

Call Back Side for HOTEL MANAGER, CRISPÍN and LEANDRO

Hotel Manager: (*Inside the Hotel.*) Who's there? What's all the commotion? You can't have been waiting long.

Crispín: For ages! People were right to inform us that this is a shabby hotel for gentry.

Hotel Manager: (*Coming out of the Hotel with attendants.*) Keep it down. This isn't some boarding house, but a luxury hotel, and very great gentlemen have stayed here.

Crispín: I'd like to see who you call great. Nobodies. You only have to look at those doormen, who can't recognise people of consequence, and stand there like oafs neglecting our needs.

Hotel Manager: By God, you're impertinent!

Leandro: My manservant is overly zealous. Your hotel is fine for the short time I'll stay. Prepare one room for me immediately and another for my man, and spare your words.

Hotel Manager: I beg your pardon, sir. If only you had spoken first ... Gentlemen are always more tempered than their menials.

Crispín: My kind employer puts up with anything; but I know his needs, and I won't tolerate shoddy things. Conduct us to his rooms.

Hotel Manager: Didn't you bring any luggage?

Crispín: Do you think our luggage is some student's satchel to be brought by hand, or that my employer himself would transport a bevy of trunks, which are

coming behind us, or that he is going to stay in this city a minute longer than necessary for the secret mission with which he's entrusted ...?

Leandro: Will you be quiet? What secrets can I have with you around? I swear that ... if anyone discovers me because of your unruly tongue ...! (*He threatens to hit him with his walking stick.*)

Crispín: Help! He'll kill me! (*Running away.*)

Hotel Manager: (*Getting between Leandro and Crispín.*) Stop, sir!

Leandro: Let me punish him, I hate nothing more than a loose tongue.

Hotel Manager: Don't punish him, sir!

Leandro: Let me, let me, or he'll never learn! (*As he goes to hit him, Crispín hides behind the Hotel Manager, who receives the beating.*)

Crispín: (*Moaning.*) Ay, ay, ay!

Hotel Manager: Ay, says me, I got it full force!

Leandro: (*To Crispín.*) See what you did; this poor man got your beating. Ask his forgiveness!

Hotel Manager: That's unnecessary. I forgive him gladly. (*To the doormen.*) Why are you standing there? Make up the rooms we keep for the Italian Ambassador, and prepare a meal for this gentleman. (*To Leandro.*) And can you tell me your name, where you're from, and your purpose ...?

Leandro: My aide will tell you ... And learn not to importune me with questions ... (*He goes into the hotel.*)

Crispín: That's a good one! Daring to question my employer? If you want him even for an hour in your hotel, don't say another word.

Hotel Manager: You must understand I'm bound by severe ordinances.

Crispín: Don't you ordinance my boss! You don't know who you have in your establishment, and if you did you wouldn't be so impertinent!