

An Ingenious Gentleman
A WEEKLY COMEDY PROGRAM

By Michael Winn

Adapted for Radio From

Don Quixote, An Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha
By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

WGAw #1187540



The knight of immortal youth
at the age of fifty found his mind in his heart
and one July morning went out to capture
the right, the beautiful, the just.
Facing him a world of silly and arrogant giants,
he on his sad but brave Rocinante.
I know what it means to be longing for something,
but if your heart weighs only a pound and sixteen ounces,
there's no sense, my Don, in fighting these senseless windmills.
But you are right, of course, Dulcinea is your woman,
the most beautiful in the world;
I'm sure you'll shout this fact
at the face of street-traders;
but they'll pull you down from your horse
and beat you up.
But you, the unbeatable knight of our curse,
will continue to glow behind the heavy iron visor
and Dulcinea will become even more beautiful.

Nâzım Hikmet Ran

A Brief Note About Radio Play Scripts

While it may seem obvious that a script for radio might be formatted differently since there's no need for the divisions, indentations and annotations required for a reader to highlight visuals, yet, when a reader expects to see a play in a familiar format, there appears to be something missing.

Ergo, this brief explanation intended to prepare the present reader about what to expect a few pages further on:

It is important for radio actors, musicians, sound effects teams and technicians to quickly see the inter-relationship of cues for their respective parts. A radio script is linear in its presentation. Actors work from scripts and need not commit their lines to memory, and usually do not do so. No indentation is used because things happen quickly and we want the reader's eye to track down the page.

Sound and music cues may be *italicized* or underscored. In this script, I've used *italics* for all non-spoken words, like this:

SOUND: Don Quijano dragging old metal armor.

...and I've used all CAPITAL letters for all non-spoken proper names that are not in italics, like this:

DON QUIXOTE: Hortensia!

It is conventional for performers and technicians to highlight their lines or cues with a highlighter pen.

When a radio play is recorded without an audience present, it is easier to record sound and music on separate tracks after recording the dialogue. Sound cues in the actors' scripts let them know that there are sounds occurring that they are relating to, such as crowd noise, a falling body or bodies, knife wounds, dishes breaking against a head, a gunshot, sound of a bus approaching, etc.

If you have a suggestion to improve readability, send me a note.

Thanks, Michael Winn

PREFACE TO SERIES

The year is 1597. The place, a village in La Mancha, which has known convivial cohabitation of people of Muslim, Jewish and Christian faiths since Medieval times under Muslim rule. Many castles and fortifications from the 8th and 12th centuries stand to this day, testament to the defense of Spain by the Muslim caliphate against Christian warriors. The end of the 16th century is an important period of transition in western civilization. Spain has become the first global enterprise, experiencing unparalleled wealth from its colonies in the new world, bringing along with economic riches, cultural feasts in the form of tales of other-worldly civilizations, strange and exotic people, plants and animals, foods and appetites. The inquisition, in partnership with politically and economically inspired ethnic prejudice, has been sanctified by the royal family which is at the same time lavishing its wealth on painting, sculpture, music, architecture and the importation of fine fabrics, jewelry and ceramics from the far east. And, in the midst of this, commercial book selling has reached new markets. Literacy has become more commonplace as the demand for documents for information management grew with the result that, over a hundred years after the invention of movable type by Gutenberg, industries of pulp fiction, pornography and tabloid journalism are beginning, along with tracts of classical poetry, dramatic plays and secular music.

Stories and situations described by Cervantes are as old as history. TV programs and comic books retell these tales today about superhero cops, lustful, greedy and sadistic villains and advanced technology that gives them super powers. In 1597, the protagonists were Kings and their consorts and knights-errant in suits of medieval armor armed with swords and lances were aided by sorcerers using herbs that lend them supernatural powers to fight giants, necromancers and mythical beasts like those described by Homer. Writers in Cervantes day freely used stories and characters created by contemporaries, taking them into new adventures just as bloggers are doing today. Characters in the Song of Roland and Orlando Furioso appear in a multitude of histories, and along with them, an imaginary milieu and a code of chivalric behavior, establishing a parallel history of a nobler cast than reflected in the mundane progress of human politics.

It is said that Cervantes invented the modern novel. In the words of Peruvian novelist, Mario Vargas Llosa, "To go out of oneself, to be another, in however illusory a fashion, is a way of becoming less of a slave and experiencing the risks of freedom."¹ The advent of a popular book industry in 1597 began an irrepressible revolution, empowering civilization's approach to greater democracy.

Results of Cervantes contribution are huge: his work has inspired writers for 400 years and continues to do so. Many famous writers have cited Cervantes' Don Quixote as a guiding light. In his epilogue, Cervantes expresses love for his protagonists, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. He imbues them with a human nature as real to us as the fictional characters Don Quixote saw, but we also see them as a reflection of Cervantes. He opened a door for us to live in his world, and to see what Quixote saw, and to marvel at the ingenious capacity of men for that ennobling self-delusion, perhaps without which women would forego bearing their children.

¹ The Truth of Lies, Vargas Llosa, Mario, Barcelona June 1989

Series Outline

There are 126 chapters in Cervantes' finished work plus 2 brilliant prefaces and an epilogue. This is the first dramatic treatment to be done in English that follows Don Quijano's journey from his transformation into Don Quixote to the end of the story. The order of events varies in some instances; for example, prefaces are included in a series of "interludes" for program announcements and introductions. The epilogue is a play about Cervantes and his 17th century milieu.

Pilot Episode Synopsis

Don Quijano is a man in his 50s, of no profession, who has lived his entire life in the comfort of a home on a small country estate inherited from his parents. For many years he has been an avid reader of fiction—in those times, these were tales of chivalry and the values and virtues expressed in them informed the cultural milieu of Spanish society. Quijano confuses fiction with history and emerges from a cocoon of passive solitude and declares himself to be the soon to be world famous, Don Quixote de La Mancha. To the surprise and shock of his young niece, Antonia, and their housekeeper, Hortensia, he announces his intention to seek adventure and his pledge of chivalric honor to the beautiful Dulcinea, who is actually a peasant girl, Aldonza Lorenzo, who lives in the village. He renames the tired nag in his stable, "Rocinante", dons the rusting armor left in the attic by his ancestors, and departs on his first sally. In his fervor, he somehow mistakes a nearby Inn for a castle, where he asks the innkeeper, who he mistakes for a nobleman, to do him the honor of dubbing him a knight so he can legitimately engage in combat with his knighted peers. When the innkeeper learns Don Quixote has no money, he advises the new that the authors of medieval romances did not bother to write about mundane things, and on this advice, Don Quixote decides to return home, find a squire and properly provision himself. During the night at the inn, he nearly kills two mule drivers who he thinks are stealing his armor. On leaving the inn in the morning, Don Quixote encounters a farmer who is beating a lad for losing some sheep he is paid to guard. Don Quixote excoriates the farmer, but he leaves the young man in the care of the farmer who falsely promises to pay his young employee and treat him with kindness. After this accomplishment, Don Quixote's breast swells with pride and when he sees a caravan of merchants and their retinue on their way to market in Toledo, he mistakes them for an entourage of knights, and an opportunity to prove his pledge of valor. He challenges them to either fight him or to swear to the unparalleled beauty of Dulcinea. Fortunately for everyone involved, Rocinante stumbles on his first charge with lowered lance, and Don Quixote tumbles into a ditch where he cannot move in his heavy armor. A sadistic mule driver then mercilessly beats him with pieces of his Don Quixote's lance and the party moves on leaving the poor knight in pain but by no means undaunted—he is as victorious in defeat as in victory—he has proven his courage. A neighbor, passing along the road hears Don Quixote's moaning and stops to assist him and he returns to his home, thoroughly thrashed, and laid across the back of his neighbor's mule.

Episode 2 Synopsis

Don Quixote's arrives at his home laid across the back of his neighbor's mule . His housekeeper has brought the village priest and barber to help deal with the gentleman's madness. At Hortensia's instigation, with the curate's blessing, they set about flinging the books that led to his affliction into a pile to be burned. Quixote pays little attention to them. The curate and the barber, who is also a doctor, decide not to oppose or attempt to dissuade Quijano from his delusion, but to humor him, and when he leaves on another adventure, to contrive to meet him in disguise, defeat him in battle and exact from a promise that he will thence forward abandon his ambition. After resting from his wounds, Quixote prepares to sally forth, fortified by his first experience and the advice of the innkeeper. He survived his first adventure, undaunted. He approaches Sancho Panza, and with promises of riches and an island, he enlists this him to perform the role of squire. Sancho's gullibility is more that of a gambler than an idiot. He weighs the opportunities his simple peasant existence affords him and his wife in their tiny freehold, with the opportunities unknown, but promised by this strange, but obviously determined and highly articulate aristocrat. He is convinced of at least a possibility of obtaining the spoils of any conflict in which Quixote is successful. Quixote's quest is not one of pillage, but of Christian virtue, conquest of evil and rescue of the downtrodden. And the upside, should this pan out optimally, include governorship of an island. Sancho's interest in such a thing expresses an unusual and ennobling aspiration for a peasant of his lineage. Mounting his most prized possession and dearest friend, his mule, he departs with Don Quixote and Rocinante in search of adventure. When they encounter a windmill that Don Quixote mistakes for a giant, Sancho Panza argues but Quixote sees through such sorcery and he launches himself and Rocinante at a descending arm and loses consciousness in the ensuing encounter. It appears to Sancho that Quixote is done for, along with dreams of an island to govern, but Quixote awakens and their conversation is one of the many gems in the book. Continuing along the road, they encounter two Benedictine friars, or this is what Sancho sees, in long black robes and mounted on mules equipped with large parasols for sunshade. Quixote, however, sees two dark evil enchanters riding camels. Following not far behind the friars on the road, although not actually with the friars, is a handsome carriage that Quixote believes is carrying a kidnapped princess. Sancho pleads with Quixote, explaining that what these are friars and common travelers. Quixote responds, "I have told you already, Sancho, that with regard to adventures, you are utterly ignorant: what I say is true, and in a moment, you shall be convinced." Quixote challenges the evil enchanters demanding they release the captive princess. The friars protest their innocence and Quixote's incredulous statements. Quixote takes their protestations as insults to his intelligence, and charges at one of them who averts a potentially lethal blow of Quixote's lance by diving off his mule. The other friar takes off through a field of corn. While Quixote rides to the carriage to complete his rescue of the princess, Sancho, cheered by Quixote's victory, sets about relieving the friar of his robe and belongings in accordance with his understanding.

Episode 3 Synopsis

In reality, the woman in the carriage is a Biscayan lady of distinction on her way to Seville accompanied by her retinue. While Sancho sets about stripping the downed Friar of his cape as a spoil of victory, Quixote has ridden to the carriage in which the princess is held captive, guarded by a Biscayan man in the employ of the lady. The Biscayan and Quixote are evenly matched in the sense that the determination of one is rooted in arrogant stupidity and the other in delusional insanity. They attack each other with swords. Meanwhile, the friar's servants ask Sancho why he is stripping the Friar. Sancho explains that as the squire is entitled to spoils, he is taking what is rightfully his. The servants disagree and begin to thrash poor Sancho. Back at the carriage, the Biscayan's stubborn mule is proving to be even more of an impediment than Rocinante's nonchalance. He has an advantage of agility, unencumbered by armor, and his shield, actually a cushion from the carriage, is no less substantial than Quixote's aging buckler. After giving and escaping the worst of two life taking blows, the two come at each other with such grim determination that one of them will surely die. Cervantes interrupts the fight just as Quixote and the Biscayan have their swords raised to strike deadly blows on their respective heads. (Note: Cervantes was a writer of comedic "Interludes", short plays that were presented between acts of longer plays, often topical and satiric.) In this episode, we present an interlude which is an interview with Cervantes in the radio studio. A script is attached at the end of the pilot episode. Returning to the story, Quixote has gotten the best of the Biscayan, as a consequence of the mule's behavior, and the lady pleads with Quixote for his life. Sancho, stumbles into the scene although severely beaten by the friar's servants. He is none-the-less still ecstatic about Quixote's victory and requests his reward, the island that was promised him. Quixote, having lost half an ear in the battle with the Biscayan instead gives Sancho a lesson in the laws of chivalry. As they converse, Quixote and Sancho come upon the huts of some goatherds who treat them to dinner. One of them, Antonio, sings for them a song of unrequited love. A man arrives who tells them of the suicide of a shepherd they all know, Grisóstomo.

