

Don Juan's Wantons

An armed three-way in 10-minutes for two ladies and the world's greatest lover

by Jeff Goode
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(The garden of a Spanish estate. Enter DON JUAN and his QUERIDA.)

DON JUAN. Querida mia!
QUERIDA. Don Juan!
DON JUAN. Thank you for coming.
QUERIDA. This is my house. I had only to come out to the garden.
DON JUAN. Then perhaps you should thank me for coming, and endangering my life in so romantic a manner. If your husband should discover us...
QUERIDA. My husband is away on business. As usual. Leaving me here alone and comfortless.
DON JUAN. Oh, poor thing! If only there were something I could do to make you feel less alone. And more comfortable.
QUERIDA. Oh, Don Juan!
DON JUAN. Ay, Querida!

(They kiss.)

QUERIDA. Quickly, Don Juan, confess your love to me.
DON JUAN. I admit it, I am riddled with guilt.
QUERIDA. No, I mean swear your love to me.
DON JUAN. Damn this love!
QUERIDA. Don Juan!
DON JUAN. Is it not a curse that my passion for you should be so boundless and our moments alone together so blissfully brief?
QUERIDA. Oh, poor thing!

(They kiss again. Enter AMORADA with sword drawn.)

AMORADA. Aha!
QUERIDA. Who's that?
AMORADA. Don Juan!
DON JUAN. Amorada!
QUERIDA. You know her?
DON JUAN. Yes, but that was hours ago. Amorada, what are you doing here?
AMORADA. After you left, I followed you from my bedchamber down to the servant's quarters. Then across the hall to the other servant's quarters and out through a window onto the lawn and down to my father's stables, where you stole a carriage and raced across town and into the arms of another!
DON JUAN. But I took side streets the whole way. No one could have followed me.
AMORADA. You underestimate the ability of a woman in love to cling to the underside of a moving carriage.
QUERIDA. Who is this, Don Juan? One of your whores?
DON JUAN. Querida, please! I prefer "conquest".
AMORADA. If I am a whore, then what does that make you? An aging whore?
QUERIDA. Oh! You insolent little skin biscuit! Don Juan? Will you not defend me?

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DON JUAN. Amorada, show some respect when you are in another woman's house. Or, at least, the secluded parts of her garden. And what do you think you are you doing with that sword? Put it down before someone gets hurt.

AMORADA. I am the daughter of a general, and the youngest of six. I know how to handle a weapon.

DON JUAN. *(to Querida)* There, you see? It is perfectly safe.

QUERIDA. Oh, Don Juan! What kind of man are you?

DON. JUAN. I will give you a hint: I am not a fighter.

QUERIDA. *(to Amorada)* I don't know who you are, but you will never love him the way that I do!

AMORADA. Not for another thirty years at least.

QUERIDA. Oh! *(to Don Juan)* Give me that!

(Querida grabs Don Juan's sword and attacks Amorada. They fight.)

DON JUAN. Ladies, please, please! ...Slower. ...And aren't you hot in those outfits? I am getting overheated just watching you. ...Perhaps, I should get comfortable, in case one of you needs me later to console the loser. Or reward the winner.

(Don Juan undresses while the women fight.)

DON JUAN. Or we could go in turns.

(Querida defeats Amorada.)

AMORADA. Oh!

QUERIDA. So! Do you yield?

AMORADA. That's kind of a personal question.

QUERIDA. No, I mean, do you admit defeat?

AMORADA. But I don't understand. How could you have defeated me? My father is a commander. And I have five older sisters. I have been defending myself at sword point since you were a mere crone.

QUERIDA. I may not have your youth and lost innocence. But you do not have the desperation of a woman who has married badly and longs for a lover's touch.

AMORADA. I long, too!

QUERIDA. Not long enough.

AMORADA. Please, have mercy!

QUERIDA. Why should I?

AMORADA. I wasn't talking to you. Have mercy, Don Juan, I beg you! Do not let me die at her hands without first feeling your hands around me one last time.

DON JUAN. *(to Querida)* She asks so very little.

QUERIDA. No, you brazen hussy! The price of your defeat is this: That you must leave this place at once, forsaking his love forever.

AMORADA. Never! I would rather die than forswear that for which I live. I vow instead to love him at all cost. No matter how badly I am killed. In fact, given the choice, it might be nice to die in his arms.

QUERIDA. What?!? Get out of his arms! You will die over there. If anyone deserves death in his embrace, it is me, for his love has wounded me deeper than the longest and thickest dagger.

AMORADA. I am the one who was defeated. I am the one who gets to die in his arms.

QUERIDA. Over my dead body!

AMORADA. How dare you spare me?! I shall inform my father of this outrage, and he will have your husband arrested and put to execution. Oh, wait, then you would

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be free to love Don Juan. Never mind! I shall not tell my father, and you will be stuck with your husband!

QUERIDA. Nooo! I cannot live like that!

DON JUAN. You already live like that.

QUERIDA. Very well, then I shall kill Don Juan instead. If I cannot have him, then no one shall.

(She attacks Don Juan.)

DON JUAN. You can have me! You can have me!

(He hides behind Amorada.)

DON JUAN. Querida, have you gone mad?

QUERIDA. I have gone furious!

(Querida lunges at Don Juan. Amorada defends him.)

AMORADA. No, you shall not harm him or his comforting arms!

QUERIDA. I will decide what happens to what parts of him!

AMORADA. You'll have to go through me first!

QUERIDA. I'm glad we agree on something.

