

Don Quixote of La Mancha

Cast

Narrator

Don Quixote

Niece

Housekeeper

Priest

Barber

Dulcinea

Sancho Panza

Lady #1

Lady #2

Innkeeper

Fake Dulcinea

LIW 1

LIW 2

LIW 3

LIW 4

Windmills

Townspeople and Inn patrons ALL

18

All actors enter stage in the dark and form a line on the back wall facing the audience, except for "Don" who is facing the back wall. In front of them are the RB's "Rehearsal Boxes". LIGHTS UP Narrator is standing on one

All actors enter stage in the dark and form a line on the back wall facing the audience, except for "Don" who is facing the back wall. In front of them are the RB's "Rehearsal Boxes". LIGHTS UP Narrator is standing on one box center stage. As the Narrator speaks the cast moves forward setting the stage.

NARRATOR:

Welcome to the town of La Mancha. Not much to look at I know. It's name literally means "no water". It's a dry, brown, plateau with a flat landscape of nothing. Super fun place to be.

Narrator steps off of center box.

The people, *(Refers to the actors moving about)* seem to be just fine with it, and with themselves...for the most part. All except one man who goes by the name of Alonso...

(Don who is now seated on the same box the Narrator stepped off, facing the back wall, spins around to face the audience. He sits with a blank stare).

...he is our,..well...for lack of a better word, our hero. And soon he will become Don Quixote. Alas, Don is not happy with who and what he is. He lives with his housekeeper and his niece, *(Points to them)* but he passes the day reading books of chivalry.

(Actors walk past Don one by one holding up a book that he reads as they pass him, they set them down around the stage).

Tales of knights and castles and damsels in distress Harmless you say? And these books would become his undoing! BOOKS! *(Shakes fist at the air)* He reads from dawn until dusk with virtually no sleep. Then one day, the fine line between fantasy and reality, broke. And Don could no longer tell the difference.

Narrator exits

(Don Reading a book that is left by the last actor to pass him with a book)

DON QUIXOTE:

(absorbed in his reading) And so the knight donned his armor and rode out to do great deeds and hence win the heart of his fair lady *(puts book down and looks around the room)* armor, armor! What am I to do for armor? A knight must be properly attired.

(He takes a blanket off a nearby RB - and fashions a cape, then dumps the fruit out of a wooden bowl on top of another wooden box and puts it on his head)

And now all I need is a damsel to save.. Where shall I find one worthy of my love?

(Stands and peers outside a window and sees a girl walking by, he falls instantly in love and yells melodramatically out the window)

My lady! My lady! It is I your knight! *(to himself)* She hears me not, but I must know her name! Surely her name is hidden even now in my heart...Dulcinea! I shall call her Dulcinea! The mistress of my heart. And look- she walks on the road to Toboso! *(looks out the window as she continues to ignore him)* The lady Dulcinea del Toboso! My love! It is I Don Quixote de la Mancha! Dulcinea! Dulcinea! And yet still she hears me not.

(Looks around and picks an apple up off the floor and throws it at her hard hitting her square in the backside- she picks up apple, points at her eyes then back at him and walks away)

Dulcinea! Dulcinea! Come back! Will you not accept the token of my love I tossed so gently at your head? *(collapses melodramatically on the floor)* Oh Princess Dulcinea, mistress of this miserable heart! How sorely you have wronged me, spurning me with your harsh, unbending scorn.

(He collapses all the way to the ground as the niece and housekeeper enter)

NIECE:

(Niece and Houskeeper enter and see him on the ground) Uncle! Dearest Uncle! What evil has befallen you? Why are you wearing a fruit bowl? (she tries to remove the bowl)

DON QUIXOTE:

My lady! I command you not to attempt to remove my helmet, for all know that a worthy knight without his helmet is naked.

HOUSEKEEPER:

Ok, so so no one wants to see that. This is the work of those cursed books you are always reading, books of chivalry and knights' nonsense. They've turned your brain into gruel!

DON QUIXOTE:

Halt your blabbering and help me to my bed, canst thou not see I have been severely wounded?

(Both women exclaim in surprise and help him to his RB bed, examining him roughly they find no wounds)

HOUSEKEEPER:

You're fine.

DON QUIXOTE:

(sitting up and declaring loudly) Oh but my wounds are not of the body, but of the heart

(Collapses again, but quickly springs up, grabs the Housekeeper's cane. She falls instantly to the floor. He begins mock sword fighting all around the room).