Episode 4 Synopsis

The tragic story of Grisóstomo's love for the fair and beautiful but cold shepherdess, Marcela.

In Progress

PREFACE TO PILOT EPISODE

Don Quijano slept fitfully through the previous night, constantly awakening from dreams about the knights and demons and other characters in the books of chivalry he has been reading obsessively of late. Fifty six, and never married, and never more than a lukewarm papal Christian, he has also begun to question the meaning of his life in the context of the nobility, courage and loyalty of the legendary characters that people all the popular romances of the day. Even when he speaks to his priest to confess his sins, he does not describe dissatisfaction with his life, but rather talks to him about the wondrous deeds of those he reads about in these books. The line between the world of fiction, where he longs to live, and the real nonfiction world blurs in his mind. The stories of the legendary knights become historical documents. Even more so, he is inspired by the ideals that motivate these heroes, and that makes his spirit soar. To live a life committed to a dream of service, integrity and honor is all that he could wish. No more perfect model for such valor can be found than in the histories he reads. Along with the characters and situations that exist in the world of chivalry, there is a formal, archaic dialect of elegance he naturally assumes, like an actor in a classical opera.

The other characters in this episode are as confused and astounded by his transformation as you or I might be if someone we knew quit his job, put on a cowboy hat, shoved a colt .45 under his/her belt and said, as he leaves that he is going to ride with Chuck Norris and the Texas Rangers. In everyway but this one delusion, Don Quijano is the same generous, non-assuming soul he's always been, and those who know him are uncertain about how to deal with him, while those who do not know him are incredulous. For those familiar with the book, narrative has been replaced by dialogue. Minor characters are thus revealed through what they say rather than narrative description as in the book and they all have proper names.

CAST OF CHARACTERS – PILOT EPISODE

General: *Although, audio is the end result, relating to other characters and (imagined) events requires the same creativity as audio/visual media. Since the audience receives no visual information, artists must find vocal, interpretive and timing pathways to convey everything. As in singing a ballad, an interesting or attractive voice and voice flexibility can interest listeners and carry more meaning than words. As in singing, attractive voices are as varied as Tom Waits, Neil Young, Alison Krausse, Lucinda Williams, Groucho Marx and Jack Benny. If your character is a lover, an ingenue or a rogue, the kind of rogue, the faithfulness of the lover and the wiles of the ingenue are created by tone and timing. For each character, below, there is information about who this character is, but if you have an idea, after reading the script, we can see how it sounds. Do what works for you-- experiment. Hispanic accents are appropriate.*

Don Alonso Quijano aka Don Quixote *is a gentleman in his 50s, never married. His voice and speech pattern has a formal, even Shakespearean quality, the result of a*

privileged education by nuns. Ordinarily quiet and reclusive, after he has been inspired by heroic ideals he has read in books about chivalry, his speech is flowery and archaic, but not narcissistic or "affected". He is authentic in his ideals of service, integrity and honor, and in this regard he is saintly. On the other hand, he's had so little experience of the world that, although, his perceptions are often delusional, given his experience, they are believable for him and in every other respect he is wise, and even brilliant in his thinking and speech, even when he is incredibly wrong, conservative and superstitious, he is eloquent in his expression.

***Antonia** is Don Quijano's niece, a girl under twenty years but not a teenager. She's more likely to enter a convent. She finds her uncle's behavior miraculous but frightening. An orphaned child, she has a strong inner light of faith and is pleased to accept the grace of life's beautiful gifts of nature. She doesn't take things too seriously, and, but for her concerns for his somewhat violent exercises, she is interested by her uncle's transformation. She may speak with a Castillian accent.*

***Hortensia** is Don Quijano's housekeeper. She is a proud woman of Basque heritage in her sixties who has served the Quijano's family her entire life. Alonso is the only surviving child of her former employers and she feels he was over-protected growing up and ended up a little strange. But she is devoted to him out of her promise to his parents. He is the object of her maternal instincts and she becomes seriously alarmed about his madness. She has watched his compulsive reading habit develop for quite some time. In her generation, the only books were bibles and other books were regarded by some as works of the devil. She does not read and now, her greatest fears have come to fruition: those accursed books have taken his soul. She speaks with a strong, Basque, or other provincial accent.*

***Pedro** is Don Quijano's man-of-all-trades. He was a child when Quijano's family took him in, with his dark eyes and skin tone, they believe him to be a Morisco, perhaps abandoned or lost by parents when they were deported to Algeria. He is uneducated, affable and exhibits a country innocence. Now in his fifties, he helps the Curate care for the churchyard and is nonjudgmental to the extreme. He is certainly not given to questioning the behaviors of his employer, regardless how mad or deviant his behavior. If Don Quijano wore a tutu and a cabbage on his head, he would smile and honestly say, "qué bonito, your grace". He was educated in the fields worked by Morisco laborers and speaks with an Arabic, rural accent.*

***Lorina** (30s) and **Tolosa** (40s) are women "of the game" (prostitutes) traveling with mule drivers who are staying at the Inn, which Don Quixote mistakes for a castle (also mistaking the two women for ladies of the court). They are both good-hearted and with a rough sense of humor and manner of speaking, spiced by the practices of their trade and their experiences with men like the mule drivers. Their voices may be comically exaggerated and their accents as well.*

***Tolosa**, see above.*

***Ignacio** is a fat rogue, clever thief and a coward, who, having avoided the clutches of the law and the Holy Brotherhood (Inquisition), managed to escape with enough loot to buy the Inn at which he exercises his larcenous tendencies by victimizing guests. He is large in all respects and his breathing sometimes impairs his speech. He is in his early 40s and energetic for his size, but tires quickly. His education as a rogue on the streets of Seville and other urban centers has contributed to his vocabulary and knowledge of the world. For instance, he taught himself to read and developed an ability to spin yarns to gain the confidence of victims. He has read many of the popular books of chivalry and recognizes the names Quixote mentions. He may sound like a Mexican Alfred Hitchcock or Sydney Greenstreet.*

***Two mule drivers** are men in their 30s. Strong accents. Sober they are already defensive and more obnoxious than their most stubborn mule. In this scene, one of them is nearly blind drunk, and the other is stupid drunk.*

***Juan Huldudo**, a wealthy, arrogant, sadistic and obsequious farmer in his fifties. He enjoys whipping his young male employees and also cheats them out of their pay when he can. He's a sadistic rogue.*

***Andrés** is Huldudo's adolescent employee. A youth of 14 years, he daydreams when he should be working, and is otherwise, a typical lad.*

***Xavier** is a silk merchant who, along with several other merchants, their servants and muledrivers, are on their way to trade at a market in Toledo. To say a person is in the fabric or clothing business is a euphemism for "converso" (a converted Jew). This reference is important to Cervantes' 16th century audience, and we may use it also. The accent of the merchants becomes more humorous with a little yiddish. Xavier is a waggish fellow, and the flippant tone of his conversation enrages Don Quixote.*

***Maldonado** is the burly, loutish foreman of the muledrivers in the silk merchants' caravan. He's a bully by nature who likes playing knock-about for the pleasure of it providing that he has an advantage over his adversary.*

***Pedro Alonso** is a farmer of modest means and small stature, in his 70s. He's a neighbor of Don Quijano, a simple man, very respectful in demeanor, with a high, weak voice.*

***Dulcinea del Toboso**, according to Don Quixote's imagination, is an incomparable beauty, wise and in all respects, a noble person. Since she is a creature of Don Quixote's imagination, her voice is an idealized expression and we will most likely add presence to the recording electronically.*

***Announcer** has a BBC-1 voice.*

Episode One – A Meeting of Too Many Minds

Based on Don Quixote, An Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha

Chapters 1 through 5

By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

A production of San Diego Radio Theater

Produced by.....Philip Van Oppen and Michael Winn

Directed by Michael Winn

Radioplay by Michael Winn

Sound Engineer.....John Vilotti

Graphic Design

ACT ONE CAST OF CHARACTERS

Announcer.....

Dulcinea

Don Quixote/Don Quijano the Good.....

Antonia, his niece

Hortensia, his housekeeper

Pedro, his stable boy.....

Ignacio, an Innkeeper.....

Marta, Innkeeper's wife

Lorina.....

Tolosa

Muleteer

Muleteer 2

Xavier

Juan Huldudo.....

Andres, a shepherd boy

Xavier

Maldonado

Farmer; Pedro Alonso, a neighbor

SOUND: Faucet: four beats: Drip, drip, drip, drip @ 45 bpm

SOUND: Clock ticking: four beats: tick't, tick't, tick't tick't @ 60 bpm

SOUND: Metronome: eight beats: tok, tok, tok, tok, etc. @ 120 bpm

MUSIC:Piano 4/4 to metronome, one bar of Mozart Overture to Don Giovanni

MUSIC:Strings repeat this phrase

MUSIC:Orchestra repeats the phrase and then woodwinds make the next lyrical statement, duck this behind the announcer.

ANNOUNCER: Good evening ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Teatro Interneto, a world where everything you hear is fantasy. Today, San Diego Radio Theater brings you _____ as Don Quixote and _____ as Dulcinea in “A Meeting of Too Many Minds”, adapted from the first five chapters of Miguel Cervantes’ groundbreaking novel, “The Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha, Don Quixote.”

MUSIC: Seque into Flamenco guitar and duck under.

SOUND: Cock crows, repeat, mocking birds trill, sound of bird wings,

ANNOUNCER: It is a hot, bright sunny morning on the 15th of July 1597 on a farm, in a village not far from Madrid. A bright bar of gold sunlight pours into the bedroom of Don Alonso Quijano, the Good, as his housekeeper, Hortensia, parts the curtains. Quijano’s niece, Antonia, follows Hortensia carrying his breakfast on a tray...

SOUND: Restful sounds of morning, punctuated by Don Quijano’s snores, then a door bursts open, foot steps jar the silence, curtains being drawn, window sash slides open...

DON QUIJANO: *(groggy groan) What? Who is it?*

ANTONIA: Good morning, Uncle! It’s a bright and lovely day!
(cheery, expressive, bubbly)

HORTENSIA: Good morning, your grace. *(Comparatively cheerless as she throws open the window)*

SOUND: Another window opens, birds are louder.

HORTENSIA: There, that's better—a little fresh air.

DON QUIXOTE: (*clears throat, mumbles*) Hortensia, bring that book on the table by the candle, please.

ANTONIA: Did you sleep well, dear Uncle?

HORTENSIA: He doesn't sleep, Antonia. He reads.

DON QUIXOTE: Was I sleeping? There were ordinary things, yet beautiful to see and touch...and men of honor...courageous, challenging adversity itself, they fought in battles, dangerous and proud, for liberty and love...I could see it, Antonia! I could see it...

SOUND: Books being tossed into a pile by Hortensia.

HORTENSIA: Your grace does nothing but read these evil books, no exercise, no work, what do you expect?

