

Don Giovanni

[Il dissoluto punito, ossia Il Don Giovanni]

(The Rake Punished, or Don Giovanni)

PepsiCo Summerfare 1987 Production

Dramma Giocoso in Two Acts
by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Libretto by Lorenzo da Ponte
sung in the original Italian

Conductor: Craig Smith
Stage Director: Peter Sellars
Set Designer: George Tsypin
Costume Designer: Dunya Ramicova
Lighting Designer: James F. Ingalls
Assistant Director: Roald Simonson

Cast

Don Giovanni . . . Kurt Ollmann
Leporello . . . Elmore James
Donna Anna . . . Ana Gloria Vazquez
Donna Elvira . . . Lorraine Hunt
Don Ottavio . . . John Daniecki
Masetto, and Commendatore . . . Jose Garcia
Zerlina . . . Janet Brown
Don Giovanni's four companions . . . Omar Carter, Christopher Fisher,
David A. Neumann, Garfield White
Small Girl . . . Dyana Linn

Festival Chorus

Soprano: Elizabeth Acosta, Cathy Sessions, Naomi Atami, Monique Phinney
Alto: Adelè Robbins, P.J. Nelson, Susan Altabet
Tenor: Leon Wheeler, David Sabella, Lee Winston, David Smith
Bass: Brian Powell, Beauris Whitehead, David M. Asch, Phillip Sneed, Brian Hurst

Repetiteur: June Marano-Murray
Chorus-master: David Düsing
Festival Orchestra Manager: Peggy Pearson
Production Stage Manager: Charles Otte
Technical Director Cosmo Catalano
Assistants to Mr. Ingalls: Michael Lincoln, Karl Haas
Stage Manager: Carol Avery

First performed at what is now The Tyl Theatre in Prague on October 29, 1787

There will be one intermission of fifteen minutes

The mandolin is played by Daniel Banner

July 15, 17, 23, 25, 29, 31 at 8 pm & July 19, Aug 2 at 2:30 pm, Theatre B

WELCOME

Good evening and welcome. Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was first performed under rather trying circumstances to huge public acclaim in Prague. The premiere had to be postponed twice. Some of the singers were difficult, and technically things were a bit of a mess -- on account of the last scene the whole production went over budget. The work was written quickly, with, so legend has it, the ink still wet on the orchestra parts of the overture on opening night. It was instantly one of the world's most volcanic masterpieces, provoking protracted debate on questions of interpretation and social and artistic principles. It is clear from subsequent revisions that Mozart himself continued to wrestle with the piece. Who knows what it is? It is much too big for any of us mortals. This production is the fruit of specific circumstances; of course, along with the rest of the world, we are wrestling with the piece, and no doubt will continue to revise as we go along. But hopefully each step counts.

A couple of details from the first production have guided us here. The first cast was, generally speaking, quite young. Luigi Bassi, the first *Don Giovanni*, was at the time 22 years old. The first *Donna Anna*, Teresa Saporiti, was 24 years old. And Mozart chose to double the roles of *Masetto* and the *Commendatore*, which certainly gives rise to an interesting dramatic speculation.

To those who object to the absence or alteration of certain details of the setting, I would rather like to say, with the spirit of the *Commendatore*, "Non si pasce di cibo mortale chi si pasce di cibo celeste; altre cure, piu gravi di queste, altra brama quaggiu mi guido!" In general I have tended to ignore most stage directions that were not copied in Mozart's hand into the score, and we have worked as directly as possible with fine shades of meaning in the sung text and its orchestral accompaniment. Because for all of its unfathomability there are an awful lot of available facts in the score.

One must imagine what it was like for Mozart to open an opera this way -- the curtain rises on a pop tune (within a year it was all over Europe, the subject of countless sets of variations by other composers) which is abruptly shattered mid-phrase by a shockingly intense symphonic trio which is in turn moments later undercut by the sudden hushed undertow of the death of the *Commendatore*. No introduction, no exposition. Within five minutes we have been taken on a journey that we expect from the opening of a Steven Spielberg movie, not an 18th century opera. (Although unlike most Steven Spielberg movies or 18th century operas, it is truly merry, tortured, passionate, terrifying, and other-worldly.)

The shapes are odd. Ambitious, large-scale structures alternate with bits and slivers of music. Almost every concerted piece in the opera starts or ends ambiguously: rhythmically off balance, or as a mumble, a blur, or a suspicion. Major plot points are not at all clear, and the motives of the characters are disturbingly muddled.

