



Scripts.com

Man of La Mancha

By Dale Wasserman

By edict of the Inquisition...
to spread subversive thought
is heresy.

By edict of the Inquisition...
offenders will submit
to purification...
by sword or flame.

By edict of the Holy Office
of the Inquisition...
to read or interpret
the Bible...
is a sole province
of the Church.

You must by no means
prevail with yourself...
that these giants
you speak of...
were ever real men
of this world...
and true substantial
flesh and blood.

Confess!

What you say of all of them...
is fable and fiction,
lies and dreams.

The Holy Bible...
which cannot deviate
an atom from the truth...
tells us of
that huge Philistine Goliath...
who was fourteen and a half
feet high...
which is an prodigious stature.

You blaspheme
by quoting the Holy Bible...
for your purposes.

The interpretation
of holy writ...
is the sacred function
of the Friars.

We cannot all be Friars.
And there are many ways
God leads his children home.
Religion is knight-errantry.

Miguel de Cervantes.
Truth is only revealed...
or dreamt.
Miguel de Cervantes...
in the name of the Holy Office
of the Inquisition...
you are under arrest.
Anything wrong
with the accommodations?
Oh, no, no, no.
They're quite... interesting.
This is what
we've come to regard...
as the common room.
For those who wait.
Do they wait long?
An hour...
a lifetime.
Who knows?
Do they all await
the Inquisitions?
Ah, no, seor.
Not all of them.
Most of these...
are merely
thieves and murderers.
Oh.
If you want anything,
just shout.
If you are able.
What did he mean by that?
He meant to frighten us.
I think they intend us to stay.
You think? God!
Calm yourself.
There's a remedy
for everything but death.
That may be
just the remedy we need.
Good day, gentlemen, ladies.
I regret being thrust upon you
in this manner.
I hope you'll not find
our company objectionable.

I'm no stranger
to similar surroundings.
I've been in prison
more than once.
- Many times.
- Many times.
And often I have thought
the world to be a prison...
a very cruel one...
where all have desires...
few of which are fulfilled.
But how thoughtless of me to...
Enough! Enough!
Noise, trouble, fights.
Kill each other if you must...
but for God's sake,
do it quietly.
Who are you?
Huh? Speak up!
Cervantes.
Don Miguel de Cervantes.
Oh, a gentleman!
Doesn't prevent me
from going to bed hungry.
And that?
My assistant.
May I have the honor?
They call me the Governor.
- What's your game?
- Game?
Your speciality, man.
Cutpurse? Highwayman?
Nothing so rewarding.
I'm a poet.
They're putting people
in prison for that?
No, no, no, not for that.
Too bad.
Might I meet this gentleman?
Your name, sir?
Names have no meaning here.
I'm called the Duke.
And your speciality?
Treason.

I invent false information
about a country...
and sell it to others
stupid enough to believe it.
Seems a sound proposition.
What brought you here?
A lapse of judgment.
I told the truth.
- Did you like your job?
- Quite.
Do you like yourself?
I believe I could learn
to dislike you.
Well, now,
let's get on with the trial.
Trial? What trial?
Yours, of course.
And what have I done?
We'll soon find something.
But we don't understand.
We've only been here
a few hours.
My dear sir, no one enters
or leaves this prison...
without being tried
by his fellow prisoners.
And if I'm found guilty?
- You will be.
- The sentence?
We generally fine a prisoner
all his possessions.
All of them?
It's not practical to take more.
But these things
are my livelihood.
I thought you said
you were a poet.
Of the theater.
Of the theater.
- You see?
- What?
Come here. Come here.
Oh!
False.

Properties and costumes.
You see, I'm a playwright
and an actor.
So these poor things...
couldn't possibly be
of any use to you.
Oh, no, wait!
You'll break it!
Take them! Take them!
Oh, no, Don Miguel!
No. Take them, I say.
Only leave me this.
Heavy. Valuable?
Only to me.
I'll let you ransom it.
I have no money.
How unfortunate.
Paper!
Manuscript.
Still worthless!
No! Wait!
You said a trial!
By your own words,
I demand a trial!
Oh, very well, then.
I hereby declare this court
to be in session.
Now, then,
what are you here for?
We are to appear
before the Inquisition.
Heresy?
No, not exactly.
You see, we were presenting
an entertainment.
An entertainment?
How does an entertainment
get into trouble...
with the Inquisition?
Perhaps they found
an entertainment...
is not always what it seems.
Why are you here?
Somebody has

to stage-manage the stage.
These two have empty holes
in their heads.
Governor, if you don't mind...
I should like
to prosecute this case.
You, sir? Why, sir?
Poets...
spinning nonsense
out of nothing.
Blurring men's eyes to reality.
Exactly!
Reality!
A stone prison crushing
the human spirit.
Poetry demands imagination.
And with imagination,
you may discover a dream.
The trial! On with the trial!
Miguel de Cervantes,
I charge you...
with being an idealist,
a bad poet...
and an honest man.
How plead you?
Guilty.
Bravo!
Your Excellency...
ladies and gentlemen,
my defense.
But you just pleaded guilty.
Had I said innocent,
you would surely
have found me guilty.
Since I've admitted guilt...
the court is obliged
to hear me out.
For what purpose?
The jury may
choose to be lenient.
Clever!
He's trying to gain time.
Do you have a scarcity of time?
Any urgent appointments?

It is true I am guilty
of these charges.
An idealist!
I've never had the courage
to believe in nothing.
A bad poet?
This comes from a painful ear.
Have you finished your defense?
No, no, scarcely begun.
With your permission,
I will continue...
in the manner I know best.
In the form of a charade.
Charade?
An entertainment, if you will.
An entertainment?
At worst,
it may beguile the time.
And since my cast
of characters is large...
I call upon you all
to enter in...
and play whatever role
may suit your fancy.
Governor,
I shall like to protest.
No!
Let's hear him out.
If you've no objection...
and with
your kind permission...
may I set the stage?
Proceed!
I will impersonate a man.
His name... Alonso Quijana.
A country gentleman,
no longer young.
Being retired,
he has much time for books.
He studies them
from morn till night...
and often through the night
till morn again.
And all he reads

oppresses him...
fills him with indignation...
at man's murderous ways
towards man.
He ponders the problem...
how to make better a world...
where evil brings profit
and virtue none at all.
Where fraud,
deceit, and malice...
are mingled
with truth and sincerity.
He broods and broods
and broods and broods...
and broods and finally
his brains dry up.
He lays down the melancholy
burden of sanity...
and conceives the strangest
project ever imagined...
to become a knight-errant,
and sally forth...
to roam the world
in search of adventures...
to right all wrongs,
to mount a crusade...
to raise up the weak
and those in need.
He persuades his neighbor,
one Sancho Panza...
a country laborer
and an honest man...
if the poorer
may be called honest...
and he was poor, indeed,
to become his squire.
He selects an ancient
cart horse called Rosinante...
to become his steed...
and the safeguard
of his master's will.
These preparations made,
he seizes his lance.
No longer will he be

plain Alonso Quijana...
but a dauntless knight...
known as
Don Quixote de La Mancha!
Hear me now
Oh, thou bleak
and unbearable world
Thou art base
and debauched as can be
And the knight with his banners
all bravely unfurled
Now hurls down
his gauntlet to thee
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
Whithersoever they blow
Whithersoever they blow
Onward to glory I go
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
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
- I am I, Don Quixote
- I am Sancho
- The Lord of La Mancha
- Yes, I am Sancho
- My destiny calls and I go
- Follow my master till the end
- And the wild winds of fortune
- I'll tell all the world

