

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Don Pasquale

An elderly, wealthy bachelor

Ernesto

His nephew, in love with Norina

Doctor Malatesta

Friend to both Pasquale and Ernesto

Norina

A vivacious young widow

Notary

Servants, major-domo . . .

DON PASQUALE

Donizetti

English Version by Donald Pippin

ACT ONE

High drama is about to unfold in the comfortably furnished living room of Don Pasquale, an elderly bachelor, well-to-do but thrifty, obstinate, gullible, old-fashioned, set in his ways, much inclined toward getting his way, interested primarily in his own comfort, vain, capricious, not entirely in touch with reality, irritable, hot-tempered, a snob, perhaps not overly bright -- on the whole, not a bad sort.

At the moment, he is nervous, uneasy, pacing the floor, anxiously awaiting a visit from his doctor on a matter of the utmost urgency. Now looking around, one can't help noticing a wave of uneasiness sweeping through the audience as well. An old man's appointment with his doctor -- for this they sell tickets? Don't jump to conclusions. Be patient. This doctor has a highly unusual prescription. Stick around.

SCENE: A well furnished room in Don Pasquale's house. Pasquale is alone, impatiently pacing.

PASQUALE: Nine already!

Ah, the doctor should be here any minute.

Listen . . . maybe . . . I must be nervous.

Nothing but a puff of air.

Nephew, now I'll play the doctor;
Take my dose of choice ingredients,
Cure for stubborn disobedience.
And you'll drink what I concoct, or
You can call the Don a dunce.
And you'll drink what I concoct, or
You can call the Don a dunce.
You will drink what I concoct, or
You can call the Don a donkey.

(Malatesta enters)

MALATESTA: Am I early?

PASQUALE: Oh, doctor! Do enter. Tell me . . .

MALATESTA: Easy . . . not so hasty.

PASQUALE: But I'm dying of impatience!
Did you find her?

MALATESTA: Just the bride!

PASQUALE: Ah, to marry! We mustn't falter.

MALATESTA: (Now the donkey dons the halter.)
She's from heaven, made to order!
In two words I'll paint her picture:
I predict your mouth will water,
Though my sketch is sacrilege.

PASQUALE: Could but winged words transport her!
Tell me quick, I am all on edge.

MALATESTA: An angel!

QuickTime™ and a
decompressor
are needed to see this picture.

Fair angel come from paradise,
Milder than milk of heaven,
Dear as the pearl beyond a price,
Sweet as a child of seven.

Skin smooth as alabaster,
No budding rose surpassed her;
Hair to compare with ebony,
A smile to melt the heart.

PASQUALE And free to marry? Ah, lucky me!
My sunny days are soon to start!

MALATESTA Soft, innocent, a melody
Borne gently on the zephyr,
Her charm composed of modesty
And love that flows forever.

**Kind hearted, chaste and pious,
A comfort as years go by us,
Naïve, and yet so amorous
Her eyes enslave the heart.**

PASQUALE: Her family?

MALATESTA: Established . . . respectable . . .

PASQUALE: Her surname?

MALATESTA: Malatesta.

PASQUALE: Then she's perhaps related?

MALATESTA: Not very closely . . . A bit.

PASQUALE: A distant cousin?

MALATESTA: She is my sister!

**PASQUALE: Ah, perfect! And when am I to meet her?
Oh, I am so excited!**

MALATESTA: This evening I shall bring her here.

**PASQUALE: This evening?
This minute, this minute!
I stand on pins and needles.
Be off, go fly and fetch her!**

**MALATESTA: (We'll prove to this old lecher
The path he picks is prickly.)
Be calm and don't anticipate.**

PASQUALE: Go, fly quickly like a bullet!

MALATESTA: The doctor says to cool it.

PASQUALE: How much longer can I wait?

MALATESTA: You'll get what you deserve.

PASQUALE: Do hurry.

**MALATESTA: I shall not be late.
Always obliged to serve.**

PASQUALE: Dear doctor!

MALATESTA: Collect yourself.

PASQUALE: But hurry!

MALATESTA: A moment . . .

PASQUALE: Time is wasting!

MALATESTA: Yes, but . . .

**PASQUALE: No more buts, no delays!
So hurry, do hurry! With passion I'm ablaze!**

(Malatesta exits)

QuickTime™ and a
discompenizer
are needed to see this picture.

**Fire of virility,
Crackling and burning,
Glow with the rapture
Of springtime returning.**

**Wrinkles and dentures
Plague me no longer.
Ripe for adventures
I go forth to conquer.**

**Come, love, provide us
The best of finales
With a half dozen of tiny Pasquales.**

**I see with clarity
Me with posterity
Laughing and bouncing,
Three on each side.**

**Such an amount of 'em
Now I lose count of 'em.
O for the joys that start with a bride!**

What is behind this burst of springtime rejuvenation? After decades of quiet vegetation, why has Don Pasquale suddenly cast himself in the unlikely role of bridegroom and lover?

The answer, alas, is one that does him little credit. It seems that Ernesto, his nephew and ward, has lately displayed a stubborn streak of his own by refusing to marry the rich, socially correct lady that his uncle has so obligingly selected for him. Worse yet, Ernesto has declared his unshakeable intention of marrying a lovely but impoverished young widow named Norina whom Pasquale has refused even to meet.

Clearly the time is ripe for a show of parental authority. Being of the old school, Pasquale has already threatened to cast his nephew out of the house and disinherit him. Stick around. Now raising the ante, his tactics take on an added dimension: to make absolutely sure that Ernesto will never get a penny of his ample fortune, he has decided on the simple but drastic step of getting married himself.

But first, let's give Ernesto one more chance to do the right thing.

PASQUALE: I'm a new man!
But that business with my nephew . . .
Till now I've been too lenient.
Apropos, here he's coming ---
How most convenient. (*Ernesto enters*)

Your timing's perfect,
For you're just the one I was seeking.
Do be seated: no more tirades and sermons.
I this time merely ask for your attention.
Now tell me: is it fact or fiction?
Many weeks I have urged you
To marry a girl that I've selected ---
Well-to-do, high class, good-looking.

ERNESTO: Granted . . .

PASQUALE: And I've promised as a bonus
A generous allowance,
And in the future all that I own.

ERNESTO: Granted . . .

PASQUALE: Clearly adding, if you refuse my offer,
I'll disinherit and cast you off with nothing,
Both for now and forever.

