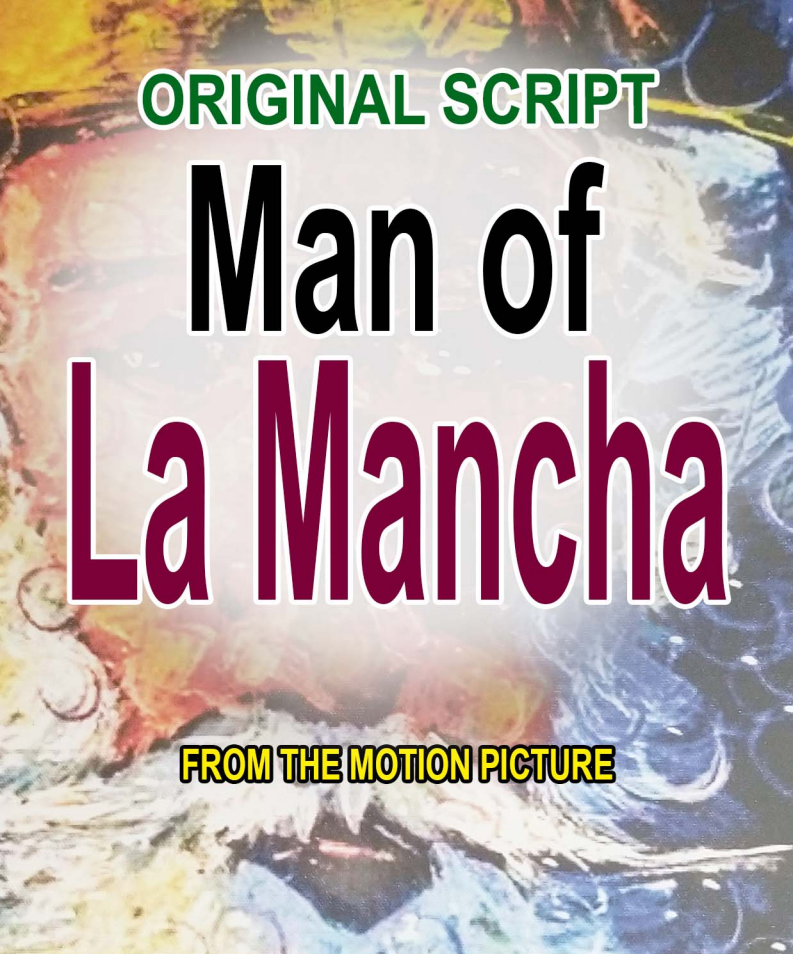


An abstract background painting featuring a mix of warm colors like yellow, orange, and red on the left, and cooler colors like blue and white on the right. The brushstrokes are visible and expressive, creating a textured, layered effect.

ORIGINAL SCRIPT

Man of La Mancha

FROM THE MOTION PICTURE

Sponsors of Hope
Study Guide

Man of La Mancha
Original Script

ORIGINAL SCRIPT

Man of La Mancha



A Sponsors of Hope Publication

Published by Sponsors of Hope
www.sponsorsofhope.org
"For a kinder world."

First edition 2023
Sponsors of Hope, 2023

All of the quotes in this book are from "Man of La Mancha", 1972, United Artists, and were adapted from the original work "Don Quixote" by Miguel de Cervantes, by Dale Wasserman.

ISBN: 9798854196727

This book is available at www.amazon.com



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“I come in a world of iron...
to make a world of gold.”

MAN OF LA MANCHA

(Soldier) By edict of the Inquisition, to spread subversive thought is heresy.

By edict of the inquisition, offenders will submit to purification by sword or flame.

By edict of the Holy Office of the Inquisition, to read or interpret the Bible is a sole province of the church.

You must by no means prevail with yourself that these giants you speak of were ever real men of this world and true substantial flesh and blood.

Confess! What you say of all of them is fable and fiction, lies and dreams.

(Cervantes) The Holy Bible, which cannot deviate an atom of the truth tells us of that huge Philistine Goliath who was fourteen and a half feet high which is an prodigious stature.

(Soldier) You blaspheme by quoting the Holy Bible for your purposes.

The interpretation of holy writ is the sacred function of the Friars.

(Cervantes) We cannot all be friars, and there are many ways God leads His children home.

Religion is knight-errantry.

(Soldier) Miguel de Cervantes.

(Cervantes) Truth is only revealed or dreamt.

(Soldier) Miguel de Cervantes, in the name of the Holy Office of the Inquisition you are under arrest.

(Guard) Anything wrong with the accommodations?

(Cervantes) Oh, no, no. They're quite... interesting.

(Guard) This is what we have come to regard as the common room, for those who wait.

(Cervantes) Do they wait long?

(Guard) An hour, a lifetime. Who knows?

(Cervantes) Do they all await the Inquisitions?

(Guard) Ah, no, Señor. Not all of them. Most of these are merely thieves and murderers.

(Cervantes) Oh.

(Guard) If you want anything, just shout.
If you are able.

(Sancho) What did he mean by that?

(Cervantes) He meant to frighten us.
I think they intend us to stay.

(Sancho) You think? God!

(Cervantes) Calm yourself.
There's a remedy to everything but death.

(Sancho) That may be just the remedy we need.

(Cervantes) Good day, gentlemen, ladies. I regret
being thrust upon you in this manner; I hope you'll
not find our company objectionable.

I'm no stranger to similar surroundings, I've been
in prison more than once. Many times, and often
I have thought the world to be a prison. A very
cruel one, where all have desires; few of which are
fulfilled.

But how thoughtless of me to...

(Governor) Enough! Enough!
Noise, trouble, fights. Kill each other if you must,

but, for God's sake, do it quietly.
Who are you? Huh? Speak up!

(Cervantes) Cervantes! Don Miguel de Cervantes.

(Governor) Oh, a gentleman!

(Cervantes) Doesn't prevent me from going to bed hungry.

(Governor) And that?

(Cervantes) My assistant. May I have the honor?

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

(Cervantes) Game?

(Governor) Your speciality man. Cutpurse?
Highwayman?

(Cervantes) Nothing so rewarding, I'm a poet.

(Duke) They're putting people in prison for that?

(Cervantes) No, no, no. Not for that.

(Duke) Too bad.

(Cervantes) Might I meet this gentleman? Your name sir?

(Duke) Names have no meaning here; I'm called the "Duke".

(Cervantes) And your 'speciality'?

(Duke) Treason. I invent false information about a country and sell it to others stupid enough to believe it.

(Cervantes) Seems a sound proposition, what brought you here?

(Duke) A lapse of judgment, I told the truth.

(Cervantes) Did you like your job?

(Duke) Quite.

(Cervantes) Did you like yourself?

(Duke) I believe I could learn to dislike you.

(Governor) Well, now let's get on with the trial.

(Cervantes) Trial? What trial?

(Governor) Yours, of course.

(Cervantes) And what have I done?

(Governor) We'll soon find something.

(Cervantes) But you don't understand we'll only been here a few hours.

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

(Cervantes) And if I'm found guilty?

(Governor) You will be.

(Cervantes) The sentence?

(Governor) We generally fine a prisoner all his possessions.

(Cervantes) All of them?

(Governor) It's not practical to take more.

(Cervantes) But these things are my livelihood.

(Governor) I thought you said you were a poet.