- Will carry me onward
- Proudly I'm his squire
- Whithersoever they blow
- I'm his friend

Whithersoever they blow

Onward to glory I go

Well, Sancho,

likest thou adventuring?

It's marvelous, Your Grace,
but it is peculiar.

This great road to glory...

Looks exactly like

the road to El Diboso...

where you can buy

chickens cheap.

'Tis a sign thou art little
acquainted with adventuring.

Only wait, and thou shalt see
amazing sights.

Like what?

There will be

knights and nations...

warlocks and wizards.

A cavalcade

of vast, unending armies.

They sound dangerous.

They are dangerous.

But one there will be

the most dangerous of all.

- Who?

- The Great Enchanter.

- The Great Enchanter?

- Yes. Beware him, Sancho.

His thoughts are cold,

his soul shriveled...

his eyes

are little machines...

and where he walks,

the earth is blighted.

One day, I will meet him

face to face.

Well, I wouldn't get upset,

Your Grace.

As I always say...

have patience
and shuffle the cards.
- Proverb?
- Yes, Your Grace.
Proverb piled on proverb,
you never cease.
No, Your Grace,
I've got a belly full of them.
- As I always say...
- Sweet Jesu!
- Do you see him?
- Who?
The Great Enchanter!
- Dost thou not see?
- What?
The monstrous giant
of infamous repute!
Whom I intend to encounter.
- It's a windmill.
- A giant.
A windmill.
A giant!
Canst thou not see...
the four great arms
a-whirling at his back?
A giant?
Exactly.
How long since we sallied forth?
About two minutes.
So soon will I engage
in brave, unequalled combat.
Hold there, foul monster!
Cease the knocking
of thy craven knees...
and prepare to do battle!
I swear, Your Grace...
by my wife's
little black mustache...
- that is not...
- Charge!
Your Grace, wait!
Surrender!
Vile coward!
Surrender!

Surrender! Have at you!
Surrender, coward!
Vile creature,
do not seek to bleat!
Hold on!
Hold on, Master!
Yield!
I'll show thee no mercy!
- Vile creature!
- Hold on!
Surrender, I tell thee!
Fall to thy knees and beg mercy!
Or I'll rob thee
of thy very life!
Thou art vanquished!
Vanquished!
Vanquished!
- Hold on, Master!
- Surrender!
Have at you!
Surrender, vile creature!
Surrender!
Your Grace!
Your Grace!
Master!
Didn't I tell you?
Didn't I say,
"Your Grace, it's a windmill"?
The work of mine enemy!
The Enchanter?
He transformed the giant
into a windmill...
to prevent me
the honor of victory.
You'd be wise to avoid him,
Your Grace.
One of these days,
he'll get you killed.
Hell has not seen
nor Heaven created...
the one who can prevail
against me.
He's doing very well.
Come, Your Grace.

We'll find a place
to get you repaired.
A knight must not
complain of his wounds...
though his bowels
be dropping out.
But we could find the hall
of some great lord.
Listen!
What?
A trumpet heralding my approach.
There! The very place.
- Where?
- The castle.
- Castle?
- Rockbound amidst the mountains.
- Mountains?
- And the banners.
The brave banners
flaunting the wind.
Blow thy bugle...
that a dwarf may
mount the battlements...
and announce our presence.
But I don't see a castle.
What?
- I do see something.
- What?
- It looks like an inn.
- An inn?
An inn. We will repair...
to the drawbridge
of yonder castle...
and there thy vision
may improve it.
And there thy vision
may improve it.
Reality.
To Sancho, an inn.
To Don Quixote, a castle.
To someone else, whatever.
But for sweet argument's sake,
let us grant Sancho his version.
- An inn.

- An inn!

Governor, a kindly innkeeper.
A brothel keeper, if you like.
And his less kindly wife.
That's right.

A marriage of minds.

- God forbid!

- Mule drivers!

Hard men! Miles and miles
on the road each day.
And a man to lead the men.
Pedro.

- Pedro?

- Pedro.

And for the men...

beautiful women
who please for profit.

Fermina!

And a most particular...

kitchen maid...

called Aldonza.

One to whom life has been
discourteous.

A tigress crouching in the dark.

Still keen in tooth and claw.

- Take it, Aldonza.

- Aldonza!

Come on, Aldonza, take it!

- Aldonza!

- Take it!

Aldonza!

You want this on the table
or over your lousy heads?

There, swine. Feed!

I brought you something.

Keep it till it grows up.

Little dogs have big ideas.

Tonight!

Payment in advance.

Aldonza!

Talk with your money,
not your hands.

How about a nice

thick bed of hay instead?

Good. Eat it.
You refuse Pedro?
Try me. Try me.
My mules are not so stubborn.
Fine. Make love to your mules.
Aldonza, I sell my mules.
Aldonza, I am the best lover!
Who cares? Just pay me!
One pair of arms is like another
I don't know why
or who's to blame
I'll go with you
or with your brother
It's all the same
It's all the same
This I have learned
that when the light's out
No man will burn
with special flame
You'll prove to me
before the night's out
You're all the same
You're all the same
Not me, Aldonza!
So do not talk to me of love
I'm not a fool
With starry eyes
Just put your money in my hand
And you will get what money buys
When I am dead,
no man will miss me
For life's
a cruel and dirty game
So you can curse
or you can kiss me
It's all the same
More wine, Aldonza!
It's all the same
Oh, I have seen too many beds
But I have known too little rest
And I have loved too many men
With hatred burning in my breast
Aldonza!
I do not like you

or your brother
I do not like the life I live
But I am me
I am Aldonza
And what I give, I choose...
Choose!
One pair of arms is like another
It's all the same
It's all the same
Aldonza!
Well, gentlemen,
everything in order?
Did you feed the mules?
- They're eating as well as you.
- Oh, no.
God forbid.
He jokes.
It's well-known
that I set the finest table...
between Madrid and Malaga.
My patrons have always...
It's the pig butcher.
I didn't expect him so early.
What in the name of?
Coming! Coming!
Seor butcher, coming!
Is the lord of the castle
at hand?
I say, is the Castellano here?
I am in charge of this place.
We waited, sire, for a dwarf
to mount the battlements...
and announce us,
but none appeared.
The, uh, the dwarfs,
they're all busy.
My noble lords and ladies...
my master Don Quixote...
- Knight-errant?
- Knight-errant...
defender of the right,
and pursuer of...
of lofty undertakings
requests the...

boon?

