

FINDING DON QUIXOTE

By Jonathan Yukich

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*Adapted from the novel **Don Quixote***

By Miguel De Cervantes

SYNOPSIS: Sadie Turnipseed is a modern day teenager trying to find her way in the world. She is forever changed when she discovers a buried copy of the classic *Don Quixote*. Inspired by the book, Sadie is able to navigate some of her own life issues through the example exemplified by the novel's extraordinary and hilarious hero. Paralleling the classical adventures of Quixote's quest with Sadie's own contemporary journey, the play is a fresh, funny, and profound retelling of one of the great masterpieces in world literature.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(9-17 females, 9-12 males, 0-11 gender flexible)

- DON QUIXOTE (m) A nobleman who, through his obsession with books of chivalry, transforms into a knight errant. At all times, completely sincere and earnest in his new identity. Outlandish and comical in his dedication to the world he creates for himself. He is our hero. *(212 lines)*
- SANCHO PANZA (m) QUIXOTE'S faithful sidekick. Clumsy, oafish, lazy at times, but faithful to his friend and always well-intentioned. *(152 lines)*
- SADIE (f) The contemporary parallel to QUIXOTE. A young teenager, kind and passionate, searching for herself. A dreamer, in all the best ways. She is our heroine. *(124 lines)*
- CERVANTES (m) The author of the book *Don Quixote* and the narrator of our play. *(48 lines)*
- GINA (f) A "mean" girl. *(46 lines)*

- TOMMY (m) The cool guy who SADIE has a crush on. There is more to him than his macho façade. *(45 lines)*
- BETH (f) A “mean” girl. *(43 lines)*
- MRS. TURNIPSEED (f) A SADIE’S mom. *(39 lines)*
- INNKEEPER (m) Proprietor of a modest inn, also puzzled by QUIXOTE. *(36 lines)*
- DUCHESS (f) Perhaps one of the cruelest characters in the play. Very high-class. Over the top in her snootiness for comic effect. *(27 lines)*
- MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM (f) SADIE’S classroom teacher. *(24 lines)*
- DUKE (m) Married to the DUCHESS. Very high-class and very cruel. Over the top as well. *(21 lines)*
- PRINCIPAL FRIDAY (m) The high school principal. Somewhat haughty, a little dense. *(20 lines)*
- LULU (m/f) A dog. *(18 lines)*
- CARRASCO (m) Also plays KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON. *(18 lines)*
- APPARITION (m/f) A figure wrapped in black to appear ghostly in order to play along with the scheme of the DUKE and DUCHESS. *(12 lines)*
- WENCH #1 (f) A common lady completely baffled by QUIXOTE. *(9 lines)*
- WENCH #2 (f) Another common lady. *(7 lines)*
- MERCHANT #1 (m) An everyday merchant who has a run-in with QUIXOTE. *(6 lines)*
- MERCHANT #2 (m) Another merchant. *(6 lines)*
- PEASANT GIRL #1 (f) A young girl who, in good fun, comes off as crass and crude. *(5 lines)*
- PEASANT GIRL #2 (f) Another young girl. *(5 lines)*
- PEASANT GIRL #3 (f) Another young girl. *(5 lines)*
- VILLAGE BARBER (m) A barber whose shaving basin QUIXOTE mistakes for an illustrious helmet. *(4 lines)*
- NIECE (f) A character from QUIXOTE’S past.

- (4 lines)*
- PRIEST (m) A character from QUIXOTE’S past.
- (3 lines)*
- SHEEPS (3) (m/f) Actors play the sheep that QUIXOTE mistakes as a vast army of enchanters.
- (2 lines)*
- SHEPHERD WITH STONE (m/f)..... A shepherd desperate to protect his sheep from QUIXOTE’S insanity.
- (1 line)*
- DULCINEA (f) *(Non-Speaking)*
- MAIDS (2) (f) *(Non-Speaking)*
- THUGS (3-4) (m/f) *(Non-Speaking)*
- WINDMILLS (3) (m/f) Three actors who become windmills by twirling a staff; eventually they thrash QUIXOTE. *(Non-Speaking)*

(ALL LINE COUNTS ARE APPROXIMATE)

DURATION: 80 minutes

TIME: The play takes place in the present day and in the classical Spanish Golden Age.

SETTING

The set can be as simple or as elaborate as a given production wishes. When transitioning into different locales, please keep in mind that often less can be more.

PRODUCTION NOTES

By casting individual actors in multiple roles, the play can be performed with as few as 18 actors (9 females, 9 males). To do this, it is suggested that the production cast the chorus as indicated below.

The roles of the Maids, the Wenches, the Windmills, the Thugs, the Classmates, the Sheep, the Peasant Girls, the Merchants and others can all be played by a chorus of six actors (three females, three males).

Carrasco and The Knight of the White Moon should be played by the same actor.

All horses and donkeys should be conveyed with riding sticks. As with the larger production design, keep it simple.

If possible, scene headings should be projected.

If necessary, an intermission can be taken between SCENES 9 and 10.

LIST OF PROPS

- Sadie's shovel
- Old, weathered copy of the book *Don Quixote*
- Various chivalry books
- Quixote's makeshift armor, helmet, gloves, sword and lance
- Three riding sticks used for horses
- A riding stick used for Sancho's mule
- School books
- Three staffs for the Windmills
- Campfire materials
- Clubs for the Thugs
- A large blanket
- A large stone
- A brass-colored shaving basin
- An apple
- A small whip

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

- SCENE 1: SADIE AND LULU DIG FOR LOST TREASURES
SCENE 2: HOW DON QUIXOTE CAME TO LIFE
SCENE 3: ABOUT DON QUIXOTE'S FIRST ADVENTURE AND HOW HE BECAME A KNIGHT
SCENE 4: DON QUIXOTE BOTHERS TWO MERCHANTS, GETS BEATEN UP, THEN MEETS SANCHO PANZA
SCENE 5: SADIE AT SCHOOL
SCENE 6: THE ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS
SCENE 7: DON QUIXOTE GIVES SANCHO ADVICE, THEN GETS BEATEN UP AGAIN
SCENE 8: DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO REVISIT THE INN
SCENE 9: SADIE SPEAKS HER MIND
SCENE 10: ABOUT DON QUIXOTE'S STRANGE ENCOUNTER WITH THE SHEEP
SCENE 11: THE TAKING OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET
SCENE 12: SADIE SEES PRINCIPAL FRIDAY
SCENE 13: DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO PANZA LEARN OF THEIR FAME
SCENE 14: SANCHO'S SEARCH FOR DULCINEA
SCENE 15: THE DUKE AND THE DUCHESS
SCENE 16: THE KNIGHT OF THE WHITE MOON
SCENE 17: SADIE CONTEMPLATES THE STARS
SCENE 18: THE DEATH OF DON QUIXOTE
SCENE 19: SADIE AND LULU RESUME DIGGING

PRODUCTION HISTORY

The play was commissioned and originally produced by Dickinson College (PA) in 2009.