W.J. Turner has written with reference to this opera, "Mozart was a constant offender against what was considered good taste in his day and against what is still considered good taste today." The choice of unpleasant subject matter obviously had a bit to do with Mozart's poor standing in court circles in Vienna. (One of the early reviews: "the music pleased the experts greatly; the action did not.") As Charles Rosen has pointed out, the setting of the words "Viva la liberta!" as a stirring C major military march two years before the French Revolution was not only a calculated affront to an aristocratic public, but genuinely seditious and ironic all at once.

Again Da Ponte achieved a high point in the history of opera and in his own career. The language is brutal and direct and yet endlessly fascinating for its dark corners and hidden recesses and secret longings. He claims to have written the libretto at night, imagining Dante's *Inferno* before him as inspiration. His portrayal of damned lovers and errant spirits is clearly Dantean; and the recurring images of lost souls whirling in confusion come directly from the pages of the *Divine Comedy* (which, logically, makes Giotto one of the most important starting points for our set.)

The time and place scheme of the action is rather problematic. It didn't make sense then and it doesn't make sense now. We have compressed the action into a single night, starting at midnight and lasting till 4am that morning, or eternity -- whichever comes first.

PETER SELLARS

NOTES

by Craig Smith
July 13, 1987

In Prague, on a narrow little side street, one can see small plaques on two houses directly across the street from each other. They mark the houses where Mozart and Lorenzo da Ponte lived while working on *Don Giovanni*. The local myth is that the two men could be heard late into the night shouting across the street to each other about details of the libretto. Even if the story is apocryphal, that lively sense of genuine interaction and real grappling with the moral and dramatic issues permeates the work.

It is obvious that there is much that is mythic about *Don Giovanni*, but far too much has been made of qualities of caricature that supposedly have been found in the opera's protagonists, especially Donna Elvira and Donna Anna. Particularly incomprehensible is the perception that Donna Elvira's plight is somehow humorous. All of her arias and particularly the trio and quartet tell us of the sublimity of true and sincere love in opposition to *Don Giovanni*'s brittle lust. The characters in this opera all act amazingly as real people would when put in these situations.

The music is of remarkable range and variety. As if to make that clear from the beginning, Mozart has written an overture of two violently different characters, welded together virtually without transition. Both finales are in the mould of the *Figaro* finales. This similarity goes so far as each first finale including a hushed slow section before the final onslaught. In the case of *Don Giovanni*, it is the moment when Giovanni accuses Leporello of the rape of Zerlina. This is the clear counterpart to the wonderful moment in *The Marriage of Figaro* where the count questions Figaro about Cherubino. Two more different situations in opera could hardly be imagined, yet the same structure contains the drama. These edifices that Mozart built seem not only infinitely powerful but capable of infinite detail.

The editions in the performance you will hear include both the music for the original Prague production and also the three concerted pieces with adjacent recitatives written for the Vienna premiere. Two of these additions, Ottavio's "Dalla sua pace" and Elvira's "Mi tradi" are commonly heard. The third, a wonderful comic duet for Zerlina and Leporello, is oddly usually deleted. For the Vienna performance Mozart carefully revised and cut the score. Many of the cuts are inexplicable and no doubt reflect the strengths and weaknesses of the individual singers in the Vienna production. The most significant cut, however, is of 61 bars in the middle of the *Scena Ultima*. This is all of the music reconciling the two couples. This cut clearly represents a dramatic rethinking of the situation by Mozart and Da Ponte. We are making this cut because we feel it reflects a much more accurate picture of Mozart's last thought on the subject and shows greater insight in the inability of these characters to find easy solutions to their situations. Clearly this is not only Mozart's greatest but also his most problematic finale.

NOTES

by Peter Sellars
July 15, 1987

A man on a street corner sings to himself to pass the time. "Night and day I'm killing myself for someone who takes pleasure in nothing." His song is a dream

of money, glamour, and total independence. A woman's voice shatters the night: "Never hope, unless you kill me, that I will let you go." And the inevitable male rejoinder: "insane woman, stop screaming, you will never know who I am." Leporello, Donna Anna, and Don Giovanni. Anna is transformed into a desperate fury, and two men's minds flash on a giant precipice. A fourth voice: the girl's father (the "Commendatore"), waking to the sound of screams, challenges the intruder on his doorstep. Fifty seconds later he is dead.

