

# Quixote & Innkeeper

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*By now, everyone's participation in this astounding ceremony has convinced the poor BARBER, and when SANCHO and the MULETEERS join in the final chorus, the BARBER sings, too, louder than anyone.*

DON QUIXOTE & BARBER.

Golden Helmet of Mambrino,  
There can be no hat like thee,

SANCHO & THE MULETEERS.

—Helmet of Mambrino,  
There can be no hat like thee.

DON QUIXOTE.

There and I now, ere and die now,  
Will make golden history!

SANCHO, BARBER, & THE MULETEERS.

Golden Helmet of Mambrino  
Will make golden history!

*The song ends very softly; the BARBER mouths: "That's my hat."  
It is a very private and moving moment, after all, and SANCHO tiptoes off, taking the bemused, now happily stricken BARBER with him; the MULETEERS also exit, one of them sobbing uncontrollably; the PADRE and DR. CARRASCO leave too. DON QUIXOTE is left alone, regarding his prize, as the INNKEEPER enters.*

INNKEEPER. Your friends have departed?

DON QUIXOTE. *(Turning on his knees)* Sir Castellano—

INNKEEPER. Here, here, what's this?

DON QUIXOTE. I would make a confession.

INNKEEPER. To me?

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

INNKEEPER. Oh. That's bad!

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

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

DON QUIXOTE. Therefore I would beg a boon of thee.

INNKEEPER. Anything! Within reason.

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

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

DON QUIXOTE. What?

INNKEEPER. *(Hastily)* That is—it's being repaired.  
But if you wouldn't mind holding your vigil someplace else ... ?

DON QUIXOTE. *(A happy thought)* Here in the courtyard. Under the stars ... !

INNKEEPER. Fine! Tomorrow at sunrise I will dub you a knight.

DON QUIXOTE. I thank thee.

INNKEEPER. Now will you have some supper?

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

## No. 11 To Each His Dulcinea

See p. 84

(Padre)

DON QUIXOTE and the INNKEEPER exit separately.  
The lights change and pick up the PADRE and  
DR. CARRASCO en route back home.

PADRE. (*Over music*) There is either the wisest madman  
or the maddest wise man in the world.

DR. CARRASCO. He is mad.

PADRE. Well ... in any case we have failed.

DR. CARRASCO. (*Tightly*) Not necessarily.  
We know the sickness. Now to find the cure.

DR. CARRASCO exits.

PADRE. (*Stopping and reflecting for a moment*) The cure.  
May it be not worse than the disease.

PADRE. To each his Dulcinea,  
That he alone can name ...  
To each a secret hiding place  
Where he can find the haunting face  
To light his secret flame.

For with his Dulcinea,  
Beside him so to stand,  
A man can do quite anything,  
Outfly the bird upon the wing,  
Holding moonlight in his hand.

(*As the PADRE sings, we see on one  
side of the stage DON QUIXOTE in  
half-light, thinking of his lady and  
preparing for his vigil.*)

Yet if you build your life on dreams  
It's prudent to recall,  
A man with moonlight in his hand  
Has nothing there at all.

(*Opposite, ALDONZA in half-light,  
preparing to leave for the tryst with  
PEDRO, still puzzling over the missive.*)

There is no Dulcinea,  
She's made of flame and air,  
And yet how lovely life would seem  
If ev'ry man could weave a dream  
To keep him from despair.

(*As the PADRE sings this, ALDONZA  
disappears from sight*)

(*As he concludes, the PADRE turns  
away to follow CARRASCO off.*)

To each his Dulcinea  
Through she's naught but flame and air!

*Music segues. DON QUIXOTE rises and we are once more back in  
the inn yard. It is night; he is pacing back and forth, lance in hand.*

## No. 12 The Impossible Dream (Underscore)

See p. 86

(Orchestra)

DON QUIXOTE. (*Pausing*) Now I must consider how sages of the future  
will describe this historic night. (*Strikes a pose ... then continues his march*)