ACT ONE, SCENE 1*SADIE AND LULU DIG FOR LOST TREASURES*

AT RISE: *SADIE, dog LULU by her side, is digging a hole in the city park, though she's barely scratched the surface. SADIE is spirited and passionate about everything she does. Her shovel is a dustpan tied to the end of a wiffle ball bat. LULU, ever excitable, darts around, ecstatic to be part of the undertaking.*

SADIE: Did you know, Lulu, that the citizens of this planet have hardly investigated what's beneath the surface?

LULU: Yarf!

SADIE: We'd rather stare at computer screens than explore our own world!

LULU: Yarf! Yarf!

SADIE: Who knows what could be down here! Lost secrets and buried treasures!

LULU: Yarf! Yarf!

SADIE: Yessiree. It's exciting, isn't it, girl? So much history just under our feet!

LULU begins to go wild, having spotted something in the dirt.

LULU: Arooo! Yarf! Arooo!

SADIE: What is it, Lulu?

LULU: Yarf! Yarf! Arooo!

SADIE: What is it, girl? What did you find?

LULU buries her head and pulls out a dirty, old book.

Good girl, Lulu! Good girl!

LULU: Yarf!

SADIE: *(Taking the book.)* Holy smokes! A book of ancient lore!

LULU: Yarf!

SADIE: This could be a discovery for the ages!

LULU: Yarf! Yarf! Aroooo!!!

SADIE: What's that, girl? Read it?

LULU: Arooooo!!!

SADIE: Okay, girl. Here goes. (*Opens book, reads.*) *Don Quixote* by Cervantes.

Spot up on CERVANTES, our narrator, addressing the audience.

Part One: Prologue

CERVANTES: Idle gazer: welcome.

SADIE slams book shut. Each time she slams shut the book, CERVANTES is a little perturbed at the interruption.

SADIE: Holy smokes, Lulu! How awesome is this!

LULU: Yarf! Yarf! Arooo!!!

SADIE: Keep reading? Okay, girl! (*Opens book.*) Part One: Prologue.

CERVANTES: Idle gazer: welcome.

SADIE: (*Shuts book.*) How do you like that? Right from the start the author is addressing me – the reader! It's like having Cervantes right here to guide us!

LULU: Yarf!

SADIE: Maybe we should show this to Mom!

LULU: Yarf! Yarf!

SADIE: Right, girl, better not – then she'd know we were digging in the city park again. I'll read on . . . (*Opens book.*) Part One: Prologue.

ACT ONE, SCENE 2

HOW DON QUIXOTE CAME TO LIFE

Lights out on SADIE and LULU. CERVANTES is finally able to continue.

CERVANTES: Idle gazer: welcome. I am Cervantes, your humble guide and the author of this seminal work. Allow me to set the scene. In La Mancha, there once lived a curious hidalgo—

A trumpet heralds DON QUIXOTE, who appears, posed regally, in his skivvies and boots.

—who obsessively took to reading books. Not just any books, but books of chivalry. He read these works with such zeal that he forgot all else, including running his property. (*Quixote has pulled a book from behind his back, reads voraciously.*) From dusk till dawn, and dawn till dusk, he read of –

QUIXOTE: Heroes, enchantments, giants and dragons!

CERVANTES: Until his brain withered and he went quite mad.

QUIXOTE makes a sound like a lunatic.

He began to construct the world as he wanted it to be, and live as if he were a character from one of his books.

QUIXOTE: I shall become a knight!

CERVANTES: The mad man swore!

QUIXOTE: And travel about the world in search of adventure!

CERVANTES: His first step was a suit of armor. From materials hither and thither, he patched together his battle garments.

Two MAIDS begin to apparel QUIXOTE with his uniform.

Armor, gloves, sword! A lance made from scrap, a helmet made of cardboard! The knight begins to take shape – more or less.

QUIXOTE, now suited up, looks ridiculous. Though full of bluster, it is important that he is completely sincere and earnest when he takes on his new persona.

QUIXOTE: A most excellent visored helmet!

CERVANTES: Then he went to look at his nag, for every knight needs a horse.

A MAID hands QUIXOTE his horse, a riding stick made to resemble Rocinante's tired, worn, if loyal, characteristics.

Though this horse was puny and well beyond his years, it seemed to him –

QUIXOTE: The most magnificent steed there ever was! Henceforth, he shall be known as Rocinante!

CERVANTES: Now all he needed was a lady of whom he could be enamored, for a knight without a lady is like a tree without fruit.

QUIXOTE: A body without soul!

CERVANTES: Long ago, in a nearby village, there had been a plain-looking peasant woman he had been in love with. This is she.

A bawdy, frowny, toothless PEASANT GIRL appears. She hocks a loogie.

However, since his madness prevails over all else, this is what he pictures her to be.

DULCINEA appears in a radiant gown – pristine, lovely.

He gave her the name of Dulcinea and vowed to one day win her love.

QUIXOTE: Oh, fairest maiden! My love is yours perpetually! You are the sun of beauty and the whole of heaven!

CERVANTES: And so was born our legendary character. What shall we make of his story? Is it courageous or reckless? Meaningful or mindless? For centuries these questions have been debated, but ultimately it is for you to decide. However, there can be no doubt, there is no other character quite like our deranged hero – this Don Quixote de la Mancha! Sir Knight of the Sorry Face!

The trumpets stir again as QUIXOTE, now fully armored atop Rocinante, begins to ride, taking the stage in all his rustic grandeur.