"Who is dead - you or the old man?" Leporello asks Giovanni in all seriousness. "Shut up. Don't irritate me. Let's get of here," is the reply.

Anna returns with Ottavio, an undercover policeman who lives in the same apartment building. He has been her steady boy friend for a few years now. They are confronted with her father's dead body. Mozart chronicles the series of reactions, shock and recognition in real time. Ottavio asks bystanders to help with the body. He doesn't know who to ask to help with the desperate woman he deeply loves. As he tells Anna that he lives only for her, strange pangs of conscience merge with her acute loss and desolation. If she had not been seeing another man, her father would not be dead now. How can she tell this to Ottavio? "Where is my father?" She keeps asking. "You can have both a father and a husband in me," Ottavio promises her. Suddenly she plunges him into a secret revenge pact. No rules are provided. Hundreds of emotions break in their hearts like waves.

Leporello has something extremely important to tell his boss: You are living a rotten life. Shut up and we can be friends replies Giovanni. Some guys show up and right away Giovanni starts entertaining them with a story about a new conquest he is about to make when, wait a minute, he smells girls. Leporello admires his perfect smelling apparatus - "he's already on fire."

The girl smell turns out to belong to Elvira, arriving pale and haggard from the bus station. She is looking for Giovanni. When she finds him she will carve out his heart.

She finds him. Furious and heartbroken, she accuses him of seducing her to the point where she became hopelessly in love with him, declaring them to be man and wife, and finally abandoning her after three days in Portchester. Giovanni makes himself scarce.

Console yourself, advises Leporello. You neither are nor were nor will be the first or the last. And producing a small address book, he presents her with the facts: 640 Italians, 231 Germans, 100 French, 91 Turkish, and 1003 Hispanics; in the suburbs and in the city, motel chambermaids, princesses, every grade, every shape, and every age. These numbers don't seem so incredible. One AIDS patient has spoken recently of having had some 300 separate sexual contacts a year. At the end of his recital Leporello confesses the darker secret: Giovanni's greatest preference is for young, underage girls, twelve and thirteen years old. So wake up, he advises her, fixing her in the eye. Although we may never know who he is, you know exactly what it is that he does.

We catch the newlyweds Masetto and Zerlina at the end of a long night of wedding celebrations. Zerlina tells the crowd "Young girls, made for love, don't let time pass you by. If you feel the burning in your heart, you know where the remedy lies. What pleasure, what pleasure there will be." Masetto adds, "The fun doesn't last long but for me it is just beginning."

Giovanni arrives and insists that the party continue at his "palace". He tells Leporello to take Masetto on ahead while he chats with Zerlina. Masetto points out that Zerlina now goes with him. Giovanni tells Masetto to watch out, if he can't take a joke, he may repent it later. To Masetto there is no joke. He understands exactly what Giovanni wants to do. He attacks both Zerlina and Giovanni in hot and cool flashes and finally leaves in a rage.

Giovanni and Zerlina are left alone. Giovanni confesses wanting to marry Zerlina at that instant. "You will give me your hand and say yes and we will go away from here, together. I could change your destiny." Zerlina feels increasingly like having her destiny changed. Two lonely and frightened people long to taste again the pain of innocent love.

Elvira explodes on the scene. "Leave this traitor. Don't let him say another thing. His lips are lying, his eyes are false. Learn from my torments."

The devil himself seems to be frustrating Giovanni's every move. Ottavio is leaving the house with Anna. He has finally convinced her that it is time to take this case to the police. She sees Giovanni. Both of them freeze. She coolly asks for his friendship. He is relieved that she is not going to make a scene in front of Ottavio. He plays along with a little too much dramatic flair. "Why are you weeping?", he asks. And suddenly Elvira returns.

In the quartet that follows, Elvira pleads with Anna not to trust this treacherous man. Anna and Ottavio find that Elvira's pallor and her tears fill them with pity. They discern a noble aspect and a gentle majesty in this fallen woman. "She's crazy, ignore her", counters Giovanni. A certain movement of unknown torment is whirling through the souls of these people. Ottavio will not leave until he has uncovered this affair. Donna Anna knows that the woman is not crazy. Don Giovanni does not want another blow-out. Elvira screams that nothing will remain hidden.

