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THE PRETENDER, OR
A MAN BESIDE HIMSELF

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The *Comedia* in Context

The “Golden Age” of Spain offers one of the most vibrant theatrical repertoires ever produced. At the same time that England saw the flourishing of Shakespeare on the Elizabethan stage, Spain produced prodigious talents such as Lope de Vega, Tirso de Molina, and Calderón de la Barca. Although those names may not resonate with the force of the Bard in the Anglophone world, the hundreds of entertaining, complex plays they wrote, and the stage tradition they helped develop, deserve to be better known.

The *Diversifying the Classics* project at UCLA brings these plays to the public by offering English versions of Hispanic classical theater. Our translations are designed to make this rich tradition accessible to students, teachers, and theater professionals. This brief introduction to the *comedia* in its context suggests what we might discover and create when we begin to look beyond Shakespeare.

COMEDIA AT A GLANCE

The Spanish *comedia* developed in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. As Madrid grew into a sophisticated imperial capital, the theater provided a space to perform the customs, concerns, desires, and anxieties of its citizens. Though the form was influenced by the Italian troupes that brought *commedia dell'arte* to Spain in the sixteenth century, the expansive corpus of the Spanish *comedia* includes not only comic plays, but also histories, tragedies, and tragicomedies. The varied dramatic template of the *comedia* is as diverse as the contemporary social sphere it reflects.

While the plays offer a range of dramatic scenarios and theatrical effects, they share structural and linguistic similarities. Roughly three thousand lines, they are usually divided into

three different *jornadas*, or acts. Plots move quickly across time and space, without much regard for the Aristotelian unities of action, time, and place. The plays are written in verse, and employ different forms for different characters and situations: a lover may deliver an ornate sonnet in honor of the beloved, while a servant offers a shaggy-dog story in rhymed couplets. The plays' language is designed for the ear rather than the eye, with the objective of pleasing an audience.

The *comedia* was performed in rectangular courtyard spaces known as *corrales*. Built between houses of two or three stories, the *corral* offered seating based on social position, including space for the nobles in the balconies, women in the *cazuela*, or stewpot, and *mosqueteros*, or groundlings, on patio benches. This cross-section of society enjoyed a truly popular art, which reflected onstage their varied social positions. A *comedia* performance would have included the play as well as songs, dances, and *entremeses*, or short comic interludes, before, after, and between the acts. As the first real commercial theater, the *corral* was the place where a diverse urban society found its dramatic entertainment.

WHAT'S AT STAKE ON THE COMEDIA STAGE?

Comedias offer a range of possibilities for the twenty-first-century reader, actor, and audience. The plays often envision the social ambitions and conflicts of the rapidly-growing cities where they were performed, allowing a community to simultaneously witness and create a collective culture. In many *comedias*, the anonymity and wealth that the city affords allows the clever to transcend their social position, while wit, rather than force, frequently carries the day, creating an urban theater that itself performs urbanity. An important subset of *comedias* deal with topics from national history, exploring violence, state power, the role of the nobility, and religious and racial difference.

The *comedia* often examines social hierarchies that may be less rigid than they first appear. Whether the dominant mode of the play is comic, tragic, historical, or a mixture, its dramatic progression often depends on a balancing act of order and liberty, authority and transgression, stasis and transformation. The title of Lope de Vega's recently rediscovered *Women and Servants*, in which two sisters scheme to marry the servant-men they love rather than the noblemen who woo them, makes explicit its concerns with gender and class and provides a view of what is at stake in many of the plays. Individuals disadvantaged by class or gender often challenge the social hierarchy and patriarchy by way of their own cleverness. The *gracioso* (comic sidekick), the *barba* (older male blocking figure), and the lovers appear repeatedly in these plays, and yet are often much more than stock types. At their most remarkable, they reflect larger cultural possibilities. The *comedia* stages the conflicting demands of desire and reputation, dramatizing the tension between our identities as they are and as we wish them to be.

Among the many forms of passion and aspiration present in the *comedia*, female desire and agency are central. In contrast to its English counterpart, the Spanish stage permitted actresses to play female roles, thus giving playwrights the opportunity to develop a variety of characters for them. While actresses became famous, the powerful roles they played onstage often portrayed the force of female desire. In Lope's *The Widow of Valencia*, for example, the beautiful young widow Leonarda brings a masked lover into her home so as not to reveal her identity and risk her reputation or independence.