ACT ONE, SCENE 3*ABOUT DON QUIXOTE'S FIRST ADVENTURE AND HOW HE
BECAME A KNIGHT*

CERVANTES: So, without informing family or friends, off rode Don Quixote, his first sally underway. But soon he was overcome with a terrible thought.

Ding! Quixote gets a terrible thought.

He had not been knighted and, by the laws of chivalry, he could not take up arms against an opposing knight until he had been.

QUIXOTE: I must have myself knighted by the first person I chance upon.

CERVANTES: The day grew late. Despairing and half-starved, Quixote came to an inn, which he saw as a castle, with two wenches out front, whom he saw as high-born maidens. Remember – he sees the world as his fantasy, not as it really is.

The WENCHES try to flirt with QUIXOTE.

WENCH #1: Hey, handsome, can we help you with something?

QUIXOTE: Gracious lady, I seek only to serve you.

WENCH #1: We'll see about that.

WENCH #2: You're kind of funny looking.

WENCH #1: What's with your outfit?

QUIXOTE: Try not to swoon in my presence.

WENCH #2: You're joking, right?

QUIXOTE: Have your servants fetch the stable boy.

WENCH #2: Huh?

QUIXOTE: High-born ladies like yourselves must have servants.

The WENCHES look at each other, erupt in laughter.

Why do you laugh?

WENCH #1: What's your angle, mister?

QUIXOTE: Angle?

WENCH #2: What tree are you barking up?

QUIXOTE: I do not bark up trees, gentle maidens. I am a knight.

The WENCHES redouble their laughter.

WENCH #1: And I'm the Queen of England!

The INNKEEPER enters.

INNKEEPER: What's all the noise!

WENCH #1: This one's a comedian.

QUIXOTE: A knight, madam.

INNKEEPER: Look here, I'm the proprietor of these premises. Are you wanting a place to stay?

QUIXOTE: I'd be all too flattered for a room in such majestic castle as this.

INNKEEPER: *(Puzzled.)* This place?

QUIXOTE: Might you be obliged, noble sir?

INNKEEPER: Fine. You can have a room, but it's got no bed.

QUIXOTE: Anything will suffice. If you'd be so kind, sir, take great care of my horse. *(Hands over Rocinante.)* Mind you, a finer steed has not eaten barley. Treat him well.

The INNKEEPER gives the WENCHES a perplexed look.

INNKEEPER: Are we talking about the same horse?

QUIXOTE: Never was a knight so well-served than I by my Rocinante.

INNKEEPER: I see. *(To the girls.)* See if he wants food, and keep your eyes on him. He's a few screws short. *(Exits with horse.)*

WENCH #2: You're really fried, aren't you?

QUIXOTE: Fried what, my lady?

WENCH #1: Never mind her. You want some grub?

QUIXOTE: By my troth, much good it would do me.

WENCH #2: All we got is salty cod.

QUIXOTE: Trout sounds lovely.

WENCH #1: But all we got is salty cod.

QUIXOTE: Trout, yes. Delicious.

WENCH #1: I've never seen anything like it. He only hears what he wants to hear.

WENCH #2: Read my lips: no trout, only cod! Salty!

QUIXOTE: No need to shout. Whatever the fish is, let it be served.

The three head off together.

CERVANTES: Don Quixote, convinced he was in some famous castle, and that the salty cod was trout, the wenches fine ladies, and the innkeeper the lord of vast lands, was very pleased with his first sally. Yet he was bothered that he hadn't yet been knighted. And so the next morning he threw himself at the baffled innkeeper's feet.

QUIXOTE at the INNKEEPER'S feet.

QUIXOTE: I shall never, oh valiant knight, arise from where I kneel until thy courtesy grants me the greatest honor!

INNKEEPER: I don't understand what you're saying.

QUIXOTE: Knight me!

INNKEEPER: Knight you? But I don't –

The WENCHES, looking on, begin to snicker.

QUIXOTE: Here, use my sword. (*Hands over his sword, bows his head.*) Now, please, I beg, bestow me the honor.

INNKEEPER: (*To the WENCHES.*) He's really nuts.

The INNKEEPER thwacks QUIXOTE, somewhat ceremoniously, on both shoulders with the sword.

INNKEEPER: I hereby announce –

QUIXOTE: Proclaim.

INNKEEPER: —*proclaim* you a knight. And hitherto and henceforth shall you remain. And bla bla bla, yadda yadda yadda. Now, up you go. All done.

QUIXOTE: I'm overcome with gratitude.

INNKEEPER: Just pay me for room and board and be on your way.

QUIXOTE: Pay? But knights don't carry money.

INNKEEPER: Well – how convenient.

QUIXOTE: I've never read of knights having to pay. Or perhaps it's their squires who carry their money for them.

INNKEEPER: You got a squire?

QUIXOTE: Not yet, I'm afraid.

INNKEEPER: And what good does that do me?

QUIXOTE: I will consult my books and, if there is record of knights carrying cash, I will return, with my squire, to pay in full.

INNKEEPER: But –

QUIXOTE: Good day.

CERVANTES: And off rode Don Quixote, newly knighted, upon his great steed Rocinante.

INNKEEPER: *(To himself, with dismay.)* Who does he think he is?

The INNKEEPER and WENCHES exit as QUIXOTE merrily rides.

ACT ONE, SCENE 4

*DON QUIXOTE BOTHERS TWO MERCHANTS, GETS BEATEN UP,
THEN MEETS SANCHO PANZA*

CERVANTES: Don Quixote was very eager for his first adventure. And so, spotting two Toledo merchants coming along the road, he halted them in their tracks.

QUIXOTE obstructs the passing MERCHANTS, who are also on horseback, i.e. riding sticks.

QUIXOTE: *(Haughtily.)* You will advance no further unless you confess that in all the world there is no maiden more beauteous than my Dulcinea!

The MERCHANTS share a confused look.

Well, go on! Confess it!

MERCHANT #1: Sir knight, we don't know who the lady is.

QUIXOTE: I say, declare her splendor unrivaled!

MERCHANT #2: But we've never seen her.

QUIXOTE: Declare it!

MERCHANT #1: Perhaps if you had a picture –

MERCHANT #2: Yes, a picture. Do let us see her.

MERCHANT #1: If she's as beautiful as you claim she is, we'll freely confess it.