As Giovanni leaves, Donna Anna can no longer restrain herself. She blurts out then and there that Giovanni was her father's murderer. Then begins the long and twisted confession of how he came to be in her room that night. Ottavio listens with mounting incredulity to her tale of how his friend forced his way into her apartment and began to rape her. She airbrushes out several crucial details but this fails to calm Ottavio. As her passion and rage and her guilt erupt uncontrollably he senses that she has been two-timing him. He wants to kill her. Near the peak of hysteria, pleading now for her own life, she demands Ottavio devote himself to avenging her disgrace and bereavement. She leaves in a blaze of vocal fireworks, but a doubt lingers in the orchestra.

Ottavio is left to put the pieces together. "On her peace, mine depends. That which gives her peace, gives me life. That which gives her doubt, gives me death. Her tears are my tears, her wrath, my wrath. I have nothing good in my life if there is no good in hers." Having wanted to kill her, having been charged to kill Giovanni, he would rather now kill himself.

Leporello is reaching his limits. Giovanni's latest unbelievably arrogant gesture of wanting to have a young girl on her wedding night has created a fresh set of unnecessary problems. He describes to Giovanni what it was like to get Masetto and his party really drunk at a bar, how Zerlina and Elvira arrived to take Masetto home, and how he finally pushed Elvira out the back door of the bar and locked it to escape her raving. For Giovanni things are just starting, and his death-wish daring is moving into high gear. He is in the mood for a really big party. He tells Leporello to grab some girls in the street and prepare a feast. There will be lots of dancing, everyone doing their own thing. He will add ten more conquests to the list. His head is boiling.

Coming back from the bar, Masetto and Zerlina break into a fight. She cannot convince him that nothing happened between her and Giovanni. He starts hitting her. "Beat me, Masetto, beat your poor Zerlina. I will stand here like a lamb and wait for your blows. Tear out my hair, gouge my eyes, and then happily I know how to kiss your hand. Peace, peace, oh my life, let us pass our nights and our days in contentment and happiness."

Giovanni's voice is heard calling people to get the party ready. Zerlina is startled and Masetto goes berserk. He determines to use Zerlina as bait to catch Giovanni and to confirm their double game. Giovanni walks out into the street calling on brave people to wake up and come down for refreshments and dancing. Members of his gang break into the grocery store and start the refreshments. Giovanni spots Zerlina standing alone and moves in. Masetto moves out. There is a tense moment as Giovanni returns Zerlina to her owner and, pointing out that the band is down the street, invites them to join the fun. There is a rather shaky cease-fire.

Anna, Ottavio, and Elvira have accepted the Giovanni challenge, and come downstairs dressed to kill. Anna is terrified that they may be digging themselves in deeper. Leporello spots them, admiring their clothes, and repeats Giovanni's invitation to join the dancing down the street. Before they go, they offer their prayers to what they hope is a just heaven. Anna and Ottavio hope that the zeal of their hearts will be protected (or maybe that they will be protected from the zeal of their hearts) and Elvira prays to avenge her betrayed love.

Suddenly the party joins them. Giovanni won't stop with Zerlina, and continues baiting Masetto openly. Just before another fight breaks out Leporello brings everything to a halt and calls attention to the snazzy trio and their fabulous get-ups. They are suddenly quite self-conscious and timidly declare how happy they are to be here. Giovanni then brazenly announces

the theme of tonight's party: "Viva la liberta!" With adrenaline pumping, to the sound of trumpets and drums the trio repeats the phrase until everybody unmistakably gets it. Hey, let's start the dancing, suggests Giovanni. In the course of what follows, to the increasing blur and tension of three simultaneous dance bands, amid the baleful stares of the avenging trio, Giovanni isolates Zerlina, slipping her past the anxiety-ridden gaze of Masetto, and suddenly we hear her screaming. Everyone rushes to her aid, but they are interrupted by Giovanni himself, pointing a gun at Leporello, accusing him of the attempted rape of Zerlina. As frightening as this is, it is also pathetic. No one is exactly taken in, and the party now rushes Giovanni. Zerlina leads the attack - "Everything, everything is already known. Tremble, tremble. The entire world will know of your black misdeeds and your sharp cruelty. Hear the thunder of revenge which whistles around your head on this day. The thunderbolt shall fall." Giovanni is totally lost - there is only confusion in his head - he feels everything going. He tries to keep a grip - he tries not to lose himself, to confuse himself, he tells himself that nothing will make him afraid. If he falls the whole world will come with him.

Act II

Leporello is leaving Giovanni. The latter's attempt to kill him has pushed the bonds of friendship too far. Leporello is not joking.

