

# DON QUIJOTE'S DEATH AND META RE-BIRTH

A Sketchy Tragic/Farcical Mini-Opera of Sorts

by Peter J. Evans

adapted from *El ingenioso hidalgo don Quijote de la Mancha*

by Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra

from the last chapters of Book I (1605) and the first chapters of Book II (1615)

poorly translated by PJE, with adaptations from John Ormsby's 1885 English translation.

## ACT 1

### I. Eugenio tells the tale of Leandra

In our imitation, many of Leandra's suitors have come to these rugged mountains using the same our exercise; nowhere in it seems that this site has become the pastoral Arcadia like the top of the shepherds and foids, and dishonest, a conviction for easy and light, which absolves and forgives, and that justice and insult, one celebrates her beauty, another denies his condition, and finally all the shame and all the love and all extends both to madness, complaining of contempt without speaking, however, rest and feel furious, Leandra's illness, she never gave anyone because, as I said before his speech, his desire was learned. No hollow rock of margin stream, neither shadow of tree that is not occupied by a shepherd of his misfortunes to the account of the air: the echo repeats the name of Leandra wherever it may be formed; Leandra resonate the mountains, Leandra murmuring brooks, and Leandra keeps us in suspense and enchanted, hoping without hope and fearing without knowing what we fear. These disparate, demonstrating less fortunate and judgment is my rival Anselmo, that having so many other things to complain about, only complains of absence; and the sound of a rebec, performed admirably, with verses that demonstrate their good understanding, singing complains. I am an easier way, and in my opinion the most successful, which is bad for the way of women, their inconstancy, their double game, its still promises, his rompida faith, and finally, the little speech that have on-site to know his thoughts and intentions. And this was the occasion, gentlemen, words and reasons had this goat when I came here; I have to be a woman soon, despite the best of all my attachments. This is the story I promised to tell you. If you have stayed in the neat tell, I will not be short serve; near here I have my sheep, and fresh milk and cheese was tasty, with several other fruits and experienced, especially in view of good taste.

### II. Quijote's Last Battle

Narrator: It was a a dry year in Spain, all the people implored God for rain. A holy procession went by with an idol draped in black.

Quijote: Now you will see the importance of having true knights in the world!

I shall deliver this lady from the villains!

Sancho: Where are you going? That idol is of our Virgin. What devil made you turn from our Catholic faith?

Quijote: Release that fair lady you hold against her will—you have committed scandalous outrage against her. I shall deliver this lady from the villains!

Narrator: This was the end. Physically and emotionally defeated. Sancho brought him home to rest in peace. There, Sancho, for the first time in a long time, met his wife.

### III. Panza Family Reunion

Teresa: How is the ass?

Sancho: The ass is fine better than the Master.

Teresa: What have you made by this squiring my husband?

What gown have you brought, what shoes for your children?

Sancho: I bring things of better consequence and value.

Teresa: Show me these things of better consequence and value

Sancho: I will show them to you at home!

You will see soon me as a count or a governor of an island.

Teresa: What's this about islands?

Sancho: Honey is not for the mouth of the ass!

Teresa: What are you talking about Sancho?

Sancho: It is enough that I am telling the truth, so shut your mouth.

Teresa: What have you made by this squiring my husband?

What gown have you brought, what shoes for your children?

Sancho: There is nothing in this world of more value than being a Squire to a knight errant!

#### ***IV. Villagers of Quijote's hometown warn against reading gallant adventures***

Books are stupid!

Especially the ones about knights and squires, glory and adventure, horses and damsels.

Who would want to waste their time on these?

Authors are stupid!

Especially the ones who put thoughts on paper, fact or fiction, vague qualifiers.

Blindness, confusion, deaf; sickness, delusion, death.

Books are stupid! Books are stupid! Books are stupid!

Heaven should plunge authors of such lies and nonsense into a pit without bottom

—Now we deliver Quijote to the Heavens!

### **ACT 2**

#### ***I. A disembodied Quijote reflects on his new existence as a book***

...of this manner, Is it truth that there is my history and that is was moorish and wise man which composed it? What deeds of mine are the ones that more have been placed in this history?

Shut up, Sancho, and that you would not interrupt the mister bachelor to whom I supplicate to

pass forth in telling me that which says of me in the respective history. And I don't know what

moved the author to avail himself of other novels and further stories having enough about

which to write in mine.

#### ***II. Hoping to find solace, Quijote turns his thoughts to lady Dulcinea***

##### ***(Sweetie)***

My name is Sweetie; fair, halo, sunlight, Dulcinea; tall, frigid, linen, Dulcinea.

*It is well truth that the second author of this work did not want to believe that such a curious history would be entreated to the laws of forgottenness.*

I live in a Tower tall, I never have to poop at all;

fair, halo, sunlight, Dulcinea; tall, frigid, linen, Dulcinea. My name is Sweetie, Dulcinea.

##### ***(Sweaty)***

My name is Sweaty; plain, reek, squalor, Dulcinea; squat, earthen, sackcloth, Dulcinea.

I work in a pig stall, I do not have that far too fall;

plain, reek, squalor, Dulcinea; squat, earthen, sackcloth, Dulcinea.

*A thing, ah, thing, ah, a thing that there written in the margin as an annotation.*

My name is Sweaty, Dulcinea.

#### ***III. Quijote's dreams and failures become public—FINALE***

Windmills blinking in the night. Giant windmills in the night.

Can you hear the giant windmills in the night?

Braying, bleating in the night. Bleating, braying in the night.

Bleating, braying, goading in the night.

Bloody wine sacks in the night. Giant wine sacks in the night.

Giant wine sacks taunting in the night.