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MAN OF LA MANCHA

Written by DALE WASSERMAN

Music by

Lyrics by

MITCH LEIGH

JOE DARION

Original Production staged by Albert Marre
Originally Produced by Albert W. Selden and Hal James

Book © 1966 by Dale Wasserman

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MUSICAL NUMBERS

- Overture - orchestra
- 1 Prison Scene - Flamenco - cantao
- 1A Man of La Mancha - Don Quixote & Sancho Panza
- 2 The Enchanter - orchestra
- 2A Fight of The Windmills - orchestra
- 2B Man of La Mancha - Playoff - orchestra
- 3 Man of La Mancha - underscore - orchestra
- 3A It's All The Same - Aldonza & The Muleteers
- 4 Dulcinea - Don Quixote, Anselmo & Muleteers
- 5 I'm Only Thinking of Him - Antonia, Padre and Housekeeper
- 6 We're Only Thinking of Him - TAG - Dr. Carrasco, Padre,
Antonia & Housekeeper
- 6A Dulcinea - underscore - orchestra
- 6B The Missive - Sancho
- 7 I Really Like Him - Sancho
- 8 What Does He Want of Me? - Aldonza
- 8A Little Bird, Little Bird - Cervantes, Anselmo, Pedro
& Muleteers
- 9 Barber's Song - Barber
- 10 Golden Helmet of Mambrino - Don Quixote, Barber, Sancho
& Muleteers
- 11 To Each His Dulcinea - Padre
- 12 The Impossible Dream - underscore - orchestra
- 13 The Impossible Dream - Don Quixote
- 14 The Combat - orchestra
- 15 The Dubbing - Innkeeper & Don Quixote
- 15B Knight of the Woeful Countenance - Innkeeper & chorus
- 16 The Abduction - Anselmo, Pedro and Fermina
- 17 The Impossible Dream - Reprise - Don Quixote
- 17A Man of La Mancha - Reprise - Don Quixote
- 18 Moorish Dance - chorus of Moors
- 18A The Dubbing - underscore - orchestra
- 19 Aldonza - Aldonza
- 20 Knight of The Mirrors - orchestra
- 21 Fight Sequence - orchestra
- 22 I'm Only Thinking of Him - underscore - orchestra
- 23 A Little Gossip - Sancho
- 24 Aldonza - underscore - orchestra
- 25 Dulcinea - Reprise - Aldonza
- 26 The Impossible Dream - Reprise - Don Quixote
- 27 Man of La Mancha - Reprise - Don Quixote, Sancho & Aldonza
- 28 The Psalm - Padre
- 29 Finale - Full Company
- 30 Bows - orchestra
- 31 Exit Music - orchestra

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Setting: The common room of a stone prison vault
in Seville, Spain, at the end of the
sixteenth century.

Scenes: Various places in the imagination of
Miguel de Cervantes

The prison vault

A road in La Mancha, Don Quixote and
Sancho Panza

Windmill scene

The prison vault

The main room of a country Inn

The prison vault

A country church in La Mancha

Alonso Quijana's house

The kitchen of the Inn

Dulcinea letter scene

The stable of the Inn

The Barber's crown

Courtyard of the Inn

Knighting ceremony

Interior of the Inn

The prison vault

A road in La Mancha

Moorish Gypsy camp

Courtyard of the Inn

Confronting the Knight of the Mirrors

The prison vault

Bedroom of Alonso's house

The prison vault

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(In order of appearance)

CAPTAIN OF THE INQUISITION
MANSERVANT (SANCHO PANZA)
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES (DON QUIXOTE and ALONSO QUIJANA)

Roles taken by the prisoners:

GOVERNOR

DUKE

SEVEN MULETEERS: JOSE, TENORIO, PACO, JUAN,
ANSELMO, PEDRO and a GUITAR
PLAYER

ALDONZA (DULCINEA)

INNKEEPER

MARIA (INNKEEPER'S WIFE)

FERMINA (A SERVING GIRL)

ANTONIA (ALONSO'S NIECE)

HOUSEKEEPER (FOR ALONSO)

PADRE

DR. SANSON CARRASCO (ANTONIO'S FIANCEE and
KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS)

BARBER

MOORISH GIRL (DANCER)

FOUR ATTENDENTS TO THE KNIGHT

SOLDIERS, PRISONERS, PRISON GUARDS, GYPSIES (MOORS),
MEN OF THE INQUISITION

LOCALE:

Spain at the end of the 16th century. A prison in the city of Seville and various plaes in the imagination of Miguel de Cervantes.

SETTING:

The common room of a stone prison vault whose furthest reaches are lost in shadow. It has niches and crannies where the prisoners make their nests. It is below ground, reached by a stairway which may be raised and lowered, drawbridge-style, and is lighted by scant cold rays sifting through a grille overhead. A trap in the floor may be raised to permit access to a level still lower. Stage right there is a fire covered by a grille, and stage left an open well. Other scenic elements are placed and removed by the prisoners as indicated.

NOTE:

The prison vault is actually a single basic setting within whose architecture the Don Quixote scenes devised by Cervantes play. In nature it is an abstract platform whose elements are fluid and adaptable to the Quixote scenes. The primary effect to be achieved is that of improvisation; it must seem as though all scenic, prop and costume items are adapted from materials already on stage, augmented by effects from Cervantes' theatrical trunk. This scheme is fundamental to the play.

Only in the inner play - as devised by Cervantes - is there musical style and form. The prison scenes framing the inner play are not "musicalized" in the sense that there is no singing or dancing in these except as may be motivated realistically.

The performance is played without intermission.

OVERTURE

1

PRISON SCENE

There is an overture, then the orchestra is lost to sight as lights fade in on the prison vault. A number of PRISONERS are discovered. Some are huddled in the shadows asleep; one strums a guitar of the period, another dances to its rhythm; still others occupy themselves eating, playing a game of dice using stones, etc.

Sound and motion cease as a strange half-musical sound is heard. (It is a chant, accompanied by drums, chains, and hand-claps. It is the theme of the Inquisitors.) As the PRISONERS hear the sound, the stairway high above their heads is lowered into the vault. A little procession descends the stairs: first, a uniformed CAPTAIN OF THE INQUISITION; then two SOLDIERS assisting a MANSERVANT with a sizeable but shabby straw trunk; then MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

CERVANTES peers about, uncertainly. The CAPTAIN and the SOLDIERS start back up the stairs.

CERVANTES

(Turning and calling up to the CAPTAIN)

Captain...

CAPTAIN

(Turning back, on the stairs)

Anything wrong? The accommodations?

CERVANTES

No, no, they appear quite...interesting.

CAPTAIN

The cells are below. This is the...uh...

(A tiny joke)

...common room, for those who wait.

CERVANTES

How long do they wait?

CAPTAIN

(Turning to leave again)

Some an hour...some a lifetime...

CERVANTES

Do they all await the Inquisition?

CAPTAIN

Ah, no, these are merely **thieves -- murderers**. If you need anything, just shout.

(An afterthought)

If you're able.

(He goes, and through the following the stairway is withdrawn)

MANSERVANT

What did he mean by that?

CERVANTES

Calm yourself, there is a remedy for everything but death.

MANSERVANT

That could be the very one we need.

→ (During the above, some of the PRISONERS have risen and are circling, examining the new arrivals)

CERVANTES

(Sensing potential danger -- turning on all his charm)

Good morning, gentlemen...ladies. I regret being thrust upon you in this manner, and hope you will not find my company objectionable. In any case I trust I shall not be among you long. The Inquisition --

→ (With a yell, the PRISONERS attack. CERVANTES and the MANSERVANT are seized, tripped up, pinned to the floor. The PRISONERS are busily rifling their pockets as THE GOVERNOR, a big man of obvious authority, who has been asleep in a corner, awakens and yells)

THE GOVERNOR

Enough! Noise, trouble, fights...kill each other if you must but for God's sake, do it quietly!

(To CERVANTES)

Who are you? Eh? Speak up!

CERVANTES

(Gasping, as his throat is freed)
Cervantes. Don Miguel de Cervantes.

THE GOVERNOR

A gentleman!

CERVANTES

(Still on the floor, pulling himself together)
It has never saved me from going to bed hungry.

THE GOVERNOR

(Indicating the MANSERVANT)
And that?

CERVANTES

My servant. May I have the honor?

THE GOVERNOR

(Indicating the prisoners)
They call me The Governor. What's your game?

CERVANTES

My game...?

THE GOVERNOR

Your specialty, man. Cutpurse? Highwayman?

CERVANTES

Oh, nothing so interesting! I am a poet.

THE DUKE

(A prisoner of draggle-tail elegance)
They're putting men in prison for that?

CERVANTES

No, no, not for that.

THE DUKE

Too bad.

THE GOVERNOR

(An announcement as he moves toward CERVANTES' belongings)
Well, let's get on with the trial!

(CERVANTES is unceremoniously hauled to his feet and then held by two of the more villainous-looking prisoners)

CERVANTES

Excuse me...what trial?

THE GOVERNOR
Yours, of course.

CERVANTES
But what have I done?

THE GOVERNOR
We'll find something.

CERVANTES
You don't seem to understand. I'll only be here -

THE GOVERNOR
(Interrupting him)
My dear sir, no one enters or leaves this prison without being tried by his fellow prisoners.

CERVANTES
And if I'm found guilty?

THE GOVERNOR
Oh, you will be.

CERVANTES
What sort of sentence...?

THE GOVERNOR
(Rummaging among his belongings)
We generally fine a prisoner all his possessions.

CERVANTES
All of them...?

THE GOVERNOR
It's not practical to take more.
(He pulls a sword in a scabbard from the trunk)

CERVANTES
One moment! These things are my livelihood.

THE GOVERNOR
I thought you said you were a poet.
(He pulls the sword from its scabbard)

CERVANTES
Of the theatre!

THE GOVERNOR
(The blade of the sword flops about as he brandishes it)
False!

CERVANTES

Costumes and properties. You see, actually I'm a playwright and an actor. So of course these poor things could not possibly be of any use to...to...

(He reaches for the sword)

→ (THE GOVERNOR tosses the sword to another PRISONER; they all dive for the trunk, maliciously tossing things about. CERVANTES breaks loose, and retrieves a package from the trunk. As he tries to hide it, THE DUKE snatches it from him and tosses it to THE GOVERNOR)

MANSERVANT

(Who has tried to stop the PRISONERS and is now being sat upon for his pains)

Master -- !

CERVANTES

(To THE GOVERNOR, of the package)

No...please...not that - please !

THE GOVERNOR

Heavy! Valuable?

CERVANTES

Only to me.

THE GOVERNOR

We might let you ransom it.

CERVANTES

I have no money.

THE GOVERNOR

How unfortunate.

(Tears it open)

Paper!

CERVANTES

Manuscript!

THE GOVERNOR

Still worthless.

(He strides toward the fire with the intention of throwing the package in)

CERVANTES

Wait! You spoke of a trial. By your own word, I must be given a trial!

THE GOVERNOR

(Hesitating for a moment)

Oh, very well. I hereby declare this court in session!

(CERVANTES and the MANSERVANT are
shoved into an improvised dock,
and the "court" arranges itself)

Now, then. What are you here for?

CERVANTES

I am to appear before the Inquisition.

THE GOVERNOR

Heresy?

CERVANTES

Not exactly. You see, I had been employed by the government as a tax-collector...

THE GOVERNOR

Poet, actor, tax-collector?

CERVANTES

A temporary thing to keep us from starvation.

THE GOVERNOR

How does a tax-collector get in trouble with the Inquisition?

CERVANTES

I made an assessment against the monastery of La Merced. When they refused to pay I issued a lien on the property.

THE GOVERNOR

You did what?

MANSERVANT

He foreclosed on a church.

THE GOVERNOR

(To the MANSERVANT)

But why are you here?

MANSERVANT

Someone had to tack the notice on the church door.
(Dolefully he indicates himself)

THE GOVERNOR

These two have empty rooms in their heads!

CERVANTES

The law says treat everyone equally. We only obeyed the law!

THE DUKE

Governor, if you don't mind, I should like to prosecute this case.

THE GOVERNOR

Why?

THE DUKE

Let us say I dislike stupidity. Especially when it masquerades as virtue. Miguel de Cervantes! I charge you with being an idealist, a bad poet, and an honest man. How plead you?

CERVANTES

(Considering a moment)

Guilty.

THE GOVERNOR

Bravo! It is the judgment of this court...
(Rises, crossing toward the fire
once more)

CERVANTES

Your Excellency! What about my defense?

THE GOVERNOR

(Pausing; puzzled)

But you just pleaded guilty.

CERVANTES

(With charm)

Since I have admitted guilt, isn't the court required to hear me out?

THE GOVERNOR

For what purpose?

CERVANTES

The jury may choose to be lenient.

THE DUKE

He is trying to gain time!

CERVANTES

Do you have a scarcity of that?

THE GOVERNOR

(Amused, to the PRISONERS)

Any urgent appointments?

(A groan for answer. He waves to
CERVANTES to continue)

CERVANTES

It is true I am guilty of these charges. An idealist? I have never had the courage to believe in nothing. A bad poet? That comes a bit more painfully...still...

(An idea seems to strike him)

THE GOVERNOR

(Impatiently)

Let's hear your defense!

CERVANTES

Your Excellency, if you've no objection I should like to present it in the manner I know best...in the form of a charade -

THE GOVERNOR

Charade?

CERVANTES

An entertainment, if you will -

THE DUKE

Entertainment!

CERVANTES

At worst it may beguile your time.

(To the other PRISONERS)

And if any of you should care to enter in...

THE DUKE

Governor! I should like to protest!

THE GOVERNOR

No, no, let's hear him out!

→ (General acquiescence from the PRISONERS)

CERVANTES

Then...may I set the stage?

→ (THE GOVERNOR waves assent. The PRISONERS shift position to become audience as CERVANTES gestures to his MANSERVANT who scurries, like a well-trained stage-manager, to assist as required. MUSIC BEGINS, softly, under, as CERVANTES, seated center, begins a make-up transformation through the following speech)

I shall impersonate a man...come, enter into my imagination and see him! His name...Alonso Quijana...a country squire,

CERVANTES (Cont'd)

no longer young. Bony, hollow-faced...eyes that burn with the fire of inner vision. Being retired, he has much time for books. He studies them from morn to night, and often through the night as well. And all he reads oppresses him... fills him with indignation at man's murderous ways toward man. He broods...and broods...and broods -- and finally from so much brooding his brains dry up. He lays down the melancholy burden of sanity and conceives the strangest project ever imagined...to become a knight-errant and sally forth into the world to right all wrongs. No longer shall he be plain Alonso Quijana...but a dauntless knight known as -- Don Quixote de La Mancha!!!

(The transformation of CERVANTES into DON QUIXOTE is now complete. The MANSERVANT, who will become SANCHO PANZA, assists further by dressing him, providing him with props, during the beginning of the song)

DON QUIXOTE

(Singing, a little tongue-in-cheek;
an actor aware that he's performing)

1AMAN OF LA MANCHA

HEAR ME NOW, OH THOU BLEAK AND UNBEARABLE WORLD!
THOU ART BASE AND DEBAUCHED AS CAN BE;
AND A KNIGHT WITH HIS BANNERS ALL BRAVELY UNFURLED
NOW HURLS DOWN HIS GAUNTLET TO THEE!

I AM I, DON QUIXOTE,
THE LORD OF LA MANCHA,
MY DESTINY CALLS AND I GO;
AND THE WILD WINDS OF FORTUNE WILL CARRY ME ONWARD,
OH WHITHERSOEVER THEY BLOW.

WHITHERSOEVER THEY BLOW,
ONWARD TO GLORY I GO!

(He turns away from the prisoners to build two "horses" -- from wooden frames and masks he's presumably brought with him. As he does, his servant, now attired as SANCHO PANZA, takes over)

SANCHO

I'M SANCHO! YES, I'M SANCHO!
I'LL FOLLOW MY MASTER TILL THE END.
I'LL TELL ALL THE WORLD PROUDLY
I'M HIS SQUIRE! I'M HIS FRIEND!