ERNESTO: Granted . . .

**PASQUALE: Be careful. The offer I repeat,
But this time is final: Do you accept?**

**ERNESTO: No, never! I love Norina!
We are made for each other.**

PASQUALE: Bah! Adolescent rubbish!

**ERNESTO: I will not stay and hear you insulting her.
She is not to blame for misfortune.**

PASQUALE: You are bound and determined?

ERNESTO: I've never been more certain.

**PASQUALE: Well, well . . . start packing!
You will need living quarters.**

ERNESTO: Cast out with bag and baggage?

**PASQUALE: Your obstinacy frees me from restraint and from scruple,
And lest you find a loophole,
I plan to marry!**

**ERNESTO
Plan to marry?**

**PASQUALE
Yes, my friend.**

**ERNESTO
You? . . .**

**PASQUALE
None other, now standing before you.**

**ERNESTO
But I must be hard of hearing . . .**

**PASQUALE
I plan to marry!**

**ERNESTO
(Still past believing!) You plan to marry?**

PASQUALE

How can I say it plainer?
I, Pasquale of Corneto,
Of impressive patrimony
Man of easy circumstances,
Tending now toward matrimony.
Never be it said too late. Oh,
Yes! Pasquale of Corneto!
On a path that many tread,
By tomorrow I'll be wed.

ERNESTO

Ha! You're joking!

PASQUALE

Joking? Unlikely!

ERNESTO

Ha, ha! You're joking!

PASQUALE

Your surprise will be the bigger.
Though the years have made advances,
As with brandy, age enhances.
Strong and still of sturdy figure,
I've some vigor in my back.
You, dear nephew, in the meantime,
Better go upstairs and pack.
Frankly, I've but one suggestion:
Since you're leaving, why not start?

ERNESTO

(What's the meaning of this madness
That would tear my life apart?)

Dream of my youth so enchanted
Fades into shadow forever,
For gold and gain I wanted
Only to give my darling.

Beggared, abandoned, broken,
May yet my resolve not weaken:
Sooner than share such misery,
I here surrender my love.
Sooner than share such misery,
I say farewell to love.

PASQUALE

**(He's madder than a hatter!
None but a stupid duffer
Is so inclined to suffer.
He's playing out the martyr.
His fortune would not shatter
Were he a little smarter
And learned to rule his heart.
Ah! The culprit in the matter
Is only he himself.
He's playing out the martyr, playing martyr.)**

ERNESTO: Two more words about your plan, sir.

PASQUALE: I shall listen, and try to answer.

**ERNESTO: All agree, to err is but human.
Seek advice from a wise and true man.
Now there's Doctor Malatesta ---
I propose that he's the best to . . .**

PASQUALE: Oh, no question!

ERNESTO: Have a heart to heart . . .

PASQUALE: And I've taken your suggestion!

ERNESTO: He opposes!

**PASQUALE: On the contrary!
He's encouraged me to marry.**

ERNESTO:(Oh, the traitor! The friend I trusted!)

**PASQUALE: If you'll keep it confidential,
She, the lady --- Keep it secret, keep it private ---
Is his own sister!**

**ERNESTO: His own sister! Can I survive it?
His own sister! Are you sure? Are you sure? Ah!**

QuickTime™ and a
decompressor
are needed to see this picture.

**Betrayed! It's the blow that shatters!
First, losing all that matters;**

**Then, trusting and believing, ah!
I find not friend but fiend.**

**With such a load of sorrow
How can I face tomorrow?
Hope is a lie that flatters;
I'm at the bitter end.
Hope is past recall.
Betrayed, I am at the bitter end.**

PASQUALE

**(It serves him right to suffer, suffer, suffer . . .
He chooses to be martyr.
His ways have got to mend.)**

From Pasquale's spacious living room we move to the far more modest quarters of Norina, where a conspiracy is in the offing. Is it possible that this sprightly young lady could be transformed by Dr. Malatesta into an angel sent down from heaven, a chaste blossom, an innocent melody borne on the zephyr that he has described to Pasquale so eloquently if not quite accurately? At present she is alone, pleasantly absorbed in what you might call pulp fiction. Hardly elevating, but good for a laugh.

NORINA

**Glowing like coals that smolder,
Her burning eyes grow bolder.
He, reaching out to enfold her,
Cries "I'm your cavalier!"**

**His eyes profess with such fervor
A gallant desire to serve her,
His lips do not offend her.
She indicates surrender
With gesture shy and tender,
Laced with a furtive tear.
Ha, ha! Ha, ha!**

(casting the book aside)

QuickTime™ and a
decompressor
are needed to see this picture.

**A sly coquette
Goes out to get
A repertoire of ruses.**

With graceful art
She plays a part
That changes as she chooses ---

An arching glance
From eyes that dance,
A tear that rarely loses;
With light finesse
A hint of yes
That sets the heart astir.

If I may be quite candid,
A blush is heavy handed.
A wan nuance
Of nonchalance
The wise and fair prefer.

A stratagem
That I condemn
Without the right inflexion
Is pining and whining ---
They soon become a bore.

A sultry mood
While being wooed
A man cannot ignore;
But pining and whining, ah!
Will only shut the door.

Though some may malign us
For being flirtatious,
I count it ungracious
To count it a minus:
The world is a stage!

I rise to a fury, but never can nurse it;
A laugh will disperse it
And gone is the rage.

I live for delight ---
A little bit odd,
But my heart is all right.

An ingénue
Can overdo,
But if you choose to err, choose

The subtle smile
So versatile
It compensates for virtues ---
A secret *entre nous*.

But frankly, just between us,
One must laugh a bit at Venus.

(recitative) Not a sign of the doctor!
I'm getting restless.
He has some new maneuver
To outwit Don Pasquale,
But left in such a hurry
That the plot's still a riddle,
Though sounds enticing.

(A servant enters with a letter, then exits)

Ernesto's writing! I tremble.

MALATESTA *(entering)* Lots of good news to tell you!

NORINA: It's no use, we're finished.

MALATESTA: How's that? What's wrong?

NORINA: Here, read it.

(She hands him the letter, which he reads aloud.)

MALATESTA: "My Norina, I write with a broken heart." That can be mended.
"My uncle, duped by that double-faced dog that calls himself a doctor (Don't mention it!)
is marrying the scoundrel's sister. He is casting me out of the house and cutting me off with nothing. My love compels me to give you up. I'm leaving Rome this very day,
and Europe as soon as possible. Farewell. Be happy. That is my only wish. Your unfortunate Ernesto."

