

Fuente Ovejuna

By Lope de Vega

Adapted by Barbara Fuchs

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Characters:

Mingo/Storyteller, villager

Laurencia, villager, our young heroine

Fronoso, villager, in love with her

Pascuala, villager, Laurencia's friend

Esteban, villager and mayor of Fuente Ovejuna, Laurencia's father

Comendador, imperious and greedy, a cross between Cookie Monster and your political nightmare

Secretary, long suffering, always shadowing either the King/Queen or the Comendador

Queen Isabel

King Fernando (may double with Comendador)

Notes:

Three or so audience members can be invited on stage to play villagers and/or sheep, with an actor designated to guide them as necessary. This is a play about collective action, so 3 or 4 additional villagers (or even sheep!) would be great, perhaps selected before the show begins, or as volunteers when it starts. Stage directions and production notes are offered for your consideration—feel free to use or not as you wish. Songs can be set to any simple tune, and accompanied by whatever musicians you can call on. Music can also mark the transitions between locations, with a distinct musical hallmark for the town, the palace, and the woods. Conversely, songs can just be chanted if no musicians are available. Scene names could be announced or projected to further orient the audience, if necessary. Or not.

Young audiences can also do simple craft activities before the show and then see their work on stage:

—construction-paper sheep cut-outs can be decorated with cotton balls, etc., then hung on a wire across the back of the stage.

—a simple chain garland of many colors (links of construction paper, precut) can be glued together to make the wedding decorations.

The Storyteller can then praise the audience's creations.

Fuente Ovejuna

[Music]

I. Introductions

[Villagers are on stage as lights come up.]

[Enter Mingo/Storyteller]

Mingo/Storyteller: Well hello there! ¡Buenos día, gente! It's so good to see all you folks here in... wait—what's this place called again? Oh, yeah! *[Insert name of production location]* Well, I'm here to tell you the story of another place, *my* hometown.

Fuente Ovejuna—that's its name—is a little speck of a place all the way over in Spain, on the other side of the ocean.

[Laurencia holds up map or globe, or perhaps projections show an old-fashioned map of Spain, with Fuente Ovejuna marked on it.]

Some say its name comes from a nearby *fuentes* where the *ovejas* like to drink. *Ovejas*, you know? What do you call them in English? *[Makes sheep noises]* Right, sheep! *Ovejas*, in Fuente

Ovejuna. So many sheep! Others say the name comes from the spring in the middle of the town square, shaped *like* a sheep, round and woolly.

But there's one thing they all agree on: there is nothing sheepish about this town. No, sir!

[Laurencia, Frondoso, Pascuala, Esteban and audience participants stride purposefully across stage at their various activities as Mingo mentions them.]

The place is full of hardworking folks, with sheep to tend, and cheese to make, and crops to bring in, and wool to spin—work for every season. And it isn't all work, either: we have music and dancing and poetry competitions and falling in love... That's my favorite! The poetry, I mean. What did you think I meant? Honestly!

Anyway, all of this happened not only far away but also long ago, in the time of kings and queens and lords and ladies. Like in fairytales. Except this *really* happened. Like *history*, in 1476. So 550 years ago... very different, but maybe not all that different? You'll see.

[Musical transition to tableaux of royal palace—trumpet fanfare or such]

II. **The royal palace**

[Perhaps with projections or two fancy gates held at the side of the stage]

[Enter Fernando, Isabel, and Secretary. Mingo stands to the side]

Mingo/Storyteller: Here in the royal palace, people were also busy, with wars and conquests and a lot of that ruler stuff. To each their own, right? Oh, you thought it was all wearing tiaras and riding ponies? Nope, not a chance. Queen Isabel and King Fernando, who ruled Spain then, had a lot on their plate, fighting battles and conquering enemies and such.

[Dumb show: Fernando and Isabel battle their enemies]

So at home they actually needed a little help with governing. They couldn't do everything! They decided to ask the Comendador, a famous soldier who had always been very helpful on the battlefield, to govern Fuente Ovejuna for them:

Isabel (*to Fernando*): It is only fitting.

