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Dramatis Personae

DON JUAN, son of Don Louis

SGANARELLE, valet to Don Juan

ELVIRE, wife of Don Juan

GUSMAN, squire to Elvire

DON CARLOS & DON ALONSE, brothers of Elvire

DON LOUIS, father of Don Juan

FRANCISQUE, the Poor Man

CHARLOTTE & MATHURINE, peasant girls

PIERROT, a peasant

THE STATUE OF THE COMMANDER

LA VIOLETTE & RAGOTIN, lackeys of Don Juan¹

MONSIEUR DIMANCHE, a tradesman

LA RAMEE, a ruffian

A SPECTRE

ATTENDANTS TO DON JUAN

ATTENDANTS TO DON CARLOS AND DON ALONSE

Setting

The Scene is in Sicily.

Act I: A Palace

Act II: In the Country by the Seashore

Act III: A Forest; A Tomb

Act IV: Don Juan's Lodging

Act V: The Countryside; The Tomb

¹ The servants, La Violette and Ragotin, along with the "Ruffian," LaRamee, can be easily consolidated into a single servant, with no further "Attendants" necessary, should this fit the needs of the production.

About the Play

While Molière offended many of the pious with his *Tartuffe*, his *Don Juan* stirred shock and outrage. While *Tartuffe* was banned for performance for five years, after its initial performances *Don Juan* was banned and never revived during Molière's lifetime. It stands next to *Tartuffe* and *The Misanthrope* as one of Molière's three greatest works, although, at least in the United States, it is rarely performed. (This may have as much to do with the size of the cast, or the multiple settings as the play's content.)

Everyone might agree that Don Juan was a wicked man. There were no associations with the church which some in the audience might take personally, and yet following *Tartuffe* the pious public was well armed against Molière, and any hint of a slight at the church would be noticed and attacked. Like *Tartuffe*, Don Juan pursues several women on several fronts. Unlike *Tartuffe*, we see the libertine from the "inside," observing the strategies and arguments that pass between the hypocrite and his servant. The ending finds wickedness to be punished, as death itself, in the person of the Statue of the Commander, pursues Don Juan, who refuses to give over his libidinous lifestyle up through his very final moment. Molière may well have felt that he was creating a powerful morality tale.

Don Juan remains the reckless libertine throughout, running away from a recent marriage which found him seducing a woman out from the guarded sanctuary of the convent. Having scored such an impossible victory, he quickly becomes bored, moving on to his next conquest. He falls in love with a peasant maiden, winning her away from her long-suffering suitor, and immediately finds himself charmed by yet *another* peasant woman, going so far as to whisper secret encouragement to each of the jealous ladies while in the presence of the other. Throughout, Don Juan's constant foil is his moralizing prude, Sganarelle (the role that Molière, himself, played in the first presentation). Sganarelle is a sanctimonious servant, continually attempting to win his master over to the ways of goodness and righteousness, and yet he is fundamentally a coward who cannot maintain his bold stand in the face of his master's withering glare.

With his devices seemingly exhausted, his libidinous ways exposed, and having been disowned by his father, Don Juan makes the conscious decision to pretend to have rediscovered his faith. His father is thrilled by his son's miraculous conversion, as is his servant, Sganarelle, but the moment the father leaves, Don Juan sneers and mockingly derides his father's gullibility. Sganarelle is shocked as Don Juan continues to lay out his plan: to perform the role of sancti-

monious prude before the world, catching up followers in his hypocritical cabal, all the while continuing to enjoy the sensual pleasures that he now plans on condemning in public.

Of course, Molière was certainly somewhat disingenuous in his protestations of the play's spiritual harmlessness. He painted Don Juan as the far more interesting character, and for the great bulk of the action we find him giddily accomplishing his seductions, lies and cruelties with complete impunity. The punishment of death at the end of the play feels, like the ends of so many Molière plays, as if it has been contrived, more for the sake of irony than as the traditional lesson of a sincere morality play.

Adaptor's Note

This depiction of Molière's *Don Juan* has been adapted into verse, in spite of its origin as a work of prose. As in similar adaptations, I have found that the stylized, comic mood of Molière feels tighter and funnier in verse. The clues to the comic undertone of the exchanges are more evident, and the play is lifted above the mundane realism which can sometimes accompany a modern prose production.

And yet, the style of *Don Juan* is not consistent from beginning to end. Much as the action unwinds in a variety of locales, the tone of the work shifts from one scene, or even from one moment, to another.

Rather than evening out the wrinkles between Pastoral Comedy, Comedy of Manners, Moral Argument, Commedia del Arte and Miracle Play, I have chosen instead to underline the changes that the play goes through, while toying with the Shakespearean convention of courtly characters speaking in verse, while others speak in prose. When we find prose-speakers engaging verse-speakers in dialogue, the human conflict becomes further emphasized by a stylistic conflict, which may well be entirely evident to the characters, as the ignorant bumpkins refuse to fit in, fail to fit in, and yet find themselves inevitably falling into the patter of the verse speakers.

This is not entirely a class issue. It struck me as somehow wrong that characters from the afterlife, such as the talking statue, should follow rules of style, given that they have gone beyond the need to turn their dialogue into a courtly pose.

In some fun way, this teases the audience with the suggestion that what would otherwise be a wild coincidence of verse-speaking is, in fact, a *choice*. Our usual assumption explains away verse as a *con-*

vention, which accepts that it is entirely natural for a character in a period play to speak in such a fashion, thereby implying an entirely unconscious process.

And yet, in any setting “real” human beings know that they are speaking with elegance, or choosing words that will have a very particular impact. More often than not, in “real” life, we consciously *avoid* speaking rhyming words, if only to keep the listener focused on the content of our intended meaning, rather than the form.

But what if verse-speaking characters in period plays were choosing their words as they go, in the same way that we life-long prose speakers *avoid* elevated rhetoric?

What might that say about the formality of the time? Or the significance of form over content?

Molière repeatedly played with similar theatrical conventions, perhaps most startlingly in *Tartuffe*, when Orgon confronts Dorine over an aside that Dorine has delivered to the audience. Orgon breaks the convention of the aside *by having noticed* that she was saying something to the audience, and confronts her for having done so!

Molière is not the victim of stylistic conventions which dictated a narrow vision of what the period might define as “reality.” He re-wrote the rules of the theatre as he went along, choosing his styles, violating his conventions and twisting our vision of reality to his strategic ends. The theatre has never been the same.