QUIXOTE: (*Growing frustrated.*) Do as I say or you shall face me in battle!

MERCHANT #2: Sir knight, you can't expect us to confess to something we don't know to be true.

MERCHANT #1: If you'd simply show us a portrait –

MERCHANT #2: We promise to praise her, no matter if she has a hunchback.

MERCHANT #1: Or snot oozing from her nose.

QUIXOTE: Her nose does not ooze – and her back does not hunch.

MERCHANT #2: All we're saying is –

QUIXOTE: Enough! Proclaim Dulcinea the most beautiful or brace yourselves for a fight!

MERCHANT #1: You leave us no choice.

MERCHANT #2: Sir knight, won't you reconsider?

QUIXOTE: Prepare for payback! Charge, Rocinante, charge!

Very quickly, QUIXOTE comes charging at the MERCHANTS. Without much effort, they knock him from his horse. He crashes to the ground and is unable to get up.

Oh! I've been dismounted!

The MERCHANTS, workmanlike, get off their horses and begin to kick poor QUIXOTE in any number of places. Satisfied, they climb back onto the horses and ride off, leaving QUIXOTE on his back, battered and beaten.

Flee not, you paltry cowards! I'm not done with you yet! It's my horse's fault!

CERVANTES: Soon our hero, battered and bruised, realized he could not get up.

QUIXOTE: Ahhh! I can't get up!

CERVANTES: Fortunately, a poor but honorable farmer came passing through.

We see SANCHO PANZA riding his mule. The mule, like Rocinante, doesn't need to be elaborate. A riding stick embellished to reflect the animal's, and to some degree Sancho's, characteristics: sluggish, earnest, bumbling, faithful.

QUIXOTE: You there! My good man! A little help, if you'd be so kind!

SANCHO sees QUIXOTE. Taking his time, he makes his way to him, gets off his donkey, and stares down at the injured man.

SANCHO: You don't look so good.

QUIXOTE: You should see the other guys.

SANCHO: Were the other guys able to get up?

QUIXOTE: Only out of fear and shame. I gave them quite a thrashing.

SANCHO: You don't say. I too received quite a thrashing this morning – by my own wife. She called me no-good and lazy, then thrashed me with a frying pan. It was a wedding gift. She's gotten much use out of it, though she never cooks.

QUIXOTE: This is all fascinating. I'd love to hear more. But first can you help me to my feet?

SANCHO: Why should I?

QUIXOTE: Compassion?

SANCHO: But what if you were to rob me and beat me and steal my donkey?

QUIXOTE: I would never! You have my word!

SANCHO: Then up you go!

SANCHO lends QUIXOTE a hand, helping him up.

QUIXOTE: There! Much better! Good, sir! Tell me your name!

SANCHO: Sancho Panza.

QUIXOTE: Sancho Panza!

SANCHO: The one and only, as far as I know.

QUIXOTE: Sancho, how would you like to be the squire of one Don Quixote de La Mancha?

SANCHO: Who is he?
QUIXOTE: Me. He is me.
SANCHO: Oh! Ah!
QUIXOTE: How would you like to be my squire?
SANCHO: Will there be heavy lifting involved?
QUIXOTE: We can't rule it out.
SANCHO: I don't care for the heavy lifting.
QUIXOTE: Only in service to me will there be heavy lifting.
SANCHO: You are a good person?
QUIXOTE: A sworn protector of the knighthood.
SANCHO: Is that so?
QUIXOTE: You ought to be delighted to serve me. I could well have an adventure in which I win an island. I could then have you installed as governor.
SANCHO: An island, you say, all my own?
QUIXOTE: It shall come to be.
SANCHO: Can I bring my mule?
QUIXOTE: I don't recall reading of any donkey-mounted squires.
SANCHO: I don't like travelling without my ass.
QUIXOTE: Very well. An exception shall be made for your ass and your ass only. Come along.
SANCHO: Where to?
QUIXOTE: In search of adventure!
CERVANTES: And so, into the surrounding sierra rode fast friends Sancho Panza and Don Quixote. An image that will be sketched and painted by the greatest of artists for centuries to come.

ACT ONE, SCENE 5
SADIE AT SCHOOL

SADIE carries her school books to class. BETH and GINA, self-styled "popular girls," enter and purposely crash into her, spilling her books.

BETH: Ooops!
GINA: Why don't you watch where you're going?
BETH: Yeah! Why don't you, butterfingers!
SADIE: *(Recovering her books.)* Really sorry –

GINA: Poor Sadie Turnipseed.

BETH: Lost in la-la land. What are you reading anyway? (*Picking up one of the books; badly mispronounces the title.*) *Don Quixote*? Never heard of it.

SADIE: You wouldn't understand it.

BETH: (*Snooty.*) You're right – I wouldn't.

GINA: It's so thick!

BETH: Yeah, jeez, haven't you heard of ebooks?

GINA: When are you going to get with the program?

BETH: Yeah, really – get with the program!

SADIE: What program?

GINA: The one here on planet Earth.

BETH: Ha! Good one, Gina. LOL!

GINA: Thanks, Beth. Totally LOL.

SADIE: I don't know what you're talking about.

GINA: Sadie, you're a klutz.

BETH: You've got to get out of your head.

GINA: Stop being such an outcast.

BETH: I mean, where's your clout?

SADIE: Clout?

GINA: Style and flair.

BETH: Clout is the power to influence.

GINA: Me, for instance – I'm full of clout. What's the first thing you notice when you see me?

SADIE: I don't –

GINA: Look close.

SADIE: I really don't know.

GINA: I just got my nose pierced!

BETH: How could you not see that? It's right there! Only *you* wouldn't notice!

GINA: It's a pretty bold statement.

SADIE: What's it state?

BETH: If you want to have clout, you've got to recognize clout.

GINA: Now look at Beth. What's awesome about her today?

SADIE: I'm no good at this.

GINA: Try!

SADIE: I still –

GINA: Really look this time.

SADIE: Sorry. I just don't see any –

GINA: This is hopeless.

BETH: My contact lenses! They're Prada!

GINA: Prada, Sadie! Are you blind!

SADIE: They look just ordinary to me.

BETH: Ordinary! I'm not ordinary! I have Prada in my eyes!

