

# CLOTALDO

Oh, I have so much to tell you. See me later. We have plans to discuss. Travelers, I give you pardon.

*Exit King Gasilio.*

CLOTALDO. Great lord, may you live a thousand centuries! You're free, mijo! And you, too.

CLARIN. Incredible! But for real, where's the bathroom?

ROSAURA. Clotaldo, I cannot thank you enough. You have given me life, and for that I am eternally your slave--

CLOTALDO. You owe me nothing. When a man of good birth has been affronted, a vile life is no life at all. However, I believe it's time the promise of this sword is fulfilled. (*Hands her the sword*) When dyed in the blood of your enemy, it will avenge you fully. And I will honorably help in any way I can.

ROSAURA. I've come from El Lago de Toluca to Vallarta to avenge myself for an affront. In your name, I gird it for the second time, and swear on it my revenge, no matter how powerful he may be.

CLOTALDO. Is he very much so?

ROSAURA. More than I dare say.

CLOTALDO. A strong knight, is it?

ROSAURA. No, sir. When faced with a little baby who wields merely a soiled diaper, he falls to his knees in despair.

CLOTALDO. A ship's captain, then?

ROSAURA. I doubt it, sir. He vomits in his hat on an ancient mule, let alone upon the vicious sea. His only power lies in a tongue that weaves silky webs of seduction.

CLOTALDO. He's not a noble, is he?

ROSAURA. I'm afraid so, sir.

CLOTALDO. What is he, a Lord?

ROSAURA. No.

CLOTALDO. Human resources?

ROSAURA. Higher.

CLOTALDO. Blasted, boy. Who is he you've sworn revenge upon?

ROSAURA. Astolfo, Former Assistant Manager of the Whole Foods in El Lago de Toluca, where I work as a humble cashier. I heard tell that he traveled here on a reconnaissance mission.

CLOTALDO. You're out for the blood of the Carne King's successor!?

ROSAURA. *(She stops.)* Astolfo is what, now?

CLOTALDO. The man is of noble blood. He can't have affronted you.

ROSAURA. But he did, sir.

CLOTALDO. Even if he insolently slapped you in the face, his station gives him power--

ROSAURA. The affront to me, Clotaldo, was greater than any slap.

CLOTALDO. What was it, boy? This is a most serious allegation and must be brought into the light without further delay.

ROSAURA. You've been so good to me... All I can tell you is... these external trappings of mine that you see are a riddle. The one they clothe isn't what it seems.

*She removes a piece of clothing, revealing that she's a she. Clotaldo is stunned and puts the pieces together, that she is his daughter.*

CLOTALDO. This can't be real.

ROSAURA. But it is. And I am. And you are. And Astolfo is. If I'm not what I seem and Astolfo's not what he seems and perhaps you're not what you seem and if Segismundo is not what he seems...I've said too much. Forgive me, Clotaldo, I must go. Come, Clarin.

*Rosaura starts to exit.*

CLOTALDO. Lady... Let's just be who we are. For example, I'm dumb as chicharon but loyal. If I pretended to be as smart as carnitas, people would know. Then, I'm still loyal but I'm a liar. Don't fight who you are. Don't be chicharon. La vida es sueño, sabes? You just gotta be yourself, ya know? And everything will be as it seems. Or as we've always--ALWAYS wanted it to be.

*She smiles sweetly at him. He smiles back.*

CUT TO: