

Ensemble # 2

ANSELMO & MULETEERS.

Little bird, little bird,
Oh have pity on me,
Bring her back to me now
'Neath the cinnamon tree,
I have waited too long
Without a song,

Little bird, little bird,
Please fly, please go,
Little bird, little bird,
And tell her so,
Little bird, little bird.

ALDONZA can't move, the MULETEERS block her.

ALDONZA. (*Dispassionately*) I spit in the milk of your "little bird."

*The MULETEERS laugh and ALDONZA pulls away.
PEDRO spies the missive, which she has tucked into her costume.*

PEDRO. Here, what's this?

PEDRO snatches the missive.

ALDONZA. Give it back!

PEDRO. It's a letter.

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

PEDRO. (*Fending off ALDONZA*) Missive? (*Holding it up*) Who reads?

*ANSELMO holds up a hand. PEDRO tosses him the letter.
ALDONZA would try to retrieve it, but she is being held
by PEDRO and another MULETEER.*

PEDRO. (*Reprovingly, closing ALDONZA'S mouth with his hand*) Sh-h-h!

ALDONZA. Son of whores! (*She bites PEDRO*)

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

ALDONZA. (*Still held*) It's a stupid joke.

TENORIO. Then why so hot about it?

PEDRO. Has he touched your heart?

ALDONZA. (*Breaking away and snatching back the letter*) Nobody touches my heart.

ANSELMO. All those fine words ... !

ALDONZA. (*Picks up her buckets of water and starts off*) Fine words. He's a man, isn't he?
All right, he wants what every other man wants ...

PEDRO stops ALDONZA and holds her with a question.

DON QUIXOTE. (*Eagerly*) Well? Did she receive thee? (*SANCHO nods*)
Ah, most fortunate of squires! And the token. What of the token?

SANCHO proffers the rag misgivingly. DON QUIXOTE takes it.

(*Reverently*) Gossamer. (*Turning away*) Forgive me. I am overcome.

SANCHO. (*To the PADRE and CARRASCO*) It's from his lady.

DR. CARRASCO. (*To the PADRE*) So there's a woman!

DON QUIXOTE. (*Turning back to the PADRE and CARRASCO*) A lady! The lady Dulcinea.
Her beauty is more than human. Her quality? Perfection. She is the
very meaning of woman ... and all meaning woman has to man.

PADRE. (*With a sad smile*) To each his Dulcinea.

No. 9

Barber's Song

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(Barber)

*A happy caroling is heard from someone approaching the inn.
Hearing and turning, DON QUIXOTE and SANCHO
move to the gate and look off.*

DON QUIXOTE. (*Spoken*)

Someone approaches...!

SANCHO.

Just an ordinary traveler.

DON QUIXOTE. (*Pointing off*)

But see what he wears upon
his head! Get thee to a
place of hiding, Sancho.

BARBER. (*Sung from off-stage*)

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

Though your chin may be smooth
as satin,

You will need me soon I know,
For the Lord protects his
barbers,
And he makes the stubble grow.

*DON QUIXOTE and SANCHO cross the stage. The BARBER enters.
A quantity of medical and barber equipment is strung across
his costume and on his head he wears a brass shaving basin.*

SANCHO. (*Apprehensively*) Oh, Dear!

SANCHO hides and DON QUIXOTE conceals himself to one side.

BARBER. (*Singing, addressing the MULETEERS, a professional, jokey greeting.*)

If I slip when I am shaving you
And cut you to the quick,
You can use me as a doctor,
'Cause I also heal the sick.

*DON QUIXOTE comes up behind the BARBER; his sword extended
into the Barber's back. The BARBER turns, examines the sword,
then Quixote's armor, lifts his visor, then turns away, unbelieving.*