GINA: It's kind of a big deal.

SADIE: Both of you seem to have a lot going for you.

BETH: I don't know why I'm wasting my breath on you.

GINA: OMG! Tommy Sprouse is coming this way!

SADIE: *(She has a little crush.)* Tommy Sprouse?

BETH: OMG!

GINA: OMG!

TOMMY enters. He's very cool. He moves center and plants himself confidently, very aware of his magnetism. GINA and BETH, beside themselves, run toward him. SADIE hovers meekly in the background.

BETH: Hey Tommy!

GINA: Whatcha doing, Tommy?

TOMMY: 'Sup?

GINA: Notice anything about me?

TOMMY: Nose ring.

GINA: You like it?

TOMMY: It's nice.

BETH: What about me, Tommy?

TOMMY: Your contacts, they're cool.

BETH: They're Prada!

TOMMY: Right on.

GINA: Nothing gets past you, Tommy.

BETH: You're like the king of clout!

TOMMY: You girls want to skip school and take a ride in my Prius?

GINA: OMG! Yes!

BETH: Double yes!

TOMMY puts his arms around the girls and they begin to exit. SADIE, ignored and seeking TOMMY'S attention, abruptly and awkwardly blurts out–

SADIE: I'm digging for lost treasures in the city park!

TOMMY: *(Turning back.)* Huh?

SADIE: In the park, I'm searching underground for things that people left behind. Things that time forgot.

GINA: She did not just say that.

BETH: She did. She so did.

SADIE: *(Stammering.)* And and – while I was digging, I found this book. And and – I think it might somehow, in some way, be special. And and and – I just thought I'd let you know that.

TOMMY: Thanks.

TOMMY and the GIRLS resume their exit, BETH and GINA are now delirious with laughter. SADIE is left alone.

SADIE: He drives a Prius – that's so cute.

ACT ONE, SCENE 6

THE ADVENTURE OF THE WINDMILLS

QUIXOTE and SANCHO riding.

CERVANTES: Chapter Eight! The most famous chapter in the book! Riding along, Don Quixote gets a dangerous idea!

SFX: Ding! QUIXOTE gets a dangerous idea.

QUIXOTE: My good friend Sancho Panzo, fortune shines on us.

SANCHO: How's that, sir knight?

QUIXOTE: Ahead there. Do you see?

SANCHO: See what?

QUIXOTE: Straight on, there are huddled thirty or more awful giants with whom I intend to fight and take their lives.

SANCHO: Giants?

QUIXOTE: And with the booty for slaying these giants we shall prosper.

SANCHO: Giants?

QUIXOTE: Those giants you see over there.

SANCHO: There are no giants.

QUIXOTE: How can you not see! Their arms are six miles long!

SANCHO: Those over there aren't giants, master – they're windmills.

Three WINDMILLS, each with a staff, enter to a stoic march, fixing themselves firmly. They twirl their staffs in the air, first calmly, then more intensely as the wind picks up.

QUIXOTE: You are green in the matter of adventures. They are giants. Don't be frightened, though. Squires do not fight giants.

SANCHO: Thank heaven.

QUIXOTE: Just stand back and say your prayers while I engage the wretches.

SANCHO: You don't have to ask me twice.

QUIXOTE: (*Readying himself to charge.*) Flee not, you vile and cowardly creatures, for this proud knight attacks you!

SANCHO: I could swear they're only windmills.

CERVANTES: Just before Don Quixote began his charge, a gust of wind arose and the sails of the windmills began to swirl, more furious by the second.

With their staffs, the WINDMILLS accelerate their twirls.

QUIXOTE: Though you flourish more arms than I have toes, you will pay the price!

CERVANTES: So saying, he charged at the windmills!

QUIXOTE charges at the whirling WINDMILLS. A great struggle ensues, entirely one-sided, as QUIXOTE is lifted, lampooned and roundly thrashed by the staffs. The fight ends with QUIXOTE flailing injured on the ground. SANCHO rushes to him.

SANCHO: For Heaven's sake! Didn't I tell you they were only windmills? Only someone with a windmill for a brain would fail to see that!

QUIXOTE: Not at all, friend Sancho. The evil enchanters, who will stop at nothing to defeat me, just turned these giants into windmills.

SANCHO: Seemed to me they were always windmills.

QUIXOTE: The enchanters play havoc with our perceptions.

SANCHO: Save your breath. Let's get you up.

CERVANTES: Clumsily, Sancho manages to get his injured master to his feet.

QUIXOTE: These enchanters deprive me of my rightful victory.

SANCHO: That was quite a hammering you took. Your head is swelling.

QUIXOTE: Wounds received in battle bestow honor. Knights do not complain about their injuries.

SANCHO: (*Touching his head.*) Does this hurt?

QUIXOTE: YOOOWWWW!!! HOLY MERCY YES!!! THAT HURTS!!!

SANCHO: But knights do not complain.

QUIXOTE: (*Summoning his composure.*) Knights do not complain.

SANCHO: And you are a knight.

QUIXOTE: I am a knight – and so I will not complain, no matter how agonizing and unbearable the pain in my head may be.

SANCHO goes to touch his head again.

Don't even think about it.

SANCHO pulls his hand away.

ACT ONE, SCENE 7*DON QUIXOTE GIVES SANCHO ADVICE, THEN GETS BEATEN
UP AGAIN*

CERVANTES: As night fell, the pair decided to camp and forget the windmill disaster. Don Quixote began to feel much better. Leaving the animals to graze, the two sat around the fire, talking of their lives, past and future. Most of the conversation centered on Sancho's island.

SANCHO: When do you think I might have it?

QUIXOTE: With any luck, soon, Sancho, soon.

SANCHO: Think of me: ruler of my own land.

QUIXOTE: With such loftiness comes great responsibility.

SANCHO: You could be right.

QUIXOTE: Oh, I am right. Pay attention, Sancho, and heed my sound counsel. Rule number one of good governing: you must know who you are and never forget it. This can be difficult.

SANCHO: I'm Sancho Panza. It's a cinch.

QUIXOTE: Second, never be hasty in applying the law.

SANCHO: I'm far from hasty. I take my sweet time in everything I do.

QUIXOTE: Third, if you bend the rod of justice, always let it be with the weight of mercy.

