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The Private Life of Don Juan

By Henry Bataille

1

[Bells Chiming]

[Guitar]

Hark, the scented dust is falling

The tender serenade

With melody is calling

Twixt every man and maid

For love has played the devil

Since on a summer's day

Don Juan rode into Seville

And loved and rode away

At first he made the serenade

All caballeros

Played

Seorita

As the love notes rise and fall

In the shadow of the wall

Let me woo you

And win you

Carmencita

-[Man Snoring]

- Let me turn your blood to fire

As the flame of my desire

Lights the passion

- Within you

- [Snoring Continues]

Seorita

- Let me fathom in your eyes

- Business!

- Business! Business!

- [Singing Continues]

You care only for business!

You know I've got to go.

I'll be back soon.

- Carmencita

- [Sobbing] Nobody loves me.

- From the rose between your lips

- Nobody cares for me.

To your dainty fingertips

You belong to Don Juan

- Love me

- Good night, Theresito.

I said good night, Theresito

[Singing Continues]

Who was that man?

Love me

- Or our fleeting honeymoon

- [Snoring Continues]

Goes too soon

- To love

- [Snoring Continues]

O seorita

Who was that man?

[Singing Continues]

[Footsteps Approaching Rapidly]

- Who was that man?

- There was no man here.

- I saw him with my own eyes!

- I've never been so insulted in my whole life!

I'll pack up immediately.

I'll go home to my mother.

[Groans]

I'm tired.

- I think I'll go to bed.

- All right!

Nevermore, darling.

- Forgive me?

- [Singing Continues]

Hey, Conchita!

Whoo-hoo!

- Don Juan is in town!

- Oh!

[Singing Continues]

[Excited Chattering]

[Singing Continues]

Seora, Don Juan is in Seville.

Shall I bar the windows?

No.

Who am I that I should fly

in the face of providence?

I must see him.

I'll go to his house tomorrow.

- [Excited Chattering Continues]

- [Man] Go to your rooms!

- Go inside. Go on.

- [All Complaining]

Go inside.

Anna, go back to your room.

Oh, all right.

Seorita

Let me fathom in your eyes
All the lure of heaven's skies

Where the young moon

Is waiting

Carmencita

From the rose between your lips

To your dainty fingertips

You belong to Don

Juan

Don Juan

Don

Juan

[Ends]

[Flamenco]

Oh, I can't! I can't!

[Sobbing]

Oh, what's the matter
with you now, Pepitta?

- Some man.

- "Some man"?

- You stupid goose!

- [Gasps]

You bloodless cow! There's only one man
like that in all Spain. It was he!

- How do you know?

- You don't know him.

I came down to rehearse
my carnival dance this afternoon.

I was all alone,
and suddenly a man walked in.

His hat so.

His sword so.

And I knew.

- What did he say?

- Nothing.

He just took me in his arms
and kissed me.

[Scoffs]

Kissed you? Was that all?

All?

My eyes closed.

My heart stopped.

My- My everything stopped.

What a kiss.

[Castanets Clicking]

What a kiss.

What a kiss.

- What, a kiss?

- Certainly.

One kiss from Don Juan, properly handled,
mind you, by a clever manager and you're made.

- By one kiss?

- From Don Juan.

Oh, I've seen it done.

A little actress with no more than two lines
and a pretty ankle, he noticed her.

Within the year, leading lady,
married to a marquis, living with a duke.

- Bring him here.

- Ah, that's very difficult.

Oh, not when properly handled
by a clever manager.

Ah, if there is one man in Seville
who knows how to play his cards properly-
He would bring me this king of hearts.

But you are the king of hearts,
Don Juan.

What are your symptoms?

Well, nowadays when I sit down
to a quiet game with a lady...

I'm no longer sure of holding the card.

Hmm.

[Clears Throat]

- Ahh.

- Ahh.

- Mmm.

- Mmm.

- Ahh.

- Ahh.

- Mmm.

- Well, Doctor?

- What's your age, Don Juan?

- How did you find the lungs?

Splendid.

And what's your age, Don Juan?

- What about the heart?

- Splendid.
- And what did you say was your age, Don Juan?
- How is the general condition, Doctor?
After what you have said about your age,
you're a miracle of youth, Don Juan -
an enviable constitution
in perfect health.
But I told you the symptoms.
There surely must be something wrong with me.
Aren't you going to give me
any prescription?
I shall.
A very important prescription.
Don't climb more
than one balcony a day.
- I don't.
- Last night you climbed at least 10 .
Since I arrived in Seville yesterday afternoon
I haven't moved from this house.
One balcony a day.
Then slowly reduce that
to four balconies a week.
Then reduce that again
to two balconies a week.
And in about 15 years -
Well, there won't be any more balconies.
Then you can come
and consult me again.
How much do I owe you?
Nothing, if it can be made known
that you have consulted me.
Three ducats
if I have to keep it a secret.
Look!
The streets are full of women!
Flowers again.
Flowers.
Eighty-nine letters.

And at 6:

unknown to anyone, we brought him to town.
And in a few hours all Seville knows he's here.
Which of you gave him away?
- Did I not give you my word?

- And did I not?
Then how in heaven's name
did they discover it?
Well?
What did the doctor say?
Oh, he said I'd eaten something
that disagreed with me.
- Passing indigestion.
- That's good news.
But I have bad news for you, Don Juan -
The whole town knows you're here.
Dolores! She followed us!
I knew she would!
- Oh, how I hate that woman.
- She loves you.
Loves me? Buying my debts?
Putting me in jail?
- You've only got to go back to her.
- Listen, I like jails.
I've always wanted to go to jail.
I insist on going to jail.
She can keep you there
for two years.
Oh, my love is going to jail
I'm putting my love to jail
Tomorrow morning
my love will be in jail
I don't understand you, my sweet.
What's the use of him if you put him in jail?
Do you remember
when you were in love?
If I think very hard, my sweet.
Well, think very hard.
Was he unfaithful?
Oh, I don't have to think hard.
Every man is unfaithful.
And when he was unfaithful,
did you want to lock him up?
Lock him up? [Gasps]
Chains on his hands and feet and neck.
You are right, my sweet.
You're wrong there, Conchita, because if you
put chains on his hands and his legs and neck...
he wouldn't be able

to embrace you.

