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Family Plays



Wind of a Thousand Tales

Folktale by
John Glore

With optional music and lyrics by
Diane King

Wind of a Thousand Tales

"A clever and absorbing story ... The place was packed with youngsters from 4 and 5 on up." —*Long Beach News*

"The magic of make-believe ... Kimberly-Kay objects that a story isn't true. One of the winds replies, 'If it makes you feel something, then it has truth.' This production makes itself felt." —*Los Angeles Times*

"Our audiences, comprised of all ages from grandparents to very young children, were mesmerized by the story as well as the characters." —Carla Ford, director, Vines High School, Plano, Texas

Folktale. *By John Glore. Music and lyrics by Diane King. Cast: 8 to 34m. and w., flexible.* Kimberly-Kay doesn't believe in make-believe—she's a nonsense kid, too grown up to listen to fairy tales, too sophisticated to have a happy childhood. When her mother comes to tuck her in and tell her a bedtime story, Kimberly-Kay scoffs, turns over, and goes to sleep. That's when the Wind of a Thousand Tales (played by an ensemble of 8 to 34 or more actors) decides it's time to blow in and take charge. Breezes take her to Mexico for a tale about Carlos, a handsome young man who has eyes for beautiful young women only, and Corazòn, who loves him but realizes she is far too unattractive to ever win his love. A little secret: Corazòn does win his love, but you'll have to read or see *Wind of a Thousand Tales* to find out how. The Breezes also show K-K, a happy/sad Japanese folktale and a funny story that takes place in Central Europe. By the time she has heard the three tales, Kimberly-Kay understands a deeper sense of truth than she had found in a world without make-believe. *Wind of a Thousand Tales* is a one-act play for audiences of all ages. *Set: bare stage. Costumes: black unit costumes with accessories to indicate various characters. Approximate running time: 60 to 90 minutes. Code: WF5.*

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Wind of a Thousand Tales

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WIND OF A THOUSAND TALES

Folktale by
JOHN GLORE

With optional music
and lyrics by
DIANE KING

(Commissioned and originally produced by South Coast Repertory)

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(WIND OF A THOUSAND TALES)

ISBN: 978-0-88680-350-6

WIND OF A THOUSAND TALES

Cast

<p>The Real People: Kimberly-Kay Her Mother Old Woman (Gramma Kim-Kay) Child One Child Two</p> <p>The Breezes: Brisa Nushi Bluster</p> <p>The Story People: I. Pepe María Juan Juanita Carlos Corazón Girl American Girl</p>	<p style="text-align: right;">José Townspeople</p> <p>II. Kikushyo His Mother Kiyomi The Spirit Villagers</p> <p>III. Princess Anna Janos the Peasant His Mother The King Prince One Prince Two Prince Three } same actor</p> <p>Harold the Herald The Executioner Woman One } same Woman Two } actress</p> <p>Innkeeper Innkeeper's Daughter Townspeople</p>
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(An ensemble of 12 actors can play all the roles)

Δ

Kimberly-Kay's bedroom, today

Part I: A tale from Mexico

Part II: A tale from Japan

Part III: A tale from middle Europe

• Δ •

Wind of a Thousand Tales was originally produced in Costa Mesa, Calif., by South Coast Repertory's Young Conservatory Players, April 9-17, 1988, directed by Jose Cruz Gonzalez, with choreography by Molly Lynch, sets and costumes by Dwight Richard Odle, and lights by Donna Ruzika. Young Conservatory Players producer was Diane Doyle, and SCR artistic directors were David Emmes and Martin Benson. Original cast as follows:

