

**My Conquistador**

*a 10-minute fantasy-to-the-death for a pair of Inca maidens*

by Jeff Goode  
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*(Outskirts of an Inca village. An INCA MAIDEN washes laundry in a brook.)*

KEMA

*(sings)*

When Apu Inti spied a maiden sitting by a well  
He felt a thirst within him that no mountain spring could quell.  
He offered her a golden coin for one kiss on the neck  
She told him that a thousand such would earn him not a peck.  
He offered her ten thousand more and his undying love  
She told him hers could not be bought for all the skies above.  
He seized the sky in his great hands and brought it down to earth.  
The maiden gave him then her love. But just one kiss's worth.

*(Enter ANOTHER INCA MAIDEN with a bundle of laundry.)*

AMO

Good morning!

KEMA

Why are you so smiling?

AMO

No reason. Cannot an Inca maiden joy in the cool mountain air, as she ventures out to do her morning laundry in the babbling brook that runs by the edge of our village?

KEMA

I suppose she can. But I think it is more likely that she is on her way down to the galleons to visit her big Spanish lover.

AMO

Who says I have a lover? And how do you know what size he is?

KEMA

Where else does an Inca maiden get a suit of Spanish trousers and a sword, if she has not taken a lover among the invading conquistadors? And those are size 12 boots.

AMO

The Spaniards are guests in our land. May not an Inca maiden offer to polish a visiting conquistador's helmet and sharpen his sword and launder his underthings without she is accused of being the village trollop?

KEMA

Are you calling me the village trollop, because I freely admit to taking in such laundry?

AMO

Of course not. You are just being hospitable. It is someone else who calls you that.

KEMA

It is perfectly natural for an Inca maiden to want to make her conquistador feel welcome and offer him all the comforts of home while he is in our land. Such as clean and folded underthings, an occasional home-cooked meal, a hot bath and a full body massage.

AMO

Trollop.

KEMA

You please your conquistador your way and I will please mine. And we will see whose lover is more relaxed and agile when he goes into battle.

AMO

Are you calling my conquistador tense and clumsy?

KEMA

I am saying your conquistador doesn't know what he's missing.

AMO

You keep your hands off my conquistador!

KEMA

There are plenty of conquistadors to go around. Why would I want yours?

AMO

Out of jealousy, of course. Because my conquistador, unlike yours, is no ordinary conquering hero, but the mightiest warrior in all of their army.

KEMA

Is that so?

AMO

You should hear the tales he tells me of his exploits, while I am lying in his arms. Why, in the faraway land where Spaniards are said to come from, he once did battle with an army of despicable gargoyles they call the French.

KEMA

Oh, they sound hideous!

AMO

Oh, they are. So I'm told.

KEMA

And he fought a whole army of them?

AMO

And he would have defeated them almost single-handedly, but that the French were in league with an evil wizard who put the Spaniards to flight through the power of dark magic. All except mine, of course.

KEMA

He stood his ground while all the others fled away in terror?

AMO

That's right. Instead of running, he beat a hasty strategic withdrawal to an abandoned farmhouse not far from the battlefield. To regroup and plan his counterattack.

KEMA

It sounds like he fled.

AMO

He was in a hurry, all right? He had to act quickly!

*(Amo draws her conquistador's sword and acts out the scene.)*

AMO

But, once inside the farmhouse, my conquistador soon discovered that it was no ordinary abandoned dairy farm. But the occult lair of a particularly hideous old Frenchman who he caught in the act of "milking" a bizarre and bloated behemoth which he could only describe as a sea monster with legs.

KEMA

Ew!

AMO

And hooves.

KEMA

Yuck.

AMO

That goes "moo".

KEMA

It sounds like a land manatee.

AMO

Exactly.

*(Kema draws her conquistador's sword, as well, to play the Frenchman.)*

KEMA

And did the old French milkman draw his pitchfork and lunge at your conquistador when he saw him standing in the doorway, his muscles rippling, his sinews throbbing?

AMO

Yes! And keep your eyes off his sinews.

*(They fight, acting out the battle.)*

KEMA

He must have fought ferociously, the Frenchman.

AMO

Oh, yes! But he was no match for my conquistador who overpowered the old fiend and killed him on the spot.

*(Amo pretends to stab Kema. Kema pretends to die. Then quickly recovers.)*

KEMA

Well, I am not impressed.

AMO

What?!

KEMA

Your conquistador sounds like a coward. Waylaying a helpless old man.

AMO

A helpless old gargoyle man. Who drinks the milky ichor of sea monsters.

KEMA

A likely story.

AMO

It is true. I heard it straight from the horse's mouth.

KEMA

Your conquistador has a talking horse?

AMO

It is an expression.

KEMA

Still, it must have been an easy battle. Hardly worth retelling.

AMO

That's because you didn't let him finish.

KEMA

Oh, sorry, go on then.

*(Amo draws her sword again.)*

AMO

Little did my conquistador know, but the old Frenchmonster did not live alone in that abandoned farmhouse not far from the battlefield. For he also had seven demonic sons who had gone off to war that very morning. And when the first of them returned from the great battle and saw my conquistador standing over the bloody remains of his hideous father. How do you think he felt?