SANCHO: Well said, sir knight.

QUIXOTE: Fourth, be temperate in your drinking, for wine keeps neither secrets nor promises.

SANCHO: Don't I know it.

QUIXOTE: Lastly, be clean, cut your fingernails, dress neatly and do not eat garlic or onions.

SANCHO: But those are my favorites.

QUIXOTE: Do these things and you will rule your island well, dear Sancho.

SANCHO: I'm very grateful for such insight.

QUIXOTE: Think nothing of it.

SANCHO: How is it you can speak so wisely on affairs like this, but on other matters you are so –

QUIXOTE: So what?

A marauding group of THUGS have entered, making a loud ruckus. They grab the riding sticks of Rocinante and the mule, cruelly harassing them.

SANCHO: My mule!

QUIXOTE: Rocinante!

SANCHO: They're getting pelted!

QUIXOTE: We must take vengeance! Save them!

SANCHO: *We?*

QUIXOTE: These are not giants, which means you can fight them too.

SANCHO: But how can we take vengeance? We're outnumbered!

QUIXOTE: I'm the equal of a hundred men! Come along, Sancho!

They attack the group of THUGS. A fight. QUIXOTE and SANCHO are beaten, beaten some more, and then beaten again. In short, beaten badly. The THUGS exit. QUIXOTE and SANCHO, Rocinante and the mule, are strewn about, hardly able to move.

CERVANTES: You may have noticed, a routine is developing.

During this speech, CERVANTES picks up the riding sticks, helps SANCHO and QUIXOTE to their feet. As he does, they clear.

Our hero, well-intentioned but utterly mad, incites a battle and gets thrashed. Again and again this happens, without fail. Yet they journey on. Let us consider why. Perhaps we have two men – one long, one squat – who have reached a point where they feel trapped by their narrow lives. And so, rather than be unhappy, they reinvent themselves and their world. For all their lunacy, you have to admire their boldness to break from the status quo. The more time you spend with these quacks, the more sense they make, the more you root for them, the more noble they become. Like alchemy, palm them long enough and they turn to gold.

ACT ONE, SCENE 8*DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHO REVISIT THE INN*

The INNKEEPER enters, carrying a blanket. SANCHO heads him off.

SANCHO: Pardon me, sir, is this your inn here?

INNKEEPER: It is.

SANCHO: Oh, sir, my master and I are too tired and sore from the beatings we've taken. Might you have a room to spare?

INNKEEPER: So happens I do.

SANCHO: Words of mercy, those are.

INNKEEPER: No beds though.

SANCHO: At this point, we'd settle for a bushel of hay. I'll see to putting my mule away. My master will be along shortly.

INNKEEPER: Very well.

SANCHO exits. QUIXOTE rides in on Rocinante.

QUIXOTE: Many are my fortunes, my lord governor, to have happened upon your castle.

INNKEEPER: It's you!

QUIXOTE: Do not blush, good sir, though it is I.

INNKEEPER: Pay me what you owe for your previous night's stay at my inn!

QUIXOTE: What? This is an inn?

INNKEEPER: None of your antics now!

QUIXOTE: Then I have been deceived all along.

INNKEEPER: We've been through this before! You owe me money!

QUIXOTE: Forgive me, sir, for I still cannot pay you.

INNKEEPER: You don't have it?

QUIXOTE: It's not a matter of *having it*, it's a matter of custom. I've yet to read of a knight who pays for his stay at an inn.

INNKEEPER: That's got nothing to do with me. Just cough up what you owe, and stop with your foolish prattle!

QUIXOTE: You are an idiot and a bad innkeeper.

INNKEEPER: Pay up, you dolt!

QUIXOTE: Dolt? That's no way to speak to a knight! Imbecile! Good day!

QUIXOTE rides off as the INNKEEPER calls after him.

INNKEEPER: Wait! Come back, you! I'll have my money! One way or another!

SANCHO reenters.

SANCHO: Has my master come yet?

INNKEEPER: Oh, he's come.

SANCHO: Well, where is he?

INNKEEPER: Are you his squire?

SANCHO: I am, sir, proudly.

INNKEEPER: Seems I recall that it's custom for the squire to carry the knight's treasure.

SANCHO: This is most true, sir.

INNKEEPER: Just as I thought.

SANCHO: Even though I haven't one red cent on me at the moment.

INNKEEPER: We'll see about that. Boys!

The THUGS enter again, surrounding SANCHO.

SANCHO: I don't like the looks of this.

INNKEEPER: Boys, shake him till coins bleed from his pockets!

SANCHO: No, really, nothing good can come from my being shook.

INNKEEPER: Nab him!

SANCHO: Sir knight! Help! Master!

The THUGS, with grunts and jeers that soon turn to laughter, throw a large blanket over SANCHO. They shake, punch, kick, and spin him about. SANCHO yells and screams, calling for Don Quixote, but his troubles only intensify. Finally, the THUGS drag SANCHO off, wrapped in the blanket.

ACT ONE, SCENE 9
SADIE SPEAKS HER MIND

A classroom. SADIE, BETH, GINA, TOMMY and perhaps other classmates sit at their desks. The teacher, MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM, addresses her students.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Good morning, children.

ALL: Good morning, Mrs. Snogglebottom.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Last night's homework was to write a report on your future career. Now why don't we hear some of them? Who would like to start?

ALL: *(Hands raised.)* Me! Me! Me!

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Gina, you begin. What is your career plan?

GINA stands.

GINA: I'd like to be a cosmetician, so I can handle make-up all day and help women achieve their maximum clout. Like you, Mrs. Snogglebottom. I could do wonders for you.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: *(Dryly.)* Aren't you sweet. Who's next?

ALL: Me! Me! Me!

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Beth. Alright.

BETH stands.

BETH: For my career, I'm going to create my own phone apps and make billions of dollars. I've got really awesome ideas too. Like, maybe an app that measures your popularity, so you can decide who your friends should be.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Oh good. That's not shallow at all.

BETH: Thank you.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Who's next?

TOMMY stands.

TOMMY: Yeah . . .

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Tommy, how nice.

TOMMY: I guess, for my job, I'd like to play putt-putt.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: And you'd get paid for this?

TOMMY: Professionally. I'd like to play professionally.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: What about being a Senator? Or President?

