

# Plays for Young Audiences

A PARTNERSHIP OF SEATTLE CHILDREN'S THEATRE AND CHILDREN'S THEATRE COMPANY-MINNEAPOLIS

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## *Don Quixote*

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Don Quixote was first presented by The Children's Theatre Company for the 1996-1997 season.  
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### Setting

La Mancha, a sun-struck and relatively featureless area of central Spain. To say "Don Quixote de La Mancha" is something like saying "Prince Valiant of Nebraska." The late 16th century.

### Time

The late 16<sup>th</sup> Century

### Propor Name Pronunciations

Quixone	ki-hoh-nay
Quixino	ki-hee-no
Tomé	toe-may
Dulcinea	dool-see-nay-a (not "dull"-cinea)
Villarta	vee-yar-ta
Villarubia	vee-a-roo-bya
Gaiferos	gi-fair-ose ("ose" as in "dose")
Joaquin	hwah-keen
Vicente	vee-cent-tay
Busto	boost-o
Teresa	te-ray-sa
Villarubia	vee-ah-roo-bya
Sansueña	san-swain-ya
Bazán	ba-sahn
Zaragoza	sa-ra-go-sa

### Other

reales ( plural , a monetary unit)      ray-ahl-ace

## Scene Breakdown

### Act One

Scene One	Argamasilla de Alba (the home village of the Quixano and Carrasco families)
Scene Two	Argamasilla. Father out into the countryside. Perhaps, here, a tree or two.
Scene Three	Argamasilla. A room in the Carrasco house.
Scene Four	The wide-open plains of La Mancha.
Scene Five	Argamasilla. The fields of the Carrasco estate.
Scene Six	The plains of La Mancha (site of the Camacho wedding.)
Scene Seven	The plains.
Scene Eight	Another part of the plains.

### Act Two

Scene One	A walled garden of the palatial estate of the Duke and Duchess.
Scene Two	A room in the Carrasco house (same as I, 3)
Scene Three	A chamber in the palace of the Duke and Duchess.
Scene Four	A field on the Carrasco property.
Scene Five	The Duke and Duchess' walled garden.
Scene Six	A yard on Sancho's small property.
Scene Seven	The La Manch plains.
Scene Eight	Aramasilla. An open space.

## Act One, Scene One

Sounds of a smallish herd of sheep (about a hundred head): baa-ing, sheep bells. TEO, a young man of 16 dressed in a soiled shepherd's tunic, loose trousers and a wide, floppy hat, walks on carrying an old ewe. The ewe is undernourished, though we can only guess this from her relatively small size, since she's largely covered by a blanket. She's unconscious. TEO lays her on the ground.

**TEO:** Are you sleeping soundly, mother? If you're not out cold, you're going to wake up but good when I do this.

He shakes the sheep, then lifts up one of her eyelids. He isn't rough with her, but he's not kid-gloves either. This is a professional shepherd. Young though he is, he's done a lot of work with animals. From another direction enters ANTONIA, a young lady of 15. She is extremely heavy-laden at the moment, carrying a blanket, a folded tent, a pair of heavy boots with side-straps, some eating utensils, and a basket of food She spots the concentrated, unnoticing TEO. Curious as to what he's doing, and not minding an excuse to rest a moment, she lays down her burden and watches. Satisfied that the ewe is out cold, TEO takes a pair of pliers from his pocket, opens her mouth, and inserts the crude tool.

**ANTONIA:** What are you doing?

**TEO:** Huh? *(He stands up and removes his hat)* Hello, Seniorita Quixano. I didn't hear you coming.

**ANTONIA:** You know my name.

**TEO:** My uncle's family knows your family. My uncle is Busto Carrasco.

**ANTONIA:** Why do you say "my uncle's family"? You should say family. If he's your uncle it's your family too.

TEO: Oh, no, it's an important family. It's the other old family here-- the other one than yours, I mean. I'm not really a member of it.

ANTONIA: Why not?