(Cervantes) Of the theater. You see?

(Governor) What?

(Cervantes) Come, come here.

(Governor) Oh! False.

(Cervantes) Properties and costumes. You see, I'm a playwright and an actor. So these poor things couldn't possibly be of very use to you.

(Sancho) Oh no, wait! You'll break it!

(Cervantes) Take them! Take them all!

(Sancho) Oh, no, Don Miguel!

(Cervantes) No. Take them, I say. Only leave me this.

(Governor) Heavy. Valuable?

(Cervantes) Only to me.

(Governor) I'll let you ransom it.

(Cervantes) I have no money.

(Governor) How unfortunate... Paper!

(Cervantes) Manuscript.

(Governor) Still worthless!

(Cervantes) No! Wait!!! You said 'trial'. By your own word, I demand a trial!

(Governor) Oh, very well then.
I hereby declare this court to be in session.
Now then, what are you here for?

(Cervantes) We are to appear before the Inquisition.

(Governor) Heresy?

(Cervantes) No, not exactly, you see, we were presenting an entertainment.

(Governor) An entertainment?
How does an entertainment get into trouble with
the inquisition?

(Sancho) Perhaps they found an entertainment is
not always what it seems.

(Governor) Why are you here?

(Sancho) Somebody has to stage manage the stage.

(Governor) These two have empty holes in their
heads.

(Duke) If you don't mind I should like to prosecute
this case.

(Governor) You shall sir.

(Duke) Poets... spinning nonsense out of nothing,
blurring men's eyes to reality.

(Cervantes) Exactly! Reality! A stone prison
crushing the human spirit.
Poetry demands imagination, and with imagination,
you may discover a dream.

(Governor) The trial! On with the trial!

(Duke) Miguel de Cervantes, I charge you with being an idealist, a bad poet, and an honest man. How plead you?

(Cervantes) Guilty.

(Governor) Bravo!

(Cervantes) Your Excellency, ladies and gentlemen, my defense.

(Governor) But you just pleaded guilty.

(Cervantes) Had I said “innocent”, you would surely have found me guilty.
Since I have admitted guilt, the court is obliged to hear me out.

(Governor) For what purpose?

(Cervantes) The jury may choose to be lenient.

(Governor) Clever!

(Duke) He's trying to gain time.

(Governor) Do you have a scarcity of time? Any urgent appointments?

(Cervantes) It is true I am guilty of these charges. An idealist. Well, I've never had the courage to believe in nothing.

A bad poet? This comes more painfully.

(Governor) Have you finished your defense?

(Cervantes) No, no, scarcely begun. With your permission I will continue in the manner I know best, in the form of a charade.

(Men) Charade?

(Cervantes) An entertainment if you will.

(Governor) An entertainment?

(Cervantes) At worst it may beguile the time, and since my cast of characters is large, I call upon you all to enter in and play whatever role may suit your fancy.

(Duke) Governor, I shall like to protest.

(Governor) No, let's hear him out.

(Cervantes) Well, if you have no objection and with your kind permission, may I set the stage?

(Governor) Proceed!

(Cervantes) I will impersonate a man. His name, Alonso Quijana, a country gentleman, no longer young. Being retired, he has much time for books. He studies them from morn till night, and often through the night till morn again. And all he reads oppresses him. Fills him with indignation at man's murderous ways towards man. He ponders the problem, how to make better a world where evil brings profit and virtue none at all, where fraud, deceit, and malice are mingled with truth and sincerity.

He broods, and broods and broods and broods and broods, and finally 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 to roam the world in search of adventures, to right all wrongs, to mount a crusade to raise up the weak and those in need.

He persuades his neighbor, one, Sancho Pansa;

a country laborer and an honest man, if the poor may be called honest, and he was poor indeed, to become his squire. He selects an ancient cart horse, called Rosinante to become his steed for the safeguard of his master's will.

These preparations made he seizes his lance; no longer will he be named Alonso Quijana but a dauntless knight known as Don Quixote de La Mancha!

(Don Quixote)

(Sings)

Hear me now, oh thou bleak and unbearable world,
thou art base and debauched as can be.

And the knight, with his banner all bravely unfurled,
now hurls down his gauntlets 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
whithersoever they go.

Whithersoever they blow... onward to glory I go.

(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.

(Don Quixote)

Hear me heathens and wizards, and serpents of sin,
all your dastardly doings are past.

For the holy endeavor is now to begin,
and virtue shall triumph at last.

(Don Quixote)

I am I Don Quixote

(Sancho)

I'm Sancho

(Don Quixote)

The Lord of La Mancha,

(Sancho)

Yes, I'm Sancho

(Don Quixote)

My destiny calls and I go.

(Sancho)

Follow my master till the end

(Don Quixote)

And the wild winds of fortune

(Sancho)

I'll tell all the world

(Don Quixote)

Will carry me onward

(Sancho)

Proudly I'm his squire

(Don Quixote)

Whithersoever they blow

(Sancho)

I'm his friend

(Both)

Whithersoever they blow, onward to glory I go.

(Song ends)

(Don Quixote) Well, Sancho. Liketh thou
adventuring?

(Sancho) Oh, it's marvelous Your Grace, but it is
peculiar. This great road to glory looks exactly like
the road to El Toboso where you can buy chickens
cheap.

(Don Quixote) 'Tis a sign thou art little acquainted
with adventuring. Only wait, and thou shalt see
amazing sights.

(Sancho) Like what?

(Don Quixote) There will be knights and nations,
warlocks and wizards, a cavalcade of vast
unending armies.

(Sancho) They sound dangerous.

(Don Quixote) They are dangerous. But one there

will be, the most dangerous of all.
(Sancho) Who?

(Don Quixote) The Great Enchanter.

(Sancho) The Great Enchanter?

(Don Quixote) Yes, beware of him Sancho.
His thoughts are cold, his soul shriveled, his eyes
are little machines, and where he walks the earth is
blighted.
But one day I will meet him face to face, and on
that day...

(Sancho) Well, I wouldn't get upset your grace. As
I always say; have patience and shuffle the cards.

(Don Quixote) Proverb?

(Sancho) Yes, Your Grace.

(Don Quixote) Proverb piled upon proverb. You'll
never cease.

(Sancho) No, your grace, I've got a bellyful of
them. As I always say...

(Don Quixote) Sweet Jesus!

(Sancho) Do you see him?

(Don Quixote) Who?

(Sancho) The Great Enchanter!

(Don Quixote) Dost thou not see?

(Sancho) What?

(Don Quixote) The monstrous giant of infamous
repute! Whom I intend to encounter.

(Sancho) It's a windmill.

(Don Quixote) A giant.

(Sancho) A windmill.

(Don Quixote) A giant!!! Canst thou not see the
four great arms a-whirling at his back?

(Sancho) A giant?

(Don Quixote) Exactly.

How long since we sallied forth?

(Sancho) About two minutes.

(Don Quixote) So soon will I engage in brave unequalled combat.

Hold there fowl monster! Cease the knocking of thy craven knees, and prepare to do battle.

(Sancho) I swear, Your Grace, by my wife's little black mustache that is not...

(Don Quixote) Charge!

(Sancho) Your grace, wait!

(Don Quixote) Surrender, vile coward! Surrender! Have at you! Surrender coward, vile creature, do not seek to bleat!