Voice	Kris Hagen
Kimberly-Kay	Nicole Parker
Her Mother	Maureen Brophy
Brisa	Megan Mygatt
Pepe	Brian Simon
María	Beth Lockie
Juan	Michael Miller
Juanita	Maureen Brophy
Carlos	Paul Constantine
Corazón	Crissy Guerrero
American Girl	Darci Price
José	Stuart Gripman
Nushi	Michael Miller
Kikushyo	Robb Sasine
His Mother	Maureen Brophy
Kiyomi	Beth Lockie
The Spirit	Brian Simon
Musician	Stuart Gripman
Bluster	Paul Constantine
Princess Anna	Darci Price
Peasant Janos	Stuart Gripman
Janos's Mother	Megan Mygatt
The King	Brian Simon
Princes 1, 2, and 3	Michael Miller
Harold the Herald	Robb Sasine
The Executioner	Maureen Brophy
Woman 1, Woman 2	Crissy Guerrero
Innkeeper	Megan Mygatt
Innkeeper's Daughter	Beth Lockie
Gramma Kim-Kay	Kris Hagen
Child 1	Robb Sasine
Child 2	Megan Mygatt

ABOUT THE PLAY

Kimberly-Kay doesn't believe in make-believe. She is a child of tomorrow—a practical, matter-of-fact, no-nonsense kid, too grown up to listen to fairy tales, too sophisticated to have a happy childhood. And so, when her mother comes to tuck her in and tell her a bedtime story, Kimberly-Kay scoffs, turns over, and goes to sleep.

That's when the Wind of a Thousand Tales decides it's time to blow in and take charge. The Wind is made up of Breezes (played by an Ensemble of 8-34 or more actors) who have picked up countless folk tales on their travels around the world. In an effort to change Kimberly-Kay's attitude, the Breezes tell their stories—one from Mexico, one from Japan, and one from a middle-European country called Austro-slash-Hungaro-slash-Italo-hyphen-Beederburg.

By the time she has heard the three tales, Kimberly-Kay understands a deeper sense of truth than she had found in a world without make-believe.

Wind of a Thousand Tales received its world premiere at the South Coast Repertory in Costa Mesa, California, followed by productions by ChildsPlay in Tempe, Arizona; the California Theatre Center in Sunnyvale, and Vines High School in Plano, Texas. It is recommended for audiences of children from kindergarten through high school, but is enjoyable by adults, too. Playing time is 65-70 minutes, depending on whether or not music is used.

Wind of a Thousand Tales includes original songs and incidental music by South Coast Repertory composer Diane King. A conductor's score and a demo/accompaniment tape of the music are available from Family Plays. The songs may be omitted for a non-musical production. (See additional suggestions regarding music on p. 39.)



Critical Comments

"A dreamy, breezy illusion . . . The magic is a concoction of John Glore's well written script . . . The mood [of the Hispanic story] is created by Diane King's splendid Spanish ballad . . . By the time Kimberly-Kay is plopped back into her bed, she has a healthy respect for stories . . . and we're glad to have experienced her transformation. The added bonus is a good dose of (world) culture—a good enough

reason to engage the whole family.”—Marjorie Stradinger, *Irvine (Calif.) World News*

“Young audiences grow up to be adult audiences, and a good theatre-going habit cannot but help the quality and popularity of both amateur and professional regional theatre. The South Coast Repertory Theatre evidently thinks so because their children’s theatre is celebrating the tenth anniversary with *Wind of a Thousand Tales* . . . a clever and absorbing story that combines three folk tales . . . The place was packed with youngsters from 4 and 5 on up . . . The three tales told to convince Kimberly-Kay that creative imagination is as important as any number of facts, are funny, poignant and important lessons for young people growing up, just the things that make Children’s Theatre helpful for parents who want their children to learn from as well as enjoy experiencing the arts.”—Robert S. Telford, *Long Beach (Calif.) News*

“The players, not the sets and costumes are the show . . . Kimberly-Kay . . . has no time for bedtime stories. Her mother . . . doesn’t want her to be in such a hurry to grow up. One night, Kimberly-Kay is suddenly swept away by ‘Winds of a Thousand Tales,’ who bring her the magic of make-believe, acting out Mexican, Japanese, and European folk tales . . . Jose Cruz Gonzalez directs this refreshing hour; Diane King wrote the fine score . . . During the Japanese tale, Kimberly-Kay objects that the story isn’t true. One of the winds replies, ‘If it makes you feel something, then it has truth.’ This production makes itself felt.”—Lynne Heffley, *Los Angeles Times*

