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Don Giovanni

By Lorenzo da Ponte

"The old dies and the new
cannot manage to see day.
"In the interim,
"a large diversity
of morbid symptoms surges forth. "
Antonio Gramsci.
Night and day I slave away
for a man that can't be pleased.
Rain and wind I must endure,
eating badly, sleeping badly.
I want to be a gentleman.
I no longer want to serve.
Oh, what a true gentleman!
While you're inside with your beauty,
I am out here playing the sentinel...
Someone's coming!
I don't want to be found.
Unless you kill me, there is no hope
that I'll ever let you go!
Foolish woman! Vain cries!
Who I am, you'll never know.
- Servants, everyone! A traitor!
- Be silent, fear my wrath!
- Scoundrel!
- Foolish woman!
This libertine will be the ruin of me.
What tumult!
What shouting!
This desperate fury
will be the ruin of me.
Let her go, wretch!
Defend yourself.
I do not deign to fight with you.
You think you can escape me so easily?
Fight!
Miserable wretch.
So be it...
if you want to die.
Help!
I am betrayed!
The assassin...
has wounded me.
And from his throbbing breast,
I see his soul depart.

I feel my soul...
departing.
Leporello, where are you?
- Here, unfortunately. And you?
- Here.
Who's dead, you or the old man?
What a stupid question!
The old man.
Two charming exploits!
Seducing the daughter, killing the father.
He asked for it.
Like Donna Anna?
Silence! Are you asking for it too?
I ask for nothing and I say no more.
My father is in danger!
Let us rush to help him.
I will shed all my blood, if need be.
Where is the scoundrel?
In the vicinity.
What is this dreadful sight
before my eyes?
My father!
My dear father!
Sir!
The assassin has murdered him.
That blood,
that wound,
that face...
Stained and covered
with the colours of death.
He breathes no more.
His limbs are cold.
Father...
Beloved father!
I'm fainting.
I'm dying.
Help, friends!
Go fetch me some smelling salts,
some liqueur... Don't delay!
Donna Anna...
My love...
My friend.
Her intense grief is killing her.
She is coming round.

Come to her aid.
Father...
Remove from her sight
that object of horror.
My love,
be consoled.
Take heart.
Go, cruel one! Let me die too,
now that he is dead... oh God...
he who gave me life.
Listen to me, beloved, please listen.
Look at me for just an instant.
I am your beloved. I live only for you.
It is you. Forgive me...
My grief, my distress...
Where is my father?
Your father?
Banish, my dear, this bitter memory.
You have husband and father in me.
My father...
Swear, if you can,
swear to avenge his blood.
I swear!
I swear on your eyes.
I swear
on our love.
What an oath, oh gods!
What a cruel moment!
Countless emotions
are stirring in my heart.
Swear to avenge his blood!
Swear!
I swear!
On your eyes.
On our love.
Come on, hurry up.
What do you want?
What I have to tell you is important.
I believe it.
Very important.
Fine. Get on with it.
Swear not to get angry.
I swear on my honor.
As long as you don't mention

the Commander.

- Are we alone?

- Just look.

- No one can hear us?

- Go on.

- May I speak freely?

- Yes.

In that case, my dear master,

the life you lead...

is thoroughly rotten.

- How dare you!

- You swore.

I don't remember swearing!

Keep quiet or...

I'll say no more, not even a whisper.

Then we can stay friends.

Listen, do you know why I'm here?

I have no idea.

Might it be for a new conquest?

You must tell me

so I can add her to my list.

You're a good man.

I'm in love with a beautiful woman.

I'm sure she loves me.

I've seen her, spoken to her,

she is coming to the villa tonight.

Hush!

I smell the scent...

of a woman.

What a great nose!

She must be beautiful!

And what an eye!

Let's go see what this is all about.

He's already on fire.

Who will tell me

where the barbarian is,

whom to my shame I loved,

and who betrayed me?

If I find the villain,

if he doesn't come back to me,

I will wreak havoc.

I will tear out his heart.

Listen! There is a beauty

wandering, forsaken by her lover.

I'll wreak havoc with him,
I'll tear out his heart!
Poor girl!
Let's try to console her torment.
As you have consoled 1800 others.
Let's try to console her torments.
As you have consoled 1800 others.
Dear young lady!
Who is there?
What do I see?
Donna Elvira!
Don Giovanni!
Monster! Criminal! Pack of lies!
What a perfect description!
She knows him well.
Donna Elvira, calm down.
Listen, let me speak.
What can you say after such behavior?
You entered my house furtively,
cunningly. With promises and flattery,
you won my heart. I fell in love.
You declared me your bride.
Then, disregarding the holy law
of earth and Heaven,
you left Burgos three days later.
You abandoned me and fled,
leaving me prey to my remorse
and to my weeping,
as a punishment perhaps
for loving you so much!
She sounds like a book.
As for that, I had my reasons, didn't I?
Yes, and what good reasons!
What? Other than your perfidy,
your frivolity?
But the just Heaven
decreed that I should find you
for its own revenge and for mine.
Be reasonable.
She's such a nuisance.
If you don't believe me,
believe this good man.
Except for the truth.
Tell her.

Tell her what?
Tell her everything.
Quickly...
Madam,
to tell the truth,
the world being what it is,
the square being not round...
You louse!
How do you dare mock my grief!
The villain has fled! Poor me!
Where did he go?
Let him go.
He is not worth worrying over.
The scoundrel deceived me,
betrayed me!
Be consoled.
You are, or you were, or you will be,
neither the first nor the last.
Look at this.
This book, which is all but slim,
is full of the name of his conquests.
Every villa, every village,
every country bears witness
to his exploits with women.
Little lady,
this is the list of the beauties
my master has loved,
a list I have made myself.
Observe. Read it with me.
In Italy, six hundred and forty.
In Germany, two hundred and thirty-one.
One hundred in France,
in Turkey, ninety-one.
But in Spain...
But in Spain,
already one thousand and three.
Peasant girls,
servant girls and town girls,
countesses, baronesses,
marchionesses, princesses,
women of every rank, shape or age.
With the fairhaired,
it's the custom
to praise

their kindness.
With the darkhaired,
their constancy.
With the white-haired,
their sweetness.
In winter, he wants plump ones.
In summer, he wants thin ones.
The tall ones,
he calls them "majestic".
The little ones
are always "charming".
As for the old ones,
he conquers them
for the pleasure
of adding them to the list.
His greatest passion
is the young beginner.
He doesn't mind if she's rich
or ugly or beautiful.
As long as they wear
petticoats,
you know
what he does.
You girls who treat love lightly,
don't let your youth go by.
If your hearts are all aflutter,
here is the remedy, as you can see!
What pleasure in store!
Young men, light of head,
don't keep wandering aimlessly.
A fool's holiday lasts briefly,
but mine has yet to begin.
What pleasure in store!
Come my love, let's dance,
let's sing, let's play!
Come my love,
what pleasure in store!
At last, she's gone.
Look! What handsome youth!
What lovely girls!
There should be something for me too.
Dear friends, good morning!
Go on with your music,
good people.

Is there a wedding?
Yes, sir, and I'm the bride.
I am happy to hear it.
And the groom?
At your service.
At my service!
Spoken like a true gentleman!
It is enough to be a good husband.
My Masetto has a good heart.
So have I. I want us to be friends.
- Your name?
- Zerlina.
- And yours?
- Masetto.
My dear Masetto!
My dear Zerlina!
I offer you my protection...
What are you doing?
Offering my protection too.
Go with these people.
Take them to my villa,
have them given chocolate,
coffee, wine and hams.
Keep them amused.
Show them the garden, the gallery...
the rooms.
In fact, do everything
to keep Masetto happy.
Do you understand?
I understand.
Let's go!
- Sir...
- What is it?
Zerlina cannot stay here without me.
His Excellency will take your place.
He will play your part well.
Zerlina is in the hands of a cavalier.
Go. She and I will join you.
Don't worry!
I'm in the hands of a cavalier.
Meaning?
There's no need to worry.
What about me?
Let's end this little spat.

If you don't leave at once,
without protesting,
be careful, you will regret it.
I understand,
sir, yes...
I bow my head and go away.
Because you insist,
I won't protest.
Cavalier you surely are.
I must not doubt you. I am thankful
for the kindness you are showing me.
Little cheat!
You'll always be the ruin of me.
I'm coming!
Stay!
It is a very honest thing.
Perhaps our master will make of you
his mistress.
At last, we're free, sweet Zerlina,
of that country bumpkin.
Didn't I do it well?
He's my husband!
That man?
Do you think an honest man,
a noble cavalier like me,
can bear to see your golden face,
so sweet a face,
snatched away by such an oaf?
I promised to marry him.
Such promise means nothing.
You were not made to be... a peasant,
you deserve a better fate
with those eyes,
those beautiful lips,
those white scented fingers.
It is like touching cream,
and sniffing roses.
I don't want...
What don't you want?
To be deceived in the end.
It is rare that cavaliers
are honest and sincere with women.
That is just mere peasant gossip.
True nobility has honesty

etched in its eyes.
Let's not waste time.
At this very instant, I want...
to marry you.
You?
Certainly.
This little villa is mine.
We will be alone.
And here...
we will marry.
There you will give me
your hand.
There you will say yes.
You see, it isn't far.
Let us go, my beloved.
I'd like to, yet I wouldn't.
My heart trembles a little.
It is true, I would be happy,
but you may be fooling me.
Come, my beauty.
I feel pity for Masetto.
I will change your fate.
Soon I'll no longer be able to resist.
Come!
Let us go.
Let us go, beloved one,
and refresh the pangs
of our innocent love.
Stop, scoundrel,
Heaven made me overhear your lies!
I am in time to save
this poor innocent creature
from your vicious trap.
Alas, what do I hear?
Love, inspire me!
Can't you see
that I want to amuse myself?
Amuse yourself...
I know how you amuse yourself.
Your Lordship,
is it true what she says?
The poor woman is in love with me.
Out of pity I must feign love.
Unfortunately,