(Sancho) Hold on, Master!

(Don Quixote) Yield! I'll show thee no mercy! Vile creature, surrender I tell thee! Fall to thy knees and beg mercy! Or I'll rob thee of thy very life! Thou art vanquished. Vanquished!

(Sancho) Hold on, Master!

(Don Quixote) Surrender!

(Sancho) Your Grace! Master! Didn't I tell you?
Didn't I say "Your grace, it's a windmill"?

(Don Quixote) The work of mine enemy!

(Sancho) The Enchanter.

(Don Quixote) He transformed the giant into a
windmill, to prevent me the honor of victory.

(Sancho) You'd be wise to avoid him, Your Grace,
one of these days he'll get you killed.

(Don Quixote) Hell has not seen nor Heaven
created the one who can prevail against me.

(Sancho) He's doing very well. Come, Your Grace.
We'll find a place to get you repaired.

(Don Quixote) A knight must not complain of his
wounds though his bowels be dropping out. But
we could find the hall of some great lord.
Listen!

(Sancho) What?

(Don Quixote) A trumpet heralding my approach.
There! The very place.

(Sancho) Where?

(Don Quixote) The castle.

(Sancho) Castle?

(Don Quixote) Rockbound amidst the mountains.

(Sancho) Mountains?

(Don Quixote) And the banners...

(Sancho) Banners?

(Don Quixote) The brave banners flaunting the
wind. Blow thy bugle, that a dwarf may mount the
battlements and announce our presence.

(Sancho) But I don't see a castle.
I do see something.

(Don Quixote) What?

(Sancho) It looks like an inn.

(Don Quixote) An inn?

(Sancho) An inn.

(Don Quixote) An inn. We will repair to the drawbridge of yonder castle and there thy vision may improve.

(Cervantes) Reality. To Sancho an inn, to Don Quixote, a castle, to someone else, whatever. But for sweet argument's sake, let us grant Sancho his version. An inn. Governor, a kindly innkeeper.

(Governor) A brothel keeper, if you like.

(Cervantes) And his less kindly wife. That's right. A marriage of minds.

(Governor) God forbid!

(Cervantes) Mule drivers! Hard men! Miles and miles on the road each day. And a man to lead the men. Pedro.

(Governor) Pedro?

(Cervantes) Pedro! And for the men beautiful women who please for profit. Fermina! And a most particular kitchen maid called Aldonza. One to whom life has been discourteous. A tigress crouching in the dark. Still keen in tooth and claw.

(Men) Take it, Aldonza. Aldonza! Come on, Aldonza, take it!

(Aldonza) You want this on the table or over your lousy heads? There, swine. Feed!

(Man) I brought you something.

(Aldonza) Keep it till it grows up.
Little dogs have big ideas.

(Man) Tonight.

(Aldonza) Payment in advance.

(Pedro) Aldonza!

(Aldonza) Talk with your money, not your hands.

(Pedro) How about a nice thick bed of hay instead?

(Aldonza) Good. Eat it.

(Pedro) You refuse Pedro?

(Aldonza) Try me. Try me!

(Pedro) My mules are not so stubborn.

(Aldonza) Fine, make love to your mules.

(Man) But Aldonza, I am the best lover!

(Aldonza) Who cares? Just pay me!

(Sings)

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.

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.

(Man) Not me Aldonza.

(Aldonza)

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.

When I am dead no man will miss me,

for life's a cruel and dirty game.

So you can curse or you can kiss me,

it's all the same.

(Man) More wine, Aldonza!

(Aldonza)

It's all the same.

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!

(Man) Aldonza.

(Aldonza)

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) Choose!

(Aldonza)

One pair of arms is like another,
it's all the same, it's all the same.

(Song ends)

(Men) Aldonza!

(Innkeeper) Well, gentlemen, everything in order?

(Man) Did you feed the mules?

(Innkeeper) They're eating as well as you.

(Pedro) Oh no. God forbid.

(Innkeeper) He jokes, it's well-known that I set
the finest table between Madrid and Malaga. My
patrons have always... (horn blows)
It's the pig butcher. I didn't expect him so early.

(Man) What in the name of...

(Innkeeper) Coming! Coming! Señor butcher,
coming!

(Don Quixote) Is the lord of the castle at hand?
I say, is the castellano here?

(Innkeeper) I am in charge of this place.

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

(Innkeeper) The, uh, the dwarfs, they're all busy.

(Sancho) My noble lords and ladies, my master Don Quixote, knight errant, defender of the right, and pursuer of... of lofty undertakings requests the... the boon of hospitality.

(Don Quixote) Well, sir, is it granted?

(Innkeeper) Absolutely! You see? I mean, this castle is open to everybody.

(Sancho) Master!

(Innkeeper) Are you hurt?

(Don Quixote) One of the little mishaps of my profession.

(Innkeeper's wife) He's a madman.

(Innkeeper) Madmen are the children of God. Sir Knight, you must be hungry.

(Don Quixote) I am, sir.

(Innkeeper) There is food aplenty. And for your squire, too.

(Sancho) Well, as I always say, hunger is the best gravy in the world. And as the poor are always hungry, they, uh... sir, I thank you.

(Innkeeper) Stay and rest tonight. I'll just stable your animal.

(Don Quixote) See that your grooms care for my fleet-footed Rosinante. A horse of courage, sobriety, and chastity. The flower and glory of horseflesh.

(Sancho) Thank you, Master.

(Innkeeper's wife) What's this madness?

(Innkeeper) Aldonza!

(Innkeeper's wife) Has he got money to pay?

(Innkeeper) When did a poor man ever find time to run mad? He's got money. He's a gentleman. Tell Aldonza to bring him some wine.

(Don Quixote) Gentle knights, fair chatelaine. If there be any amongst you that require assistance you have but to speak, and my good right arm is at your service. Whether it be a princess held to ransom, an army besieged, the fallen to be raised up, the suffering, the poor...

Dear God, it is she. Sweet lady, fair virgin, I dare not gaze fully upon thy countenance lest I be blinded by thy beauty.

(Aldonza) I'll get you the wine.

(Don Quixote) My lady, you must not wait upon my needs. I implore you, speak once your name.

(Aldonza) Aldonza.

(Don Quixote) My lady jests.

(Aldonza) Aldonza!

(Don Quixote) The name of a kitchen scullion or my lady's serving maid!

(Aldonza) I told you my name. Now get out of the way, or I'll... by Christ, I'll...

(Don Quixote) My lady thinks to put me to the test? Oh, sweet sovereign of my captive heart, how could I fail thee when I know...

(Sings)

I have dreamed of 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.

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.
(Song ends)

(Innkeeper) Come along, Sir Knight. I'll show you to your quarters.

(Duke) Governor, this man proposed to offer a defense.

(Cervantes) This is my defense.

(Duke) The most curious I've ever heard.

(Cervantes) But if it entertains?

(Duke) The word is "diverts."
I think your purpose is to divert us from ours.

(Cervantes) Precisely. May I go on?

(Governor) Continue with your defense.

(Cervantes) Thank you.
Imagine now the family our brave knight leaves behind. Not the lords and ladies and retainers of Don Quixote de La Mancha, but the simple

womenfolk of Alonso Quijana.

Think of the shock the news of his madness brings to his niece... Antonia. Who is concerned about the effect on her forthcoming marriage.