TEO: My father's dead. I'm much more of a hired hand.

ANTONIA: What are you doing to that sheep?

TEO: I'm going to pull her front teeth.

ANTONIA: All of them?

TEO: She's only got one and a half.

ANTONIA: But why?

TEO: See how skinny she is? She can't pull the grass up. If I take out her last teeth, she can get it with her gums. This way, she's starving.

ANTONIA: Oh.

TEO: I fed her skullcap leaves and some valerian root that I chewed up for her. That's why she's sleeping. I'm afraid she'll wake up if I wait anymore.

ANTONIA: Go ahead. *(He re-addresses himself to his task and, in two quick operations, draws the ewe's last two incisors from her upper jaw. At the end, his hands are bloody. He wipes the pliers on his shirt and puts them away, then wipes his hands)* It was nice of you to help her.

TEO: She doesn't lamb anymore, but she still grows a new fleece every year.

ANTONIA: Well, it was nice to knock her out. I don't suppose you had to.

TEO: It's easier.

**ANTONIA** *(Starts picking up her trappings)* What's your name, besides Carrasco?

**TEO:** Teo.

**ANTONIA:** Bye, Teo.

**TEO:** You can't carry all that stuff. Where are you taking it?

**ANTONIA:** Out to the countryside.

**TEO:** The land gets steep and rocky. It's too much for one person. How far?

**ANTONIA:** I'm not sure exactly. To wherever my uncle is.

**TEO:** Senior Quixano?

**ANTONIA:** He's a shepherd too.

**TEO:** Senior Quixano a shepherd? He isn't a shepherd.

**ANTONIA:** No, not a shepherd with sheep. He's a shepherd out of books. My uncle has hundreds of books. Books of stories about knights who rescue damsels and kill giants and fight dragons--

**TEO:** I've read books like that. My cousin Sampson had some. They were kind of stupid, but I liked them.

**ANTONIA:** Don't tell my uncle they're stupid. He says they're real, like history books.

**TEO:** Dragons, giants, real? Knights in shining armor? They're made up.

**ANTONIA:** My uncle doesn't think so. And his shepherd books are full of nymphs and fairies and enchanted groves. shepherds don't pull teeth and get their hands all bloody.

**TEO:** What do they do?

**ANTONIA:** They play pipes and sing sad songs. They cry.

**TEO:** They cry?

**ANTONIA:** They all have broken hearts.

**TEO:** I'm going to help you carry that. Come when I pen the sheep and then I'll help you. *(During the following, he slings the ewe across his shoulders and picks up what he can of her freightage while she gets the rest)*

**ANTONIA:** He'll be mad when he sees these things. But I'm afraid he'll get sick out there. I'm sure he'll get hungry. He says that shepherds live on acorns.

**TEO:** Acorns? What else do they eat?

**Antonia:** Wild honey.

**TEO:** That sounds good. But the bears get that before we can. What else?

**ANTONIA:** Locusts.

**TEO:** Like, grasshoppers? Mmmm. What else?

*They are gone.*

## Act One, Scene Two

A brief melodic run on a panpipe is heard--spoiled by a wrong final note. The melody is repeated, this time ending in an awful squawk. The third time through, it comes right. ALONSO QUIXANO enters, exultantly holding the finally-correct h a 1 tone. QUIXANO is an unusually tall man, over 50, markedly spare of flesh, with a strong, noble face and a ruddy complexion He is dressed in a blousy, very comfortable-looking Greek-style tunic, belted at the waist, which leaves most of his long, bony, hairy legs bare. On his feet are sandals whose leather laces reach well up his calves. A loose clout is tied about his head; his hair is richly twined with leafy laurel vines. Besides his pipes, he carries a seven-foot shepherd's crook, likewise garnished at its top with vines of laurel

**QUIXANO:**

*(Having played his introduction sings. His voice, for all his deep conviction, is cracked and dry--quite unlike his speaking voice, which is a rich bass-baritone. Between verses he plays a falseta, or "fill," on his panpipes)*