I never heard such drivel!

NORINA: But he is sailing!

MALATESTA: He will not sail, I promise.
Hop, skip and jump, I'll go to see him,
Tell him our secret.
He'll get the picture. Then, never fear,

I think he'll hang around.

NORINA: This mighty secret --- am I allowed to share it?

**MALATESTA: Out to punish his nephew for so-called disobedience,
Old Pasquale's determined to get married . . .**

NORINA: So you have told me.

**MALATESTA: But wait. Being his doctor,
And seeing him headstrong in his decision,
I but shifted course --- believe me,
Thinking entirely of you and Ernesto ---
And told him I was for it.
Our Pasquale knows that I have a sister in the convent.
We'll pass you off as her ---
Not once has he ever seen you.
I introduce you, and none will be the wiser.
Two minutes, and you've hooked him.**

NORINA: So adorable!

**MALATESTA: He'll be panting to wed you.
We'll cast my cousin Charlie in the role of the not'ry.
The second scene I leave to your devices.
You drive him up the wall, he goes demented.
From there we merely name it. And so . . .**

NORINA: I love it! You're a genius!

MALATESTA: At your service.

NORINA

**By love inspired, ever inside me,
Ah, beloved! Your fire will guide me.**

**I shall dance and play the devil;
Plots and pranks will be a revel.
Love will tell me what to do
When the uncle starts to woo.**

MALATESTA

**My regard for you and Ernesto,
My fond affection, requires no manifesto.
As you dance to my direction**

**Don Pasquale plays buffoon.
Turn the fiction to perfection
For Pasquale's honeymoon.
Out to save you and Ernesto,
The time is short, the beat is presto!**

NORINA: We're agreed, then. Yes, I'll do it!

MALATESTA: I'll prepare you. Come, let's go to it!

NORINA: Shall I be seductive?

MALATESTA: No.

NORINA: Doleful, like Lucia?

MALATESTA: No, no, not quite the right idea.

NORINA: Shed a tear for him?

MALATESTA: No, no, no, no!

NORINA: Raise a tempest? Soulful? Doleful?

**MALATESTA: No, another bad idea.
Round and round it, still not found it.
Still not quite the right idea.
Not the perfect part for you. (*Eureka!*)
Play the unsophisticated rustic!**

NORINA: The artless maiden? The country cousin?

MALATESTA: Shy and timid, that's the essence!

NORINA: In that role I could give lessons.

MALATESTA: Bashful manner, simple hairdo.

NORINA: Modesty and more I dare do.

MALATESTA: Shoulder drooping like a lily . . .

NORINA: Oh, you scare me!

MALATESTA: Brava, brava, brava!

NORINA: I'm so silly!

**MALATESTA: Brava, brava, that's a dilly!
That is just the way to be.
Brava, brava, you've got the key.
Perfection! You've got the style, the way to be.**

**NORINA: Pleasure, honor, (all for) shy and simple me!
What a pleasure! What an honor!**

MALATESTA: Eyes, a trifle lower . . .

NORINA: Like so?

MALATESTA: Slightly drooping shoulder . . .

NORINA: Like so?

MALATESTA: You're ready!

NORINA

**Lead on! Let's go!
Enough rehearsal, the curtain rises!
We're off, undaunted,
Inspired to noble enterprises!**

MALATESTA

**Ah! Yes, we're off and eager
For the grand performance,
And inspired by love,
We're full of tricks and torments.
Toward the target flies the arrow,
And the chase will soon begin.**

NORINA

**I have plots and plans to spare. Oh,
How the uncle's head will spin!**

MALATESTA

All is ready, our charade's about to start.

NORINA

I'm prepared to play the part.

End of Act One

ACT TWO

In a society that bears little resemblance to the American dream, for a penniless young man seeking to make his way in the world the prospects are grim. Back in Pasquale's living room, Ernesto broods upon his desolate fate -- cast out of the house and disinherited, by a capricious but iron willed uncle, apparently betrayed by his best friend, forced by his own scruples to sacrifice the love of his life, unwilling to subject her to a squalid life of poverty, now on the verge of exile to distant, unknown shores, who could begrudge him a moment of self-pity?

Scene: Back in Pasquale's house.

ERNESTO *(alone)* Ah, poor Ernesto! Destitute and homeless,
Abandoned and impoverished!
Even sweet milk of friendship
Turns to gall in my belly,
My friend a serpent, a scheming Machiavelli.

I've lost my Norina! God help me!
I sent the letter,
So now to take the freighter sailing tomorrow.
I'll embark on a journey toward distant shores,
There for a life of sorrow.

Bound for some far destination
There to find a lowly dwelling,
Where I'll live in desolation,
Daily of my loss retelling.

Neither stars nor the distance fled,
Nor the barrier of land or sea
Shall induce me to forget, no!
You'll be always there with me.
However distant, you'll be always,
You'll be always there with me. *(exit)*

SCENE TWO

If Ernesto but knew! Even as we speak, Dr. Malatesta is on his way to the house, bringing his supposed little sister Sophronia, fresh from the convent, to

meet Pasquale, who is more than eager to get acquainted. *That* ought to teach Ernesto a lesson.

PASQUALE *(alone, before a mirror)*
I could still pass for sixty -- fifty!
All the more reason to be prouder,
In the pink of condition, handsome as ever,
And with the help of one slight touch of powder . . .

They are coming! Here they are!
To thee, O god of lovers, I fly now!

(Malatesta and Norina enter. Norina is veiled)

MALATESTA *(to Norina)* Don't be bashful.

NORINA: I could die now! How I tremble!

MALATESTA: Mustn't waver,

NORINA: Brother, stay and I'll be braver.

MALATESTA: Mustn't cry now.

NORINA: Help me out! Help me out! Help me out!

MALATESTA: Gather courage. Mustn't waver.

(to Pasquale)

From the convent just departed,
She's naïve, a bit faint hearted.
Handled like a flutt'ring little bird,
You can tame her with a word.

PASQUALE: (Gesture, manner, and her simple way of speaking
Show a charming, charming shy naivete.
I'll pronounce her sheer perfection
When her beauty's on display.)

MALATESTA: (Every gesture, every motion,
And her simple way of speaking
Show a charming shy naivete.)

