



## THE KNIGHTS DISPOSABLE

By Jeff Dunne

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## CHARACTERS

LANCELOT	Lancelot du Lac, the fellow who didn't fare so well in that whole Guinevere thing.
ALONSO	Don Quixote de la Mancha, the fellow who, after a heck of time, finally wins the appreciation of Dulcinea, and then drops dead moments later.
STEVEN	A fine fellow who tries to do what's right, and is rewarded the way such people are.

## SETTING

A simple bedroom in modern times.

SCENE

*(It is a simple bedroom. Steven is sleeping in his bed, unaware that two ghosts - Lancelot and Alonso - are not-so-patiently waiting for him to wake up.*

*While Alonso is fairly consistent with a Spanish accent and his formality/dedication to the ceremony, Lancelot switches back and forth between a formal "on the script" RP-British voice, shown with underlining, and an everyday, lower-class British informal voice.)*

LANCELOT

Can I share a secret with you, Alonso?

ALONSO

Of course, my friend. We are knights! Our hearts are pure, and our purity is like a vault! If you cannot trust in—

LANCELOT

So that would be yes, then.

ALONSO

Yes, my friend. That the mighty Lancelot would deign to share a secr—

LANCELOT

I hate this.

ALONSO

Qué?

LANCELOT

I hate this.

ALONSO

Is this true? It is an honor to induct a new member into our ranks. That we were chosen—

LANCELOT

Not that. I'm fine with the recruiting.

ALONSO

What then?

LANCELOT

The waiting. God Almighty, I hate waiting. Just sitting here, waiting for him to wake up... *(He breathes a deep sigh.)*

ALONSO

Patience is one of the great virtues of a knight, my friend—

LANCELOT

I know. I know. *That's* why it's a *secret*.

ALONSO

Ahhh. Sí. I understand. Worry not, noble friend. Your secret is safe with me. My heart rings pure, and my purity is a vault—

LANCELOT

Yeah, yeah. A vault. Hey! I have an idea.

ALONSO

¿Cómo?

LANCELOT

Wake him up.

ALONSO

We are ghosts. We cannot touch him. How could we possibly rouse him from his slumber?

LANCELOT

Maybe you could make ghost noises.

*(Alonso thinks about this for a moment, then, very softly, caringly...)*

ALONSO

Ooooooo—

LANCELOT

What in God's name are you doing?

ALONSO

Moaning like a ghost.

LANCELOT

I can tell that you're *moaning*. But it sounds like you're trying to put him to sleep.

ALONSO

I am new at this. Where I come from—

LANCELOT

Loud. And angry. Like ‘oooooooo’!

*(Steven stirs ever so slightly at this, but Lancelot and Alonso are not looking at him.)*

ALONSO

I understand. *(He turns to Steven, and very loudly...)* Ooooooooo!!!

*(In the middle of the moaning, Steven sits up sharply and looks around to determine what was making the sound. He sees Lancelot, who points a “he did it” at Alonso.)*

STEVEN

Who are you? What are you doing here?

LANCELOT

*(Reciting from a prewritten speech...)*

Steven Adam Deering, we have come to you with great purpose!

STEVEN

Uh huh. Who are you?!

LANCELOT

I’m getting to that. *(Starting over...)* Steven Adam Deering, we have come to you with gr—

STEVEN

I want to know who you are!

LANCELOT

Yeah, yeah. That comes in a few.

STEVEN

No it doesn’t. It comes now, or I call the cops.

ALONSO

Cops?

LANCELOT

Like the constable.