Added thoughts on this Shortened Version:

My goal in these works is to open the world of Molière to a broader audience, and the opportunity to create shorter variations of these plays gives me the hope that the spirit of Molière might be sparked in the hearts of actors and audiences who would never otherwise see him, while challenging young actors with style and language that carries them above and beyond their perceived limitations. In order to make this work, I had to restrict myself almost exclusively to dialogue that forwards the action, while occasionally leaving out some otherwise delicious wordplay.

While all of the action should be self-explanatory, a glance at the full-length might resolve any questions of intent. My hope is that, with the door to Molière wedged open to student-actors early on, they will be comfortable passing through that door again and again through the course of a long career.

Timing

This play has been timed running under 40 minutes, but it demands an ever more aggressive attack on the speeches, as the verse rolls by without pause for “thought.” This is not to say there is not enough time to get one’s points across clearly, nor need the actors race through the dialogue. The key is delineating “not pausing” from “picking up the pace.” Most actors “picking up the pace” with material that is this elaborately textured become incomprehensible.

A simple elimination of pauses between one character’s lines and the next (people whose objectives are so compelling that they “can’t wait to get a word in edgewise”) will shorten the play by as much as ten minutes. If we take “silence” as our cue, then we have already dropped the ball. If we are thinking while our fellow performers are speaking, then, as in any heated discussion, there is never a moment of silence.

This is a terrific opportunity for actors to participate in a vision and a rhythm that is larger than themselves. Theoretically at least, ten one-word lines can be spoken in the same span as one ten-word line. It’s an important exercise in ensemble acting, one which may well dazzle and delight your audiences in the process.

Have fun, and break a leg!
Timothy Mooney

DON JUAN
OR, THE STONE GUEST

adapted by Timothy Mooney

FROM THE PLAY BY MOLIÈRE

ACT I

Scene One

(A Palace.)

(SGANARELLE, GUSMAN.)

SGANARELLE.

You indicate your mistress, Dona Elvire
Has taken after us in full career?
And now you come to know what I have thought?
I say she seeks where love should not be sought!
To chase him here will bear such little fruit,
That staying home would have been more astute.

GUSMAN.

And why, good Sganarelle, do you think thus?
Know you a reason he might run from us?

SGANARELLE.

One might, good Gusman, know with some slight thought
The fix in which my master had been caught.
His heart: it dances to a different melody—

GUSMAN.

It cannot be some infidelity!
How might he wrong the love of chaste Elvire?

SGANARELLE.

Such things are never quite as they appear.

GUSMAN.

A man of breeding, such as your Don Juan—

SGANARELLE.

Ah, breeding! Yes, at last you've hit upon...

GUSMAN.

He even burst the doors of sacred cloister,
While leaving every eye, observing, moister.
With such a show of heart so fully stirred,
I can't conceive he'd go back on his word!

SGANARELLE.

While you may not conceive so well, dear man,
 The problem seems to be, my master can!
 I don't profess to know my master's heart,
 Nor am I authorized to speak his part.
 But may I be confounded and forsworn—
 Don Juan is quite the greatest villain born!
 The man's a dog, a devil, and a beast,
 A heretic at the most very least!
 He doesn't feel for Heaven or for Hell;
 His heart is nothing but an empty shell.
 You say he wed your mistress; fancy that!
 He would have wed your wife! Your dog! Your cat!
 And if he thought it might so serve his health,
 He'd fetch the preacher and wed you, yourself!
 Such horrors I see from this ne'er-do-well,
 I might well wish him sent straight— I can't tell.

*(Seeing DON JUAN approach, SGANARALLE urges GUSMAN
 offstage.)*

Scene Two

(DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.)

DON JUAN.

Who was that man with whom you spoke so near;
 Was that not Gusman, servant to Elvire?

SGANARELLE.

Oh, Gusman, yes, I think that was his name.

DON JUAN.

And was this not the man?

SGANARELLE.

Oh, yes, the same.

DON JUAN.

What brings him here to this remote location?

SGANARELLE.

I think you might well guess his provocation.

DON JUAN.

Our quick departure must have drawn him out.

SGANARELLE.

Was there, in your mind, ever any doubt?
 The man inquired the reason that we fled.

DON JUAN.

And you replied?

SGANARELLE.

I said...you hadn't said.

It struck me, sir, if you'll forgive the thought,
That you might think some new love might be caught.

DON JUAN.

You think so?

SGANARELLE.

Yes, I do.

DON JUAN.

Good man, you're right!

I must confess, as witness to a sight
That chases my Elvire straight from my head,
And lures me toward another lass instead.
...Why don't you think I'm right to act the squire?

SGANARELLE.

Oh, sir!

DON JUAN.

Yes?

SGANARELLE.

...Certainly, should you desire!

If that's the thing that brings you greatest bliss,
Who is to say that anything's amiss?
And yet, if you should like this wedded tether,
Well, that would be a new thing altogether.

DON JUAN.

Should I give up the world for her alone,
And thus turn to all else a heart of stone?
Why this would cheat the world of my great duty
By blinding my eyes to each other beauty!
The pleasure of a love lies in its *change*
As "nos" bring budding "yesses" into range.
For once the victory has been achieved,
There's naught left to be given or received.
But once I'm on the trail of some new mission,
My spirit soars with limitless ambition!
My heart, it seems, embraces all the world;
My standard rises with its flag unfurled!
And when this world should lack for something grander,

I'll wish for other worlds, like Alexander!
 ...Well, what would you contribute to this thesis?

SGANARELLE.

I'd say... Say that... My thoughts all fall to pieces.
 But getting married every month or two...!

DON JUAN.

Can you think of more pleasant things to do?

SGANARELLE.

There's danger I've been told that way leans,
 As Heaven makes short work of libertines!
 And if I had a master of that type,
 I might suggest his thinking not quite ripe.
 I'd look him in the eye and say quite plain:
 "How do you think your soul might hide this stain?
 Your servant must express with final breath,
 "An evil life brings on an evil death."
 Not only that...

DON JUAN.

Enough!

SGANARELLE.

You've some concerns?

DON JUAN.

My heart, fraught with new thoughts of love now churns.
 Her charms assailed my senses without pity,
 And we set down, now, just outside her city.

SGANARELLE.

If I might speak with yet continued candor,
 Was this not where you slew the great Commander?

DON JUAN.

'Twas in a proper duel he was slain!

SGANARELLE.

Oh yes, for that, he hardly can complain.

DON JUAN.

For that encounter, I was fully pardoned.

SGANARELLE.