Fernando (*to Isabel*): It is only right.

Isabel (*to Fernando*): We could do no less.

Fernando (*to Isabel*): We should say no more.

Isabel (*dictates to the Secretary*): Write this: “Comendador, we are calling on you for a special purpose. To honor your bravery and your service to us, and because you are such noble man—*noble man*, not nobleman, make sure you get that right—etc., etc., we are naming you governor of the town of Fuente Ovejuna, etc., etc. We know you will always look out for the good of Fuente Ovejuna and its people. Etc., etc., and so forth, the Queen.”

Fernando: “And the King.”

Isabel: Ah, yes, that’s good, put that in. And send for him at once!

[They exit, arm in arm]

[Deafening footsteps from offstage --like a giant: BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM]

[Enter Comendador]

Secretary (*nervously*): Comendador? So soon? I... I haven’t even given you the letter from the King and Queen.

Comendador: I don’t need any letter! You heard them! Fuente Ovejuna is *my* town now!

Straight from the kings, no matter what anyone else says. *[Mimes grabbing everything in sight,*

or pretends to take things from kids in front row] ¡Mío, mío, todo mío! Mine, mine all mine!

What else have they got?

Secretary (*officially*): Sir, Comendador, sir! I don't think that's quite what the King and Queen meant, sir. You know, that line about "you will always look out for the good of Fuente Ovejuna and its people." Sir!

[The Comendador ignores him and continues to rampage, taking imaginary things and generally throwing his villainous weight around]

Sir! Sir! Please, sir!

[Exit Comendador and Secretary, who is still trying to restrain his master.]

III. Back in Fuente Ovejuna

[Enter Mingo, Laurencia and Pascuala]

Mingo/Storyteller: The people tried to ignore the Comendador. They were busy with their farms and their harvests and their friends. Each spring, Pascuala and Laurencia made delicious cheese—from sheep's milk, of course—and in the summer they spun wool from... you guessed it, the very same sheep! Frondoso and I tended the sheep and sheared them in the spring for

the woolly wool that the girls would spin in the summer. (Actually, Pascuala always wanted to come out and tend the sheep instead!) Esteban, Laurencia's dad, was our mayor, and made sure we got along. In the fall there were apples to pick, and in the winter cozy blankets to knit and apple pies to bake—oh, those are good!... And so it went, year after year, and for the most part it all worked...

Laurencia: I wouldn't trade Fuente Ovejuna for any big city—not in a million years. It's so lovely here!

Pascuala: Agreed!

Laurencia: In the big city, they put on fancy airs. And they use big words to make themselves feel more important than us! They never call a spade a spade... They have to call it an *implement*.

Pascuala: And if someone's trying to get something from you? That's just *compliments*.

Laurencia: When they're rowdy, that's *merriment*.

Pascuala: And if they're mopey, it's *sentiment*.

Who has the time for being all ladylike? Boring! Give me some fresh cheese and some nice green grass to sit on. And then a game of leap frog, or... freeze tag! Or... what shall we play?

[Pascuala and Laurencia take suggestions from the audience and play]

Pascuala: Yeah, who wants carriages and gowns, anyway? I'd rather climb trees and jump in the river!

Laurencia: And have picnics at harvest time!

Mingo: That doesn't sound half bad, actually. Especially the part about the picnic and the cheese--yum! They also sounded like great ideas to Frondoso, who had just a little bit of a crush on Laurencia... Ok, maybe a big crush...

[As he speaks, Frondoso comes on stage and approaches Laurencia, while Pascuala pulls back]

Frondoso *(clearing his throat, to Laurencia, very nervous)*: It is my true *sentiment* that perhaps sometime we could find an *implement* to carry our lunch for some *merriment*, with my *compliments*... Aaah--just kidding—I'm no city lad! But seriously, maybe a picnic, sometime? Oh, never mind! *[looks away, shy]*

[Laurencia looks bashful and does not respond]

Mingo/Storyteller: Just look at those two—a pair of lovebirds! It’s hard to say which of them is more nervous! Should they be? Ah, let’s leave them alone! Anyway, every time the Comendador came to Fuente Ovejuna, fresh from his battles and mighty feats of arms, the people set out a huge feast with fresh-baked loaves and that cheese and bunches of grapes and piles of apples and honey-cakes. A feast, I tell you!