HOUSEKEEPER:

(to the niece) My lady, what are we to do? His brain has been addled by these accursed books. Surely all books be of the devil himself! Blessed be the day I decided never to learn to read!

NIECE:

You are right! Too many books have addled my uncle's brain. I fear the worst for him.

(Narrator jumps on stage then off)

NARRATOR:
BOOKS!

NIECE:

But wait? Who approaches? It is my uncle's dearest friends, the Priest and the Barber, surely they will know how to assist us!

(Enter Priest and Barber. They stand quietly and observe DON as he practices his sword fighting with his cane)

BARBER:

Hey there Don, uhhh...whatcha doin? You ok?

NIECE:

He has been reading his books of chivalry again.

(Narrator jumps on stage then off)

NARRATOR:
BOOKS!

PRIEST:

Is he possessed?

NIECE:

No.

PRIEST:

Phew. Cuz that's a lot of work.

NIECE:

Dear friends, please help us! I fear for my uncle's sanity!

PRIEST:

Though I am not an expert at such things, I think the solution may lie in getting rid of the books.

BARBER:

Yes, I agree, Get rid of the books!

HOUSEKEEPER:

Then we shall surely burn them all and rue the day a book ever entered this house!

(Narrator jumps on stage then off)

NARRATOR:

BOOKS!

NIECE:

A worthy idea! We must hurry before he awakens.

(They gather the books scattered about and throw them in a barrel. The housekeeper crawls. They are about to light a match to set it on fire when a stage manager comes on holding a clipboard)

STAGE MANAGER:

Yeah, no fire. Not allowed. *(exits)*

DON QUIXOTE:

(awakening) What's this? Surely I smell smoke, does something burn?

ALL:

No / I don't smell anything / what are we talking about? Etc....that dribbles into the Barber saying "Fire will get us disqualified".

NIECE:

No my uncle, we aren't burning anything, 'tis nothing but, but, but...*(all are trying to block his view of the barrel)*

HOUSEKEEPER:

A dragon! 'Tis a dragon you smell! It passed overhead and us poor good folk without a knight to protect us!

DON QUIXOTE:

(grabbing his cane to use as a sword) Fear not good woman for I shall slay the beast. Now how does one slay a dragon? Hmmmm, I shall look it up in one of my books of chivalry *(exclaims in horror when he sees his books are gone)* Oh evil day! What has happened to my books?

HOUSEKEEPER:

Uhh... the dragon took them all and... we were powerless to stop it!

NEICE:

Dear uncle, lie down now and rest and I shall make you a dinner worthy of a knight such as you are. For you must be at your best as we have company tonight for dinner- I shall ask the Priest and the Barber to stay.

DON QUIXOTE:

Very well, my books, my books... (*Niece. Housekeeper, Priest, Barber exit*)

Wait! Would a knight sleep when such a terrible injustice has been done? How will the heart of the worthy Dulcinea del Toboso be mine when she hears I slept while a dragon prowled the land? I shall leave the comforts of my home and traverse the world in search of tasks which shall make my name known throughout the world as the bravest knight in the land! I shall not rest until all have heard and respect the name of "Don Quixote de la Mancha"! (*He puts on his "armor" and sets off*)

NARRATOR:

(*entering while stage is re-set with RB*) So Don Quixote sets out to find the dragon that has stolen his books. After many hours of aimless travel, it occurs to him...

DON QUIXOTE:

What am I to do without a squire? Every brave knight must have a boy to train in this noble profession. But look yonder, here comes a young lad, perhaps he seeks the fame and fortune which will surely come to those in servitude to a knight.

(*Enter Sancho Panza*)

You there, young lad, come hither and join me as a squire. Fortune smiles on you this day as it is not often a simple boy such as yourself is given the opportunity to serve a great knight.

SANCHO:

Hey Don. What are you talking about? It's me, your neighbor, Sancho Panza.

DON QUIXOTE:

Do not be an impertinent young boy, join me in my quest.

SANCHO:

Young boy...? I'm 47. I'm married and have three kids and my back hurts.

DON QUIXOTE:

Very well then squire, with such a large family to feed you will be in need of riches, and riches I can guarantee for a squire as quick-thinking, lean, and brave as you are.