(They change places again; SANCHO completes the task of assembling the "horses")

DON QUIXOTE
 HEAR ME, HEATHENS AND WIZARDS AND SERPENTS OF SIN!
 ALL YOUR DASTARDLY DOINGS ARE PAST;
 FOR A HOLY ENDEAVOR IS NOW TO BEGIN,
 AND VIRTUE SHALL TRIUMPH AT LAST!

(They mount the "horses" -- two of the prisoners wearing masks are the front legs, the wooden frames the rear -- and ride away. As they ride, the "horses" dance and DON QUIXOTE points out to SANCHE the sights along the way. They then sing together. The other prisoners clear out of sight, still presumably watching the action)

(The LIGHTING alters through the next so that they do indeed seem to be riding along a road)

DON QUIXOTE
 I AM I, DON QUIXOTE,
 THE LORD OF LA MANCHA,
 MY DESTINY CALLS AND I GO;
 AND THE WILD WINDS OF
 FORTUNE WILL CARRY
 ME ONWARD,
 OH WHITHERSOEVER THEY BLOW!

SANCHE
 I'M SANCHE! YES, I'M SANCHE!
 I'LL FOLLOW MY MASTER TILL
 THE END.
 I'LL TELL ALL THE WORLD
 PROUDLY
 I'M HIS SQUIRE!
 I'M HIS FRIEND!

DON QUIXOTE & SANCHE
 WHITHERSOEVER THEY BLOW,
 ONWARD TO GLORY WE GO!

(At conclusion of song, they dismount and SANCHE leads the "horses" to the well to drink)

DON QUIXOTE
 Well, Sancho -- how dost thou like adventuring?

SANCHE
 Oh, marvelous, Your Grace. But it's peculiar -- to me this great highway to glory looks exactly like the road to El Toboso where you can buy chickens cheap.

DON QUIXOTE
 Like beauty, my friend, 'tis all in the eyes of the beholder. Only wait and thou shalt see amazing sights.

SANCHE
 (At the well, drinking with the "horses")
 What kind?

DON QUIXOTE

Why, knights and nations, warlocks, wizards...a cavalcade
of vast, unending armies!

SANCHO

(Rising; the "horses" rise too.
They react throughout - after all
they understand)
They sound dangerous!

DON QUIXOTE

They are dangerous. But one there'll be who leads them...
and he will be most dangerous of all!

(SANCHO and the "horses" move closer)

SANCHO

Well, who is he? Who?

DON QUIXOTE

The Great Enchanter. Beware him, Sancho...for his thoughts
are cold and his spirit shrivelled. He has eyes like little
machines, and where he walks the earth is blighted. But
one day we shall meet face to face...and on that day -- !
(He shakes his lance ferociously.

Music fades out)

SANCHO

(Sensibly)

Well, I wouldn't get upset, Your Grace. As I always say,
have patience and shuffle the cards.

DON QUIXOTE

(Crossing upstage to the edge of
the platform)

Do you never run out of proverbs?

SANCHO

No, Your Grace. I was born with a bellyful of them.

DON QUIXOTE

(Looking off and down at something
we don't see)

Aah-hah!

SANCHO

What is it?

DON QUIXOTE

How long since we sallied forth?

SANCHO

About two minutes?

DON QUIXOTE

So soon shall I engage in brave, unequal combat!

SANCHO

Combat? Where?

DON QUIXOTE

Canst not see?

(Pointing)

There below! A monstrous giant of infamous repute!

SANCHO

(Looking vainly; the "horses" look too)

What giant?

DON QUIXOTE

It is that dark and dreaded ogre

By the name of Matagoger!

You can tell him by the four great arms awirling on his back!

SANCHO

It's a windmill.

DON QUIXOTE

(Shouting)

Ho! Feckless giant standing there!

Avast! Avaunt! On guard! Beware!

(He charges off)

2A

FIGHT OF THE WINDMILLS

SANCHO

No, no, Your Grace, I swear by my wife's little black moustache, that's not a giant, it's only a -

(Offstage a crash; the "horses" run for cover. To MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT the combat begins as the projected shadows of a windmill's sails cross the stage. As SANCHO watches, horrified, QUIXOTE's helmet comes flying back onstage, then the butt of his lance, splayed and splintered. The final crash;

2B

MAN OF LA MANCHA (PLAYOFF)

and QUIXOTE crawls back into view, his sword a corkscrew. A doleful

picture, he comes rolling downstage
as SANCHO hurries to plump himself
down and stop him)

(Music stops)

SANCHO

Didn't I tell you? Didn't I say, 'Your Grace, that's a
windmill'?

DON QUIXOTE

(Hollowly)

The work of my enemy.

SANCHO

The Enchanter?

DON QUIXOTE

At the last moment, he transformed that ogre into a windmill.
(Then, suddenly)
Sancho, it comes to me!

SANCHO

What, Your Grace?

DON QUIXOTE

How he was able to upset me. It is because I have never
properly been dubbed a knight.

SANCHO

That's no problem. Just tell me how it's done and I'll be
glad to attend to it.

DON QUIXOTE

Thank you, my friend, but it may only be done by another
knight.

SANCHO

That's a problem. I've never seen another knight.

DON QUIXOTE

The lord of some castle would do. Or a king or even a duke.

SANCHO

(Helping QUIXOTE to his feet)

Very well, Your Grace. I'll keep an eye out for any kings
or dukes as we go. By the way, does Your Grace know where
we're going?

DON QUIXOTE

Wherever the road may lead...

DON QUIXOTE (Cont'd)
(As he gestures toward the road,
he sees something far down it)

Ahaaa!

SANCHO

Now what?

DON QUIXOTE

The very place!

SANCHO

Where?

DON QUIXOTE

There!

SANCHO

If Your Grace would just give me a hint...?

DON QUIXOTE

(Pointing)

There in the distance. A castle!

SANCHO

(Peering vainly off)

Castle?

DON QUIXOTE

Rockbound amidst the crags!

SANCHO

Crags?

DON QUIXOTE

And the banners -- ah, the brave banners flaunting in the wind!

SANCHO

Anything on 'em?

DON QUIXOTE

(He steps forward, looks off more
intently. The ubiquitous "horses"
do, too)

I see a cat crouching on a field tawny...and beneath it the
inscription, "Miau"! Undoubtedly the insignia of some great
lord.

SANCHO

Oh, that's fine, Your Grace. Maybe this is where you can
get yourself drubbed.

DON QUIXOTE

(Easily)

Dubbed.

(Then, vigorously)

Blow thy bugle that a dwarf may mount the battlements and
announce our coming!

SANCHO

(Under the spell, lifts his bugle,
then hesitates)

But I don't see a castle.

(Looking off again)

I do see something...maybe it's an inn.

DON QUIXOTE

(Sadly)

An inn.

SANCHO

We'd better pass it by, Your Grace. These roadside places
are full of rough men and women.

DON QUIXOTE

Come. We shall ride straight to the drawbridge of yon
castle, and there thy vision may improve!

3MAN OF LA MANCHA (UNDERScore)

→ (During the last few lines, the
PRISONERS have moved into more
prominence and QUIXOTE and SANCHO
now drop out of character. The
lights change, too, so that we are
clearly back in the prison. SANCHO,
once again the MANSERVANT, beckons
to some of the PRISONERS; they
assist him in setting up the rude
main room of a country inn as
CERVANTES speaks)

CERVANTES

(Addressing THE GOVERNOR and
PRISONERS)

And here is an example of how to the untrained eye one thing
may seem to be another. To Sancho, an inn. To Quixote, a
castle. To someone else -- whatever his mind may make of
it. But for the sake of argument, let us grant Sancho his
vision. An inn...

(He gestures to THE GOVERNOR --
then to a WOMAN PRISONER)

A kindly innkeeper...his less kindly wife...

→ (He picks out some of the other
PRISONERS)

CERVANTES (Cont'd)

Rough men -- muleteers - fifteen miles on the road today.
And in most particular a woman called -- Aldonza!

(Music segues)

3A

(CHANGE OF SCENE)

(The lights change again as SANCHO and the PRISONERS assisting him have completed their task; we are now in the main room of the inn. CERVANTES, THE GOVERNOR and all the PRISONERS save those involved in the following action clear off and down the sides of the stage)

MULETEERS

(Making a chant of her name, banging their tin dishes on the table)
Aldonza, Aldonza, Aldonza, etc.

(A pan comes sailing in; the men dodge it to prevent being hit. The female prisoner who plays ALDONZA has kept remote and aloof during the prison scenes. We have not previously been aware of her)

ALDONZA

(Entering with a pot of stew in her hands; roughly)
You want it on the table or over your lousy heads?

→ (The MULETEERS laugh. She sets down the tureen with a crash, and spits into it)
There, swine. Feed!

→ (She starts to distribute goatskins of wine. The MULETEERS, of whom there are seven, are variously called JOSE, TENORIO, PACO, JUAN, ANSELMO and PEDRO. The seventh, nameless, is the prisoner of the guitar. JOSE is the small one of the gang, PEDRO the largest, its leader)

JOSE

(Amorously)
I brought you something.

ALDONZA

Keep it till it grows up.
(PACO whispers in her ear)
Little dogs have big ideas!

JUAN
(Grabbing her)
Tonight?

ALDONZA
(Pulling away)
Payment in advance?

ANSELMO
(Another grab)
Aldonza! Sweetheart. Come here.

ALDONZA
Talk with your mouth, not your hands!

PEDRO
(Pushes ANSELMO off and pulls
ALDONZA close)
I've got a nice thick bed of hay in the stable.

ALDONZA
(Confidentially)
Good. Eat it.

PEDRO
You would refuse Pedro?

ALDONZA
Try me.
(She walks away from him)

PEDRO
My mules are not as stubborn!
(He snaps his whip at her)

ALDONZA
(Turns back)
Fine! Make love to your mules!

→ (The MULETEERS laugh, then sing)

MULETEERS
(Moving toward her in various amorous
attitudes, reaching for her again)
I COME FOR LOVE,
I COME FOR LOVE,
I COME TO ALDONZA FOR LOVE!

3A (Continued) IT'S ALL THE SAME

ALDONZA
(She pushes them away and sings)
ONE PAIR OF ARMS IS LIKE ANOTHER,
I DON'T KNOW WHY OR WHO'S TO BLAME,

ALDONZA (Cont'd)

I'LL GO WITH YOU OR WITH YOUR BROTHER,
IT'S ALL THE SAME, IT'S ALL THE SAME!

THIS I HAVE LEARNED: THAT WHEN THE LIGHT'S OUT,
NO MAN WILL BURN WITH SPECIAL FLAME,
YOU'LL PROVE TO ME, BEFORE THE NIGHT'S OUT,
YOU'RE ALL THE SAME, YOU'RE ALL THE SAME!

SO DO NOT TALK TO ME OF LOVE,
I'M NOT A FOOL WITH STARRY EYES,
JUST PUT YOUR MONEY IN MY HAND,
AND YOU WILL GET WHAT MONEY BUYS!

ONE PAIR OF ARMS IS LIKE ANOTHER,
I DON'T KNOW WHY OR WHO'S TO BLAME,
I'LL GO WITH YOU OR WITH YOUR BROTHER,
IT'S ALL THE SAME, IT'S ALL THE SAME!

→ (The MULETEERS reach for her,
even more roughly; once again
she is forced to push them off)

OH, I HAVE SEEN TOO MANY BEDS,
BUT I HAVE KNOWN TOO LITTLE REST,
AND I HAVE LOVED TOO MANY MEN
WITH HATRED BURNING IN MY BREAST.

I DO NOT LIKE YOU OR YOUR BROTHER,
I DO NOT LIKE THE LIFE I LIVE,
BUT I AM ME, I AM ALDONZA,
AND WHAT I GIVE, I CHOOSE...

(PEDRO interrupts her, shaking a bag full of coins at her. She reaches for it and he tosses it on the floor. She looks at him for a moment, then at the money, spits on it, backs away lifting her skirt in his face. He sees the miracle beneath it, then follows, finally pressing the money into her hand, pleadingly, as the other MULETEERS laugh. ALDONZA ends her song, even more knowledgeably contemptuous)

ONE PAIR OF ARMS IS LIKE ANOTHER,
IT'S ALL THE SAME, IT'S ALL THE SAME!

(The MULETEERS dive for her,
shouting "ALDONZA" as she turns
away from their grasp and dis-
appears from our view)

ANSELMO

(Laughing)
Payment before delivery?

PACO

She won't deliver.

PEDRO

She'll deliver!

→ (The other MULETEERS continue to taunt PEDRO; a near riot ensues. The INNKEEPER enters with his wife, MARIA, and another serving-girl, FERMINA)

INNKEEPER

Well gentlemen, everything in order?

(He surveys the interior of his inn which is somewhat the worse for wear, after the violence of the preceding number. MARIA and FERMINA begin to clean up)

ANSELMO

Did you feed the mules?

INNKEEPER

They're eating as well as you.

PEDRO

God forbid!

INNKEEPER

He jokes! It's well known that I set the finest table between Madrid and Malaga. My patrons have always -

→ (From offstage there comes the blast of a bugle horribly blown)

PEDRO

What in the name of - ?

(The bugle again)

INNKEEPER

(His face lighting up)

It's the pig-butcher! I didn't expect him till tomorrow. Coming, Senor Butcher, coming!

(He stops short as DON QUIXOTE and SANCHE enter. QUIXOTE has attached the limb of a tree to the vestige of his windmill-broken lance)

DON QUIXOTE

(Haughtily)

Is the lord of the castle at hand?

(No reply from the flabbergasted
INNKEEPER)

I say, is the Castellano here?

INNKEEPER

(With an effort)

I am in charge of this place.

DON QUIXOTE

(Coldly, hurt; there's been a
terrible gaff)

We waited, sire, for a dwarf to mount the battlements and
announce us, but none appeared.

INNKEEPER

The...the dwarfs are all busy.

(QUIXOTE accepts this excuse with
reasonable grace and signals to
SANCHO, who delivers himself of an
obviously rehearsed speech)

SANCHO

Noble lords and ladies. My master, Don Quixote, knight-
errant and defender of the right and pursuer of lofty
undertakings implores the boon of hospitality!

(SANCHO looks over at QUIXOTE, ques-
tioningly. QUIXOTE nods approval.

→ The INNKEEPER looks open-mouthed at
the MULETEERS, who look back in kind)

DON QUIXOTE

Well, sir? Is it granted?

INNKEEPER

(Pulling himself together)

Absolutely! This inn -- I mean, this castle -- is open to
everybody.

(SANCHO helps QUIXOTE remove some
of his gear)

MARIA

(Pulling her husband aside)

He's a madman!

INNKEEPER

(Quietly)

Madmen are the children of God.

INNKEEPER (Cont'd)

(Crossing to QUIXOTE)

Sir knight, you must be hungry.

DON QUIXOTE

Aye, that I am.

INNKEEPER

There's food aplenty, and for your squire, too. I'll just help him stable your animals.

(He motions to SANCHE to follow,
and they exit)

DON QUIXOTE

(Approaching the others)

Gentle knights! Fair chatelaine! If there be any among you that require assistance, you have but to speak and my good right arm is at your service. Whether it be a princess held for ransom, an army besieged and awaiting rescue, or merely...

(ALDONZA has emerged laden with
things for the table. Stops, staring
at the knightly apparition. QUIXOTE
is gazing at her, stricken)

Dear God...it is she!

(ALDONZA looks back over her shoulder;
to whom is he referring?)

Sweet lady...fair virgin...

→ (A stare from the MULETEERS)

(Averting his eyes worshipfully)

I dare not gaze full upon thy countenance lest I be blinded by beauty. But I implore thee - speak once thy name.

ALDONZA

(A growl)

Aldonza.

DON QUIXOTE

My lady jests.

ALDONZA

(A loud growl)

Aldonza!

