

PISANO: Who?

MARTIN: There's a woman over there!

THOMAS: Sweet Dulcinea awaits me!

MARTIN: I wrote the book! That means she's mine.
I'm going to make you a donkey!

ERIFILA: (*Aside.*) There's only one way out of this...
(*She emerges clad in leaves.*) Help me, God in heaven! Justice!

MARTIN and THOMAS kneel.

THOMAS: Dulcinea!

MARTIN: Sweet forest nymph!
Do you fancy a part in a book?

ERIFILA: Oh kind sirs, help me, I beg you.
A poor maiden in deep distress
who has been robbed of her jewels
and her clothes and left here for dead.

PISANO: Then we have arrived just in time.

VALERIO: I swear I took her for an inmate.

ERIFILA: Scarcely had I come to this fair place
when a highwayman, a bandit
set about me.

THOMAS: My poor lady!

ERIFILA: What?

THOMAS: Stand still I beg you.

ERIFILA: What for?

THOMAS: So that I may do you homage.
My knightly pursuits demand it.

ERIFILA: I had enough knightly pursuits
from Leonato. Get off me!

PISANO: No, she's not an inmate of ours
though I'm quite sure she soon will be.
Such intemperance!

ERIFILA: Can you blame me?
(To VALERIO.) Kind sir, you are a gentleman,
and can see the distress I am in.
Everything I had has been taken.

MARTIN: Even her brainpan's been ransacked.

ERIFILA: My jewels were worth a fortune,
a king's ransom in emeralds.

PISANO: That's it: that's the locus dementis.
'Every wiseman hath his problem,
every madman his obsession.'
It holds true of madwomen too.

THOMAS: Who's Leonato? Your lover?

ERIFILA: I'd kill any man said he was.

THOMAS: Harsh words spoken to your sworn knight,
one who lives and breathes for his lady.

PISANO: Thomas!

MARTIN: Does she know who you are?

ERIFILA: He doesn't even know who he is!

MARTIN: I'll have her after.

ERIFILA: You'll do what?
If you were knights or gentlemen,
one of you would give me a cape
so that I may cover myself
and be on my way.

PISANO: She's cunning.
At times she seems to reason well,
but the source of her madness is clear.
Grab her!

ERIFILA: Grab me? What have I done?

PISANO: Go on, grab her!

ERIFILA: You try it, knight,
 and you'll never right another wrong.

THOMAS: Moorish whore! Prison for you!

ERIFILA: Prison? Why prison in God's name?
 What have I done to merit this abuse?
 There's not a drop of common sense
 among the whole damned crew of you.

PISANO: Take an arm each.

ERIFILA: I came for help,
 I told you that I had been robbed...
 Is this your idea of justice?
 What sort of place is Valencia?

PISANO: You'll come to thank us for this act.
 Your tortured mind's oblivious
 to the concern we feel for you.

ERIFILA: So why are you kidnapping me
 and taking me to a madhouse?
 I was robbed! My jewels and my clothes!

PISANO: (*To VALERIO.*) The locus dementis... never fails.
 (*Loudly.*) You must tell that to the doctor.

ERIFILA: Would it not make a lot more sense
 to arrest the robber and not the robbed?

PISANO: This obsession clearly runs deep.

MARTIN: Giddy up.

ERIFILA: Get your hands off me!
 Robbed and imprisoned in one day!
 I can't believe this.

The two madmen lead her away.