“In an age when computers create cartoons and TV commercials serve as the basis for children’s TV shows, it might be a little rough for kids to really appreciate the magic of a good story. That’s the premise of ‘Wind of a Thousand Tales,’ an upbeat, clever production . . . The show is billed as primarily a children’s production, but adults can certainly enjoy its pleasant songs, tongue-in-cheek humor and some enchanting performances.”—Greg Klerkx, *Orange Coast Daily Pilot*

“This play gave us much joy and satisfaction. It allowed the students to be creative and use acting skills that we had talked about in class. Our audiences, comprised of all ages from grandparents to very young children, were mesmerized by the story as well as the characters.”—Carla Ford, director, Vines High School, Plano, Texas

“Playable by adults or children . . . The original production effectively used only a bare stage with a few props . . . Costumes were suggested rather than realistically detailed . . . Intended audience: Ages

6-14; adults also enjoyed the show . . . The show is both simple and highly theatrical, encouraging the imaginative collaboration of its audiences to create the different worlds of the play . . . The play has important messages for children, but avoids teaching or preaching. It's a lot of fun.”—ASSITEJ/USA “Best Available Plays” Project

PRODUCTION NOTES*Properties***PART I**

Bird-puppet, sheet of newspaper, umbrella, etc.—fly across the stage
 Flashlight—Kimberly-Kay
 Book—Corazón
 Valentine—Girl
 Candle, writing materials—Carlos
 Black blindfold—Ensemble Member
 Bundle of letters—under Carlos's "bed"
 Wedding regalia for Corazón—Ensemble Members

PART II

Japanese straw hat—Nushi
 Rice (may be mimed)—Villagers
 Coins (may be mimed)—Mother
 Candles—Kiyomi
 Food, chopsticks—Kiyomi
 Futon—Kiyomi
 Screen (translucent cloth may be used instead)
 Kimono with silver birds—Kiyomi
 Sheathed knife—Kiyomi
 Translucent material—Spirit
 Aging make-up—Ensemble Member (applied to Kikushyo and Kiyomi)
 Shawls—Kiyomi
 "Painting" (see p. 23 for description)—Kikushyo

PART III

Confetti—in Janos's hair
 Optional kazoos—Ensemble Members
 3 loaves of bread—Janos
 Small flute—Woman One
 Business card—Prince Two
 3 florins (coins)—Janos
 Goose hand puppet—Woman Two
 2 hand puppets—Prince Three
 Broom—Innkeeper
 Oar—Sailor

Costumes

In the original production, all actors wore black "unit" costumes to which various costume elements were added to create the different characters. The only exceptions to this were Kimberly-Kay and Gramma Kim-Kay, who wore realistic costumes. Because 10 of the actors were playing a number of roles each, it was found that the simpler the costume, the better. All costume changes happened on stage, in full view of the audience.

Music and Sound Effects

The play may be presented as a musical or non-musical. The only essential song is Corazón's, and this one may be lip-synched using the Demonstration Tape available from the publisher, or an appropriate folk song may be substituted. The English translation of the lyrics:

Song of my heart;
Song of love,
Song of peace,
Song of happiness.

Song of my heart;
With happiness,
Singing of love
All my life.

Fly, my heart,
Like a white dove,
Free of pain,
Filled with pleasure, ^
Fly! Fly!

...
And my love, near me,
Would lift me to the blue sky.
We join the stars
And dance with the little angels;
Fly! Fly!

Accompaniment Tape of the instrumental music, which can be used as background music, interludes, etc., if and as desired. A complete score including songs and incidental music may also be purchased from the publisher.