I have a kind heart.
Flee the betrayer!
Let him say no more.
His lips lie,
his eyes deceive.
Let my suffering
be of help to you.
Be afraid and learn
from my misfortune.
Today the devil is amusing himself
by balking my pursuit of pleasure.
Everything is going very badly.
Your weeping is in vain.
Let us talk of vengeance.
Ah, Don Giovanni!
This is all I need.
We find you at the right time.
Have you courage and a generous soul?
The devil must have spoken to her.
What a question! Why?
We need your friendship.
I can breathe again.
At your service, my kinsmen,
my arm, my sword,
my possession, my blood...
all this I give to serve you.
Beautiful Donna Anna,
why are you weeping?
Who has so cruelly disturbed
your peace of mind?
I've found you again,
perfidious monster!
Do not put your faith,
poor woman,
in that wily heart.
The villain has already betrayed me,
he will betray you now.
What noble bearing!
What sweet majesty!
Her pallor,
her tears,
fill me with pity.
The poor girl is mad, my friends.
Leave her with me,

perhaps she will calm down.
Don't believe this treacherous man!
She is mad, pay no heed!
Stay, for Heaven's sake, stay!
Who are we to believe?
She is mad!
Don't believe this treacherous man,
stay!
Feelings of strange terror...
Scorn, ire, contempt and fear...
...are roused inside my breast.
...are roused inside my breast.
Of this poor woman,
they tell me
a hundred things
I cannot yet understand.
They tell me about this traitor
a hundred things
I cannot yet understand.
I won't leave here
until I discover the truth.
She does not seem mad,
either in her countenance,
nor in her speech.
if i go,
they may suspect something.
From his expression,
they should be able to judge
the blackness of his soul.
So she...?
Is a little mad.
- So he...?
- Is a traitor.
Poor woman!
Liar!
I'm beginning to have doubts.
People are getting curious, be more
prudent or they'll poke fun at you.
Don't even hope that, scoundrel,
I have lost all sense of modesty.
Your guilt and your sorry state
shall be known by everyone.
Poor woman!
I want to follow her

and see she comes to no harm.
Forgive me, fair Donna Anna,
if I can be of service to you,
I await you at my home.
Friends, goodbye!
Don Ottavio, I'm dying!
What is it?
Help me!
Have courage!
Ye gods!
He is the murderer
of my father!
What?
There is no doubt about it:
his parting words
and his voice remind me
of that contemptible man
who in my apartment...
Is it possible that under
the sacred mantel of friendship...?
Tell me what happened.
It was already
late at night,
when into my room,
where, unfortunately, I was alone,
entered a man, wrapped in a cloak.
At first, I mistook him for you.
Then I realised I was mistaken.
Go on!
Silently he approached,
wanting to kiss me.
I tried to free myself
but he held me more tightly.
I cried out.
Noone came.
With one hand,
he tried to stifle my voice,
with the other hand,
he held me so tightly,
I thought I was already defeated.
The traitor. And then?
Finally, the horror of his vile deed
increased my strength, so that,
trying to free myself,

twisting
and turning,
I freed myself from him.
I can breathe once again.
I screamed all the louder,
I cried for help.
The felon fled.
Boldly I followed him into the street
to stop him.
I, the assailed,
became thus the assailer.
My father ran out
to see who it was
and the criminal,
who was stronger than the old man,
completed his misdeed
by killing him!
Now you know who tried
to steal my honor,
who was the traitor
that took my father
from me.
I ask you for revenge!
Your heart demands it too.
Remember the wound
in my poor father's breast,
remember his blood
in a pool on the ground
if ever in your heart
your righteous wrath weakens.
How can I believe
that so terrible a crime
can be committed by a cavalier?
To discover the truth,
I must do everything I can.
I feel in my breast,
as her lover and friend,
that my duty is clear enough:
I must make her see she is wrong
or seek revenge for her.
On her peace of mind,
my own depends.
What pleases her
gives me life.

