

ACT I.
SCENE I. – *In front of an abandoned church.*

Enter SANTIAGO and his flock of SHEEP.

San. The stars! Are they not beautiful?
And the sycamore
how the shadow of the moon
gives myriad life.

Arise, my children.
Janus! Arithmus! Come, my sheep. [*pokes sheep with crook*]
I have no books to read to you today.
No, for we have a long journey ahead.
Heu, we will reach there by midday.
Do you remember the girl?
The daughter of the merchant.
I wonder if she remembers me
It has been but one year
But perhaps you are right, it does not matter.
I know other girls, in other places. She is no different.

Scene II. – *In the city of Andalusia, in an alley during the beginning. The bench is in the main square.*

Enter SANTIAGO, who is talking to his flock of SHEEP.

San. Do you see?
Behold the gypsy!
One who thrives in trickery!
Take care, for he may try to fool you.

Man. Ho! Sir!

San. Ho! Stranger!

Man. My tent is this way, and so is your fortune.

San. Nay, sir, the jip in gypsy does not exist for naught!

Man. Come now, and I promise you, I shan't charge you until my predictions come true.

San. Well, I can see no deception in your plans.

Man. Good, good. Come.

Man. Let me examine your palm.

The MAN hums in a mystic way.

Man. Mmm, yes. Yes....
Very, very good. Yes.

San. What? I did not come to have you stare at my palm.
Man. No, but in your eyes you want to learn of dreams and destiny.
You dream of pastures and a child not of yours,
of lands and places and hidden treasure,
of distant people and faraway sands,
a man, a ban, pyramids and egypt.
San. Treasure?
Man. Yes, my friend. But do not forget your debt.
One-tenth of your treasure.
San. Perhaps you gypsies are more foolish than I thought!
I shall never find a treasure, and you, sir, shall never be paid.
Man. Good brother, you need not worry for me.
For you shall pay me on your own accord.
San. Then tell me, sir, how am I even to get to Egypt?
Man. That, my brother, is for you to decide.

SANTIAGO pauses briefly on his way out, as if considering what the man has said. He then walks out, sits down on a bench and pulls a book out of his bag. At that moment, an old man walks in and sits down next to him.

Mel. What is that those men are doing?
San. Simply working.
Mel. The sun is warm today. I feel it will be a good harvest this year.
Heu, what are those men doing...
So, tell me, boy, what brings you to Andalusia? Or perhaps on such a good day as today, I should just assume it is the weather!
Nay, boy, you neither look like a Britain nor as foolish as one; only they would be foolish enough travel to Andalusia for the weather. Traveling should be its own excuse, should it not?
Although I can't say I don't blame them.
You know, I am a bit thirsty. Perhaps I could have a sip of your wine? [SANTIAGO gives him some of his wine.]
Mel. Ah, thank you. You are most kind.
Say, what book is that you are reading? [SANTIAGO holds out the book for the old man to read.]
Mmm...An important book, but nonetheless you are wasting your time. I could tell you the plot, but this book says the same as all the other books in the world.
San. Page one?
Mel. Ha, nay, nay. It says that everyone believes in the world's greatest lie.
San. The world's greatest lie?
Mel. Yessir, I will not lie to you. Or rather, perhaps I am lying about not lying to you! Well, either way, you will have to take on faith the world's greatest lie. The lie is that our lives at some point will become controlled by fate.
San. I cannot believe, for I know not. It has not yet happened to me – I have become a shepherd when they all wanted me to become a priest.
Mel. You like to travel.
San. Perhaps, but it is as if you know too much about me. Say, your clothes are a bit odd – here are you from?

Mel. Oh, from many places.

San. Impossible. I am but a shepherd, and I have travelled far and wide, but I come from only one place – a city near an ancient castle on the edge of forever, where I was born.

Mel. Well, then I guess one could say that I was born in Salem.

San. What is Salem like?

Mel. Oh, it is like it has always been.

San. You speak in riddles...what is it you do there? What are you?

Mel. What am I? Why, I am King of Salem!
I am called Melchizedek by many.
Tell me boy, how many sheep do you own?

San. Enough.

Mel. I can't help you if you have 'enough' sheep.

San. Good actor, I do not mean to give offense, but please, sir, give me my book. I must get going. I must gather my sheep.

Mel. Is one tenth of your sheep worth a treasure?

San. Why would a King be talking with a shepherd?

Mel. Because I can help you on your journey.
For, Santiago, it concerns your fate.
This is about your life and destiny.
Tell me, why do you tend your own sheep flock?

San. Because I like to travel.

Mel. See the baker? He will travel when old to far Africa. He, too wanted to travel when he was a boy. Because a baker is more important than any Shepherd. Parents rather have their children marry bakers sooner than shepherds.

San. Why are you telling me this?

Mel. your own destiny must not be squander'd.

San. And that's what your job is?

Mel. Never always in this worldly manner.
Many people do not re'lize I've come.
People always learn early in their life their reason for being here. Perhaps that's why they give it up so early. But that is the way it is. Your treasure will be found by force of flowing water, for it has been buried by those exact currents.
One-tenth of your flock is what it will cost to learn of your destiny.

San. What about one tenth of my treasure?

Mel. Never, if you start with promising that which you do not even have yet, than you certainly shall lose your will to find it.

San. But I have already promised one tenth to a Gypsy.