Giovanni offers Leporello a small gift to keep his interest. Leporello accepts reluctantly. Very much under the influence, Giovanni explains to Leporello that women are more necessary to him than the air he breathes, and that he has nothing but love for them. To be faithful to one would be unfair to all the others. Women just don't know how good he really is. Leporello admits that Giovanni has the most vastly benign nature he has ever known. Giovanni is meanwhile nursing a plot. Claiming to be on the trail of a new conquest, Giovanni insists that it is absolutely crucial that he and Leporello exchange clothes. This seems odd.

Elvira opens a window and stares out into a lonely night. Under cover of darkness, Giovanni sings his heart out to her, awakening strange emotions in her breast. He begs her to come down. She says she will never believe him. He wants to kill himself. He curses his "fertile talent." Leporello feels he should laugh but can't. Elvira doesn't know whether to go or stay. Three people unutterably alone in their desires almost touch.

She descends. Giovanni forces Leporello to stand in the dark as his substitute. Eyes filled with tears, Elvira offers herself to the man in the dark, who, it turns out, can also use some affection. Giovanni watches. If he lived in that jacket he could be home now. Cursing, he sends them off into the night.

He looks again at the now empty window and begins a serenade to his absent love. "Oh come to the window, my treasure, oh come to console my weeping. If you refuse to restore me, I want to die before your eyes. Your mouth is sweeter than honey, half of your heart

is sugar. Don't be cruel with me, my joy, let me at least look at you, young beautiful love." She never comes.

Instead Masetto arrives, with a posse of friends, looking for blood. They have weapons. They will kill Giovanni. In the dark, Giovanni convinces them that he is Leporello and then sends them off to find the real Leporello, giving as precise a description as possible. Giovanni wants Leporello dead. And in the meantime, still disguised as Leporello, he tries to seriously mutilate Masetto, before disappearing into the darkness.

Zerlina thinks she hears the voice of Masetto. He is lying in the street. She is quite angry with him. She told him that all of this crazy jealousy would lead to something very ugly. It hurts a lot. She offers to heal him. She has a natural remedy. It is a balsam she carries with her. He can feel it beating.

Leporello's closeness to Elvira has frightened him. He slips away from her in the dark. Alone, she feels her heart palpitating and is overcome by a fear that makes her feel that she is dying. Leporello, more nervous still, keeps trying a door that will let him escape. In the midst of this the funeral cortege of the Commendatore appears. Ottavio pleads with Anna to dry her eyes and to come out from under the painful shadow of her father and her martyrdom. Anna asks to be left alone. Only death will end her weeping. Elvira is on her way back to her apartment when suddenly there is a commotion. Leporello, still in Giovanni's jacket, has been discovered in the dark by Masetto and Zerlina, then Anna and Ottavio. Elvira begs them to show mercy. "He is my husband." But the quartet will show no mercy. Now that they have found Giovanni, they will kill him. Of course it is not Giovanni they have found at all, but merely a substitute who is already on the tenure-track at Don Giovanni U. A thousand murky thoughts course through Leporello's head as he passes through a dry run of the last judgement. The quintet of pursuers are suddenly forced to examine their own motives as their attempt to cast the first stone is thwarted. In the whirlwind of high anxiety and private doubt each character is confronted by an intimation that there is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed.

Leporello tries to explain that he had nothing to do with the attack on Masetto, that he has spent the last hour walking with Elvira, who he really cares about. "The crime is not mine, but my employer's." Everyone leaves in disgust.

Except for Zerlina, who returns with a kitchen knife determined to avenge the beating of her husband. With the assistance of some nice neighborhood people, she ties him to a chair. Leporello feels the barbarous injustice of the day or night. He feels the tremors of earthquakes as joy and delight fill Zerlina's breast. "This is what you have to do with men", she announces. Then she goes into the house to find Masetto.

Leporello asks his friends for a glass of water. They laugh and move on. But it is essential that he

escapes before Masetto returns with second thoughts. Accordingly, he moves mountains.

Ottavio and Masetto have been working on a plan. Completely distraught, Ottavio asks Zerlina to go into the apartment, to find Anna, and to console her, somehow to staunch her tears. He is still searching for a way to talk to her. "Tell her that I have gone to avenge her wrongs, and that I will only return to her as a messenger of death and destruction." Ottavio and Masetto set to work.