[As Mingo speaks, all the villagers join Laurencia, Pascuala, and Frondoso on stage, miming setting out the feast. The Comendador swishes on stage, followed by the Secretary, and sniffs at the offerings]

Villagers (*in turn*): For you, my lord.

And this too, for you, my lord.

And this, my lord, for you.

Mingo/Storyteller: They also sang him a little song, every time.

Villagers [*together, with a distinct hint of irony*]:

Welcome, welcome, o Comendador!

Truly, truly you are el mejor!

So brave in battle, so quick to fight,

Let no one doubt that what you do is right!

Comendador [*unconvinced*]: Hmph....

Mingo/Storyteller: You'd think he'd be really happy, right? You think he'd be grateful and share with everyone, right? You'd think, but no! Every year the Comendador got greedier and greedier, as he helped himself to EVERYTHING.

COMENDADOR: Mine, mine, all mine!

[growl-sings:]

¡Mío, mío, todo mío!

¡Todo, todo esto es mío!

Good, but not good enough. What else have you got?

Mingo/Storyteller: He took their sheep, he took their cheese, he took A LOT. The villagers didn't say anything, they just rolled their eyes. They were not amused, but they had other things to think about:

[characters cross the stage with purpose as they deliver these lines, performing busyness]

Pascuala: If I don't get this cheese made right away, it won't be ready in time for market!

Esteban: My sheep! My sheep! They got out again! Have you seen them?

Laurencia: A wolf! A wolf! They say there is a wolf by the stream!

Mingo/Storyteller: And not just work either, but more pleasant things...

[moves to the side to give them privacy. Esteban, Pascuala, and other villagers exit]

Fronoso (*shy*): Laurencia, I was thinking...

Laurencia (*fondly*) : You were *thinking*, Fronoso?

[beat while Fronoso realizes he is being teased]

Fronoso: Yeah, I mean, I'm always thinking, but this time I was thinking... maybe you'd go out walking with me, and we could have that picnic we talked about? It's spring, and it's a beautiful morning, and the whole town thinks we'll be getting married sometime soon anyway, and...

[realizes what he's said]

Laurencia: One step at a time, Frondoso! I'll gladly go out walking with you, for the sake of *merriment*. I'll bring the picnic, you bring the blanket. How's that?

[Frondoso nods happily, speechless. As they exit to opposite sides, each one addresses the audience separately]

Frondoso: I think she likes me—she really likes me, yeah?

Laurencia: Do you think he's going to want to hold my hand?

Mingo/Storyteller: Ah, young lovers! We weren't even invited, but I think we can take a peek and see what happened in the woods!

[Musical transition to idyllic green space]

IV. Into the woods

[Laurencia and Frondoso enter singing, alternating phrases:]

A walk in the woods, one step at a time...

Strolling with you on a walk in the woods...

Sitting with you on a walk in the woods...

Talking with you on a walk in the woods...

[They settle onto the blanket as the music stops or jangles.]

[The Comendador enters and watches them from behind a tree. He makes his presence known to the audience, engages them in the suspense throughout this scene. The Secretary is beside him, ineffective and long-suffering]

Laurencia: It's so peaceful here in the woods...

Fronoso: I know! So quiet and lovely...

Laurencia: There's nothing like a calm picnic under a leafy tree, away from everyone...

[The Comendador moves to a different tree to get a better view, motioning for the audience not to give him away]

Fronoso: Wait! What's that? Did you hear something?

[The Comendador signs for the audience to be quiet]

Laurecia: No, just the little birds... and maybe other creatures of the forest?