ANTONIA: Poor uncle, reading your books of chivalry all the time makes your head hurt. May I get you a drink of cool water?

DON QUIXOTE: I dream't of Giants, Antonia. Arrogant, brutish giants, lacking in all courtesy. But one, called, Schwartznegranto, spoke of possibilities! A world, green and round and full like the moon, beyond the unfair decrepitude of falling apart in Alcala de Sacramento...

HORTENSIA: He neglects the farm where parents made the finest orchard in La Mancha. He sells land to buy these evil books!

DON QUIXOTE: I'd give all my property and you, Hortensia, in the bargain, to ride a single day with Reinaldo de Montalban in the service of some cause greater than feeding myself...

HORTENSIA: Books, like cockroaches, in every corner...

DON QUIXOTE: ...or a chance to strike a blow at the traitor of El Cid, the bastard son of Fernando Gonzalez!

HORTENSIA: Then give me to some knight who will make better use of me and his life.

SOUND: HORTENSIA picking up books.

ANTONIA: Hortensia!

DON QUIXOTE: Leave that one on the floor, Hortensia, but give the one next to it to me, the old one. There's something I must see...

ANTONIA: Why DO you read these things, uncle?

DON QUIXOTE: When Fernando Da Silva tells how, with one mighty stroke, the Knight of the Burning Sword cuts in half, two fierce and monstrous bureaucrats disguised as Franciscan Friars...!

HORTENSIA: Madre de Dios! Do you hear him, Antonia?

ANTONIA: You must be very wise by now, Uncle, from all this reading. Can't you rest and think about other things now—the garden needs attention...

DON QUIXOTE: The garden needs attention? My soul lacks attention! Give me that book, dear, with the blue cover...

SOUND: Thumbing through pages of a book.

DON QUIXOTE: (*reading*) Listen. "...am I awake or dreaming—the reason of the unreason with which my reason is afflicted so weakens my reason that with reason I murmur at your beauty..."

HORTENSIA: Aristotle could draw no meaning from such words.

DON QUIXOTE: Aristotle? Have you not heard of Kepler or Copernicus? Hortensia, god willing, you will see me crowned Emperor of California one day... (*repeating*) "...the reason of the unreason with which my reason is afflicted so weakens my reason that with reason I murmur at your beauty..."(*drifting*)

ANTONIA: What do you mean, Uncle?

HORTENSIA: My god, he thinks he's going to be a knight...

DON QUIXOTE: It means, Antonia, that love is unreasonable...

ANTONIA: But, what did you mean about California, Uncle?

DON QUIXOTE: Yes, Antonia, I am decided now. I will roam the world in quest of adventure as a knight to right the wrongs of the world.

ANTONIA: You will?

DON QUIXOTE: Why not, Antonia? And, who else? Is it better to slowly fade away like a painting left in the sun while you watch the turnips grow, or to ride triumphantly into history?

HORTENSIA: He's lost his wits in those books, Antonia.

ANTONIA: Hush, Hortensia...

DON QUIXOTE: Why not live and die as great and famous men, like Bernardo del Carpio and the reknowned, if foolish, Rosperot?

HORTENSIA: You see, Antonia?

MUSIC: Transition, swell, seque into...

SOUND: Don Quijano dragging an old suit of medieval armor.

DON QUIXOTE: Hortensia!

HORTENSIA: *(shouting off mic, from down the hall)* Can't it wait, your grace? I'm sweeping the stairs!

DON QUIXOTE: *(calling into the hall)* Where's the gauntlet, Hortensia?

SOUND: Hortensia footsteps coming up the stairs into the attic, floorboards creaking.

HORTENSIA: *(out of breath)* What are you doing in this dusty attic, your grace?

DON QUIXOTE: Where's the top of this helmet?

HORTENSIA: *(exasperated)* Top of what, your grace?

SOUND: Rattling of armor as he fidgets with part of it.

DON QUIXOTE: Helmet. Helmet. This part here goes `round the chin. Where's the top?

HORTENSIA: What is that?

DON QUIXOTE: My ancestor, Fernando D'Alzina Guaraz de Villalba, wore this armor riding with El Cid at Valencia...where's the visor, Hortensia, the beaver, the part that goes in front of the eyes.

HORTENSIA: What does your grace want with these rusted things?

DON QUIXOTE: Clean and polish this armor, Hortensia. I will fashion a top for the helmet myself, using pasteboard if I must.

HORTENSIA: (*muttering*) He's lost his mind. I knew it.

SOUND: Rattling of armor.

MUSIC: Transition guitar

SOUND: Outside farmyard noises, birds, chickens scurrying, footsteps, dog barking stable door swings open.

DON QUIXOTE: Pedro!

PEDRO: Good morning, your grace.

DON QUIXOTE: Pedro, saddle my horse.

SOUND: Sounds of horse.

PEDRO: Yes, of course, your grace.

DON QUIXOTE: What's the matter with him, Pedro? He's not dead?

PEDRO: I see movement in the nostrils, your grace. He lives.

SOUND: Horse snoring.

DON QUIXOTE: Does he always sleep so--on his back?

PEDRO: (*to the horse*) Come on, get up now, old friend.

SOUND: Horse complaining, but rising to his feet.

PEDRO: Will your grace go to town today?

DON QUIXOTE: No, Pedro, I have bolder plans.

PEDRO: This horse may not survive a hunt, your grace.

DON QUIXOTE: He is merely enchanted, Pedro.

PEDRO: This horse, enchanted? Your grace makes fun of me.

DON QUIXOTE: Not at all, Pedro, this horse appears to be a decrepit, aged nag. But *that* is the cleverest kind of sorcery.

PEDRO: He is but skin and bones, your grace. Look, there are cracks in his hooves...

DON QUIXOTE: Sublime, isn't it! The incomparable El Greco, Theotopoulos, was not nearly so attentive to detail. This is the work of a wizard as powerful as the great Mondrano!

PEDRO: How can you tell, your grace? I see nothing but a...to be frank, your grace, a bony, tired nag and I think, hungry, nag as well, eh?

SOUND: Horse snorts.

DON QUIXOTE: (*laughing at Pedro*) Yes, Pedro, that's what you see. But in reality he's a virile stallion, the equal of Bucephalus or El Cid's Babieca! What you see is the sorcerer's spell.

PEDRO: By god's grace, I would have it be, but the horse does not seem to know it either.

DON QUIXOTE: Of course not, you simple man. Fortunately, I have read of this in the diary of Gandalín. To break this spell, we must call him by his one true name.

PEDRO: What name is that, your grace?

DON QUIXOTE: A name befitting his true nature, of course.

PEDRO: Your grace, this horse is a nag—what we call, *un rocin*.

SOUND: Horse snorts and whinnies.

DON QUIXOTE: Pedro!

PEDRO: What is it, your grace?

DON QUIXOTE: How typical it is for the most ignorant to see what sophisticated men do not because they are blinded by their own vast knowledge!

PEDRO: Thank you for the complement, your grace, but I don't understand what you are talking about.

DON QUIXOTE: Rocin, Pedro! His name is Rocin, but not just Rocin, he is Rocin-ante! The essence, no, the *triumph* of all that is Rocin!

SOUND: Horse whinnies again.

PEDRO: Rocin-ante?

DON QUIXOTE: Rocinante! The foremost nag of all nags! Pedro, I should kiss you!

PEDRO: No thank you, your grace.

DON QUIXOTE: Rocinante, a noble model and aspiration for every rocin that has ever lived or that will ever live!

PEDRO: May it be so, your grace. But...

DON QUIXOTE: What, Pedro?

PEDRO: He looks the same to me...only he is standing now.

DON QUIXOTE: Fear not, Pedro, he is released from the spell, but sadly, you are not.

PEDRO: My true name is Pedro, your grace.

DON QUIXOTE: Never mind. Behind the illusion you are suffering, stands the noble, and soon to be legendary, Rocinante, the first and foremost of all nags that has ever lived!

SOUND: Snorts, whinny.

PEDRO: I do see a glimmer in the eye, now. Maybe you are right. But it could be that he is very hungry.

DON QUIXOTE: Feed him then, Pedro, and groom him well, for he shall make history.

PEDRO: He will?

DON QUIXOTE: The name, Rocinante, will be remembered, I promise.

PEDRO: Yes, your grace.

SOUND: Whinny.

MUSIC: Swell

SOUND: Rooster crows

SOUND: Don Quixote leaping about the room, lunging and slashing at walls and drapes with his sword.

ANTONIA: Good morning, uncle!

DON QUIXOTE: *(out of breath)* Antonia, my child. *(breath)* Good morning! *(breath)* From this day forward Antonia *(lunges)*, I, *(lunge)* shall be known, *(lunge)* as Don Quixote de La Mancha!

ANTONIA: Be careful, Uncle, you'll cut yourself!

SOUND: Sword slashing drapes.

ANTONIA: Uncle, you destroy the drapes!

DON QUIXOTE: I must strengthen my arm, Antonia...to meet fierce and subtle adversaries, monstrous giants *(pauses to catch a breath)* and the like.

HORTENSIA: *(running in)* Por Dios, your grace! You've slashed the poor curtains to shreds. It will take weeks to mend them. Antonia, make him stop!

DON QUIXOTE: What, would you stop ME, Hortensia? Don't you know that it is a common occurrence for knights errant to run into fearsome

creatures...I must prepare! What do I care for (lunges, slashes, tears) a few old curtains, compared with the lives of destitute and frightened orphans?

ANTONIA: It could be dangerous, dear Uncle...

DON QUIXOTE: I, (*lunge*) like Amadís of Gaul, (*lunge*) shall cleave them asunder to the waist, just so. (*lunge/tear/crash*)

SOUND: Crash of furniture as he leaps and slashes.

HORTENSI: My god, he's smashed the night stand!

ANTONIA: It would be less messy to vanquish them, Uncle!

DON QUIXOTE: (*Stops abruptly*) You know, you're right, Antonia. (*resting*) Let me sit here a moment. Ah! It feels good to move the blood. But you are right, whenever vanquishing is available, it would be a wasted opportunity to cleave them asunder.

HORTENSIA: Madness. Madness. Madness! How shall I repair these?

DON QUIXOTE: I may send a vanquished giant as a gift of love to a damsel, so that he may fall on his knees before my sweet lady, and in a humble, submissive voice say, (*in a deeper voice*) I am the giant, Caraculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, vanquished in single combat by the never sufficiently extolled knight, Don Quixote de La Mancha, who has commanded me to present myself before you, mistress, that your Highness may dispose of me at your pleasure."

ANTONIA: She would be impressed with that, Uncle. But where will you find such a damsel, and would she be disposed?

DON QUIXOTE: Why, you're right again, dear Antonia. Out of the mouths of babes! Antonia, a knight-errant without love is like a tree without leaves or a body without a soul. Who shall it be? (*paces*) Who shall it be? (*paces*) But wait! There's a comely farm-girl I have long admired in the nearby village of Toboso.

ANTONIA: Uncle! Is it true? You are infatuated? (*laughs*)

DON QUIXOTE: From these lips come only truth, fair Antonia. Her name is Aldonza Lorenzo, a lovely young woman, with high breasts, full lips, fair of skin, with fine silken tresses, down to here, or here,

and worthy to be the lady of my thoughts. But her name should reflect the sweetness of her character. Dulcet... Aldonza. She shall be, Dulcinea. Dulcinea del...Toboso.

ANTONIA: It's a sweet name, Dulcinea, Uncle. I like it. But is she sweet?

HORTENSIA: Folie á deux!

DON QUIXOTE: A name both musical and significant, Antonia! Dulcinea. Dulcinea.

ANTONIA: It's a pretty name, Dulcinea.