Her grief
brings me death.
If she sighs,
I too must sigh.
Her anger is mine,
her tears are mine.
And I know no joy
if she is not happy.
At any cost, I must find a way
of leaving this madman for ever.
Look at his nonchalance!
My dear Leporello,
is everything going well?
My dear Don Giovanni,
everything is going badly!
What do you mean "badly"?
I went to your villa
with all those people...
Bravo!
With chatter and the usual lies,
which I've learned so well from you,
I kept them there.
I told Masetto many things
to dispel his jealousy.
Bravo, on my oath!
I made them all drink.
They're already half-drunk, some sang,
others joked or kept on drinking.
At the height of it all,
guess who turned up?
Zerlina.
Bravo! Who was she with?
Donna Elvira.
What did she say?
Awful things about me.
Bravo, on my oath!
- And you?
- I kept quiet.
- And she?
- Went on screaming.
And you?
When she seemed exhausted,
I led her delicately out,
locked the door and stole away,

leaving her alone on the road.
Things couldn't be better!
I will finish what you started.
These peasant girls
are driving me wild,
I want to amuse them until nightfall.
Now that they are hot with wine,
prepare a feast.
If you happen upon a girl,
bring her along!
Let them dance spontaneously
the menuet, the gavotte,
the waltz.
Make them dance!
And I, in the meantime,
will flirt with this one and that.
Tomorrow my list must increase
by a dozen.
Masetto, listen!
- Don't touch me!
- Why?
You ask me why, you little cheat!
Must I bear the touch
of an unfaithful hand?
Silence! You're so cruel!
I don't deserve to be treated this way.
You have the audacity
to try excusing yourself?
To go off alone with a man,
leaving me on your wedding day,
submitting an honest working man
to such a mark of infamy!
If it were not for the scandal,
I would...
What if I've done no wrong?
What if I was deceived by him?
What are you so afraid of?
Calm down.
He didn't event touch
the tips of my fingers.
Don't you believe me?
Ingrate, come here!
Kill me, do what you will.
But then, my Masetto...

But then, let us make peace.
Beat me. Beat, Masetto,
your poor Zerlina.
I'll stay still like a lamb
awaiting your every blow.
I'll let you tear out my hair,
I'll let you tear out my eyes.
Then your dear hands,
how happily I shall kiss them.
I see,
you haven't the heart.
Let us make up, my beloved.
In joy and happiness
let us spend our nights and days.
Look how this witch has seduced me,
we must be feeble-minded!
Prepare a great feast.
The voice of the cavalier!
- What of it?
- He's coming!
Let him come.
If only there were a place to hide!
What are you afraid of?
Why are you turning pale?
I understand.
You little cheat!
You're afraid I'll find out
what happened between the two of you.
Quickly before he comes,
I'll hide somewhere.
There's a corner
where I can remain quiet
and unobserved.
Where are you going?
Don't hide.
If he finds you,
you don't know what he can do.
Let him do and say what he will.
Your words mean nothing.
Speak up and stay here!
What caprice has he in mind?
Ungrateful, cruel man,
he's riding for a fall.
I'll find out if she's unfaithful

and just how things went.
Come rouse yourselves!
Take heart, good people!
Let's be happy,
let's laugh and play!
To the dancing lead them all.
Have them given in abundance
treats and refreshments.
Hidden here
perhaps he will not see me.
Sweet Zerlina!
I've seen you, don't run away.
Let me go.
No, stay.
If you have pity in your heart...
I am all love.
Come a moment,
I want to make you happy.
If he sees my husband,
I know what he is capable of.
Masetto!
Yes, Masetto!
Why were you hiding there?
Your beautiful Zerlina
cannot, poor thing,
stay any longer without you.
I understand, sir.
Now take heart, both of you.
Can you hear the musicians?
Come along with me.
Let's take heart
and go dancing.
Let us go, all three of us.
We must have courage,
dear friends,
and his wicked deeds,
we shall discover.
Our friend is right,
we must have courage.
Banish, my love,
your anguish and your fear.
This step is perilous
and may lead to disaster.
I fear for my beloved,

I fear for us all.
Sir, look at those handsome masks!
Have them come.
Tell them they would do us honor.
By his bearing and his voice,
the traitor reveals himself.
Masqueraders!
Answer him.
- Masqueraders!
- What do you want?
To the ball,
if you will,
you are invited by my master.
You do us honor!
Come, my dear companions.
Our friend, with these women,
will also try to make love.
May righteous Heaven
protect
the ardor
of my heart!
May righteous Heaven avenge...
my betrayed love.
- Rest, charming girls!
- Refresh yourselves.
You'll soon go back
to your dancing and playing.
Coffee!
- Chocolate!
- Zerlina, be careful!
Sorbets! Sweets!
Be careful!
The scene has begun too sweetly,
in bitterness it may end.
You are so pretty, darling Zerlina!
- You are kind.
- She's enjoying herself.
So pretty!
I will chop off his head.
Masetto is losing his temper,
there's trouble ahead.
She's enjoying herself!
I will chop off his head!
The little cheat