"Child of Tomorrow": In the world premiere at South Coast Repertory in 1988, Kimberly-Kay referred to herself as "a child of the eighties." To give the song timelessness, the words have been changed to "a child of tomorrow." Producers during the 1990's may want to substitute "a child of the nineties." After the turn of the century, phrases like "a child of this century" (2 syllables) or "a child of the future" may be appropriate. Incidentally, the appearance of Kim-Kay as a grandmother at the end of the play does not mean that the rest of the story took place years ago; rather the final scene is a flash-forward.

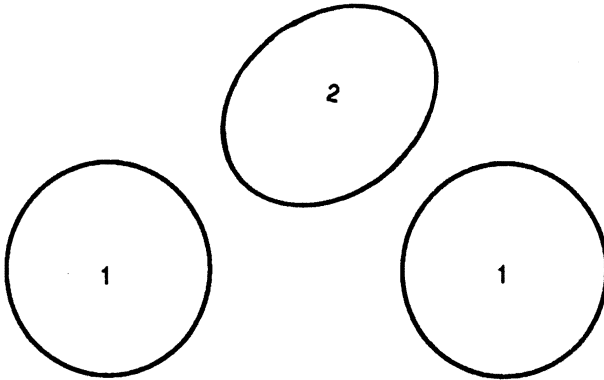
The non-instrumental sound effects, such as the whispering and murmuring of the wind, the Kabuki clackers, wolves, owls, monkeys, etc., were made by the actors.

The Set

The original set consisted of three platforms on an otherwise bare stage. Costume elements and props were stored beneath the platforms until needed. To create the sense of empty space for Nowhere, the whole set was covered in black astro turf. Ensemble members holding cloth served as screens, and an

oversized, lightweight bedspread in a quilt pattern served as Kim-Kay's bed when it was spread over one of the platforms. This bedspread billowed very nicely and helped suggest the effect of the breezes when they "blew" Kim-Kay to Nowhere.

Floor Plan



- 1—Round platforms
- 2—Ramped oval platform

WIND OF A THOUSAND TALES

PART I

[A VOICE comes out of blackness]

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE. Listen! *[Silence. Then the first faint sounds of WIND-MUSIC, created by the ENSEMBLE with whispers and hums]* Do you hear it? There is a wind—a warm, whispering, murmuring wind—a *magic* wind, made of all the voices that ever told a tale. Listen! A thousand voices of a thousand years, breathing stories into the ears of children, a Wind of a Thousand Tales, blowing round the world in the dark of night. Listen!

[LIGHTS dimly up on ENSEMBLE as the wind. They use billowing cloth to suggest the blowing wind]

Music #1: ONCE UPON A TIME

ENSEMBLE VOICES. *[Whispering, murmuring, building, and overlapping:]*

- Once upon a time . . .
- happily ever after . . .
- a handsome prince . . .
- into the woods . . .
- a kindly old woman . . .
- at the bottom of the sea . . .
- the frightening ogre . . .
- over the mountain . . .
- in a dark and dreary castle . . .
- the most beautiful . . .
- ugly witch . . .
- in the village . . .
- in the valley . . .
- clever . . .
- powerful . . .
- graceful . . .
- good-hearted . . .
- beastliest . . .
- of them all . . .

- happened once . . .
- once upon a time on top of a . . .
- once upon a time beside the . . .

[The whispering now turns into a SONG, sung by the ENSEMBLE:]

Once upon a time lived a princess,
 Once upon a time was a fable told
 'Bout a man and his son,
 And the daughter of Juan,
 And the beautiful dancer, Kiyomi.

Stories of love, stories of courage,
 Journeys in darkness, travels in light,
 Humor and wisdom, music and mirth . . .
 This is the Wind of a Thousand Tales.
 This is the Wind of a Thousand Tales.

GROUP I.

Once upon a time
 In a town called Luzamor

 Lived a boy and . . .
 Once upon a time
 Lived a princess with
 everything but—
 True enough—
 Time it was—upon—
 Once upon a time—

 Once . . .
 Upon a time.