Shady hillside where cool breezes blow  
You relieve a lovesick shepherds woe  
You know love's a joyful, agonizing thing  
Help my breathing sighs to sing  
Love's the only joy, the only grief  
Lend my lovesick sorrow sweet relief  
Shady hillside where the lovebird folds its wing  
Help my breathing sighs to sing  
Dulcinea, sweet as eglantine  
Sugar candy, dandelion wine  
Far above me, never to be mine  
Shady hillside hear my moan  
Shady hillside hear my moan  
Shady hillside hear my moan

As I wander lost and all forlorn  
Shady hillside help a lover mourn  
While the woodland fairies dance their f a q ring  
Help my breathing sighs to sing

ANTONIA *(Enters with TEO and all of the luggage)* Senior, Uncle Alonso--

QUIXANO: Alonso? Here is no Alonso! Nor any senior! I am a poor, humble, heartbroken shepherd, a poor pastor of the fleecy flock. My name is Young Quinino,

ANTONIA: No it isn't, sir, it isn't. Sir, you're Alonso Quixano the Generous.

QUININO: I know who I am.

ANTONIA: Have you been sleeping, uncle? At home you read all night, but out here you can't do that.

QUININO: Why should I blind myself reading of the woes of lovelorn shepherds? What Silvius or Corydon of Greece, tormented by his Phyllis or Belisa, was wa turned over and over in love like poor Quinino? O heartless Duicinea, Dulcinea....

ANTONIA: *(Spreading a blanket and setting the things on it)* I brought you some soup that I made. Let me make a fire. I have flint and steel.

QUININO: *(Thundering)* Flint and steel? Abomination! Shepherds rub two sticks together!

TEO: *(Timidly)* I use flint and steel, sir.

QUININO: What is that to me? Who are you?

TEO: I'm a shepherd, senior. From the Carrasco farm. My name is Teo.

QUININO: (Eagerly.) You're a shepherd? Why didn't you say so? Come with me. We'll find a bank where twine sweet gillyflowers to make a cushion for our heads, and there we'll lie and praise our mistresses and rail against all our misfortunes. What is the name of the nymph that has stolen heart?

TEO: I don't know any nymphs, I don't think.

QUININO: What's this? A shepherd with no lady-love? Impossible.

TEO: She'd have to be very humble.

QUININO: Why?

TEO: For me to win her.

QUININO: You're not supposed to win her. A true shepherd pines for his love, he pines and weeps and wastes away. True love has to be hopeless, like mine.

TEO: There is someone. And it's hopeless, all right.

QUININO: Well, now you're talking! And how long have you lived in your delightful torment?

TEO: Well, I've known her for awhile--I mean I've seen her--but I only just a her today.

ANTONIA: Oh!

QUININO: What's the matter?

ANTONIA: I've got to go now, uncle. Please eat the food I've brought you. Good-bye.

*She exits quickly, looking flustered. TEO, who hasn't looked in her direction since their entrance, now looks at the spot where she vanished*

QUININO: "Food." What an unpoetic word. A shepherd has no use for food. Come, Teo. Repair with me to yonder glen, and there we'll weep our love struck bosoms empty.

TEO: What glen, Senior Young Quinino?

QUININO: Yon shady bower, that sways gently to the music of its crystal stream.

TEO: What stream, sir? That's a trench.

QUININO: A trench?

TEO: There isn't any water in it.

QUININO: Can't you hear it murmuring its song? It sings to soothe the breasts of wounded lovers.

TEO: It sounds pretty quiet to me.

QUININO: It is clear that you know not the ways of the shepherd.

TEO: I haven't read any shepherd books.

QUININO: Quite clear.

TEO: I've read my cousin Sampson's books of chivalry, though. Knights in armor, damsels, dragons ....

QUININO: You have?

TEO: Yes sir, some of them.

QUININO: Fetch me my lance.

TEO: Senior?