And yet his relatives' regard has hardened.

DON JUAN.

Let's rather focus on what gives us pleasure:
 The girl I seek is fair beyond all measure.
 She comes here, in the care of her young beau—

Engaged to wed him in a week or so—
And I, at sight of their great love, was stirred
And in my jealousy, a thought occurred:
That I might interrupt them in their kissing
And show the girl the love she might be missing.
I'll bring the girl to join herself to me.
The man has planned a boat ride on the sea:
And I've engaged a vessel, and some men
To steal the girl and bring her back again!

SGANARELLE.

Sir!

DON JUAN.

Yes?

SGANARELLE.

I'm glad! You're acting as you should!
There's naught like having things just as you would!

DON JUAN.

Well, then, bring all your things and meet me later;
Bring all the weapons with you and— You traitor!
You didn't say Herself pursued behind!

SGANARELLE.

You never asked...

DON JUAN.

Is she out of her mind?

Scene Three

(DONA ELVIRE, DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.)

DONA ELVIRE.

Will you not, after all your loving sighs,
Now turn, Don Juan, to meet me with your eyes?

DON JUAN.

I must confess, Madame, I find it queer;
I did not think that I would see you here.

DONA ELVIRE.

To see you now, with that half-hearted smile
Convinces me of your contempt and guile.
I fought to give the lie to what I knew;
My heart denied what my mind saw more true.
And when you left without a bit of warning

I said you would be back before the morning.
 With all those lies I told on your behalf
 Might you not lay but one more in my path?
 Come, come, Don Juan, let's hear it from your lips;
 Release the charm which oozes, drains and drips;
 Deceive me now or get thee down to Hell!

DON JUAN.

Perhaps you'll hear the truth from Sganarelle.

SGANARELLE.

Myself? I haven't got a single clue!

DONA ELVIRE.

All right then. From your servant, not from you.

DON JUAN. (*Drawing SGANARELLE closer:*)

That's good! Now, come and speak to dear Madame.

SGANARELLE.

What shall I say?

DONA ELVIRE.

Keep up the evil sham.

Since he won't speak, you tell the wicked tale.

DON JUAN.

Will you not talk?

SGANARELLE.

I fear that my words fail.

You're making me a fool!

DON JUAN.

Just speak, you dunce!

SGANARELLE.

Madame...

DONA ELVIRE.

I'm waiting...

SGANARELLE.

Sir!

DON JUAN.

Tell her at once!

SGANARELLE.

The reasons, Ma'am, to speak with honest candor:
 Are conquerors, new worlds and Alexander.

DONA ELVIRE.

Perhaps, Don Juan, you'd like just to explain
The logic tortured by your servant's brain.

DON JUAN.

You know, Madame, it's funny that you ask...

DONA ELVIRE.

My God! How poorly you rise to the task!
A man such as yourself must be acquainted
With lying to the women that he's tainted!
Can you not cite but one important meeting
Which forced you to depart, so quickly fleeting?
Say that if I would but retrace my way
You'll follow me the moment that you may.

DON JUAN.

Madame, I simply have no inclination,
Nor stomach to put forth falsification
I'll not pretend that I burn but to see you,
When I ran off specifically to flee you!
My haste was not for reasons you assume,
I ran from that fell sin which spells my doom:
I forced the convent door to win your love
And thus came 'twixt you and great God above.

DONA ELVIRE.

You villain! I see through you to your core!
I see now, I was nothing but your whore!
Your crime won't go unpunished, rest assured;
With this, your place in Hell has been secured!

DON JUAN.

You hear how she condemns me, Sganarelle?

SGANARELLE.

Ha! Ha! We cluck our tongues at thoughts of Hell!

DONA ELVIRE.

I leave for Heaven to take up my case,
Which surely will not stand for this disgrace.
And if you feel no fear of one above
Then fear the smiting of a swindled love. (*Exit.*)

SGANARELLE. (*Aside:*)

If only a remorse would seize this man!

DON JUAN.

All right, then. Let's give thought to our new plan:
To take the girl at sea will take some nerve...

SGANARELLE.

Oh! What a dreadful master I must serve!

End of Act I

ACT II

Scene One

(In the country by the seashore.)

(CHARLOTTE, PIERROT.²)

PIERROT. Yuh see, dat fat ol' Lucas and I, was jes settin on the edge of the tide, n' I thunk I done saw sumpthn out afar-like, in the water, kinda, y'know, splashin arawnd. "Hay Lucas," I sez, "lookie thar! They's sum folk out swimmun away out thar." Wall, he sez tuh me, "You's seein thangs, Pierrot." "I haint!" ah said, "They's folks out thar!" Waall, Lucas, he done say, "Whuddayou wants tuh bet on it? Wall, no sooner does ah annie up thun ah sees the folk out in the water agin, blubberin, n' makin signs how they wants us to come help pull'm out. When ah suggests we go give them folk a haind, Lucas done sez, "Naw, they done made me lose!" Waal, we go git a boat inneyway, 'n git 'm back home round the faihr, where they gawt stripped nekkid so's they kin drah out. Afore lawng, ol' Mathurine comes alawng, un' the ginnleman, he done make a look at her, awl up n' down.

CHARLOTTE. Didn' you say, Pierrot, thut one'uh'm uz better lookin' then t'others?

PIERROT. That'll be the master. He mus be some big ol' ginnleman, cuz he got gold stuff awl up 'n down his coat.

CHARLOTTE. 'Ze still overat yur house awl nekkid, Pierrot?

PIERROT. Naw, they got 'm awl dressed up ugain, soon's the clothes done got dry. Sucha Gawdawful loadda fripperies n' awstentations! They gawt an extra set of hair sits up atop o' what they already gawt! They jes flop it on their heads like a big ol' Eester bonnit!

CHARLOTTE. Good Lawrd, Pierrot, I done gawtta see this!

PIERROT. Waall, hold up, thar, Chawrlutt.

CHARLOTTE. Whut issut Pierrot?

PIERROT. Chawrlutt, you know I gots a heartfelt o' love fer you, an I caint waits to git married to yuh, but y'know, Chawrlutt, yuh jes' doesn't love me. Lookit fat ol' Thomasse 'n how she's always hangin 'round Young Robin 'n'n'noyin him'n; she never stops playin some little trick onnim, r' punchin 'im when she goes by. That's whut folks's

² It doesn't quite make sense to re-envision the backward manner of French rustics of the period, since we are savvy to so little of the culture to begin with and what may have once been an obvious mangling of French manner and syntax is lost on the modern audience. I have chosen instead to depict an extreme variation of "bumpkin" with which we may be well familiar.

does when they's in love. But chew, you ne'er pull nothin' when ahm around. Waal, crimeny, Chawrlutt, 'taint moral bein lahk that.