Fronoso: Anyway, I've been waiting and waiting to ask you...

Laurencia: Yes?

Fronoso: Well, maybe, if you would consider...

Laurencia: Yes, yes?

Fronoso: Ok, I'll just say it: will you marry me?

[The Comendador jumps out from behind the trees while Laurencia and Fronoso are focused on each other]

Comendador: Bwha hah hah! *[grabs the basket]* I'll just take this, if you please. Or if you don't please! This basket is mine, all mine!

[growl-sings:]

¡Mía, mía, toda mía!

¡*Todo, todo esto es mío!*

What else have you got?

Secretary: Oh no, oh no no no no no!

Fronoso: Hey! What are you doing?

[As Fronoso tries to take back the picnic basket, the Comendador reaches for Laurencia instead. The secretary hops about, wringing his hands]

Comendador: Good, but not good enough! How about this one? A little basket of goodness!

Secretary: Sir, no, sir!

Laurencia: What? Stop! Let me go!

Fronoso: Stop! Over here!

[Fronoso distracts the Comendador and Laurencia shakes him off. They run off stage, abandoning their picnic basket.]

Comendador (*digging into the basket*): Tasty, but they should have given it to me nicely, when I asked, if they knew what was good for them. So uppity, these peasants. Next time I'll show them...

Secretary: Oh no, oh no no no no no!

[Comendador exits, followed by the distressed secretary]

[Musical transition back to Fuente Ovejuna]

V. Wedding, interrupted

[Enter Mingo, followed by Pascuala and Esteban spreading garlands across the stage and locating the wedding cake center stage]

Mingo/Storyteller: Laurencia and Frondoso did their best to forget about the Comendador and got on with the wedding preparations. Oh, did I not tell you? She said yes! The wedding is on! So everyone got busy with the garlands and the cake...

Pascuala: I can't believe today is the day! Everything is almost ready! And a good thing too, because here they are, the bride and groom!

[Music. Enter Laurencia and Frondoso. She holds a simple bouquet.]

Esteban: Oh my goodness! Laurencia, you look so happy! I think I'm going to cry.

Laurencia: Oh, Father! This is a happy day!

Esteban: Frondoso, son—can I call you that now? I know you and Laurencia will be very good for each other, because you've always...

[[BAM-BAM-BAM-BAM The Comendador stomps on stage, twiddling the picnic basket, followed by his nervous Secretary]

Comendador: And what have we here?

Pascuala: Not you again!

Comendador *[taunting Laurencia, holding up the basket]*: Did you forget this, little girl? And why is it empty? Where are the cookies that should be inside, sweet like you? They are mine, mine, all mine! ¡*Mías, mías, todas mías!* Just like all of you!

[growl-sings:]

¡Míos, míos, todos míos!

¡Todo, todo esto es mío!

Pascuala: Unbelievable!

Comendador: Rude! What is going on here!

Esteban: We are celebrating a wedding, Comendador. My daughter's wedding, in fact!

Comendador: And did anyone remember to invite me to the party? Did anyone even ask my permission?

Laurencia: Permission?

Comendador: Yes! You heard me: this whole town is mine, mine, all mine! No one gets married without my say-so. And no one gets cake either! *[to the Secretary]* Take them away—we'll have to arrest them for being so disrespectful. Meanwhile, I'll just help myself to some of this!

Fronoso: What? You can't do that!

Comendador: Can't I? Just watch me!

[reaches for Laurencia with one hand and the cake with the other. She pulls away, takes Frondoso's hand and rushes offstage, perhaps into the audience, chased by the Secretary. The Comendador laughs and focuses on the cake.]

Comendador: Mmmm. Delicious. But they should have baked it for me! Next time, you better mind your manners!

[The Comendador exits, leaving the villagers gazing at him in disbelief]

Esteban: Unbelievable! I'm calling a town meeting!

[Exit all]

VI. Town Meeting

[The villagers assemble, walking purposefully across the stage as before, then settling into their meeting.]