The boon of hospitality!

Well, sir, is it granted?

Absolutely!

You see? I mean, this castle
is open to everybody.

Master!

Master!

Master! Master!

Are you hurt?

One of the little mishaps
of my profession.

He's a madman.

Madmen are the children of God.

Sir Knight, you must be hungry.

I am, sir.

There is food aplenty.

And for your squire, too.

Well, as I always say, hunger
is the best gravy in the world.

And as the poor
are always hungry...

they, uh... sir, I thank you.

Stay and rest tonight.

I'll just stable your animal.

See that your grooms care
for my fleet-footed Rosinante.

A horse of courage,
sobriety, and chastity.

A flower and glory
of horse flesh.

Thank you, Master.

- What's this madness?

- Aldonza!

Has he got money to pay?

When did a poor man
ever find time to run mad?

He's got money.

He's a gentleman.

Tell Aldonza
to bring him some wine.

Gentle knights...

fair chatelaine.

If there be any amongst you

that require assistance...
you have but to speak...
and my good right arm
is at your service.
Whether it be
a princess held to ransom...
an army besieged...
the fallen to be raised up...
the suffering, the poor...
Dear God. It is she.
Sweet lady...
fair virgin...
I dare not gaze fully
upon thy countenance...
as I'd be blinded by thy beauty.
I'll get you the wine.
Milady, you must not wait
upon my needs.
I implore you,
speak once your name.
Aldonza.

- Milady jests.

- Aldonza!

The name of a kitchen scullion
or milady's serving maid!

I told you my name.

Now get out of the way,
or I'll... by Christ, I'll...

Milady,

think to put me to the test?

Oh, sweet sovereign
of my captive heart...

how could I fail thee
when I know...

I have dreamed thee too long
Never seen thee or touched thee

But known thee

with all of my heart

Half a prayer, half a song

Thou hast always been with me

Though we have been always apart

Dulcinea

Dulcinea

I see heaven when I see thee

Dulcinea
And thy name is like a prayer
an angel whispers
Dulcinea
Dulcinea
If I reach out to thee
Do not tremble and shrink
From the touch of my hand
on thy hair
Let my fingers but see
Thou art warm and alive
And no phantom
to fade in the air
Dulcinea
Dulcinea
I have sought thee,
sung thee, dreamed thee
Dulcinea
Now I've found thee, and
the world shall know thy glory
Dulcinea
Dulcinea
Come along, Sir Knight.
I'll show you to your quarters.
Dulcinea.
Dulcinea.
- Dulcinea!
- Dulcinea!
Dulcinea
Dulcinea
I see heaven when I see thee
- Dulcinea
- Dulcinea
Filthy swine!
And thy name is like a prayer
an angel whispers
Sons of whores!
Dulcinea
Dulcinea
Dulcinea
Dulcinea
I have sought thee,
sung thee, dreamed thee
Dulcinea

Now I've found thee, and
the world shall know thy glory

Dulcinea

Dulcinea

- Halt!

- Bastards!

Governor, this man proposed
to offer a defense.

This is my defense.

The most curious

I've ever heard.

- But if it entertains?

- The word is "diverts."

I think your purpose
is to divert us from ours.

Precisely. May I go on?

- Continue with your defense.

- Thank you.

Imagine now the family
our brave knight leaves behind.

Not the lords and ladies...

and retainers of

Don Quixote de La Mancha...

but the simple womenfolk

of Alonso Quijana.

Think of the shock

the news of his madness...

- brings to his niece...

- Antonia.

Antonia, who is concerned

about the effect...

on her forthcoming marriage.

Can't I have it?

Afterwards, princess,

you can keep it...

but now you're my niece

concerned about marriage.

To his housekeeper

of many years...

pious lady, come on, come on...

concerned that devils and

darkness have overtaken him.

- And to the local priest...

- Please let me be him.

Who has known Alonso
all of his life. One priest.
- Thank you.
- One priest!
And, shortly, there will appear
a character...
whose philosophy
may appeal enormously... to you!
Antonia and the housekeeper
hurry to the church.
- Church, please.
- The church.
Anguished by the situation...
and not wholly unaware of
what the neighbors may think...
they seek advice
from the priest.
Where's he gone?
Reverence.
To church.
But in spite of the trouble
that Alonso's madness...
will bring crashing
on their heads...
you may be sure
they're only thinking of him.
I'm only thinking of him
I'm only thinking of him
Whatever I may do or say
I'm only thinking of him
In my body, it's well known
There is not one selfish bone
I'm only thinking
and worrying about him
I've been told
he's chasing dragons
And I fear it may be true
If my groom
should hear about it
Heaven knows what he will do
Oh, they say he seeks a lady
Who his own true love shall be
God forbid that in his madness
He should ever think it's me

If he should try,
I'll surely die
And I will grimly
guard my honor as I cry
- I'm only thinking of him
- I know, I know, my dear
- I'm only thinking of him
- Of course you are, my dear
- I'm only thinking of him
- I understand

Woe

Woe

They're only thinking of him
They're only thinking of him
How saintly
is their plaintive plea
They're only thinking of him
What a comfort to be sure
That their motives are so pure
As they go
thinking and worrying
About him

Now there appears on the scene
a man of breeding...

Now there appears on the scene
a man of breeding...

intelligent, logical.

Dr. Sanson Carrasco...

Antonia's fianc...

bachelor of science...

graduate of

the University of Salamanca...

a man who carries

his own importance...

as though afraid of breaking it.

Indeed.

Family quarrels get out of hand.

Shh! Shh!

Governor,

with your permission...

and so much at stake

in the game...

may I rearrange the pieces?

Seor, you have our permission.