(Antonia) Can't I have it?

(Cervantes) Afterwards, princess, you can keep it, but now you're my niece concerned about marriage.

To his housekeeper of many years, pious lady, come on, come on, concerned that devils and darkness have overtaken him.

And to the local priest who has known Alonso all of his life. One priest. And, shortly, there will appear a character whose philosophy may appeal enormously... to you!

Antonia and the housekeeper hurry to the church. Church, please.

Anguished by the situation and not wholly unaware of what the neighbors may think they seek advice from the priest.

Where's he gone? Reverence, to church.

But in spite of the trouble that Alonso's madness will bring crashing on their heads you may be sure they're only thinking of him.

(Antonia)

(Sings)

I'm only thinking of him.

(Housekeeper)

I'm only thinking of him.

(Both)

Whatever I may do or say,

I'm only thinking of him.

(Antonia)

In my body, it's well known,

there is not one selfish bone.

(Both)

I'm only thinking and worrying about him.

(Antonia)

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.

(Housekeeper)

Oh, 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...

If he should try, I'll surely die,

and I will grimly guard my honor as I cry.

(Both)

I'm only thinking of him.

(Priest)

I know, I know, my dear.

Of course you are, my dear, I understand.
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.

(Song ends)

(Cervantes) Now there appears on the scene a man of breeding. Intelligent, logical, Dr. Sanson Carrasco, Antonia's fiancé. Bachelor of science, graduate of the University of Salamanca, a man who carries his own importance as though afraid of breaking it.

Governor, with your permission and so much at stake in the game, may I rearrange the pieces?

(Governor) Señor, you have our permission.

(Cervantes) The queen, cunning. The castle, formidable, the king, restricted. The bishop, charmingly diagonal.
And now the problem of the knight.

(Sanson) My dear, your uncle is the laughingstock of the entire neighborhood, and I do not relish claiming a lunatic as an uncle.

(Priest) Oh, come, come, doctor. The good Señor Quijana has been carried away by his imagination.

(Sanson) Señor Quijana has lost his mind and is suffering from delusions.

(Priest) Is there a difference?

(Sanson) Exactitude of meaning. I beg to remind you I am a doctor.

(Innkeeper's wife) The innocent must pay for the sins of the guilty.

(Priest) Guilty? Of what? Of gentle delusion?

(Sanson) How do you know it is gentle? He was armed.

(Innkeeper's wife) With swords and lance.

(Priest) I cannot favor the madness that puts a sword into his hand, but I can love the gentle spirit

that moves him to measure his sword with evil.

(Sanson) I shall concern myself with his madness, father and leave the care of his spirit in your hands.

(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.

(Priest) That's true, doctor. In time, they would all be yours.

(Sanson) Are you a priest or pawnbroker?

(Priest) What I meant was, consider the challenge.

(Sanson) Challenge?

(Priest) Think what cleverness it would take to wean him from his madness.

(Antonia) Turn him from his course.

(Priest) To persuade to come back home.

(Sanson) To bring him to see the same world? Hmm. That is a challenge.

(Priest) Enormous.

(Sanson) To work within his lunacy, to cure him through the very terms that are his own. Come, father. We shall do it.

(Cervantes) We will return now to the inn, the kitchen.

It is imperative each knight has a lady, for a knight without a lady is a body without a soul. To whom would he dedicate his conquests? What vision sustains him when he sallies forth to do battle with evil and with giants?

Don Quixote, having found his lady sends Sancho Panza to her with a missive.

(Aldonza) Missive? What's a missive?

(Sancho) It's a sort of letter. He warned me to give it only into your hands. He warned me to give it only into your hands.

(Aldonza) Well, let's see it. 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) What made him think I couldn't read?

(Sancho) Well, as he explained it, most 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 does it say?

(Sancho)

(Sings)

Hmm, most lovely sovereign and highborn lady,
the heart of this, thy vassal knight faints for thy
favor.

Oh, fairest of the fair, purest of the pure...
incomparable Dulcinea.

(Aldonza) Oh, that again! My name is Aldonza.

(Sancho) Master calls you Dulcinea.

(Aldonza) 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. It only gets you into trouble.

Ahem. I beg thee grant that I may kiss the nethermost hem of thy garment...

(Aldonza) Kiss my what?

(Sancho) If you keep interrupting me like this the whole thing will be gone right out of my head.

(Aldonza) Well, what's 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 token?

(Sancho) He says generally it's a silken scarf.

(Aldonza) Why, your master's a crack-brain.

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

(Aldonza) What does that mean?

(Sancho) I'm not sure.

(Aldonza) You're crazy, too.
What are you waiting for?

(Sancho) The token.

(Aldonza) I'll give him a token. Here!

(Sancho) But, my lady...

(Aldonza) Don't you my lady me, or I'll crack you
like an egg.

Hey, wait a moment. Come here. Come! Tell me,
why do you follow him, huh?

(Sancho) Oh, that's easy to explain, it's a... it's a...
well, it's a sort of crusade.

(Aldonza) Crusade?

(Sancho) And then there's all those people in
distress.

(Aldonza) Distress?

(Sancho) And, uh, well, uh, because, um...

(Aldonza) Why?

(Sancho) I'm telling you. Because, um...

(Aldonza) Why?

(Sancho)

(Sings)

I like him. I really like him.

Tear out my fingernails, one by one,
I like him.

(Aldonza) That's no reason.

(Sancho)

I don't have a very good reason.

Since I've been with him
Cuckoo nuts have been in season.

(Aldonza) You are crazy.

(Sancho)

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.

(Song ends)

(Aldonza) He doesn't make any sense.

(Sancho) Well, that's because you're not a squire.

(Aldonza) All right, you're a squire. How does a squire squire?

(Sancho) Well, I ride behind him, and he fights, and then I pick him up off the ground.

(Aldonza) What do you get out of it?

(Sancho) What do I get?

(Aldonza) Yes.

(Sancho) Plenty. Why, already I've gotten...

(Aldonza) So why do you do it?

(Sancho)

(Sings)

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 chop me for croquettes,
Beat my bones like castanets,
 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.
(Song ends)

(Aldonza) "Fairest of the fair. Kiss the hem of thy garment." "Incomparable"... "Dulcinea."

(Sancho) Your Grace.

(Don Quixote) My lady received thee?
Oh, most fortunate of squires. The token, what of the token?
Gossamer, purest gossamer. Forgive me. I'm overcome.

(Barber)

(Sings)

Oh, I am a little barber,
 and I go my merry way.
With my razor and my basin
 I can always earn my pay.

(Don Quixote) Somebody approacheth!

(Barber)

Though your chin be smooth as satin
you will need me soon, I know,
For the lord protects his barbers
and he makes the stubble grow.

(Song ends)

Well, good day, gentlemen.

(Sancho) It's just an ordinary traveler.

(Don Quixote) Nay! See what he weareth on his head.

(Barber) By all the saints, there is a fortune to be made right here.

(Don Quixote) Arm thyself. This encounter may be perilous.

(Sancho) Oh, dear.

(Barber)

(Sings)

If I slip while I am shaving you

and cut you to the quick
You can use me as a doctor
‘cause I also heal the sick.

(Song ends)

Well, shall you be my... shall you be my first to...
you... you should be my, my first...

Oh, by the beard of St. Anthony, I do believe I see
before me a knight, in full armor.