CHARLOTTE. Wall, Pierrot, ah think ah loves yuh bout 'smuch as ah gotta 'nclination to, so 'fthat don' sootcha, I spose yeh can jes go love somebody elset.

PIERROT. Thar! Iffen you really loved me, d'y'spose y'd go talkin like that? All ah wants is a little bitter effection.

CHARLOTTE. Oh, Pierrot! Zat the gennilman?

PIERROT. Yup, that be him!

CHARLOTTE. Oh, my!

PIERROT. Ahm gonna fetch me a drink. Ahm awl spent from allah my rescuin' this mornin.

Scene Two

(DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, CHARLOTTE.)

DON JUAN.

And yet, good man, that peasant girl who came
While we were drying clothes out at the flame,
Strikes as compensation for what's been lost,
And may quite well prove with all of the cost!
Already, I've a new amour in motion.

SGANARELLE.

Sir, we were nearly lost upon the ocean!
You beg for Heaven's wrath with idle way—

(Seeing DON JUAN angry, to himself:)

You rascal, you don't know a thing you say,
Monsieur knows what he's doing; you do not!

DON JUAN.

Aha! What is this newest waif we've caught?
Do you not find her better than the last?

SGANARELLE.

Indeed, she is! *(Aside:)* Good God! The man is fast!

DON JUAN.

To what fair fluke of nature do I owe
My fortune for this lovely bloom that here does grow?
Are ones as fair as you here to be found?

CHARLOTTE.

I...s'pose they are...

DON JUAN.

Can nature so abound?

CHARLOTTE.

'Round these parts...

DON JUAN.

Well, these parts must sing with fame!

Might I be so bold as to ask your name?

CHARLOTTE.

Of kawrse, good sir, my name is simply Charlotte.

DON JUAN.

I write it on my heart in gold and scarlet!

Adorable! Enchanting! All my days

I've not seen one more worthy of such praise!

CHARLOTTE.

It pleases you to say so, sir, in fun—

DON JUAN.

I tell you, lass, with you, my heart is won.

You have been sent to me from God above,

May lightning strike if this be less than love!

CHARLOTTE.

I've never heard such talk come from a man —

DON JUAN.

I see you wear no ring upon your hand.

CHARLOTTE.

No, sir. But soon, I am to wed Pierrot

The son of neighbor Simonette.

DON JUAN.

How so?

A girl like you to wed a simple peasant!

Now, I would call that dark and most unpleasant!

In order to do justice to your charms,

I can but offer you these two fond arms.

CHARLOTTE. Waall, tawk like that does done give me a fair shake of the flutters, it do, but awl the talk is that you shouldn't never buhlieve whut court-folk done gone n' say, cuz they-all take advantage with whut they propose...

DON JUAN.

Well, I must say that I'm not one of those.

SGANARELLE. (*Aside:*) He'd never lead a girl 'round by the nose!

DON JUAN.

I want of nothing more than but to wed you,
I cry to hear that gossips have misled you.
This man will tell you I'm an honest squire.

SGANARELLE.

Oh, he will wed you all that you desire!

DON JUAN.

The lechers boldly chase their lusty luck
To gather all the buds they wish to ... pluck.
But here's a promise that I'll keep for life:
Will you not here consent to be my wife?

CHARLOTTE.

I wants, sir, to believe that you are honest.

DON JUAN.

Then kiss me, as a token of your promise.

CHARLOTTE.

Oh, sir! Let's wait till we get married, *then*
I'll kiss you all you want.

DON JUAN.

I say, amen!

Let me but kiss each finger of your hand
And tell you of my love which does expand
Already, as I give you but a squeeze.

Scene Three

(DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, PIERROT, CHARLOTTE.)

PIERROT. (*Coming between them and pushing DON JUAN:*) Be careful, sir, hands off her if you please. You being gettin yerself all het up, n' ah reckn y'don wanna go givn yerself a flu.

DON JUAN. (*Pushing PIERROT back roughly:*)

How dare this ass to meddle where I woo?

PIERROT. (*Coming between DON JUAN and CHARLOTTE:*)

And who be you to come and grope aroun?

DON JUAN. (*Pushing PIERROT again:*)

Oh, get away from me you stupid clown!

CHARLOTTE. (*Taking PIERROT by the arm:*)
Nahw, you go easy too, Pierrot, n' leave him be.

PIERROT. Whut? He thinks he kin come in here an be touchin awr wives n' girlfriends n' such? Lettm gwan home n' touch his own.

DON JUAN. What!

PIERROT. You heerd me! (*DON JUAN hits him.*) Ow! Hey! What kinna way is that tuh reward me fur savin' yuz from gettin drowned?

CHARLOTTE. Oh, Pierrot! Iss not like ya think! This gennilman wansta marry me.

PIERROT. Whussat?! Dang, Chawrlutt! You's promised ta me!

CHARLOTTE. Wall, I'da thunk you'd wanna see me be a lady.

PIERROT. Gawl, Chawrlutt, iffin I knowed thass the way it wuz gonna be, ahda done knocked 'im on the head with the oar n' pushed 'im farther in.

SGANARELLE. (*Stopping DON JUAN:*)
Sir! There's no point in beating him. Look, boy, just go, and don't continue to annoy.

PIERROT. (*Passing in front of SGANARELLE:*)
Ah'l 'noyye much as ah want's to make you.

DON JUAN. (*Raises his hand to slap PIERROT.*)
We'll see about that.

(*PIERROT ducks, and SGANARELLE gets hit.*)

SGANARELLE. (*To PIERROT:*)
Oh! The devil take you!

PIERROT.
Ahm gonna tell yur aunt, Chawrlutt! (*Exits.*)

DON JUAN.
At last!

The time for waiting is now all but past.
In all my years I've never felt quite so,
There's not another woman who...

Scene Four

(*DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, CHARLOTTE, MATHURINE.*)

SGANARELLE. (*Seeing MATHURINE:*)
Uh oh!

MATHURINE. (*To DON JUAN:*)

What's Charlutt doing here with you, good sir?
Do you make love talk to her, too?

DON JUAN. (*Aside to MATHURINE:*)

Not her!

CHARLOTTE.

Why, what does Mathurine have to do here?