GROUP II.

Once upon a time
 Lived the dancer of the silver
 birds,
 And once,
 Once upon a time
 Lived a princess with
 everything but—
 Only once—
 Upon once—
 Once upon a, once upon a
 time—
 Once upon a time . . .
 Once upon a time.

[As the MUSIC ends, the ENSEMBLE whispers again as they retire to the periphery of the stage:]

- Once upon a time . . .
- upon a time . . .
- once upon a time . . .
- once upon a time . . .

OLD WOMAN'S VOICE. And then there is a girl, named Kimberly-Kay.

[Center Stage, under an oversized bedspread, a lump begins moving around frenetically. We hear KIMBERLY-KAY's voice:]

KIMBERLY-KAY. *[Petularly]* I can't find my encyclopedia!
OLD WOMAN'S VOICE. And Kimberly-Kay hates stories.

[LIGHTS full up as KIMBERLY-KAY emerges from under the bedspread. She is a little child in a long flannel nightgown]

KIMBERLY-KAY. *[To audience]* I have to find my encyclopedia because if I don't, my mother is going to try to read me a bedtime story. And I hate stories. They're dumb. And they're boring. And most of them are totally untrue. *[Confidentially]* People just make them up. Our *own parents* make them up. And then they tell the stories to us kids to confuse us. But the truth is, the things in stories mostly never happened. I mean, Goldilocks was never a real person. And who here has actually *seen* a fairy godmother? Or a *beanstalk*? They're all just big fat fibs, and me, I'd rather know true things. I've tried to explain this to my mother, but she *still* comes in here every night and wants to read me a bedtime story. Watch: five, four, three, two, one— *[She points off, and her MOTHER enters, right on cue]*

MOTHER. Ready for bed, pumpkin? I'll tuck you in and then why don't I read you the story of Little Red Riding Hood?

KIMBERLY-KAY. *[As she continues talking to us, she gets into bed. The bed is the pile of fabric]* See? Mother. Let me tell you the story of Little Red Riding Hood. A ditzzy little girl goes into a dangerous forest wearing bright red—talk about asking for trouble—then she stops in the middle of the forest to have a conversation with a wolf—oh really?—and the wolf asks where Little Red is going and she *tells* him. And then she's surprised when the wolf tries to eat her and her gramma. What is the *point* here? If you have to read to me, why don't you help me find my encyclopedia and start reading the C's.

MOTHER. Something's not right with you, Kimberly-Kay. All little children are supposed to like stories.

KIMBERLY-KAY. I'm a child of tomorrow, Mother. We don't have time for make-believe.

Music #2: CHILD OF TOMORROW

KIMBERLY-KAY. [*Sings:*] Why should I listen to fairy tales?

That's not reality!

Why should I ponder on dreams and disaster

When none of it matters to me?

MOTHER. [*Sings:*] Kimberly-Kay,

You can learn a lot from fairy tales.

Not everything in the world

Is math and science, honest!

Living in day dreams,

Using your mind to create,

And imagining other worlds

Is fine.

KIMBERLY-KAY. That's not factual, true or practical!

What's the point?

I like history; those are stories

That make sense to me.

Come on, Mother, it's no big deal,

But make-believe? Be real!

Black or white, true or false,

I want it straight

'Cause I'm a child of tomorrow.

Here and now, right or wrong,

I know my fate

'Cause I'm a child of tomorrow.

No illusions, no magic trips,

No dilemmas and no despair.

Information to the max,

Only time for cold hard facts!

KIMBERLY-KAY.

Black or white, true or false,

I want it straight

'Cause I'm a child of tomorrow.

Here and now, right or wrong,

I know my fate

'Cause I'm a child of tomorrow.

MOTHER.

Brightness and

Color.

Shadow and

Light.

MOTHER. Don't be so serious,

There's plenty of time to grow up.

Loosen up a little,
 Come on, dream a little,
 Reach for something above.
 Just let go, and try some make-believe!