Are you going to see him
in jail then?

Twice every day.

I've been appointed
the visiting governor.

He'll see no other woman but me.

How clever you were
to buy up all his debt.

[Giggling]

- Master?

- Hmm?

- Is it true you're really going to jail?

- Mmm.

- Why don't you go and see the lady?

- 'Cause I hate her.

During the year I was with her
she nagged me, watched me like a cat...
and accused me of being unfaithful.

- Were you?

- Yes, but she only guessed.

- Master.

- Mmm?

Aren't ladies pretty well all alike to you?

What have you got against this lady?

I adore women.

I never was able to resist women.

But this is the one woman in the world that
I'm determined to resist with my last breath.

- Why?

- That's my secret, Pedro.

Doa Dolores,

how did you discover we were here?

How can I help discovering it when Don Juan
has climbed every balcony in Seville?

Don Juan has not left the house
since we arrived yesterday evening.

[Laughs] I know women

whose balconies he's climbed.

I swear to you,

Don Juan has not left the house.

You swear as easily as Don Juan,

Leporello.

Doa Dolores, do you really

want to send him to jail?

Well, what else can I do when I'm in love with him
and he climbs every balcony in Seville?

- Can't that be forgiven?

- You know it can't.

He's only got to come
and ask me for the bills.

Is it so difficult for him
to come and see me?

He shall come and see you.

- Don't you believe it?

- No.

Do you think

he dislikes you so much?

I think he's afraid

he may like me too much.

But still, if he comes,
the bills will go into the fire.

You're very generous, Doa Dolores.

Thank you.

You don't think, um, an accident
might happen to Don Juan?

- No. I'll take good care of him.

- Well, you take very good care of him.

Balcony climbing
is a dangerous sport.

I'll be waiting all night.

You followed us again.

I must see Don Juan.

- Why do you want to see Don Juan?

- Well, I-I want to be like him.

- You dress like him.

- Yes. I do everything like him.

- Well, what do you want with him?

- The last trick. The last turn.

The real victory.

The mastery of women.

I don't know how it's done...

and until I do it's no use for me to go around
climbing balconies and kissing women.

- Climbing balconies?

- Mmm.

- Where were you last night?

- Oh, I had a grand time.

-I climbed nearly every balcony in Seville.

- I see.

- Don Juan would like to see you.

- Would he?

- Very much. Wait here, will you?

- Certainly. Oh -

Is it true he had 857 affairs
in three years?

To be exact, 903.

- What have you got there?

- Nothing.

How many times have I told you
not to eat anything starchy?

I think it's disgusting

I can't eat what I want.

Isn't your figure your only asset?

There must be a lot of women
that like fat men.

Yes, rich, fat men.

I'll sack the cook.

- What do you mean by sending this up?

- Oh, he begged me so hard to.

- I hadn't the heart to refuse him.

- Very well. You're sacked.

Sacked? Why, who's master here,
Don Juan or you?

I am! I look after his figure, his finances,
his fame and his future.

- Get out.

- No.

- No, no, seora, you can't come in.

- Oh, yes. Just for 10 minutes.

- No, no, you mustn't.

- You can't come in.

-[Leporello] Ricardo I Pedro I

- Coming!

Throw this man out.

Oh, forgive me, sir.

It shall not occur again.

I have a large family.

Hmm. Well, I have a soft heart.

In the future, no starch.

- Remember, you are cook to Don Juan.

- Very well, sir.

Who are you?

- What are you doing?

- Let me look.

Thank you.

I won't disturb you anymore.

Forgive me, Don Juan.

Oh, no. Stop!

- What did you come here for?

- All the women in Spain are dreaming about you.

I had to see you.

Well, now you have seen me.

You're not disappointed?

You're even more wonderful
than I imagined.

Are you married? Happily?

- Who is happily married nowadays?

- Oh, he neglects you!

Mm-hmm.

To neglect

such a glorious creature -

Oh, you're joking.

[Gasps]

No, no, I only wanted to see you.

Ecstasy.

Who could resist you, Don Juan?

- I found out how we were discovered.

- Dolores.

No, not at all. There's a young man downstairs
who has taken your place.

Oh, nobody can take my place.

Last night he gave

such a good imitation of you...

that everyone is satisfied

you're in Seville.

- What did he do?

- Climbed balconies, kissed women, seduced wives.

Did everything you can do

and was a great success.

Now you'd better go.

Tonight, then?

Tonight.

- Did they think it was me?

- They did.

Well, there's only gonna be

one Don Juan in this world.

[Leporello]

He's gone!

- Look! He's taken your diary!

- I'll find him and I'll kill him!

[Knocking]

- [Knocking Continues]

- [Man] Let me in!

- You can't come in!

- [Men Arguing]

- You can't get in!

- I'll kill him! I'll kill him!

- Who do you want to kill?

- That scoundrel Don Juan!

- Don Juan? Why?

- He made love to my wife.

- When?

- Last night.

Last night?

Last night.

I am Don Juan.

Come on!

- What?

- Yes - Oh.

I beg your pardon.

Is your wife charming?

- She is lovely.

- Lovely.

Thanks very much.

Come on!

- [Gasps]

- [Don Juan Laughing]

Lovely? When did you tell her
that she was lovely?

When did you send her
a basket of flowers?

When did you whisper words
that sent shivers up and down her spine?

Not for years.

Because you were married.

You just owned her,

like a monkey, a fiddle...

so that a miserable bungler

could come and take her away from you.

Why should a lovely wife
be faithful to you?

Clown. Yokel!

Boob! Husband!

How long have you been married?

- Six years.

- Six years.

- When did you tell her that she was lovely?

- Every day.

When did you send her
a basket of flowers?

Every day!

Are you... romantic?

Every day!

Oh. Kick him out.

He's a bore.

Your impersonator
must have been very busy last night.

I wonder why he ran away.

I'll find him and I'll kill him.

- Pepitta!

- Hmm?

We are sold out, and everybody hopes
that Don Juan will come to visit you.

- And over there?

- At the Black Cat?

- Mm-hmm.

- Empty!

- Come along, darling. Hurry up!