Haunted and restless, Elvira steps onto the porch. "In what excesses, in what horrible misdeeds is he involved? I cannot postpone the wrath of heaven. Already I hear the fatal lightning stroke. The fatal chasm is open before me. Miserable Elvira, what contrasting emotions are growing in your breast? Why these sighs, why this sorrow? He betrayed me, oh God it hurts, but betrayed and abandoned I find that I pity him still. When I feel his danger my heart starts throbbing."

"This is great. Let them look for me. What a beautiful night", thinks Don Giovanni. "Is it late?" Leporello appears. After walking the streets for the last hours he has finally figured out that Giovanni is in fact trying to kill him. Giovanni calls to Leporello. They fight. Again Leporello is going to leave, again Giovanni pours on the seduction, talking animatedly about good times and easy sex while gently twisting the knife. This is interrupted by a celestial voice: "Your laughter will finish before dawn." And then again a moment later the voice returns. A note is dropped from above. It is a note of vengeance from the Commendatore. Don Giovanni looks up and sees the statue. Giovanni orders Leporello to invite the statue to dinner. This is a little too strange for Leporello. Giovanni draws his gun and points it at Leporello. "Talk to him or I'll kill you." Leporello talks to the statue. Leporello swears that the statue is moving. The statue then accepts the invitation to dinner. The men are totally stunned.

Anna comes out of the house for a moment of peace in the night. Ottavio, flushed with success, calls to her, and tells her that she will be avenged. She looks up. "My father, oh God!" And then she sees that it is Ottavio. He offers her everything; but he doesn't understand: why does she keep distancing herself from him? He calls her cruel. "Cruel? Please do not tell me, my idol, that I am cruel to you." And through tears, she reveals to him the secret of her addiction. "Calm your torments, if you would not have me die of grief. Maybe one day heaven will have pity for me again." His entire life is destroyed.

Giovanni arrives for the last supper. "Leporello get the table ready! I'm spending my money, and I want to be entertained!" Leporello has got some of his favorite music on hand: "Cosa Rara", "I Litiganti", and something by Mozart. Giovanni takes huge bites of food, prompting disgust from Leporello. An excellent vintage of wine is served. On the side, Leporello eats pheasant. It is an extremely elegant meal. Don Giovanni tells Leporello not to talk with food in his mouth. Henceforth Leporello will no doubt be a better person. In the meantime Leporello confesses that Giovanni's cook is just too good to resist.

The new Elvira arrives. She will clean up her life, and as the ultimate proof of her love, she will help Giovanni to do the same. He insults her and becomes sarcastic. She cannot believe the hardness of his heart. "Let me eat", he says, "And if you like, eat with me. Long live women, long live good wine, the support and glory of humanity!" She leaves, hurt, sad, and revolted.

We hear her scream in the hall. Leporello goes to investigate. We hear his scream. When he returns he is so frightened that he can barely talk. A tremendous knocking is heard. Finally Giovanni opens the door. "Don Giovanni, you invited me to dinner, and now I am come." Giovanni orders Leporello to prepare another table setting, but Leporello replies that "We are all dead men." "Stop a moment," the command rings out, "those who have tasted the food of heaven do not eat the food of mortals. Another preparation more grave than that, another longing has guided me down here." Giovanni: "Speak, what do you want? I'm waiting." "You invited me to dinner, and now you know your duty: respond to me, respond to me: will you come to dine with me now? Resolve yourself." "I am resolved." "Will you come?" "My heart is fixed in my breast. I have no fear. I will come." "Give me your hand as a pledge." "Oh God, what freezing is this?" "Repent, change your life, it is the final moment." "No, I won't repent. Go away from me!" "Repent!" "No!" "Repent!" "No! No!" "Then there is no more time." There is fire in diverse places, the dead rise from their graves. "For your crimes you have suffered little; there is worse to come." Giovanni feels the spirit tear him.

We find the souls of Anna, Elvira, Zerlina, Ottavio, and Masetto in Purgatory, still waiting for their moment of vengeance to arrive. Meanwhile Leporello is trying to explain to friends what just happened. "There's no hope of retrieving him, there's nowhere to look, he's gone far away. But it's not possible, it's not possible, it's not possible." The souls are meanwhile crying out for knowledge. Leporello is still jabbering about fire and smoke and men of stone as the shivering souls feel the shadow of a spirit pass over them. They all sense that Giovanni has arrived in the realm of Pluto and Proserpine. Shaken, Masetto, Zerlina and Leporello begin to pray, knowing that salvation begins with the chanting of a very ancient song. Six voices move and blend in the harmony of a mass: "This is the end of those who do evil. Their death will be equal to their life."