DON JUAN. (*Aside, to CHARLOTTE:*)

The girl is jealous, it seems to appear.
(*Aside to MAUTHERINE:*) She has this notion in her head all fixed.

CHARLOTTE.

You say that Math—?

DON JUAN. (*Aside to CHARLOTTE:*)

Her thoughts are badly mixed.

MATHURINE.

Let me talk to her.

DON JUAN. (*Aside to MATHURINE:*)

After all she's said,
I'll bet she tells you that it's *her* I'll wed.

CHARLOTTE.

Allow me just a word...

DON JUAN. (*Aside to CHARLOTTE:*)

Upon my life,
What do you bet she claims *she'll* be my wife!

MATHURINE.

I think, wuz me the ginnlemun saw furst!

CHARLOTTE.

Could be, but me the feller fell for worst!
N'fact he swore straight out tuh plight my troth!

DON JUAN. (*Aside to MATHURINE:*)

Did I not tell you she would spout such froth?

MATHURINE.

Excuse me, but ah am his Fee-awn-say!

DON JUAN. (*To CHARLOTTE:*)

Aha! I told you she would be this way!

CHARLOTTE.

You seem tuh have it wrawing you stupid dope!

MATHURINE.

Well wah don' choo jes' go piss up a rope!

CHARLOTTE.

Is she the one you want?

DON JUAN. (*Aside to CHARLOTTE:*)

Oh, what a joke!

MATHURINE.

Are you to marry her?

DON JUAN. (*Aside to MATHURINE:*)

Such fun you poke!

Does not the one who truly has my pledge
Have self-assurance that she need not dredge

This squalid battle, 'long as I fulfill,

Those words which testify my fondest will?

(*Aside to MATHURINE:*) So let the poor thing have her silly dream.

(*Aside to CHARLOTTE:*) Let's not destroy the poor girl's self esteem.

(*Aside to MATHURINE:*) The petals of my heart your love has plucked.

...I have a little business to conduct.

I will be back in just a little while. (*Exits.*)

CHARLOTTE.

Wall, anyway, I know he thinks you vile.

MATHURINE.

He hates you, while he plans to marry me.

SGANARELLE.

Oh, you poor girls! If only you could see—

He'll toss you both aside like melon rind.

DON JUAN. (*Coming back; aside:*)

My Sganarelle's not following behind.

SGANARELLE.

And then he'll fly before the morning light—

(*Seeing DON JUAN:*) Whoever said that simply was not right!

But here he is; he will confirm it for you!

DON JUAN.

How's that?

SGANARELLE.

Oh speak, good master, I implore you.

I was protecting them from gossips, see,

And told them you are honest as can be,

Though other folk diminish your repute!

DON JUAN.

Hm!

SGANARELLE.

Let that be an end to this dispute!

Scene Five

(DON JUAN, LA RAMEE, CHARLOTTE, MATHURINE,
SGANARELLE.)

LA RAMEE.

Oh, sir! I've come to warn you you must flee!

DON JUAN.

How's that?

LA RAMEE.

To scout our way I climbed a tree,
And spotted twelve on horseback hunting here
I saw them stop a peasant who was near
And ask about a man of your description.

DON JUAN. (*To CHARLOTTE and MATHURINE:*)

Forgive me, darlings, for this interdiction,
I beg that you recall my solemn promise.

(*Ushering MATHURINE and CHARLOTTE off:*)

We must take action ere they are upon us.

Ah! Sganarelle, we two will switch our outfits!

SGANARELLE.

But sir! If we want to escape, I doubt its
Quite likely to do aught but get me killed!

DON JUAN.

Be quick. Get out of those. You should be thrilled!
How happy the valet who wins the fame
To die in battle in his master's name!

SGANARELLE.

Of course, the very thought fills me with glee.

(DON JUAN *exits.*)

Oh, Heaven, please don't let them think I'm he!

End of Act II

ACT III

Scene One

(A Forest.)

(DON JUAN [in country clothes], SGANARELLE [dressed as a doctor].)

DON JUAN.

The outfit seems to suit you, I suppose...
But where did you pick up those foolish clothes?

SGANARELLE.

Some doctor must have pawned them in the shop—
You notice how each place we go they stop
To greet me with an honored recognition,
And ask about their medical condition?
At random I prescribe down to the letter;
Imagine if these invalids get better!

DON JUAN.

And why should your suggestions not be good?
You do the same as any doctor would!
When patients have the luck, they take the credit,
So why should you not be the one to get it?

SGANARELLE.

Sir, you don't mind a bit of a debate?
You just object if I should overstate...

DON JUAN.

All right, then, fire away.

SGANARELLE.

I'd like to find
What thoughts might spin around your noble mind.
You don't believe in Heaven, do you sir?

DON JUAN.

We'll leave that question lie.

SGANARELLE.

If you prefer.
I'll take that as a "no." And as to Hell?

DON JUAN.

No more!

SGANARELLE.

Not even that? It's just as well,
But surely you've opinion on the devil?

DON JUAN.

Oh, yes!

SGANARELLE.

I thought he'd be more at your level.
The bogeyman: What think you now of he?

DON JUAN.

Ridiculous!

SGANARELLE.

Well, there I can't agree.
But everyone believes in something, no?
I'm curious what is it makes you go?

DON JUAN.

What's my belief?

SGANARELLE.

Yes.

DON JUAN.

Two and two make four.
And four and four make eight is all that's sure.

SGANARELLE.

Oh, such a fine belief! Inspired path!
Where one's philosophy is simply math!
Who made that sky, this earth, those rocks, that tree?
Did they all by themselves decide to be?
Would you exist today had not your father,
Decided with your mother he would bother?
These things that fit together, all these parts:
These muscles, sinews, lungs, these veins and hearts.
The mechanism is an endless wonder!
My head might think of up or down or under...
And body thus responds without a pause!
I clap my hands, I open up my jaws;
I might go left, or turn upon my toes...

(As he turns, he falls.)

DON JUAN.

Your argument has got a broken nose!
Go call that man, and ask for some directions;
Perhaps he'll pass your sanctified inspections.

SGANARELLE.

Hello! Good sir! My brother! Over here!

Scene Two

(DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, THE POOR MAN.)

SGANARELLE. (*Continued:*)

Can you point us on toward the town that's near?

POOR MAN.

You have but to follow the road, good sirs. And yet, you must proceed with caution, for there have been robbers hereabouts.

DON JUAN.

I see, Sir. You confirm my several doubts.

POOR MAN.

