

PADRE. I confess I shall not know what to say to him.

DR. CARRASCO. In that case, leave it to me.

PADRE. He may not even know us!

DR. CARRASCO. I am prepared for that contingency. Should he fail to recognize us ...

CARRASCO is interrupted.

DON QUIXOTE. *(From off-stage; entering during the course of speech)*

Who is it crieth help of Don Quixote de La Mancha?

Is there a castle beleaguered by giants? A king who lies
under enchantment? An army besieged and awaiting rescue?

Surprised, advancing towards the PADRE and CARRASCO.

Why, what is this? *(With cordial welcome)* My friends!

DR. CARRASCO. *(Taken aback)* You know us?

DON QUIXOTE. *(Equally puzzled)* Should a man not know his friends, Dr. Carrasco?

With great warmth, taking the PADRE'S hand.

Padre Perez!

PADRE. *(In deep relief)* Ah, Señor Quijana—

DON QUIXOTE. *(Reproving but kind)* I should prefer that you address me properly.
I am Don Quixote, knight-errant of La Mancha.

The PADRE quails, sinks to a seat.

DR. CARRASCO. Señor Quijana—

DON QUIXOTE. *(Another gentle correction)* Don Quixote.

DR. CARRASCO. There are no giants. No kings under enchantment. No chivalry.
No knights. There have been no knights for three hundred years.

DON QUIXOTE. *(To the PADRE, pityingly)* So learned—yet so misinformed.

DR. CARRASCO. *(Losing his temper)* These are facts.

DON QUIXOTE. Facts are the enemy of truth.

SANCHO. *(Entering, the token hidden behind him)* Your Grace—

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

SANCHO proffers the rag misgivingly. DON QUIXOTE takes it.

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

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

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

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

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