DON QUIXOTE

(Approaching her)

The name of a kitchen-scullion...or mayhap my lady's serving-maid?

ALDONZA

I told you my name! Now get out of the way.
(She clears past him to the table)

DON QUIXOTE

(Smiling, still keeping his eyes
averted)

Did my lady think to put me to a test? Ah, sweet sovereign
of my captive heart,

(Music starts)

I shall not fail thee, for I know.
(Turning toward her, sings)

4

DULCINEA

I HAVE DREAMED THEE TOO LONG,
NEVER SEEN THEE OR TOUCHED THEE, BUT KNOWN THEE
WITH ALL OF MY HEART,
HALF A PRAYER, HALF A SONG,
THOU HAST ALWAYS BEEN WITH ME, THOUGH WE HAVE BEEN
ALWAYS APART.

DULCINEA...DULCINEA...
I SEE HEAVEN WHEN I SEE THEE, DULCINEA,
AND THY NAME IS LIKE A PRAYER AN ANGEL WHISPERS...
DULCINEA...DULCINEA!

(She moves away from him. He
follows)

IF I REACH OUT TO THEE,
DO NOT TREMBLE AND SHRINK FROM THE TOUCH OF MY HAND
ON THY HAIR.
LET MY FINGERS BUT SEE
THOU ART WARM AND ALIVE, AND NO PHANTOM TO FADE IN
THE AIR.

DULCINEA...DULCINEA...
I HAVE SOUGHT THEE, SUNG THEE, DREAMED THEE, DULCINEA!
NOW I'VE FOUND THEE, AND THE WORLD SHALL KNOW THY GLORY.
DULCINEA...DULCINEA!

(He kneels at her feet as she
and the others stare at him.
The INNKEEPER enters)

INNKEEPER

(Quietly, to QUIXOTE)

Come along, Senor Knight! I'll show you to your quarters.
(He maneuvers QUIXOTE offstage)

MARIA

(Mocking, to ALDONZA, extending
a bucket and rag to her)

Ay, Dulcinea!

→ (The MULETEERS launch into an elaborate parody of the song. The GUITARIST is carried by one of them. The others kneel in various attitudes, averting their eyes)

ANSELMO

(Singing)
DULCINEA...

MULETEERS

DULCINEA...
I SEE HEAVEN WHEN I SEE THEE, DULCINEA.

ANSELMO

AND THY NAME IS LIKE A PRAYER AN ANGEL WHISPERS...
(She kneels him appropriately.
His voice jumps an octave as
he rolls over the table)
DULCINEA...

MULETEERS

DULCINEA...

MULETEERS

DULCINEA...DULCINEA...
I HAVE SOUGHT THEE, SUNG THEE,
DREAMED THEE, DULCINEA!
NOW I'VE FOUND THEE, AND THE
WORLD SHALL KNOW THY GLORY,
DULCINEA...DULCINEA!

(She chases the others about the stage, belaboring them; then she jumps onto the table to throw the contents of the bucket onto the MULETEERS, but they snatch it from her and she lands sitting on the table top. They lift the top off the table -- the top was originally the well-cover of the prison -- and put it back onto the well, carrying her over on it. As they do, the lights change, the other inn things are cleared and we are back in the prison)

(THE DUKE is in the center of the arena, shouting the others down)

THE DUKE

Governor! Governor! If you don't mind -- this man proposed to offer a defense!

CERVANTES

But this is my defense.

THE DUKE

The most curious I've ever heard!

CERVANTES

But if it entertains...?

THE DUKE

(Waspishly)

The word is 'diverts'. I think your purpose is to divert us from ours.

CERVANTES

(Cheerfully)

Precisely! And now if I may get on with it...?

THE GOVERNOR

Continue your defense!

5

(CHANGE OF SCENE)

(CERVANTES, again the scene-master, selects people and arranges the next sequence as he speaks)

CERVANTES

Imagine now the family our brave knight left behind! Not the lords and ladies and retainers of Don Quixote de la Mancha, but the simple womenfolk of a country squire known as Alonso Quijana.

(During the following, he beckons to three of the PRISONERS, handing them costumes)

Imagine their shock as news of the master's madness reaches them! To his niece, Antonia -- who is worried about its effect on her forthcoming marriage. To his housekeeper of many years -- who is worried about even darker matters. To the local padre who has known Alonso all of his life.

(To THE DUKE)

And shortly there will enter a character whose philosophy, I think, will appeal enormously - to you!

(He slings a costume to THE DUKE)

Alonso's niece and his housekeeper hurry to the neighborhood church.

(To his MANSERVANT)

Sancho, may we have a church?

(The MANSERVANT collects some odd grille-work lying about)

(To ANTONIA and the HOUSEKEEPER who have finished their costume change)

Anguished by this terrible situation -- and not unaware of what the neighbors may think -- they seek help and advice from the Padre.

(The PRISONER, selected for the PADRE, also costumed, giggles with delight in his role. CERVANTES wipes the smile from his face, adjusts his posture)

CERVANTES (Cont'd)

The Padre.

(The PADRE composes himself instantly and assumes a dignified aspect. The grille-work has been assembled into a rudimentary church confessional. CERVANTES indicates to the two WOMEN that they kneel at opposite sides of it, and that the PADRE sit on a barrel inside it. CERVANTES gives them their final instructions)

But in spite of the trouble which the Squire's madness may bring down upon her head, you may be sure she is only thinking of him!

(They come to life in their new characters, singing. The lights have changed -- a stained-glass window is projected onto the floor -- we do seem to be in a simple country church)

ANTONIA

(Holier-than-thou, into the screen, to the PADRE who is listening)

5

(Continued) I'M ONLY THINKING OF HIM

I'M ONLY THINKING OF HIM,
I'M ONLY THINKING OF HIM,
WHATEVER I MAY DO OR SAY,
I'M ONLY THINKING OF HIM!
IN MY BODY, IT'S WELL KNOWN,
THERE IS NOT ONE SELFISH BONE -
I'M ONLY THINKING AND WORRYING ABOUT HIM!
(More confidential, then more
passionate)
I'VE BEEN TOLD HE'S CHASING DRAGONS AND I FEAR IT MAY
BE TRUE.
IF MY GROOM SHOULD HEAR ABOUT IT, HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT
HE WILL DO!
OH, I DEARLY LOVE MY UNCLE BUT FOR WHAT HE'S DONE TO ME
I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE AND LOCK HIM UP AND THROW AWAY THE
KEY!

(She's realized what she's said)

ANTONIA (Cont'd)

BUT IF I DO...

BUT IF I DO...

THERE IS ONE THING THAT I SWEAR WILL STILL BE TRUE...

ANTONIA

I'M ONLY THINKING OF HIM;
I'M ONLY THINKING OF HIM;
I'M ONLY THINKING AND
WORRYING ABOUT HIM.

PADRE

I KNOW, I KNOW, MY DEAR;
OF COURSE YOU ARE, MY DEAR;
I UNDERSTAND.

(The HOUSEKEEPER starts her plaint
and joins ANTONIA. The PADRE now
turns his attention to her)

HOUSEKEEPER

I'M ONLY THINKING OF HIM,
I'M ONLY THINKING OF HIM,
WHATEVER I MAY DO OR SAY,
I'M ONLY THINKING OF HIM!
IN THE VERY HEART OF ME
THERE IS CHRISTIAN CHARITY.
I'M ONLY THINKING AND WORRYING ABOUT HIM.

OH, I THINK HE'S BEEN TOO LONELY, LIVING YEARS WITHOUT
A SPOUSE,
SO WHEN HE RETURNS I FEAR I MAY HAVE TROUBLE IN THE
HOUSE;
FOR THEY SAY HE SEEKS A LADY, WHO HIS OWN TRUE LOVE
SHALL BE;
GOD FORBID THAT IN HIS MADNESS HE SHOULD EVER THINK
IT'S ME!

(The PADRE steals a look around the
screen at her, incredulously)

IF HE SHOULD TRY
I'LL SURELY DIE,
AND I WILL GRIMLY GUARD MY HONOR AS I CRY --

(Now they both sing at him; he
moves from side to side, trying
vainly to hear two simultaneous
confessions)

HOUSEKEEPER

I'M ONLY THINKING
OF HIM;
I'M ONLY THINKING
OF HIM;
I'M ONLY THINKING AND
WORRYING ABOUT HIM.

PADRE

I KNOW, I KNOW,
MY DEAR;
OF COURSE YOU ARE,
MY DEAR;
I UNDERSTAND.

ANTONIA

Woe, woe, etc.

HOUSEKEEPER

WOE!

ANTONIA

WOE!

(These last have been so noisy that the PADRE slips out of the box onto his knees; he sings prayerfully, albeit humorously, addressing God. The ladies continue their obligato "Woes" throughout)

PADRE

THEY'RE ONLY THINKING OF HIM,
THEY'RE ONLY THINKING OF HIM,
HOW SAINTLY IS THEIR PLAINTIVE PLEA -
THEY'RE ONLY THINKING OF HIM!
WHAT A COMFORT, TO BE SURE,
THAT THEIR MOTIVES ARE SO PURE -
AS THEY GO THINKING AND WORRYING ABOUT HIM!

(As the number ends, CERVANTES rises, and the lights change. He ushers THE DUKE, now dressed in academic cap and gown, downstage)

CERVANTES

And now there appears on the scene a man of breeding...intelligence...logic. He is Antonia's fiancée, Doctor Sanson Carrasco -- Bachelor of Science - graduate of the University of Salamanca!

(Drily)

A man who carries his own self-importance as though afraid of breaking it.

(THE DUKE-CARRASCO gives him a filthy look but accepts being positioned in a corner of the stage. CERVANTES gestures to the PADRE, the HOUSEKEEPER and ANTONIA, and all four, CARRASCO included, begin to speak at once, noisily arguing. CERVANTES claps his hands for silence)

I had forgotten that family quarrels have a way of getting out of hand. With so much at stake in the game, let us rearrange the pieces!

(Moving ANTONIA to a second corner)

The queen -- clever!

(Moving the HOUSEKEEPER to a third corner)

CERVANTES (Cont'd)

The castle -- formidable!

(Moving the PADRE to the fourth corner)

The bishop -- charmingly diagonal!

(Sitting center)

And now -- the problem of the knight!

(They begin speaking; all keep to their assigned corners. Although the staging is thus styled, the scene is played realistically -- all are very agitated and it plays at break-neck pace)

ANTONIA

Sanson!

PADRE

Have you heard?

DR. CARRASCO

On my way here I was informed by at least ten people.

(To ANTONIA)

My dear, your uncle is the laughing-stock of the entire neighborhood. Padre? What do you know of this?

PADRE

Only that the good Senor Quijana has been carried away by his imagination.

DR. CARRASCO

Senor Quijana has lost his mind and is suffering from delusions.

PADRE

Is there a difference?

DR. CARRASCO

Exactitude of meaning. I beg to remind you, Padre, that I am a doctor.

ANTONIA

Please don't argue, we must do something about him!

DR. CARRASCO

I'm a little more concerned about us.

ANTONIA

What do you mean, us?

DR. CARRASCO

Our marriage, my dear. There is a certain embarrassment at having a madman in the family. In the eyes of others -

PADRE

(Alarmed at this drift)

Oh, come, come, Doctor.

DR. CARRASCO

I do not relish claiming a lunatic as uncle!

HOUSEKEEPER

(Nodding, a sibyl)

The innocent must pay for the sins of the guilty.

PADRE

Guilty of what? A gentle delusion!

DR. CARRASCO

How do you know it is gentle? By this time who knows what violence he has committed! He was armed?

HOUSEKEEPER

With sword and lance.

ANTONIA

Sanson. I had hoped for so much for us. For you, really. Everything was to be for you. My Uncle's house...his lands...

PADRE

(The devil's advocate)

True, Doctor. In time they would all be yours. After all, if one is to serve science, one must have the means.

DR. CARRASCO

Are you priest or pawnbroker?

PADRE

(Swiftly, revising his approach)

What I meant was - consider the challenge.

DR. CARRASCO

Challenge?

PADRE

Think what cleverness it would take to wean this man from madness. To turn him from his course and persuade him to return home.

(The scene reaches its climax in pace and intensity with this last speech. Since this is the turning-point, CERVANTES rises. CARRASCO reflects a moment, then resumes)

DR. CARRASCO

Hmmm...that is a challenge.

PADRE

Impossible.

DR. CARRASCO

He can't have gotten far?

PADRE

No more than a day's journey!

DR. CARRASCO

Get ready, Padre.

(Music starts)

We shall go after him.

(As they prepare to leave, the
DOCTOR sings:)

6

WE'RE ONLY THINKING OF HIM (TAG)

DR. CARRASCO

BUT AS WE GO...

BUT AS WE GO...

THERE IS ONE THING THAT I WANT THE WORLD TO KNOW!

PADRE

(Singing, aside)

I FEEL, WITH PAIN,

THAT ONCE AGAIN,

WE NOW WILL HEAR A VERY OFTEN HEARD REFRAIN.

DR. CARRASCO

I'M ONLY THINKING OF HIM,

I'M ONLY THINKING OF HIM,

PADRE

HE'S ONLY THINKING OF HIM,

ANTONIA & HOUSEKEEPER

YOU'RE ONLY THINKING OF HIM --

HE'S ONLY THINKING OF HIM,
JUST HIM.

DR. CARRASCO

WHATEVER I MAY DO OR SAY,

I'M ONLY THINKING OF HIM.

IN MY BODY, IT'S WELL KNOWN,

THERE IS NOT ONE SELFISH

BONE...

ANTONIA & HOUSEKEEPER

WHATEVER YOU MAY DO OR SAY

YOU'RE ONLY THINKING OF HIM.

I'M ONLY THINKING OF HIM!

PADRE

(Sings sardonically)

THEY'RE ONLY THINKING OF HIM,

ANTONIA & HOUSEKEEPER

HE'S ONLY THINKING AND WORRYING
ABOUT HIM!

(Lights dim out on them as CERVANTES,
back in the prison light, steps forward)

(Music segues)

(CHANGE OF SCENE)

6A

DULCINEA (UNDERScore)

CERVANTES

Let us return now to the inn. To the kitchen of the inn.

(To two of the female PRISONERS
now visible at the side)

A kitchen, ladies, if you please! Thank you.

(They hand him pots, which he
takes, sniffing as he does)

Ah yes, yesterday's onion stew...chicken tripes, with
peppers...ugh...

(He places the pots on a metal arm
which the women have placed over
the fire. The lights change dur-
ing the following and we are pre-
sumably in the kitchen of the inn.
ALDONZA enters, adjusts the pots,
serves herself some food from one
of them into a wooden bowl)

Now then! As everyone knows, it is imperative that a knight
shall have a lady -- for a knight without a lady is like a
body without a soul. To whom would he dedicate his conquests?
What vision sustain him when he sallies forth to do battle
with ogres and with giants? Don Quixote, having discovered
his lady, sends his faithful squire to her with a missive.

(Music stops)

(SANCHO has moved forward; CERVANTES
hands him a sheet of paper. The
transition is complete; CERVANTES
exits)

ALDONZA

(Picking up the cue from CERVANTES
but continuing in the new scene to
SANCHO)

Missive? What's a missive?

SANCHO

A sort of a letter. My master warned me to give it only
into your hand.

ALDONZA

Let's see it.

ALDONZA (Cont'd)

(She takes the rolled sheet from
SANCHO, inspects both sides)

I can't read.

SANCHO

Neither can I. But my master, foreseeing such a possibility,
recited it to me so I could commit it to heart.

ALDONZA

(Suddenly angry)

What made him think I couldn't read?

SANCHO

Well, as he explained it, noblewomen are so busy with their
needlework --

ALDONZA

Needlework?

SANCHO

Embroidering banners for their knights. He said they had
no time for study.

ALDONZA

What's it say?

(SANCHO takes the letter from her,
holds it before him, then closes
his eyes.