will drive me to despair.
Come forward,
charming masqueraders!
Everyone is welcome!
Long live liberty!
We are grateful for this display
of unbounded generosity.
Get on with the music!
Pair off the dancers!
Good people, dance!
This is the peasant girl.
I'm dying!
Hide your feelings!
Everything is going well!
Take care of Masetto.
You're not dancing.
I am your partner, Zerlina,
come with me.
No, I do not want to dance.
Dance, my friend!
Dance, my friend!
I can't stand this!
Pretend, for pity's sake!
Dance, my friend,
let us do as the others do.
Come with me.
I am lost!
This is going to be a disaster.
The scoundrel is tying
a noose around his neck.
Help!
Let us help the innocent girl!
Scoundrel!
Her screams
are coming from over there.
We'll break down the door!
Help me!
Help me or I'll die!
We are here to help you.
Here is the culprit
who offended you.
I'll punish him.
- Die, criminal!
- What are you doing?

You heard me.
Not so fast!
With this trick, the villain thinks
he can hide his evil-doing.
Donna Elvira!
Yes, villain!
Don Ottavio!
Yes, 'tis I, sir!
Believe me!
Traitor!
We know everything!
Tremble, villain!
My head is confused.
I don't know what I'm doing
and a storm is menacing me...
Hear the thunder of vengeance...
break all about you.
On your head this day,
a thunderbolt will fall!
My courage doesn't fail me.
I'm not lost or worried,
though Heaven itself should fall,
I'll not show the slightest fear.
On your head this day,
a thunderbolt will fall!
Come on, clown, don't annoy me.
No, master, I will not stay.
Listen to me, friend.
I'm going, I said.
What have I done,
that you want to leave?
Nothing at all,
you almost killed me!
You're out of your mind,
it was only a joke.
I'm not joking, I want to go.
Leporello.
Yes, master.
Let's make up. Here...
What?
Four gold pieces.
This time I'll give in
but don't make a habit of it.
Don't think you can seduce me

like your women,
not even with money.
Have you the nerve to do
what I ask you?
Provided we leave the women alone.
Leaving women alone! You're mad!
You know they're more necessary to me
than the bread I eat,
the air I breathe!
You have the impudence
to deceive them all!
It's all a matter of love.
A man who is faithful to one
is cruel to all others.
With my abundance of feelings,
I love them all.
And women, who cannot reason,
call my good nature "deceit".
I have never seen so good a nature
so abundantly doled out.
What do you want?
Have you seen Donna Elvira's maid?
No, I haven't.
You've missed something lovely,
my dear Leporello.
I'm going to try out my luck with her,
I want to whet her appetite
by presenting myself
dressed in your clothes.
Why not in your own?
People of her class have little esteem
for the clothes of a nobleman.
Quick, off with it!
Sir, for several reasons...
Stop!
I can't bear being argued with!
Be still, unjust heart!
Do not beat so in my breast.
He is merciless,
a betrayer.
It's shameful to feel pity.
It's Donna Elvira!
I hear her voice.
I'll seize the moment.

You stay here.
Elvira, my beloved.
Is it the ingrate?
Yes, my love, it is I.
I beg you to be merciful.
What a strange feeling
is stirring in my breast.
Come down, my lovely.
You will see that you are the one
my soul adores.
I have truly
repented.
I don't believe you, cruel one!
Believe me!
- Or I'll kill myself.
- If you continue, I'll laugh.
Beloved, come here.
Gods, what a dilemma this is!
I don't know
whether I should go or stay.
Ye Gods, protect
my trusting heart.
A more ingenious talent
than mine is not to be found.
What do you think?
I think you have a heart of stone.
Blockhead!
Listen closely.
When she comes, run to embrace her,
caress her, imitate my voice...
then skillfully take her somewhere else.
- But sir...
- No more arguing!
- She will recognize me.
- Not if you don't want her to.
Look out!
Here I am!
Let's see.
What a mess!
Can I believe that my tears
have won over your heart?
That the beloved Don Giovanni
has repented
and returns to his duty

and to my love?
Yes, my dearest.
Cruel! If you knew how many tears
and how many sighs you cost me!
I, my love?
You.
Poor girl, I am so sorry.
- You will flee from me no more?
- No, my fairest.
- You will always be mine?
- Always.
My dearest!
My darling!
I'm enjoying this trickery.
My treasure!
My Venus!
I'm all on fire for you.
I'm all ashes.
He's warming up to it.
You won't betray me?
No, never.
Swear to me.
I swear on your hand
which I kiss in ecstasy...
on your lovely eyes.
Death to you! Go!
Heaven protect us!
If fate is on my side, let's see...
Those must be the windows,
now we will serenade them.
Come to the window,
oh, my treasure.
Come to soothe
my sorrow.
If you refuse
to give me solace,
before your eyes
I want to die.
You, whose mouth is sweeter
than honey,
you who carry sugar
within your heart,
do not, my jewel,
be cruel with me.