MUSIC: Recuerdos de La Alhambra

DON QUIXOTE: She walked past me in the market square. A bright Spring morning. The sun fell across her face and her hair was like a golden flame. The deep purple serge of her collar was in contrast to the ivory white of her chin. Over her shoulders, she wore a brown jacket to the waist. Her golden hair escaped from a purple cap that covered the back of her head, and fell over her shoulders and breasts. She smiled just slightly as she passed me. I turned to watch her walk away with the posture of a proud dancer leaving a captivated audience... *(suddenly, inspired to action)* Antonia, please, leave me now. I must prepare...with each passing moment there are more wrongs to right, grievances to redress, injustices to repair, abuses to remove, and duties to discharge. And now, I see clearly that I must hasten to serve my mistress, Dulcinea.

ANTONIA: Good day, Uncle. I will see you anon at breakfast.

DON QUIXOTE: Good by, my dear.

SOUND: Door closing as Antonia leaves.

DON QUIXOTE: *(musing)* I must leave before dawn. Fortunate the time and blessed the age when my famous deeds will come to light, worthy of being cast in bronze, carved in marble. O, thou wise enchanter whose task it will be to chronicle this wondrous history! I implore thee not to overlook my mistress, Dulcinea, my eternal companion on all my travels and peregrinations!

MUSIC: Swells

SOUND: Cock crows, barnyard noises. The creaking of his suit of armor as he walks to the stable door. Door opening.

DON QUIXOTE: Pedro? Pedro, have you saddled Rocinante?

PEDRO: Whew! It's early, your grace, and the heat already rises in waves from the ground. How will you survive the heat in that metal suit?

DON QUIXOTE: That's the lot of the knight errant, Pedro. If it were easy it would take little courage. Help me now. Steady, Rocinante. That's good. Right, now push and....

SOUND: Armor creaking, horse complaining.

DON QUIXOTE: Patience, Rocinante. We will soon be on the plains of Montiel, in search of adventure. Hand me the helmet, Pedro.

PEDRO: This your grace?

DON QUIXOTE: Now the lance. Thank you. Now, Rocinante! Sally forth!

MUSIC: swell

PEDRO: Your grace?

MUSIC: Stops

DON QUIXOTE: What is it Pedro?

PEDRO: Don't you need some kind of license or commission to go about with arms like this?

DON QUIXOTE: Pedro, you astound me! You are right again! According to the law of chivalry, I cannot take up arms against any lawful knight until I have myself been dubbed a knight. I shall ask the first knight or noble man I run into to grant me this and until that time, I will content myself with noble thoughts. Farewell, Pedro.

PEDRO: Vaya con Dios, your grace.

DON QUIXOTE: Open the door, Pedro!

SOUND: Stable door opens, scraping the ground, creaking hinge

DON QUIXOTE: Pedro.

PEDRO: Yes, your grace.

DON QUIXOTE: Tend the garden, Pedro, please, as you would mind a loving wife. There's no finer thing than to tend sweet things as they grow. It is a life I put behind me now.

PEDRO: I will, your grace.

SOUND: Horse turning.

DON QUIXOTE: And, Pedro...fair Antonia blossoms, too. Be kind to any suitors, but wary. Let the Barber know of any concerns. A maiden's heart is in no way subject to good sense.

PEDRO: I will, your grace.

DON QUIXOTE: And, one more thing...be aware that in the orchard near the pomegranate, there is buried not a treasure but enough to take care of you, Hortensia and Antonia for as long as you shall live.

PEDRO: Thank you, your grace. I will pray for your return.

DON QUIXOTE: On Rocinante, *(as he rides off and away)* the wind is on our back as we ride the Manchegan plains to find our destiny!

SOUND: Horse galloping off

MUSIC: Triumphant

SOUND: Horse slowly walking.

DON QUIXOTE: *(musing to himself)* O Princess Dulcinea, a grievous wrong hast thou done me to drive me forth undubbed, and with inexorable obduracy banish me from the presence of thy perfect beauty. Is inexorable the right word? No matter. This dubbing is an issue that must be resolved. But it is fiercely hot, Rocinante, let's rest for a moment in the shade of this chestnut tree. I feel --a little -- tired *(drifts off to sleep)*.

MUSIC: Transition to fantasy

DULCINEA: My lord, Don Quixote of La Mancha, how it pleases me to see you.

DON QUIXOTE: Dulcinea, the mistress of my captive heart.

DULCINEA: I fear I give myself away, dear knight, with every breath I take.

DON QUIXOTE: May it please you, Señora, to recall this thy subject heart and adoring servant, which suffers countless trials for the sake of thy sweet love.

DULCINEA: Devotion and love for one unseen? It is only in the heart of one that loves, where a knight can see the magical beauty of his devotion. Fear not, Don Quixote de la Mancha, you will be dubbed a knight before the sun again shall rise...

MUSIC: Transition

SOUND: Horse walking...

DON QUIXOTE: Rocinante, are those not four turrets and pinnacles of shining silver that I see? Let us approach slowly and see if some dwarf shows himself upon the battlements of this castle, and by sound of trumpet gives notice that a knight is approaching.

SOUND: Pigs, horn beeping, swineherd muttering.

DON QUIXOTE: That's the signal, Rocinante! We can't see him because dwarfs tend to have a diminutive stature. But that *is* a dwarf announcing my arrival, quickly now, to the castle gate.

SOUND: Horse trots.

LORINA & TOLOSA: (standing at the door to the Inn, improvising about their respective Johns. Their voices grow more audible as he approaches and they notice him.)

LORINA: In god's holy name, Tolosa, is that a ghost?

TOLOSA: Back toward the door, Lorina, casually. Don't show fear.

SOUND: Voices from within the pub, tinkling of glasses and plates.

DON QUIXOTE: *(as he approaches on horseback)* Flee not, dear ladies! The sacred oath of knighthood, which I profess, does not permit rude deeds, least of all against highborn maidens as your appearance proclaims you to be.

TOLOSA: *(to Lorina)* Is **he** mocking **us**?

LORINA: Take off that rusty suit and we'll see what you're really made of, Señor rust. *(they laugh)*

DON QUIXOTE: Nothing is more commendable in beautiful women than modesty, my dear ladies. Laughter with little cause is immodest in ladies of your obvious virtue.

TOLOSA: Ladies...

LORINA: ...of virtue?! *(more laughter)*

DON QUIXOTE: My desire is none other than to serve you.

TOLOSA: Then serve us you shall, your grace!

LORINA: *(seductive)* We can use a good serving! *(Laughing)*

DON QUIXOTE: It's most unbecoming to laugh...

TOLOSA: *(flirtatious)* Becoming, unbecoming, as long as you are coming...(more laughter)

SOUND: Door opening, pub sounds swell as Ignacio, the Innkeeper bursts through the door.

IGNACIO: What's going on, here? Ladies, interfering with the trade? Ah, Señor Caballero, welcome! Go about your business ladies...

LORINA: Our business and your trade are intertwined, dear, fat Ignacio.

IGNACIO: Fat, eh? *(pinches her)* and what is this?

LORINA: *(shrieks)*

IGNACIO: Your worship, if these women are a trouble to you...

DON QUIXOTE: Ah, the governor of the castle.

IGNACIO: If your lordship wants lodging here, we can accommodate you with everything except a bed, but there is plenty of everything else...as you can see.

(girls giggle)

DON QUIXOTE: Sir Castellan, for me anything will suffice, for *(quoting)* "my dress is armor and battles my repose."

IGNACIO: Oh. I see. Hmmm. Stop your giggling, women! Help the gentleman dismount, and let's see what there is to make of this.

LORINA: He called you, Castellan, Ignacio. That's a quaint name for a fat, light-fingered, lecherous innkeeper.

IGNACIO: I am an Adalusian. I deserve whatever name his lordship chooses to confer!

LORINA: A theiving pig perhaps, even for an Andalusian.

IGNACIO: Help the gentleman to dismount, ladies. *(In a grand manner)* Your grace, permit me to say that I, like, you, am an ardent fan of books of chivalry. Is it not said in some history or other, "even if your couch is the flinty rock, your sleep perpetual waking"?

DON QUIXOTE: Yes.

IGNACIO: You will find here continual opportunities to defy sleeping. You may have any quantity of sleeplessness, not only for a night, but for an entire year!

TOLOSA: Hold this stirrup for me, Lorina.

SOUND: Armor clanking, scuffling, as Don Quixote is helped down from his horse with difficulty and exertion.

DON QUIXOTE: *(groans)* Castellan, I have not broken my fast all day. Take the reins of my noble steed, Rocinante, the best horse that ever ate grain in this world.

LORINA: Let's help you out of the silver-plate, sir knight. It's a bit tarnished, isn't it.

DON QUIXOTE: In this armor, my dear lady, my ancestor stood watch outside the tent of the great, El Cid.

LORINA: There was a paragon of virility in that tent, Señor, a man who it is said, understood woman. Have you inherited that virtue?

TOLOSA: This helmet is knotted tight with a green ribbon, your grace, we'll need to cut it off.

DON QUIXOTE: By no means will I consent to cutting this helmet, madam! I'll keep it on.

TOLOSA: No matter, we're used to dealing with eccentricities, aren't we Lorina?

LORINA: Usually, it's the shoes. (*more laughter*)

TOLOSA: There was a hat, Lorina! Remember that crazy Friar? Fra...

TOGETHER: BARTHOLOMEW! (*laughter*)

DON QUIXOTE: (*with charm*) Fair ladies, never was there a knight so well served as am I, Don Quixote served this night. With maidens waiting on me, and on my hack—or Rocinante, for that, ladies, is my horse's name, and Don Quixote of La Mancha is my own.

LORINA: (*sincere*) T'is our honor to serve one such as you, your grace.

DON QUIXOTE: I did not plan to declare myself until my achievements in your service and honor had made me known, but the necessity gave you the knowledge of my name. A time will come for your ladyships to command and me to obey, and then the might of my arm will show my desire to serve you.

LORINA: Your hands and a strong back would be appreciated, dear, but first, wouldn't you like something to eat?

DON QUIXOTE: I would gladly eat a bit of something for I feel it would come very seasonably. What is there?

LORINA: (*Sexual insinuation*) I think there's something tasty here...we call them troutlets, but you may call me, Lorina.

DON QUIXOTE: (*doesn't get it*) I see. Troutlets.

TOLOSA: (*aside*) Lorina!

DON QUIXOTE: Well, several troutlets will be the same as one trout. But let it come quickly, ladies, for the burden and pressure of arms cannot be borne without support to the inside.

SOUND: Door opening as they go inside, where the boisterous voices of patrons and kitchen noises fill the room.

LORINA: With your helmet on you can't put anything into your mouth, your grace...

TOLOSA: Let me help with that. You hold the gate in front of his mouth open, Lorina, and we'll pour it in with this funnel. Here's a swallow of good wine for you...ready?

SOUND: Wine jug gurgling.

DON QUIXOTE: (*Gulping*) Thank you, dear lady. (*gulp*) That is enough wine, (*gulp*) and that is more (*gulp*) than enough, I beg you. (*Gulp*)

SOUND: Reed pipe, four or five toots.

DON QUIXOTE: Ah, see! Musicians have arrived!

TOLOSA: Musicians? Where?

LORINA: (*aside*) The hog gelder's pipe...

DON QUIXOTE: These troutlets are excellent, the bread a little grainy, the ladies delightful, and the castellan of this castle is most generous. (*tipsy*) An auspicious enterprise for a first sally.

IGNACIO: *In vino veritas*, Don Quixote! More wine?

DON QUIXOTE: (*gulps*) Thank you. (*gulp*) It distresses me deeply to know I have not yet been dubbed a knight. I cannot lawfully engage in combat with my enemies.