MUSIC: Horn cue for pitch. SANCHO
sings a cappella. The quotations
from the letter are sung. All other
lines are spoken. Through it all
ALDONZA gobbles her supper - more
than indelicately)

6B

THE MISSIVE

SANCHO

"MOST LOVELY SOVEREIGN AND HIGHBORN LADY -- "

ALDONZA

Ho.

SANCHO

"THE HEART OF THIS, THY VASSAL KNIGHT, FAINTS
FOR THY FAVOR."

ALDONZA

Ha.

(She wipes her mouth with the back
of her hand, then wipes her hand
on her skirt)

SANCHO
 "OH, FAIREST OF THE FAIR, PUREST OF THE PURE,
 INCOMPARABLE DULCINEA -- "

ALDONZA
That again. My name is Aldonza!

SANCHO
 (Patiently)
 My master calls you Dulcinea.

ALDONZA
 (Glowering)
 Why?

SANCHO
 I don't know, but I can tell you from experience that
 knights have their own language for everything, and it's
 better not to ask questions because it only gets you
 into trouble.

(ALDONZA shrugs, then gestures
 for him to continue)

"I BEG THEE GRANT THAT I MAY KISS THE NETHERMOST
 HEM OF THY GARMENT -- "

ALDONZA
 Kiss my which?

SANCHO
 If you keep interrupting, the whole thing will be gone
 out of my head!

ALDONZA
 Well, what does he want?

SANCHO
 I'm getting to it!
 " -- AND SEND TO ME A TOKEN OF THY FAIR
 ESTEEM THAT I MAY CARRY AS MY STANDARD
 INTO BATTLE."

ALDONZA
 What kind of a token?

SANCHO
 He says generally it's a silken scarf.

ALDONZA
 (Rising, wiping her bowl with a
 filthy rag)
 Your master's a crackbrain!

SANCHO

Oh, no!

ALDONZA

(Mimicking him)

Oh, yes!

SANCHO

(With an enormous grin)

Well, they say one madman makes a hundred and love makes a thousand.

ALDONZA

(Quietly)

What does that mean?

SANCHO

I'm not sure.

ALDONZA

You're crazy, too!

(A pause)

Well, what are you waiting for?

SANCHO

The token.

ALDONZA

I'll give him a token. Here!

(She flings him the filthy rag)

SANCHO

(Examining it in dismay)

But my lady -

ALDONZA

(Driving him away)

Don't you 'my lady' me too or I'll crack you like an egg!

Wait a minute. Come here.

(He is reluctant)

Come here.

(He moves toward her)

Sit. Sit!

(SANCHO sits, she plunks down beside him on the floor)

Why do you follow him?

SANCHO

(He's been somewhat apprehensive; now he relaxes)

Oh, that's easy to explain, I...I...

(The reason seems to elude him)

ALDONZA

Why?

SANCHO

I'm telling you. It's because...because...

ALDONZA

Why?

7

I LIKE HIM

SANCHO

(He is at a loss for a reason;
finally, giving up, he sings,
simply)

I LIKE HIM.

I REALLY LIKE HIM.

TEAR OUT MY FINGERNAILS ONE BY ONE, I LIKE HIM!

I DON'T HAVE

A VERY GOOD REASON.

SINCE I'VE BEEN WITH HIM CUCKOONUTS HAVE BEEN
IN SEASON -

BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO,
CHOP ME UP FOR ONION STEW,
STILL I'LL YELL TO THE SKY,
THOUGH I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY,
THAT I LIKE HIM!

ALDONZA

It doesn't make any sense!

SANCHO

That's because you're not a squire.

ALDONZA

(With humor)

All right, I'm not a squire. How does a squire squire?
(Then, seriously)

SANCHO

Well, I ride behind him...and he fights. Then I pick him
up off the ground...

ALDONZA

But what do you get out of it?

SANCHO

What do I get? Oh! Why, already I've gotten...I've
gotten...

ALDONZA

You've gotten nothing! Why do you do it?

SANCHO

(A pause, then singing again)

I LIKE HIM.

I REALLY LIKE HIM.

PLUCK ME NAKED AS A SCALDED CHICKEN, I LIKE HIM!

DON'T ASK ME

FOR WHY OR WHEREFORE,

'CAUSE I DON'T HAVE A SINGLE GOOD 'BECAUSE' OR
'THEREFORE.'

YOU CAN BARBECUE MY NOSE,
MAKE A GIBLET OF MY TOES,
MAKE ME FREEZE, MAKE ME FRY,
MAKE ME SIGH, MAKE ME CRY,
STILL I'LL YELL TO THE SKY,
THOUGH I CAN'T TELL YOU WHY,
THAT I...LIKE...HIM!

(He exits, in his own kind of dignity)

(Lights dim out, and immediately come
up on another corner of the stage,
which is now the stable of the inn.
The "horses", wrapped in blankets,
are kneeling at their stalls.
ALDONZA approaches them with feed
buckets)

ALDONZA

Ay, there, old hack...little burro. Here's something to
warm your heart and cover your bones. There you are -- eat!

(One of the "horses" falls to, the
other sniffs and turns away)

What's the matter, not good enough?

(The "horse" agrees, indicates the
other bucket. She switches buckets)

Just like people. You always want what the other one's got.

(He smells again; again refuses to
eat)

It's the same as I get. Maybe better.

(The "horse" sighs, leans on his
bucket)

A fine pair, just as crazy as your master.

(The one eating shakes his head
vigorously)

Oh, I'm sorry. I apologize! You've got no choice -- do as
you're told --

(Music starts)

-- but who can figure him out?

(She sits on the back of one "horse"
and sings)

(CHANGE OF SCENE) WHAT DOES HE WANT OF ME?

ALDONZA (Cont'd)

WHY DOES HE DO THE THINGS HE DOES?
 WHY DOES HE DO THESE THINGS?
 WHY DOES HE MARCH THROUGH THAT DREAM THAT HE'S IN,
 COVERED WITH GLORY AND RUSTY OLD TIN?
 WHY DOES HE LIVE IN A WORLD THAT CAN'T BE
 AND WHAT DOES HE WANT OF ME?

(Through the next chorus, she moves
 between the "horses", pulls the
 missive out -- looks at it, even
 though she can't read it. The
 non-eating "horse" takes a brief
 nibble at it; she whacks him
 casually with it, continues singing)

WHY DOES HE SAY THE THINGS HE SAYS?
 WHY DOES HE SAY THESE THINGS?
 "SWEET DULCINEA" AND "MISSIVE" AND SUCH,
 "NETHERMOST HEM OF THY GARMENT I TOUCH",
 NO ONE CAN BE WHAT HE WANTS ME TO BE,
 OH, WHAT DOES HE WANT OF ME...
 WHAT DOES HE WANT OF ME?

(The other "horse" pushes his
 bucket away. She picks up both
 the buckets and starts away.
 The "horses" prepare themselves
 for sleep, lie down, roll over.
 She crosses the stage)

DOESN'T HE KNOW HE'LL BE LAUGHED AT WHEREVER HE'LL GO?
 AND WHY I'M NOT LAUGHING MYSELF... I DON'T KNOW.

WHY DOES HE WANT THE THINGS HE WANTS?
 WHY DOES HE WANT THESE THINGS?
 WHY DOES HE BATTER AT WALLS THAT WON'T BREAK?
 WHY DOES HE GIVE WHEN IT'S NATURAL TO TAKE?
 WHERE DOES HE SEE ALL THE GOOD HE CAN SEE,
 AND WHAT DOES HE WANT OF ME?
 WHAT DOES HE WANT OF ME?

(As ALDONZA concludes, puzzled,
 the "horses" sit up briefly, look
 at her, shrug and lie down again
 as the lights dim)

(Music segues)

8A

(CHANGE OF SCENE) LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD

ANSELMO

(This is sung while
CERVANTES is still
on stage)

LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD,
IN THE CINNAMON TREE,
LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD,
DO YOU SING FOR ME?
DO YOU BRING ME WORD
OF ONE I KNOW?

ANSELMO &
MULETEERS

LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD,
I LOVE HER SO,

(CERVANTES exits)

LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD,
I HAVE TO KNOW,
LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD.

ANSELMO &
PEDRO

BENEATH THIS TREE, THIS
CINNAMON TREE,

(ALDONZA appears)

WE LEARNED TO LOVE, WE
LEARNED TO CRY;
FOR HERE WE MET AND HERE
WE KISSED,
AND HERE ONE COLD AND
MOONLESS NIGHT WE
SAID GOODBYE.

(MULETEERS join in)

LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD,
OH HAVE PITY ON ME,
BRING HER BACK TO ME NOW
'NEATH THE CINNAMON TREE,
I HAVE WAITED TOO LONG
WITHOUT A SONG...

LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD,
PLEASE FLY, PLEASE GO,
LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD,
AND TELL HER SO,
LITTLE BIRD, LITTLE BIRD!

(The prison light comes on and CERVANTES re-appears leading on some of the MULETEERS. He teaches one of them a song, as he indicates to the others what they must do to create the illusion of the inn yard with well, gate, etc. He arranges the MULETEERS about the coping of the well, singing, and gestures to the other side of the stage for ALDONZA to enter)

(The lights change to the exterior of the inn; it is early evening. As ALDONZA approaches, the lines sung by the MULETEERS focus on her. She pushes one or two of them out of the way in order to get to the well)

(As she fills the buckets they make some casual passes at her -- finally they surround her)

ALDONZA

(She can't move, the MULETEERS
block her; dispassionately)
I spit in the milk of your "little bird".

(They laugh and she pulls away.
PEDRO spies the missive, which
she has tucked into her costume)

PEDRO

Here, what's this?
(He snatches it)

ALDONZA

Give it back!

PEDRO

It's a letter.

ALDONZA

That's how stupid you are. It's a missive!

PEDRO

(Fending her off)
Missive?
(Holding it up)
Who reads?

(ANSELMO holds up a hand. PEDRO
tosses him the letter. ALDONZA
would try to retrieve it but is
held by PEDRO and another of the
MULETEERS)

PEDRO

(Reprovingly, closing her mouth
with a hand)
Sh-h-h!

ALDONZA

Sons of whores!
(She bites him)

ANSELMO

(Haltingly, mispronouncing "sovereign")
'Most lovely sovereign and high-born lady - !' It's from
her knight. A love letter!

ALDONZA

(Still held)
It's a stupid joke.

TENORIO

Then why so hot about it?

PEDRO

Has he touched your heart?

ALDONZA

(Breaking away and snatching back
the letter)

Nobody touches my heart.

ANSELMO

All those fine words...!

ALDONZA

(She picks up her buckets of
water and starts off)

Fine words. He's a man, isn't he? All right, he wants
what every other man wants...

(PEDRO stops her, holds her
with a question)

PEDRO

Aldonza?

ALDONZA

Later...when I'm finished in the kitchen.

→ (She exits. The MULETEERS pick up
the refrain of "Little Bird" and
sing it insinuatingly as the PADRE
and DR. CARRASCO come through the
gate. FERMINA enters and crosses
to them. They ask to see DON
QUIXOTE; she exits to tell him of
their arrival. We hear none of
this, but it is clear pantomimically.
They cross away from the MULETEERS
to wait)

PADRE

I confess I shall not know what to say to him.

DR. CARRASCO

In that case, leave it to me.

PADRE

He may not even know us!

DR. CARRASCO

I am prepared for that contingency. Should he fail to
recognize us...

(He is interrupted by:)

DON QUIXOTE

(From off-stage; he enters
during course of speech)

Who is it crieth help of Don Quixote de La Mancha? Is
there a castle beleaguered by giants? A king who lies
under enchantment? An army besieged and awaiting rescue?

(Surprised, advances toward them)

Why, what is this?

(With cordial welcome)

My friends!

DR. CARRASCO

(Taken aback)

You know us?

DON QUIXOTE

(Equally puzzled)

Should a man not know his friends, Dr. Carrasco?

(With great warmth, taking his hand)

-- Padre Perez!

PADRE

(In deep relief)

Ah, Senor Quijana --

DON QUIXOTE

(Reproving but kind)

I should prefer that you address me properly. I am Don
Quixote, knight-errant of La Mancha.

(The PADRE quails, sinks to a seat)

DR. CARRASCO

Senor Quijana --

DON QUIXOTE

(Another gentle correction)

Don Quixote.

DR. CARRASCO

There are no giants. No kings under enchantment. No
chivalry. No knights. There have been no knights for
three hundred years.

DON QUIXOTE

(To the PADRE, pityingly)

So learned -- yet so misinformed.

DR. CARRASCO

(Losing his temper)

These are facts.

DON QUIXOTE

Facts are the enemy of truth.

SANCHO

(Entering, the token hidden
behind him)

Your Grace --

DON QUIXOTE

(Eagerly)

Well? Did she receive thee?

(SANCHO nods)

Ah, most fortunate of squires! And the token. What of the token?

(SANCHO proffers the rag misgivingly.
QUIXOTE takes it - then reverently)

Gossamer.

(Turning away)

Forgive me. I am overcome.

SANCHO

(To THE PADRE and CARRASCO)

It's from his lady.

DR. CARRASCO

(To the PADRE)

So there's a woman!

DON QUIXOTE

(Turning back to them)

A lady! The lady Dulcinea. Her beauty is more than human.
Her quality? Perfection. She is the very meaning of
woman...and all meaning woman has to man.

PADRE

(With a sad smile)

To each his Dulcinea.

(A happy carolling is heard from
someone approaching the inn)

9

BARBER'S SONG

DON QUIXOTE

(Hearing and turning.
He and SANCHO move
to the gate and look
off)

Someone approaches....!

SANCHO

Just an ordinary traveler.

BARBER

(Singing off-stage)

OH, I AM A LITTLE BARBER
AND I GO MY MERRY WAY,
WITH MY RAZOR AND MY LEECHES
I CAN ALWAYS EARN MY PAY.

THOUGH YOUR CHIN BE SMOOTH
AS SATIN,
YOU WILL NEED ME SOON I KNOW,

DON QUIXOTE
 (Pointing off)
 But see what he wears upon
 his head! Get thee to a
 place of hiding, Sancho.
 (They both cross stage)

SANCHO
 (Apprehensively)
 Oh, dear!
 (He hides as QUIXOTE
 too conceals himself
 to one side)

BARBER (Cont'd)
 FOR THE LORD PROTECTS HIS
 BARBERS,
 AND HE MAKES THE STUBBLE GROW.

(The BARBER enters. A
 quantity of medical and
 barber equipment is
 strung across his costume
 and on his head he wears
 a brass shaving basin)

BARBER
 (Singing, addressing the MULETEERS,
 a professional, jokey greeting)
 IF I SLIP WHEN I AM SHAVING YOU
 AND CUT YOU TO THE QUICK,
 YOU CAN USE ME AS A DOCTOR,
 'CAUSE I ALSO HEAL THE SICK.

(QUIXOTE comes up behind him; his
 sword extended into the BARBER's
 back. The BARBER turns, examines
 the sword, then QUIXOTE's armor, lifts
 his visor, then turns away, unbelieving)

By the beard of St. Anthony -- I could swear I see before
 me a knight in full armor!

(A pause while he considers this)
 That's ridiculous! There aren't any knights.

(QUIXOTE roars, raising his sword.
 the BARBER falls to his knees)

I was wrong! Forgive me, Your Worship, I thought I'd
 been touched by the sun!

DON QUIXOTE
 Thou wilt be touched by far worse if thou dost not speedily
 hand over that Golden Helmet!

BARBER
 Golden helmet?

(To SANCHO, mouthing -- no sound
 emerges -- "What golden helmet?"
 SANCHO shrugs. Then the BARBER
 realizes QUIXOTE must mean the
 shaving basin. He takes it off
 and presents it)

But this is a shaving basin!

DON QUIXOTE

(With fine contempt)

Shaving basin!

SANCHO

(Examining it)

I must say, Your Grace, it does look like a shaving basin.

BARBER

Of course! You see, I am a barber. A barber?

(A couple of brief snips, with
his fingers, all to no avail.