- [Pepitta Giggling]

[Castanets Clicking]

- [Cheering]

- Pepitta! Pepitta! Pepitta!

[Flamenco]

[Castanets Clicking]

- Full?

- No. Empty.

They've all gone over
to the Golden Pheasant to see Pepitta.

- Pepitta? That old battle horse?

- Old?

Twenty-six at least.

I'm 19 , and I can dance. She can't.

No, but Don Juan kissed her

yesterday afternoon.

Don Juan! Even his kiss
can't make her a good dancer.

No, perhaps not.

But what publicity!

Well, if Spain doesn't know anymore
what good dancing is, then - then -

Then what?

Then -Then it's no wonder that our fleet
was beaten by the English.

Oh, you can't argue with the public.

They expect Don Juan at the Golden Pheasant.

Don Juan! The man with
the worst taste in Spain!

- Worst?

- The worst!

Well, if you want my opinion,
you'll get ready for your turn.

And if you want my opinion,
I refuse to dance to an empty house.

And if you want my opinion,
you'll get the sack if you don't!

[Gasps, Sighs]

Here I am, darling.

How wonderful of you, Don Juan.

Yes.

Oh! Are you hurt?

No.

No, it's nothing at all, really.

- Well, he can't be here. The place is empty.

- Let's sit down. I'm tired out.

Good evening, gentlemen.

Bring a bottle of Hereth.

- [Sobbing]

- Antonita! Antonita!

- Don Juan is here!

- Don Juan?

- Don Juan!

- No! It isn't true!

Oh, I knew he'd come!

I knew he wouldn't go and see Pepitta!

[Both Laughing]

- Go tell the orchestra to get ready.

- Oh, hurry! Hurry!

- Oh, let's go.

- No.

It's easy enough for you to run about all night.

You'll have two solid years rest in a nice, quiet jail.

-Jail? Didn't you settle that?

- Only you can do that.

- How?

- By going to see Doa Dolores.

- She's waiting for you.

- No!

Yes.

Right. Two years, a young masquerader
will have a marvelous time.

-[Crowd Murmuring, Chattering]

- All right, I'll go see her.

[Castanets Clicking]

Please make me dance well.

[Orchestra]

[Applause]

[Leporello]

I'm ready. Let's go.

[Continues]

Let's go, I tell you.

She's waiting for you.

Can't you sit still a second?

[Continues]

- [Stops]

-[Applause, Cheering]

- A lovely little girl.

- She'll look awful by daylight.

Who wants to see her by daylight?

[Resumes]

- [Stops]

-[Applause]

She is indeed a lovely dancer, sir.

She would be highly honored if you'll
visit her in her dressing room for a minute.

No, no. You can't go. There isn't time.

You're late already.

-Just for a second.

- Ah, you're hopeless.

- Thank you very much.

- Thank you very much, sir.

- I'll be back in a minute.

- " A minute. ''
What divine hair.
And those two lovely stars...
just a little frightened,
gazing at me.
You baffle me.
Once again
I'm just a frightened child.
Oh, I could kill you
for being so attractive.
What a fool I was.
What a fool.
Why, darling?
I thought I could resist you.
Can you?
No woman could.
Oh, why did you kiss that girl?
- What girl?
- Pepitta.
At the Golden Pheasant
yesterday evening.
Oh. Yesterday evening.
I didn't kiss her.
Can you swear that?
In this case,
with the easiest conscience.
Juarez!
-Juarez!
- Yes?
- He never kissed Pepitta! He never kissed her!
- What?
The liars!
I'll go and tell everybody!
So he wouldn't come.
Ah. An accident.
I'm afraid so. He's, uh - He's sprained the -
He has to stay in bed.
Ohh!
Doa Dolores,
do you want to make him hate you?
I'd rather he hated me
than forgot me.
If he hates me,
at least he has to think about me.

- You want to punish him. Don't you love him?

- Yes, I do.

But I gave him a choice -
love or the law.

Aren't you afraid

you may lose him entirely?

Yes, I might.

But I don't think so.

If a man flees so desperately
from a woman...

he must be desperately afraid of her.

I'll compel him to see me.

And if he sees you

and remains the same?

Then I'll give him up...

and he can have his bills and his freedom
and all the women in the world.

But he'll never see me again.

But that remains to be seen.

Oh, that kiss of yours this morning
was the greatest event in my drab life.

But I know that for you

I'm just one woman in a thousand...

just one more victim.

You're the only woman
in the world for me.

- You really mean it?

- Yes.

Oh, Don Juan.

Oh, Don Juan!

- Good night, little one.

- Oh, wait.

Wait and say that I'm not just
one of a thousand women for you.

- Oh, no, no, no, no.

- Do I really mean something to you?

Well, certainly!

Am I the one whose kiss you've been seeking
on a thousand women's lips?

- Why, of course.

- I am the one? The only one?

Of course!

Oh, Don Juan, thank you.

I've never really lived

until this moment.
Well, that's splendid.
Now, good night, little one.

4:

Or we go to France
as soon as he arrives.

- Will he consent?

- No, he'll never consent.

But he'll go all the same.

Three miles to walk.

And the question I ask myself is...

are women worth it?

Hey there!

You may not know it,

but you've been sent from heaven.

You take me to my house

and this is yours.

- But my cart is full of cabbages, seor.

- Good. This is the first time I ever liked them.

Ah!

[Screams]

My husband! Alfredo, I'm innocent!

I say, she told me

that you'd gone to the carnival.

Don Juan, I know you'll kill me,

but I am an honorable man.

For my wife's honor I must die,

or what would people say?

- Please don't hurt him too much!

- No.

Don Juan, are you ready?

Oh, very well, if you insist.

[Sobbing]

Wake up, sir.

You're home.

[Don Juan Sighs]

- Are you married?

- Yes, sir.

[Yawns]

Well, I suppose it has its disadvantages,
but it saves a lot of walking.

- Thank you, sir.

- Good night.

Good night, sir.

- What are you packing for?

- A gentleman has to dress, even in jail.

And two years is a long time.

I forgot it.

Did you see Dolores?

- Yes.

- Is she angry?

Yes.

Well, you are an idiot. You don't know how to talk to an angry woman.