The queen... cunning.
The castle... formidable.
The king... restricted.
The bishop... charmingly diagonal.
And now
the problem of the knight.
My dear, your uncle...
is the laughingstock
of the entire neighborhood...
and I do not relish
claiming a lunatic as an uncle.
Oh, come, come, doctor.
The good Seor Quijana...
has been carried away
by his imagination.
Seor Quijana has lost his mind
and is suffering from delusions.
- Is there a difference?
- Exactitude of meaning.
I beg to remind you
I am a doctor.
The innocent must pay
for the sins of the guilty.
Guilty? Of what?
Of gentle delusion?
How do you know it is gentle?
He was armed.
With sword and lance.
I cannot favor the madness that
puts a sword into his hand...
but I can love the gentle
spirit that moves him...
to measure his sword with evil.
I shall concern myself
with his madness, father...
and leave the care
of his spirit in your hands.
Sanson? I had hoped for so much
for us, for you, really.
Everything was to be for you...
my uncle's house, his lands.
That's true, doctor. In time,
they would all be yours.
Or you a priest or pawnbroker?

What I meant was...

- consider the challenge.

- Challenge?

Think what cleverness

it would take...

to wean him from his madness.

Turn him from his course.

To persuade him

to come back home.

To bring him to see

the same world?

Hmm. That is a challenge.

Enormous.

To work within his lunacy...

to cure him through

the very terms that are his own.

Come, father. We shall do it.

We will return now to the inn,

the kitchen.

Yay!

It is imperative

each knight has a lady...

for a knight without a lady...

is a body without a soul.

To whom would he dedicate

his conquests?

What vision sustain him when

he sallies forth to do battle...

with evil and with giants?

Don Quixote,

having found his lady...

sends Sancho Panza to her

with a missive.

Missive? What's a missive?

It's a sort of letter.

He warned me to give it

only into your hands.

Well, let's see it.

I can't read.

Neither can I, but my master,

foreseeing such a possibility...

recited it to me,

so I could commit it to heart.

What made him think

I couldn't read?

Well, as he explained it...
most noblewomen are so busy
with their needlework...

Needlework?

Embroidering banners
for their knights...
he said they had no time
for study.

What's it say?

Hmm

Most lovely sovereign
and highborn lady
The heart of this,
thy vassal knight
Faints for thy favor
Oh, fairest of the fair
Purest of the pure
Incomparable Dulcinea
Oh, that again!
My name is Aldonza.

- Master calls you Dulcinea.

- Why?

I don't know, but I can
tell you from experience...
that knights have their own
language for everything...
and it's better
not to ask questions.
It only gets you into trouble.
Ahem.

I beg thee grant
that I may kiss
The nethermost hem
of thy garment
Kiss my what?

If you keep interrupting me
like this...
the whole thing will be gone
right out of my head.

- Well, what's he want?

- I'm getting to it.

I beg thee grant
that I may kiss

The nethermost hem
of thy garment
And send to me a token
of thy fair esteem
That I may carry
as my standard into battle
What kind of a token?
He says generally
it's a silken scarf.
Why, your master's
a crack-brain.
Well, they say one madman
makes a hundred...
and love makes a thousand.
- What does that mean?
- I'm not sure.
You're crazy, too.
- What are you waiting for?
- The token.
I'll give him a token. Here!
But, milady...
Don't you milady me,
or I'll crack you like an egg.
Hey, wait a moment.
Come here.
Come. Tell me.
Why do you follow him, huh?
Oh, that's easy to explain.
It's a... it's a...
well, it's a sort of crusade.
Crusade?
And then there's
all those people in distress.
Distress?
And, uh, well, uh,
because, um...
- Why?
- I'm telling you.
- Because, um...
- Why?
I like him.
I really like him.
Tear out my fingernails
One by one

I like him
- That's no reason.
- I don't have
A very good reason
Since I've been with him
Cuckoo nuts have been in season
- You are crazy.
- But there's nothing I can do
Chop me up for onion stew
Still I'll yell to the sky
Though I can't tell you why
That I like him
He doesn't make any sense.
Well, that's because
you're not a squire.
All right, you're a squire.
How does a squire squire?
Well, I ride behind him...
and he fights, and then
I pick him up off the ground.
What do you get out of it?
- What do I get?
- Yes.
Plenty.
Why, already I've gotten...
You've gotten nothing,
so why do you do it?
I like him
I really like him
Pluck me naked
as a scalded chicken
I like him
Don't ask me
For why or wherefore
'Cause I don't have
a single good because
Or therefore
You can chop me for croquettes
Beat my bones like castanets
Make me freeze, make me fry
Make me sigh, make me cry
Still I'll yell to the sky
Though I can't tell you why
That I like him

"Fairest of the fair.
Kiss the hem of thy garment."
"Incomparable."
"Dulcinea."
Your Grace!
Milady received thee?
Oh, most fortunate of squires.
The token. What of the token?
Gossamer.
Purest gossamer.
Forgive me.
I'm overcome.
Oh, I am a little barber
And I go my merry way
With my razor and my basin
I can always earn my pay
Somebody approacheth!
Though your chin
be smooth as satin
You will need me soon, I know
For the lord
protects his barbers
And he makes the stubble grow
Well, good day, gentlemen.
It's just an ordinary traveler.
Nay!
See what he weareth on his head.
By all the saints...
there is a fortune
to be made right here.
Arm thyself. This encounter
may be perilous.
Oh, dear.
If I slip
while I am shaving you
And cut you to the quick
You can use me as a doctor
'Cause I also heal the sick
Well, shall you be my...
shall you be my first to...
You... you... you should be
my... my first...
Oh, by the beard
of St. Anthony...

I do believe I see before me...
a knight...
in full armor.
It's ridiculous.
There aren't any knights!
- What?
- I was wrong. Forgive me.
Forgive me, your... your... bigness.
I thought I'd been
touched by the sun.
Thou wilt be touched by worse...
unless thou surrender rapidly
that golden helmet...
which is justly mine.
Golden helmet?
But this is a shaving basin.
Shaving basin. Mister...
I must say, Your Grace, it does
look like a shaving basin.
Oh, oh, yes.
Yes. It's a shaving basin.
I'm a barber. I was merely
wearing this for my head...
to... to ward off the rays
of the sun, you see...
so that's how your highship
made the mistake of...
Silence!
Knowest thou
what that really is?
Uh-uh.
The golden helmet of Mambrino.
When worn
by one of noble heart...
it rendereth him invulnerable
to all wounds.
From what fallen knight
didst thou steal it?
I didn't steal it.
- Surrender it!
- Well, it cost me half a crown!
Surrender it, or I'll split... -
I must say, Your Grace,
it is worth half a crown.

Peasant.