He continues, ever more desperate)

I ply my trade from village to village, and I was wearing
this on my head to ward off the rays of the sun, so that's
how Your Highship made the mistake of --

DON QUIXOTE

Silence!

(The BARBER drops onto a barrel.
Impressively, to CARRASCO and
the PADRE)

Know thou what this really is? The Golden Helmet of
Mambrino! When worn by one of noble heart it renders
him invulnerable to all wounds!

(To the BARBER, whacking the
barrel with his sword)

Misbegotten knave -- where didst thou steal it?

BARBER

I didn't steal it!

DON QUIXOTE

Hand it over.

BARBER

(Rising)

But it cost me half a crown!

DON QUIXOTE

Hand it over or I shall--!

(He takes a mighty swipe with his
sword. The BARBER yelps and
tumbles out of the way, abandoning
the basin which SANCHO catches)

SANCHO

(With satisfaction)

It is worth half a crown.

(Music starts)

DON QUIXOTE

Fool!

(His face lights up; he handles the basin with great reverence, but one heavy armor-clad foot remains on the prostrate BARBER, who tries to remove it; finally gives up)

10

GOLDEN HELMET OF MAMBRINO

THOU GOLDEN HELMET OF MAMBRINO,
WITH SO ILLUSTRIOUS A PAST,
TOO LONG HAST THOU BEEN LOST TO GLORY,
TH'ART REDISCOVERED NOW AT LAST!

GOLDEN HELMET OF MAMBRINO,
THERE CAN BE NO
HAT LIKE THEE!
THEE AND I, NOW,
'ERE I DIE, NOW,
WILL MAKE GOLDEN
HISTORY!

(By this time, QUIXOTE removes the foot; the BARBER still on the ground, reaches out for assistance to rise, grabs the corkscrew sword, smiles weakly at SANCHE, turns to the MULETEERS questioningly. They "sshh" him, heavily; they're amused, playing along with all this)

(During the following, QUIXOTE crosses over to the PADRE and CARRASCO, removes his old helmet, and asks in mime that the PADRE "crown" him with the new one. The PADRE, nonplussed, doesn't know what to do, but CARRASCO gestures to him to comply -- very much the psychiatrist, he's interested in the extent of this insanity)

BARBER

(Singing)

I CAN HEAR THE CUCKOO SINGING IN THE CUCKOOBERRY TREE...

SANCHE

(Singing)

IF HE SAYS THAT THAT'S A HELMET, I SUGGEST THAT YOU
AGREE...

BARBER

BUT HE'LL FIND IT IS NOT GOLD AND WILL NOT MAKE
HIM BOLD AND BRAVE...

SANCHO
WELL, AT LEAST HE'LL FIND IT USEFUL IF HE EVER NEEDS
A SHAVE!

(Music for pantomime continues)

(SANCHO and the BARBER now move toward QUIXOTE. Just as QUIXOTE is about to be crowned by the PADRE, he remembers the token, takes it from inside his tunic, hands it to SANCHO indicating that it be attached to the helmet before the crowning is completed. SANCHO does so, handing the helmet back to the BARBER who is standing between SANCHO and the PADRE. The BARBER handles this rag in utter disbelief as the PADRE, a seemingly perfectly respectable priest, takes the basin, rag attached, from him and completes the coronation. The MULETEERS watch too, in delighted amazement)

DON QUIXOTE
THOU GOLDEN HELMET OF MAMBRINO,
THY DEEDS THE WORLD WILL NOT FORGET;
NOW DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA
WILL BRING THEE GREATER GLORY YET!

→ (By now everyone's participation in this astounding ceremony has convinced the poor BARBER, and when all -- save the PADRE and CARRASCO -- join QUIXOTE in the final chorus, the BARBER sings, too, louder than anyone)

DON QUIXOTE (Cont'd)
GOLDEN HELMET OF MAMBRINO,
THERE CAN BE NO HAT LIKE THEE,
THEE AND I NOW,
'ERE I DIE NOW,
WILL MAKE GOLDEN HISTORY!

SANCHO, BARBER & MULETEERS
-- HELMET OF MAMBRINO,
THERE CAN BE NO HAT LIKE THEE,
GOLDEN HELMET OF MAMBRINO
WILL MAKE GOLDEN HISTORY!

(The song ends very softly; the BARBER mouths: "That's my hat." It is a very private and moving moment, after all, and SANCHO tiptoes off, taking the bemused, now happily stricken BARBER with him; the MULETEERS, one of them sobbing uncontrollably, also exit; the PADRE and DR.

→

CARRASCO leave too. QUIXOTE is
left alone, regarding his prize,
as the INNKEEPER enters)

INNKEEPER
Your friends have departed?

DON QUIXOTE
(Turning on his knees)
Sir Castellano --

INNKEEPER
Here, here, what's this?

DON QUIXOTE
I would make a confession.

INNKEEPER
To me?

DON QUIXOTE
(Rising)
I would confess that I have never actually been dubbed a
knight.

INNKEEPER
Oh. That's bad!

DON QUIXOTE
And yet I am well qualified, my lord. I am brave,
courteous, bold, generous, affable and patient.

INNKEEPER
(Judiciously)
Yes...that's the list.

DON QUIXOTE
Therefore I would beg a boon of thee.

INNKEEPER
Anything! Within reason.

DON QUIXOTE
Tonight I would hold vigil in the chapel of thy castle,
and at dawn receive from thy hand the ennobling stroke of
knighthood.

INNKEEPER
Hmm. There's one difficulty. No chapel.

DON QUIXOTE
What?

INNKEEPER

(Hastily)

That is -- it's being repaired. But if you wouldn't mind holding your vigil someplace else...?

DON QUIXOTE

(A happy thought)

Here in the courtyard. Under the stars...!

INNKEEPER

Fine! At sunrise you'll be dubbed a knight.

DON QUIXOTE

I thank thee.

INNKEEPER

Now will you have some supper?

DON QUIXOTE

Supper? Before a vigil? No, my lord, on this night I must fast and compose my spirit.

(Music starts)

(He and the INNKEEPER exit separately.
The LIGHTS CHANGE and pick up the
PADRE and CARRASCO en route back home)

PADRE

There is either the wisest madman or the maddest wise man in the world.

DR. CARRASCO

He is mad.

PADRE

Well...in any case we have failed.

DR. CARRASCO

(Tightly)

Not necessarily. We know the sickness. Now to find the cure.

(He exits)

PADRE

(Stopping and reflecting for a moment)

The cure. May it be not worse than the disease.

11TO EACH HIS DULCINEA

PADRE (Cont'd)

(Singing)

TO EACH HIS DULCINEA,
 THAT HE ALONE CAN NAME...
 TO EACH A SECRET HIDING PLACE
 WHERE HE CAN FIND THE HAUNTING FACE
 TO LIGHT HIS SECRET FLAME.

FOR WITH HIS DULCINEA
 BESIDE HIM SO TO STAND,
 A MAN CAN DO QUITE ANYTHING,
 OUTFLY THE BIRD UPON THE WING,
 HOLD MOONLIGHT IN HIS HAND.

YET IF YOU BUILD YOUR LIFE
 ON DREAMS
 IT'S PRUDENT TO RECALL
 A MAN WITH MOONLIGHT IN HIS HAND
 HAS NOTHING THERE AT ALL.

THERE IS NO DULCINEA,
 SHE'S MADE OF FLAME AND AIR,
 AND YET HOW LOVELY LIFE WOULD
 SEEM
 IF EVERY MAN COULD WEAVE A DREAM
 TO KEEP HIM FROM DESPAIR.

TO EACH HIS DULCINEA
 THOUGH SHE'S NAUGHT BUT FLAME
 AND AIR!

(As he sings, we see QUIXOTE
 in half-light at one side
 of the stage, thinking of
 his lady and preparing for
 his vigil; ALDONZA in half-
 light opposite preparing to
 leave for the tryst with
 PEDRO, still puzzling over
 the missive)

(As the PADRE sings this,
 ALDONZA disappears from
 sight and as he con-
 cludes and turns away to
 follow CARRASCO off,
 QUIXOTE rises and we are
 once more back in the
 inn yard)

12THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM (UNDERScore)

(It is night; QUIXOTE is pacing back
 and forth, lance in hand)

DON QUIXOTE

(Pausing)

Now must I consider how sages of the future will describe
 this historic night.

(He strikes a pose...then con-
 tinues his march)

'Long after the sun had retired to his couch, darkening the
 gates and balconies of La Mancha, Don Quixote, with measured
 tread and lofty expression, held vigil in the courtyard of
 a mighty castle!

(He changes tone)

Oh, maker of empty boasts. On this, of all nights, to give
 way to vanity. Nay, Don Quixote -- take a deep breath of
 life and consider how it should be lived.

(He kneels)

Call nothing thy own except thy soul.

DON QUIXOTE (Cont'd)

Love not what thou art, but only what thou may become.

Do not pursue pleasure, for thou may have the misfortune to overtake it.

Look always forward; in last year's nest there are no birds this year.

(ALDONZA has entered the courtyard en route to her rendezvous with PEDRO. She stops, watching DON QUIXOTE and listening)

Be just to all men. Be courteous to all women.

Live in the vision of that one for whom great deeds are done...she that is called Dulcinea.

(Music fades out)

ALDONZA

Why do you call me that?

DON QUIXOTE

My lady!

ALDONZA

Oh, get up from there. Get up!

(He rises)

Why do you call me by that name?

DON QUIXOTE

Because it is thine.

ALDONZA

My name is Aldonza!

DON QUIXOTE

(A denial)

I know thee, lady.

ALDONZA

My name is Aldonza and I think you know me not.

DON QUIXOTE

All my years I have known thee. Thy virtue. Thy nobility of spirit.

ALDONZA

(Dropping the rebozo she wears around her head to her shoulders)

Take another look!

DON QUIXOTE
I have already seen thee in my heart.

ALDONZA
Your heart doesn't know much about women!
(She starts away; turns back through
the following)

DON QUIXOTE
It knows all, my lady. A woman is the very soul of man...
the radiance that lights his way. A woman is...glory!

ALDONZA
What do you want of me?

DON QUIXOTE
Nothing.

ALDONZA
Liar!

DON QUIXOTE
(Turning away)
I deserved the rebuke. I ask of my lady --

ALDONZA
(She moves toward him)
Now we get to it.

DON QUIXOTE
(He turns back to her)
...that I may be allowed to serve her. That I may hold her
in my heart. That I may dedicate each victory and call
upon her in defeat. And if at last I give my life I give
it in the sacred name of Dulcinea.

ALDONZA
(She starts away again)
I must go...Pedro is waiting...
(She pauses. Turns to him, then
vehemently)
Why do you do these things?

DON QUIXOTE
What things?

ALDONZA
These ridiculous...the things you do!

DON QUIXOTE
I hope to add some measure of grace to the world.

ALDONZA
The world's a dung heap and we are maggots that crawl on it!

DON QUIXOTE

My lady knows better in her heart.

ALDONZA

What's in my heart will get me halfway to hell. And you, Senor Don Quixote -- you're going to take such a beating!

DON QUIXOTE

Whether I win or lose does not matter.

ALDONZA

What does?

DON QUIXOTE

Only that I follow the quest.

ALDONZA

(Spits)

That for your quest.

(She turns, marches away. Stops.

Turns back and asks, awkwardly)

What does that mean - quest?

DON QUIXOTE

It is the mission of each true knight...

(Music starts)

...his duty -- nay, his privilege!

13 THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

TO DREAM THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM,
TO FIGHT THE UNBEATABLE FOE,
TO BEAR WITH UNBEARABLE SORROW,
TO RUN WHERE THE BRAVE DARE NOT GO.

TO RIGHT THE UNRIGHTABLE WRONG,
TO LOVE, PURE AND CHASTE, FROM AFAR,
TO TRY, WHEN YOUR ARMS ARE TOO WEARY,
TO REACH THE UNREACHABLE STAR!

THIS IS MY QUEST, TO FOLLOW THAT STAR,
NO MATTER HOW HOPELESS, NO MATTER HOW FAR,
TO FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT WITHOUT QUESTION OR PAUSE,
TO BE WILLING TO MARCH INTO HELL FOR A HEAVENLY CAUSE!

AND I KNOW, IF I'LL ONLY BE TRUE TO THIS GLORIOUS QUEST,
THAT MY HEART WILL LIE PEACEFUL AND CALM WHEN I'M LAID
TO MY REST.

DON QUIXOTE (Cont'd)
 AND THE WORLD WILL BE BETTER FOR THIS,
 THAT ONE MAN, SCORNE AND COVERED WITH SCARS,
 STILL STROVE, WITH HIS LAST OUNCE OF COURAGE,
 TO REACH THE UNREACHABLE STARS!

ALDONZA
 (Quite still after the song...then)
 Once--just once--would you look at me as I really am?

DON QUIXOTE
 (Looking directly at her)
 I see beauty. Purity. I see the woman each man holds
 secret in his heart. Dulcinea.

(ALDONZA backs away from him with a
 low moan, shaking her head...and
 gasps as she collides with PEDRO,
 who has approached unseen. He grips
 her, furious)

PEDRO
 (Wheeling her around)
 Keep me waiting, will you?

ALDONZA
 I wasn't--I didn't--

PEDRO
 (Mocking ferociously)
 My lady. My princess! My little flower...
 (And he slaps her so that she goes
 spinning to the ground)

DON QUIXOTE
 (A roar of outrage)
 Monster!

PEDRO
 Stay clear!

DON QUIXOTE
 (Advancing)
 Thou wouldst strike a woman?!

PEDRO
 Stand back or I'll break your empty head!

DON QUIXOTE
 Oh, thou heart of flint and bowels of cork! Now shall I
 chastise thee!

(Music begins, very soft at first, it builds in intensity through this next -- a broadly comic, half-choreographic conflict)

PEDRO

I warn you -- ai-e-ee!

(DON QUIXOTE has pushed PEDRO with his lance, sent him sprawling; QUIXOTE proceeds to pry him under the buttocks with the end of it, rolling him over)

PEDRO

(Groaning)

Oh-h-h, I am killed.

(In a yell, staying on the ground)

Muleteers! To the rescue!

DON QUIXOTE

Come one, come all! Don Quixote will vanquish armies!

PEDRO

Beware the lance!

(JUAN, one of the MULETEERS, has approached at the run, brandishing a whip. He cracks it at QUIXOTE but it catches, twisting about the lance. JUAN reels forward, holding on to the handle of the whip; QUIXOTE whirls him to the edge of the stage, then as JUAN teeters there in a handstand, QUIXOTE nudges him gently and JUAN flips off. PEDRO rises to grab the whip now hanging at the end of the lance and ALDONZA rises)

ALDONZA

Let him be!

PEDRO

Back, whore!

ALDONZA

I said let him be! He's worth a thousand of you!

PEDRO

You want the same, eh?

(He's gotten the whip by now and goes for her with it, but she has grabbed DON QUIXOTE's sword from beside the

well and swings the flat of it into PEDRO's stomach, knocking the breath out of him. He drops the whip and stumbles and falls into the well. He is trying to climb out as she drops a barrel on him and he sinks, with a loud "Ai..ee", from view)

(During this QUIXOTE has been attacked by two other MULETEERS, JOSE and ANSELMO, the first carrying a rake -- with which he engages QUIXOTE in a kind of broadsword fight -- rake to lance -- the second carrying a large pot. JOSE is knocked to the ground, loses his rake, rises just in time to strike QUIXOTE with his fist at the precise moment ANSELMO places the pot on QUIXOTE's head. JOSE bounds away, howling, clutching his presumably broken fist as SANCHE arrives to help and take the pot, now stuck on QUIXOTE's head. ALDONZA seizes the lance, swings hugely, driving poor JOSE a full circuit about the stage; QUIXOTE gets his foot caught in the pot but gets it out just in time for JOSE -- who has been largely goosed by SANCHE with the rake -- to get stuck sitting in it. SANCHE and ALDONZA pull JOSE's legs apart, QUIXOTE bludgeons him with a rudely improvised shillelagh and SANCHE and ALDONZA finish JOSE off by dropping him into the well, too. As they do, ANSELMO and two other MULETEERS return, bearing a huge ladder. They drive it at QUIXOTE battering-ram fashion, but QUIXOTE catches the end of it with his lance and both jam together. He then drives his lance at them but it goes through the rungs of the ladder, QUIXOTE along with it. ANSELMO grabs the lance; the other two MULETEERS lift QUIXOTE high on the ladder. SANCHE and ALDONZA arrive to demolish ANSELMO, a high kick in the face from her, the shillelagh again from SANCHE. QUIXOTE meanwhile has managed to start turning the ladder so that the last two MULETEERS, at opposite ends of it, begin to whirl

about the stage. The centrifugal force is finally too much and they go crashing off through the gate and over the side as ALDONZA and SANCHO move forward to join QUIXOTE. The music ends)

DON QUIXOTE

(Gasping but joyful)

Victory!

