, trying to figure out where DUENDE is.)* Could someone be watching me? *(DUENDE nods from hiding. PEDRO walks a bit farther. DUENDE scampers to behind PEDRO. PEDRO reaches down and picks up some sand.)* Perhaps it is my ancestors. I'll throw some sand over my shoulder for good luck. *(He throws it over his shoulder, hitting DUENDE who runs off sneezing. PEDRO looks around, then shrugs.)* Or was it salt? Hmmm.

*(There is beautiful **FLUTE MUSIC** as SANTO NIÑO flies on. He is a youthful lad wearing an angelic gown and worn-down shoes, a rod-puppet or marionette which may be voiced and operated by the actress playing TERESA.)*

SANTO NIÑO. ¡Pedro! ¡Pedro el engañador!

PEDRO. Me? I'm not a trickster, not like my grandfather.

SANTO NIÑO. ¡Pedro el engañador!

PEDRO. Santo Niño. ¿Eres tú?

SANTO NIÑO. Sí. Ayúdame.

PEDRO. How can *I* help you, Santo Niño? I was just thinking about asking for your help.

SANTO NIÑO. Pedro, tienes que ayudarme to find someone que valga una moneda de oro.

PEDRO. Oh, Santo Niño, I'm sure I'm worthy of a piece of gold. Give it to me?

SANTO NIÑO. Perhaps not so easily, Pedro. Tú eres engañador.

PEDRO. I haven't tricked anyone.

SANTO NIÑO. You will.

PEDRO. Not today. Today I'm looking for work! Good honest work.

SANTO NIÑO. Adiós.

PEDRO. Wait! I don't have to work today! I could play a trick if that's what you want—or take a piece of gold...or two.

*(SANTO NIÑO flies off. DUENDE reappears, sneaking up behind PEDRO.)*

PEDRO *(cont'd)*. Wait, Santo Niño! Teresa and I really need that gold!

DUENDE *(in a high voice, mocking PEDRO)*. Teresa and I really need that gold!

PEDRO *(looks around, DUENDE hides)*. Who said that?

DUENDE. ¿Quién dijo eso?

PEDRO. ¡Basta de repetir lo que yo digo!

DUENDE. No, you stop saying what I'm saying.

*(PEDRO leaps and grabs DUENDE from behind the cactus. DUENDE is all grins and mischief. He giggles.)*

PEDRO *(holds DUENDE by the ear)*. There, Duende, now I have you.

DUENDE *(with almost sleight of hand, grabs PEDRO's ear, switching places with him)*. No, I have you.