IGNACIO: That presents no problem, your grace. We shall do it here and now. Marta! Get me the sword hanging behind the bar.

DON QUIXOTE: (*more tipsy*) No! From this spot I rise not, valiant knight. Your courtesy will grant me the boon I seek, and one that will redound to your praise and the benefit of the human race, but not here...not now, and not before I have fulfilled a statutory requirement.

IGNACIO: Sir Knight, I agree to grant your wish just as you require of me. What more do you need?

DON QUIXOTE: I looked for no less from your High Magnificence. You shall dub me knight tomorrow morning. Tradition commands that I must watch my arms through the night in the chapel of your castle. Tomorrow will be accomplished what I so much desire, enabling me to roam lawfully through the four quarters of the world, seeking adventures on behalf of those in distress, as is the duty of knights-errant like myself, whose ambition is directed to such deeds.

IGNACIO: (*in confidence*) Let me tell you, Don Caballero, in my youth, I followed the same honorable calling as you, roaming in quest of adventures in various parts of the world.

LORINA: Ha! If he did anything honorable, it was in his dreams.

IGNACIO: Quiet, wench! What do you know?

LORINA: I know you escaped the Holy Brotherhood by the skin of your teeth in a nun's cloak.

IGNACIO: Discretion often demands disguise!

DON QUIXOTE: That is true.

LORINA: (*aside*) Discretion or disgrace.

IGNACIO: I, too, roamed the quarters of the earth: the Curing-grounds of Malaga, the market square of Seville, the Little Market of Segovia, the Olivera of Valencia, the Rondilla of Granada...

LORINA: (*aside*) ...as a pickpocket!

TOLOSA: This song needs music, don't you think, Lorina. Hey, you with the guitar!

MUSIC: *Flamenco guitar*

IGACIO: (*ignoring her*) the Strand of San Lucar, the Colt of Cordova, the Taverns of Toledo, and other quarters, where I proved the nimbleness of my feet and the lightness of my fingers, bringing myself under the notice of every tribunal and court of justice in Castille and Aragon, whose judges are well known to all for their corruption...

DON QUIXOTE: Ah, yes, corruption is the temptation of power...

IGNACIO: And at last, having liberated a substantial sum in gold held captive by some Moors and Jews who were fleeing the city at the time, I purchased this castle of mine, where I live upon the property of my guests. Here I receive knights-errant of whatever rank or condition they might be, all for the great love I bare them and that they might share their funds with me in return for my benevolence. But, sadly. in this castle there is no chapel in which you can watch your armor.

DON QUIXOTE: Is there, a church in a nearby village?

IGNACIO: The villagers are moriscos, converted muslims. What kind of god is it that gives you wine and then forbids you drink? It seems to me the need for a church is somewhat ambiguously written. Are not knights assembled to worship before a battle right on the battlefield?

DON QUIXOTE: Why, yes...

IGNACIO: A chapel may then be—a tent—or the courtyard of this Ih—er—castle!

DON QUIXOTE: Such sagacious wisdom you reflect, dear Castellon! Of course you are right and fate has again opened the doorway for my grand aspirations. It is an omen. I shall guard my armor in the courtyard. God willing, in the morning, I am dubbed a knight...

IGNACIO: So thoroughly dubbed that nobody could be more so. Now as to the fee. How much money do you have, your grace?

DON QUIXOTE: Money? Not a single Maravela. In the histories of knights-errant, I've never read of any carrying money.

IGNACIO: On this, sir, you are mistaken! Of course, authors felt no need to mention many mundane things, like money, yet it is not to be supposed that knights did not carry money...and fresh shirts!

DON QUIXOTE: Well, yes...but...

IGNACIO: Indeed, sir, all knights-errant carried well-furnished purses in case of emergency. They carried also fresh shirts, and a small box of ointment to cure wounds they received. On those wild plains and deserts where they engaged in combat and came out wounded, there was no one to cure them...

DON QUIXOTE: But they had a sage magician to succor them by fetching through the air upon a cloud a dwarf with a vial of water of such virtue that by tasting one drop of it they were cured of their hurts and wounds in an instant and left as sound as if they had not received any damage whatever.

IGNACIO: Does a knight depend on the availability of a dwarf? How could that be possible? Spain, and all the world would soon be run by arrogant, petulant, lazy and sometimes mean and stupid, dwarfs.

DON QUIXOTE: I see what you mean...

IGNACIO: The knights of old made sure their squires carried money and all other requisites: shirts, lint and ointments for healing...

DON QUIXOTE: A squire. Yes, a squire is needed to write so historians recount our travail and the greatness of our victories, but...

IGNACIO: And can a knight depend upon the mendacity of a squire? If a squire was killed we would not know since there would be no scribe, but assuredly, knights carried everything they needed in cunning saddle-bags that were hardly seen on the horse's croup, as if it were something else of more importance. Saddle-bags were fashionable among knights-errant.

DON QUIXOTE: A squire is still helpful to assemble the lot...

IGNACIO: I advise you, and, as my godson, soon to be, I might even command you! Never from this time forth travel without money and the usual *acoutrement*.

DON QUIXOTE: I swear it.

IGNACIO: Come now and place your armor on the trough in the courtyard where you may watch over it through the night.

MUSIC: Transition

SOUND: Don Quixote placing his armor on a trough by the side of a well, and marching slowly back and forth in front of the trough, as the moon begins to rise and barn owls call.

PAULINA: What is he doing out there, Ignacio, marching up and down and back and forth around the watering trough?

IGNACIO: He's guarding his suit of armor.

LORINA: Let's go watch and see what he does.

IGNACIO: I'd advise you to stay out of sight. The man is off his rocker. He's guarding his armor because I have promised that tomorrow morning I will dub him a knight.

ENSEMBLE: *(laughter)*

LORINA: *(whisper)* Come on, we'll hide behind th wall. Come on!

SOUND: *(scuffling)*

ENSEMBLE: Down in front. Where is he? I can't see! Beneath the tree. See? Quiet. Shhh! He's reciting poetry. Quiet!

DON QUIXOTE: As princes keep due sentinel, here I stand, a lonely sentry of true devotion...Above, celestial heaven's starry face, below, my lance and I watch with caring grace...

MULETEER: *(drunk)* Who's there, Ignacio, by the watering trough?

LORINA: *(whisper)* Who's that approaching him, Ignacio?

IGNACIO: *(whisper)* God help him, it's one of the mule drivers. Psst! You! Come here!

MULETEER: Me?

IGNACIO: *(whisper)* Pipe down! Yes, you, come here!

MULETEER: Piss yourself, Ignacio? My mule and I, myself am intolerably thirsty! Is that right, my darling Carmen?

SOUND: Mule kissing.

LORINA: He's kissing that jackass, yuck!

IGNACIO: (*whisper*) Quiet! Come here, you idiot!

MULETEER: Quiet? Why quiet? Who's that marching in front of the watering trough like a loon, Ignacio?

IGNACIO: (*whisper*) It would be best that you let the mules be thirsty till morning, brother. There's nothing that important—when a knight is watching his armor.

MULETEER: Knight? Day, knight, what of it? Let him watch, we have no secrets, do we Carmen. (*smooch*) My mule, and I are thirsty. I'll remove the armor and the knight, too, if he's in the way.

IGNACIO: No, no! Jesus!

SOUND: Scuffling footsteps of mule driver and a mule.

DON QUIXOTE: Whoever thou art, rash knight, have a care what thou dost!

MULETEER: Get out of the way...come along, Carmen...

DON QUIXOTE: Comest thou to lay hands on the armor of the most valorous errant knight that ever girt on sword!

SOUND: Muleteer examining armor.

MULETEER: What is this junk?

DON QUIXOTE: Stop there! Touch it not!

SOUND: (he flings the armor some distance from him.)

DON QUIXOTE: Wouldst lay down thy life as the penalty of thy rashness rash fool?

MULETEER: Stand aside!

DON QUIXOTE: Aid me, lady mine, in this the first encounter that presents itself to this breast which thou holdest in subjection; let not thy favor and protection fail me in this first jeopardy...

MULETEER: Get out of my way you fool! What are you doing with that lance? Stop! Oh, no.

SOUND: Lance swish through the air, striking the Muleteer's head.

MULETEER: Aargh!

SOUND: Falling body—stillness, footsteps.

DON QUIXOTE: My dear lady, Dulcinea...I felt the power of your embrace in my breast!

SOUND: Armor dragged back to trough.

LORINA: He's killed him, Ignacio!

MULETEER 2: What's this, Ignacio?

IGNACIO: (*resigned*) A knight. Watching his armor.

MULETEER 2: Jaime! Jaime! What have you done to Jaime?

SOUND: Running footsteps

DON QUIXOTE: What, another attempt to steal my armor?

SOUND: Don Quixote strikes down the second Muleteer.

SOUND: Crowd sounds, shouts, running into the yard.

DON QUIXOTE: O Lady of Beauty, strength and support of my faint heart, turn the eyes of thy greatness on this thy captive knight on the brink of so mighty an adventure.

ENSEMBLE: Stone him! Drive him away!

SOUND: Stones striking Don Quixote, bouncing off his buckler.

DON QUIXOTE: I dare not quit the trough and leave my armor unprotected. OW! This is but a test to confound me produced by sorcery, but, OW! Those rocks sting.

IGNACIO: Stop! Stop! Fools! Leave him alone, all of you! He's mad and not accountable even if he kills you all!

DON QUIXOTE: Knaves! Traitors, and you, Castellan, lord of this castle, what disgrace to allow knights-errant to be treated in this fashion! Villainy! Had I received the order of knighthood this evening as I wished, I would call you to account for this vile treachery. But of the rest of you base rabble, I make no account! Fling, strike, come on, do all ye can against me, ye shall see what the reward of your folly and insolence will be!

SOUND: Stones rattling down again.

IGNACIO: Stop! Stop! Your grace, I beg you let them but carry off the wounded. Resume your watch over your wretched armor. I assure you there will be no further incidents.

DON QUIXOTE: You vile rabble! Bring all of ye together. I will string your heads on my lance like so many beads!

SOUND: Stones rattling down again.

IGNACIO: Stop! Please, stop. Your grace. I will confer upon you the unlucky order of knighthood now, at once, before further misadventure can occur; please, stop.

DON QUIXOTE: Very well, Castellan. But I want an apology from you.

IGNACIO: I apologize.

DON QUIXOTE: Yes, go on...

IGNACIO: For the rudeness which...without my knowledge, you have been treated by...these low...

DON QUIXOTE: ...disgusting...

IGNACIO: Disgusting rabble, whom you have well-punished for their audacity.

DON QUIXOTE: Thank you. That will do.

IGNACIO: There's no chapel in this In...er castle. But as I understand it, the whole point of being dubbed a knight is in the accolade and in the slap on the shoulder, and that has on several occasions been administered even during battle.

DON QUIXOTE: Yes, I recall that...

IGNACIO: Surely, you have done all that is needed as to watching the armor, for in cases in cold and bitter England, which as you know, is close to the north pole, a place where nights and days last sometime but a few minutes, requirements were satisfied by a watch of just that length, while you have been at this more than two hours, and demonstrated your valor, as attested to by these two mule drivers—or at least they could if they were conscious.

DON QUIXOTE: I stand ready to obey you, Castellan. But make an end of it quickly. If I am again attacked, I shall not leave a soul alive, except out of respect for those I might spare at your bidding.

IGNACIO: Quickly, Marta, bring out my book of accounts and a candle. Ladies, I need your assistance.

TOLOSA: What now?

IGNACIO: Kneel down...

LORINA: Hold on, you know the rules. First you pay then...

IGNACIO: No, wench! Be still. Stand here...