KIMBERLY-KAY. Black or white, true or false,
 I want it straight
 'Cause I'm a child of tomorrow.
 Here and now, right or wrong,
 I know my fate
 'Cause I'm a child of tomorrow.

KIMBERLY-KAY.

Black or white, true or false,
 I want it straight
 'Cause I'm a child of tomorrow.
 Here and now, right or wrong,
 I know my fate
 'Cause I'm a child of tomorrow.
 Black or white,
 True or false,
 I want it straight
 'Cause I'm a child of tomorrow.
 Child of tomorrow!

MOTHER.

We can argue all night about
 Make-believe.

Trust me, I know I'm right
 And some day you'll see.

Some day,
 Soon.

MOTHER. [*Frustrated*] Some day, Kimberly-Kay Copernicus—
 Oh, never mind. Good night. Sleep tight. Don't let the bedbugs bite.

KIMBERLY-KAY. There's no such thing as bedbugs, Mother.
 G'night.

[LIGHTS go out, except for moonlight shining through a window on Kimberly-Kay. Two people holding billowing fabric can form the window. Very faintly, the WIND-MUSIC returns. KIMBERLY-KAY pulls the covers up tightly around her]

KIMBERLY-KAY. She means well. But she's trapped in the olden days. Kids don't need bedtime stories any more. The other day I was telling my friend, Crayola— [*A sudden gust of "WIND"—embodied by one of the Ensemble—blows through the bedroom, cutting Kimberly-Kay off in mid-sentence*] Gee, it's kind of spooky out tonight. The way the moon is shining through my window. And I've never heard the wind blow like that before. Anyway— [*WIND-MUSIC grows louder. Then another "BREEZE," played by one of the Ensemble with a bil-*

lowing cloth, blows through the bedroom. This time KIMBERLY-KAY sees it] What the—Did you see that? [Another “BREEZE” blows through, then TWO more] This is really peculiar.

[The WIND-MUSIC becomes quite loud and the ENSEMBLE, as the wind, converges on Kimberly-Kay’s bed, swirling around it, “blowing” her hair, etc. Then they lift the bed with her on it and carry her around the stage, whisper-singing “Kimberly-Kay, Blow her away, Kimberly-Kay, Blow her away.” KIMBERLY-KAY buries herself in the covers]

KIMBERLY-KAY. Yikes!

OLD WOMAN’S VOICE. Kimberly-Kay was beginning to realize that this was no ordinary wind. It was the Wind of a Thousand Tales, and now it carried Kimberly-Kay right out her bedroom window and high into the night sky, above the clouds, higher and higher.

[KIMBERLY-KAY tentatively peeks out from under the covers, then sits up, astonished. A BIRD-PUPPET flies across the stage and is shocked to see Kimberly-Kay fly by in the opposite direction. A few other things fly by: a sheet of newspaper, an umbrella, etc.]

KIMBERLY-KAY. This can’t be happening to me. I don’t live in some fairy tale where little girls get lifted up into the sky in the middle of the night. Put me down! Woooooa!

OLD WOMAN’S VOICE. Below her, Kimberly-Kay could see the countryside flashing by, faster than a dream. And then, when she began to think she might never feel the earth beneath her feet again, the wind took her ever so gently to the ground, setting her down in a dark and mysterious forest.

[The ENSEMBLE sets her down and the LIGHTS dim to black]

KIMBERLY-KAY. *[In darkness]* Hey! I can’t see! Good thing I brought Sparky.

[Suddenly a FLASHLIGHT—Sparky—comes on. The beam searches the area, and as it does, MOONLIGHT comes up slowly to reveal a forest of TREES played by the Ensemble. They continue softly vocalizing the sound of the wind, and their branches

wave gently in the breeze. KIMBERLY-KAY has a look-around with Sparky]

KIMBERLY-KAY. Where the heck am I? *[She wanders among the human Trees]* I don't like the looks of these trees. *[The "WIND" gusts, momentarily, causing all the TREES to bend suddenly toward KIMBERLY-KAY, who scurries back to her bed]* Maybe I'm dreaming. Yeah! That's it. This is just a dream! *[From one of the Trees comes the voice of BRISA]*

BRISA. It's no dream.