[Laurencia and Frondoso run on stage, out of breath.]

Laurencia: I'm so glad we are meeting today! We need to talk, the whole town! ¡Todos, toditos! We can't go on like this. Some governor, that Comendador! He can't even govern himself!

You've seen how he carries on when he comes back to town, and every time we invite him to anything [*mimes the Comendador's antics*]. No manners, no limits! And now he's chasing us down in our own woods, where no one invited him, and grabbing us!

Fronoso: And ruining our special day!

Laurencia: There's no end to his greed! He's no good!

Pascuala: It's true what Laurencia says! He's always taking what isn't his and showing up unmasked. That's no good!

Esteban: But he is our governor, and the King and Queen put him in charge. Surely that must be good? Surely they know what they're doing! Surely they trusted the Comendador to do their bidding! Surely they know what's good for us! Surely... [*he runs out of steam*]

Fronoso: How can he be good for us when he just takes and takes everything he pleases? Have you seen him? [*mimes the Comendador's antics*]

Laurencia: I used to be scared of him, too, but no more! He's nothing but a big bully! He doesn't own us! Someone has to stop him! ¡Ya mismo!

[*She looks around at their doubtful faces.*]

Oh, this is no good, people. Don't look so... sheepish! How can you be so meek and fearful? Seriously, your sheep are braver than you! You've seen how he carries on! We can't let this happen to Fuente Ovejuna! We have to do something! ¡Ya mismo!

Esteban: But the King and the Queen... Surely...*[he sees the look on Laurencia's face and stops]*

Fronoso: I fear your father is right, Laurencia. The King and the Queen named him, and no one can challenge them. So no one can challenge the Comendador!

Laurencia: I will not be a sheep, I won't! And I know Pascuala won't, either.

Pascuala: Ehm... sure... *[she is working up her courage]* That's right! We women are going to fight this!

Laurencia: We have to do something... *[thinking hard, sounding it out]* Let's see. *No one* can challenge the kings, and *no one* can challenge the Comendador. We'll have to be *no one*, then. Get it? *No one*, but all of us together.

Together, we'll march to his house and tell him what's what!

And if he won't listen, together we'll *show* him what's what!"

Pascuala: That's good...

Esteban: But, but...

Pascuala: No ifs, ands, or buts! We'll show him, together! No *one* else can do this!

Fronoso: Laurencia is right. We have to do something, all of us together. No *one* but us! [*asks the audience*] Do you think Fuente Ovejuna can do it!

Laurencia: That's right—Fuente Ovejuna can!

[Lights out/exit all]

VII. The Comendador's Comeuppance

Mingo/Storyteller: And so they marched to the Comendador's house and searched for him high and low.

The chanting begins offstage. Then the villagers march on, clenching their fists as they shout:

Fuente Ovejuna is on the march,

Fuente Ovejuna is on the way,

Fuente Ovejuna is coming now,

Fuente Ovejuna will save the day!

[repeats]

Secretary *[briefly stepping on stage, only to run off, or across]*: Oh no, oh no no no no no! Sir, you have to come with me, now!

[he tries to drag the Comendador to safety]

Villagers *[in turn]*:

Where is he?

He must be here somewhere!

Down with the Comendador!

Get him out of here!

Secretary: Sir, come on, sir! I beg of you!

Comendador: What? Why? What's their problem? Don't they know they belong to me?

[He's about to launch into his growl-song when he notices the menacing lot of villagers, moving as one]

Laurencia: There he is! Comendador, we've had it with you! No more! You can't treat us like this!

Comendador: Hrrmph! Whatever do you mean, peasants? Like what?

Laurencia: You can't take our baskets, and our wedding cakes, and just walk all over everyone like that!

Comendador: But you are all mine, mine, mine!

Fronoso: No! Not like that!

Esteban: You must respect us if you want us to respect you!

[they move closer, more threateningly]

Comendador: Respect? Nonsense! Hey, what are you doing? There must be some mistake!