Thou golden helmet of Mambrino
With so illustrious a past
Too long hast thou
been lost to glory
But rediscovered now at last
Golden helmet of Mambrino
There can be no helm like thee
Thou and I now
Ere I die now
Will make golden history
I can hear the cuckoo singing
In the cuckoo berry tree
If he says that that's a helmet
I suggest that you agree
But he'll find it is not golden
Will not make him
bold and brave
Well, at least
he'll find it useful
If he ever needs a shave
Golden helmet
Of Mambrino
There can be no
Helm like thee
Thou and I now
Ere I die now
Will make golden
History
Are you saying your prayers?
I thought you'd like
some refreshment, then supper.
- Sir Castellano.
- Sir Knight.
I would make a confession.
To me?
I would confess
I have never been dubbed knight.
Oh. That's bad.
But I am well qualified, milord.
I am brave and courteous,
bold and generous...
affable and patient.
Yes. That's the list.

Therefore
I would beg a boon of thee.
Anything... within reason.
Tonight, I will hold vigil
in the chapel of thy castle...
and, at dawn,
receive from your hand...
the ennobling stroke
of knighthood.
But there's one small
difficulty... no chapel.
- No chapel?
- That is, it's being restored.
Now, if you wouldn't mind...
holding your vigil
some other place?
Here in the courtyard...
under the stars.
Of course. At dawn,
you shall be dubbed knight.
Milord...
I thank you.
Now will you have some supper?
Before a vigil? Nay, milord.
On this night, I must fast
and compose my spirit.
We have come for Don Quixote,
Knight of La Mancha.
We have word
he stays at this inn.
Yes, Your Grace,
he does stay here.
My sister, this great lady
would speak with him.
The drums sound!
Why am I summoned?
Are you the man we seek?
I am Don Quixote, de La Mancha.
Fire cannot be hidden.
Virtue cannot fail
to be recognized.
Cease your praises.
Word of your renown met us
on the very shores of Spain.

You have no need
to sue for favor.
Only say how I may help you.
Milady, you must not kneel.
I shall not rise until
you grant the boon I ask.
I grant it freely.
The Great Enchanter has brought
unhappiness to us all.
Your enemy.
He has bewitched our brother.
Turned him to stone.
He will not regain
his former self...
until Don Quixote
joins in single combat...
with the Enchanter.
Have the fates
indeed reserved...
this unparalleled adventure
for my sword?
Assist me, sweet Dulcinea.
Let not your favor
and protection...
fail me in this, my first trial.
Where shall I find
the Enchanter?
Declare yourself,
and he will find you.
Pray well, Don Quixote.
Pray power into thine arm,
a keen edge to thy sword...
and courage into thy soul.
I shall take my prayers up
in the chapel.
Here is my arm.
Is this the lady Dulcinea?
The gentleman's talking to you.
- Ah!
- Dulcinea.
Her name's Aldonza.
The old gentleman, he took
a fancy to calling her Dulcinea.
Where's this chapel?

How does it happen
a wretched tavern like this...
can boast a chapel?
It isn't a chapel, Your Grace.
He's in the stable.
Ah, another excess
of imagination.
How does it harm anyone?
You're more of a fool
than he is...
playing tricks on a man
who is mad. Leave me!
One might say Jesus was mad...
or St. Francis.
A man who chooses to be mad
can also choose to be sane.
Oh, yes. It was easy enough
planning this enterprise...
but it will be difficult
to come out of it well.
May not the cure be more cruel
than the disease?
We have given reality
to his madness.
We cannot abandon him now.
We have said
he will meet the Enchanter.
He must meet him.
Little bird, little bird
Awoo!
In the cinnamon tree
In the cinnamon tree
Little bird, little bird
Do you sing for me?
Do you bring me word
Of one I know?
Little bird, little bird
I love her so
Little bird, little bird
And I have to know
Little bird, little bird
Beneath this tree
This cinnamon tree
We learned to love

We learned to cry
For here we met
And here we kissed
And here
one cold and moonless night
We said good-bye
Little bird, little bird
Little bird, little bird
Oh, have pity on me
Little bird, little bird
Bring her back to me now
Little bird, little bird
Beneath the cinnamon tree
Little bird, little bird
I have waited too long
Little bird
Without a song
- Little bird,
- Little bird, little bird
Please fly, please go
Little bird, little bird
And tell her so
Little bird, little bird
Little bird, little bird
- Sss!
- Awoo!
I spit on all your little birds!
Here!
Give it back!
Give it back to me!
What's this?
- "The most lovely sovereign...
- Oh!
"And high-born lady..."
It's from her knight!
It's a love letter.
- Such fine words.
- Well, fine words!
All right.
He's a man, isn't he?
He wants what
every other man wants. So!
- Yeah!
- Yeah!

Hey... soon?
When I'm through in the kitchen.
Now I must consider
how sages of the future...
will describe
this historic night.
Long after the sun
had retired to his couch...
darkening the gates
and balconies of La Mancha...
Don Quixote, with lofty
expression and measured tread...
held vigil in the courtyard
of a mighty castle.
Ohh.
Maker of empty boasts...
on this of all nights
to give way to vanity.
No. Don Quixote,
take a deep breath of life...
and consider
how it should be lived.
Call nothing thine
except thy soul.
Love not what thou art,
only what thou may become.
Do not pursue pleasure...
or thou mayest have
the misfortune to overtake it.
Look always forward.
In last year's nests...
there are no birds this year.
Be just to all men,
courteous to all women.
Live in the vision...
of the one for whom
great deeds are done...
Dulcinea.
Get up from there! Get up!
Milady.
Why do you call me
by that name?
- Because it is yours.
- My name is Aldonza!

I know you, milady.
I think you know me not.
All my years I have known you,
your nobility of spirit...
long have I seen you
in my heart.
Your heart
doesn't know much about women.
It knows all, milady.
Woman is the soul of man...
the radiance
that lights his way.
Woman is glory.
What do you want of me?
- Nothing.
- Liar.
I deserve the rebuke.
- I ask of milady...
- Now we get to it!
That I may be allowed
to serve her...
that I may hold her
in my heart...
that to her
I may dedicate each victory...
and call upon her in defeat.
And if at last I give my life...
I give it
in the sacred name of Dulcinea.
I must go. Pedro is waiting.
Why do you do these things?
What things?
These ridiculous...
the things you do.
I come in a world of iron...
to make a world of gold.
The world's a dung heap...
and we are maggots
that crawl on it.
No.
Milady knows better
in her heart.
What's in my heart
will get me halfway to hell...

and you, Seor Don Quixote...
your head is going to end up
a stranger to your neck.
- That doesn't matter.
- What does?
Only that I follow the quest.
That for your quest.
What does it mean... quest?
The mission of each true knight
is duty...
nay, is privilege.
To dream the impossible dream
To fight the unbeatable foe
To bear with unbearable sorrow
To run
where the brave dare not go
To right the unrightable wrong
To love
pure and chaste from afar
To try when your arms
are too weary
To reach the unreachable star
This is my quest
To follow that star
No matter how hopeless
No matter how far
To fight for the right
Without question or pause
To be willing
to march into hell
For a heavenly cause
And I know if I'll only be true
To this glorious quest
That my heart
will lie peaceful and calm
When I'm laid to my rest
And the world
will be better for this
That one man
scorned and covered with scars
Still strove
with his last ounce of courage
To reach
The unreachable star