KIMBERLY-KAY. *[Whirling around]* Who said that?

BRISA. I did.

KIMBERLY-KAY. *[Scratching her head]* I could have sworn that voice came from one of these trees.

BRISA. *[Stepping forward]* It did. Hello, Kimberly-Kay. Welcome to Nowhere.

KIMBERLY-KAY. *[Rubbing her eyes]* This can't be happening.

BRISA. *[Laughing]* Of course it can. Anything can happen in Nowhere.

KIMBERLY-KAY. Nowhere?

BRISA. Nowhere!

KIMBERLY-KAY. Wait a minute! There's no such place as Nowhere. Show it to me on a map.

BRISA. *[Finding the idea quite amusing]* I can't show you Nowhere on a map! Nowhere is a secret place. Nowhere is the home of the Wind of a Thousand Tales.

KIMBERLY-KAY. Is that so? And who are you? Tinker Bell?

BRISA. *[Curtseying]* I am Brisa—a little breeze from Mexico.

KIMBERLY-KAY. A breeze. Right. As in— *[KIMBERLY-KAY puffs up her cheeks and blows]*

BRISA. *[Clapping, enjoying the display]* That's right!

KIMBERLY-KAY. If you're a breeze, how come I can see you?

BRISA. Because when I'm at home in Nowhere, I can look like anything I want. A moment ago I was a tree. Now I'm a beautiful lady. *[With a tinge of sarcasm]* But if you'd rather, I could become a tractor. Or an overhead projector.

KIMBERLY-KAY. Well look, Brisa, it's really great that you're a breeze and everything, but I'm a little girl, and I don't belong in Nowhere, I don't even believe in Nowhere, so I'm just going to close my

eyes and when I open them again I expect to be back in my bedroom, okay? *[She closes her eyes tightly, then opens them. BRISA smiles]*

BRISA. I'm sorry, Kimberly-Kay, but you can't go back yet. We brought you here for a reason.

KIMBERLY-KAY. We? Who's "we"?

BRISA. *[Indicating the trees]* The other breezes and I. Together we make up the Wind of a Thousand Tales, and we spirited you away from your bedroom tonight because we've heard that you don't like stories.

KIMBERLY-KAY. Yeah? So?

BRISA. Well, without stories we wouldn't exist. And if other children follow your example and stop wanting stories, the Wind of a Thousand Tales will soon die out forever; and all of us breezes will die too.

KIMBERLY-KAY. So what are you going to do to me?

BRISA. Slow torture. *[A burst of giggling from the TREES]* I'm joking, sourpuss. All we're going to do is tell you three of our stories. If we can convince you that stories are a good thing, then we will happily take you back to your bedroom.

KIMBERLY-KAY. What if you can't?

BRISA. Then the Wind of a Thousand Tales will stop blowing forever—and you'll have to find your own way home. Now sit. The first story is mine, and since I am a Mexicana breeze, I will tell you a story from Mexico.

KIMBERLY-KAY. Listen, this is a big waste of time. Read my lips: I don't like stories.

THE BREEZES. *[Blowing and bending all together]* Ssssssssssit!

KIMBERLY-KAY. Right! *[She quickly sits]*

BRISA. That's much better. And now, the tale of Carlos and Co-razón.

[LIGHTS dim. KIMBERLY-KAY, BRISA, and the ENSEMBLE not involved in the story move out of the main playing area. Music #3: Guitar Underscore. In darkness we hear:]

BRISA. Once upon a time in the very heart of Mexico there was a little town called Luzamor. Luzamor was a happy place, full of light and love. Now there lived in Luzamor two wealthy men and their lovely wives, who were the best of friends. *[LIGHTS up on the four]* One day María said to her husband—

MARIA. Pepe, I'm going to have a nifio!