TOLOSA: All right, but that's as far as it goes, you know the fare.

IGNACIO: (*stage whisper*) Will you, please, shut up? (*then to Don Quixote*) Your grace...

SOUND: Blade pulled out of sheath.

TOLOSA: (*Intake of breath*) What are you doing with that thing?

IGNACIO: (*ignoring her, his voice becoming more dramatic*) With the power vested in me by the sacred congress...

LORINA: (to TOLOSA) Powers vested in him—that's a laugh...

TOLOSA: Sacred congress?

IGNACIO: (*under his breath*) Shut up you two! (*aloud*) ...of the 12 peers of France, I dub thee knight-errant. Dona eris felix, multos numerabis amicos. Tempora si fuerint nubile, solus eris!"

LORINA: (*whispers aside to TOLOSA*) What does that mean?

TOLOSA: (*whispers*) Nobody knows you when you're down and out.

SOUND: *Slap of the sword on his shoulder.*

DON QUIXOTE: Ow! Is it necessary to bear down so hard?

SOUND: *Slap, louder still.*

DON QUIXOTE: Ow! Forbear!

LORINA: Do you mean to kill him, Ignacio?

IGNACIO: Now, ladies, if you please...

SOUND: *Replacing sword into sheath.*

IGNACIO: ...Gird this sword onto his waist...

TOLOSA: Yes, sir. Anything to do with girdles is my cup of tea. (*coquettish*) May God make your worship a very fortunate knight, and grant you success in battle. (*she kisses his cheek*)

DON QUIXOTE: What is your name, fair lady? I will know to whom I am beholden for the favor I've received this night. I mean to confer upon you some portion of the honor acquired by the might of this my strong right arm.

TOLOSA: And what a strong, strong arm it is. Is the rest as strong? I'm called La Tolosa, your lordship. My father is a cobbler of Toledo. Wherever I am, I will serve you well, and esteem you as my lord, sir knight.

DON QUIXOTE: It will be a favor to me, if thenceforward you assume the "Don" and call yourself, Doña Tolosa.

LORINA: La Doña Tolosa...there are possibilities...

TOLOSA: Pay respect, LORINA, or I will have my knight teach you a naughty lesson. *(they giggle)*

IGNACIO: Marta, have the knight's stallion, Rocinante, saddled.

MARTA: Stallion? What stallion? There is no stallion here.

IGNACIO: *(whisper)* His horse, woman!

MARTA: There's four mules, a drunk or dead mule driver and what looks like a horsehide full of bones...oh! Así, la Babieca!

IGNACIO: Quickly!

DON QUIXOTE: Thank you, profoundly, Castellan, for the kindness you have shown in knighting me. I will return with payment for your hospitality and a few repairs.

IGNACIO: Not a word of that, Don Quixote. I am glad just to see you on your way...

SOUND: Horse walking, snorting.

DON QUIXOTE: Ah, here is noble Rocinante, rested and ready.

SOUND: Quixote mounting his horse.

IGNACIO: It is a blessing to see your lordship just once in my lifetime. No need to return. Go now, quickly and do good works. Godspeed. No need to return, send a card now and then...

SOUND: Horse moves off to a trot, turns and trots back.

LORINA: He's coming back, Ignacio.

IGNACIO: Lord, no!

DON QUIXOTE: Noble Castellan, historians will recall your sage advice about money and the shirts and the need for a proper squire. These things I will see too now. *(calling out as he rides off)* Farewell!

SOUND: Gallop of sorts...

MUSIC: Swell segue into interlude

SOUND: Belt striking bare flesh.

ANDRES cries and screams, HULDUDO angry shouts.

DON QUIXOTE: Hold, Rocinante! Thanks be to heaven that it so soon offers me an opportunity of fulfilling the obligation I have undertaken, to gather the fruit of my ambition.

SOUND: Horse and rider trampling through the brush.

ANDRES: *(Feeble cries, growing louder)* I won't do it again, master; by God's passion I won't do it again! I'll take care of the flock better! I promise...aiyeee!

SOUND: Slaps of the belt on Andres' back followed by screams.

DON QUIXOTE: Rocinante, these cries come from some man or woman in want of help, and needing my aid and protection! This way!

SOUND: Horse wheeling, into the wood, as cries and the slaps of a leather belt flogging Andres grow louder.

HULDUDO: Keep your mouth shut, *(grunts with exertion from striking him)* and your eyes open, dog! *(strikes him again)*

ANDRES: *(screams in pain)* I won't do it again, master;

HULDUDO: Mouth shut! *(strike)* Eyes open! *(grunt, strikes again)*

ANDRES: By God's passion, sir, I won't do it again.

HULDUDO: Mouth shut! *(grunt, strikes again)*

ANDRES: I'll take better care of the flock!

DON QUIXOTE: *(angrily)* Discourteous knight!

HULDUDO: *(out of breath)* Wha? Who?

ANDRES: Help me, please! Help me! *(sobbing)*

DON QUIXOTE: (*shouting*) It ill becomes you to assail one who cannot defend himself. You, sir, are behaving as a coward.

HULDUDO: What?

DON QUIXOTE: Mount your steed and take your lance.

SOUND: Rattling of armor.

HULDUDO: Steed? What steed? Armor?

DON QUIXOTE: I grow impatient, sir. Stand and fight!

HULDUDO: Why? This disgusting heap is employed to watch a flock of sheep.

ANDRES: Help me, sir!

HULDUDO: Shut up, you! (*strikes again*) He's so careless I lose one every day. I punish him for his carelessness...And knavery!

ANDRES: It's not true, sir!

DON QUIXOTE: Stop! Lift that belt again, coward, and I will remove your arm with it.

HULDUDO: Wait! Wait! He will tell you I flog him out of niggardliness, to escape paying him the wages I owe him...

ANDRES: It is true. It is true!

HULDUDO: Before God, and on my soul, he lies!

DON QUIXOTE: You have the audacity to lie before me, base clown? By the sun that shines on us I have a mind to run you through with this lance.

HULDUDO: Wait! No need for that, your lordship! See, I'm untying him. (*beneath his breath*) I'll flay you alive for this, Andres.

DON QUIXOTE: Pay him at once without another word; if not, by the God that rules us I will annihilate you on the spot; release him instantly.

ANDRES: Thank you, sir knight.

HULDUDO: What? Pay him? Pay *him*? What about my sheep?

DON QUIXOTE: Pay him. How much does he owe you, boy?

ANDRES: Nine months at seven Reals a month, sir.

HULDUDO: Lies and more lies! What of my lost sheep?

DON QUIXOTE: Be quiet, you. That comes to sixty-three Reals. Pay it down immediately, unless you are prepared to die for it.

HULDUDO: (*trembling*) As I live, sir, and by the oath I have sworn it is not so much. I've given him three pairs of shoes and a real for two blood-lettings when he was sick.

DON QUIXOTE: You have sworn no oath.

HULDUDO: I swear one now!

DON QUIXOTE: Never mind! Let the shoes and the blood-lettings stand as a setoff against the blows you have given him without any cause; for if he spoiled the leather of shoes you paid for, you have damaged that of his body, and if the barber took blood from him when he was sick, you have drawn it when he was sound; so on that score he owes you nothing.

HULDUDO: Sir Knight, I have no money here; (*wheedling*) let Andres come home with me, and I will pay him all, Real by Real.

ANDRES: I go with him? Nay, God forbid! No, Señor, not for the world. He will flay me like Saint Bartholomew!

DON QUIXOTE: He will do nothing of the kind, young man. I have only to command, and he will obey me; and as he has sworn to me by the order of knighthood, which he has received, I leave him free, and I myself will guarantee the payment to you.

ANDRES: Consider what you are saying, your grace, this is not a knight, nor has he received any order of knighthood. He is Juan Huldudo, the rich farmer, of Quintanar.

DON QUIXOTE: There may be Huldudos who are knights. Each man is the son of his works.

ANDRES: That is true, sir, but this master of mine—of what works is he the son, when he refuses me the wages of my sweat and labor?

HULDUDO: I don't refuse, brother Andres. Be good enough to come along with me. I swear by all the orders of knighthood there are in the world to pay you as I have agreed. Real by Real, and perfumed.

DON QUIXOTE: For the perfumery I excuse you. Give it to him in Reals, and I shall be satisfied and see that you do as you have sworn; if not, by the same oath I swear to come back and hunt you out and punish you; and I shall find you though you should lie closer than a lizard.

ANDRES: But...

HULDUDO: You have my word...

ANDRES: Dear God, no...

HULDUDO: Don't run away, Andres...let me pay you properly.

SOUND: Horse wheeling.

DON QUIXOTE: *(from a slight distance)* And if you desire to know who it is that lays this command upon you, that you be more firmly bound to obey it, know that I am the valorous Don Quixote of La Mancha, the undoer of wrongs and injustices, and so on now...on, Rocinante...

SOUND: Horse whinnies, walk picks up to a trot

ANDRES: But wait...

DON QUIXOTE: God be with you, and keep in mind what you have promised and sworn under those penalties that have been already declared to you.

HULDUDO: I will bear that in mind.

DON QUIXOTE: Horse trot receding.

DON QUIXOTE: On, Rocinante!

HULDUDO: Now, come here, my son, I want to pay you what I owe you, as that undoer of wrongs has commanded me.

ANDRES: My oath on it, your worship will be well advised to obey the command of that good knight—may he live a thousand years-- for, as he is a valiant and just judge. If you do not pay me, he will come back and do as he said. What are you doing?

HULDUDO: My oath on it, too, Andres, I have a strong affection for you that I want to add to the debt, just in order to add to the payment...

ANDRES: Help!

SOUND: Flogging continues.

ANDRES: Help! Help me! Aiyeeeeee!

HULDUDO: Go look for your judge when I am done with you.

ANDRES: *(sobbing)* I swear I will look for the valiant Don Quixote of La Mancha and tell him exactly, AIYEE!

HULDUDO: *(Laughing heartily fades behind MUSIC)*

MUSIC: Transition

SOUND: Horse trotting.

DON QUIXOTE: Well mayest thou this day call thyself fortunate above all on earth, O Dulcinea del Toboso, fairest of the fair, since it has fallen to thy lot to hold subject and submissive to thy will and pleasure a knight who has plucked the rod from the hand of a ruthless oppressor so wantonly lashing a tender child.

MUSIC: Segue

SOUND: Horse whinny. Wheels of a large mule drawn wagon dragging in the ruts of the highway. Several men and pack animals walking.

SOUND: Voices of a large party of men.

ENSEMBLE: (chatting ad lib, six traders from Toledo on their way to buy silk with their servants all mounted, and three muleteers on foot.)

DON QUIXOTE: Rocinante, by my stars, this must already be a new adventure. Let us take our stand here in the middle of the road, and let these knights–errant approach.

SOUND: Wheels grinding to a halt, drovers whistling and calling to their mules and horses to stop.

XAVIER: What’s going on, Maldonado, why have we stopped?

DON QUIXOTE: All the world stand, unless all the world confess that in all the world there is no maiden fairer than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso!

MALDONADO: It’s a man wearing armor on a horse, your grace!

XAVIER: I can see that. But, what does he want, Maldonado?

DON QUIXOTE: *(louder)* All the world stand, unless all the world confess that in all the world there is no maiden fairer than the Empress of La Mancha, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso!

XAVIER: *(shouting)* We are silk traders on the way to Toledo, sir, merchants with our servants and our goods, nothing more...

SOUND: XAVIER approaching on horseback.

XAVIER: Ah, Sir Knight, we do not know who this good lady is that you speak of; show her to us, for, if she be of such beauty as you suggest, with all our hearts and we will confess the truth that you require of us.