Once, just once, would you
look at me as I really am?
I see beauty, purity.
Dulcinea.
You!
You keep me waiting, would you?
- I wasn't. I didn't mean to...
- Milady!
My little flower!
Monster!
Stay clear!
Thou wouldst strike a woman?
Ah, stand back,
or I'll break your head.
Thou heart of flint
and bowels of cork.
I'm killed.
Jose! Tenorio!
Jose! Tenorio!
- Pedro!
- Anselmo! Jose!
Muleteers!
Anselmo!
Tenorio! Anselmo! Muleteers!
Hold thou!
Heed the knocking
of thy craven knees!
Prepare to do battle!
Come one! Come all!
Come what may come!
Here am I!
Let him be.
He's worth a thousand of you!
Ahh, back, whore!
I'll show you!
Sancho!
Hold on, Your Grace!
Sancho!
Coming, Master!
Look out, Tenorio!
Help me! Help me! Help me!
Look out, Master! Look out!
Victory.
- Victory?

- Victory?
- Victory.
- Victory!
- Victory?
- Victory.

Victory! Victory!

What's this? All the noise?

What's this? All the noise?

- What dreadful thing?
- What glorious thing!

Don Castellano...

I would inform you
right has triumphed!

Your Grace, are you hurt?

No, no.

A little weakness... temporary.

Your Grace!

Bring water! Water, quick!

Oh, crusader.

Your Grace. Your Grace?

- He's coming round.
- Oh.

Oh, that I might always wake
unto such a vision.

Don't move.

I must say, Your Grace,
we certainly did a job out here.

We routed them.

That bunch will be
walking bow-legged for a week.

Milady, it is not seemly
to gloat over the fallen.

Let them rot in hell!

Sir, I am

a tame and peaceful man.

Please, Sir Knight, I do not
wish to be inhospitable...

but I must ask you to leave
as soon as you're able.

I am sorry to have offended
the dignity of your castle...

and at daylight,

I shall depart...

but first, may I remind you

of your promise?
Promise?
True, it is not yet dawn...
but I have kept vigil
and proven myself in combat.
I therefore beg you,
dub me knight.
Oh, certainly.
Let's get it over with.
Sancho, would you be
good enough to fetch my sword?
Yes, Your Grace.
I cannot speak, milady...
how joyful I am that this
ceremony should take place...
in your presence.
Be careful, now.
It is the solemn moment
that seals my vocation.
- Are you ready?
- I am.
Very well, then. Kneel.
Don Quixote de La Mancha...
I hereby dub thee knight.
My Lord.
Didn't I do it right?
If your lordship
could make some mention...
of the deeds I've performed
to deserve this honor...
Oh, of course.
Don Quixote de La Mancha...
having proved yourself
this day...
in glorious and terrible
combat...
and by my authority
as lord of this castle...
I hereby dub thee knight.
My Lord...
Something else?
If your lordship recalls...
it is the custom
to grant the new knight...

an additional name.
If your lordship
could devise such a name...
Uh, let me see.
Hail, Knight
Of the Woeful Countenance
Knight
of the Woeful Countenance
Wherever you go
People will know
Of the glorious deeds
Of the Knight
of the Woeful Countenance
Farewell and good cheer
Oh, my brave cavalier
Ride onward to glorious strife
I swear when you're gone
I'll remember you well
For all of the rest of my life
Hail, Knight
of the Woeful Countenance
Knight
of the Woeful Countenance
Wherever you go
Face to the foe
They will quail at the sight
Of the Knight
of the Woeful Countenance
Oh, valorous knight
Go and fight for the right
And battle the villains that be
But, oh, when you do
What will happen to you?
Thank God
I won't be there to see
Hail, Knight
- Of the Woeful Countenance
- Hail, Knight
- Of the Woeful Countenance
- Hail, Knight
Of the Woeful Countenance
Hail, Knight
Hail, Knight
of the Woeful Countenance

Knight
of the Woeful Countenance
Wherever you go
People will know
Of the glorious deeds
Of the Knight of the Woeful
Countenance
I thank you.
Well, Sir Knight,
I am going to bed.
And I advise you to do the same.
Knight
of the Woeful Countenance.
It's a beautiful name.
Come, Your Grace.
Let's get you to bed.
Not yet, Sancho.
I owe something to my enemies.
- That account's been paid.
- Not yet, milady.
- What?
- Nobility demands.
It does?
Yes.
Therefore I will go to them.
I'll go. I'll minister.
There is no need.
They were my enemies, too.
Oh, blessed one.
Come, Your Grace.
Let's get you to bed.
Sancho, I do envy my enemies.
Your Grace, you're tired.
No, Sancho, I feel quite well.
Your Grace, many a man...
has gone to bed in the evening
feeling well...
only to wake up in the morning
and find himself dead.
- That's a proverb.
- Yes, Your Grace.
- I don't approve of them.
- I know, Your Grace.
What in hell

do you think you're doing?
I'm going to minister
to your wounds.
- You're what?
- Nobility demands.
Turn over, you foxy goat!
You...
Sons of whores!
Let me out!
No!
Bastards!
Bastards! Bastards!
Bastards!
Ow! Bastards!
Bastards!
Let me go!
Let me go!
No!
Enough!
Load up. We're leaving.
What do we do with this?
We'll take it along.
Let these events be proof
to thee, my Sancho.
Nobility triumphs.
Virtue will always prevail.
Oh, yes, Your Grace.
Now, in this moment of glory...
do I confirm my knighthood
and my oath.
For all my life,
this I do swear.
To dream the impossible dream
To fight the unbeatable foe
To bear with unbearable sorrow
To run
where the brave dare not go
What is that?
One of the hazards
of this prison...
the brave men
of the Inquisition!
It means
they're coming to fetch someone.