It's ridiculous. There aren't any knights!

(Don Quixote) What?

(Barber) I was wrong. Forgive me. Forgive me,
your... your... bigness.

I thought I'd been touched by the sun.

(Don Quixote) Thou wilt be touched by worse
unless thou surrender rapidly that golden helmet
which is justly mine.

(Barber) Golden helmet? But this is a shaving
basin.

(Don Quixote) Shaving basin...

(Sancho) Mister, I must say, Your, Grace, it does
look like a shaving basin.

(Barber) Oh, oh, yes. Yes. It's a shaving basin. I'm a barber. I was merely wearing this for my head to ward off the rays of the sun, you see, so that's how your highship made the mistake of...

(Don Quixote) Silence!
Knowest thou what that really is?

(Barber) Uh-uh.

(Don Quixote) The golden helmet of Mambrino. When worn by one of noble heart it rendereth him invulnerable to all wounds. From what fallen knight didst thou steal it?

(Barber) I didn't steal it.

(Don Quixote) Surrender it!

(Barber) Well, it cost me half a crown!

(Don Quixote) Surrender it, or I'll split...

(Sancho) I must say, Your Grace, it is worth half a crown.

(Don Quixote) Peasant.

(Sings)

Thou golden helmet of Mambrino
with so illustrious a past.

Too long hast thou been lost to glory,
but rediscovered now at last.

Golden helmet of Mambrino,
there can be no helm like thee.

Thou and I now ere I die now
will make golden history.

(Barber)

I can hear the cuckoo singing
in the cuckoo berry tree.

(Sancho)

If he says that that's a helmet
I suggest that you agree.

(Barber)

But he'll find it is not golden,
and will not make him bold and brave.

(Sancho)

Well, at least he'll find it useful
if he ever needs a shave.

(Together)

Golden helmet of Mambrino,
there can be no helm like thee.

Thou and I now ere I die now
will make golden history.

(Song ends)

(Innkeeper) Are you saying your prayers? I thought you'd like some refreshment, then supper.

(Don Quixote) Sir Castellano.

(Innkeeper) Sir Knight.

(Don Quixote) I would make a confession.

(Innkeeper) To me?

(Don Quixote) I would confess I have never been dubbed knight.

(Innkeeper) Oh, that's bad.

(Don Quixote) But I am well qualified, my lord. I am brave and courteous, bold and generous, affable and patient.

(Innkeeper) Yes, that's the list.

(Don Quixote) Therefore I would beg a boon of thee.

(Innkeeper) Anything... within reason.

(Don Quixote) Tonight, I will hold vigil in the

chapel of thy castle, and at dawn, receive from your hand the ennobling stroke of knighthood.

(Innkeeper) But there's one small difficulty... the chapel.

(Don Quixote) No chapel?

(Innkeeper) That is, it's being restored. Now, if you wouldn't mind holding your vigil some other place?

(Don Quixote) Here in the courtyard, under the stars.

(Innkeeper) Of course. At dawn, you shall be dubbed knight.

(Don Quixote) My Lord, I thank you.

(Innkeeper) Now will you have some supper?

(Don Quixote) Before a vigil? Nay, my lord. On this night, I must fast and compose my spirit.

(Sanson) We have come for Don Quixote, Knight of La Mancha. We have word he stays at this inn.

(Innkeeper) Yes, Your Grace, he does stay here.

(Sanson) My sister, this great lady would speak with him.

(Don Quixote) The drums sound! Why am I summoned?

(Sanson) Are you the man we seek?

(Don Quixote) I am Don Quixote de La Mancha.

(Sanson) Fire cannot be hidden, virtue cannot fail to be recognized.

(Don Quixote) Cease your praises.

(Sanson) Word of your renown met us on the very shores of Spain.

(Don Quixote) You have no need to sue for favor, only say how I may help you.
My lady, you must not kneel.

(Antonia) I shall not rise until you grant the boon I ask.

(Don Quixote) I grant it freely.

(Antonia) The Great Enchanter has brought unhappiness to us all.

(Sancho) Your enemy.

(Antonia) He has bewitched our brother.

(Sanson) Turned him to stone.

(Antonia) He will not regain his former self until Don Quixote joins in single combat with the Enchanter.

(Don Quixote) Have the fates indeed reserved this unparalleled adventure for my sword? Assist me, sweet Dulcinea. Let not your favor and protection fail me in this, my first trial. Where shall I find the Enchanter?

(Sanson) Declare yourself, and he will find you. Pray well, Don Quixote. Pray power into thine arm, a keen edge to thy sword, and courage into thy soul.

(Don Quixote) I shall take my prayers up in the

chapel. Here is my arm.

(Sanson) Is this the lady Dulcinea?

(Innkeeper) The gentleman's talking to you.

(Aldonza) Ah!

(Sanson) Dulcinea.

(Innkeeper) Her name's Aldonza. The old gentleman, he took a fancy to calling her Dulcinea.

(Sanson) Where's this chapel? How does it happen a wretched tavern like this can boast a chapel?

(Innkeeper) It isn't a chapel, Your Grace.

(Aldonza) He's in the stable.

(Sanson) Ah, another excess of imagination.

(Priest) How does it harm anyone?

(Aldonza) You're more of a fool than he is,
Playing tricks on a man who is mad. Leave me!

(Priest) One might say Jesus was mad... or St. Francis.

(Sanson) A man who chooses to be mad can also choose to be sane.

(Priest) Oh, yes. It was easy enough planning this enterprise, but it will be difficult to come out of it well. May not the cure be more cruel than the disease?

(Sanson) We have given reality to his madness. We cannot abandon him now. We have said he will meet the Enchanter. He must meet him.

(Men sing)

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?

I love her so, and I have to know.

Beneath this tree, this cinnamon tree,

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.

Little bird, little bird,
Oh have pity on me.

Bring her back to me now
Beneath the cinnamon tree.

I have waited too long without a song.
Little bird please fly,
please go and tell her so. Awoo!
(Song ends)

(Aldonza) I spit on all your little birds!

(Pedro) Here!

(Aldonza) Give it back! Give it back to me!

(Pedro) What is this? “Thou, most lovely
sovereign...”

(Aldonza) Oh!

(Pedro) “...and high-born lady.” Ha, it’s from her
knight! It’s a love letter, such fine words.

(Aldonza) Well, fine words! All right. He’s a man,
isn’t he? He wants what every other man wants, so?

(Pedro) Hey... soon?

(Aldonza) When I'm through in the kitchen.

(Don Quixote) Now I must consider how sages of the future will describe this historic night.

Long after the sun had retired to his couch darkening the gates and balconies of La Mancha, Don Quixote, with lofty expression and measured tread held vigil in the courtyard of a mighty castle. Oh, maker of empty boasts on this of all nights to give way to vanity.

No. Don Quixote, take a deep breath of life and consider how it should be.

Call nothing thine except thy soul.

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

Do not pursue pleasure, or thou mayest have the misfortune to overtake it.

Look always forward. In last year's nests... there are no birds, this year.

Be just to all men, courteous to all women.

Live in the vision of the one for whom great deeds are done.

Dulcinea.

(Aldonza) Get up from there! Get up!

(Don Quixote) My lady!

(Aldonza) Why do you call me by that name?

(Don Quixote) Because it is yours.