You can at least let me glimpse you,
my beautiful love.
There's someone at the window.
We shall not tire, my heart tells me
we shall soon find him!
Someone is speaking.
Stop!
Someone moved!
It must be Masetto.
Who goes there?
No answer. Courage!
Muskets ready.
Who goes there?
He's not alone, careful!
Friends,
I don't want to be found out.
Is that you, Masetto?
Precisely, and you?
Don't you know me?
I'm Don Giovanni's servant.
Leporello!
The servant of that unworthy cavalier!
Exactly, of that rascal.
That man without honor...
Tell me where we can find him.
We want to kill him.
A small matter.
Excellent Masetto!
I'll join with you
and get my own back on my master.
Listen a moment,
I'll tell you my plan.
Half of you go this way,
half of you go that way.
Quietly we'll look for him.
He can't be far from here.
If a man and a girl
are walking through the piazza,
if you hear love-making
beneath a window,
fire away.
It will be my master.
On his head he wears a hat
with white feathers,

around him a great cloak
and a sword on his hip.
Go on, go quickly!
You alone will come with me, Masetto.
We must do the rest,
and you will soon see what that is.
Quiet!
Let me listen.
So we must kill him?
Definitely!
Wouldn't it be enough to break his bones
or to smash his shoulders?
I want to kill him,
to break him into a hundred pieces.
Are you well armed?
I have this musket
and this pistol...
What else?
Isn't it enough?
Certainly, it's enough!
This is for killing him,
this is for smashing him...
Villain, lout, dog-food!
My head!
My shoulders, my chest!
That sounds like Masetto.
Zerlina, help!
What is it?
The scoundrel has broken my bones!
Poor me! Who?
Leporello!
Or some devil who looks like him.
Didn't I tell you
that your mad jealousy
would get you into trouble?
Where does it hurt?
Here.
Where else?
Here... and here as well.
Where else?
Nothing else hurts?
This foot hurts a little,
this arm
and this hand.

It's not so bad,
if the rest of you is healthy.
Come home with me.
If you promise to be less jealous,
I will heal your wounds,
my dear husband.
You'll see, my dear,
if you are good,
what a beautiful remedy
I will give you.
It's natural,
not disagreeable,
and the apothecary
doesn't know how to make it.
It's a certain balm
I carry with me,
I can give it to you,
if you want to try.
You'd like to know...
where I keep it?
Feel it beating,
touch me here.
There are many torches
all around, my love.
Let's hide here until I go away.
What do you fear, my adored betrothed?
Nothing. Simple precautions.
I'll go and see if the lights
are moving away.
How can I get free of her?
Stay here, sweet soul.
Don't leave me!
Alone in this dark place,
I feel my heart beating fast.
I am assailed by such terror
that I feel I'm going to die.
The more I seek, the less I find
the wretched door.
Softly, softly, I have found it.
Now is the time to escape.
Wipe your tears, my beloved,
and soothe your grief.
The spirit
of your father

will be pained
by your torment.
Leave my pain
this small relief.
Only death,
my treasure,
can stop my tears.
Where is my betrothed?
If they find me, I am lost.
I see a door there.
Quietly, quietly I will go.
Stop, scoundrel, where are you going?
Here is the wretch. Why is he here?
Oh, die, perfidious one!
You have betrayed me.
He is my husband, have mercy!
It's Donna Elvira!
Is it her I see?
I can't believe it!
Have mercy!
He must die!
Forgive me,
good people.
I am not that man,
she is mistaken.
Let me live, have mercy!
Heavens!
Leporello!
What ruse is this?
I am stupefied.
How can this be?
A thousand troubled thoughts
are spinning around my head.
If I save myself,
it will be a miracle indeed!
What a day this is!
How strange these events!
So it was by your hands that my Masetto
was so cruelly mistreated?
So it was you who deceived me,
passing yourself off as Don Giovanni?
So you came here in these clothes
to commit some felony!
I will punish him.

I will.
No, I will.
Let all four of us do it together!
Have mercy, my lords,
have mercy on me!
You are right and so she is,
but the crime is not mine.
My inhuman master
robbed me of my innocence.
Donna Elvira, have pity!
Now you understand what happened.
Of Masetto I know nothing,
the lady can prove it,
for the past hour or so,
I've been with her.
To you, sir, I say nothing.
Certain fears, certain mishaps...
lights outside, darkness within...
nowhere to hide,
the door... the wall...
It... the... I'll go that way
then hide here.
You know the rest.
If I had known how,
I'd have fled from here.
Stop, villain!
The rascal has winged feet.
How cunningly he escaped us!
My friends,
after such enormous happenings,
we can no longer doubt that Don Giovanni
was the merciless killer
of Donna Anna's father.
Stay here for a few hours.
I will see that justice is done.
I promise you vengeance.
This is the demand
of pity,
duty and love.
My treasure, meanwhile,
go and console her.
And from her lovely eyes,
seek to dry her tears.
Tell her that her wrongs