SANCHO

Victory!

ALDONZA

(Brandishing the sword)

Victory!

(The INNKEEPER roused from sleep, comes rushing on, wearing nightgown and bedcap)

INNKEEPER

What is this? All the noise--!

(He sees some of the MULETEERS)

Oh! Oh! What dreadful thing...?

ALDONZA

What glorious thing!

DON QUIXOTE

(Gasping)

Sir Castellano -- I would inform you -- that the right has triumphed.

(He sags to the ground)

SANCHO

(Hurrying to him)

Your Grace! Are you hurt?

DON QUIXOTE

No, Sancho...a little weakness...temporary and of no...

(He passes out)

ALDONZA

Oh, he is hurt!

(She drops the sword and hurries to help)

(MARIA, frightened and in nightclothes, comes running out)

MARIA

What is it?

(Sees QUIXOTE)

The madman! I knew it!

INNKEEPER

(Clearing the stage and going to
the well to help PEDRO out)
Fetch bandages! Hurry, Maria!

ALDONZA

(Tearing bandages from her
petticoat)
Poor warrior...

MARIA

(Bitterly)
Poor lunatic!

INNKEEPER

(Lowering a rope into the well)
Go back to bed, Maria.

MARIA

I warned you what would happen if....

INNKEEPER

Go to bed.

(He pulls the totally damp, be-
draggled JOSE, spewing water, from
the well, and MARIA exits haughtily;
the INNKEEPER turns and JOSE falls
on his face. DON QUIXOTE stirs,
moans)

SANCHO

He's coming around!

DON QUIXOTE

(Opens his eyes and looks at
ALDONZA. Weakly but with pleasure:)
Ah...might I always wake to such a vision!

ALDONZA

(Bandaging his forehead)
Don't move.

SANCHO

I must say, Your Grace, we certainly did a job out here.

DON QUIXOTE

We routed them, did we?

ALDONZA

Ha! That bunch'll be walking bowlegged for a week!



(The MULETEERS are stumbling off
stage; two lug off JOSE)

DON QUIXOTE

(Distressed)

My lady! It is not seemly to gloat over the fallen.

ALDONZA

(Easy; still bandaging him)

Let 'em rot in hell!

(By now the last of the MULETEERS
has been helped from the courtyard)

INNKEEPER

(Agitated, to DON QUIXOTE)

Sir, I am a tame and peaceful man. Please, Sir Knight --
I don't like to be inhospitable -- but I must ask you to
leave as soon as you are able.

DON QUIXOTE

I am sorry to have offended the dignity of thy castle and
I shall depart with daylight. But first, my lord, I must
remind thee of thy promise.

INNKEEPER

Promise?

DON QUIXOTE

True, it is not yet dawn, but I have kept vigil and proven
myself in combat. Therefore I beg that thou dub me knight.

INNKEEPER

(Remembering)

Oh-h. Certainly. Let's get it over with.

DON QUIXOTE

(To SANCHE)

Wilt be good enough to fetch my sword?

(Warmly, as ALDONZA assists)

Lady, I cannot tell thee how joyful I am that this
ceremony should take place in thy presence.

ALDONZA

(As he sways)

Be careful, now!

DON QUIXOTE

It is a solemn moment which seals my vocation...

(SANCHE hands QUIXOTE's sword to
the INNKEEPER. It's bent virtually
in two)

INNKEEPER

(Staring at the sword)

Are you ready?

I am.

DON QUIXOTE

INNKEEPER

Very well, then. Kneel!

(A tympany roll as DON QUIXOTE, with ALDONZA and SANCHO assisting on either side, gets down to his knees. The INNKEEPER, handling the sword gingerly, intones)

15

THE DUBBING

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA!
I HEREBY DUB THEE KNIGHT.

(He touches him with the sword, then hands it back to SANCHO and, very pleased with himself, starts to exit)

DON QUIXOTE

Your Lordship...

INNKEEPER

(Stopping)

What's the matter? Didn't I do it right?

DON QUIXOTE

(There are certain other formalities)

If your Lordship could make some mention of the deeds I performed to earn this honor...?

INNKEEPER

Oh...of course.

(He gets the sword back from SANCHO - bends it straight)

(Intoned again)

DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA,
HAVING PROVED YOURSELF THIS DAY
IN GLORIOUS AND TERRIBLE COMBAT,
AND BY MY AUTHORITY AS LORD OF THIS CASTLE -
I HEREBY DUB THEE KNIGHT!

(This time he's sure he has it right and tries to leave)

DON QUIXOTE

Your lordship...

INNKEEPER

(Stopping again)

Something else?

(SANCHO hands him the sword)

DON QUIXOTE

It is customary to grant the new knight an added name. If Your Lordship could devise such a name for me...?

(Music segues)

INNKEEPER

Hmmm.

(He reflects a moment, then circles QUIXOTE; is suddenly inspired)

15B

KNIGHT OF THE WOEFUL COUNTENANCE

(Singing)

HAIL, KNIGHT OF THE WOEFUL COUNTENANCE!
KNIGHT OF THE WOEFUL COUNTENANCE!
WHEREVER YOU GO
PEOPLE WILL KNOW
OF THE GLORIOUS DEEDS OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WOE --
FUL COUNTENANCE!

FAREWELL AND GOOD CHEER, OH MY BRAVE CAVALIER,
RIDE ONWARD TO GLORIOUS STRIFE.
I SWEAR WHEN YOU'RE GONE I'LL REMEMBER YOU WELL
FOR ALL OF THE REST OF MY LIFE.

HAIL, KNIGHT OF THE WOEFUL COUNTENANCE!
KNIGHT OF THE WOEFUL COUNTENANCE!
WHEREVER YOU GO,
FACE TO THE FOE,
THEY WILL QUAIL AT THE SIGHT OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WOE --
FUL COUNTENANCE!

OH VALOROUS KNIGHT, GO AND FIGHT FOR THE RIGHT,
AND BATTLE ALL VILLAINS THAT BE.
BUT OH, WHEN YOU DO, WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU
THANK GOD I WON'T BE THERE TO SEE!

(The INNKEEPER indicates that ALDONZA
and SANCHO join him in the ceremony.
All three sing)

INNKEEPER, ALDONZA & SANCHO

HAIL, KNIGHT OF THE WOEFUL COUNTENANCE!
KNIGHT OF THE WOEFUL COUNTENANCE!
WHEREVER YOU GO
PEOPLE WILL KNOW
OF THE GLORIOUS DEEDS OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WOE --
FUL COUNT---TE---NANCE!

DON QUIXOTE

I thank thee. I thank thee.

INNKEEPER

(Handing the sword to QUIXOTE)

Now, Sir Knight, I am going to bed. And I advise you to do the same!

(He exits)

DON QUIXOTE

(Still on his knees; raptly)

Knight of the Woeful Countenance...

ALDONZA

It's a beautiful name.

SANCHO

Come, Your Grace.

(Helping him to his feet)

Let's get you to bed.

DON QUIXOTE

Not yet. I owe something to my enemies.

ALDONZA

That account's been paid!

DON QUIXOTE

No, my lady. I must raise them up and minister to their wounds.

ALDONZA

(Aghast)

What?

DON QUIXOTE

Nobility demands.

ALDONZA

It does?

DON QUIXOTE

(Reaching down for the bandages)

Yes, my lady. Therefore I shall take these --

ALDONZA

(Firmly, snatching them from him)

No, you won't. I'll take them. I'll minister.

DON QUIXOTE

But ---

ALDONZA

(Simply, childishly staunch)

They were my enemies, too.

(She exits)

DON QUIXOTE

(With emotion)

Oh, blessed one...!

SANCHO

(Helping QUIXOTE)

Come, Your Grace.

DON QUIXOTE

(To SANCHO, as they leave)

Blessed one! Blessed one!

16

THE ABDUCTION

→ (The lights have changed, the table put together and we are back in the interior of the inn. MULETEERS are distributed about the room still licking their wounds. ALDONZA enters and moves down to one of the MULETEERS)

PEDRO

What do you think you're doing?

ALDONZA

I'm going to minister to your wounds.

PEDRO

You're going to what?

ALDONZA

(To JUAN, who is on his stomach, groaning)

Nobility demands. Turn over, you poxy goat!

(As she bends over him to open his collar, he grabs her with a sudden shout and rolls her over. She rises, kicks out at the other MULETEERS, two of whom pull her back and a choreographed ravaging of ALDONZA ensues. The MULETEERS bind and gag her, pull her skirt off, and lift her on to the table. TENORIO forces her to dance with him and finally pushes her down onto the table. As he bends over her, FERMINA enters, screams, and PEDRO pulls TENORIO off. ANSELMO strikes FERMINA, who watches fascinated as ALDONZA is raised in the air; ANSELMO sings a vicious parody of "LITTLE BIRD". ALDONZA is struck by PEDRO's whip, beaten further by two of the

other MULETEERS and finally falls unconscious as PEDRO is about to strike again. Realizing her state, he gestures to the others to stop and to carry ALDONZA off. FERMINA, who has been sadistically fascinated, picks up ALDONZA's skirt and watches the MULETEERS, the brutalized ALDONZA slung over JUAN's back, exit. As FERMINA looks off, the lights pick up QUIXOTE and SANCHE at the other edge of the stage)

DON QUIXOTE

Ah, Sancho, how I do envy my enemies.

SANCHE

Envy?

DON QUIXOTE

To think they know the healing touch of my lady Dulcinea. Let this be proof to you, Sancho. Nobility triumphs. Virtue always prevails. Now in the moment of victory, do I confirm my knighthood

(Music starts)

and my oath. For all my life this I do swear -
(Singing)

17

REPRISE: THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

TO DREAM THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM,
TO FIGHT THE UNBEATABLE FOE,
TO BEAR WITH UNBEARABLE SORROW,
TO RUN WHERE THE BRAVE DARE NOT GO...

(As he sings the above, the lights begin a transition back to the prison, and the staircase descends. As it does, off, faintly at first, then growing, is heard the Theme of The Inquisition. QUIXOTE falters, falls silent. CERVANTES, losing the character of QUIXOTE, comes forward as the volume of the Theme grows and the setting changes back to the Prison. The PRISONERS are immobile, cocking their heads to listen)

CERVANTES

(Uncertainly)

That sound ...?

THE GOVERNOR

The Men of the Inquisition.

CERVANTES

What does it mean?

PRISONER

They're coming to fetch someone.

PRISONER

They'll haul him off -- put the question to him.

PRISONER

Next thing he knows - he's burning!

CERVANTES

Are they coming for me?

THE DUKE

Very possibly. Are you afraid, Cervantes?

(Mockingly)

Where's your courage? Is that in your imagination, too?

(CERVANTES is obviously terrified.)

THE DUKE continues inexorably)

No escape, Cervantes. This is happening. Not to your brave man of La Mancha, but to you. Quick, Cervantes -- call upon him. Let him shield you. Let him save you, if he can, from that!

(On the stairway the MEN OF THE INQUISITION have appeared. They are robed, hooded, frightening in aspect. CERVANTES is paralyzed with fear, only his eyes moving, following them as they descend into the vault. The first of the INQUISITORS arrives at stage level, turns to a GUARD who also turns as if to approach CERVANTES. But the GUARD moves past CERVANTES and he and another GUARD open a trap in the floor. THE CAPTAIN and another GUARD appear from below, dragging up a resisting PRISONER, whom they strike and pull up the stairs. CERVANTES turns away downstage and sinks onto a block, faintly)

(The Inquisition Theme recedes, fading; THE GOVERNOR has taken a goat-skin of wine from a prisoner and handed it to CERVANTES, who now takes it with trembling hands and drinks deeply)

Better? THE GOVERNOR

(Faintly)
Thank you... CERVANTES

THE GOVERNOR
Good, let's get on with your defense!

CERVANTES
If I might just rest for a moment...

THE DUKE
This place La Mancha -- what is it like?

THE GOVERNOR
An empty place. Great wide plains.

PRISONER
A desert.

THE GOVERNOR
A wasteland.

THE DUKE
Which apparently grows lunatics.

CERVANTES
(Still shaken)
I would say, rather...men of illusion.

THE DUKE
Much the same. Why are you poets so fascinated with madmen?

CERVANTES
I suppose...we have much in common.

THE DUKE
You both turn your backs on life.

CERVANTES
(Pulling himself together)
We both select from life what pleases us.

THE DUKE
A man must come to terms with life as it is!

CERVANTES
My friend, I have lived almost fifty years, and I have seen life as it is. Pain, misery, hunger...cruelty beyond belief. I have heard the singing from taverns and the moans from bundles of filth on the streets. I have been a soldier and seen my comrades fall in battle...or die more slowly under

CERVANTES (Cont'd)

the lash in Africa. I have held them in my arms at the final moment. These were men who saw life as it is, yet they died despairing. No glory, no gallant last words...only their eyes filled with confusion, whimpering the question: 'Why?' I do not think they asked why they were dying, but why they had lived.

(He rises, and through the following speech moves into the character of DON QUIXOTE as musical underscore and change of setting begin)

When life itself seems lunatic, who knows where madness lies? Too much sanity may be madness. To seek treasure where there is only trash. Perhaps to be practical is madness. And maddest of all, to see life

(Music underscore begins)

as it is and not as it ought to be.

(The musical underscoring has stated the "I Am I, Don Quixote" theme thinly during the preceding speech, and prison and PRISONERS have disappeared. CERVANTES is isolated in limbo; the "horses" have appeared. THE LIGHTS CHANGE)

17A

REPRISE: MAN OF LA MANCHA

DON QUIXOTE

(Singing)

I AM I, DON QUIXOTE,
THE LORD OF LA MANCHA,
DESTROYER OF EVIL AM I,
I WILL MARCH TO THE SOUND OF THE TRUMPETS OF GLORY,
FOREVER TO CONQUER OR DIE!

(He laughs)

SANCHO

I don't understand.

DON QUIXOTE

What, my friend?

SANCHO

Why you're so cheerful. First you find your lady, then you lose her.

DON QUIXOTE

Never lost!

SANCHO

Well, she ran off with those mule drivers...?

DON QUIXOTE

Undoubtedly with some high purpose.

SANCHO

High purpose with those low characters?

DON QUIXOTE

(Turning away, moving toward the
"horses"; they are presumably back
on the road again)

Sancho, Sancho, always thine eye sees evil in preference to
good.

SANCHO

There's no use blaming my eye, it doesn't make the world, it
only sees it.

18

MOORISH DANCE

(The lights come up opposite on
a Moorish Gypsy encampment)

Anyway, there's something my eye sees truly enough. Gypsies!
Moors! Let's make a wide track around them, for they're a
scurvy lot, and Your Grace can't deny that.

DON QUIXOTE

(As he takes SANCHO aside, the
GYPSIES, sneaking behind them,
examine the "horses" carefully)

There, thou hast fallen into the trap of thy peasant mind
again. Have I not taught thee that appearance is not reality?

SANCHO

They're not thieves and murderers?