(Aldonza) My name is Aldonza!

(Don Quixote) I know you, my lady.

(Aldonza) I think you know me not.

(Don Quixote) All my years I have known you,
your nobility of spirit, long have I seen you in my
heart.

(Aldonza) Your heart doesn't know much about
women.

(Don Quixote) It knows all, my lady.
Woman is the soul of man, the radiance that lights
his way. Woman is glory.

(Aldonza) What do you want of me?

(Don Quixote) Nothing.

(Aldonza) Liar.

(Don Quixote) I deserve the rebuke.
I ask of my lady...

(Aldonza) Now we get to it!

(Don Quixote) That I may be allowed to serve her,
that I may hold her in my heart, that to her 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) I must go. Pedro is waiting.
Why do you do these things?

(Don Quixote) What things?

(Aldonza) These ridiculous... the things you do.

(Don Quixote) I come in a world of iron to make a
world of gold.

(Aldonza) The world's a dung heap, and we are
maggots that crawl on it.

(Don Quixote) No. My lady knows better in her
heart.

(Aldonza) What's in my heart will get me halfway to hell, and you, Señor Don Quixote, your head is going to end up a stranger to your neck.

(Don Quixote) That doesn't matter.

(Aldonza) What does?

(Don Quixote) Only that I follow the quest.

(Aldonza) (Spits) That's for your quest.
What does it mean... quest?

(Don Quixote) The mission of each true knight.
His duty, nay, his privilege.

(Sings)

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 now 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.
And the world will be better for this,
that one man scorned and covered with scars
Still strove with his last ounce of courage
to reach the unreachable star.
(Song ends)

(Aldonza) Once, just once, would you look at me
as I really am?

(Don Quixote) I see beauty, purity. Dulcinea.

(Pedro) You! You'll keep me waiting, would you?

(Aldonza) I wasn't. I didn't mean to...

(Pedro) My lady, my little flower!

(Don Quixote) Monster!

(Pedro) Stay clear!

(Don Quixote) Thou wouldst strike a woman?

(Pedro) Ah, stand back, or I'll break your head.

(Don Quixote) Thou, heart of flint and bowels of cork.

(Pedro) I'm killed. Jose! Tenorio! Anselmo! Jose! Muleteers!

(Don Quixote) Hold thou!
Heed the knocking of thy craven knees! Prepare to do battle! Come one! Come all! Come what may come! Here am I!

(Aldonza) Let him be. He's worth a thousand of you!

(Pedro) Ahh, back, whore! I'll show you!

(Don Quixote) Sancho!

(Sancho) Hold on, Your Grace.
Coming, Master!
Look out, Master, look out.

(Don Quixote) Victory.

(Aldonza) Victory?

(Sancho) Victory?

(Don Quixote) Victory.

(Aldonza) Victory!

(All) Victory. Ha ha.

(Innkeeper) What's this? All the noise?
What dreadful thing?

(Aldonza) What glorious thing.

(Don Quixote) Don Castellano. I would inform
you right has triumphed!

(Sancho) Your Grace, are you hurt?

(Don Quixote) No, no. A little weakness...
temporary.

(Sancho) Your grace!

(Aldonza) Bring water! Water, quick!
Oh, crusader.

(Sancho) Your grace. Your Grace?

(Sancho) He's coming round.

(Don Quixote) Oh, that I might always wake unto
such a vision.

(Aldonza) Don't move.

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

(Don Quixote) We routed them.

(Aldonza) That bunch will be walking bow-legged
for a week.

(Don Quixote) My lady, it is not seemly to gloat
over the fallen.

(Aldonza) Let them rot in hell!

(Innkeeper) Sir, I am a tame and peaceful man.
Please, Sir Knight, I do not wish to be inhospitable.

table, but I must ask you to leave as soon as you're able.

(Don Quixote) I am sorry to have offended the dignity of your castle, and at daylight, I shall depart, but first, may I remind you of your promise?

(Innkeeper) Promise?

(Don Quixote) True, it is not yet dawn, but I have kept vigil and proven myself in combat. I therefore beg you, dub me knight.

(Innkeeper) Oh, certainly. Let's get it over with.

(Don Quixote) Sancho, would you be good enough to fetch my sword?

(Sancho) Yes, Your Grace.

(Don Quixote) I cannot speak, my lady, how joyful I am that this ceremony should take place in your presence.

(Aldonza) Be careful, now.

(Don Quixote) It is the solemn moment that seals

my vocation.

(Innkeeper) Are you ready?

(Don Quixote) I am.

(Innkeeper) Very well, then. Kneel.
Don Quixote de La Mancha, I hereby dub thee knight.

(Don Quixote) My Lord.

(Innkeeper) Didn't I do it right?

(Don Quixote) If your lordship could make some mention of the deeds I've performed to deserve this honor?

(Innkeeper) Oh, of course. 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.

(Don Quixote) My Lord.

(Innkeeper) Something else?

(Don Quixote) If your lordship recalls, it is the custom to grant the new knight an additional name. If your lordship could devise such a name...

(Innkeeper) Uh, let me see.

(Sings)

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
Woeful 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 Woeful Countenance.

Oh, valorous knight go and fight for the right
and battle the villains that be.

But, oh, when you do, what will happen to you?
Thank God I won't be there to see.

(Song ends)

(Don Quixote) I thank you!

(Innkeeper) Well, Sir Knight, I am going to bed.
And I advise you to do the same.

(Don Quixote) Knight of the Woeful Countenance.

(Aldonza) It's a beautiful name.

(Sancho) Come, Your Grace. Let's get you to bed.

(Don Quixote) Not yet, Sancho. I owe something
to my enemies.

(Aldonza) That account's been paid.

(Don Quixote) Not yet, my lady.
I must raise them up and minister to their wounds.

(Aldonza) What?

(Don Quixote) Nobility demands.

(Aldonza) It does?

(Don Quixote) Yes, therefore I will go to them.

(Aldonza) I'll go. I'll minister.

(Don Quixote) There is no need.

(Aldonza) They are my enemies too.

(Don Quixote) Oh, blessed one.

(Sancho) Come, Your Grace. Let's get you to bed.

(Don Quixote) Sancho I do envy my enemies.

(Sancho) Your Grace, you're tired.

(Don Quixote) No, Sancho, I feel quite well.

(Sancho) Your Grace, many a man has gone to bed in the evening feeling well only to wake up in the morning and find himself dead.

(Don Quixote) That's a proverb.

(Sancho) Yes, Your Grace.

(Don Quixote) I don't approve of them.

(Sancho) I know, Your Grace.

(Pedro) What in hell do you think you're doing?

(Aldonza) I'm going to minister to your wounds.

(Pedro) You're what???

(Aldonza) Nobility demands.

Turn over, you foxy goat!

Let me go!

(Pedro) Enough! Load up, we're leaving.

(Jose) What do we do with this?

(Pedro) We'll take it along.

(Don Quixote) Let these events be proof to thee,
my Sancho.

Nobility triumphs. Virtue will always prevail.

(Sancho) Oh, yes, Your Grace.

(Don Quixote) Now, in this moment of glory do I
confirm my knighthood and my oath. For all my
life, this I do swear.

(Sings "The Impossible dream")

(Cervantes) What is that?

(Governor) One of the hazards of this prison, the brave men of the inquisition!