You are a genius, but you prefer to prove it to another woman.

Now, listen, everything's arranged.

The coach is at the door.

Drive as fast as you can to the frontier and I'll join you in Paris.

[Banging]

[Officer]

Open the door!

- [Banging Continues]

- Open the door!

- [Leporello] Too late! The police!

- [Don Juan] Police?

She said you wouldn't be arrested till the morning.

Well, what do you want in the middle of the night?

We had to disturb you, sir.

I'm sorry to say your master has been killed.

- Our master?

- Don Juan. Isn't this his house?

Yes, this is Don Juan's house.

My name is Leporello. I'm his steward.

Tell me, what has happened to Don Juan?

- Don Alfredo killed him.

- Don Alfredo?

Well, how did Don Alfredo recognize Don Juan?

We found this in his pocket.

It's his.

Oh, this is too,

too terrible for words.

There can be no doubt about it.

Poor, poor Don Juan.

[Sniffles]

Oh, thank you. Thank you so much.

We'll look after his body.

- Good night.

- [All] Good night!

What's the idea? They really think
you are dead. I'll tell them.

- Shut up!

- You'll have to deny it.

Yes, in a month or two or six.

Whenever I want to, whenever I have
money enough to pay my debts.

[Laughs]

Providence is against
a jealous woman.

Providence favors a man
fighting for his freedom.

How do you want to use your freedom?

I want to rest...

and lead a simple life
with simple people...

not to be a celebrity for a while -
to be unknown, no women, and alone...
to eat what I like,
to do what I like.

After all, there comes a time in a man's life
when he needs rest...

and I'm going to have it.

Oh...

I'm so happy.

And so sleepy.

Good night, Leporello.

And don't wake me
until it's time for my funeral.

[Bell Tolling]

[Tolling Continues]

Don Juan!

[Tolling Continues]

Wake up.

It's time for your funeral.

[Chattering]

- Why are all these women in mourning?

- For you.
- [Tolling Continues]
- [Sobbing]
[Women Sobbing]
[Sobbing Continues]
Nonsense. I've never seen
one of them before in my life.
- We must have come to the wrong funeral.
- Oh, no.
[Chattering, Shouting]
I tell you we have.
Let us go and ask.
Seorita, did you ever meet Don Juan?
Never. Not once.
- [Whispering] What did I tell you?
- Then why are you in mourning?
Because I never met him.
[Sobbing]
[Laughs]
It's amazing.
I had no idea my own funeral
could be so delightful.
It's certainly brought your career
to a happy end.
End? Why end?
Why not?
Leave off while they still think of you
as you were.
- Were?
- Ten years ago.
Before these wrinkles,
these lines, these gray hairs.
You'd spoil any party,
even a funeral.
- Water, ladies?
- [Sobbing Continues]
-[Tolling Continues]
- Nice, fresh water.
Water.
Excuse me, madame.
Did you ever see my poor friend Don Juan?
No, sir, but I had hoped to see him
at my cousin's next month.
And you, seora, did you know him?

[Leporello]

You have no reason to be here then.

I have a very good reason, sir.

I've often dreamed of him.

Simply amazing.

I never knew I was such a great fellow.

[Laughing]

[Women Sobbing]

- Who's the fat fellow over there?

- Cardono, the playwright.

[Chattering, Shouting Continue]

No, no, no, my friend,

this is a great sight.

Women and women and women!

The eternal hunger of women for love.

Every woman must have a sense of gratitude

for the man who brought love...

to so many of her sisters.

What would you say, then, was the cause

of Don Juan's great success?

- First, dull husbands.

- [Laughs] Second?

A careful avoidance

of all intelligent women.

[Laughing] I must write a play

about him one of these days.

Do you want me to collect all the details

of his romantic life?

Romantic?

What was there romantic...

in spending his life telling women

they are everything they are not?

Only fools have the time

to be great lovers.

Well, in all events I hope you have

one good thing to say in favor of women.

One - In most cases it is the man

who has to walk home.

[Laughing]

Look!

Antonita, the dancer!

[Whispering]

- [Sighs]

- Oh, Antonita.

Courage.

Be brave, little one.

[Speaking, Indistinct]

[Sobbing]

Oh, don't say a word.

I want to die.

[Woman]

Be brave, little one.

This has been the greatest day of my life,
but there'll be one even greater.

- When?

- When I come back.

If women grieve so at my funeral, can you
imagine what's going to happen when I return?

[Laughs]

Good-bye, Leporello.

[Chattering, Shouting Continue]

[Women Sobbing]

[Crowd Murmuring]

- What right have you got to be here?

- Same as you!

Nobody asked you! He never kissed you!

It was an impudent lie!

Yes, 'twas a lie. Don Juan told me so himself.

It was only publicity.

- He did not!

- And who are you to give orders here?

Who am I? Don Juan said I was the girl whose kiss
he'd been seeking on a thousand women's lips.

I was the only one. He'd never loved
anybody else in his life but me.

[Laughs] He loved you so much that
he went straight from you to another woman?

- Oh! That was a previous engagement.

- But that's why they killed him.

That's why they killed him -

because he loved me!

He said, " Good night, Antonita.

I'll tell her if I have to die for it.''

He loved me

and loathed old women like you.

- Cat!

- Cow!

- Snake!

- Pig!
- Toad!
- Weasel!
- Worm!
- [Screams]
- [Crowd Laughing]
- Oh, no, no, no, no!
[Crowd Laughing, Chattering]
[Laughing Continues]
[Tolling Continues]
So, the funeral is over...
and he's gone in a blaze of glory,
rejoicing in his liberty.
- All right.
- I don't understand you, Doa Dolores.
- What's your scheme?
- Me? I have no scheme.
- What's your idea?
- I have no idea.
Except...
a woman must realize
there are times...
when she's got to give a man
all the rope he wants.
- You might lose him for good.
- Or win him for good.
No other woman
would have let him go.
No other woman understands him.
How should they after just having a week
or a day out of his life?
I had over a year.
What could you know about him
that thousands of other women don't?
Tell me, has Don Juan
been very tired lately?
How did you know?
[Chuckles]
No great lover has any secrets
from a woman after a year.
Doa Dolores,
you're bound to win.
I might.
But now I must wait.