SANCHO:

Riches eh? What kind of riches?

DON QUIXOTE:

Sancho my friend, do you not know that it is within my powers as a knight to make my squire the governor over whatever islands or regions I conquer?

SANCHO:

Well, I have some stuff I gotta do... How long will it take?

DON QUIXOTE:

Surely it shall take less than a week.

SANCHO:

Yeah sure. I can swing that.

DON QUIXOTE:

(they start walking together- as they walk the stage is being rebuilt with RB's for the INN) How blessed the era, how happy the time when the tale of my glorious adventures will see the light, worthy to be engraved in bronze, sculpted in marble, painted on wooden panels as an eternal monument.. *(he pauses and crouches down, looking ahead)* What is this? A castle rising up majestically in our path! Just in time, for my body aches with hunger and my soul suffers in agony. Surely the lord of this great castle will welcome me, a young knight and his squire in need of rest.

SANCHO:

I don't think that's a castle, that's just a restaurant.

(As they approach people are seated in the Inn, patrons in conversation, drinking, a bartender, waitstaff)

DON QUIXOTE:

Nonsense! Have I not eyes to see for myself that it is a majestic castle with spires reaching up to the skies? And the ladies that do repose in yonder castle are surely princesses of the very place and their father a great king of this land!

SANCHO:

Yeah I'm pretty sure they're not...

DON QUIXOTE:

(cutting him off as he approaches the women) And this is where my journey begins, as I will persuade them of my true nature and calling, and surely then this King will see fit to Knight me. My ladies! Fair princesses of this castle! Fear not for I am worthy of your beauty! *(he kisses their hands)*

LADY #1:

Methinks your fruit bowl be on a bit too tight. *(both laugh hysterically)*

DON QUIXOTE:

(vexed at their behavior) Such frivolous laughter is not conduct befitting your beauty. Is your father the King at home?

LADY #2:

Us daughters of a king?

(both women break out in hysterical laughter)

SANCHO:

Laughs himself but not sure what he is laughing about

DON QUIXOTE:

(aside to Sancho) I think they fancy me. *(to the women)* Lead the way daughters of the castle, for I must have court with your King on a very important matter.

LADY #2:

Hey Inkeeper! I think this ...gentleman...wants to talk to you.

INNKEEPER:

What do you want?

DON QUIXOTE:

(standing and swooping off his bowl helmet as he bows, then takes a knee)
Gracious lord of this castle. As king, I beseech you, please do me the honor of Knighthood in service of your Kingdom.

INNKEEPER:

Do what?

DON QUIXOTE:

I am in your service my lord, please honor me with Knighthood.

LADY #1:

Better do as he says, he's likely mad.

LADY #2:

Or at least annoyed.

LADY #1:

More annoy -ing.

INNKEEPER:

Are you going to order anything?

SANCHO:

Yes, indeed we are very hungry and weary and in need of rest.

DON QUIXOTE:

Please your lordship, Knight me.

He looks around at everyone in the tavern who is now watching with great amusement and are egging him on.

INNKEEPER:

Well I guess if you mean to give me your money.

Ok fine – *Lifts up his big wooden spoon and taps him on both shoulders*
So then I guess you are Knight. How's that?

DON QUIXOTE:

Thank you, your lordship, I will not fail you in service to your throne.

INNKEEPER:

I don't care what you do as long as you order something. But, we have no rooms available, just the barn out back, and nothing to eat but maggot stew.

SANCHO

Maggot stew? Bad name.

DON QUIXOTE

Shhh—

SANCHO

He would sell more if he—

DON QUIXOTE:

Thank you for your generous welcome and kind offer of rest and nourishment for myself and my road-weary squire. You may call yourself fortunate to have me for a guest in your castle, for if I refrain from my own praises it is because it is said that he who praises himself, degrades himself.

INNKEEPER:

(to Sancho) What's he yapping about?

SANCHO:

He says we'll sleep in the barn and eat the maggot stew.

(The Innkeeper shrugs and brings them bowls of stew)

DON QUIXOTE:

(To Lady #1) My lady, I am flattered by your attention. Surely a lass as young and innocent as yourself has no recourse but to find yourself falling instantly in love with a brave knight such as myself. But you should be forewarned that my heart belongs now and ever will belong to the lovely Dulcinea del Toboso.

LADY #1:

Sure thing.