Haul him off,
put the question to him.
Next thing he knows, he is dead.
They're coming for me
very possibly.
What, Cervantes, not afraid?
Where's your courage?
Or is that
in your imagination, too?
No escape. This is happening.
Not to your brave
man of La Mancha, but to you.
Quick, Cervantes, call on him.
Let him shield you.
Let him save you,
if he can... from that.
No! No! No! No!
Well, not this time.
But you see, Cervantes,
there is a difference...
between reality and illusion...
and a difference
between these prisoners...
and your men of lunacy.
I'd say rather men
whose illusions were very real.
Much the same thing,
isn't it, really?
Why are you poets
so fascinated with madmen?
We have much in common.
You both turn your backs
on life?
We both select from life!
A man has to come to terms
with life as it is.
Life as it is.
I have lived for over
forty years, and I've seen...
life as it is.
Pain...
misery...
cruelty beyond belief.
I've heard all the voices

of God's noblest creature.
Moans from bundles of filth
in the street.
I've been a soldier and a slave.
I've seen my comrades
fall in battle...
or die more slowly
under the lash in Africa.
I've held them
at the last moment.
These were men
who saw life as it is.
Yet they died despairing.
No glory, no brave last words.
Only their eyes,
filled with confusion...
questioning why.
I do not think they were
asking why they were dying...
but why they had ever lived.
When life itself seems lunatic,
who knows where madness lies?
Perhaps to be too practical
is madness.
To surrender dreams,
this may be madness.
To seek treasure
where there is only trash...
too much sanity may be madness!
And maddest of all...
to see life as it is
and not as it should be!
I am I, Don Quixote
The Lord of La Mancha
Destroyer of evil am I
I will march to the sound
Of the trumpets of glory
Forever to conquer or die
I don't understand.
Don't understand what,
my friend?
Why you're so cheerful.
First you find your lady,
then you lose her.

Never lost.
Well, she ran off
with those muleteers.
Doubtless for some high purpose.
High purpose
with those low characters?
Sancho, always thine eye sees
evil in preference to good.
My eye did not make this world.
It only sees it.
Right, and furthermore,
I think you should call a truce.
What, and allow wickedness
to flourish?
I've noticed wickedness
wears pretty thick armor.
And for that
would you have me cease?
Nay, let a man be struck down
a thousand times!
- Still must he rise and...
- Do battle, yes.
Lies, lies, lies!
Madness and lies!
Lies, lies, lies!
Madness and lies!
They shall be punished,
who did this crime.
Crime?
You know the worst crime
of all? Being born.
For that you get punished
your whole life.
- Dulcinea.
- Enough of that!
Get yourself to a madhouse!
Rave about nobility
where no one can hear.
- Milady.
- I'm not your lady!
I'm not any kind of a lady.
For a lady
has modest and maidenly airs
And a virtue a blind man

could see that I lack
It's hard to develop
These maidenly airs
In a stable,
laid flat on your back
Won't you look at me,
look at me
God, won't you look at me?
Look at the kitchen slut
Reeking of sweat
Born on a dung heap
To die on a dung heap
A strumpet men use and forget
If you feel that you see me
Not quite at my virginal best
Cross my palm with a coin
And I'll willingly
show you the rest
Never deny
that you are Dulcinea.
Take the clouds from your eyes
and see me as I really am!
You have shown me the sky
But what good is the sky
To a creature who'll never
do better than crawl?
Of all the cruel bastards
Who've badgered and battered me
You are the cruelest of all
Can't you see what your gentle
insanities do to me?
Rob me of anger
and give me despair
Blows and abuse I can take
And give back again
Tenderness I cannot bear
So please torture me now
With your sweet Dulcineas
no more
I am no one, I am nothing
I'm only Aldonza the whore
Now and forever
you are milady, Dulcinea.
No!

Master.

Master!

Is this

Don Quixote de La Mancha?

If it is, and he is not afraid
to look upon me...

let him stand forth.

I am Don Quixote...

Knight

of the Woeful Countenance.

Then hear me, thou charlatan.

Thou art no knight,
but a foolish pretender.

Thy pretense
is a child's mockery...

and thy principles
dirt beneath my feet.

False, graceless knight...

before I chastise thee,

tell me thy name.

Thou shalt hear it

in due course.

And why seekest thou me?

Thou called upon me,

Don Quixote.

Thou reviled me

and threatened me.

The Enchanter.

Behold at thy feet

the gauge of battle.

On what terms do we fight?

Choose.

Very well. If thou art beaten,
thy freedom is forfeit...

and thou must obey

my every command.

And thy conditions?

If thou livest...

thou shalt kneel and beg
forgiveness of milady, Dulcinea.

Ha!

Thy lady is an alley cat.

- Monster! Defend thyself!

- Halt.

Thou asked my name, Don Quixote.
Now I shall tell it.
I am called
the Knight of the Mirrors.
Look, Don Quixote.
Look in the mirror of reality...
and behold things
as they truly are.
Look, Don Quixote.
Look in the mirror of reality.
Look!
What seest thou, Don Quixote?
A gallant knight?
Naught but an aging fool.
Look, dost thou see him?
A madman
dressed for a masquerade.
A masquerade!
Look, Don Quixote.
See him as he truly is.
See the clown.
Look, what seest thou,
Don Quixote?
Look! Dost thou see him?
A madman! Look, Don Quixote!
See him as he truly is.
Look, Don Quixote.
Drown, Don Quixote.
Drown in the mirror.
Drown, Don Quixote.
Drown in the mirror.
Go deep. Deep. Deep.
Deep. Go deep. Deep.
The masquerade is ended.
Confess!
Thy lady is a trollop...
and thy dream the nightmare
of a disordered mind.
It is done.
Your Grace, it is Dr. Carrasco.
It is only Sanson Carrasco.
Forgive me, Seor Quijana.
It was the only way.
Don Miguel de Cervantes?

Who calls?
Don Miguel.
Cervantes! Cervantes!
Don Miguel de Cervantes!
Don Miguel de Cervantes!
Prepare to be summoned.
Summoned? By whom?
The judges of the Inquisition.
Captain? How long?
Soon.
But not yet. Good.
You'll just have time
to finish your story.
The story is finished.
Of course.
Quite the proper ending.
No, no, no!
I don't like this ending!
And I don't think
the jury likes it, either.
Well, then. He's failed.
Ah, Don Miguel de Cervantes.
The court
hereby sentences you...
- Wait!
- What for?
- Time. I need time.
- I'll grant you that.
But, uh, what about
the Inquisition?
A few moments only.
I'll improvise an ending.
A farmhouse
on the plains of La Mancha.
Candle.
A room in that house.
When a man who once called
himself Don Quixote...
lies in the shadows
between living and dying.
Can you do nothing?
I'm afraid there will be no
need of my services as a doctor.
Where is he, I wonder?