The presence of actresses, however, did not diminish the appeal of the cross-dressing plot. Dizzying deceptions and the performance of identity are both dramatic techniques and thematic concerns in these plays. Gender, like class, becomes part of the structure the *comedia* examines and dismantles, offering a powerful reflection on how we come to be who we are.

REMAKING PLAYS IN OUR TIME

In Lope's witty manifesto, the *New Art of Making Plays in Our Time*, he advises playwrights to stick to what works onstage, including plots of honor and love, strong subplots, and—whenever possible—cross-dressing. For Lope, the delight of the audience drives the process of composition, and there is little sense in a craft that does not entertain the public. Lope's contemporaries followed this formula, developing dramas that simultaneously explore the dynamics of their society and produce spectacle. For this reason, early modern Hispanic drama remains an engaging, suspenseful, often comic—and new—art to audiences even four hundred years later.

The *Diversifying the Classics* project at UCLA, engaged in translation, adaptation, and outreach to promote the *comedia* tradition, aims to bring the entertaining spirit of Lope and his contemporaries to our work. Rather than strictly adhering to the verse forms of the plays, we seek to render the power of their language in a modern idiom; rather than limiting the drama as a historical or cultural artifact, we hope to bring out what remains vibrant for our contemporary society. Given that these vital texts merit a place onstage, we have sought to facilitate production by carefully noting entrances, exits, and asides, and by adding locations for scenes whenever possible. Although we have translated every line, we assume directors will cut as appropriate for their own productions. We hope that actors, directors, and readers will translate our work further into new productions, bringing both the social inquiry and theatrical delight of the *comedia* to future generations of audiences.

Introduction

CHECHÉ SILVEYRA

A Strange New World: The Plot Device

Among the thousands of *comedias* composed during the Hispanic Golden Age, *The Pretender* stands alone. The action is motivated by one of the strangest plot devices found in a work of fiction, as the limits of disguise and identity are taken to disconcerting extremes. Set in the city of Seville, the play begins with a suspicion: Juan, the protagonist, decides to test the loyalty of his beloved, Ana, by pretending to be Diego, a cousin of his from Spanish Flanders—as Spanish-controlled territories in the Netherlands and Brussels were known in the period. To this end, Juan circulates two false documents. The first is a letter to his father, in which “Diego” declares his intention to visit Seville in order to witness what he has only heard in rumors: that he and his cousin look exactly the same. The second is a portrait of Juan, but with the image identified as Diego’s. The cogs are put in motion as Juan pretends to leave for Peru at the same time as the false Diego is to arrive in Seville for his visit. Once the pieces of this complicated hoax are in place, all that Juan needs to do is change his name to Diego and present himself to family and servants as if he were a completely different person. Against all logic, the plan works. Everyone in his immediate circle—his love interest, his father, his lifelong servant—accept that this man is who he says he is, which is to say cousin Diego from Flanders, even though a few days before he was living among them as Juan and he still looks exactly like his old self.

Costume was a dramatic device as popular among early modern Hispanic playwrights and audiences as it was contentious among critics. Peninsular audiences—organized in strict social classes both within and beyond the *corral de comedias*—enthusiastically received plays in which the dramatic conflict was driven by characters who, hiding behind a mask or veil and appropriating dress codes typically reserved for others, pretended to be what they were not. Lope

de Vega, who revolutionized the *comedia*, had recognized early on that audiences loved female characters cross-dressed as male. In his groundbreaking poetics, *Arte nuevo de hacer comedias* (New Art of Writing Plays, 1609), Lope recommended the use of cross-dressing, but with decorum. Of course, much of the point of cross-dressing was the access it provided to female bodies: while traditional female dress was designed to conceal the body under its wide and loose shape, male attire was comprised of snug fitting doublets and revealing tight breeches.