If you could spare me a bit of alms, sir?

DON JUAN.

Aha! I see you seek some sort of sponsor.
It now appears your warning has its price;
'Tis you who is the theme of your advice.

POOR MAN.

God save you, sir. I'm naught but a poor man. I pray to Heaven to fill every need of those who share tiny portions of their largesse.

DON JUAN.

You must, then, have great fortune you possess.

POOR MAN.

Alas, sir, no! I'm strapped in awful straits.

DON JUAN.

A man whose prayers all knock at Heaven's gates?
But, here, I'll tell you what, for all your care:
I'll give you this gold coin if you'll but swear.

POOR MAN.

Oh, sir! You would have me commit such a sin?

DON JUAN.

'Tis simple, if this gold you wish to win.
A simple blasphemy, perhaps an oath,
A curse, an expletive, or maybe both.

SGANARELLE.

Go on then, fellow. Just a little curse.
It isn't much. You know, it could be worse.

POOR MAN.

I'd rather starve than utter a profanity.

DON JUAN.

All right, I give it for humanity.

(Looking off into the forest:)

But what is this I see? A man attacked?

There's three on one. The odds are badly stacked.

I can't stand by and watch an act so craven.

(He draws his sword and rushes off. The POOR MAN exits.)

Scene Three

(DON JUAN, DON CARLOS, SGANARELLE.)

SGANARELLE. *(To audience:)*

My master is a madman to go saving

Such folk as he has never even met!

Why greet a danger that's not caught you yet?

DON CARLOS. *(Entering, sword in hand:)*

Allow me thank you for this intervention.

DON JUAN.

Oh, no, sir. Please don't bother even mention...

How did you come to fall into their snare?

DON CARLOS.

Cut off from my dear brother, on my mare,

I tried to trace my way back to his camps,

When set upon by these fell rogues and tramps.

My brother brings me on a dark affair

That men of honor sometimes have to bear.

DON JUAN.

But if it isn't indiscreet to ask

What sets you out on this unwelcome task?

DON CARLOS.

This scar upon a name, this wicked blister,

Concerns the foul seduction of our sister.

To convent's vows she had been dedicated,

'Til an intruder stormed and penetrated

To take the girl away. The villain's name,

Don Juan Tenorio, is now our shame.

DON JUAN.

And have you met Don Juan of whom you speak?

DON CARLOS.

I've heard but his description this long week...

DON JUAN.

The man is something of a friend of mine,
And 'twould be cowardice to hear this line
Without the need to offer some riposte.

DON CARLOS.

I honor your desire with the most
Kind deference that one good man can pay.
It is the least that I might do this day.

DON JUAN.

You see, we two have long been very close,
But if offense he gives is truly gross
I promise you that I shall answer for him.

DON CARLOS.

You might be better off to just abjure him;
You should not fight just on your friend's regard.

DON JUAN.

I'm so attached to him it would be hard
For him to fight without me present, too,
You need but give the word, and I'll be true,
And stand for him with my own very life.

DON CARLOS.

Ah, destiny, how cruel you twist this knife!

Scene Four

(DON ALONSO AND ATTENDANTS, DON CARLOS,
DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.)

DON ALONSO.

Go let the horses drink; I'll walk ahead.

(*Seeing DON CARLOS:*)

Good brother! There! I thought you might be dead!

(*Seeing DON JUAN:*)

But what have you to do with our foul foe?

DON CARLOS.

Our foe?

DON JUAN. (*Backing up and putting his hand on his hilt:*)

Of course: I am Don Juan, you know.

DON ALONSO.

Prepare to die you fiend!

DON CARLOS.

No brother, stay!

Do not pursue your vengeance here this day.
This man is valiant, and without his arm,
Your brother would have come to mortal harm.

DON ALONSO.

To owe life to the man who caused this fall
Is just like owing nothing. Not at all.

DON CARLOS.

Allow that I return, here, what he gave,
Thus leaving me no debt of life to save.

DON ALONSO.

Just stand aside and let me win the glory.

DON CARLOS.

Good brother, no!

DON ALONSO.

Move off! There is my quarry!

To take this villain's side against your brother,
You thus insult the memory of our mother!

DON CARLOS.

My gratitude is but a moment's quiet;
A single day's delay will satisfy it.
Keep that in mind, Don Juan, and from this second,
My debt is paid, and yours is not yet reckoned.

Scene Five

(DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.)

DON JUAN.

Ho! Sganarelle!

SGANARELLE. (*Coming out from hiding:*)

Here, sir! Here, on the double!

DON JUAN.

You run away each time that you smell trouble!

SGANARELLE.

Oh, no sir, I was just around the bend.
This garb has healing traits it seems to lend.

DON JUAN.

It seems I saved a brother of Elvire's.

SGANARELLE.

A brother—

DON JUAN.

Decent fellow, it appears.

But, say, what is that building in the clearing?

I never noticed it as we were nearing.

SGANARELLE.

Oh, don't you know?

DON JUAN.

I don't. What is it for?

SGANARELLE.

The bones of the Commander are its store.

'Twas set to take him to those gates most pearly,

But as he built it, you dispatched him...early.

DON JUAN.

Of course! I'd like to see! I hear the statue

Is most—

SGANARELLE.

Oh, sir, I really don't think that you

Should go inside.

DON JUAN.

Why not?

SGANARELLE.

Hard to explain.

You're not supposed to visit men you've slain.

DON JUAN.

Not true. I mean it in the best of taste,

To pay regards to one I left in haste.

(The tomb is revealed, and THE COMMANDER'S STATUE is seen.)

SGANARELLE.

It takes my breath away to see the stone,

The statues and the pillars here, alone...

What do you think, sir?

DON JUAN.

Rather ostentatious:

That dwellings after death should be so spacious.

In lifetime his desires were less profound;
He hardly needs the room to run around.

SGANARELLE.

There's the Commander's statue.

DON JUAN.

Oh, my, really!

You must admit that he looks rather silly:
All decked out like a Roman emperor!

SGANARELLE.

Please don't disturb his sleeping temper, sir!

DON JUAN.

He doesn't know the honor we intend.
Try this, good Sganarelle. Invite our friend
To join us home, at supper, by your leave.

SGANARELLE.

He has no need for that now, I believe.

DON JUAN.

Go on and ask the man.

SGANARELLE.

You must be joking.

I don't believe we ought to be provoking
The dead with such a crazy invitation—

DON JUAN.

Do what I say; such insubordination!

SGANARELLE.