DON QUIXOTE:

But I must tell you in all finality that even if you were the Queen Guinevere herself I could not be unfaithful to the most worthy, most legendary, Dulcinea del Toboso.

LADY #1:

(To Lady #2) I pity this Dulcinea.

INNKEEPER:

I have laid some horse blankets on the floor in the barn for you.

SANCHO:

Thank you. Much appreciated. *(They rise to exit. He picks up his bowl to take with him, stares for a second and gives it to someone at another table)*

Let's go Don.

(They exit as Don flirts and waves at the ladies – Lady #1 rolls her eyes. Lady #2 is contemplating.)

LADY #2:

Dibs.

LADY #1:

Really?

LADY #2:

Look around here.

LADY #1:

Solid point.

INNKEEPER:

That fool left his bowl helmet.

LADY #2:

I'll take it to him.

(She exits. The scene is re-set with RB's to a barn with blankets on the floor. They lay down)

NARRATOR:

To the barn!

DON QUIXOTE:

Sancho! Are not these the softest feather beds in all the land?

SANCHO:

Sure. *Smells blanket* I'm pretty sure this is what they made the stew out of.

DON QUIXOTE:

And the aroma of this room, like a queen's rose garden!

SANCHO:

Pretty sure that's cow poop.

DON QUIXOTE:

Let us rest now, squire, and may my dreams be filled with visions of the beautiful Dulcinea. And what will you dream of?

SANCHO:

Probably falling. I fall a lot in my dreams. Also I scream a lot so...prepare yourself.

(They both fall asleep with exaggerated snoring and screaming heard from Sancho)

(Lady #2 tiptoes into the barn and lays the helmet at DON's feet. She stares at him for a second.

LADY #2:

What am I thinking?

(As she turns to leave he sits up suddenly and yells, jumping up and grabbing his cane sword, scaring Lady #2 causing her to scream. Don Screams back. She screams again. Back and forth a few times and then in his sleep Sancho joins the screaming. Finally it stops)

DON QUIXOTE:

My lady! I knew you fancied me!

LADY #1:

Yeah, well I've actually re-considered that.

DON QUIXOTE:

I see that your heart is broken as you have no choice but to reconcile yourself to the fact that I am pledged to the rare, the beautiful, Dulcinie del Toboso!

LADY #1:

(Backing away steps on Sancho who screams in pain. The screaming tennis starts again, but shorter)

INNKEEPER:

I knew you were trouble! (Entering with a frying pan and immediately goes after Don hitting him with the frying pan, (SFX FRYING PAN HITTING) who screams with every hit escalating the scream bit....it ends with everyone tired of screaming, out of breath and dull un-inspired screams till it winds down to nothing)

INNKEEPER:

Out! The both of you!

DON QUIXOTE:

As much as I would like to stay and vanquish you, I must instead pursue the purity of my profession and remember the mistress of my heart who waits for me in a distant land.

SANCHO:

(As Sancho and Don leave, Sancho whispers to Lady #1 and Innkeeper)
Help me.

NARRATOR:

(Scene re-sets with RB's. Don and Sancho are running in a circle) Don Quixote and his faithful flee, and run and run....(watches them run for awhile) and run.

SANCHO:

Oh c'mon.

NARRATOR:

Where they eventually come to a field where they rest.

SANCHO:

So...Now what?

DON QUIXOTE:

We cannot rest when there are so many adventures yet to be found.
(He sits up, stretches, then notices the windmills - they are being held or they are windmill costumes by actors)

Saints preserve us Sancho! *(he leaps to his feet drawing his sword)* Fear not for I shall protect thee!

SANCHO:

(Alarmed, leaping to his feet) Protect me from what? IS IT SNAKES? Tell me it's not snakes!

DON QUIXOTE:

Nay friend, 'tis worse if that can be believed! Look yonder Sancho! Giants! Monsters! We shall slay them and when they are dead we shall claim the lawful spoils of our conquests!

SANCHO:

Those are only windmills.

DON QUIXOTE:

Nonsense! See their massive arms flapping in the wind? They stand ready to destroy all that wander onto their path! Surely some great and evil magician has cast a spell upon your eyes. Stay where you are Sancho, for I shall claim honor on the battlefield for both of us. *(addressing the windmills)* Flee not oh cowards, oh dastardly creatures, for I, Don Quixote de La Mancha have come to slay thee!