Here, take my Secretary! Whatever the problem is, it was all his idea! *[uses the Secretary as a human shield]*

[Secretary startles]

Esteban *[ready to give up]*: Really? Well in that case we'll just...

Villagers *[together, glaring at Esteban]*: NO!

Pascuala: Don't blame him! You're the one who steals our sheep!

Fronoso: And our cheese!

Laurencia: And everything! You can't govern us if you can't govern yourself! Enough is enough!

Pascuala: We've had it with you!

The villagers chase the Comendador, going up the aisles if possible, then chase him off stage together.

Secretary: Oh no, oh no no no no no!

Mingo/Storyteller: They chased him out of his house and out of the town as he ran and ran. That Comendador was never seen again, and let's just say nobody much missed him. Except maybe his secretary.

Secretary [*coming out of his hiding place*]: Oh no, oh no no no no no! Unbelievable! Inconceivable! Unacceptable! Undesirable! I must go to Queen Isabel and King Fernando at once and tell them what has happened to my master the Comendador. I must make sure they're sitting down when I deliver the news, because they certainly won't stand for it! Oh no, oh no no no no no!

[*exits in distress*]

[*Musical transition to the palace*]

VIII. Reporting to the palace

[*Enter Fernando and Isabel*]

Fernando: The news is not great from the battle front, but at least our towns are in good order...

Isabel: Yes, it must be about time for some of that delicious sheep's-milk cheese to be delivered from Fuente Ovejuna...

[Enter Secretary]

Secretary: You'll never believe it, Your Highnesses! They chased him out! Oh no, oh no no no no no! My master, who was such a model governor, as good at governing himself as at governing the people! A model governor, if I do say so myself! So... measured, so... just, so... fair!

Isabel: Unbelievable!

Fernando: Inconceivable!

Isabel: Unacceptable!

Fernando: And most certainly undesirable!

Isabel: Who would dare attack our Comendador?

Fernando: Indeed, who could do such a thing?

Isabel: We must go to Fuente Ovejuna and find out the truth! Bring the royal carriage! And the royal heralds! And the royal trumpets!

Fernando: That's right, bring them at once! All those things! Bring them, I say!

[they trot off, in their imaginary carriage]

Mingo/Storyteller: So off they went to Fuente Ovejuna, with their servants and heralds and trumpets and horses, causing quite a commotion.

[Musical transition back to Fuente Ovejuna, perhaps played faster or more jarringly]

IX. Rehearsal

Esteban: The King and Queen will surely investigate. They'll be here any moment! Whatever will we say to them? They will want an explanation!

Fronoso: They'll demand one.

Pascuala: They'll expect one!

Laurencia: They'll extract one!

Esteban: Whatever shall we do? Whatever shall we say?

Laurencia: We must come up with a plan. No one can get away with something like this. No one could pull it off. Wait, I know! We'll tell them *no one* did it... because we all did it! *Fuente Ovejuna lo hizo, señor!* Fuente Ovejuna did it, my lords!

Esteban: It just might work! We need to practice, though.

Laurencia: Here, I'll be the king!

[Laurencia pretends to interrogate all those around her]

Who committed such disrespect, my good man?

Esteban: Fuente Ovejuna did it, my lords!

Laurencia *[as herself]*: Nice!

[as the King]: Who could forget their place so disgracefully?

Pascuala: What can I say, your majesty? It was Fuente Ovejuna!

Laurencia: Beautiful. Now you, Mingo. You're always spilling the beans!

Who was it? Tell us now!

Mingo: Eh, let's see...*[scratches his head]* It was, hmmm, I had it, it was... *[makes them wait]*

Fuente Ovejuna!

Laurencia: *[to the audience]* And you all? What do you say? Who did it? *[waits for their answer]*

That's the idea. Everyone ready?

All: *"¡Fuente Ovejuna lo hizo, señor!"*

[reprising their song]

Fuente Ovejuna is ready now,

Now when the kings are on their way,

Even if they will be here soon,

Fuente Ovejuna will save the day!