He'll soon be tired of being tired.

[Chattering]

- Is Captain Mariano's breakfast ready?

- Here it is.

Beef for the blood,
fish for the brain...
and a dash of garlic
for the imagination.

[Chuckles]

[Singsongy]

Captain Mariano!

[Singsongy]

Coming.

[Singsongy]

Breakfast is ready.

Good.

Oh, I've had marvelous sleep.

What a glorious day.

You look wonderful.

- Thank you.

- You do too.

You look wonderful.

[Woman]

Oh, seor. [Chuckles]

Now there is a gentleman.

You look awful.

Why so gloomy?

Who wouldn't look gloomy
after six months in this hole?

- What a place for Don Juan.

- Quiet, you fool!

All right.

- For Captain Mariano.

- Ah. Captain Mariano.

Retired from active service.

The Private Life of Don Juan, ladies.

Two centavos.

The Private Life of Don Juan.

- Ooh.

- Oh, I must have one.

The greatest lover who ever lived.

- What's that?

- [Man] All the secrets of his love life .

The number of his love affairs.

Thank you, seora.

The story of his lamentable death,
killed by an outraged husband.

They're selling a new book:

The Private Life of Don Juan.

- Go and fetch one for me.

- Yes, master.

Ah.

[Crowd Chattering]

Is there a Captain, uh, Mariano living here?

- Yes, sir. Certainly, sir.

- Where can I find him?

Captain Mariano is having
his breakfast, sir.

Breakfast?

But it's afternoon.

Captain Mariano is not
what you call an early riser, sir.

I always give him his lunch
and his breakfast in one.

And I must say it's a pleasure to see
the way he appreciates his food.

Mark you, it's quite right that he should, for there's
nothing he asks for that we don't give him.

I always say that if you give a customer
what they like, they'll come back again.

So, if you're the friend that he's expecting
and you'll just tell me your favorite dish -

My favorite dish is
a middle-aged woman's tongue...

cut out by the roots,
chopped very small and eaten raw!

[Gasps]

Hello, Leporello!

Did you bring the money?

Did you see this?

See? In Seville they sold it
in 20,000 copies.

- Have you read it?

- I have. It's all lies.

They give all the details of everything
that never happened.

You know these authors of private lives -
no life is private to them.

- He thinks you're a hero and makes you a cad.

- You know the public.

If he didn't think me a hero,

he wouldn't write it.

And if he didn't make me a cad,

he couldn't sell it.

- How long do you want to stay?

- Hmm. Until I feel rested.

- When do you think you will feel rested?

- [Chuckles] I don't know.

I've got to make up for 20 years

of hard service.

[Laughter]

Master, the mistress says

that if you won't come...

she will come.

Tell her I'll come right away.

- Good night, gentlemen all.

- Good night.

[All]

Good night.

Sentenced to marriage

for the term of his natural life.

[All Laughing]

- Hey, Alonso, you're not married.

- No, but I hope to be.

Didn't you just see that poor chap?

Oh, my girl's different.

All girls are different.

All wives are alike.

You lose your freedom.

My girl's worth it.

Marriage is like a beleaguered city.

- Those that are out want to get in.

Those that are in want to get out.

- [All Laugh]

[Man]

The Private Life of Don Juan.

Hey. Give me one.

Give me one.

- Two centavos.

- How much?

- Two centavos.

- Oh, too much.

Hmm.

You can have it for nothing.

Oh, you are a one

for bargains, aren't you?

Here. Here's your money.

Gonzales, you're not going?

Don't you want to play with me?

I want to play with Theresita.

Good night.

[Sighs]

[Mouthing Words]

Well, what sort of a fella was he?

I wish I could have taken

his morning chocolate to him.

Oh, as good as that, eh?

What strikes you most about him?

He seems to have given what they call

in references " great satisfaction. "

You know, there's something wrong with

nature to take a man like this from us.

Well, if he'd lived,

you possibly wouldn't have met him.

I would have hoped,

and that would have kept me going.

If he lived...

and if you met him?

I would have hesitated...

but it would only have been acting.

What are you looking for?

I was just wondering whether

I've ever seen a more...

beautiful figure.

- Have you?

- Yes.

But only once.

If you'd said you hadn't,

I had an answer for you.

- Tell it to me.

- No, it's rude.

- Tell it to me.

- No, not with the lights on.

[Laughs]

Don Juan would have liked you.

What do you know about Don Juan?

Oh, I knew him.

Who? Don Juan? No!

What was he like? How did he look?

Well, he - he wasn't, uh, unlike me.

[Laughing]

Oh, go on, Captain Mariano!

He was exactly like me.

And if I kiss you...

my kiss is like Don Juan's.

Well?

" When he seized her hand...

" it was as though a stream of hot lava
were running through her veins...

" and when he kissed her...

she felt a trembling delight
that swept away her senses.' "

Well?

Hot lava? No!

[Scoffs]

I could kill you

for being so attractive.

Don't stop. Say more.

- Bring some wine up to my room.

- I can't. You bring some up to mine.

- When?

- In about half an hour.

Go now.

Good night, Captain Mariano.

Good night, Doa Anna.

- Oh, you look wonderful.

- Ah. Thank you, Captain Mariano.

Rosita, you can close up
and go to bed.

If you were mine

the rich man said

With a golden spoon

you should be fed

And you'd go to sleep

on a golden bed

Until the sun came up

in the morning

The rich man said

Then what have I

That you could be attracted by

The modest maid gave no reply
Until the sun came up
in the morning
What divine hair.
And those two lovely stars...
just a little frightened,
gazing at me.
[Chuckles]
You -You baffle me.
Once again I'm just a helpless child.
- I could kill you for being so attractive.
- [Laughs]
Go on, Captain Mariano.
You certainly know how to talk.
[Chuckles]
There is nothing
that I wouldn't say or do for you.
You mean it?
Uh, something gold like this too much?
What?
There's a lovely pair
in the shop across the road...
and they only cost five ducats.
And the other girl
in the caf has some.
You'll get the earrings in the morning.
- Rub harder.
- Good, master.
We'll have it off in no time.
I'm so happy.
And tell the cook I only want boiled fish
and stewed fruit for lunch.
Bravo, master.
- Get out my best clothes.
- Bravo, master.