(They fight.)

QUERIDA. And when I am done with you I shall slay all five of your sisters.

AMORADA. Leave my sisters out of this! What have they ever done to you?

QUERIDA. What have they done?!

AMORADA. Yes, what have they done?

QUERIDA. You can't be serious.

AMORADA. Why? What?

QUERIDA. You mean she doesn't know?

AMORADA. What don't I know? Don Juan?

DON JUAN. Amorada, I swear to you, Marina, Carlotta, Bebida, Pashmina and Chichi mean nothing to me!

AMORADA. You seduced all five of my sisters! Before you even seduced me once?

DON JUAN. You were the youngest. I was saving the best for last.

AMORADA. But then you came here to see her. So she was last.

DON JUAN. Yes, well... I can explain...

AMORADA. I'm waiting.

QUERIDA. Me, too.

DON JUAN. Don't rush me! You know I can't do math in my head. *(to himself)*
So the five sisters...

AMORADA. Oh!

(Amorada attacks Don Juan. Querida defends him.)

QUERIDA. No!

AMORADA. Why are you stopping me? We both want him dead.

QUERIDA. But I want him dead out of love. You are killing him for all the wrong reasons.

AMORADA. I don't care. I am beyond reason! Only his head will satisfy me now!

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DON JUAN. What do you mean by "satisfy"?
AMORADA. *(to Don Juan)* And after I'm through with you, I shall return home and slay all five of my sisters.
DON JUAN. Now you go too far, Amorada.
QUERIDA. I went too far when I took you to my virgin bed.
DON JUAN. No, that was the right amount of far. But you cannot blame your sisters. They are innocent in this. Except for Marina. That one is a tigress.
AMORADA. Oh!

(Amorada attacks. Querida defends. Amorada is defeated.)

AMORADA. Why do I always lose?!
QUERIDA. And now prepare to die!
AMORADA. I welcome its cruel embrace. *(to Don Juan)* I'm used to it!

(Querida prepares to deliver the coup de grace. Don Juan rushes between them.)

DON JUAN. Wait, stop! I cannot allow either of you to harm a single delicate hair on the other's head. Or the back of her neck. Or wherever else you may have delicate hair.
QUERIDA. But Don Juan—
DON JUAN. Querida, I love you as no other. And Amorada, you, also, I love as no other. Coincidentally. But in completely different ways. You are both so very unique.
AMORADA. Don Juan, how am I to believe you?
QUERIDA. Or I to believe you either for that matter?
AMORADA. You swore to me that you would be true to me and me alone.
DON JUAN. And so I have.
AMORADA. Then how do you explain this?
DON JUAN. Well, we are not alone, are we?
QUERIDA. And you told me that I had stolen the key to your heart.
DON JUAN. Yes. And what does a man do when he has lost his keys?

(Querida glares at him.)

AMORADA. *(whispers)* He makes a duplicate set.
QUERIDA. *(to Amorada)* You're not helping!
DON JUAN. *(to Querida)* Did I dissemble when I trembled at the touch of your talented fingers? *(to Amorada)* Did I lie when I lay in your lap, lapping up laughter that rang from you after?
AMORADA. *(blushes)* I get very giggly.
DON JUAN. So you see? Every word you ever heard me murmur in my slumbering mumble was as true as a sermon shouted from a towering belfry. You are both the very vision of succulent feminine perfection. For having once seen you, what man could hope to live without you? Or you either. Should I die then? No!
QUERIDA & AMORADA. No, don't die!
DON JUAN. Should I cast myself from that viny belfry?
QUERIDA & AMORADA. No, don't do it, don't jump!
DON JUAN. It is not for me to spurn God's handiwork and choose between you. But rather to embrace both of his creations. And perhaps look on as you both embrace each other.
QUERIDA. Don Juan! Are you suggesting that the three of us engage in an immoral ménage. It's forbidden.
AMORADA. It's filthy.

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QUERIDA. It's French.

DON JUAN. Is not the Holy Trinity a threesome? Does not the road to the Vatican go both ways? How may not a man's love for a woman...and a woman's love for a man...be perfected by the third option of a woman's love for another woman. ...Or at least, her willingness to try new things.

(He pulls both of them close.)

DON JUAN. It is not mere lust that has brought us together tonight. But heavenly, celestial lust! Magnificent, godlike, bowel-wrenching lust. The type of titillation that makes Titan's tremble. And Holy Saints wash their hands repeatedly.

QUERIDA. Oh, Don Juan. You always make sinfulness sound so tempting.

DON JUAN. I cannot take all the credit. It is the nature of sinfulness.

AMORADA. Oh, Querida! I love him so dearly that I will succumb to his desire that I succumb to your desire to succumb to me.

(Amorada is about to kiss Querida.)

QUERIDA. My husband must never find out about this. Because he would want to watch.

AMORADA. And my sisters must never find out, because they would want to join us. And that would be weird for me.

QUERIDA. I understand.

DON JUAN. That's better. Now let me just put these swords away.

(He gently relieves them of their weapons and places them offstage. Querida and Amorada continue to make out in his absence.)

AMORADA. Have you ever made love in a carriage?

QUERIDA. Never.

AMORADA. Neither have I.

QUERIDA. Not a moving carriage.

AMORADA. There's one right over here.

(Amorata and Querida run off together, leaving Don Juan behind, picking up his clothes.)

DON JUAN. Querida! Amorada! We've made love in a carriage. Ladies!

(He runs off after them.)

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