KEMA

Aroused, of course.

AMO

Aroused?

KEMA

To anger.

AMO

You mean he was enraged?

KEMA

*(enraged)* That's what I said!

*(She attacks. They fight.)*

AMO

The Frenchman fought like a very devil, but my conquistador fought like a very handsome Spaniard and before long, he was victorious and slew his foe...

*(Amo pretends to stab Kema.)*

AMO

Just as another demon returned from the war!

*(Kema leaps up again to play the second brother.)*

KEMA

Did he fight even more fiercely than his brother?

*(Kema attacks.)*

AMO

Yes! But in the end, my conquistador defeated him, as well.

*(Amo defeats Kema.)*

KEMA

And when the third brother showed up?

*(Kema leaps up again.)*

AMO

My conquistador took him by surprise the minute he walked in the door.

*(Amo pounces on Kema and pretends to slit her throat.)*

KEMA

But he was not so lucky with the fourth Frenchman, was he?

*(Kema leaps up again, ready for Amo's attack.)*

AMO

No, the fourth fiend eluded his fate through some sort of magical trickery.

KEMA

Or perhaps he was just faster than your conquistador.

*(Kema scampers about.)*

AMO

Yes, but he had a very big mouth, which proved to be his undoing.

*(Amo outmaneuvers Kema and kills her again. Kema leaps up.)*

KEMA

And the fifth?

AMO

Again!

*(Amo kills Kema. Kema leaps up.)*

KEMA

And the sixth?

AMO

Again!

*(Amo kills Kema. Kema leaps up again.)*

KEMA

Ah, but what about the seventh?

AMO

The seventh and final brother fought more courageously than all of the others combined.

*(They fight.)*

AMO

Back and forth the battle raged.

KEMA

Sometimes it seemed like the Frenchman was winning.

AMO

Sometimes my conquistador held the advantage. For hours, it seemed like, neither one could prevail.

KEMA

But was probably more like a couple minutes.

*(They continue to fight.)*

AMO

Until suddenly there came a knock at the door...

*(Startled, they both turn toward the "door".)*

KEMA

"What was that?!"

AMO

It was then that my conquistador bravely seized the upper hand and slew the seventh and final brother squarely in the back.

*(Amo "stabs" Kema in the back.)*

KEMA

O, how horrible must have been the man-goyle's death cries as he expired at the hands of your Spaniard, knowing that his entire family had been wiped out in one fell visit.

*(Kema dies horribly.)*

AMO

Ah, but not the entire family! For the seven demonic brothers also had a sister who, though demonic as well, was also quite as beautiful as an angel when she wanted to be.

KEMA

Why, thank you.

AMO

And it was she who had knocked upon the farmhouse door at that fateful moment, startling her brother to his death.

KEMA

How did she respond when she saw that your sinewy Spaniard had slain her father and all seven of her brothers.

AMO

She was aroused, of course.

KEMA

To anger?

AMO

If you like.

KEMA

The demon girl must have lunged at him in her outrage, attacking with her bare hands.

*(Kema attacks with her bare hands.)*

AMO

Of course she did! But he defended himself with all the valor and courage of a noble conquistador being attacked by a dirty French slattern!

KEMA

"Who are you calling a slattern?!"

*(They wrestle.)*

AMO

But in the end she was no match for his martial prowess.

*(Amo wrestles Kema into submission.)*

AMO

Or his romantic prowess for that matter.

*(Amo kisses Kema.)*

KEMA

Wait! Do you mean to say that he made love to her?

AMO

Right there on the floor of the farmhouse.

KEMA

With the bodies of her loved ones strewn all about her?

AMO

And the land manatee looking on.

KEMA

She sounds like a trollop.

*(Amo kisses her again.)*

KEMA

But he sounds wonderful.

AMO

Well, he is. So you see, there can be no doubt that, of all the conquistadors of Spain, I have chosen the most desirable one to be my paramour.

KEMA

Well, maybe the second most desirable.

AMO

You think you know of one better?

KEMA

Well, I don't mean to boast, but my conquistador told me of a time, when he was summoned by the king of a place called England—

AMO

Oh, it sounds dreadful.

KEMA

Doesn't it? And damp.

AMO

Oh, it does sound damp.

KEMA

You see, a horrible fire-belching dragon had been terrorizing the countryside of this England place, devouring damsels right and left.

AMO

As dragons do. What can you expect?

KEMA

But it was not until one of the king's own daughters went missing that he decided to call in an army of the finest conquistadors to stop the dragon's rampage. And out of all of that army, the king chose my conquistador to be the one to singlehandedly slay the beast.

AMO

That seems a strange strategy.

KEMA

Are you calling my conquistador a liar?

AMO

Not at all. But this king sounds like an idiot. If he has a whole army, why not send all of them at once?

KEMA

One does not defeat a dragon by ganging up on it. It's not heroic.

AMO

It sounds stupid.