NORINA: (Ancient loony, it would appear now
You're put in peril. Is it not clear now

That you're about to take a spill?
Oh, beware now, ancient loony!
Tit for tat the score we'll settle;
Tug of war, so on your mettle,
But prepare to foot the bill.
In heat of battle the score we'll settle,
So on your mettle!
Prepare to pay.) Dearest brother!

MALATESTA: Every kindness you'll be shown here.

NORINA: Do not leave me all alone here.

MALATESTA: Little sister, you're not in danger.
I am with you; here's Don Pasquale.

NORINA: Heavens! A man? Poor me! I'm done for!

MALATESTA: So sudden. I've shocked her.

PASQUALE|: O doctor! O doctor!

NORINA: Brother, O take me away from here!
A stranger! A stranger! I'm done for!

PASQUALE: (Such a darling, such a darling.
Such a darling, darling, darling modest creature,
Her outstanding feature, shy naive.
Such a darling in her shy and simple way.)

MALATESTA: (She's a demon!
And a clever little vixen –
On the beam 'n
Knows the tricks 'n cards to play.)

NORINA: (So into battle! The score we'll settle.
On your mettle! Prepare to pay.)

When two people have set their minds on precisely the same goal, the pace
is rapid . . .

MALATESTA: Do not fear, little sister.
Here's Don Pasquale to greet you, my oldest friend,
Always the perfect gentleman.
You must curtsey as I taught you.

NORINA: A pleasure, an honor.

PASQUALE: (Nice foot, and what a figure!)

MALATESTA: (Now the wind hits the sail)

NORINA: (Worse than I expected.)

MALATESTA: (*to Pasquale*) Do you like her?

PASQUALE: She's enchanting . . . but . . . the veil . . .

MALATESTA: So modest, it would shock her
To converse with a stranger and reveal her face.
First you must get acquainted.
Put her at ease with casual conversation, poise, social grace.

PASQUALE: Exactly . . . of course . . . well, courage!
(*to Norina*)

Since I'm allowed the honor . . .
Knowing your worthy brother . . .
Yes, I mean Malatesta . . .
Perhaps I should have said . . .

MALATESTA: (He's off his rocker.) Better answer.

NORINA: A pleasure . . . such an honor,

PASQUALE: Common tastes perhaps we share.
You enjoy entertaining and society?

NORINA: No, sir! Never!
At the convent we'd call it impropriety.

PASQUALE: Are you fond of the theatre?

NORINA: That word is unfamiliar . . . it sounds unpleasant.

PASQUALE: You are right, it's not a pleasure!
But tell me, how do you like to spend your leisure?

NORINA: I stitch 'n I crochet,
As taught by mother,
And time goes by so quickly
When I'm in the kitchen.

MALATESTA: (Yes, with her fiance.)

PASQUALE: (We're made for one another!)
(*to Malatesta*) For heaven's sake, the veil!

MALATESTA: Dearest Sofronia, do uncover.

NORINA: So brazen! What would he say?

MALATESTA: But to please your brother?

NORINA: Then of course, I'll obey. (*removes veil*)

PASQUALE: Lightning has struck me!

MALATESTA: What's wrong? Tell me . . .

PASQUALE: A volcano erupts inside me!
O God, she must not say no!
Speak for me, put the question!
Her beauty's stupefied me.
Sweating, I'm freezing, I'm choking!

MALATESTA: Come, have courage.
Your charm has surely won her.
But we shall find out.
(*to Norina*)

Sister, dear, to the point . . .
Tell me . . . this gentleman . . . in short,
Do you find him attractive?

NORINA: I blush to speak with candor.

MALATESTA: Attractive?

NORINA: Yes. (And brilliant for a donkey,)

MALATESTA (*to Pasquale*) You've crumbled her resistance.

PASQUALE: What a day! O lucky me!

NORINA: (You'd best enjoy it now.)

PASQUALE (*to Malatesta*) Run, hurry, get the not'ry!

MALATESTA: Prepared for all contingencies,

I brought my own. He's waiting,
And ready for the vow.
He's in the hallway.

PASQUALE: So thoughtful! Nothing gained procrastinating.

MALATESTA: Enter. Meet the not'ry. (*Notary enters*)
(*dictating*)

First of the parties, et cetera,
Sofronia Malatesta, now resident, et cetera,
In manner customary . . .
The other party, et cetera,
Pasquale of Corneto, et cetera . . .

NOTARY: et cetera . . .

MALATESTA: Together, here both present,
Do freely, and both consenting . . .

NOTARY: -senting.

MALATESTA: Draw up a contract of marriage
According to the rules of law.

PASQUALE (*to Notary*) Must be verbatim!

NOTARY: Verbatim.

PASQUALE: Proceed. And write this below it.
(*taking over the dictation*)
The Don so named, et cetera,
Donates his titles and holdings
In property and in revenue,
Being of sound mind and body,
To the forementioned, et cetera,
His charming little ladylove . .
Exactly half and half.

NOTARY: Verbatim.

PASQUALE: He orders as of now . . .
That she's to be distinguished
As household leading lady,
That all shall view her as the mistress,
That she's to be respected
And obeyed in everything wished.

NOTARY: -thing wished.

**PASQUALE: Well-served in manner due her
With vigor, zest, and with zeal.**

**MAL. & NORINA: Such overwhelming bounty
These articles reveal!**

NOTARY: The contract's ready! Just sign it.

PASQUALE: I'm also ready!

**MALATESTA: Now darling sister, come over;
And here's the dotted line.**

**NOTARY: But where's the other witness?
The law requires one more.**

**ERNESTO: (*from outside*) You rascals! You rascals!
Take your hands off!**

NORINA: (Ernesto!)

MALATESTA (Ernesto! He's not been told yet!)

NORINA: (I shake and tremble; the game is nearly up.)

MALATESTA: (If he rants and raves we're in the soup.)

ERNESTO: I must go in! I must go in!

PASQUALE: It's my nephew . . .

ERNESTO: Try and stop me! I must go in!

**MAL. & NORINA: (The plot will come uncovered;
The mask is about to drop.)**

**ERNESTO: (*entering*) Uncle, before departing,
I come to say goodbye now.
They treat me like a brawler
And try to bar the door.**

**PASQUALE: We're in the middle . . . Stay!
What a most appropriate caller!**

To make a marriage legal requires one other witness.
Where could we find one better?
The bride, you've not yet met her.

ERNESTO: (A nightmare! O God! Norina!)