ENSEMBLE: (The others laugh, walla sounds of agreement)

SOUND: rustling of clothes, movement.

DON QUIXOTE: If I were to show her to you, what merit would you have in confessing a truth so manifest? The point is that you must believe, confess, affirm, swear, and defend it *without* seeing her; else ye have to deal with me in battle, ill conditioned, arrogant rabble that ye are.

XAVIER: Clearly, this is a misunderstanding. (*to the others*) Is that not the case my brothers?

ENSEMBLE: (*in chorus walla*) Misunderstanding. Yes. That's right.

DON QUIXOTE: Come ye on, one by one as the order of knighthood requires! Or all together as is the custom and vile usage of your breed. Here do I bide and await you, relying on the justice of the virtuous cause that I maintain.

ENSEMBLE: (*walla*)

XAVIER: I entreat your worship in the name of this present company of princes, that, to save us from charging our consciences with the confession of a thing we have never seen or heard of, and one moreover so much to the prejudice of the Empresses and Queens of the Alcarria and Extremadura, your worship will be pleased to show us some portrait of this lady...

ENSEMBLE: (*walla, here, here...*)

XAVIER: Though it be no bigger than a grain of wheat; for by the thread one gets at the ball one knows the cloth, sir. And in this way we shall be satisfied and you will be content and pleased. I believe we are already so far agreed with you that even though her portrait should show her blind of one eye, and distilling vermilion and sulfur from the other (*quiet laughter*) we would still gratify your worship and say all in her favor that you desire...

(*Laughter rises.*)

DON QUIXOTE: She distills nothing of the kind, vile rabble! (*burning with rage*) Nothing of the kind! Only ambergris and civet in cotton. Nor is she one-eyed or humpbacked, but straighter than a Guadarrama spindle! Now, ye must pay for the impudent blasphemy ye have uttered against the truest grace and beauty!

SOUND: Horse wheeling, clatter of armor.

DON QUIXOTE: On Rocinante! Show them what you're made of!

MALDONADO: Look out Xavier! He's charging!

SOUND: Don Quixote and Rocinante charging

DON QUIXOTE: Watch that ditch, Rocinante! No, no! The tree! The tree! Oh, no! (*punctuating the sound effects to follow*) Ahh! OH! Grmph! Ouch. Umph! Ahhhh!

SOUND: Rocinante stumbles and falls, Quixote rolling along in his armor on the ground for some distance, coming to rest on his back like a beetle. Rocinante gets up and trots off towards home.

DON QUIXOTE: Rocinante! Come back and help me to my feet! Fly not, cowards! Stay! For not by my fault, but my horse's, am I stretched here in this ditch.

(General laughter)

MALDONADO: I would not think of leaving now, you wretched heap of rust and insults. We'll stay and finish this.

DON QUIXOTE: Give me your arm, then, and when I stand, we shall settle this on foot.

XAVIER: (*laughing*) Just leave him, Maldonado.

MALDONADO: My arm? Give you my arm? Give me that lance, Xavier!

XAVIER: Maldonado, restrain your temper, leave him be.

MALDONADO: Is this the rusted clown's lance that he pointed at you? Let's shorten it a little.

DON QUIXOTE: What are you doing? Break that lance at your peril, you wretch!

SOUND: Lance breaking

DON QUIXOTE: (*struggling to get to his feet*) I try to stand but some sorcerer's hand must be upon me.

MALDONADO: There, that's a better length. (*beating him*) The right tool for the job, eh? (*swings lance like a club*) Here, take that you rusting bucket of insults! (*strikes*) and that! (*strikes*) and that and that...

SOUND: Repeated wood clubbing Don Quixote's body and armor, crowd cheering.

DON QUIXOTE: OH, where art thou now, Marquis of Mantua, my noble liege and lord? Ow! Ow! Ooh!

XAVIER: Enough, Maldonado.

MALDONADO: I'm just warmed up, Xavier! Take that, you arrogant, pile of tin! And this, and that!

DON QUIXOTE: Aiyeee! Ow. Brigands! By the order of Soliman and Phoebus, you will pay dearly for this villainy! Ohh! Ow!

MALDONADO: *(out of breath)* I grow tired of this.

XAVIER: Good, then, pray, let's continue.

MALDONADO: *(one last lick)* I feel much better, now. What did you say your name was?

DON QUIXOTE: *(Groaning but proudly)* I am Don Quixote de La Mancha, *(as the entourage make their way around him)*

ENSEMBLE: *(continues ad lib chat about the market as before)*

MUSIC: Lament flamenca

DON QUIXOTE: Where art thou, lady mine, that thou my sorrow dost not rue? Thou canst not know it, lady mine, Or else thou art untrue.

SOUND: Mule and man approaching.

PEDRO ALONSO: Don Quijano! Is that you? What are you doing here in this ditch? You are bleeding? What happened?

DON QUIXOTE: Oh, good Uncle! It is the voice of the Marquis of Mantua!

PEDRO ALONSO: No, your grace, it's me your neighbor, Pedro Alonso.

DON QUIXOTE: Hail, famed man! Our good Lady Fortune brought you hence to me for my misfortune. If only, beautiful Dulcinea, for greater ease and peace, I had my castle!

PEDRO ALONSO: Who has brought your worship to this pass? Let me pull this contraption from your face.

SOUND: Helmet being pulled apart.

DON QUIXOTE: A sorcerer made my horse stumble.

PEDRO ALONSO: Can you stand?

SOUND: Armor creaking as he stands

DON QUIXOTE: I can but with this armor, I need your help, good Uncle. Oh, careful that limb I fear may be broken.

PEDRO ALONSO: Let me lay you across the back of the mule. That will be the easiest mount for you. (*grunting*)

SOUND: Metal crunching as Don Quixote is hoisted onto the back of the mule.

DON QUIXOTE: (*speaks with difficulty lying on his stomach across the back of the ass*) Ow, yes, but if you, please, dear Uncle, collect my arms and the splinters of the lance.

PEDRO ALONSO: But what happened to you, your grace, and why do you wear this armor? Was there a festival?

DON QUIXOTE: I'm reminded of the Moor Abindarraez, when the Alcalde of Antequera, Rodrigo de Narvaez, took him prisoner and carried him away to his castle in the history called, "Diana" of Jorge de Montemayor.

PEDRO ALONSO: I am not Roderigo de Narvaez, your grace. (*Cluck cluck to start the mule*) Let's go, Maria (*to the mule*)

SOUND: Mule walking, armor clanking.

DON QUIXOTE: (*with difficulty as he lies face down across the back of the mule*) Señor Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, your worship must know that this fair Xarifa I have mentioned is now the lovely Dulcinea del

Toboso, for whom I have done, am doing, and will do the most famous deeds of chivalry that have been seen, are to be seen, or ever shall be seen.

PEDRO ALONSO: Sinner that I am! Can't your worship see that I am not Don Rodrigo de Narvaez nor the Marquis of Mantua? I am Pedro Alonso, your neighbor. Your worship is neither Baldwin nor Abindarraez, but the worthy gentleman, Señor Quijano.

DON QUIXOTE: (*indignant*) I know who I am, Señor, and I know that I may be not only those I have named, but all the Twelve Peers of France and even all the Nine Worthies, since my achievements surpass all they have done all together and each of them on his own account.

PEDRO ALONSO: Madre de Dios.

MUSIC: Signature theme

SOUND: Applause, duck under announcer, swell with each credit.

ANNOUNCER: You have been listening to the first episode of the premiere production of An Ingenious Gentleman, adapted from the novel by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. This performance was brought to you by [sponsors] and was a production of San Diego Radio Theater at the studios of [studio].

[Actor] played the role of Antonia
[Actor] played the role of Hortensia
Pedro was performed by [Actor]
[Actor and Actor] played Lorina and Tolosa
Dulcinea del Toboso was played by [actor]
Ignacio was played by [actor]
Andres was played by [actor]
Juan Huldudo was played by [actor]
[Actor] played Xavier
[Actor] played Maldonado
[Actor] played Pedro Alonso

The role of Don Quixote de La Mancha was performed by [actor].
Rocinante was performed by [engineer] and the SDRT Sound crew.
Music for tonight's performance was provided by [musicians].
Sound Effects, Mix and Editing was done by [engineers]
[Director] directed this episode. An Ingenious Gentleman is a production of San Diego Radio Theater. This is your announcer,

[announcer], wishing you a pleasant evening. Please return at the same time [day/date] for Episode 2 in which Don Quixote convinces Sancho Panza to join him as his squire, and together they face the fearful and historic adventure of the windmills. Goodnight.

An Ingenious Gentleman

INTERLUDES FOR WEEKLY DRAMATIC SERIES

By Michael Winn

INTERLUDE #1



An Ingenious Gentleman

Interlude #1

By Michael Winn

A production of San Diego Radio Theater

Produced by.....Philip Van Oppen and Michael Winn
Directed by..... Michael Winn
Radioplay by..... Michael Winn
Sound Engineer.....John Vilotti

Cast:

Announcer.....
Director (Michael Winn).....
Miguel Cervantes.....

MUSIC: Theme (duck under)

ANNOUNCER: You have been listening to San Diego Radio Theater's premier presentation of "An Ingenious Gentlemen", adapted Miguel de Cervantes' novel, "The Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha, Don Quixote." We take you now to the Studio-118, the home of San Diego Radio Theater. We are privileged to have with Señor Cervantes with us today made possible by a special arrangement negotiated with Señor Cervantes current manager by the Vatican.

MUSIC: Guitar, Recuerdos de la Alhambra, duck under.

DIRECTOR: I've read your book in three translations but not in Spanish.

CERVANTES: A shame. The language is part of the experience. In my time, story telling was as common as radio or television. There was little need for many to read.

DIRECTOR: The greatest writers in the western world, for over four

hundred years have said that Don Quixote was the first and still the greatest novel written.

CERVANTES: Of course, they are right. I have not seen a book I like more. But this book is my child.

DIRECTOR: We are doing this series, based on your book, because we believe that, too.

CERVANTES: It's a pleasure to be here, Señor. The alternative is obscurity. What's this music I hear?

DIRECTOR: Rock. The engineer is cuing the next show in the room next door.

CERVANTES: Rock (rolling the r)...I see. Your name is Miguel, like mine?

DIRECTOR: Yes. Michael.

CERVANTES: I'm new to English. Mai... (*drawing out the vowels*) ...kol. Maikol. Eenglish is muy interesante.

DIRECTOR: And you are, Mee...Gel.

TOGETHER: (*laughing*)

DIRECTOR: Did you think that Don Quixote would hit the top of the charts when it came out?

CERVANTES: Yes, I think so. In 1605, this was a story waiting to be told. El arte is always the obvious waiting to be described by the artist. And I had time on my hands...

DIRECTOR: You were imprisoned for embezzlement...

CERVANTES: No. No, not embezzlement, but poverty. (*sighs*) Money was never my concern...writing comedy then was not well paid. And I want to, how you say, "plug" your Writers Guild today—historically, writers starved. But I admit that for the most part this was just and

deserving punishment.

DIRECTOR: But you wrote Don Quixote in prison?

CERVANTES: Debtor's prison. I literally wrote my way out of prison (*laughs*). I can laugh now. You can imagine, I was sitting there, looking at the damp, cold, stone walls and I found myself imagining, and then writing a description of a door.

DIRECTOR: How did the idea for Don Quixote come to you?

CERVANTES: In prison, there is not much to see. You hear things, small things very distinctly, if someone hums a tune, or the scraping of a boot. The human being is born to sing. It's in the flesh. The same stories that heat the blood of lovers warms the spirit of old age. For millennia before the German jeweler invented movable metal type, the common people waited for a reader to reveal the classics of civilization. Only a hundred years after Gutenberg, thousands of books appear, and as many authors.