At 5:

Bravo, master!
It's too wonderful.
Here. Take those to Rosita.
Yes, master.
- Send Ricardo to dress me.
- Very good, master.
Hi. Rosita.

With Captain Mariano's compliments.

Oh! Did they cost five ducats?

- Six.

- Oh!

My, oh, my.

I've heard of men who wanted
something for nothing...

and others who bargained
something for something...

but a man that gives something
for nothing.

For nothing?

That a poor girl should get
something for nothing.

Why, the end of the world
must be near.

Ah. Leporello, have our things
packed immediately.

This is a pleasant surprise indeed.

Surprise? You didn't think I was going to spend
the rest of my life in this miserable inn.

[Crowd Murmuring]

Close it. Hurry. Hurry.

- Pedro.

- Yes, master?

- See that carriage?

- Yes, master.

- Find out her name and address.

- Very good, master.

Will you have your winter clothes
dispatched at once?

- No.

- You won't need your winter clothes.

Ricardo is, uh, packing them.

- Unpack.

- Don't you want to leave?

- No. We'll stay.

- You said you hated this place.

I adore this place.

Blackguard! Scoundrel!

- Blackguard! Dog! Scoundrel!

- Here, here, here, here, here, here.

Uh, this is my servant, sir,

and I'm most unhappy if he annoys you.

You rascal.
You clumsy lout!
How often have I told you
not to offend people?
- Get out of here!
- Yes, master.
I'm so sorry, sir.
Sir, I apologize.
You are very kind indeed, sir.
- I hope you will forgive me.
- Most certainly, sir.
Good day, sir.
Are you ready? Go.
- What did she say?
- That you're marvelous, master.
- Ah. What else?
- She sent you this.
- Does she know who I am?
- No. Look. Here.
Oh. " The Castle Montoro, west wing...
second tower,
room on the top floor.'
Bravo, master!
[Whistles]
Thank you. Thank you.
Thank me?
With such a reward.
What divine hair.
And those two lovely stars,
just a little frightened...
gazing at me.
Y-You baffle me.
Once again I'm just a... frightened child.
How divine.
Won't you come and sit down?
You look and speak
just like my dear father did.
He would have been
just about your age now...
but he would never have
been able to climb up here.
It's incredible at your age.
[Thunder Rumbles]
[Gasps]

My guardian keeps me here as a prisoner...

and Thomas doesn't know where I am.

- Thomas?

- Yes, Thomas.

He's in Seville.

So will you please
send a letter to him?

[Thunder Rumbling]

I write to tell him to come
because I love him.

I'll never love anyone else in the world.

So - So, will you please send it to him?

Or better still, take it to him.

Oh, please.

Please.

I love him, and he loves me.

- All right.

- Oh, how can I thank you?

Kiss me.

- Oh, no.

- Yes, like my father would kiss me.

I shall love you
till the last day of my life.

And I shall remember you
to the last day of my life.

Good-bye.

[Thunder Rumbling]

[Thunder Rumbling]

[Woman] If he can't come,
tell him to send me a lock of his hair.

- Did you say a lock of his hair?

- Yes.

Very well then.

A lock of his hair.

[Thunder Rumbling]

[Sneezes]

- [Sneezes]

- Oh, Captain Mariano. Captain Mariano.

- What have you been doing? Oh!

- Ah -

- [Sneezes]

- Oh! What a shame to get such a cold.

Dear, dear, dear. Men are like children.
They need someone to look after them.

- Oh! Your hat.
- [Coughs]
Uh, get me something -
[Sneezes]
to drink.
[Sneezes]
Hot.
Yes. I know what you want.
You know, Captain Mariano...
a man of your age ought to know...
that he needn't go out of the house...
to find something that he can get
just as well in the house.
I beg your pardon?
You're a nice man.
Now, why don't you settle down
and be happy?
[Sneezes]
I'm all right.
No, you're not.
You look miserable, and you know it.
Now, you ought to have
a place of your own.
Do you know how much
I make out of this inn -
and the farm -
and the vineyard?
- 300 ducats a year.
- [Sneezes]
And no relations
to make our lives bitter.
" Our''?
Well, if you don't know
what I'm driving at all this time...
I don't want to marry you at all.
Oh. But you do know very well.
Now, what do you say?
S-S-Seora.
But why do you hesitate?
You've no money...
no looks,
not very much brain.
And you're no chicken.
Well, neither am I.

But you could help me in the business.
You're a nice fellow.
You'd make me a good husband.
We ought to be very happy.
But, s-seora, it is impossible.
[Laughs]
Men are so bashful. Why impossible?
S-Seora, I'm a married man already.
Oh.
It needn't be...
exactly marriage.
No, no, no, no. Seora.
It must be marriage!
[Stammers]
I'm a man of morals.
You shock me.
No, no. No, no. No, no, seora.
I'm going mad! Leporello! Pedro!
Pedro! Leporello!
Pack up. Pack up. Pack up!
I can't stand it any longer.
We're going back to Seville.
- [Crowd Chattering]
- [Fanfare]
Seville.
What a city to come back to.
[Laughing]
What a setting
for the return of Don Juan.
The Private Life of Don Juan.
Only two centavos...
for a hundred scenes from
the life of the world's greatest lover...
including the secret of his sensational
successes in the city of Seville.
Only two centavos for a hundred scenes
from the life of the world's greatest lover...
including the secret of his sensational su -
Seor. The Private Life of Don Juan
in one volume.
No, I'm waiting for the second volume.
- But there isn't one.
- No, but there will be.
[Whooping]

[Man]

The Private Life of Don Juan.

Only two centavos...

for a hundred scenes from the life
of the world's greatest lover...

including the secret of his sensational
successes in the city of Seville.

Walk up! Walk up!

Walk up and see
the worldwide puppet show.

Showing now, " Don Juan in the Harem' '!

Walk up and see

the man with a million mistressesI

Continuous performance.

Well, that's an exaggeration.

[Man]

Walk up, walk upI The puppet show is playingI

Walk upI

- [Chattering, Laughing]

- [Man]...from the life of the world's greatest lover.