It means they're coming to fetch someone.

(Pedro) Haul him off, put the question to him. Next thing he knows, he is dead.

(Cervantes) They're coming for me very possibly.

(Duke) What, Cervantes, not afraid? Where's your courage? Or is that in your imagination, too? No escape, this is happening. Not to your brave man of La Mancha, but to you.

Quick, Cervantes, call on him. Let him shield you. Let him save you, if he can... from that.

Well, not this time. But you see, Cervantes, there is a difference between reality and illusion, and a difference between these prisoners and your men of lunacy.

(Cervantes) I'd say rather, men whose illusions were very real.

(Duke) Much the same thing, isn't it, really? Why are you poets so fascinated with madmen?

(Cervantes) We have much in common.

(Duke) You both turn your backs on life?

(Cervantes) We both select from life!

(Duke) A man has to come to terms with life as it is.

(Cervantes) Life as it is. I have lived for over forty years, and I've seen life as it is. Pain, misery, cruelty beyond belief.

I've heard all the voices of God's noblest creature. Moans from bundles of filth in the street.

I've been a soldier and a slave. I've seen my comrades fall in battle or die more slowly under the lash in Africa. I've held them at the last moment.

These were men who saw life as it is. Yet they died despairing. No glory, no brave last words. Only their eyes, filled with confusion, questioning why. I do not think they were asking why they were dying, but why they had ever lived.

When life itself seems lunatic, who knows where madness lies?

Perhaps to be too practical is madness, to surrender dreams, this may be madness.

To seek treasure where there is only trash.

Too much sanity may be madness!

And maddest of all, to see life as it is and not as it should be!

(Don Quixote)

(Sings)

I am I, Don Quixote, the Man of La Mancha.

Destroyer of evil am I.

I will march the sound of the trumpets of glory
forever to conquer or die.

(Song ends)

(Sancho) I don't understand.

(Don Quixote) Don't understand 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 muleteers.

(Don Quixote) Doubtless for some high purpose.

(Sancho) High purpose, with those low characters?

(Don Quixote) Sancho, always thine eye sees evil
in preference to good.

(Sancho) My eye did not make this world.

(Both) It only sees it.

(Sancho) Right, and furthermore, I think you should call a truce.

(Don Quixote) What, and allow wickedness to flourish?

(Sancho) I've noticed wickedness wears pretty thick armor.

(Don Quixote) And for that would you have me cease?

Nay, let a man be struck down a thousand times! Still must he rise and...

(Sancho) Do battle, yes.

(Aldonza) Lies, lies, lies! Madness and lies!

(Don Quixote) They shall be punished, who did this crime.

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

(Don Quixote) Dulcinea.

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

(Don Quixote) My lady.

(Aldonza) I'm not your lady. I'm not any kind of a lady.

(Sings)

For a lady has modest and maidenly air,
and a virtue a blind man could see that I lack.
It's hard to develop 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 dung heap to die on a dung heap,
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 that you are Dulcinea.

(Aldonza) Take the clouds from your eyes and see me as I really am!

(Sings)

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 am nothing!

I'm only Aldonza the whore!

(Song ends)

(Don Quixote) Now and forever you are my lady,
Dulcinea.

(Aldonza) No!

(Sancho) Master. Master! Master!

(Great Enchanter) Is this Don Quixote de La Mancha? If it is, and he is not afraid to look upon me let him stand forth.

(Don Quixote) I am Don Quixote, Knight of the Woeful Countenance.

(Great Enchanter) Then 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) False, graceless knight. Before I chastise thee, tell me thy name.

(Great Enchanter) Thou shalt hear it in due course.

(Don Quixote) And why seekest thou me?

(Great Enchanter) Thou called upon me, Don Quixote. Thou reviled me and threatened me.

(Don Quixote) The Enchanter. Behold at thy feet the gauge of battle.

(Great Enchanter) On what terms do we fight?

(Don Quixote) Choose.

(Great Enchanter) Very well. If thou art beaten, thy freedom is forfeit, and thou must obey my every

command. And thy conditions?

(Don Quixote) If thou livest thou shalt kneel and beg forgiveness of my lady, Dulcinea.

(Great Enchanter) Ha! Thy lady is an alley cat.

(Don Quixote) Monster! Defend thyself! Halt!

(Great Enchanter) Thou asked my name, Don Quixote. Now I shall tell it.

I am called the Knight of the Mirrors. Look in the mirror of reality and behold things as they truly are. Look, Don Quixote. Look in the mirror of reality. Look, what seest thou, Don Quixote? A gallant knight? Naught but an aging fool. Look, dost thou see him? A madman dressed for a masquerade. A masquerade. Look, Don Quixote. See him as he truly is.

See the clown. Drown, Don Quixote, drown in the mirror. Go deep, deep, deep. The masquerade is ended. Confess! Thy lady is a trollop and thy dream the nightmare of a disordered mind. It is done.

(Sancho) Your Grace, it is Dr. Carrasco.
It is only Sanson Carrasco.

(Sanson) Forgive me, Señor Quijana. It was the only way.

(Guard) Don Miguel de Cervantes.

(Sancho) Don Miguel.

(Guard) Cervantes! Cervantes! Don Miguel de Cervantes, Prepare to be summoned.

(Cervantes) Summoned? By whom?

(Guard) The judges of the Inquisition.

(Governor) Captain? How long?

(Guard) Soon.

(Governor) But not yet, good. You'll just have time to finish your story.

(Cervantes) The story is finished.

(Duke) Of course. Quite the proper ending.

(Crowd) Ooh, no, no, no.

(Governor) I don't like this ending, and I don't think the jury likes it either.

(Duke) Well then, he's failed.

(Governor) Ah, Don Miguel de Cervantes, the court hereby sentences you...

(Cervantes) Wait!

(Governor) What for?

(Cervantes) Time. I need time.

(Governor) I'll grant you that. But, uh, what about the Inquisition?

(Cervantes) A few moments only. I'll improvise an ending.

A farmhouse on the plains of La Mancha. Candle.

A room in that house.

When a man who once called himself Don Quixote lies in the shadows between living and dying.

(Antonia) Can you do nothing?

(Priest) I'm afraid there will be no need of my

services as a doctor.

Where is he, I wonder? In what dark cavern of the mind?

(Sanson) According to recent theory...

(Priest) Oh, Doctor, please.

(Sanson) Don't you think I did right?

(Priest) There's the contradiction.

(Knock on door)

(Housekeeper) You again!

(Sanson) Tell him to go away.

(Priest) What harm can he do?

(Antonia) It's all been done.

(Sancho) Your reverence? Could I talk to him?

(Priest) I'm afraid he won't be able to hear you.

(Sancho) Well, then, I won't say much.

(Sanson) No mention of knight-errantry.

(Sancho) Oh, no. One does not speak of rope in the house of the hanged.

(Alonso Quijana) Proverb.

(Sancho) Excuse me your grace.

(Antonia) Your Grace?

(Sancho) Just a few words, little ones, to enlighten his heart.

(Sings)

A little gossip, a little chat,

a little idle talk of this and that.

I'll tell him all the troubles I have had.

Since he can't hear, at least he won't feel bad.

(Priest) Shh, shh

(Sancho) I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Oh what a time I've been having since I got back,
Your Grace.