MALATESTA: (Don't say a word, but trust me.
It all can be explained.)

PASQUALE: The bride, allow me . . .

ERNESTO: (It's like an awful dream.
It cannot, cannot be!)

MALATESTA: (Ah, my friend, don't tear your heart out.
No need to tear your heart out;
Go on and act the part out.
A tragic scene would only mean
Norina gone for good.)

NORINA: (While keeping up pretenses,
Inside I shake and tremble,
Shake with fear.)

ERNESTO: (She cannot be his sister!
My head is in a scramble.
My head's at sea, it's all unclear.)

PASQUALE: (He takes it rather hard; no doubt
'Twill bring him to his senses.)

MALATESTA: (So sing with the ensemble.
Let it, let it, let it be;
'Twill all come out.)

We've got the witness needed,
So go ahead and sign.

NOTARY: Husband and wife I pronounce you!

MAL. & NORINA: (The chase will now begin.)

PASQUALE: (My head is in a spin.) My darling!

NORINA: (*sweetly*) Slow down a trifle, and please no exhibition.
You first should ask permission.

PASQUALE: *(about to give her a kiss)* Will you allow me?

NORINA: No!

ERNESTO: Ha, ha, ha, ha!

PASQUALE: What is amusing you?
Laughter's uncalled for.
Leave, we're excusing you!
That is an order: out of the house!

NORINA: *(to Ernesto)* Return!
Breeding so rustic, so unrefined,
Drives me out of my mind. Ignore him!
(to Pasquale)
Such orders weary us;
You have a lot to learn.

PASQUALE: Oh, doctor!

MALATESTA: Ah, Pasquale!

PASQUALE: She's different!

MALATESTA: Most mysterious!

PASQUALE: Can this be true?

MALATESTA: Now calm yourself; I'm quite bewildered, too.
I'm bewildered as are you.

ERNESTO: To keep from laughing out
Is more than I can do.

NORINA: *(to Pasquale)* A man like you, so past the prime,
So gross and so unsightly,
Is hardly fit companion
For a girl that's brisk and sprightly.
(to Ernesto)
I'll need a proper escort,
For I plan to go out nightly.

PASQUALE: Oh, if I may insert a word:
No, that will never do.

NORINA: Never do? Says who?

PASQUALE: (*firmly*) Because I say no!

NORINA: Because you say no?

PASQUALE: No!

NORINA: No? Light of my life, I do implore,
Discard that word forevermore.
That word – now listen carefully –
That word is private property.

PASQUALE: Oh, doctor!

NORINA: You shall obey, that's understood.
You follow, and I alone command.

MALATESTA: (The crucial moment's now in store.)

PASQUALE: But . . . but this I can't ignore.

NORINA: Don't you dare answer me!

ERNESTO: (I enjoy it more and more,)

PASQUALE: This fellow . . .

NORINA: What! Be silent, you blockhead!
Quiet! Quiet! Shut up!
So far I've tried to reason,
Help you understand.
From now on, if you annoy me
I must employ my hand. (*gives him a slap*)

MALATESTA

Like a statue, pale and ashen,
He can barely breathe or swallow.
Go undaunted, Don Pasquale;
From ghostly pallor, turn to valor.
Fear surmounted, stirred to valor, do and dare!
Be brave and shun despair.
Return to valor, be brave, forebear.
Undaunted, do and dare.

PASQUALE

Dreaming? Waking? I'm uncertain.
Taunted . . . ordered . . . threatened.
Brava . . . lovely . . .
But it's well that I'm alerted;
Even worse can be averted.
And I fear there's more to come.
And I fear there's more to follow.

NORINA & ERN.

Dreaming or waking, he's uncertain.
On his visage draw the curtain.

ERNESTO

Now the story, quite contented,
I can follow after a fashion.
I can watch, quite enchanted,
For to doubt her was absurd.
Now the story untormented
I can follow, and at ease enjoy the jest,
My mind at rest, my doubt absurd.
At ease, the story I can follow word for word.

NORINA

Dreaming or waking, he's uncertain.
Draw the curtain, for Ernesto, now contented,
Knows to doubt me was absurd.
My Ernesto, untormented,
Knows to doubt me was absurd.
Well contented, mind at rest,
He can well enjoy the jest,
His doubt of me absurd.

(She rings; a servant appears, followed shortly afterwards by several others.)

NORINA: Drop everything you're doing.
Send for the staff of servants.

PASQUALE: (Does this mean new outrages?)

MALATESTA: (Another storm is brewing.)

NORINA: Three only? How preposterous!
I'm tempted to recount.
Now you, despite the worn attire,
No doubt are major domo.

**First I shall change your wages
By doubling the amount.
Now for things that I require:
I've several orders for you:**

**New servants, I've decided,
Must be at once provided –
Men sturdy and stout hearted.
Seven or eight will do.**

PASQUALE: And now that you have finished . . .

**NORINA: Shut up, I've barely started.
How incomplete is marriage
Without new coach and carriage.
Get horses strong and able;
They will require a stable.**

PASQUALE: So if and when you've finished . . .

NORINA: Shut up, I'm just beginning.

PASQUALE: Oh, well . . .

MALATESTA: Patience!

NORINA: The furniture's a shambles . . .

PASQUALE: A shambles?

**NORINA: The carpet threads are thinning,
The dining room so out of date
We'll have to renovate.**

PASQUALE: And will you never finish?

**MALATESTA: (to Ernesto) Notice . . . listen . . . savor!
What say you now?**

**NORINA: A thousand needs divergent
For which the call is urgent:
A steward, chef, a draper,
Secretary, new dressmaker . . .**

**PASQUALE: And will you never finish?
And so . . . what else? What? Now really?**

My head's about to burst.

**NORINA: See that my orders are carried out.
I've more when you are through.**

ERNESTO: (I now can see the light.)

MALATESTA: (You now can see the light.)

PASQUALE: Who's paying?

NORINA: Three guesses: it's you!

**PASQUALE: Let's clear up this confusion.
I'll not pay a penny!**

NORINA: No?

PASQUALE: No! Here am I not the master?

**NORINA: You harbor some delusion.
You call yourself the master?**

MALATESTA: Now sister . . .

ERNESTO: Well said! Hear ye!

NORINA: I give the orders. You are a ninny!

PASQUALE: It's true, look who I married . . .

NORINA: How rude of you to answer back, how dare you?