In what dark cavern
of the mind?
- According to recent theory...
- Oh, Doctor, please.
Don't you think I did right?
There's the contradiction.
You again!
- Tell him to go away.
- What harm can he do?
It's all been done.
Your reverence?
Could I talk to him?
I'm afraid
he won't be able to hear you.
Well, then, I won't say much.
No mention of knight-errantry.
Oh, no. One does not speak
of the rope...
in the house of the hanged.
Proverb. Excuse me, Your Grace.
- Your Grace?
- Just a few words.
Little ones...
to lighten his heart.
A little gossip
A little chat
A little idle talk
of this and that
I'll tell him
all the troubles I have had
And since he doesn't hear
At least he won't feel bad
Shh, shh.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
Oh, what a time
I've been having...
since I got back, Your Grace.
You know my wife Teresa,
how strong she is...
muscles like a bull.
Well, she beat me.
She hit me with everything
but the house itself.
And she yells at me...

"Where's all the gold
and all the jewels...
"you were going to bring back?
"Where's that kingdom
you were going to conquer?"
Well, I kept a dignified
silence, Your Grace...
because there are some
questions you just can't answer.
Like when a man yells, "What
are you doing with my wife?"
That's a question
you just can't answer.
Of course, I hit her back,
Your Grace.
But she's a lot harder
than I am...
and as the saying goes...
"Whether the stone
hits the pitcher...
"or the pitcher
hits the stone...
"it's going to be bad
for the pitcher."
So I've got bruises
from here to...
Oh, I haven't fought
a windmill in a fortnight
And the humble joys
get duller every day
Why, when I'm asleep, a dragon
with his fiery tongue a-waggin'
Whispers, Sancho, won't you
please come out and play?
That's enough!
- What did I do?
- I warned you.
- I didn't do anything. I was...
- Please be quiet.
My friend?
Did Your Grace say something?
You are a fat pudding...
stuffed with proverbs.
Oh, that's very well-known,

Your Grace.

Well, as I was saying...

- Uncle?

- My dear.

Good morning, Father.

Or is it evening?

How do you feel, sir?

I am but well.

Can you speak your name?

Should a man not know his name?

If you would just say it.

Alonso Quijana.

Father?

I am here, beside you.

I wish to make a will.

Yes.

Of course.

- Uncle?

- Forgive me.

L... When I close my eyes,

I see a pale horse...

and I am bid mount him.

No, uncle, you will get well.

Oh, my dear master's worship,
do not die...

but live on many years.

Dying is such a waste
of good health.

Soft and fair, my dear ones.

In last year's nests,
there are no birds this year.

Come closer.

I have dreamed so strangely.

Oh, such dreams.

I... thought

I had declared myself a...

No, I dare not tell you,
lest you think me mad.

- Put them from your mind.

- They are gone.

Nor do I know what they meant.

Father?

Just speak, and I shall write.

I, Alonso Quijana...

with one foot in the stirrup...
and all too ready
for the final ride...
Don't admit anyone.
Do hereby make the following
disposition of my estate.
The bulk I leave to my beloved
niece Antonia Quijana...
with the exception
of certain personal bequests...
which are as follows...
I will allow nobody
into that room!
Get out of the way, you hag!
- What is that, Sanson?
- It's that slut from the inn.
I tried to stop her,
and she threatened to...
Tear your eyes out
if you touch me again, by God!
- Get out!
- Not before I see him!
Let her be.
In my house
there will be courtesy!
Come closer, girl.
What is it you wish?
Don't you know me?
Should I?
I am Aldonza.
I'm so sorry. L... I don't recall
anyone of that name.
Oh, please, My Lord.
Why do you say, "My Lord"?
You are My Lord, Don Quixote.
Don Quixote?
Forgive me.
I am confused by shadows.
It is possible I knew you once.
I do not remember.
This way.
Please try to remember.
Is it so important?
Everything.

My whole life.
You spoke to me.
And everything was... different.
I spoke to you?
And you looked at me...
and you called me
by another name.
Dulcinea.
Dulcinea
Once you found a girl
And called her
Dulcinea
When you spoke the name
An angel seemed to whisper
Dulcinea
Dulcinea
Then perhaps it was not a dream.
You spoke of a dream...
and about the quest.
A quest?
How you must fight?
And it doesn't matter
whether you win or lose...
if only you follow the quest.
What did I say to you?
Tell me the words.
"To dream...
"the impossible dream."
But they are your own words.
"To fight...
"the unbeatable foe."
Don't you remember?
"To bear...
"with unbearable sorrow."
You must remember!
"To run...
"where the brave dare not go."
To right...
the unrightable wrong.
Yes.
To love...
pure and chaste from afar.
Yes.
To try

when your arms are too weary.
To reach the unreachable star.
Thank you, My Lord.
Milady! This is not seemly.
On your knees to me?
- But, My Lord, you're not well.
- Not well?
What is sickness
to the body of a knight-errant?
What matter wounds?
For each time he falls...
he will rise again...
and woe to the wicked!
- Sancho?
- Here, Your Grace!
- My armor, my sword!
- More misadventures!
Adventures, old friend!
Oh, the trumpets of glory
Now call me to rise
Yes, the trumpets
are calling to me
And wherever I ride
Ever staunch at my side
My squire and my lady will be
I am I, Don Quixote
The Lord of La Mancha
Our destiny calls, and we go
And the wild winds of fortune
Will carry us onward
Whithersoever they blow
Whithersoever they blow
Onward to glory we go
Master!
- Master!
- Uncle!
Master.
My Lord.
De profundis clamo ad te
Domine
Domine
Audi vocem meam
Fiant aures tuae intentae
Ad vocem abse creationis meae

Si delictarum memorium
Sera neris
Domine
Domine...
He is dead.
My master is dead.
A man died.
He seemed a good man...
but I did not know him.
But you saw.
Don Quixote's not dead.
Believe, Sancho.
Believe.
Aldonza...
Dulcinea.
Dulcinea.
Under authority of the Holy
Office of the Inquisition...
by reason of certain offenses...
committed against His Majesty's
Most Catholic Church...
the following is summoned
to give answer...
and submit his person
for purification...
if it be so ordered...
Don Miguel de Cervantes.
I am a popular defendant.
Summoned before one court...
before I've quite finished
with another.
Well, what says this jury?
You know, I think I know now
what this contains.
The history of your mad knight.
As much as is written.
Read as well there
as you did here...
and you may not burn.
I have no intention of burning.
Cervantes?
I think Don Quixote...
is brother to Cervantes.
God help us.

We are both men of La Mancha.
For me alone
was Don Quixote born...
and I for him.
I give him to you.
Ready, old friend?
Courage.
To dream the impossible dream...
to fight the unbeatable foe.
To bear with unbearable sorrow
To run
where the brave dare not go
To run
where the brave dare not go
Though the goal
be forever too far
To try
though you're wayworn and weary
To reach the unreachable star
To reach the unreachable star
Though you know
it's impossibly high
To live with your heart
striving upward
To a far
Unattainable
Star