KEMA

Who is telling this story?

AMO

Your conquistador?

KEMA

Well, let him finish, then.

AMO

All right, go on. Did he journey into the mountains until he found the beast?

KEMA

Heroically so.

AMO

And was the dragon waiting for him when he reached its lair, with teeth as sharp as daggers?

*(Amo draws her daggers.)*

KEMA

But my conquistador was undeterred. He fearlessly drew his blade and rushed into the monster's jaws.

*(Kema attacks. Amo roars. They fight.)*

KEMA

But in the end, my conquistador's sword was no match for the dragon's steely fangs.

*(Amo disarms Kema.)*

AMO

So he lost? And was devoured by the dragon? That's not a very good story.

KEMA

Ah, but it was just a clever ruse! For when his trusty blade let him down, he cast it aside and grappled with the monster by hand.

*(Kema attacks with her bare hands. They fight.)*

KEMA

He choked and it bit him. He punched and it slapped him back. On and on they fought. Man and monster. Monster and man. Grappling, clawing, more grappling—a little less clawing—until day turned to night, and night turned to mid-morning.

AMO

And they were naked this whole time?

KEMA

Yes, I know, that's how I pictured it, too. But no.

AMO  
Oh.

KEMA  
On and on they fought. Sweating and grunting. Until, with one brilliant maneuver, my conquistador wrapped his mighty thews around the dragon's throat and snapped its giant neck.

AMO  
Oh!

*(Amo "dies".)*

KEMA  
But that's not where the story ends, either!

AMO  
It's not?

KEMA  
No. For, you see, the moment the beast was slain, the magical spell was broken. And the dragon transformed into the most beautiful damsel he had ever seen in his life.

AMO  
Really?

KEMA  
Well, until recently, of course.

AMO  
Well, of course.

KEMA  
It was the daughter of the king, who had been missing for three weeks. For she had been cursed by an evil wizard and trapped in the body of the dragon, and forced to ravage the countryside of her own country under his evil spell.

AMO  
How did your conquistador react? When he learned the truth about his foe?

KEMA  
How would any conquistador react?

AMO  
He made love to her right there on the floor of the dragon's lair?!

KEMA

You read his mind.

*(Kema kisses Amo. They make out.)*

AMO

And did he marry the princess and become the lord of all the land?

KEMA

Well, no she was dead. He snapped her neck.

*(Kema kisses Amo again.)*

AMO

Your conquistador seems a bit randy.

KEMA

So you admit that I have chosen the best one!

AMO

Well, but you have not heard about the time my conquistador fought the great wizard himself.

KEMA

Oh! Half of Spain probably fought that wizard. My conquistador tells me he fought him as well.

AMO

Yes, but my conquistador was the one who finally defeated the wizard, and put an end to his reign of terror once and for all.

KEMA

Yes, but only after my conquistador defeated him and put an end to his reign of terror once and for all.

AMO

Is that what he told you?

KEMA

You doubt my conquistador?

AMO

But how is this possible?

KEMA

You must be mistaken. My conquistador and yours could not both have defeated the same wizard.

AMO

Did your conquistador defeat him at his castle in the Alps?

KEMA

Yes. But did your conquistador find the wizard's daughter locked in a tower and make love to her in the wizard's own bedchamber?

AMO

Of course. But did yours discover that the wizard had five other daughters imprisoned in his dungeon and made love to each of them as well?

KEMA

Yes. And does yours have a mole in a place that is not public like mine does?

AMO

I don't think I want to talk about where he has his private mole.

KEMA

I don't think that mole is private anymore.

AMO

I think that mole gets around.

KEMA

It's my mole!

AMO

It's on my conquistador!

KEMA

No, he's not, he's mine!

*(They fight again, this time in earnest.)*

AMO

It is vile of you, the village trollop, to try to steal my love away from me.

KEMA

I'm vile? You're the one who goes sneaking off to the galleons behind my back.

AMO

I saw him first!

KEMA  
I saw him yesterday!

AMO  
I saw him yesterday morning!

KEMA  
What time?

AMO  
I don't know. We were not in a room with a sundial.

KEMA  
I was in a room with no sundial!

*(They stab each other, simultaneously.)*

AMO & KEMA  
Oh!

AMO  
Oh no.

KEMA  
Look at us. What have we done?

AMO  
We were both betrayed.

KEMA  
We have killed ourselves. Over a treacherous Spaniard.

AMO  
I realize now that he is not worth fighting over.

KEMA  
What fools we Inca maidens are.

AMO  
Yes, but also some of the men are fools.

KEMA  
Yes, it's not just maidens.

AMO

We should never have let a conquistador come between Incans.

KEMA

Never.

AMO

But I want you to know... That if I survive this...

KEMA

Yes?

AMO

I'm still keeping him.

KEMA

Oh, me, too.

AMO

But if I do not survive. Can you give him a message from me?

KEMA

If you promise to deliver one for me, as well.

AMO

Of course.

KEMA

What is the message?

AMO

Only this...

*(She kisses her. They die.)*

~~ FIN ~~