I am going to avenge.
Only carnage and death
will I announce on my return.
Into what excesses, oh Heavens,
into what horrible crimes
the wretch has fallen!
Oh no, the wrath of Heaven
can no longer be delayed!
Justice can no longer wait!
Already I see the fatal thunderbolt
striking him down!
I see opening, at his feet,
the mortal abyss.
Poor Elvira!
What contrasting
emotions
are stirring in your breast!
Why
these sighs?
Why this anguish?
That ungrateful soul
has betrayed me.
Unhappy,
oh God, he makes me so unhappy!
But betrayed
and although abandoned,
I still feel pity for him.
Pity!
When I feel my torment,
my heart cries out for revenge.
But once I gaze upon
his countenance,
my heart beats fast!
That was a good one!
Now let her try to find me!
What a beautiful night!
It's brighter than day.
It's made for going around
in search of girls.
Is it late?
It's not yet two o'clock.
I'd like to know how the affair
between Leporello and Donna Elvira went.
Was he wise?

He wants to be the ruin of me.

Leporello!

- Who is calling?

- Don't you know your master?

- If only I didn't!

- What? You rascal!

It's you? Excuse me!

What happened?

Thanks to you,

I was almost killed.

Wouldn't that have been

an honor for you?

You can keep your honor.

Come here.

I have wonderful things

to tell you.

What are you doing here?

Come in and you'll find out.

Several things have happened

since you left.

I'll tell you them later.

Now, I'll tell you just the best one.

It concerns women, of course?

Of course. A pretty, young girl...

I met her on the road.

I took her hand, she wanted

to run away. I said a few words.

She took me for... guess who!

I don't know.

For Leporello!

For me?

For you.

How nice!

She took me by the hand...

Better still!

She caressed me, embraced me.

"My darling Leporello... "

Then I realised

she was some girl of yours.

Damn you!

As I kissed her,

she recognized me and screamed.

I heard people.

I fled and climbed over the wall.

You're so casual about it.
Why not?
Supposing it was my wife?
Better still!
You will have your last laugh
before dawn.
Who spoke?
Some ghost from the other world
who knows you well.
Silence, you fool!
Who goes there?
Rogue!
Insolent libertine!
Leave the dead in peace.
I told you so!
It's someone playing a joke on us.
Isn't this the statue
of the Commander?
Read me the inscription.
Excuse me...
I never learnt to read by moonlight.
Read it!
"Upon the vile man who sent me
"across the ultimate threshold,
here I await
"vengeance. "
Did you hear? I'm trembling!
You old buffoon!
Tell him I expect him
for dinner tonight.
What madness! Don't you think?
What terrible looks he's giving us!
He seems alive!
He seems to hear, to want to speak.
Get over there or I'll kill you
and bury you here!
Now I'll obey.
Oh, most gracious statue
of the great Commander...
Master, my heart is trembling.
I can't go on.
Finish, or I'll put this blade
through your heart.
- What a mess! What folly!

- How amusing!
- I'm frozen with fear!
-I want to make him tremble!
Oh, most noble statue,
although you are of marble...
Master!
Look! He's still watching!
Die!
No, wait!
Sir, my master...
My master, not me,
would like to dine with you.
What a scene this is!
Oh Heavens,
he's nodding his head!
Go on! You're a buffoon!
Look again, master!
What must I look at?
With his marble head,
he nods like this, like this.
Speak,
if you can.
Will you come to dinner?
Yes.
I can...
hardly move.
I lack
the strength.
For pity's sake, let's go!
Let's go away!
Bizarre indeed this scene is...
The old man will come to dinner.
Let's go and prepare the meal.
Let's get away from here.
Be calm, my love.
Soon the evil man will be punished
for his grave crimes.
We shall be avenged.
But my father, oh God!
You must bow to the will of Heaven.
Compose yourself, my dear.
Your bitter loss
shall be avenged tomorrow,
if you wish,

by my heart, my hands,
my tender love.
What are you saying
at so sad a moment?
What?
Would you increase my pain
with new sorrows?
Cruel one!
Cruel!
Oh no, my love!
I regret all too much
having to defer
the joy
our souls have so long desired.
But what would everyone say?
Oh God!
Do not try confounding
the constancy
of my sensitive heart!
For you,
my love speaks
interminably.
Don't tell me,
my love,
that I am being
cruel with you.
You know well
how much I have loved you.
You know how
I have given you my faith.
Calm,
calm your torment,
or else from sorrow
you will make me die.
Perhaps one day,
Heaven once more
will take pity on me.
Now the table is prepared.
Play music, my dear friends.
As I'm spending my money lavishly,
I want to enjoy myself.
Come to the table!
I am most ready to serve you.
Oh, good! That's "Cosa Rara"!