Playwrights used the trope of the cross-dressed woman to explore the borders of gender and its performative nature, as is the case of *Don Gil de las calzas verdes* (Don Gil of the Green Breeches, ca. 1615), by Tirso de Molina, and of *Valor, agravio y mujer* (ca. 1630), by Ana Caro, translated by our group as *The Courage to Right a Woman's Wrongs*. In play after play, disguises proved to be effective and flexible dramatic devices: in Lope's *El perro del hortelano* (The Dog in the Manger, 1613), it is enough for the servant Tristán to don some exotic fabrics and a turban to pass for a rich Greek merchant; in Calderón de la Barca's *Amar después de la muerte* (ca. 1650), translated by our group as *To Love Beyond Death*, the Morisco warrior Tuzaní passes for an Old Christian soldier by dressing in their fashion. Disguises, then, could fulfill a number of dramatic functions and take multiple forms, but they always involved a visual transformation. What sets *The Pretender* apart is that the only disguise the protagonist takes on, among his nearest and dearest, is a name change.

It has been suggested that *Pretender* is informed by *Menaechmi*, a play by the Roman author Plautus, in which it is impossible to distinguish between two identical twins of the same name who were separated at birth (Millares Carlo 349). But there are no twins in *Pretender*. In fact, Juan and Diego share the stage for most of the play under feigned identities, and there is no indication that the rest of cast ever confuses them with one another due to their physical

similarities. The fact is that these two don't look alike at all, which is why Juan was compelled to produce the false portrait and craft the fake story of his resemblance to Diego. Neither is it a matter of homonymy or doppelgängers: in *Pretender*, there is only one body, that of Juan, in which two identities coexist, his own and Diego's. The change of name is the entirety of a disguise that, in dissimulating the identity of Juan, simulates that of Diego.

Like so many *comedias* from the period, *Pretender* presents the idea that identity is a social construct: Juan may pretend to be Diego as much as he wants, but in order to be successful, his transformation must be approved by the group. In the many plays mentioned above, a change in identity comes from hiding or transforming identifying marks, with materiality playing an essential role: a pair of breeches and a sword are necessary artifacts for, say, a woman named Leonor to become a man named Leonardo, as in Ana Caro's *Courage*. Yet in *Pretender*, the transformation of Juan into Diego takes place without a change in legible identity marks. That such an extreme yet superficial transformation creates no resistance among Juan's closest circle might lead us interpret the plot device as silly, a contrivance or caprice on the part of the playwright. But more interesting possibilities emerge when we take into account the highly complex and ever-changing society of Alarcón's time.

Alarcón's world was in constant transformation. Advances in science and technology, changes in the political landscape, the rapid spread of unknown diseases, were—as they remain to this day—constant reminders that what we know about our world or ourselves is always partial and momentary. The arrival of the Castilians in America in 1492 demonstrated that the Earth was much larger than previously thought: a whole new world, full of wealth, adventure, and possibilities, lay across the Atlantic. For those like Alarcón, living in the late 16th and early 17th centuries, the Earth had been reshaped. Their world was, in a sense, brand new. As the

massive Castilian empire came into being, traditional ideas of identity were suddenly challenged by the sweeping presence of diversity. Beyond its eccentricities, what *Pretender's* peculiar plot device reveals is an attempt at bringing onto the stage the realities of a strange new world.

The Plots

Act I

The play begins as Don Juan de Castro, the protagonist, lays out his complicated plans to change identities to his close friend Leonardo. Juan's cousin Ana, recently orphaned, has been brought by Don Rodrigo, Juan's father, to live among them, and Juan has fallen madly in love with her. When Juan's father sends him to Lima to claim an inheritance, Juan senses treachery: either his father doesn't think that Juan is a suitable match for Ana, or, even worse, his father wants her for himself. Juan's solution is to spy on them by continuing to live with his father and beloved without being recognized by either.

To achieve this, Juan has secured the help of his cousin, Don Diego de Luján, who grew up in Flanders and just recently moved to Madrid. The plan is to spin the tale that these two cousins look exactly the same, so that Juan can pretend to be Diego. To this end, Juan has asked Diego to send a letter to his father, stating his curiosity about their uncanny similarity, and to accompany the letter with a portrait of Juan, but labeled as Diego. Juan will pretend to travel to Peru with Leonardo, who will, in turn, pretend to be Juan for the rest of the voyage, because as soon as the ship sets sail Juan will return to shore. Back on land, he will adopt the identity of Diego and present himself to his father and beloved as a completely different man.

Leonardo and Julia, who were once lovers, are meeting in her house at her request. Believing that Julia wants to rekindle their old flame, Leonardo rejects her in a cruel exchange.

Julia first pretends not to care for him, then finally admits to feelings for him and requests that he stay in Seville, but Leonardo refuses to break his promise to Juan to go to Peru in his stead.