Ridiculous! Commander... I don't know—
(Aside:) It's crazy but my master wants it so—
(Aloud:) My Lord Commander, my good Lord Don Juan
Invites you to join him to feast upon
A supper.

(THE STATUE nods its head.)

Ah!

DON JUAN.

What is it? What's the matter?

SGANARELLE. *(Nodding like the statue did:)*

The statue!

DON JUAN.

Well, what is it? What's this chatter?

SGANARELLE.

I tell you that the statue...

DON JUAN.

Statue, got it!

SGANARELLE.

I tell you that the statue n-n-nodded!

DON JUAN.

A plague upon you for a stupid clown!

SGANARELLE.

It nodded up and then it nodded down!

DON JUAN.

Now watch as I invite him: Lord Commander
Although your home and uniform are grander
Than anything that I might have to offer,
Would you not come to share my humble coffer?

(THE STATUE *nods its head again.*)

SGANARELLE.

I wouldn't have missed that for twenty crowns.
So now what do you say?

DON JUAN.

Let's clear these grounds.

SGANARELLE. (*To audience:*)

So, this is what your great freethinking gets you
You simply don't acknowledge what upsets you.

End of Act III

ACT IV

Scene One

(Don Juan's Lodging.)

(DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.)

DON JUAN.

It may have been the chamber's lack of light
Or dizziness which trifled with our sight.

SGANARELLE.

Good Heaven, scandalized by your loose ways,
Gave miracle to warn of darker days.

DON JUAN.

Another word of idle moralizing
And I will give my point more emphasizing:
I'll call the servants to bring out my whip,
And you'll receive sharp lashes for such lip!

SGANARELLE.

That's what I like about you, if I may;
You always mean exactly what you say!
Such clarity! No word that needs revision!
You always speak with elegant precision!

Scene Four³

(DON LOUIS, DON JUAN, LA VIOLETTE, SGANARELLE.)

LA VIOLETTE.

Your father, sir.

DON JUAN.

Oh, Hell! From bad to worst!
This visitor will leave me fit to burst!

DON LOUIS.

I see, quite clearly, I'm unwelcome here,
I fill you with chagrin, and not with cheer.
It's disappointing we two don't agree,
But if you think that you are tired of me,
Then it is just as true that I am sick
Of hearing tales of each new little trick.

³ Act Four, Scenes Two and Three, a comic confrontation with the money-lender, Monsieur Dimanche, are cut from this, shortened version. The numbering has been retained for ease of reference with other editions.

Instead of consolation and great joy,
 I curse the day I e'er desired a boy!
 I cannot trivialize these affairs
 Which each day draw the King's most sharpened stares.
 The patience of the King is overdrawn,
 And this indulgence for my wicked spawn
 Outweighs the value of my service and
 Erodes what pool of friends I still command.
 A noble birth is nothing without virtue,
 And in the end will not support, but hurt you.
 A man may sign fine name to vulgar deed,
 But actions are a sign which all will read.
 I'd rather my son were some honest slave
 Than some great prince who acts like you behave!

DON JUAN.

Do please sit down and rest your feet, your grace.
 'Tis easier to talk when—

DON LOUIS.

Villain! Base!

Know this, now, to your terror, worthless son:
 Your father's web of love has come unspun.
 I shall conspire to block the path you've trod,
 If but to guard against the wrath of God!

Scene Five

(DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.)

DON JUAN.

Oh, die, already, won't you, pompous prig?
 And on your grave I'll dance a hearty jig!
 It maddens me when fathers live as long
 As sons who wait their fortune—

SGANARELLE.

Sir! You're wrong!

DON JUAN.

I'm wrong?

SGANARELLE.

Sir...

DON JUAN.

Wrong, you say?

SGANARELLE.

Yes sir, you're wrong
 To have endured his insults for so long!
 Have asses any more annoying brays,
 Than father telling you to mend your ways?
 I marvel at your patience. You're like Job!
 I would have sent him packing with a probe!
 (*Aside:*) Oh, cursed cowardice! I make me sick!

DON JUAN.

Get dinner on the table, and be quick.

Scene Six

(DON JUAN, DONA ELVIRE, RAGOTIN, SGANARELLE.)

RAGOTIN.

A lady in a veil has come to call.

DON JUAN.

Who could it be?

SGANARELLE.

I've no idea at all.

DONA ELVIRE.

Don't be surprised, Don Juan to see me thus
 My urgent need outweighed the worthless fuss.
 No more am I that wife who spat such threats
 So jealous of a few debased coquettes.
 That vengeance has been banished from my soul,
 Along with the misguided love you stole.
 No longer fixed on manner you abuse me...

DON JUAN. (*To SGANARELLE:*)

I do believe you're crying.

SGANARELLE.

Please, excuse me.

DONA ELVIRE.

This pure and perfect love sends me with warning
 As Heaven weeps at your defiant scorning
 I know, Don Juan, of all your sad transgressions,
 And Heaven's angels asked I make impression
 On your disordered mind: They have not glossed it,
 The store of mercy you draw from's exhausted.
 A single day may be all you have left
 Before you are conclusively bereft.

Through Heaven's grace, I've now won back my peace,
 And seek to know the convent's kind release.
 All that remains is just one chance to heal
 The damage done my soul in carnal zeal.
 And such a joy, if I divert this blow:
 That you might not reap that revenge you sow.
 For you my duty was all but forsaken;
 I freely gave the innocence you'd taken.
 But save yourself, reform, for me or you;
 It matters not what motive you pursue,
 But please, Don Juan, I cry here at your feet,
 And if a lover's tears can't urge retreat,
 I ask in name of anything that might.

SGANARELLE. (*Aside, watching DON JUAN:*)
 Oh heart of ice!

DONA ELVIRE.

I have no more tonight.
 I'm going, I have emptied out my cup.

DON JUAN.

It's late, madame. Please stay. We'll put you up.

DONA ELVIRE.

Please, no, Don Juan. Do not detain me more.

DON JUAN.

Your staying might allow me to explore—

Scene Seven

(DON JUAN, SGANARELLE, LA VIOLETTE, RAGOTIN.)

DON JUAN.

You know, she somehow seems to still beguile;
 There is a certain charm in her new style.
 My feelings flared a bit for her unchecked—

SGANARELLE.

Which is to say, her words had no effect.

DON JUAN.

My supper, now!

SGANARELLE.

Of course.

DON JUAN. (*Sitting at the table:*)

For all the fuss,

Good Sganarelle, you know I think we must
Give thought to all this talk of reformation.

