

Sancho: So, my Lord, tell me some more about being a knight. I especially like the getting rich part.

Don Quixote: But Sancho, getting rich is not important. It is living up to the code of chivalry that matters. A knight is a protector of the weak and poor as well as the rich. He would give his life for a poor man or a lord.

Sancho: Did you say **life**?

Don Quixote: Yes, his life. A knight will gladly lay down his life for honor and die with courage, or die with valor for his cause.

Sancho: I'm not sure I like this **die** stuff. You said knights have ladies. Let's talk about the **ladies!**

Don Quixote: Well, every knight has a special lady he loves, and he performs all his courageous deeds in her honor. His duty is to serve her.

Sancho: Do you have a special lady?

Don Quixote: Ahh, yes! And she is my love and my inspiration. My heart races at the thought of her. She is as beautiful as she is good and kind! Her name is **Dulcinea**.

Sancho: She sounds lovely. When will I get to meet her?

Dulcinea enters, backing onto stage, from stage left. She moves around the left side of the stage calling for her pigs. She is dressed in dirty, ragged clothes, with dirt smears on her body. She has a big, hairy mole on her chin. Dulcinea is carrying a stick like a shepherd's crook in one hand and has a toy pig under her other arm.

Dulcinea: Here piggy, piggy, piggy! Come on, little pig! Come to Mama, sweetie! Where's my little piggy dumpling?

Dulcinea turns around and sees Don Quixote and Sancho.

Dulcinea: Yo! You guys seen a little spotted pig around here?

Don Quixote looks shocked. He then jumps off his horse, kneels before Dulcinea and kisses her hand. Sancho plugs his nose with one hand and fans the air with the other.

Don Quixote: My Lady Dulcinea, my beautiful lady! What are you doing here all alone, unprotected?

Dulcinea: Whoa, Metalman, you must have me confused with someone else. I am just a hog tender.

Don Quixote: My lady, don't jest with one who loves you so. I am about to swoon from your heavenly scent and divine beauty!

Sancho, aside to audience.

Sancho: Heavenly scent? Divine beauty? She is **filthy**! She smells like an **outhouse**, and she has a huge **mole** with hairs growing out of it on her chin! She must **sleep** with those hogs. **This** is Dulcinea?

Don Quixote: Sancho, let me introduce you to my Lady Dulcinea, who makes my sun rise and set, whom I love more than life itself, and in whose honor I fight and vanquish all foes.

Dulcinea: Stop, you are making me blush! I am no lady! I'm just a pig keeper, trying to find my missing pig so I can go home to my pig farm over that way.

Don Quixote: Sancho, find my Lady's pet while I escort her home to her castle, and fill my eyes with the lovely sight of her. Then my spirit will feel refreshed as we continue our journey.

Sancho gets off his donkey and moves around the stage, calling for the pig while Don Quixote takes Dulcinea's arm to escort her. They argue as they exit stage right.

Sancho: Here, little pig! Come on, you filthy, smelly hog. Come to Sancho!

Don Quixote: Let me take your arm, sweet Dulcinea, to make sure you do not stumble.

Dulcinea: Unhand me, you old goat! I am not your **Dulcinea**, and I can walk by myself!

Sancho: Here, piggy, piggy. Maybe everyone is right. Don Quixote must be insane if he thinks that old hag is his Lady Dulcinea! Oo-wee! She is downright **ugly**! It's hard to tell her from her animals!

Come on, you stupid pig! I'm a squire, not a hog caller!

CURTAIN CLOSES.