The Private Life of Don Juan.

Seora, two centavos.

Wonderful man, Don Juan.

They don't make 'em like that nowadays.

If only he could come back,

God rest his soul...

he'd make some of you young jackanapes
sit up and take notice.

Hmm. And as for we women-

we'll never forget him.

The Private Life of Don Juan.

Nice girl, that.

She's right too.

The question is, how and where
to come back to life?

- It's got to be a sensation.

- It's bound to be.

I have it. The last girl that I kissed in Seville -
that little fifth-rate dancer-

she shall be the first girl

that I kiss tonight.

I'm going to Antonita.

There are seven gentlemen

waiting, seora.

- Is the duke there?
- Yes, seora.
Take the flowers away
and let the duke in.
Very good, seora.
Do you like them?
I adore them.
Oh, no. It's Wednesday.
The day Don Juan
kissed me for the first time.
No one must touch my lips
on a Wednesday.
Forgive me.
Tomorrow?
Maybe.
The flowers for the grave.
Take them to the grave.
[Sobbing]
Every day you send flowers
to Don Juan's grave.
You sweet, loyal...
little soul.
[Man] Your lovely forms,
twin buds of passion's flower...
do cause such
burning fever in me veins...
and so stir up me blood...
that I can scarce control
me encircling arms.
Stop, stop, stop.
- Well, what do you want now?
- Oh, listen, Seor Martinez.
You must not look out into space.
Look at the ladies.
Hmm. Why?
Because you are Don Juan
You mean you want me
to give the impression...
that Don Juan was able to make love
to two women at the same time?
Two? Ten!
Twenty! Thirty!
Fifty! A hundred!
You have to radiate such hot virility

that every woman's hand...
goes trembling in search of
her husband's in the dark.
You are Don Juan! Don Juan! Don Juan!
Well, give me real women,
and I'll give you Don Juan.
- Send to the fish market for some women for him.
- And you, seorita -you are cold!
Cold? Me? Anna Doran cold?
- Yes.
- You're the first man who's ever said so.
But you are cold.
Why stand there in frigid dignity?
- And you too, seorita.
- She's got all the lines.
-[Woman] What can we do?
- Act. Show what you feel.
The surging blood in your veins.
The frightened longing to approach
this gigantic symbol in front of you.
To touch him...
to inhale his breath -
[Inhales Deeply]
to succumb to him...
to Don Juan!
How can I shiver with desire...
for a Don Juan who hasn't as much
sex appeal as a broomstick?
What?
Me? Antonio Martine?
- You! Not a pennyworth.
- [Laughs]
[Laughs]
Inhale his breath indeed.
Seor Martinez
shouldn't eat garlic for breakfast.
I'm fed up. If you want me to act,
give me actresses, not kitchen maids.
- Oh!
- [Man] Enough!
This is a rehearsal,
not a peace conference.
Go to your places.
Begin the scene again.

And do as the author tells you.

Go!

Your lovely forms,
twin buds of passion's flower...
do cause such burning fever in me veins
and so stir up me blood...

that I can scarce control
me encircling arms!

Bravo! Bravo, ladies!

Bravo, Martinez!

You see? That's Don Juan!

I could kill you
for being so attractive.

[Screams]

[Gasps]

If Don Alfredo hadn't killed him
and we hadn't buried him...

I might have thought
you were Don Juan.

[Laughs]

They didn't kill me
and they didn't bury me.

It pleased me to disappear for a while,
and now I've come back to you...
my little Antonita.

[Laughing]

You know, he really is
rather like Don Juan.

Oh, no. Don Juan was much taller
and much younger.

- Yes, six months younger.

- Ten years younger.

And -And he had blue eyes...

and - and a noble presence...

clear-cut nose...

[Sighs]

and a different mouth.

[Laughs]

A different mouth? Will you try it?

- What are you doing?

- Oh! How dare you!

Not a bit like it,

Don Juan's kiss.

- Get out of here!

- That's quite enough. Get out.

This is outrageous. The real Don Juan would never have forced his attentions on a woman. And I won't either. I just want to teach your young man a lesson.

- Oh, how dare you! I love him!

- [Laughing]

Get out of here, you cad,
you cheat, you filthy old man!

Help! Help! Police!

- Oh, my darling.

- What is the matter?

- What's the matter?

- What happened?

Oh, a lunatic.

Calls himself Don Juan.

[Martine]

Come, drink a cup to folly as it flies.

Drain every passing pleasure
to the dregs...

while yet the wine of life
runs ruby red...

and women's kisses
call us to the feast!

[Applause]

" Repent your sins, "

the shaven churchman cries...

"or straightaway plunge
to everlasting fire. "

A fig, I say,

for such a coward's creed I

I've sinned and loved it,

savored every sin and sinned again.

And who shall say me nay?

Not saint in heaven

nor fiend in hell, I fear.

Where is this nemesis they prate of?

-[Actor's Voice] Here I

- [All Screaming]

There he is.

Oh.

Isn't he a darling?

Yes, the scoundrel.

[Martine]

What is the news in hell?

[Actor's Voice]

They want you there.

For the last time, Don Juan, repent!

[Martine] Ha! That for repentance!

That for hell and you!

- [Women Screaming]

- Stop this foolery!

Once and for all,

I forbid you to perform this nonsense!

- Ladies and gentlemen, the play is over!

- [Audience Murmuring]

Permit me to bid you

a very good night.

[Murmuring Continues]

Get back!

- What?

- [Women Screaming]

- W-What do you want? Who are you?

- Who are you?

[All Shout]

Who are you?

Your very humble servant,

Don Juan.

- The real Don Juan!

- [All Laughing]

[Laughter Continues]

- Ladies and gentlemen -

- [Laughter Quiets]

you are under the delusion

that Don Juan is dead.

He is not. He's alive.

I am Don Juan.

[Laughter Resumes]

Yes, yes, of course, of course.

But, you see, this is a theater.

You must leave the stage. Now, come with me.

Ohh -

Don't you understand that I am Don Juan?

Don't you believe me?

Yes, yes, yes!

Of course we believe you.

- But look here, since Don Juan died -

- I keep telling you I did not die!