SGANARELLE.

Oh, sir!

DON JUAN.

We'll give it due consideration...
Another twenty, thirty years of this
We'll then make sure our souls are not amiss.

SGANARELLE.

Oh!

DON JUAN.

Yes? A crafty plan for such a sinner?

SGANARELLE.

Oh, yes. It surely is. Here is your dinner.

DON JUAN.

Ah, good then; do bring in a bit more wine...

(There is a knocking at the door.)

What's that? Who'd knock so loudly as we dine?

SGANARELLE.

Why would one so disturb our little feast?

DON JUAN.

Let no one in, be it a man or beast.

SGANARELLE.

Leave it to me to rid us of the pest.

DON JUAN. *(As SGANARELLE returns, terrified:)*

What is it, then? What's with all this distress?

SGANARELLE. *(Nodding his head like the statue:)*

The...is there!

DON JUAN.

Oh, really? I don't scare!
You really think to fright me into prayer?

Scene Eight

(DON JUAN, THE STATUE OF THE COMMANDER, SGANARELLE, LA VIOLETTE, RAGOTIN.)

DON JUAN.

Don't dawdle! Bring a chair and set a place!

(DON JUAN *and* THE STATUE *sit at the table; to* SGANARELLE:)

Sit down with us!

SGANARELLE.

I'm trying to watch my waist...

DON JUAN.

Sit down, I tell you. Fill the glasses 'round.
I drink, to the Commander's great renown!
Give him some wine. Drink with me Sganarelle.

SGANARELLE.

You know, I'm not quite feeling all that well.

DON JUAN.

Drink up, and sing your song for our good guest.

SGANARELLE.

I have a slight congestion in my chest.

DON JUAN.

It matters not. Here—

THE STATUE.

Enough, Don Juan. I would like to return the favor to you. Please. Come and sup with me tomorrow night. Have you the courage to show?

DON JUAN.

I'll come with only Sganarelle in tow.

SGANARELLE.

Tomorrow? Oh! My fast day, don't you know!

DON JUAN. (*To* SGANARELLE:)

Here, take this torch to lead him with the glow—

THE STATUE.

No light is necessary when Heaven is our guide.

End of Act IV

ACT V

Scene One

(A countryside near the town; subsequently, the tomb of the Commander.)

(DON LOUIS, DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.)

DON LOUIS.

Oh, my dear son! Does God yet grant my prayer?
You wouldn't trap your father in some snare?
Could such a change I've hoped for yet be true?

DON JUAN.

Yes, father, I'm resolved to start anew.
I here renounce my irreligious errors,
Inspired by great Heaven's holy terrors.
As Heaven did not smite me for my crimes,
Which I deserved well over twenty times,
For soul of son so sullied and so hardened...
I pray the sun may rise to find me pardoned.

DON LOUIS.

How easily a father's love returns!
How soon a cynicism quickly burns!
A welcome son, returned into the fold,
Is valued over all his weight in gold!
Embrace me, son! I urge you to continue!
Pursue this inclination God placed in you.
If, for this moment, you will please excuse...
I must tell mother of this happy news!

Scene Two

(DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.)

SGANARELLE.

Ah, sir! Such joy to see you so converted
Back to the path from which you were diverted.
How long I've waited, wanted, wished and willed
And here all of my dreams are thus fulfilled!

DON JUAN.

Well, that should satisfy the silly fraud!

SGANARELLE.

Fraud?

DON JUAN.

Well? Why don't you cheer me and applaud?
 Did you not like the way I played the part?
 You couldn't think I spoke straight from the heart!

SGANARELLE.

How's that? You mean...? You didn't...? You could plan...?
(Aside:) Oh, what a man! Oh, what a... What a man!
 The statue hasn't changed your former way?

DON JUAN.

It's true, I can't explain it all away—
 There's something there that I cannot discern...
 Whatever! I feel no desire to spurn
 My former ways or somehow change my mind!
 And if I said that I desired to find
 A new direction or a slight revision,
 It was a bald, political decision.
 Pretending goodness is a lovely role!
 Admirers will noisily extol
 The many virtues of the hypocrite.
 They never seem to get too sick of it!
 It won't take long to form a holy tangle
 With party thugs aligned with this same angle!
 And in the midst of most prodigious scandal,
 A pious glance, a sign, a votive candle,
 Enshrouds in doubt the seamiest transgression.
 It's here I mean to make my next impression:
 Not to forgo my arsenal of joys,
 But to engage in them with lesser noise.
 And should someone discover an offense,
 The whole cabal will rush to my defense!
 For the defense of Heaven is a stand
 From which I may explicitly command!
 My army I'll effectively engage,
 And my assemblage shall be all the rage!

SGANARELLE.

Sir, it's no use. I can't control my tongue:
 You have descended to the lowest rung!
 There's something that I simply have to say;
 It is my obligation as valet:
 An author said once: Man is like a bird—
 No, listen sir, I simply must be heard!—

(Quickly:)

The bird sits on a bough that's on a tree,
 Who'er holds to that tree, you must agree,
 Must follow principles as set in stone,
 And stone is stronger than fine words alone!
 Fine words are spoken well inside the court,
 And from the court the courtiers export
 The fashion! Which is subject to caprice!
 Which, of the soul, is but the slightest piece!
 The soul is what gives life to breathe its breath,
 Without the which the subject would be death!
 And death stirs thoughts of Heaven in its dearth,
 Fair Heaven being...far above the earth!
 It's Heaven's thoughts divide the man from the beast;
 And therefore, *ipso facto*, at the least,

(*Exasperated.*)

You will be damned to all the devils of hell!
 If that doesn't change your mind, so much the worse for you!

Scene Three

(DON CARLOS, DON JUAN, SGANARELLE.)

DON CARLOS.

Well met, Don Juan, I'm glad to find you here,
 I hope our meeting will be cause for cheer.
 How happy I would be to save this house,
 And see you join my sister as her spouse.

DON JUAN.

Ah, brother, how my heart does but aspire
 To give the satisfaction you desire,
 But I am guided now by God's volition
 And He stands firm in fervent opposition;
 I have abandoned all such worldly riches,
 Detached my soul from corporeal itches,
 And through a plan of cool austerity
 I teach my spirit insularity
 From that which troubled in my idle youth...

DON CARLOS.

This plan, Don Juan, does not conflict: in truth
 A marriage has no obstacle that's placed,
 By laudable decision to stay chaste.

**THIS PLAY IS
NOT OVER!**

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