(He runs to the windmills who come alive and we hear the star trek fight song as a "battle occurs" between them. The windmills beat him down.)

SANCHO:

Did you just get beat up by a windmill?

DON QUIXOTE:

Silence my friend. It is obvious that an evil magician transformed the giants into windmills so that he could mock me most cruelly.

SANCHO:

Sure. Or that.

NARRATOR:

So our friends are off to find more adventures in the never ending quest for knighthood.

(Sancho and Don enter holding lanterns. The stage light darkens/blue. RB's are set into a "Mountain".

They approach a mountainous wilderness, the mountains known to all in this region as the Sierra Moreno.

SANCHO:

You know, I don't if a knight is supposed to be severely beaten every time he tries to help someone.

DON QUIXOTE:

Yes Sancho, perhaps you are right. Maybe I have lost my path and need to meditate to assure myself that my motives are worthy of knighthood.

SANCHO:

That sounds great! Let's return to La Mancha and search our hearts for... motives...or whatever.

DON QUIXOTE:

Yes Sancho, return to La Mancha you shall.

SANCHO:

I said "we" should return to La Mancha.

DON QUIXOTE:

Nay Sancho, for here is where we part ways. I shall retire to the wilderness of the Sierra Moreno and meditate day and night on the memory of the face of the lovely Dulcinea. It is only in her purity and beauty that I will know what my future holds. You my friend, shall travel to Toboso and find the worthy Dulcinea and deliver to her this sealed letter of love poetry I have composed just for her.

SANCHO:

But...

DON QUIXOTE:

No buts!

SANCHO:

Begins to giggle

DON QUIXOTE:

What? What is funny?

SANCHO:

Butts...Don't worry about it.

Don Exits.

SANCHO:

(watching him leave, he stops giggling and opens the letter to Dulcinea, reading out loud)

There is none more lovely than Dulcinea
If you think there is one better, I tell you there is no way-ah
If you doubt me then listen to what I say-ah
There is none more lovely than Dulcinea.

(enter the Priest and the Barber as he is reading)

BARBER:

Look here! It's Sancho Panza of La Mancha!

PRIEST:

The same Sancho Panza who was fool enough to follow Don?

SANCHO:

Yes, it is me, Sancho Panza the fool.

BARBER:

What say you friend, why do you sit alone here reciting some of the worst poetry ever written and where is Don?

SANCHO:

Don has gone to meditate in the wilderness and has left me to travel on my own to Toboso carrying this sealed *(hesitates and seals it again)* declaration of his love to the fair Dulcinea del Toboso.

PRIEST:

Who is Dulcinea?

SANCHO:

I don't know. But he's obsessed with her, and he thinks she is a princess. Listen to this...

(He unseals the letter again and reads – after each line the Barber and Priest groan in pain)

...your beauty is more than human...your hair is a golden waterfall of sunshine...Your eyebrows are like heavenly arches...Your teeth are like pearls...

BARBER:

STOP!

SANCHO:

You get the idea. I need your help. Don has given in to madness!

BARBER:

You just figured that out?

PRIEST:

Of course my friend. That's why we're out here. We're looking for him to bring him home.

SANCHO:

How are we going to convince him to return home when he is so intent on accomplishing the deeds of great knights?

BARBER:

Ah ha! I have an idea! We shall find him and convince him that there is a crisis that only a brave Knight can be of service, and his oath as a knight requires him to assist us. We will need disguises as he will not believe us. But he will believe what he thinks are strangers.

PRIEST:

Then we shall take him back to La Mancha where he can get well again!

They exit. Narrator comes on. RB's shift to next scene. Lights stay in darkness.

NARRATOR:

So our Don Quixote is indeed blessed with great friends whose only desire is to see him brought home safely. Sancho fills them both in on Don's escapades. Meanwhile Don wanders through the wilderness rejoicing in hunger and thirst, pleased with every scrape and bruise on his body for he believes his physical suffering a tribute to love.

(Don Quixote is sitting cross legged on the stage, tired, lamenting his love for Dulcinea)

DON QUIXOTE:

Oh Dulcinea, most worthy, most beautiful, most precious mistress of my heart. What is the hunger of the stomach when I hunger for the sight of your loveliness? What is the thirst that quenches my throat and threatens me with dehydration and dementia when I thirst to look into your eyes and hold your hand in mine? And worst of all I don't know how to meditate.