TOMMY: I'd rather play putt-putt.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Thank you, Tommy. That was inspiring. Sadie Turnipseed, why don't you take a turn?

SADIE stands.

SADIE: Okay. Well, mine was pretty easy to decide, since I've known a long time now. More than anything I'd like to be an explorer.

GINA and BETH snicker, along with the entire class. As the following sequence continues, the ridiculing laughter steadily grows.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: An explorer?

SADIE: Yes ma'am, that's right.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: You mean a scientist.

SADIE: No, an explorer.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: But there are no more explorers.

SADIE: Well, there should be.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Why not something more *doable*?

SADIE: What do you mean?

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Something more defined. Something more – common.

SADIE: Common bores me.

GINA: *(Under her breath.)* Nerd!

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Well, what would you like to explore, Sadie?

SADIE: Underground. The treasures lost beneath us.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Do you really think you're cut out for that?

BETH: *(Muttering.)* Flake!

SADIE: There's so much we don't know – and we're standing right on top of it.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Most things have been discovered by now.

SADIE: That's not true.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: I beg your pardon?

SADIE: But it's not true. There are worlds out there, waiting to be found.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Why not be a lawyer or a stockbroker?

SADIE: Don't we have enough of those?

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Sadie, you're not logical.

SADIE: Maybe you're *too* logical.

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Watch your mouth, young lady!

BETH: Oh snap.

SADIE: Stop laughing. Listen to me, all of you! Hear me out! PLEASE STOP LAUGHING!

Everyone freezes. Silence. DON QUIXOTE emerges from the shadows, staring out stoically. SADIE sees him. A moment. Though his presence is only an extension of her imagination, she approaches him. Affectionately, she takes his hand. They connect. Breaking away, impassioned, she stands on a chair and ardently delivers the following to the class.

SADIE: I'm not crazy, only curious! I don't just dream, I invent! Put before me a winding path and I'll walk it a million times over, find things you've never thought of! We're compelled to aspire to the heights of our imagination! Staring down the impossible, that's what it means to be human! To be alive! So join me! May we all rise up in the name of adventure, to help restore the nobility of our hearts! We must explore, we must seek! This is my humble mission, my valiant plight!

QUIXOTE: This is the universe in my head!

SADIE: THIS IS THE UNIVERSE IN MY HEAD!

A long, uncomfortable silence. The students stare at SADIE, dumfounded by her display, mouths agape at the tirade they have just witnessed.

BETH: OH. MY. GOODNESS.

GINA: She's totally cray-cray.

SADIE: (*Snapping out of her impassioned plea; sheepishly, a little embarrassed.*) Uh-oh. Was I thinking out loud again?

MRS. SNOGGLEBOTTOM: Someone get the principal.

ACT ONE, SCENE 10

ABOUT DON QUIXOTE'S STRANGE ENCOUNTER WITH THE SHEEP

QUIXOTE and SANCHO riding.

QUIXOTE: You seem droopy, Sancho.

SANCHO grumbles to himself.

Are you upset still?

More grumbling.

About the blanket?

Louder grumbling.

I didn't know a blanket could be used as a weapon.

SANCHO: I'll never forget it.

QUIXOTE: Nor will I.

SANCHO: These adventures we're looking for, they're only leading to misadventures.

QUIXOTE: I'm altogether convinced, good Sancho, that the castle or inn was enchanted.

SANCHO: Enchanted?

QUIXOTE: My enemies can make things seem other than what they are. The giants, for instance – they were not giants at all. They were windmills!

SANCHO: But I could see that they were windmills! They were always windmills!

QUIXOTE: Then why didn't you say so?

SANCHO: I did! Over and over again!

CERVANTES appears.

CERVANTES: Then, suddenly, as if on cue, Don Quixote makes a discovery!

QUIXOTE: (*Ding! QUIXOTE makes a discovery. A burst of anticipation.*) Great gravy! Look there, Sancho! Do you see that cloud of rising dust?

SANCHO: I see, yes!

QUIXOTE: Well, it's being raised by a massive army marching right before us!

SANCHO: And directly opposite, another cloud of dust!

QUIXOTE: You're right, friend! Two armies!

SANCHO: Don't that beat all!

QUIXOTE: What a sight, Sancho! Two great armies of the bravest knights!

SANCHO: But all I've yet to see is dust. What if it's another enchantment?

QUIXOTE: How can you say that? Do you not hear the neighing horses, the sounding of the bugles, the beating of the drums?

SANCHO: All I hear are a lot of sheep bleating.

QUIXOTE: It is your fear, Sancho, that is preventing you from hearing correctly. Stand aside now, for alone I am sufficient to give victory to whatever side I decide to support!

SANCHO: Wait, master – the dust is clearing!

QUIXOTE: I cannot wait. Charge, Rocinante, charge!

QUIXOTE charges off.

SANCHO: Come back, Don Quixote sir! I swear by God those are sheep you're charging! Sheep! By the bones of my papa! What madness is this!

CERVANTES: Sancho was not mistaken. Don Quixote rode into the army of sheep and began to spear them as if they were his sworn enemies.

Three panicky SHEEP scurry across the stage, QUIXOTE giving chase.

SHEEP: BAH! BAH! BAH!

QUIXOTE: Come here! I am a lone knight who wishes to take your life!

They race off. The SHEEP race on again, crossing from the other direction, chased by the crazed QUIXOTE.

SHEEP: BAH! BAH! BAH!

QUIXOTE: Do not run, you rogues!

This time, SHEPHERD WITH STONE steps in front of QUIXOTE, throws his stone which whacks him on the head and knocks him off his horse.

SHEPHERD WITH STONE: Stop stabbing my sheep, you silly monkey!

SHEPHERD WITH STONE rushes off.

CERVANTES: So vicious was the blow, Sancho thought his friend was kaput.

SANCHO: *(Tending to his master.)* Didn't I tell you! Those weren't armies but flocks of sheep!

QUIXOTE: This just shows how my rival, that rascal of an enchanter, can transform things and make them vanish.

SANCHO: At this rate, we can't be sure of anything.

QUIXOTE: Come here, Sancho, stick your fingers in my mouth. Tell me how many teeth I've lost.

SANCHO: *(Doing as instructed.)* Hmmm. Let's see – how many teeth did you have on this side?