QUININO: My lance!

TEO: *(He indicates the crook he has laid on the ground. TEO brings it to him. QUIXANO pulls the laurel off the crook, then off his head He regards the pole critically, then breaks off the curve at its end He levels the pole like a lance and tries a thrust or two. Satisfactory)*  
My armor. Armor, Senior Young Quinino?

QUIXANO: The life of contemplation is a fine life, but even better is the life of action! I'm not Young Quinino now. My name is Quinino. No. Don Quixino. Don Quixone. Don Quixote.

That's it! Don Quixote de La Mancha! I'm a wandering knight. I fight for truth and honor and the lady of my soul, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso. My boots! (*As TEO goes for the boots in ANTONIA'S pile*) In the Age of Innocence, we knights weren't needed. No one worked Fruit just dropped off the trees. There was no "mine" and "thine," everyone owned everything together. But the Golden Age passed away. People started fighting each other for things . That's when knights began to ride. Wherever someone stronger bullied someone weaker, wherever justice bowed to power, the knight-errants put things right. Since I've been a wandering knight, I've been valiant, mild, open-hearted, courteous, daring, gentle, patient, able to submit to any labor, any danger: dragons, heathens, giants, evil magicians, dungeons, boiling lakes with huge serpents and horrible monsters .... You've been a good and faithful squire to me. Help me on with them. (*TEO helps him get into the boots*) We've had some line adventures, Teo. When I dove into the boiling lake, do you remember what I found?

**TEO:** Not at the moment, senior.

**DON QUIXOTE:** A gentle meadow, green and pleasant.

**TEO:** A meadow underwater, sir?

**DON QUIXOTE:** The black, boiling lake disappeared. It was just there until I proved my courage. You came and joined me in the meadow. Some way off, we saw a shining, tall white castle roofed in gold. The Emperor received us. His daughter fell in love with me at first sight. The royal couple offered me her

hand. Seven kingdoms went with it, and I would have been a king. But I stayed true to my beloved enemy, my joy, my fate, the peerless Dulcinea. Did you see any spurs?

TEO: No, sir. Your niece brought things she thought you'd need, and you don't have a horse.

DON QUIXOTE: Don't have a horse? I have the best charger that ever bore warrior!

TEO: Up here, sir?

DON QUIXOTE: No, back in the stable.

TEO: I meant up here, sir.

DON QUIXOTE: I'll need spurs tomorrow, when we sally forth. We ride just before sunrise.

TEO: Did you say we, senior?

DON QUIXOTE: There's armor in the attic. It belonged to my great ancestor, the fifth Quixano. There isn't any helmet. And there aren't any spurs.

TEO: I'd have to get my uncle's permission to leave, sir. *(As TEO continues speaking, DON QUIXOTE goes to the pile of provisions)* I don't think he'd give it. There's so much work to do. You see how your niece does her duty to you. I have my duty to my uncle too.

DON QUIXOTE: Ah ha! *(He picks up a pair of forks)*

TEO: In fact, I should be working now.

DON QUIXOTE: *(Paying no attention to him)* With a horse as spirited as mine, I don't need spurs, but a knight has to wear them.

TEO: I've got to get back to the farm.

**DON QUIXOTE:** At a whispered command--at a thought!--he's in a gallop as fast as desert wind that has nothing to stop it.

**TEO:** I only came to run right back. I'm going to go now.

**DON QUIXOTE:** *(Has sat back down and is fixing the forks to his boots, with the help of the side-straps.)* His streaming mane and tail are the wind, his hoofs the thunder; and my flashing sword the lightning!

**TEO:** Good-bye, sir.

*He exits. DON QUIXOTE still pays him no mind*

**DON QUIXOTE:** We're a tempest! Where we come, evildoers run for cover, but there's nowhere to hide! We're a hurricane! *(He rises and brandishes his "spurs" very satisfactory)* We're a hurricane! *(He takes the corners of the blanket that the gear is on and drags it off.)*