**PASQUALE: You are the one demented.
Remember, I'm the master!**

**MALATESTA: She's tired, a bit excited. Pasquale!
O sister, go easy! O brother!
Disaster! Disaster! Disaster!**

**ERNESTO: (The sun is shining brighter;
I now can see the light.)**

**NORINA: Barbarous to answer!
How dare you be so forward,
Presuming such a right?**

How dare you? How dare you?

PASQUALE

**I'm entangled ever tighter,
In a tizzy, paying fully for my folly.
I am taken, no mistake 'n
I may tumble if I tamper with her temper.**

**In the middle of a muddle,
Triple trouble lies ahead.
I am addled and befuddled –
What persuaded me to wed?
Oh, triple trouble lies ahead.
Yes, I'd be better dead than wed.**

ERNESTO

**Love, I was loony – fool to quaver!
Yet the doubt was but a bubble.
Love was the guide; love was the beacon.
'Twas the beacon that did beckon
You to be the pseudo bride.**

NORINA

**So you see you're unforsaken, heart unbroken.
I'd never weaken.
Love alone was light and beacon.
So I'm able to trim my pride.**

MALATESTA (to Pasquale)

**You've got a fever!
You are stuck, mistook and shaken.
Never, never
Have I been so much mistaken.
You can brave her
In the morning over bacon.
As a favor,
Go to bed and let it ride.**

**ERN. & NORINA: Don Pasquale, less than jolly,
May be single before too long.**

PASQUALE: My steward over-thrifty?

NORINA: Yes!

PASQUALE: The furniture so out of date?

NORINA: Yes!

PASQUALE: A table set for fifty?

NORINA: Yes!

PASQUALE: New dining room, a stable,
And fifty at the table!!!

MALATESTA: To go to bed is better.
Brother, bed for you is better.

NORINA: Yes, yes, yes, yes!

PASQUALE:
I'm entangled ever tighter,
In a tizzy, paying for my folly.
Oh, I'd be better dead than wed.

NORINA:
So you see you're unforsaken.
Pain and panic much mistaken.
Love alone was light and beacon –
I have followed, love has led.

PASQUALE:
In a tangle ever tighter,
I am rabid, seeing red.
What persuaded me to wed?
Triple trouble lies ahead.

MALATESTA: *(to Norina & Ern.)*
Careful, careful, or Pasquale
Will catch on to you instead.
Keep it low, keep it low.

NORINA & ERN.:
Don Pasquale, cured of folly,
Soon will walk about unwed,
No more misled.

ACT THREE

Although only a few hours have elapsed since Don Pasquale and shy little Sofronia have been declared man and wife, his living room has already undergone a miraculous transformation. Have we mistakenly entered a shop for women's wear? Finery of every description spread out on the tables, hanging from the walls, pouring out of boxes on the floor. Servants are dashing around in all directions, simultaneously chattering in some exotic, foreign tongue.

Scene: Pasquale's house -- servants rushing hither and thither, all singing in Italian, Don Pasquale is seated behind a mound of bills.

PASQUALE (*with chorus*) Merchants, maids, a whole battalion,
And they only speak Italian!
It's enough to drive me mad!

Don Pasquale's idyllic vision of domestic tranquility with a sweetly submissive, ever obedient little wife has already received several shattering blows. More are on the way. It has been mentioned that one of his outstanding virtues is that of thrift.....

PASQUALE: Let's see now:
For forty dresses, a hundred crowns. Merest trifle!
A coach and carriage, six hundred. What a bargain!
Seven hundred and fifty to buy a bracelet,
One pair of horses –
To the devil with the carriage,
With merchants and with marriage!

If she continues this insane high living,
My good friend Don Pasquale,
You'll very soon be leaving
For the asylum.

She's up to some new scheme:
Evening regalia!
We are no sooner married
Than she goes gallivanting.
It's high time for the husband to put his foot down!

But . . . how to go about it?
That look! She'll stare right through me,
Winding up for the putdown.

**It's now or never!
I must stop her.
I'll do it or die in the endeavor!
No escape . . . she's coming!**

(Norina enters, in full regalia)

**PASQUALE: Ah, Your Highness! And why so hasty?
Are you off on some excursion?**

**NORINA: Yes, my angel. Shall I tell you where I'm going?
To the theatre! I am bored and need diversion.**

**PASQUALE: But your husband -- you'll excuse me --
May not wish you there without him.**

**NORINA: If that's the issue, he'd best be silent.
Otherwise, I'll have to clout him.**

PASQUALE: Have to clout him?

**NORINA: Husbands must be trained to wate
And hold their tongues. If not, I . . .**

**PASQUALE: Oh, be careful, don't oppose me!
Let me add that one who knows me
Listens well to my advice.
So, go to your room this minute!
You will spend the evening in it
And I need not say it twice.**

**NORINA: Temper tantrums will hardly do now;
I'm the boss and call the numbers.
Bed for you now, pleasant slumbers.
If you toss, try counting sheep.**

**Bed for you now, bedtime,
Land of pleasant slumbers.
Lulla, lulla, lullabye now;
No reply now, go to sleep.**

PASQUALE: You're not going!

NORINA: You amuse me.

PASQUALE: I have spoken!

NORINA: Don't provoke me.

PASQUALE: I will stop you.

NORINA: So you think so?

PASQUALE: I'm exhausted!

NORINA: Save your breath then.

PASQUALE: What a minx, O what a vixen!

**NORINA: You dare insult me? Take that! *(gives him a slap)*
As you sew, so shall you reap!**

PASQUALE

**(All is over, Don Pasquale,
Nothing gained by more complaining.
No recourse is now remaining
But a rope to end it all.)**

NORINA

**(Bitter the pill he tries to swallow;
Thorny the path I'm forced to follow.
When the masquerade is over,
Then may love and candor prevail.
Love and candor may then prevail.)
Off, for pleasure!**

**PASQUALE: Go! Good riddance!
Go, and never mind returning.**

NORINA: I shall wake you in the morning.

PASQUALE: On the door you'll find a lock.

NORINA: See you later!

QuickTime™ and a
decompressor
are needed to see this picture.

**To bed now, dear husband,
My stern little tyrant;
Surrender! Be tender, compliant,
Remember your gout.**

To bed now, be docile,
My darling old fossil.
May ague not plague you –
Your wife's going out!

PASQUALE

Divorce! I'll divorce you!
What gout and what ague?
Not bedtime, instead time
To force you about.