Well, since we buried you
half a year ago...

23 men have tried
to impersonate Don Juan.

[Laughing]

I am the 24th.

And you are disgusting.

- So get out! Get out! All of you, get out!

- [All Screaming, Shouting]

Ladies and gentlemen,
there's nothing more to see, so good night.

We want to see the end of the play!

Get out!

[All Shouting, Arguing]

- Get out! They want to see the end of the play!

- Who are you?

- I am the author of the play.

- Are you?

Ladies and gentlemen, here is a man
who has written the most insipid...
the most senseless,
the most slanderous play of our age.

Why senseless? Why slanderous?

Because you lied about my life.

You threw mud at my character.

- Yours?

- Mine! Don Juan!

Ladies and gentlemen, do you care that much
about Don Juan's real life and real character?

[All Shouting, Laughing]

No!

You've made me behave like a fool.

Do you suppose that I ever made love
to two women at the same time?

You, no, but Don Juan -

What do you think, ladies?

[All Shouting, Laughing]

Yes!

He thinks it's impossible.

He couldn't even manage one!

[All Laughing]

See? That's how much you know
about being Don Juan. Now get out!

I'll teach you all!

Get out of here! Get out!

-[Audience Shouting]

- Bring down the curtain!

Ladies and gentlemen-

Ladies and gentlemen...

six months ago

I was here for a few days.

Twenty years ago I lived here.

Does nobody recognize me?

- [Audience Shouting] No!

- [All Chattering]

No ladies?

There's Estraya!

She must recognize Don Juan!

-[Man] Where?

-[Woman] There. That's Estraya.

Estraya.

I was Don Juan's first love...

but I can't remember you.

Well, how could you remember me...

among half the male population

of Spain and South America?

- Sit down!

- Oh! Ohh!

[Audience Laughing]

Ladies and gentlemen -

There's Don Alfredo, who killed you!

[Audience Murmuring]

Oh, so you're the man.

I've been just aching to meet you.

-Is he Don Juan?

- [Audience] Is he Don Juan?

Ridiculous. The whole world

knows I killed Don Juan.

You killed a poor boy...

because a terribly bored wife

mistook him for Don Juan.

How do you know?

H-How could she?

Because, my dear sir, there are wives

that will see Don Juan in any other man.

Alfredo, he insults my honor.

Kill him.

[Don Juan]

Yes, come on, kill me! Kill Don Juan!
I killed Don Juan,
and nobody can take that from us.
I owe it to his memory not to soil my sword
fighting a swindler...
who tries to impersonate
a great man!
- Come on! Come on!
- [Audience Applauding, Shouting]
- Call the police!
- [Shouting Continues]
Seize that man!
Seize him! Seize him!
My hero.
Take it down. Take it down.
Give me my rapier!
Wait!
Ladies and gentlemen,
we can now settle this matter finally.
We have the honor to have in our midst
the one person who can do it -
the widow of Don Juan,
the real Don Juan.
For years she has lived on her estate,
for six months in Seville.
She will now tell you whether
this gentleman is Don Juan-yes or no.
Now, Doa Dolores...
will you kindly tell us,
who is this man?
Well, there is a likeness
to Don Juan...
but my poor husband
was so much bigger...
and broader
and far better looking.
No, I've never seen this man before
in my life.
[Audience Shouting, Whistling]
All right, let's go.
- Get out of here!
- [Shouting Continues]
[Shouting Quiets]
And now, ladies and gentlemen...

the play can go on!
[Cheering, Applause]
It's all right, Don Juan.
Don't worry.
You've found someone
who understands.
But, you see, I am Don Juan.
Of course you are.
I am Don Juan.
He is Don Juan.
Everybody's Don Juan in Seville
when the bullfights are on...
and the wine is flowing.
Sleep well, Don Juan.
[Chuckles]
Ah, Leporello, it is a lovely play.
Will you take a message
to Captain Mariano?
- Captain Mariano?
- Yes.
Certainly, Doa Dolores.
I should like to see him
to talk about poor Don Juan.
He may come to me directly
he's released from jail.
Come on, Don Juan.
I hope it's taught you a lesson.
You country folk have to learn manners
in a town like Seville.
Go away and behave yourself.
- Captain Mariano, I believe?
- Yes, seora.
You knew my poor husband,
Captain Mariano?
I did, seora, very well.
Well, I'm glad you did,
because I never did.
- You never knew your husband?
- Hardly at all.
Imagine, after a few months of love
he avoided me.
I can tell you, seora,
he had absolute confidence in your loyalty.
Well, he couldn't have

been such a fool.

- A fool to have confidence in your loyalty?

- Certainly.

He never knew very much about women,
but he must have known...

that he couldn't offend and neglect
a woman like me for years with impunity.

You are right, seora.

In his heart he was
always fearful of losing you.

Well, why didn't he
come back to me then?

Men are very weak, seora, very vain.

During all his life
he was terribly afraid of intelligent women.

- Why?

- Well, they strip a man of his glory...
and tame the conquering male
until he becomes just a husband.

Oh, I see. He was afraid
he wouldn't be happy as my husband.

Oh, no, no, no, no.

No, seora.

Latterly his only wish...
was to disappear
from the scene of his...
successes...

and, nameless and unknown,
to come and tell you -

Will you come to my estates?

Don Juan is dead. I don't want
to be anything but your husband.

Dolores!

- Dolores!

-[Knocking On Door]

[Knocking Continues]

Dolores!

Leporello,

what does she mean by this?

School for husbands, Don Juan.

[Chuckles]

Dolores!

Dolores!

Dolores!

- So Don Juan is not dead.

- No, darling.

What has he got to say to me?

What a fool he was to forget all this -
that divine hair and those two lovely stars,
just a little frightened -

Oh, no, no, darling.

You told me all that six years ago.

Tell me some of
the wonderful things...

that made women
dazed and intoxicated.

Well, that was it.

That's what I always told them.

Well, then...

tell me something
you never told any woman before.

I love you, darling.

I don't want to be anything
but your husband.

[Chuckles]

Won't you ever learn
anything about women?

Every woman wants something more
than just a husband.

Every woman wants Don Juan...
but all to herself.

[Blowing]