Mel. Gypsies are great experts at doing that.
Yes, you've learned that everything in life has

it's price. That is what the Warriors of Light try to teach. Tomorrow at this time, bring me one tenth of your flock, and I will tell you how to find your treasure. Good day.

San. That baker...

Scene III. – *In the city of Andalusia in the main square.*

Enter SANTIAGO, with one tenth of his flock of SHEEP.

San. It is odd. I was able to sell my sheep almost immediately to my friend – he said that he had always dreamed of being a shepherd, and that it was a good omen.

Mel. When you desire something the universe conspires with you to help realize it.

San. Then where is the treasure?

Mel. You shall find in Egypt, the great treasure, near the Pyramids.

Follow the omens God has prepared you.
Take these two stones – they are Urim and Thummim.
The black stone signifies 'yes,' the white 'no.'
They will read the omens when you cannot.
Decide on your own in the future. The sheep were for me helping you to make your decision. A shepherd may like trav'ling but he should not forget about his sheep.

SANTIAGO looks at MELCHIZEDEK questioningly and then walks away.

Mel. Perhaps it is too bad that he'll forget quickly my name. I should have told him twice.
I am Melchizedek, the King of Sal'm. *[looks toward the skies.]*

Forgive me my Lord, I seek not van'ty.
An old king must sometimes pride in himself.

SCENE IV. – *In the African desert, in the small city of Tangier.*

San. How strange Africa is. It feels so different to not have my sheep with me. In this place I feel alone, as I have never felt before. But here, a bar. Perhaps I will meet someone who can help me on my way.

Sir! Here's one gold coin. Can I have what that man is having?

Bar. *(insert translation "is that what you want? Let me get it for you.")*

San. Yuk! This is tea – I prefer wine.

Sp1. Hello! Who are you?

San. How come you speak Spanish?

Sp1. Everyone here speaks Spanish. We're only two hours from Spain.

San. Please, sit down. Do you think you could ask for a glass of wine for me? I hate

this tea.

Sp1. There is no wine in this country. The religion here forbids it.

San. Hmm. I need to get to the Pyramids in Egypt. I'd like you to take me there if you can – I can pay you to serve as my guide.

Sp2. Do you have any idea how to get there?

Sp1. You have to cross the entire Sahara desert. And to do that, you need money. I need to know whether you have enough. [SANTIAGO *shows the two men his money pouch.*]

Bar. (insert translation "Are you going to rob this poor helpless boy?")

Sp1. (insert translation "We'll run and take his money. Leave it up to me.")

Sp2. (insert translation "Alright good, it's your turn to do something.")

Bar. (insert translation "This is a customer! You cannot rob him!")

Sp2. Let's get out of here – he wants us to leave. [SANTIAGO *gets up and pays the bill.*]

Bar. (insert translation "Don't you see, they are going to rob you!")

Sp1. He wanted your money. Tangier is not like the rest of Africa. This is a port, and every port has its thieves.

Sp2. We can get to the Pyramids by tomorrow, but I have to buy two camels first.
[SANTIAGO *sees a great sword, is distracted, and the man runs off with his money.*]

San. That is the most beautiful sword I have ever seen. Please, ask the owner of that stall how much the sword costs.

Where have you gone?

Come back with my money!

What am I to do?

I am lost, left alone with nothing.

Now I have neither my sheep nor my money.

And I cannot get back to my home, either.

Wait! [SANTIAGO *pulls out his two stones, and puts them back into the bag.*]

San. Is the old man's blessing still with me? [SANTIAGO *pulls out his black stone.*]

San. Yes! Good – wait. Am I going to find my treasure? [SANTIAGO *reaches into his pouch, and both fall out onto the ground.*]

San. An omen? Ah, I promised that I would make my own decision.

Perhaps this isn't such a strange place, just a new one.

And that is the entire reason I have come here.

I have been much farther than any other shepherd.

I'm an adventurer, seeking treasure.

SANTIAGO *walks into one of the small, worn down buildings – a crystal shop.*

San. I can clean the glasses in the window if you wish. Perhaps clean glasses will attract some business. Perhaps in exchange, you can give me something to eat.

[SANTIAGO *cleans all of the glasses, and two people come in to buy crystal goods.*]

Mer. Let us go and have lunch together, boy.

Although – you did not have to do anything.

The Koran bids me to feed the hungry.

San. Then why did you let me continue?

Mer. For the crystal needed cleaning badly
and both of us needed to clean our minds
of negative thoughts.

I would like for you to work in my shop.
Two customers came in today and bought
while you worked and that is a good omen.
Do you want to go to work for me?

San. I can work for the rest of today. I'll work all night until dawn, and clean all of
your crystal pieces in your shop. And in return, I need money to get to Egypt
tomorrow.

Mer. Ha! Even if you clean'd all the crystal
in my shop for twice two seasons, then still
if you had a good commission selling
every piece of crystal in my small store,
then still you'd have to borrow much money
to get to faraway Egypt from here.
There are thousands of miles of desert
between here and there.
I can give you enough money to get
back to your home and your country, my son
but I have not enough for more.

SANTIAGO pauses, not immediately comprehending what the Merchant has said.

San. My dreams were to go to Egypt, my friend
And find destiny under pyramids.
Perhaps now I see that dream is gone,
maybe I shall just return to my home.
I shall help in your crystal shop upkeep,
For I will need money to buy some sheep.

ACT II.

SCENE I. – *In Tangier, a city in the desert of Africa.*