QUIXOTE: Four. All of them healthy and whole.

SANCHO: Are you very sure?

QUIXOTE: Yes, four, if not five.

SANCHO: Well, now you're left with two and a half.

QUIXOTE: That's not good.

ACT ONE, SCENE 11

THE TAKING OF MAMBRINO'S HELMET

Enter VILLAGE BARBER riding, wearing a brass basin on his head.

CERVANTES: At this time, a simple barber came passing through on his donkey. Because the clouds looked like rain, the barber had placed his basin on his head to keep dry. But, of course, Don Quixote doesn't see a common barber on his donkey, with a shaving basin on his head; he sees a knight upon a steed, with a helmet made of gold.

QUIXOTE: Tell me, Sancho, do you see a knight coming toward us, upon a dapple-grey steed, wearing a helmet of gold?

SANCHO: All I see is a bloke on a donkey with something shiny on his head.

QUIXOTE: That is Mambrino's helmet upon his head, one of the most coveted of treasures. Move aside now and let me bring this matter to a happy close. The helmet that I've so desired shall be mine.

SANCHO: Dear Lord, help us.

QUIXOTE: (*Addressing the VILLAGE BARBER.*) Either defend yourself, base wretch, or hand me what is rightfully mine!

VILLAGE BARBER: (*Frightened, nervous.*) What? What do you want?

QUIXOTE: Mambrino's helmet, you ninny!

VILLAGE BARBER: Helmet? What helmet?

QUIXOTE: The helmet you falsely wear atop your crown!

VILLAGE BARBER: This? But this is only –

QUIXOTE: (*Drawing his sword.*) Off with it!

Scared out of his wits, the VILLAGE BARBER throws the basin down and quickly rides off.

VILLAGE BARBER: Loco! Loco!

QUIXOTE: He was smart to behave like a beaver. Otherwise, he'd have been trounced.

SANCHO picks up the basin.

SANCHO: By God, this is a fine basin. Worth a pretty price, I'd say.

QUIXOTE: Hand over my prize, Sancho. *(Taking it, he puts the basin on his head, looking ridiculous.)* A little large, but it'll do in a pinch. At last, Mambrino's helmet belongs to me!

SANCHO can't help but laugh.

What are you laughing at, Sancho?

ACT ONE, SCENE 12

SADIE SEES PRINCIPAL FRIDAY

SADIE, with her mother, in PRINCIPAL FRIDAY'S office. During the scene, PRINCIPAL FRIDAY peels an apple.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: This isn't the first time that this has happened.

MRS. TURNIPSEED: As her mother, I couldn't be more embarrassed.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: Mrs. Snogglebottom recommended that I suspend Sadie for her outburst.

MRS. TURNIPSEED: Oh dear.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: She said that Sadie talked back to her and hijacked her class.

MRS. TURNIPSEED: Oh how awful. Is what Principal Friday says true, Sadie?

SADIE: I'd hardly call it a hijacking. I got a little carried away is all.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: You see, that's the kind of hardheadedness that keeps getting her into trouble.

MRS. TURNIPSEED: I don't know what to do. I've tried everything. Her father passed away two years ago. She's had a difficult time.

SADIE: Mom, you don't have to go there.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: I'm sure you're doing the best you can as a parent. Would you like a piece of fruit?

MRS. TURNIPSEED: No thank you.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: I always keep fresh fruit in my office. It sets a good example for the kids.

MRS. TURNIPSEED: Oh, you're such a role model.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: I do what I can. What about you, Sadie? Fruit?

SADIE: I'll pass.

MRS. TURNIPSEED: Please, Principal Friday, don't suspend Sadie. If you do, that would be a terrible stain on her record.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: Oh, I'm aware of the consequences, but sometimes consequences are the only way to learn a lesson.

MRS. TURNIPSEED: Is there something she can do to avoid suspension?

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: I'm willing to forget all about this if Sadie does two things.

MRS. TURNIPSEED: Anything. She'll do anything.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: First, Sadie must apologize for what she's done.

MRS. TURNIPSEED: Well? Go on, Sadie – *apologize*.

SADIE: I was swept up in the moment. I spoke out of turn and I did talk back to Mrs. Snogglebottom. For all of that, I really am very sorry.

MRS. TURNIPSEED: From the bottom of your heart.

SADIE: From the bottom of my heart.

MRS. TURNIPSEED: You see, she really is very sorry.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: Fine. Apology accepted.

MRS. TURNIPSEED: So no suspension?

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: Not quite. It seems Sadie's outburst was inspired by a book she's been reading – *The Adventures of Don Quixote*. Now I'm all for great books, but it seems that this one is having an adverse impact on Sadie. I'd like her to hand it over to you so that she may no longer read it.

SADIE: What? You want to take my book from me?

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: I think it's for the best.

SADIE: But I love this book.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: Yes, but you don't seem capable of understanding its message.

SADIE: What do you think is its message?

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: That if you read too much, and don't put it in perspective, you can lose your marbles. The very thing that's happening to you!

SADIE: Principal Friday, with all due respect, that's not what the book's about.

MRS. TURNIPSEED: Sadie, don't talk back.

SADIE: But the book's about much more than that.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: Are you questioning my judgment?

SADIE: Have you even read the book?

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: I Googled it.

SADIE: Then you couldn't possibly know what the book's about. It's not about reading too much – it's about courage and imagination!

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: Imagination is fine and dandy, but not when it leads to bad behavior.

SADIE: You wouldn't know imagination if it poked out of that apple and bit you on the nose!

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: Now hold on there.

MRS. TURNIPSEED: Sadie, give me the book.

SADIE: But mom! This is outrageous!

MRS. TURNIPSEED: Sadie, Principal Friday is letting you off the hook. Now give me the book before it's too late.

SADIE: Mom, please!

MRS. TURNIPSEED: Sadie! The book! Now!

SADIE, very upset, hands her mother the book.

SADIE: No one understands me! Not even my own mother! This is so unfair!

SADIE races out, in tears. After she leaves, there is an awkward pause between PRINCIPAL FRIDAY and MRS. TURNIPSEED. Finally, he bites into his apple.

PRINCIPAL FRIDAY: You sure I can't interest in you a piece of fruit?

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