(The MOORS have a girl with them,
whom they push forward)

DON QUIXOTE

Sancho, never condemn before thou knowest!

(The MOORISH GIRL undulates toward
them)

You see...a young innocent approaches.

(The GIRL dances lasciviously,
accompanying herself with a high,
nasal whine)

DON QUIXOTE (Cont'd)
Charming! Utterly charming!

SANCHO

(In protest)
But she's a trollop, and he --
(Referring to the man who's pushed
her forward and who is now singing
a gibberish Arabic description of
her charms)
-- he's nothing but her...

DON QUIXOTE
Have done with these foul suspicions! Dost not understand
their language? These two are brother and sister, offspring
of the noble African lord, Sidi ben Mali.

SANCHO

Brother and sister?

(QUIXOTE nods affirmatively, then
dances with the MOORS, who lead him
into a step which it's impossible to
perform clad in armor. The MOORS help
QUIXOTE remove his and pile it on the
"horses". The GIRL approaches
QUIXOTE, shimmying disastrously)

DON QUIXOTE
Sweet maiden, what wilt thou?

SANCHO
I think I know what she wilt!

(The GIRL seizes one of QUIXOTE's
hands, presses it to her right
breast)

DON QUIXOTE
(To SANCHO, trying to explain)
She wishes me to feel the beating of her heart. And such
is her innocence she does not even know where it is.

(The GIRL seizes QUIXOTE's other
hand and presses it to her other
breast)

SANCHO
Or even how many she has!

(The MOORS dance, wail, and carry on excitedly; one sings a particularly woeful harangue at QUIXOTE)

DON QUIXOTE

(Listening gravely)

Much as I surmised.

SANCHO

What's he saying?

DON QUIXOTE

A most grievous tale. It seems the noble Sidi ben Mali has been taken captive, and even now lies in durance vile -- deep in a dungeon, not five leagues from here...while these, his faithful family and retainers travel the countryside in hope of raising a ransom.

(A yowl from the MOORS and the GIRL dances over to her companions, who place a coin on her forehead. She drops it into her trousers)

Observe, Sancho, the quaint customs of these Africans! In this charming manner they ask that I make contribution to their cause.

SANCHO

Don't do it!

DON QUIXOTE

Thou would'st ignore a fellow-knight in jeopardy? Here, sweet maiden -- with all my heart.

(He gives money to the GIRL, and, as she grabs his helmet and holds it out to SANCHO for an additional hand-out, the other MOORS lift QUIXOTE's money pouch with a long pole. SANCHO shakes his head. No money from him. QUIXOTE upbraids him)

Shame on thee for a reluctant Christian! Shame on thee for a parsimonious wretch! Shame on thee for a small-hearted peasant! Shame on thee, Sancho, multiple shame!

(SANCHO reluctantly drops a coin in QUIXOTE's helmet)

Ah, Sancho, I knew it, I knew thy heart was good!

(Four of the MOORS dance wildly... to distract -- the others, including

the GIRL begin to lead off the
"horses")

DON QUIXOTE (Cont'd)

How inspiring is their gratitude. Let us join them.

(QUIXOTE and SANCHE join the dance;
the MOORS stop when they've really
gotten QUIXOTE and SANCHE going.
The MOORS sneak off with their
plunder as QUIXOTE and SANCHE
finally fall, exhausted but cheer-
ful. They look at each other, dis-
cover simultaneously that they have
been stripped of all their belongings)

18A

THE DUBBING (UNDERScore)

(The lights and setting alter back
to the Courtyard of the Inn. MARIA
is at the gate. The INNKEEPER,
humming happily, carrying two buckets,
is crossing to the well. From off-
stage the discordant bleat of SANCHE's
bugle)

(Underscore stops)

(The INNKEEPER drops the buckets,
turns a haunted face toward the gates)

MARIA

(A shriek)

Don't open the gates! Don't let him in!

INNKEEPER

(His face clearing)

It's the pig-butcher. Don't you remember? We expected
him yesterday.

MARIA

No, no! Don't open!

(The INNKEEPER goes to the gate as
QUIXOTE and SANCHE appear, supporting
each other. MARIA screams and runs
off)

INNKEEPER

Not again?

(Trying to bar the way)

This place is closed.

SANCHO

But --

INNKEEPER

This castle has gone out of business!

DON QUIXOTE

(Feeble but stern)

Thou wouldst deny sanctuary?

INNKEEPER

I hate to, but --

DON QUIXOTE

And to a knight dubbed by thy own hand?

INNKEEPER

(Wavering)

It doesn't seem right...

DON QUIXOTE

Not by any rule of chivalry!

(The INNKEEPER, yielding with a sigh, allows them to enter. QUIXOTE and SANCHO totter into the courtyard -- footsore and in very bad shape. The INNKEEPER looks them over)

INNKEEPER

More muleteers?

SANCHO

(Hollowly)

Gypsies. Moors. They stole our money.

DON QUIXOTE

Have done, Sancho.

SANCHO

They stole our animals.

DON QUIXOTE

Must thou harp on it?

SANCHO

They stole everything we had.

INNKEEPER

Why don't you declare a truce?

DON QUIXOTE

And allow wickedness to flourish?

INNKEEPER

I'm afraid wickedness wears a thick armor.

(In the background, unseen by the three, ALDONZA enters)

DON QUIXOTE

(Roused)

And for that wouldst thou have me stop trying? Nay, let a man be overthrown ten thousand times, still must he rise and again do battle. The Enchanter may confuse the outcome, but the effort remains sublime!

ALDONZA

(Crossing behind them)

Lies. Madness and lies.

(Her face is bruised, hair matted, clothing in tatters)

INNKEEPER

(Horrified)

Aldonza! What happened?

ALDONZA

(Referring to QUIXOTE)

Ask him.

INNKEEPER

(Calling as he exits)

Maria! Maria!

DON QUIXOTE

(Moving toward her)

I shall punish them that did this crime.

ALDONZA

Crime. You know the worst crime of all? Being born. For that you get punished your whole life!

(She starts to leave)

DON QUIXOTE

(Blocking her exit)

Dulcinea -

ALDONZA

(Backing away from him)

Enough of that! Get yourself to a madhouse. Rave about nobility where no one can hear.

DON QUIXOTE

My lady -

ALDONZA

I am not your lady!

(Music starts)

I am not any kind of a lady!

(Trying to make him understand)

19

ALDONZA

(Singing)

I WAS SPAWNED IN A DITCH BY A MOTHER WHO LEFT ME THERE
NAKED AND COLD AND TOO HUNGRY TO CRY;
I NEVER BLAMED HER, I'M SURE SHE LEFT HOPING
THAT I'D HAVE THE GOOD SENSE TO DIE!

THEN, OF COURSE, THERE'S MY FATHER--I'M TOLD THAT
YOUNG LADIES
CAN POINT TO THEIR FATHERS WITH MAIDENLY PRIDE;
MINE WAS SOME REGIMENT HERE FOR AN HOUR,
I CAN'T EVEN TELL YOU WHICH SIDE!

SO OF COURSE I BECAME, AS BEFITTED MY DELICATE BIRTH,
THE MOST CASUAL BRIDE OF THE MURDERING SCUM OF THE EARTH!

DON QUIXOTE

(Kneeling before her)

And still thou art my lady.

ALDONZA

And still he torments me! Lady! How should I be a lady?

FOR A LADY HAS MODEST AND MAIDENLY AIRS
AND A VIRTUE I SOMEHOW SUSPECT THAT I LACK;
IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER THESE MAIDENLY AIRS
IN A STABLE LAID FLAT ON YOUR BACK!

WON'T YOU LOOK AT ME, LOOK AT ME, GOD, WON'T YOU
LOOK AT ME,
LOOK AT THE KITCHEN SLUT REEKING OF SWEAT!
BORN ON A DUNGHEAP TO DIE ON A DUNGHEAP,
A STRUMPET MEN USE AND FORGET!

IF YOU FEEL THAT YOU SEE ME NOT QUITE AT MY VIRGINAL
BEST,
CROSS MY PALM WITH A COIN AND I'LL WILLINGLY SHOW YOU
THE REST!

DON QUIXOTE

Never deny thou art Dulcinea.

ALDONZA

Take the clouds from your eyes and see me as I am!

ALDONZA (Cont'd)

YOU HAVE SHOWN ME THE SKY, BUT WHAT GOOD IS THE SKY
TO A CREATURE WHO'LL NEVER DO BETTER THAN CRAWL?
OF ALL THE CRUEL BASTARDS WHO'VE BADGERED AND BATTERED
ME,
YOU ARE THE CRUELEST OF ALL!

CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT YOUR GENTLE INSANITIES DO TO ME?
ROB ME OF ANGER AND GIVE ME DESPAIR!
BLOWS AND ABUSE I CAN TAKE AND GIVE BACK AGAIN,
TENDERNESS I CANNOT BEAR!

SO PLEASE TORTURE ME NOW WITH YOUR "SWEET DULCINEAS"
NO MORE!
I AM NO ONE! I'M NOTHING! I'M ONLY ALDONZA THE WHORE!

DON QUIXOTE

Now and forever thou art my lady Dulcinea!

ALDONZA

(A scream of despair)

No-o-o!

(She collapses. DON QUIXOTE moves
toward her compassionately -- but
suddenly, off, there is a fanfare
of trumpets)

20

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS (ENTRANCE MUSIC)

(Brazen, warlike, ominous in quality.
SANCHO scurries to look, then backs
away from what he sees)

SANCHO

(Choking with fear)

Master...

(MUSIC continues as the gate swings
open. A KNIGHT, tall and terrifying
in fantastic armor, enters accompanied
by four liveried attendants. He wears
armor on which tiny, glittering mirrors
are mounted. On his head a masklike
casque, only his eyes visible through
slits. From the crest of the casque
spring great plumes, accentuating
what seems already incredible stature)

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

(His voice harsh, clangorous)

Is there one here calls himself Don Quixote de la Mancha?
If there is -- and he be not afraid to look upon me -- let
him stand forth!

DON QUIXOTE

I am Don Quixote, Knight of the Woeful Countenance.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

(Voice magnified and metallic within
the casque)

Now hear me, thou charlatan! Thou art no knight, but a foolish pretender. Thy pretense is a child's mockery, and thy principles dirt beneath my feet!

DON QUIXOTE

(Trembling with anger)

Oh, false knight! Discourteous! Before I chastise thee, tell me thy name.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

Thou shalt hear it in due course.

DON QUIXOTE

Then say why thou seekest me out!

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

(Mockingly)

Thou called upon me, Don Quixote. Thou reviled me and threatened.

21

FIGHT SEQUENCE

DON QUIXOTE

The Enchanter!

(MUSIC: under, the Enchanter's Theme. DON QUIXOTE tears off his left gauntlet, flinging it at the KNIGHT's feet)

Behold at thy feet the gage of battle!

SANCHO

(Anguished)

Master -- no!

(He runs, scrambles for the gauntlet, but the KNIGHT stops him with his sword, kicks the gauntlet to one of his attendants)

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

On what terms do we fight?

DON QUIXOTE

Choose thine own!

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

Very well. If thou art beaten thy freedom is forfeit and thou must obey my every command.

(DON QUIXOTE bows coldly)

And thy conditions?

DON QUIXOTE

If thou art still alive thou shalt kneel and beg mercy of my lady Dulcinea.

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

And where shall I find this lady?

DON QUIXOTE

There she stands.

(The KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS turns his eyes to ALDONZA -- her rags, her bruises)

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

(Derisively)

Thy lady...is an alley cat!

DON QUIXOTE

(Drawing his sword in fury)

Monster! Defend thyself!

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

(Stepping back)

Hold! Thou asked my name, Don Quixote. Now I shall tell it. I am called -- the Knight of the Mirrors!

(As he says this, the KNIGHT takes a shield from one of his attendants and swings it forward. Its surface is a mirror which blinds and bewilders DON QUIXOTE. In a choreographed pattern, QUIXOTE attempts to fight with the KNIGHT, but the reflection of the mirror keeps blinding him and he turns away. The KNIGHT taps the ground with his sword to indicate where he is, and each time QUIXOTE lurches at the place he's heard the sound, the KNIGHT moves swiftly away. Finally, QUIXOTE is forced to turn into his own reflection in the mirror. He turns away from it, but wherever he moves on stage, one of the attendants, bearing a similar mirror, brings him up short. QUIXOTE reels from one to the other)

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

Look, Don Quixote! Look in the mirror of reality and behold things as they truly are. Look! What dost thou see, Don Quixote? A gallant knight? Naught but an aging fool!

(DON QUIXOTE recoils from his own image, only to be brought up against another)

Look! Dost thou see him? A madman dressed for a masquerade!

(Attempting escape, QUIXOTE finds himself facing another mirror)

Look, Don Quixote! See him as he truly is! See the clown!

(QUIXOTE reels away, only to find the mirrors converging as the Knight and his attendants close down upon him)

Drown, Don Quixote. Drown - drown in the mirror. Go deep-- deep -- the masquerade is ended!

(QUIXOTE falls to his knees)

Confess! Thy lady is a trollop, and thy dream the nightmare of a disordered mind!

DON QUIXOTE

(In dazed desperation)

I am Don Quixote, knight errant of La Mancha...and my lady is the Lady Dulcinea. I am Don Quixote, knight errant... and my lady...my lady...

(Finally beaten, he sinks to the floor, weeping)

KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS

(Removing the casque from his head)

It is done!

SANCHO

(Thunderstruck)

Your Grace! It is Doctor Carrasco! It is only Sanson Carrasco!

DR. CARRASCO

Forgive me, Senor Quijana. It was the only way.

(The LIGHTS DIM DOWN to DON QUIXOTE, huddled weeping on the floor. ALDONZA comes toward him, her face devastated by loss and pity.)

The lighting alters back to that of the prison, and we hear the voice of the CAPTAIN OF THE INQUISITION and see him on a level above)

CAPTAIN

(Shouting)

Cervantes! Cervantes! Prepare to be summoned!

CERVANTES

(Confusedly, still dazed by what he has just enacted)

By whom?

CAPTAIN

The Judges of the Inquisition!

THE GOVERNOR

Captain! How soon?

CAPTAIN

Soon!

(He exits)

THE GOVERNOR

But not yet.

(To CERVANTES, with satisfaction)

Good. You'll have time to finish the story.

CERVANTES

But the story is finished.

THE GOVERNOR

What?

CERVANTES

At least so far as I know it.

THE GOVERNOR

I don't think I like this ending.

(A growl from the PRISONERS)

I don't think the jury likes it, either. Miguel de Cervantes, I'm afraid you've failed. It is the sentence of this court --

CERVANTES

Wait!

THE GOVERNOR

For what?

CERVANTES

If I could have a little more time?

THE GOVERNOR

Oh, I'll grant it. But the Inquisition...?

CERVANTES

A few moments only! Let me...Let me improvise...

22

(CHANGE OF SCENE) I'M ONLY THINKING OF HIM (UNDERScore)

(He gestures swiftly, indicating to the PRISONERS what they are to set up next. The floor trap is opened, a large cloth unfurled, and when the cloth is lowered onto the trap, the lights change and we are in the bedroom of ALONSO QUIJANA's home. The cloth has become the bed covering, the trap the bed itself. QUIXOTE is revealed lying on it, his eyes open but deep-hollowed and remote. CARRASCO, ANTONIA, the PADRE and the HOUSEKEEPER are present. CARRASCO is passing a candle back and forth before QUIXOTE's eyes...but QUIXOTE is evidently in deep coma)

(Music stops as the lights come up)

ANTONIA

(To CARRASCO as he moves away, giving up)

Can you do nothing?

PADRE

I'm afraid there'll be more need of my services than his. Where is he, I wonder? In what dark cavern of the mind?

DR. CARRASCO

(Guilty, but still assertive)

According to recent theory --

PADRE

Doctor. Please.

DR. CARRASCO

(Resentfully)

Don't you think I did right?

PADRE

Yes. There's the contradiction...

(SANCHO enters)

ANTONIA

You again?