X. The real deal

Esteban: They're coming! The king and queen are coming, to our little town. Oh dear! We must get ready!

Mingo/Storyteller: Me, I am quaking in my shoes. I mean, this is the King and the Queen we're talking about, right here in Fuente Ovejuna! Where normally the sheep rule and cheese is king! Shouldn't we be bowing or scraping or something?

[Enter Isabel, Fernando, and Secretary]

Secretary: Make way, make way for their majesties.

Fernando: Nice place they've got here, if a tad rebellious.

Isabel: Good people...

Fernando (*glaring*): Or not so good people!

Isabel (*impatient*): Good people of Fuente Ovejuna...

Fernando: Not so good, I tell you!

Isabel (*silencing him with a look*): We are here to investigate who chased the Comendador, our duly appointed governor, out of town.

(Beat—silence all around)

And so, we must inquire, who did it?

(Beat—silence all around)

I said, who did it?

Fernando: We said, who did it?

(Beat—silence all around, and then finally someone answers)

Pascuala: Your majesties, I will tell you.

Isabel: Out with it, then!

Pascuala: ¡Fuente Ovejuna lo hizo!

Isabel: Now that is nonsense. Tell us who did it.

Esteban: I will tell you, your majesties.

Fernando: Well?

Esteban: Fuente Ovejuna did it!

Isabel: We've asked you nicely, and perhaps next we won't ask quite so nicely... Who did it?

Fronoso: Truly your majesties, to be perfectly clear-- it was Fuente Ovejuna.

Fernando (*turning to Mingo*): Let's ask this one. He always seems to know what's going on.

All right, my good man. Let's have it. Come on now. Who did it?

Mingo/Storyteller: Fine, I'll tell you!

[*Long beat as everyone waits*]

I will. I will tell you, though they'll all hate me for it.

[*Another beat*]

It was... [*to audience*] Say it with me now! Fuente Ovejuna!

Isabel: Unbelievable!

Fernando: Inconceivable!

Isabel: Unacceptable!

Fernando: And most certainly undesirable!

Laurencia: By your leave, your majesties, hear me out. The truth is your governor could not govern himself, much less our town. He never knew his proper place, and took what was not his to take. The whole town had to do something to stop him. So we did, together. And that is why we say...

All: "*¡Fuente Ovejuna lo hizo, señor!*"

Isabel: Unbelievable!

Fernando: Inconceivable!

Isabel: Unacceptable!

Fernando: And most certainly undesirable!

Isabel: There must be consequences! But we can't cart them all off to jail.

Fernando: No, who would guard them, after all?

[*They are puzzled*]

Isabel: I fear we'll have to pardon them.

Fernando: There is no other way.

Isabel: But after this, this nonsense, this *revolting* behavior—we can't possibly give them another governor! [*To Secretary*] You, write this down: "Fuente Ovejuna will be the King and Queen's town to govern—no more Comendadores here! Etc., etc., and so forth, the Queen."

Fernando: "And the King."

Isabel: Ah, yes, that's good, put that in. (*To Fernando*) It is only fitting.

Fernando (*to Isabel*): It is only right.

Isabel (*to Fernando*): We could do no less.

Fernando (*to Isabel*): We should say no more.

Esteban: That will suit us just fine, your majesties.

Pascuala: Believable!

Fronoso: Conceivable!

Mingo: Acceptable!

Laurencia: And most desirable!

All:

[reprising their song]

Fuente Ovejuna is on the march,

Fuente Ovejuna is on its way,

Fuente Ovejuna is a free town now,

In Fuente Ovejuna it's a new day!

Mingo/Storyteller: And so all the villagers went back to their work, their play, and their sheep, happy to govern themselves at last. Although sometimes, when a pie goes missing or someone has eaten the last of the cheese, and no one knows who did it, and no one owns up, you might hear:

[turns to audience for their participation]

All: *¡Fuente Ovejuna lo hizo, señor!*

END OF PLAY