

THOMAS: He's thirty, give or take a year.

FLORIANO: Do they know where the... varlet... is?

THOMAS: By the hair of my beard, they don't.

FLORIANO: Where are they now?

THOMAS: They've gone inside.

FLORIANO: I've a mind to see that portrait.

You wait here.

THOMAS: Don't say I told you.

It's supposed to be a secret.

FLORIANO: I won't breathe a word to a soul.

THOMAS: Orlando, my favourite squire.

*Exit FLORIANO.*

## Scene 12

*Enter ERIFILA, her wrists manacled.*

ERIFILA: Thomas, what are you doing here?

THOMAS: My Lady, how did you escape?

ERIFILA: Martin was working on his book  
and he suddenly keeled over.

THOMAS: He does that; authors often do.  
If Pisano finds you out here  
he'll have your lovely guts for garters.

ERIFILA: He's already got me in chains  
like some rabid dog.

THOMAS: He'll beat you.  
Though God knows it would be a sin.

ERIFILA: Do you think I'm pretty, Thomas?

THOMAS: As pretty as the moon and stars,  
and if I weren't mad already...  
We could get married so we could!  
I'm...

ERIFILA: Martin says you're Don Quijote.

THOMAS: I say that to keep him happy.  
Because if I'm not Don Quijote  
then how can he be Cervantes?  
It's simple. I'm the King of Spain.

ERIFILA: Then I pledge to your majesty...

THOMAS: What? What?

ERIFILA: That I will marry you.

THOMAS: Now?

ERIFILA: When broken shells make Christmas bells.

THOMAS: I don't want to wait to Christmas!

ERIFILA: Well, if there was a priest here now...

THOMAS: A priest? I'll fetch a cardinal!

ERIFILA: Orlando has taken orders!  
Go and find him. He'll marry us.

THOMAS: Give me your hand.

ERIFILA: My hands are chained.

THOMAS: By God, I'll free you from your chains!

ERIFILA: Just go and look for Orlando.

THOMAS: Orlando, my favourite squire,  
a priest... who would have believed it?  
You'll be a cardinal, my boy!

*Exit THOMAS.*