When Juan walks on stage, Julia asks if he would be willing to release Leonardo from his bond, to which Juan agrees. Yet Leonardo, arguing that his friend needs him, and that love should not overcome friendship, insists his promise be upheld. The bickering is interrupted when Gerardo announces that Celio, Julia's brother, has just arrived. Julia, feeling compromised by the men's presence in her house, fears her brother's reaction. However, Juan swiftly comes up with the lie that he and Leonardo were merely passing by to say farewell, as they are both leaving for Peru.

Act II

Juan walks on stage as Sancho is describing the royal fleet on which his master—the very same Juan who just entered the stage—supposedly left for Peru earlier that same day. According to Juan, the galleons were so old and battered that they barely made it to Lisbon, from where he took the road back to Seville. Sancho suspects that this man is, in fact, the cousin Diego de Luján pretending to be his master. The servant changes his own name to test the real identity of this suspect figure: Sancho presents himself as Philandro, then as Armindo, and, encountering no resistance, decides that this person is, in fact, Diego de Luján trying to pass for Juan, which is immediately confirmed by Juan himself. The lingering skepticism of Don Rodrigo, Juan's father, is assuaged when he realizes that the clothes that Juan is wearing are a perfect match to those in the portrait falsely identified as Diego's. And so Don Rodrigo welcomes this false Diego into his home, inviting him to stay indefinitely.

Juan, acting as Diego, strikes up a flattering conversation with Ana. The real Diego, having arrived alongside Juan, is on stage passing for a servant named Mendo. Juan tells Mendo that he finds Ana too receptive to his faked persona, to which Mendo replies: “Well, what are

you after? / Are you jealous of yourself?” Juan answers: “Why not? If she embraces me as Don Diego, / does she not offend me as Don Juan?” (lines 1174-7). Juan also wants to test the loyalty of his servant, and so, acting as Diego, he offers Sancho a bribe. When Sancho tells him that he is watching over Ana for his master, Juan makes him a proposition: if, against his master’s wishes, Sancho helps this false Diego in his pursuit of Ana, Sancho will be compensated. Sancho agrees and Juan reveals his identity. Faced with his master’s anger, Sancho explains that he took Diego’s money, but planned to betray him by remaining loyal to Juan. Then Juan reverses identity once more, and, claiming to be Diego, calls Sancho a liar and a traitor. Vowing not to serve either Juan or Diego, the bewildered Sancho exits.

In Celio’s house, Gerardo tries to force himself on Julia. She screams for help and her brother rushes in sword in hand. Julia explains that Gerardo had pretended to be Celio’s friend in order to gain access to the house and offend her. Once Julia leaves, Gerardo lies to Celio, saying that he has been properly courting Julia for a long time, but that she has shown favor to the newly arrived Diego de Luján. Gerardo claims that he came to the house to break up with Julia, but she, feeling offended, falsely accused him of compromising her honor. The scene comes to an end as Celio promises to investigate further.

Outside Celio’s house, Juan and Sancho are having an argument: Inés has fallen for Mendo, who is actually the real Diego, and now Sancho, jealous of Mendo, wants Juan to dismiss Mendo in exchange for Sancho’s help with Ana. Sancho leaves as Mendo/Diego enters, but he falls in love with Julia as soon as he sees her and begins to follow her mindlessly.

Back in Don Rodrigo’s house, Diego explains his history with Julia. As a boy he went to Flanders to serve a nobleman, whose wife, in turn, employed Julia. Diego and Julia fell in love, but when her brother, Celio, had to return to Spain, he took her with him. Diego tried to leave

Flanders, to no avail. Then, when Diego had at last concocted a plan to leave for Spain, he heard news that Celio and Julia had drowned trying to cross a river. Now, after many years, he has found her alive and well, living in Seville. But there is one problem: Julia is now in love with Leonardo, who took Juan's place in the trip to Peru. Juan is therefore obliged to look after Leonardo's interests and asks Diego to renounce Julia. Enraged, Diego leaves the stage with a warning: "I will tear out the very soul / of one who seeks to take mine from me" (lines 1746-7).