How do you find this beautiful concert?

It is consistent with your merit.

Such delicious food!

Such a barbarous appetite!

Such gigantic mouthfuls!

I think I'm going to faint.

As he looks upon my mouthfuls,
he thinks he is going to faint.

Next course!

Yes, master.

Long live the "Litiganti"!

Pour the wine.

Excellent red wine!

This piece of pheasant

I shall slowly swallow.

He is eating, that ruffian.

I'll pretend not to see.

I know this one all too well.

Leporello!

Master...

Speak clearly, you rogue!

A flu is making it difficult
for me to speak.

While I eat, whistle a little.

I don't know how!

What?

Excuse me.

So excellent is your cook,
I wanted a taste too.

The final proof
of my love,

I wanted to make it with you.

I shall no longer remember
your betrayals.

I am moved by pity.

What is it?

My sorrowful soul
begs you no mercy.

I am amazed! What do you want?

Get up,

because I won't remain standing.

Do not mock my anguish!

She almost makes me cry.

I mock you?

But why?
What do you want, my dear?
That you change your life.
Fine words!
Faithless heart!
Let me eat.
And if you wish,
you may dine with me.
Stay there, ingrate,
wallowing in your vile crimes.
You horrible example of iniquity!
Here's to women,
here's to good wine,
the strength and glory of humanity!
If he's not moved
by her grief,
he has a heart of stone
or no heart at all.
What was that cry?
Go and see what happened.
What a devilish cry!
Leporello, what is it?
Sir, for Heaven's sake...
Don't go out there.
The man of stone... the white man...
Master, I am scared,
I am going to faint.
If you could see his shape,
hear his...
I don't understand at all.
You have gone out of your mind.
- Listen!
- Someone's knocking.
- Open the door.
- I'm trembling.
Open the door!
Open it!
Lunatic! To solve this puzzle,
I'll go and open it myself.
I'll never see that man again,
I'll quietly hide.
Don Giovanni!
I'm here to dine with you.
You did invite me

and I have come.
I would never have believed it,
but I'll do what I can.
Leporello, bring another setting
to the table immediately!
Master,
we're all dead!
Go, I tell you.
Stand still.
What good
is mortal food
for those nourished
on celestial food?
Other concerns
more grave than these,
other cravings,
have brought me here.
Speak then.
What do you ask?
What do you want?
I will speak,
listen...
I haven't much time.
Speak then,
I am listening.
It's like having a fever,
my limbs won't stop shaking.
You invited me to dinner,
now you know your duty.
Answer me.
Will you come
to dinner with me?
For God's sake, no!
I'm sorry but he has no time.
Never shall I be
accused of cowardice.
Make up your mind!
I have made it up.
Will you come?
Say no!
My heart does not tremble.
I am not afraid,
I will come!
Give me your hand

as a pledge.
Here it is.
- Oh God!
- What is wrong?
What is this deathly chill?
Repent, change your ways,
this is your final hour!
I will not repent.
Go away from me!
Repent, scoundrel!
No, old fool!
- Repent!
- No!
Your time is up!
With strange fear,
I feel the spirits assail me.
From where do these vortices emerge
full of fire and horror?
No hell is too appalling for you.
Now there is worse to come!
Who is lascerating my soul?
Who is torturing my body?
Damnation is in his gestures!
What torment, what agony!
I'm filled with terror.
Who is lascerating my soul?
Who is torturing my body?
What madness!
What terror!
What hell!
Where is the miscreant,
where is the criminal?
Now shall our retribution be unleashed.
Only seeing him bound in chains
will calm my torment.
Do not hope ever to find him again.
No need to search, he's far away now.
- What has happened?
- There came a statue.
Quick, tell us!
How can I say it?
Quick, tell us, hurry!
Through smoke and flame...
listen here.

The man of marble... Don't move!
Just there, he gave the sign.
And just there
the devil dragged him down.
What story is this?
Every word of it is true.
That must have been
the spectre that I met.
Now that all of us,
my dearest,
have been avenged
by Heaven,
grant me, I beg,
my reward.
Do not leave me still in anguish.
Give me but a year, my dear,
for my heart to heal.
True love must yield
to a beloved's plea.
I will enter a convent,
there to end my life.
We, Masetto, will go home
and have our dinner together.
And I'll go to the inn
and find myself a better master.
Let the wretch remain below
with Proserpine and Pluto.
And we, good people,
will gaily sing
the ancient moral:
This is fate of miscreants.
Evildoers always come
to an equally evil end.
We wish to thank the people of Vicenza
where Palladio worked as an architect.