SANCHO:

(Sancho, the Barber, and the sneak on stage)) Stay here while I approach him and tell him we have arrived.

DON QUIXOTE:

Is trying to meditate.

SANCHO:

Hey Don.

DON QUIXOTE:

Sancho, is it you?

SANCHO:

Yes my lord it is I, and... you are you. I have brought visitors.

DON QUIXOTE:

Why didn't you tell me Sancho? For a knight is nothing if he is not hospitable. Good friends, I welcome you.

(Enter the Priest dressed and the Barber in disguises of mustaches and maybe crazy hair wigs)

BARBER:

Sir knight, you must be the knight we have heard so much about!

DON QUIXOTE:

Can it be? Have my deeds really reached the ears of strangers?

BARBER:

Why certainly. Are you not the knight who battled the giants disguised as windmills?

DON QUIXOTE:

Sancho! Can it be true? Can word of my great deeds really have stretched throughout the land?

SANCHO:

It seems so sir. Perhaps you have finally done enough to be worthy of the fair Dulcinea and we can go home now.

DON QUIXOTE:

Nay Sancho, for though I have accomplished great things for sure, I feel as if there is even more left for me to do.

PRIEST:

Oh sire, then perhaps it is God's providence that we have met your squire on the road for I am in dire need of a brave knight to assist me!

DON QUIXOTE:

Of course I shall help thee for it is my duty to help those in distress.

PRIEST:

Then you will help me?

DON QUIXOTE:

Your wish is my command, tell me your bidding.

PRIEST:

Well kind sir, an evil knight has stolen my land and cast a terrible spell on him- you must help me! *(breaks down into melodramatic crying)*

DON QUIXOTE:

Of course we leave at once! Never let it be said that Sir Don Quixote refused the request of distress!

PRIEST:

Then we must go to La Mancha, for that is where we will find the evil knight.

DON QUIXOTE:

He thinks I regret that upon further examination, I must refuse your request.

PRIEST:

But sire, I am in dire need!

DON QUIXOTE:

Yes and I shall send my squire Sancho with you to fight off the evil knight. My squire Sancho is both strong and brave.

SANCHO:

(looking around) Who me?

DON QUIXOTE:

I cannot travel to La Mancha at this time, it is entirely too close to Toboso and my love Dulcinea of whom I have not yet proven myself worth of her love.

BARBER:

Ok. Plan B.

PRIEST:

Very well sir, though I am disappointed I understand and admire your devotion to your lady. But please sir, you would honor me if you would but join me in a meal before you return to your lonely wanderings.

DON QUIXOTE:

Very well, I shall accept your gracious invitation for surely I do hunger.

BARBER:

NOW! *The three of them wrestle Don to the ground and tie him up*

DON QUIXOTE:

What madness is this! Deceived! Captured! Betrayed!

BARBER:

My lord, it is for your own good, come now, we travel to La Mancha.

DON QUIXOTE:

Weep not brave Sancho, these things are bound to happen.

SANCHO:

I'm not crying.

DON QUIXOTE:

I suppose the more famous you are the more strange your perils. Truly I am persecuted for my virtue and have been enchanted by these evil magicians.

SANCHO:

So yeah...they aren't magicians and you are not enchanted by any spell.

DON QUIXOTE:

Sancho please stop crying, and do not speak of that which you cannot understand. You have not read the books of chivalry as I have and therefore know nothing of evil spells. The spell that has been cast on us all. None of this is real.

They all march Don offstage.

NARRATOR:

Meanwhile Five local peasant girls were out picking berries.

They are picking berries when LIW 1 starts looking around

LIW 1:

Wait a minute...Did anyone bring a bowl to put these in?

LIW 2:

I thought you said you were bringing a bowl.

LIW 3:

I never said that. I don't have a bowl. We're too poor to own a bowl.

LIW 4:

I can't believe no one brought a bowl.

FAKE DULCINEA:

I brought a fork.

LIW 1:

Well now what? We don't have a bowl.

LIW 2:

Stop being so upset about the bowl! It's just a bowl.

LIW 3:

Everybody stop saying Bowl.

LIW 4:

BOWL BOWL BOWL

FAKE DULCINEA:

What's a bowl?

LIW 1:

If it wasn't for the fact that you are my uncles sisters niece from another marriage I would...