(As total disaster
What wife has surpassed her?)
The devil come take you –
I'm down but not out!
Though down, far from out.

NORINA: Your wife's going out on the town.

(She sweeps out, letting fall a piece of paper which Pasquale picks up.)

PASQUALE: I suppose it's a bill for forty bonnets.
She lets them fall like a lover dropping sonnets.

(reading) "Adorable Sofronia!
Aha! And more to follow!
"Tonight outside the garden wall
Meet me between the hours of nine and ten.
The secret door is safest. There,
Each minute fresh enchantment bringing,
The shadow of the myrtle tree
Will serve us for security.
You'll know me as I shall be singing.
Your faithful love, farewell till then."

It's the last straw!
She'll put me in a fit of apoplexy.
Ah! But it's got to stop.
I've reached the limit!
I'll send for Malatesta.

(to a servant)

Somebody get the doctor!
Say I am near collapse,
That he's to hurry!
(And in fact it's a wonder
I'm not six feet under.)

(exit)

CHORUS OF SERVANTS

Coming and going, it's hustle and bustle;
Up on our toes, short of breath, sore of muscle.
Another ding ding ding ding ding.
Another dong dong dong dong dong.
And not a quiet moment all day long.
Ding ding ding ding
Dong dong dong dong.
No sooner down than again goes the gong.

Still it's exciting, a three-ring circus.
Not bad the pay here, though she does work us.
She'll never slow up -- money to burn!
See the poor husband go up in flame.

Right after dinner -- Oh, what a blow up!
Sounds like a winner -- what do we learn?
Thunders the master: "You are to stay here!"
Wife looking daggers: "Out of my way!"

The old man staggers, the words come faster,
And it's the lady who wins the day!

Why is the nephew smiling discreetly?
Why is the uncle baffled completely?

As for the lady, what can you tell us?
Surely the uncle sees and is jealous.

Highly explosive, her ammunition
Hurtles her husband to the physician.

Careful, be busy . . . someone is coming!
Short intermission . . . busy, busy . . .
Money to burn . . .
There is that nephew . . .
Listen and learn! *(exeunt)*

(Malatesta enters)

MALATESTA: Bravo! This urgent call from Pasquale
Would puzzle no detective.
The secret note about the rendezvous
Has been effective.

Here he comes! Oh, so pale, so emaciated,
I'd hardly recognize him
Like a balloon deflated,
And all because he followed doctor's orders.

(Pasquale enters)

PASQUALE: O brother-in-law! Just look at me!
A shadow barely breathing,

MALATESTA: Tell your story before you throw the book at me.

PASQUALE: To think a momentary indiscretion
Has brought about my ruin.
If only I'd given Norina to Ernesto!

MALATESTA: (Ah, it looks like a shoo in!)
Tell me, and start from scratch.

PASQUALE: Half a year's total income
She's already spent on ruffs and ribbons.
But that is nothing . . .

MALATESTA: What next?

PASQUALE: The lively lady sets her mind on the theatre.
I explain that it's not proper.
Do you think that will stop her
She merely snickers.
I order . . . she lifts her hand . . .
The room then flickers.

MALATESTA: Dares to slap you?

PASQUALE: Dares to slap me, in a nutshell.
This I could handle,
But here's the bitter climax -- a letter.

MALATESTA: You've endured so much hell?
You amaze me! I'm astounded! Little sister!
So sweet, so mild, so gentle.

PASQUALE: Sweet enough when she's with you - -
The little blister.

MALATESTA: Could she be guilty? I don't believe it's true.

PASQUALE: No matter. I'm convinced enough for two.
We are not playing in an operetta:
I've summoned you to witness my vendetta!

MALATESTA: Yes, yes, but think it over.

PASQUALE: The scene for me is vivid.
I'll describe it. Sit down here.

MALATESTA: I am seated. So let's hear it.

PASQUALE

Tip-toe, tip-toe, like the hunter,
We will creep into the garden,
With the servants then surround them,
Not a sound from our maneuver.

So we pounce upon the lovers!
Quick, before the wench recovers,
With the crime we thus confront her,
And we drag her off to court.

MALATESTA

Not s fast -- we mustn't blunder.
Understand, a heavy hand'll
Merely start a nasty scandal.
We *alone* go under cover
Where we overhear the session;
Thus we force a full confession.

She will blush and plead for pardon;
You are hard 'n stop her short.
She'll repent for her transgression;
You relent, so ends the sport.

PASQUALE: Placidly, as if contritely,
You would let her off so lightly?

MALATESTA: Do remember she's my sister.

PASQUALE: I'll not pardon nor condone her;
This is my house -- I'm the owner!
And the word from here is "Out!"

**MALATESTA: This affair is very subtle, very subtle, very subtle.
Your approach is too, too brutal, too, too brutal.**

**PASQUALE: Maybe brutal, perhaps unsubtle, but –
She must leave the house tonight, tonight!**

**MALATESTA: But a scandal's bound to follow
That will turn your triumph hollow.**

PASQUALE: Doesn't matter . . . doesn't matter . . .

**MALATESTA: Still I must say,
Not the best way.
Better methods, milder measures we should seek.**

**PASQUALE: So you must say,
Not the best way.
But the blow, the blow was landed on my cheek.
What's the answer?**

MALATESTA: Ah, Eureka!

**PASQUALE: Have you found it? Say it, say it!
Let me hear it.**

**MALATESTA:
In the garden, there we crouch into position,
Overhear the conversation.
If it fits the accusation
You can oust her on the spot.**

**PASQUALE:
Bravo, bravo, bravo, bravo!
That's the answer. We'll surprise her!
In the garden my revenge will reach fruition.**

**Gift unexpected,
Handed with pleasure!
Measure for measure,
Sweet the revenge is.**

**Swift, undetected,
Closer and closer,
Till the flame sings –
Now for the jump!**

No matter then a fit
Of fuss and flattery,
And little benefit
To con and counterfeit.
Assault and battery
Is my account of it.
I want no artifice
Nor any part of this.

The time is past for aid
Of tears and masquerade.
Revenge is sweeter now
For I defeat her now.
The dye is cast
And I shall play the trump!

MALATESTA

(This poor old devil
Dreams of revenges;
Little he gauges
What's on the fringes.

In vain he rages:
Fortune has tricked him,
Picked him the victim
Of his own trap.)