Juan is beginning to understand the implications of the web of lies that he has conceived as Inés walks in, asking why Mendo (Diego), looked so upset. Juan explains that he dismissed him on account of Inés: he begged Mendo to love her, but he would not budge. Inés wants Juan to reinstate Mendo and then to marry them. When Juan says that the matter is beyond his authority, Inés threatens to reveal his wooing of Ana to their uncle (Rodrigo).

Just then, Ana walks in. Every day she finds Juan, who is acting as Diego, more attractive. Ana offers him encouragement when he expresses feelings for her. Juan tells her that a change of heart does not reflect fickleness on her part, yet when Ana admits that she has fallen for him, he flies off the handle and reveals his true identity. But Juan's lies have emboldened others to lie as well, so Ana responds that she was merely punishing him for lying to her in order to test her loyalty, saying she knew all along that he was Juan. Juan is not convinced, but Ana will have no more of his lies: "If you're Don Diego, / my love is yours, have no fear, / but if you're Don Juan, / then by God, it's off to Lima with you!" (lines 1961-4).

Act III

Juan, acting as Diego, meets with Celio at Don Rodrigo's house. Celio says that he knew a Diego de Luján in Flanders who looked nothing like him. Juan's response adds another lie to his already complicated scheme: that the Diego de Luján whom Celio met in the Netherlands is *also*

a cousin of his, adding another Diego de Luján to the mix. But the real reason why Celio wants to speak to Juan is to warn him: if Juan's intentions towards Julia are honorable, then he should ask for her hand in marriage; otherwise, Celio will resort to arms to protect his family honor. Juan lies, stating that he has never set foot in Celio and Julia's house. Now Ana, who has overheard the conversation, suspects that Juan is two-timing her with Julia. Ana orders Inés to hide in Juan's bed-curtains so that she can spy on his conversations with Mendo. Meanwhile, Ana will confront Juan in order to distract him: she knows that he is, in fact, Diego, a dishonest man whom she cannot love. She loves Juan and was only interested in Diego because of their similarities.

Juan and Sancho are complaining about what they claim is women's fickleness and susceptibility to gold. Sancho worries that Mendo is pursuing Inés, but Juan assures him that he has nothing to fear and invites him to hide in an adjacent room so that he can secretly listen to what he and Mendo have to say about the matter. Sancho finds a casket of wine in his hiding place and drinks it. As Juan and Mendo speak, Sancho, drunk, falls asleep and begins to snore. Violently woken by Mendo, Sancho jumps to his feet, in the process ripping the bed-curtains behind which Inés was hiding. He recounts a farcical dream he had of Judgment Day.

In Celio's house, Diego finds Julia writing a letter to Leonardo. She recognizes Diego as her old lover from her days in Flanders, but Diego, jealous because she is writing a letter to another man, berates her and leaves. She orders her servant to follow Diego but is told that the man who just left is Mendo, servant to a Diego de Luján who is staying at Don Rodrigo's house. Julia goes to Don Rodrigo's, finding Juan and Diego. Because Diego has rudely accused her of fickleness, she wants to set the record straight: since she returned from Flanders seven years ago, she never once received a letter from Diego, which led her to believe that she had been forgotten. While Diego was away, Julia fell in love with Leonardo, but now she loves Diego again. At this

moment, Leonardo arrives. Juan asks Julia to hide while he figures out why Leonardo is back from Peru so soon. Leonardo relates how he slipped off his ship into icy waters, only to be rescued by another ship and brought back to Europe, without ever reaching Peru. The situation is further complicated as Celio, led by Gerardo, appears demanding that his sister be handed over to him immediately, or he will burn down the house.

Don Rodrigo enters, startled by the commotion. Celio explains the situation to Rodrigo, who decides he will make Juan marry Julia to restore Celio's honor. When Rodrigo returns with Julia, Juan explains that he has no interest in her and, thus, has not damaged her honor. He says Julia is only at his house looking for news of Leonardo. Celio then turns to Leonardo and demands that *he* marry Julia instead. Yet the real Diego cannot see his beloved Julia married to another man, even if it means exposing all of Juan's deceptions. He reveals himself and explains that he and Julia have been in love for years and that he has been playing along with Juan, but must now break his silence, lest he lose Julia. Juan now also admits to his lies, explaining he just wanted to test Ana's loyalty. Ana counters that she cannot betray Juan with himself—she loves him and a change of name cannot change the way she feels for him. The last lie of the play comes from Ana, who claims that she knew from the start that the man pretending to be Diego was, in fact, Juan. His doubts assuaged, Juan gives his hand to Ana, and the play comes to an end with happy endings for them as well Diego and Julia, Sancho and Inés, and Leonardo, who promised God he would join the Church in exchange for being saved from the sea.