You know my wife Teresa, how strong she is,
muscles like a bull. Well, she beat me. She hit me
with everything but the house itself. And she yells

at me “Where’s all the gold and all the jewels you were going to bring back? Where’s that kingdom you were going to conquer?”

Well, I kept a dignified silence, Your Grace, because there are some questions you just can’t answer. Like when a man yells, “What are you doing with my wife?” That’s a question you just can’t answer.

Of course, I hit her back, Your Grace. But she’s a lot harder than I am, and as the saying goes, “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...

(Sings)

Oh, I haven’t fought a windmill in a fortnight.

And the humble joys get duller every day.

When I’m asleep, a dragon with his fiery tongue
a-waggin’ whispers,

Sancho, won’t you please come out and play?

(Song ends)

(Sanson) That’s enough!

(Sancho) What did I do?

(Sanson) I warned you.

(Sancho) I didn't do anything. I was...

(Priest) Please be quiet.

(Alonso Quijana) My friend?

(Sancho) Did Your Grace say something?

(Alonso Quijana) You are a fat pudding, stuffed with proverbs.

(Sancho) Oh, that's very well-known, Your Grace. Well, as I was saying...

(Antonia) Uncle?

(Alonso Quijana) My dear. Good morning, Father. Or is it evening?

(Priest) How do you feel, sir?

(Alonso Quijana) I am but well.

(Sanson) Can you speak your name?

(Alonso Quijana) Should a man not know his name?

(Sanson) If you would just say it.

(Alonso Quijana) Alonso Quijana

(Alonso Quijana) Father...

(Priest) I am here, beside you.

(Alonso Quijana) I wish to make a will.

(Priest) Yes, of course.

(Antonia) Uncle?

(Alonso Quijana) Forgive me. I, when I close my eyes, I see a pale horse and I am bid mount him.

(Sancho) Oh, my dear master's worship, do not die, but live on many years. Dying is such a waste of good health.

(Alonso Quijana) Soft and fair, my dear ones. In last year's nests, there are no birds this year. Come closer. I have dreamed so strangely. Oh, such dreams. I... thought I had declared myself a... No, I dare not tell you, lest you think me mad.

(Antonia) Put them from your mind.

(Alonso Quijana) They are gone. Nor do I know what they meant. Father?

(Priest) Just speak, and I shall write.

(Alonso Quijana) I, Alonso Quijana, with one foot in the stirrup and all too ready for the final ride...

(Bell rings)

(Antonia) Don't admit anyone.

(Alonso Quijana) Do hereby make the following disposition of my estate. The bulk I leave to my beloved niece, Antonia Quijana, with the exception of certain personal bequests which are as follows.

(Housekeeper) I will allow nobody into that room!

(Aldonza) Get out of the way, you hag!

(Antonia) What is that, Sanson?

(Sanson) It's that slut from the inn.

(Housekeeper) I tried to stop her, and she threatened to...

(Aldonza) I'll tear your eyes out if you touch me again, by God!

(Sanson) Get out!

(Aldonza) Not before I see him!

(Alonso Quijana) Let her be. In my house there will be courtesy!
Come closer, girl. What is it you wish?

(Aldonza) Don't you know me?

(Alonso Quijana) Should I?

(Aldonza) I am Aldonza.

(Alonso Quijana) I'm so sorry. I... I don't recall anyone of that name.

(Aldonza) Oh, please, my Lord.

(Alonso Quijana) Why do you say "My Lord"?

(Aldonza) You are my Lord, Don Quixote.

(Alonso Quijana) Don Quixote.

Forgive me. I am confused by shadows. It is possible I knew you once. I do not remember.

(Sanson) This way.

(Aldonza) Please try to remember.

(Alonso Quijana) Is it so important?

(Aldonza) Everything. My whole life. You spoke to me. And everything was... different.

(Alonso Quijana) I spoke to you?

(Aldonza) And you looked at me, and you called me by another name. Dulcinea.

(Sings)

Dulcinea.

Once you found a girl and called her Dulcinea.
When you spoke the name an angel seemed to
whisper,

Dulcinea. Dulcinea.

(Song ends)

(Alonso Quijana) Then perhaps it was not a dream.

(Aldonza) You spoke of a dream, and about a quest.

(Alonso Quijana) A quest?

(Aldonza) How you must fight. And it doesn't matter whether you win or lose, if only you follow the quest.

(Alonso Quijana) What did I say to you?
Tell me the words.

(Aldonza)

(Sings)

To dream the impossible dream...

(Aldonza) But they are your only words.

To fight, the unbeatable foe...

(Aldonza) Don't you remember?

To bear, with unbearable sorrow...

(Aldonza) You must remember!

To run, where the brave dare not go.

(song ends)

(Alonso Quijana) To right the unrightable wrong.

(Aldonza) Yes.

(Alonso Quijana) To love, pure and chaste from afar.

(Aldonza) Yes.

(Alonso Quijana) To try when your arms are too weary.

To reach, the unreachable star.

(Aldonza) Thank you, my Lord.

(Don Quixote) My lady, this is not seemly! On your knees to me?

(Aldonza) But, My Lord, you're not well.

(Don Quixote) Not well? What is sickness to the body of a knight-errant? Nor matter wounds. For each time he falls he will rise again... and woe to the wicked!

Sancho!

(Sancho) Here, Your Grace!

(Don Quixote) My armor, my sword!

(Sancho) More misadventures!

(Don Quixote) Adventures, old friend!

(Sings)

Oh, the trumpets of glory now call me to rise,
yes the trumpets are calling to me.

And wherever I ride ever staunch at my side,
my squire and my lady will be...

I am I, Don Quixote,

(the three sing)

The Lord of La Mancha,
our destiny calls, and we go.

And the wild winds of fortune
will carry us onward,

Whithersoever they blow.
whithersoever they blow,

Onward to glory we go.

(Song ends)

(Sancho) Master! Master!

(Antonia) Uncle!

(Aldonza) My Lord.

(Priest) (Sings in Latin)

De profundis clamo ad te, domine. Audi vocem

meam. Fiant aures tuæ intentæ ad vocem abse
creationis meae. Si delictarum memorium serva
neris...

(Sancho) He is dead, my master is dead.

(Aldonza) A man died. He seemed a good man, but
I did not know him.

(Sancho) But you saw.

(Aldonza) Don Quixote's not dead. Believe,
Sancho. Believe.

(Sancho) Aldonza.

(Aldonza) Dulcinea.

(Sancho) Dulcinea.

(Guard) 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.

(Cervantes) I am a popular defendant.
Summoned before one court before I've quite
finished with another. Well, what says this jury?

(Governor) You know, I think I know now what
this contains.

The history of your mad knight.

(Cervantes) As much as is written.

(Governor) Read as well there as you did here, and
you may not burn.

(Cervantes) I have no intention of burning.

(Governor) Cervantes! I think Don Quixote is
brother to Cervantes.

(Cervantes) God help us. We are both men of La
Mancha.

For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for
him. I give him to you.
Ready, old friend?

(Sancho) Courage.

(Aldonza) To dream the impossible dream, to fight

the unbeatable foe,

(Sings)

To bear with unbearable sorrow,

(Priest) To run where the brave dare not go.

(All) 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.

To reach the unreachable star,
though you know it's impossibly high,

To live with your heart striving upward,
to a far unattainable star.

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ISBN 9798397154925



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