O let him strut about,
But there is little he
Will care to gloat about.
And so the wit 'll be
Him the middle, he
A man of density
Who doesn't tend to see
That fate unshakeable
Is saving yet for him
The unmistakable
And nasty turnabout
He's soon to learn about.

So full of fantasy,
He's not the man to see
The trap is set for him
And soon to snap.

PASQUALE

O the pleasure to surprise her!

MALATESTA

**You can oust her on the spot!
Creepy, creepy.**

PASQUALE

Foxy, foxy,

MALATESTA

Like a hunter

PASQUALE

Like a hunter

MALATESTA

Undercover

PASQUALE

We'll overhear it,

MALATESTA

Every whisper.

PASQUALE

Then we swoop down upon the lovers!

No matter then a fit, *etc.*

MALATESTA (*sung simultaneously*)

O let him strut about, *etc.*

PASQUALE

**Sweet the revenge is!
Closer and closer,
Now for the jump!**

MALATESTA

**In vain he rages.
Little he knows
Who's holding the trump.**

PASQUALE

Now for the jump!

MALATESTA
We play the trump!

(Gleefully, they leave together.)

In the garden later that night, between the hours of nine and ten, we approach the climax of an eventful day. Eagerly awaiting a secret rendezvous with Norina, Ernesto is alone with a small chorus.

Scene: the garden, later that night. Ernesto enters, guitar in hand. A small chorus stands discreetly in the background

ERNESTO

QuickTime™ and a
decompressor
are needed to see this picture.

**The moon in sail
Let's down her modest veil.**

**The stars approve
The sweet languor of love;
My own, then why
Are you so long away?**

**Come, let the breeze persuade
In whispered chorus,
Whose am'rous serenade
Is throbbing for us.**

**Too soon the night will die –
Then no returning.
In vain, too late we sigh ==
Then the glare of morning.**

**The fragrant night inspires
The breeze so amorous
To sigh more fervently
Its song for us.**

**My serenade
To such music aspires.
Cruel Nina, why
Do you not come to me?**

**Too soon the night will die –
Then no returning.
In vain, too late we sigh ==
Then the glare of morning.**

(Norina joins him)

ERNESTO & NORINA

QuickTime™ and a
decompressor
are needed to see this picture.

**Turn like the loving turtle,
Coo like the dove, I adore you.
Rain that restores the myrtle,
Sheer happiness pours on my heart.**

**One tender smile will refreshen
And lift my spirit's oppression.
Joy I find only near you,
Torment when far apart.**

(Pasquale and Malatesta creep in. Ernesto escapes.)

PASQUALE: There they are! Just as I said.

MALATESTA: Let's wait and listen . . .

PASQUALE: *(pouncing)* Ha, you're caught!

NORINA: Muggers! O help me!
Assaulted! O help me!

PASQUALE: Quiet, quiet. Where's your lover?

NORINA: *(innocently)* Who?

PASQUALE: The man with arms around you,
Whispering in the shadows.

NORINA: You surprise me! Still reading novels?
I was here alone.

MALATESTA: (The face for poker.)

PASQUALE: Don't try to get around me.
I'll hunt until I find him. (*Pasquale makes an unsuccessful search.*)

NORINA: As I told you, no man was here with me.
Perhaps you dreamt it.

PASQUALE: In the garden so late, What were you doing?

NORINA: Night air I find refreshing.

PASQUALE: Hussy, expect no pity!

MALATESTA (*quietly, to Pasquale*) (Don Pasquale, let me take on the case.
Give me support, just nod, go with it. No contradictions.)

PASQUALE: (Do attempt it.)

NORINA: (Now for the nitty-gritty!)

MALATESTA (*softly, to Norina*)
(Curled lip, flare the nostrils . . . Be prima donna!)
Now sister, do listen;
I'm speaking for your own good.
Above all, let's avoid a collision.

NORINA: This is insulting!

MALATESTA: (Bravissimo!) To grace your house from now on,
A new bride will share your position.

NORINA: Another woman? He'd dare degrade me?

MALATESTA: (Come, raise a tempest! Summon fire and fury!)

NORINA: Who is this bride?

MALATESTA: Ernesto's dear Norina.

NORINA: Not that cat, that coquette, that screaming hyena!

PASQUALE: (Doctor, how clever.)

MALATESTA: (Give me some back-up)

NORINA: It's me or her, one or the other.
Norina living under my own rooftop?
No, never! I'd sooner pack up!

PASQUALE: (What an inspired idea!)

NORINA: But not so hasty. This may be just a hoax.
That marriage sounds fishy.
I'll know the truth before budging.

MALATESTA: Of course, dear. Don Pasquale, only one way.
You've no choice but to wed them, without fudging.
If not, she's here to stay.

PASQUALE: (I will go crazy!)

MALATESTA: Ah, come out here! Ernesto! Ernesto!

ERNESTO: (*promptly reappearing*) Here I am!

MALATESTA: Good news! Your uncle has consented.
He offers you Norina,
And a wedding present of seven thousand crowns.

ERNESTO: Ah, dearest uncle! Is it true?

MALATESTA: (Hesitation looks suspicious. Nod, answer yes.)

NORINA: I forbid it!

PASQUALE: Then I'm all for it! Yes, indeed! Wed Norina!
Go, bring her here and you can marry her tomorrow.

MALATESTA: Calm now, and steady: she's here already!

PASQUALE: How's that? Explain yourself.

MALATESTA: Sir, meet Norina!

PASQUALE: That is Norina? This is a con, then.
Where is Sofronia?

MALATESTA: Still in the convent.

PASQUALE: What of my marriage?

MALATESTA: It was a phony,
Plotted to spare you a real matrimony.

PASQUALE: Ah, knaves and rascals all!
(Can I be dreaming? Heaven be praised!)

NORINA: Pardon, forgive me. Be a good fellow.

ERNESTO: Uncle, forgive, forgive! Be a good fellow.

PASQUALE: Bitter the pill that cures.
No, I'll not fight you; glad to unite you.
Take her, she's YOURS!!!

MALATESTA: Bravo, bravo, Don Pasquale!
For your folly points a moral.

NORINA:
With so cheeky a finale,
Happy for all, who can quarrel?
Your attention: I say simply,
Time runs nimbly, does not wait.
Old and creaky, like Pasquale,
Do be wary when you marry.
Melancholy is the fate
Of those who tarry till so late.

TUTTI:
The Don was down, but comes the dawn:
Our play is done.

THE END