New Worlds, New Faces: Diversity in the Castilian Empire

After the arrival of the Spaniards on the island of Hispaniola in 1492, Castile's territories grew exponentially: in just a few decades, it became a world-wide empire, with colonies in America,

Asia, Africa, and Europe connecting the world like never before. On the Manila-Acapulco route, established in the 1560s, wealth of all kinds traveled on Spanish galleons from the Philippines to the west coast of Mexico, then was transported by land to Mexico City, the viceregal capital, before making its way to Spain. Products of Asian origin—rice, ceramics, decorative screen folds, to name just a few—swiftly became staples of Novohispanic—meaning “from New Spain,” as Mexico was then known to Spaniards—and later Mexican culture.

The convergence in Mexico City of peoples and cultures from around the world created profound and permanent changes on the landscape of New Spain. And yet, having reached Mexico City, the royal cargo from Asian territories had merely completed half its voyage. As it moved eastward through New Spain, the royal cargo was augmented with American wealth until it finally reached the port of Veracruz, in the Gulf of Mexico, from where it was shipped to Seville for distribution throughout the Iberian Peninsula and other European territories. Eventually, American products like tomatoes, chilies, and chocolate—names that derive from Nahuatl, the language of the Aztecs or Mexicas—as well as vanilla, tobacco, and cochineal red dye—a vibrant pigment employed in masterworks from Rubens to van Gogh—reached Europe and were permanently adopted by its peoples. Enslaved indigenous subjects also made it to the shores of Spain. It is estimated that around 650,000 people were enslaved and forced to relocate throughout the transatlantic world, of which about 2500 left legal traces that place them in the Kingdom of Castile (Van Deusen 2). The inhabitants of the Spanish city of Seville, where *Pretender* is set, gradually began to encounter in their streets and homes peoples and languages they had never experienced before: indigenous Maya and native Filipinos, to name but two possibilities, would intermingle in the streets of Seville with Christian servants—including the descendants of Iberian Muslims now forcefully converted to Catholicism—and a longstanding,

“infinite multitude” of Africans. If Spain was a world-wide empire, it only makes sense that its subjects and their cultures would be as diverse as the world was wide.

In due time, the galleons returned to the colonies and did so loaded with people. Over 200,000 Europeans had moved to the Americas by 1600 (Pastor 49), including merchants, notaries, judges, and lawyers (Brading 39). On at least one occasion, Alarcón was among them, and *Pretender* depicts such a voyage. The realism and historical accuracy of the description, in a play so full of eccentricities, has stood out for critics, some of whom claim that *Pretender* must be Alarcón’s first play, written in New Spain around the year 1608 (Millares 22-3). Although it is not accepted by all scholars, this argument suggests that the diverse population of New Spain, comprised of American Indians, Africans, Asians, Europeans, and all the possible combinations afforded by practices of *mestizaje*—the biological and cultural mixing of ethnicities—led Alarcón to reflect on identity in his play.

The mention in *Pretender* of several Castilian colonies—Flanders, Peru, Mexico—and of an array of unorthodox identities—Indios, Moriscos, Jews—even if oblique and of no dramatic relevance, paradoxically place the margins of the empire at the center. As subjects and cultures the world overpopulate the city of Seville, *Pretender* becomes a site of contestation where traditional notions of identity must confront diversity: who is a Spaniard, and what makes them so? What makes us “us,” and what makes “them” something different?

Strangers from Within: Practices of Acculturation

Pretender begins as Juan, the protagonist, and Leonardo, his close friend, enter the stage discussing what deserves to be named the world’s eighth wonder, in addition to the traditional seven wonders of the classical world (including the Great Pyramid of Giza, the Lighthouse of

Alexandria, and the Colossus of Rhodes). While Juan proposes Seville, Leonardo makes a case for the Mexican drain, a titanic project of hydraulic engineering devised to empty the system of lakes that surrounded the island of Mexico-Tenochtitlan, which by Alarcón's time had become Mexico City and the capital of New Spain. In order to control the devastating floods that brought the capital to its knees every few years, the viceroy decided to drain the lakes. Bringing the project to fruition demanded tunneling through mountains and carving channels to redirect the water to a river that drained out into the Gulf of Mexico. The waters finally stopped flowing in the early 20th century and, as the lakes were drained out, the aquatic environment of Mexico-Tenochtitlan also disappeared.