BRISA'S VOICE. There was much celebration— [*The FOUR jump up and down and hug one another*] And then Pepe said to his friends, Juan and Juanita—

PEPE. Juan. Juanita. *You will be the baby's godparents!* [*More jumping and hugging*]

BRISA'S VOICE. At the end of the year the little one was born, a beautiful niño, and they named him— [*LIGHTS up on handsome kid*]

CARLOS. [*Proudly*] Carlos.

[*The PARENTS and GODPARENTS gather around Carlos and fawn over him, saying his name in adoring baby talk*]

BRISA'S VOICE. Then, two years later, Juan and Juanita had their own child, a little girl they named— [*SPOTLIGHT up on Corazón*]

CORAZON. Corazón.

[*The OTHERS, who had continued their bubbly celebration, fall silent and turn to look at Corazón, wave halfheartedly, then go back to doting on Carlos*]

BRISA'S VOICE. Carlos and Corazón grew up together and they were very close, like brother and sister. [*CARLOS and CORAZON play together as little children, the four PARENTS looking on*]

CARLOS. Let's play Palace. I will be the handsome prince, and you can be—

CORAZON. The princess?

CARLOS. No, you can be the old nurse who takes care of my every need!

CORAZON. [*Only a little disappointed*] Oh. All right.

BRISA'S VOICE. That's how most of their games went. Then, one day, Corazón's parents died— [*LIGHT on her PARENTS fades, and they move to the periphery of the stage*] Everyone was very sad, but Pepe said—

PEPE. Don't worry, Corazón. You may come and live with us.

BRISA'S VOICE. And so Corazón became a part of Carlos's family, and she and Carlos became closer still. Corazón grew into a gentle, good-hearted young lady, who loved music more than anything. [*CORAZON reads a book and hums a sweet melody*] Carlos, on the other hand, grew into a very handsome, but very vain and frivolous young man. When he should have been thinking about his heart and his mind and his soul, he thought only of his well-combed hair. He flirted

with all the girls in the town, and by the time he was sixteen he had broken many hearts— *[A GIRL approaches him, gives him a Valentine, which he cheerfully tears in half. She runs off crying]* —and after each broken heart he would say to Corazón—

CARLOS. She was not beautiful enough for me. I would rather be blind than marry an ugly girl.

BRISA'S VOICE. Now the truth was, Corazón loved Carlos very much, but she believed she was not a beautiful girl, so she could only turn her face downward and say—

CORAZON. Yes, Carlos. And the girl you marry must be good-hearted as well as beautiful.

CARLOS. *[Baffled]* Good-hearted?

KIMBERLY-KAY. Hold it!

[At this point the ACTION FREEZES and KIMBERLY-KAY walks into the story. She checks out Carlos and Corazón, poking them to see if they're real, as she says:]

KIMBERLY-KAY. Excuse me, Brisa, this is a great story and all, but if I don't get home soon my mother's going to ground me for—

BRISA. You are a rude little girl. Now get out of my story and let me finish it.

KIMBERLY-KAY. *[Returning to her place]* Okay! Why couldn't I have been carried away by the wind of a thousand encyclopedias?

[The story's ACTION RESUMES]

BRISA'S VOICE. One day a beautiful American girl came to Luzamor to buy some authentic Mexican combs for her hair. When Carlos saw her—

CARLOS. Caramba, qué linda!

BRISA'S VOICE. —he thought she was the most beautiful girl in the world.

CARLOS. This is the chiquita for me! What's your name, señorita?

AMERICAN GIRL. *[Very conceited]* Mary Elizabeth Bancroft-Jones. But you may call me Poopsie.

CARLOS. Poopsie, Poopsie, Poopsie! *[He grabs her hand and does a little dance, literally sweeping her off her feet]*

BRISA'S VOICE. Carlos introduced the American girl to his parents and announced that he wished to marry her.