

BARBER. By the beard of St. Anthony—I could swear I see before me  
a knight in full armor! (*A pause while considering*)  
That’s ridiculous! There aren’t any knights.

DON QUIXOTE *roars, raising his sword. The BARBER falls to his knees.*

I was wrong! Forgive me, Your Worship,  
I thought I’d been touched by the sun!

DON QUIXOTE. Thou wilt be touched by far worse  
if thou dost not speedily hand over that Golden Helmet!

BARBER. Golden helmet?

*To SANCHO, mouthing — no sound emerges — “What golden helmet?”  
SANCHO shrugs. Then the BARBER realizes QUIXOTE must mean  
the shaving basin, takes it off and presents it.*

But this is a shaving basin!

DON QUIXOTE. (*With fine contempt*) Shaving basin!

SANCHO. (*Examining it*) I must say, Your Grace, it does look like a shaving basin.

BARBER. Of course! You see, I am a barber. A barber?

*A couple of brief snips with his fingers, all to no avail.  
The BARBER continues, ever more desperate.*

I ply my trade from village to village, and I was wearing this  
on my head to ward off the rays of the sun, so that’s how  
Your Highship made the mistake of ...

DON QUIXOTE. Silence!

*The BARBER drops onto a barrel.*

(*Impressively, to CARRASCO and the PADRE*) Know thou what this really is?  
The Golden Helmet of Mambrino! When worn by one of the noble heart,  
it renders him invulnerable to all wounds!

(*To the BARBER, whacking the barrel with his sword*) Misbegotten knave ...  
where didst thou steal it?

BARBER. I didn’t steal it!

DON QUIXOTE. Hand it over!

BARBER. (*Rising*) But it cost me a half a crown!

DON QUIXOTE. Hand it over or I shall ... !

*DON QUIXOTE takes a mighty swipe with his sword.  
The BARBER yelps and tumbles out of the way,  
abandoning the basin which SANCHO catches.*

SANCHO. (*With satisfaction*) It is worth half a crown.

*Music in.*