

# Quixote & Sancho

I am I, Don Quixote,  
The Lord of La Mancha,  
My destiny calls and I go,  
And the wild winds of fortune will carry me onward,  
Oh whithersoever they blow,  
Whithersoever they blow,  
Onward to glory I go!

*DON QUIXOTE turns away from the prisoners to build two "horses" from wooden frames and masks he's presumably brought with him. During this, his servant, now attired as SANCHO PANZA, takes over.*

SANCHO. I'm Sancho! Yes, I'm Sancho!  
I'll follow my master till the end.  
I'll tell all the world proudly  
I'm his squire! I'm his friend!

*DON QUIXOTE and SANCHO change places again;  
SANCHO completes the task of assembling the "horses."*

DON Q. Hear me, heathens and wizards and serpents of sin!  
All your dastardly doings are past,  
For a holy endeavor is now to begin  
And virtue shall triumph at last!

*DON QUIXOTE and SANCHO mount the "horses" — TWO OF THE PRISONERS wearing masks are the front legs, the wooden frames the rear — and ride away. As they ride, the HORSES dance and DON QUIXOTE points out to SANCHO the sights along the way. They then sing together. The other PRISONERS clear out of sight, still presumably watching the action. The lighting alters through the following refrain so that THEY do indeed seem to be riding along a road.*

DON Q.	I am I, Don Quixote, The Lord of La Mancha, My destiny calls and I go, And the wild winds of fortune will carry me onward, Oh, withersoever they blow!	SANCHO. I'm Sancho! Yes, I'm Sancho! I'll follow my master till the end. I'll tell all the world proudly I'm his squire! I'm his friend!
--------	---	---

DON QUIXOTE & SANCHO.  
Whithersoever they blow,  
Onward to glory we go!  
Whoa!

*At conclusion of the song, DON QUIXOTE and SANCHO dismount.  
SANCHO leads the "horses" to the well to drink.*

DON QUIXOTE. Well, Sancho — how dost thou like adventuring?

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

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

SANCHO. (*At the well, drinking with the "horses"*) What kind?

**No. 2**                      **The Enchanter (Underscore)**                      *See p. 65*  
(Orchestra)

*Music vamps under dialogue.*

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

*As SANCHO rises, the HORSES rise too.  
THEY react throughout — after all they understand.*

SANCHO. (*Rising*) They sound dangerous!

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

*SANCHO and the HORSES move closer.*

SANCHO. Well, who is he? Who? (*Music continues*)

DON QUIXOTE. The Great Enchanter. Beware him, Sancho ... for his thoughts  
are cold and his spirits shriveled. He has eyes like little machines,  
and where he walks the earth is blighted. But one day we shall meet  
face to face ... and on that day—!

*DON QUIXOTE shakes his lance ferociously. Music fades out.*

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

DON QUIXOTE. (*Crossing upstage to the edge of the platform*)  
Do you never run out of proverbs?

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

DON QUIXOTE. (*Looking off and down at something we don't see*) Aah-hah!

SANCHO. What is it?

DON QUIXOTE. How long since we sallied forth?

SANCHO. About two minutes?

DON QUIXOTE. So soon shall I engage in brave, unequal combat!

SANCHO. Combat, where?

DON QUIXOTE. Canst not see? (*Pointing*) There below!  
A monstrous giant of infamous repute!

*SANCHO and the HORSES look vainly.*

SANCHO. What giant?

DON QUIXOTE. It is that dark and dreaded ogre by the name of Matagoger!  
You can tell him by the four great arms awhirling on his back!

SANCHO. It's a windmill.

DON QUIXOTE. (*Shouting*) Ho! Feckless giant standing there!  
Avast! Avaunt! On guard! Beware!

DON QUIXOTE *charges off.*

## No. 2a

### Fight of the Windmills

See p. 65

(Orchestra)

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

*Offstage a crash; the HORSES run for cover. To musical accompaniment,  
the combat begins as the projected shadows of a windmill's sails cross the stage.  
As SANCHO watches horrified, Quixote's helmet comes flying back onstage,  
then the butt of his lance, splayed and splintered. The final crash.*

## No. 2b

### Man of La Mancha (Playoff)

See p. 65

(Orchestra)

DON QUIXOTE *crawls back into view, his sword a corkscrew.  
A doleful picture, HE comes rolling downstage as SANCHO hurries  
to plump himself down and stop him. Music stops.*

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

DON QUIXOTE. (*Hollowly*) The work of my enemy.

SANCHO. The Enchanter?

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

SANCHO. What, Your Grace?

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

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

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

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

DON QUIXOTE. The Lord of some castle would do. Or a King or even a Duke.

SANCHO. (*Helping QUIXOTE to his feet*) Very well, Your Grace.  
I'll keep an eye out for any Kings or Dukes as we go.  
By the way, does Your Grace know where we're going?

DON QUIXOTE. Wherever the road may lead ...  
(*Gesturing towards the road and seeing something in the distance*) Ahaaa!!

SANCHO. Now what?

DON QUIXOTE. The very place!

SANCHO. Where?

DON QUIXOTE. There!

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

DON QUIXOTE. (*Pointing*) There in the distance. A castle!

SANCHO. (*Peering vainly off*) Castle?

DON QUIXOTE. Rockbound amidst the crags!

SANCHO. Crags?

DON QUIXOTE. And the banners — ah, the brave banners flaunting in the wind!

SANCHO. Anything on 'em?

DON QUIXOTE *steps forward, looks off more intently.*  
The ubiquitous HORSES do, too.

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

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

DON QUIXOTE. (*Easily*) Dubbed. (*Then, vigorously*) Blow the bugle that a dwarf may mount the battlements and announce our coming!

SANCHO. (*Under the spell, lifts his bugle, then hesitates*) But I don't see a castle.  
(*Looking off again*) I do see something ... maybe it's an inn.

DON QUIXOTE. (*Sadly*) An inn.

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

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

### No. 3                      Man of La Mancha (Underscore)                      See p. 65

(Orchestra)

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

CERVANTES. (*Addressing the GOVERNOR and PRISONERS*) And here is an example of how to the untrained eye one thing may seem to be another. To Sancho, an inn. To Quixote, a castle. To someone else — whatever his mind may make of it. But for the sake of argument, let us grant Sancho his vision.