DIRECTOR: Like porno on the Internet.

CERVANTES: Yes, a huge opportunity. I was in jail. I needed money to get out of jail. Without Don Quixote I might have died in prison.

DIRECTOR: But why Don Quixote?

CERVANTES: Necessity is the mother of invention—Plato said this.

DIRECTOR: Yes, I think so.

CERVANTES: Quixote comes... I did not invent Don Quixote. He invented me inventing him, in fact.

DIRECTOR: There is much that hasn't changed in the 400 years since you wrote Don Quixote.

CERVANTES: I see that Christians are still fighting Islam.

DIRECTOR: There's still a Pope.

CERVANTES: People have not changed. They make up fantasies and then believe them. God writes a book in Hebrew? Burning bushes? In my day, the fundamentalists could imprison you. The inquisitor might burn you at the stake for saying something that questions these myths.

DIRECTOR: But you are a Catholic, yourself.

CERVANTES: (*laughs heartily*) In 1600, it was illegal to be anything else. Jews were Catholic. Arabic people, Catholic. Does it matter when you are dead? It was a "green card".

DIRECTOR: Imagine an immigration department at the gates of heaven.

CERVANTES: Or hell.

DIRECTOR: Don Quixote frequently affirms his Christian faith.

CERVANTES: Of course, so did everyone else.

DIRECTOR: Who published Don Quixote and why?

CERVANTES: Murcia, a publisher I'd used for some comedies. It was a risk, but he loved the book and we were right.

DIRECTOR: You were luck.

CERVANTES: Yes, we all were. There were Hebrews in my family. Converted, of course. Jews invented publishing. Christ threw the philistines from the temple, but not publishers. There is method there, Christ had an agent. Good writers are golden, they are alchemists...they make gold out of ink and paper.

DIRECTOR: Today, every other waiter in LA is writing a movie.

CERVANTES: The other one is waiting for his green card.

DIRECTOR: Every kid on a skateboard has a comic book in his head.

CERVANTES: We called them illuminated manuscripts. The monks illuminated them, after hitting the sauce. That Blake he was, how you say, really spaced.

DIRECTOR: What are the differences you see between life today here in Southern California and in 17th century Madrid?

CERVANTES: I love the coffee at Starbucks. Zantax and the morning after pill—this is finesse. Could you imagine the holy brotherhood on that subject? And, of course you're not taking Africans involuntarily to Brazil to plant sugar.

DIRECTOR: No, they're still working the gold mines. And here, they're downloading hip-hop to their iPods.

CERVANTES: Heep hope?

DIRECTOR: An African American thing. They make tons of money. It's equivalent of a slave on a sugar farm but pays better.

CERVANTES: Sugar is sugar. "While the slave is singing to liberty he is consoled in his slavery and does not think of breaking his chains."

DIRECTOR: Unamuno...inspired, in fact, by your Don Quixote.

CERVANTES: In my time, slavery was no more unusual than burning rainforests today. I myself was enslaved in '75.

DIRECTOR: 1575

CERVANTES: For five years in Algeria until my family arranged the ransom—in 1580.

DIRECTOR: Great material for a book.

CERVANTES: It's in Don Quixote. As a young man, I was a soldier in the service of the King. The uniform was very attractive to women. I was captured by Barbary pirates. I was on the way home to Spain after a battle with the Turks near Greece. They sold me to the Moors. There are comforts to slavery. Freedom is better, but you have to

shop, work, buy food, wash clothes. I was ransomed in the same year that Drake sailed around the globe.

DIRECTOR: Sir Francis Drake?

CERVANTES: Fernando de Magalhaes did that same thing when I was a kid but he came back in a box. He was one tough cookie, Magalhaes. But he was dead on arrival.

DIRECTOR: The Africans your people enslaved were not soldiers, they were villagers. How do you feel about that?

CERVANTES: I was never involved in wars of conquest. I fought the Turk and hunted pirates. I was in the service of the King. But we had a different view of war. We did not drop bombs on innocent villagers but there were cruel angry men who destroyed lives of children with their hands. But as to slavery, it was a part of life then. Was I any more or less a slave than the innocent villagers because I was a soldier?

DIRECTOR: You're a contemporary of the English playwright, William Shakespeare...did you know of him?

CERVANTES: We died on the same day...*(reflecting)* An interesting thing to say.

DIRECTOR: Shakespeare is a great English poet and dramatist.

CERVANTES: Titus Andronicus might have sunk the profession. But I've written more bad plays than ever dreamed of in his imagination.

DIRECTOR: Shakespeare took stories from your Don Quixote.

CERVANTES: Writers borrow. There's no other way. We carry the spirit from one person to another and from one generation to another. Apart from biographical material, every plot is in some way a take-off of an ancient fable. It is my voice, my vision, how I told my story, that is mine. Quixote is my creature, but he is nothing more than a reflection of a man. And he is now on his own in the world.

DIRECTOR: You say the stories are not yours?

CERVANTES: To be useful stories, like the words used to tell them, must be commonly known. We are retelling the same myths, legends and songs because they are embedded in the words we use. When that German goldsmith in Mainz built the first modern printing press, he opened a door that can never again be closed. Written words could pass on, in popular stories, revolutionary views of the world. These stories are winds that fill the sails of the imagination. If you think of a story, it only occurs in your language. In my time it was risking your life to suggest that you had invented something. See what they did to Galileo? It is wise to attribute new things to others. Never take credit because then you may also be asked to take blame.

DIRECTOR: Less risky, you mean?

CERVANTES: It is safe to not be held responsible for originating ideas. Novelty means heresy. Pope Pius IV believed that only God has the right to create. There was the inquisition.

DIRECTOR: And the publishers were censored.

CERVANTES: All stories were based on the classics to ease the fears of publishers. Just like the early decades of radio and motion pictures in your time.

DIRECTOR: Today it's the "bankable" property.

CERVANTES: The Pope announced an index of forbidden books that was added to each year until 1948. But the worst books were chivalric romances—romantic tales of Christian crusaders...and they were not banned, so that is what I chose to write—when I needed money to get out of jail.

DIRECTOR: That is what led you to write Don Quixote? The ban?

CERVANTES: The market hungered for something. I merely put the substance of comedic theater into the context of chivalric romance.

DIRECTOR: Very clever.

CERVANTES: They loved it. The Pope loved it. They all loved it. That was the genius, you see...

DIRECTOR: Like a "high concept" movie.

CERVANTES: More like a cheap drug.

DIRECTOR: What do you know about drugs?

CERVANTES: You think hemp was invented in Cincinnati?

DIRECTOR: Let's get back on track. Movies and TV shows are saturated with cops and superheroes battling evildoers; rescuing maidens in distress—modern versions of your knight errant. Sometimes the heroes are women and maids are sometimes lesbians—but the theme is the same...

CERVANTES: ...the same as ever.

DIRECTOR: Who was writing romances in your day?

CERVANTES: Intellectuals. All men, of course. Some myth, a little sex, sprinkled with cliché. Predictable...

DIRECTOR: Then there was Don Quixote. Let's talk about Don Quixote.

SFX: *Horse galloping.*

CERVANTES: I believe he has arrived...

SFX: *Horse enters the room.*

SEGUE BACK TO PROGRAM...

An Ingenious Gentleman

Interlude #2

By Michael Winn

A production of San Diego Radio Theater

Produced by.....Philip Van Oppen and Michael Winn
Directed by..... Michael Winn
Radioplay by..... Michael Winn
Sound Engineer.....John Vilotti

Cast:

Announcer.....
Director (Michael Winn).....
Miguel Cervantes.....

MUSIC: Theme (duck under)

ANNOUNCER: You have been listening to San Diego Radio Theater's premier presentation of "An Ingenious Gentlemen", adapted Miguel de Cervantes' novel, "The Ingenious Gentleman of La Mancha, Don Quixote." We take you now to the Studio-118, the home of San Diego Radio Theater. We are privileged to have with Señor Cervantes with us today made possible by a special arrangement negotiated with Señor Cervantes current manager by the Vatican.

MUSIC: Guitar, Recuerdos de la Alhambra, duck under.

CERVANTES: It is an exquisite arrogance, Michael. That is the ennobling characteristic of Don Quixote.

DIRECTOR: I've seen many arrogant people. None of them are as interesting or entertaining as Don Quixote.

CERVANTES: Really.

DIRECTOR: The clerks at the Post Office, for instance, and politicians, judges, traffic cops, dim-witted professors, feminazis, lawyers, most

rich people, doctors, every SUV driver, the President and Vice President of the United States.

CERVANTES: I see.

DIRECTOR: Rock stars, and wannabe rock stars, Television reporters...in this city, you can't go out the door of your house and walk two blocks without running into an arrogant shmuck of one sort or another.

CERVANTES: It is a matter of degree. In my time, in España, there was an arrogance that you cannot conceive. With everyone there are some beneficial traits and some weaknesses, yes?

DIRECTOR: But you are certainly...

CERVANTES: Somewhere in between, like everyone. But imagine the arrogance of a man who takes it upon himself, provoked by no monetary, physical or even heavenly reward, to love, worship and to adore with all his heart, a woman that he deliberately imagines, with all her womanly traits and weaknesses and intelligence, and then to go out into the world to act in her name, with courage, impeccable integrity and conviction, to make the world a better place for her children. And to act, not by stealth or manipulation, nor with the wealth and power of political compromise, but simply by the valor of his strong arm, the fairness of his mind, and the power of his authentic voice.

DIRECTOR: Ah.

CERVANTES: That is an arrogance worthy of human being. Those who call this madness are living in a very dull and uninteresting dream. Which would you prefer?

DIRECTOR: Sometimes I wonder. But surely, there is something crazy about seeing giants that are really windmills...

CERVANTES: Let me ask you this...this morning we walked along the cliff above the sea, in that very pleasant little town where you live. It was enjoyable, no?

DIRECTOR: Yes, we saw a pod of dolphins playing in the surf.

CERVANTES: You make my point! There were many surfers, wearing black suits, also playing in the surf. But you recall the dolphins.

DIRECTOR: But the surfers were not whales, they were surfers.

CERVANTES: If you were one of those surfers this morning, which would you rather have around you, dolphins or surfers?

DIRECTOR: Dolphins, but...

CERVANTES: You have the arrogance to give a name to some creature of the sea and then to suggest that this is indisputable and has meaning, but you are not sufficiently arrogant to authentically see a dolphin just because you say so, and when someone has this ability, you say that he is crazy.

DIRECTOR: Well...

CERVANTES: When a man dies, Michael, what does he take with him?

DIRECTOR: Who can know?

CERVANTES: We know that everything he possesses, his knowledge and his deeds remain behind. Perhaps he takes his memories. Which would rather remember, dolphins or surfers? What you have loved, or what you have tolerated.

DIRECTOR: Still, it is madness.

CERVANTES: Don Quixote is a force of nature. Everyone and everything he comes in contact with is changed unpredictably, even those who have mocked him and tried to do him ill.

DIRECTOR: I think that's all we have time for today, Miguel...

CERVANTES: There is no mystery more profoundly interesting than man. Your world spends enormously on sciences to unlock the cryptic code of nature. In ever more deep levels of detail, you distinguish the structure of the metal of creation. That is all a matter of method, time and organization. But any understanding of creation is only in the imagination of a human being. What about the nature of the man?

DIRECTOR: On that wistful note, we will wrap up for today, and take you back to the adventure...

CERVANTES: ...of a lifetime.

DIRECTOR: Of a lifetime. Don Quixote's lifetime to be exact. We left our hero at _____.

MUSIC: Theme

SEGUE BACK TO PROGRAM...