LIW 2:

What? You would what?

LIW 3:

Yeah bring it on. I'll bowl you over.

LIW 4:

Really? Is that the only word we know?

FAKE DULCINEA:

I'm going to teach cows to sing when I'm older. A whole cow choir.

LIW 1:

Ok ok. Let's just calm down. We'll figure this out.

LIW 2:

Yeah ok, what are we going to just wish for a bowl?

LIW 3:

That's a good idea! Let's try that! Maybe one of us has a wish coming and we don't know it!

LIW 4:

Right, and then maybe somebody will just appear with a bowl.

FAKE DULCINEA:

(Starts just eating berries) I have a mouth bowl!

Sancho, Don, Barber and Priest enter

LIW 1:

Oh hello! *Sotto* Do you see what I see ladies?

LIW 2:

That is a bowl.

LIW 3:

The perfect bowl.

LIW 4:

Well bowl me over.

DON QUIXOTE:

Good evening ladies. I am the great knight Don Quixote. Champion of this realm. Keeper of peace. The greatest Knight that's ever lived.

LIW 1:

Oh yes – I see...um...I couldn't help but noticing you are wearing a....*Points to his bowl on his head*

DON QUIXOTE:

My knights helmet?

LIW 2:

Yes. Yes, a Knights helmet.

LIW 3:

I'm pretty sure that's a bowl.

LIW 4:

Why are you wearing a bowl on your head?

SANCHO:

That is not a bowl. This is Sir Don Quixote. A great knight. And that is his armor.

FAKE DULCINEA:

Want to see a my impression of a bowl? *Does impression of a bowl*

SANCHO:

Yes. That is quite a talent. *Suddenly he has an idea, looks at the Priest and the Barber and gives a big wink, pulls Don away from the girls.*

Don, do you not see who that is? *Points at fake Dulcinea*

DON QUIXOTE:

They are merely 5 peasant girls. What do I care?

SANCHO:

No no. That one there. That is Dulcinea. Don't you see?

DON QUIXOTE:

That is not my fair love Dulcinea. Surely you jest.

SANCHO:

It is! I tell you it is! And those others are her Ladies in Waiting. She is here for you Don! You have won her love!

DON QUIXOTE:

It cannot be. I know my love.

SANCHO:

Ahhhh! Now I see that you do not see! You see?

DON QUIXOTE:

What do you see that I do not see?

SANCHO:

There must have been a spell put over them by those magicians! To make them not appear to you as they should. But that is Dulcinea, I tell you it is! You must take her now! And then we can be off and head back to La Mancha!

DON QUIXOTE:

Walks over to fake Dulcinea, looks her up and down. Where is the rest of her?

SANCHO:

It is only a spell! She will return to her normal self, once we get back to La Mancha! Come! *Unties him* Take her! And let's head home!

FAKE DULCINEA:

I have 4 teeth!

DON QUIXOTE:

Perhaps you speak truth dear Squire. Now that I look really close, I can see her! DULCINEA! MY LOVE! You have come for me! *Throws off his bowl, picks her up and runs off with her.*

Sancho watches him run off. Looks at the other girls. Shrugs and runs after them. The LIW 1 picks up the bowl.

LIW 1:

I would say that was a fair trade.

NARRATOR:

As they enter the town of LaMancha, a crowd gathers to watch him walking entering victorious.

Don enters carrying fake Dulcinea. Real Dulcinea is in the crowd

DON QUIXOTE:

Hello good townspeople! I have returned victorious! I have fought with giants and I have vanquished the spell of these magicians. And I have won the love of my true love Dulcinea!

DULCINEA:

My name is Susan. I saw a bird eat a frog once!

Real Dulcinea walks up to him out of the crowd. She stares at him. He stares back. Then she throws the apple at him. The RB's get arranged into a wedding scene. Narrator enters.

NARRATOR:

Our Tale now is now at its end, As Don and Susan were married. The Barber was the best man at their wedding, of course the priest married them, and all were in attendance, his niece and housekeeper, the innkeeper and the ladies from the Inn, the peasant girls who gave them a lovely slightly used bowl as a gift, even the windmills made it. Sancho couldn't make it, he had a thing.

The real Dulcinea runs into the wedding and throws an apple at him and runs off.

NARRATOR:

The end!

Lights fade