DR. CARRASCO

Tell him to go away.

PADRE

(Wearily)

What harm can he do?

ANTONIA

(To CARRASCO)

Yes -- it's all been done!

SANCHO

(To the PADRE)

Your Reverence, could I talk to him?

PADRE

I'm afraid he won't hear you.

SANCHO

(Moving toward the bed)

Well, then, I won't say much.

DR. CARRASCO

And no mention of knight-errantry!

SANCHO

Of course not. Does one speak of the rope in the house of the hanged? Oh -- excuse me, Your Grace.

ANTONIA

(Bitterly)

Your Grace.

(Music starts)

SANCHO

Just a few words...to lighten his heart.

23

(CHANGE OF SCENE) A LITTLE GOSSIP

(He sings, first to ANTONIA and CARRASCO)

A LITTLE GOSSIP...A LITTLE CHAT...

A LITTLE IDLE TALK...OF THIS AND THAT...

I'LL TELL HIM ALL THE TROUBLES I HAVE HAD

AND SINCE HE DOESN'T HEAR, AT LEAST HE WON'T FEEL BAD.

(He seats himself beside QUIXOTE's bed and sings the next to him)

WHEN I FIRST GOT HOME MY WIFE TERESA BEAT ME,
BUT THE BLOWS FELL VERY LIGHTLY ON MY BACK.

SANCHO (Cont'd)
 SHE KEPT MISSING EVERY OTHER STROKE AND CRYING FROM
 THE HEART
 THAT WHILE I WAS GONE SHE'D GONE AND LOST THE KNACK!

(Spoken)
 Of course I hit her back, Your Grace, but she's a lot harder
 than I am, and you know what they say -- 'Whether the stone
 hits the pitcher or the pitcher hits the stone, it's going
 to be bad for the pitcher.' So I've got bruises from here
 to --

(An amused look from the PADRE;
 SANCHO rises and continues
 apologetically to the PADRE)

A LITTLE GOSSIP...A LITTLE CHAT...
 A LITTLE IDLE TALK...OF THIS AND THAT...
 IF NO ONE LISTENS, THEN IT'S JUST AS WELL,
 AT LEAST I WON'T GET CAUGHT IN ANY LIES I TELL!

(Back to QUIXOTE, growing even
 more confidential)

OH, I HAVEN'T FOUGHT A WINDMILL IN A FORTNIGHT
 AND THE HUMBLE JOYS GET DULLER EVERY DAY,
 WHY, WHEN I'M ASLEEP A DRAGON WITH HIS FIERY
 TONGUE A-WAGGIN'
 WHISPERS, "SANCHO, WON'T YOU PLEASE COME OUT AND
 PLAY?"

DR. CARRASCO

(Roused)
 That's enough now!

SANCHO

Why? What did I do?

DR. CARRASCO

I warned you!

SANCHO
 I didn't do anything, I was only trying to --

DON QUIXOTE
 (Barely audible)
 My friend.
 (Everyone turns, not sure he's
 spoken)

SANCHO
 Did Your Grace say something?

DON QUIXOTE
 You're a fat little bag stuffed with proverbs.

SANCHO
Yes, Your Grace. As I was saying --

ANTONIA
(Running to QUIXOTE as CARRASCO
moves SANCHO away)
Uncle!

DON QUIXOTE
(Feebly)
My dear...
(His eyes go to the others who
cluster around him)
Good morning, Padre...or is it evening?

PADRE
Alonso...

DR. CARRASCO
How do you feel, sir?

DON QUIXOTE
Not well, my friends.

DR. CARRASCO
Can you speak your name?

DON QUIXOTE
(That's an odd question)
Should a man not know his own name?

DR. CARRASCO
If you would say it...?

DON QUIXOTE
(In surprise)
Alonso Quijana.

(DR. CARRASCO gives a triumphant look
to the others not seen by QUIXOTE)

Padre...

PADRE
Here beside you.

DON QUIXOTE
I should like to make a will.

PADRE
Of course.
(He exits to get materials)

ANTONIA

(Anxiously, as DON QUIXOTE closes his eyes and is silent)

Uncle...?

DON QUIXOTE

(Opening his eyes again)

Forgive me, my dear. When I close my eyes I see a pale horse...and he beckons me - mount.

ANTONIA

No, Uncle. You will get well!

DON QUIXOTE

(Smiling)

Why should a man get well when he is dying? It would be such a waste of good health. Come closer, my friends.

(They hover over him)

In my illness I dreamed so strangely...Oh, such dreams! I thought that I was...

(A moment of tension as the others step forward, thinking he's about to remember)

...no...I dare not tell you lest you think me mad.

ANTONIA

Put them from your mind!

DON QUIXOTE

They are gone, my dear...nor do I know what they meant.

(The PADRE had re-entered)

Padre...?

PADRE

(Seating himself)

Speak, my friend, and I shall write.

DON QUIXOTE

I, Alonso Quijana...with one foot in the stirrup and the agony of death already upon me...

(The PADRE's pen scratches busily. From the front of the house the thudding of the doorknocker is heard)

ANTONIA

(To the HOUSEKEEPER as she goes to see)

Don't admit anyone.

DON QUIXOTE

...do hereby make the following disposition of my estate.
The bulk I bequeath to my beloved niece, Antonia Quijana...

(From off comes a racket of
voices in vehement argument)

-- with the exception of certain personal bequests which are
as follows --

(The HOUSEKEEPER backs in, pushed
roughly by ALDONZA)

HOUSEPEEKER
(In fear and frenzy)
You cannot! I say you cannot!

ANTONIA
What is this? Sanson!

ALDONZA
Get out of my way, you hag --

DR. CARRASCO
It's that slut from the
Inn.

HOUSEKEEPER
I tried to stop her! She threatened to -

ALDONZA
Tear your eyes out!

DR. CARRASCO
(Advancing on ALDONZA grimly)
Get out of here.

ALDONZA
And if you touch me again, by God -

DR. CARRASCO
Get out of here!

ALDONZA
Not before I see him!

DR. CARRASCO
I'm warning you -- go quietly or I'll --

DON QUIXOTE
(Voice weak but commanding)
Let be.

DR. CARRASCO
Senor Quijana --

DON QUIXOTE
In my house there will be courtesy!

(DR. CARRASCO reluctantly steps
aside)

DON QUIXOTE (Cont'd)

Come closer, girl.

24 ALDONZA (UNDERSCORE)

(ALDONZA approaches with some
timidity. She reaches the side
of the bed; QUIXOTE regards her
courteously but with no sign of
recognition)

Now then. What is it you want?

ALDONZA

(Incredulous)

Don't you know me?

DON QUIXOTE

(Puzzled)

Should I?

ALDONZA

I am Aldonza!

(A movement forward from the
others. A beat)

DON QUIXOTE

I am sorry. I do not recall anyone of that name.

ALDONZA

(SANCHO moves toward her. She
points to him)

He knows!

(SANCHO steps forward as though to
speak. DR. CARRASCO warns him
fiercely with a gesture. SANCHO
backs off)

Please, my lord!

DON QUIXOTE

(Curiously)

Why do you say "my lord"? I am not a lord.

ALDONZA

You are my lord, Don Quixote!

(The others react, then hold
very still)

DON QUIXOTE

Don Quixote.

(Then, anguished)

You must forgive me, I have been ill...I am confused by shadows. It is possible I knew you once, but I do not remember.

(ALDONZA is stunned. DR. CARRASCO smoothly steps forward, takes her by the arm)

DR. CARRASCO

(Moving her along)

This way.

(ALDONZA allows herself to be led away. But CARRASCO, close to the entrance, tries to shove her out roughly; his sudden action breaks her mood -- she pulls loose

(Music starts)

and in a rush comes back and kneels before the bed)

ALDONZA

Please! Try to remember!

DON QUIXOTE

(With helpless compassion)

Is it so important?

ALDONZA

(Inarticulate)

Everything. My whole life. You spoke to me and everything was -- different!

DON QUIXOTE

I...spoke to you?

ALDONZA

And you looked at me! And you called me by another name!

(She sings, pleadingly)

25

REPRISE: DULCINEA

DULCINEA...DULCINEA...

ONCE YOU FOUND A GIRL AND CALLED HER DULCINEA,
WHEN YOU SPOKE THE NAME AN ANGEL SEEMED TO WHISPER -
DULCINEA...DULCINEA...

(DR. CARRASCO takes her by the arm,
leads her toward the door but she
holds back to sing)

ALDONZA (cont'd)

DULCINEA...DULCINEA...

WON'T YOU PLEASE BRING BACK THE DREAM OF DUNCINEA...

WON'T YOU BRING ME BACK THE BRIGHT AND SHINING GLORY
OF DULCINEA...DULCINEA...

DR. CARRASCO

I'm afraid I must insist -

DON QUIXOTE

Let be!

(CARRASCO lets her go)

Then perhaps...it was not a dream...

ALDONZA

(Kneeling beside QUIXOTE again)

Your spoke of a dream. And about the quest!

(Guitar cue)

DON QUIXOTE

(His mind stirring)

Quest?

ALDONZA

How you must fight and it doesn't matter whether you win
or lose if only you follow the quest!

(Guitar fades)

DON QUIXOTE

The words. Tell me the words!

(Music starts)

26

REPRISE: THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

ALDONZA

(Speaking to the music of "The Quest")

"TO DREAM THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM..."

But they're your own words!

"TO FIGHT THE UNBEATABLE FOE..."

Don't you remember?

"TO BEAR WITH UNBEARABLE SORROW..."

You must remember!

"TO RUN WHERE THE BRAVE DARE NOT GO - "

DON QUIXOTE
 (Remembering, speaks, then finally
 sings)
 TO RIGHT THE UNRIGHTABLE WRING,

ALDONZA
 (A whisper)
 Yes...

DON QUIXOTE
 TO LOVE, PURE AND CHASTE, FROM AFAR,

ALDONZA
 Yes...

DON QUIXOTE
 TO TRY WHEN YOUR ARMS ARE TOO WEARY,
 TO REACH THE UNREACHABLE STAR!

ALDONZA
 Thank you, my lord!

DON QUIXOTE
 But this is not seemly, my lady. On thy knees? To me?

ALDONZA
 (In protest as he tries to rise)
 My lord, you are not well!

DON QUIXOTE
 (Growing in power)
 Not well? What is sickness to the body of a knight-errant?
 What matter wounds? For each time he falls he shall rise
 again - and woe to the wicked!
 (A lusty bellow)
 Sancho!

SANCHO
 (Moving forward)
 Here, Your Grace!

DON QUIXOTE
 My armor! My sword!

(Music, immediately segues)

SANCHO
 (Delightedly)
 More misadventures!

DON QUIXOTE
Adventures, old friend!
 (Struggling up out of bed)

27

REPRISE: MAN OF LA MANCHA

DON QUIXOTE (Cont'd)

(Singing)

OH THE TRUMPETS OF GLORY NOW CALL ME TO RIDE,
YES, THE TRUMPETS ARE CALLING TO ME,

(Reaching out to ALDONZA and SANCHE)

AND WHEREVER I RIDE, EVER STAUNCH AT MY SIDE,
MY SQUIRE AND MY LADY SHALL BE.

(They help him out of bed)

I AM I, DON QUIXOTE --

DON QUIXOTE, ALDONZA, SANCHE

THE LORD OF LA MANCHA,
OUR DESTINY CALLS AND WE GO!

(He moves a couple of steps,

ALDONZA and SANCHE assisting him)

AND THE WILD WINDS OF FORTUNE SHALL CARRY US ONWARD
OH, WHITHERSOEVER...

(DON QUIXOTE falters)

ALDONZA

(A cry of apprehension)

My lord --!

SANCHE

Master --!

DON QUIXOTE

(Reassuring them, sings on)

WHITHERSOEVER THEY BLOW,

ONWARD TO GLO ---- AAH!

(A cry from deep within

his chest. Then a whisper)

...I...GO...

(He crumples to the floor. SANCHE
and ALDONZA lower him gently)

ALDONZA

(In tears)

My lord...

(DR. CARRASCO pushes ALDONZA aside
and kneels to DON QUIXOTE's left.
He bends over and places his ear
to QUIXOTE's heart, then rises
slowly. The PADRE comes to QUIXOTE,
kneels; he crosses himself and
chants in Latin. ALDONZA, who has
been sobbing, moves toward QUIXOTE's
body, looks down at his face, then
moves past him to SANCHE)

PADRE
DE PROFUNDIS CLAMO AD TE
DOMINE, DOMINE,

AUDI VOCEM MEAM

SANCHO
(Stunned, pathetically)
He is dead. My master is
dead.

ALDONZA
A man died. He seemed a
good man, but I did not
know him.

SANCHO
But --

ALDONZA
Don Quixote is not dead.
Believe, Sancho. Believe.

SANCHO
Aldonza...?

ALDONZA
My name is Dulcinea.

(The PADRE's hymn concludes as
the LIGHTS DIM OUT then immediately
FADE IN on the CAPTAIN at the head
of the prison stairs)

CAPTAIN
(Reading)
Under authority of the Holy Office of the Inquisition!
By reason of certain offenses committed against His
Majesty's Most Catholic Church, the following is
summoned to give answer and submit his person for
purification if it be so ordered: Don Miguel de
Cervantes

(The lights are fully back to those
of the Prison)

CERVANTES
(With wry bravado as he removes his
QUIXOTE beard and moustache)
How popular a defendant I am. Summoned by one court before
I've quite finished with another. Well? How says the Jury?

PADRE (Cont'd)
FIANT AURES TUAE INTENTAE
AD VACEM OBSE CRETIONIS ME AE
SI DE LIC TARUM
MEMARIAM
SERVA NERIS...

THE GOVERNOR

(Musingly, weighing the package
now held in his hands)

I think I know what this contains. The history of your
mad knight?

(CERVANTES nods assent. THE
GOVERNOR hands him the package)

Plead as well there as you did here and you may not burn.

CERVANTES

I've no intention of burning.

(To his MANSERVANT)

Shall we go, old friend?

(He sees that his SERVANT is rigid
with fear; moves to him and puts a
reassuring arm about his shoulder)

Courage!

(He leads him toward the stairs)

THE GOVERNOR

Cervantes.

(CERVANTES pauses)

I think Don Quixote is brother to Don Miguel.

CERVANTES

God help us -- we are both men of La Mancha.

(The hooded men of the INQUISITION
appear on the stairs and the GUARDS
and CAPTAIN take up positions pre-
paratory to leading CERVANTES and
his SERVANT up the stairs)

(The PRISONER playing ALDONZA is stand-
ing apart from the other prisoners as
she always does)

29

(CHANGE OF SCENE) FINALE

PRISONER (ALDONZA)

(Singing, softly at first)

TO DREAM THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM,
TO FIGHT THE UNBEATABLE FOE,

(Add PADRE)

TO BEAR WITH UNBEARABLE SORROW,

(Add ANSELMO)

TO RUN WHERE THE BRAVE DARE NOT GO...

(The other PRISONERS join in one
by one, their eyes following
CERVANTES)

TO RUN WHERE THE BRAVE DARE
NOT GO,
THOUGH THE GOAL BE FOREVER
TOO FAR,
TO TRY, THOUGH YOU'RE WAYWORN
AND WEARY,
TO REACH THE UNREACHABLE STAR...

(The MEN OF THE INQUISITION
turn to leave; the cortege of
GUARDS and CAPTAIN lead off
SANCHO and CERVANTES.
Through the next they slowly
mount the stairs)

ALL
TO REACH THE UNREACHABLE STAR,
THOUGH YOU KNOW IT'S
IMPOSSIBLY HIGH,
TO LIVE WITH YOUR HEART
STRIVING UPWARD
TO A FAR, UNATTAINABLE SKY!

(By now the song has swelled
in full chorus. As CERVANTES
disappears from view, the
PRISONERS turn slowly from
the stairs as the LIGHTS
FADE and the play ends)

30

BOWS

31

EXIT MUSIC