In the play, Leonardo relates the history of the Mexican drain in a long monologue without an evident dramatic purpose. The opening lines are telling: "The city of Mexico, / the celebrated head of the Indian world, / called New Spain" (lines 45-7). Gladys Robalino has called attention to how Leonardo, in his description of Mexico as the "head of the Indian world," highlights its primacy in relation to the rest of the American territories. In this way, the city was a place of indigenous authority that would have to be removed before being replaced by the Castilian one: the substitution of the name "Indian world" for that of "New Spain" marks the new condition of subordination.

The city of Mexico-Tenochtitlan was the center of the Mexica empire, a powerful political network that dominated large swaths of the region known today as Mesoamerica. The Mesoamerican region is a historical and cultural area extending from central Mexico to northern Costa Rica that has been inhabited by an array of Native American societies since at least 1200 BCE. At the arrival of the Spaniards in 1519, Mexico-Tenochtitlan was ruled by the legendary Moctezuma, the *tlatoani*, or king, of the Mexica people. In recent years, historians have

challenged the idea that the Spanish conquest destroyed the Mexica civilization: “while Tenochtitlan as an indigenous imperial capital certainly came to an end with its conquest, the death of Tenochtitlan as an indigenous city is a myth. [I]ndigenous Tenochtitlan lived on” (Mundy 3). Native structures, both material and political, remained functional and were employed by the viceregal administration for centuries. The native population remained under the government of indigenous dynastic governors, operating in the Nahuatl language and using the Mesoamerican writing system in legal suits, local histories and other cultural expressions. In the years that Alarcón lived in New Spain, roughly from 1580 to 1613, both cities—Nahua Tenochtitlan and Castilian Mexico—visibly coexisted on the singular, physical space of a tiny island, much like in *Pretender* the identities of Juan and Diego coexist in the single body of the duplicitous protagonist. Overlapping identities, as it turns out, were not a new concept for Alarcón.

At the individual level, these overlapping identities were even more pronounced. Mass baptisms of Native American subjects to the Catholic faith began soon after the conquest. As the new converts were inscribed in the ecclesiastical records under traditional Spanish names, their colonial identities were officially fixed. Nevertheless, the indigenous population continued to use their own native names in their communities (Cline 479; Horn 113). A good example are the Nahua nobles in charge of governing the indigenous populations. These were members of indigenous elites from central Mexico who had Nahuatl as their principal language. These men (and sometimes women) ruled according to traditional native politics, were known by their native names, and participated in native celebrations sanctioned by both the Catholic church and the Castilian administration (as discussed by Mundy and Katzew). Among the first to be baptized, the native nobility “usually spoke and wrote Castilian, adopted Spanish fashion, often

lived in colonial cities, sometimes married into families of prominent *criollos* (Spaniards born in America), and were well versed in the ways of colonial law and administration” (Taylor 21-2).

Initially, double identities were perhaps the byproduct of the profound sociopolitical changes brought forth by the Castilian colonial project. However, it remained in place by design, as the perdurance of Nahua material and political structures made governing the indigenous populations much easier for the Castilian administration. These Hispanicized native noblemen were not an exception but the norm. They adopted Castilian ways, but remained Mesoamerican subjects. Their liminal condition is still legible in the composition of their colonial names, first the Castilian name, then the Nahua: Don Diego de Alvarado Huanitzin, Don Cristóbal de Guzmán Cecetzin, Don Luis de Santa María Nanacacipactzin. Twice in *Pretender*, Juan is reminded that changing his name does not change who he is, a situation that echoes that of indigenous nobility under Castilian rule.

Alarcón, in a sense, went through a similar experience. There is little doubt that he thought of himself as a Spaniard, and a noble one at that. His mother might have belonged to the powerful Mendoza dynasty, while his father’s family name had been granted by the king in the 12th century for their aid in the war against the Muslims (King 18-21). Both in his theater and his private life, Alarcón insisted on his noble, Spanish background, but he was born in New Spain, which made him a *criollo* at a time when they were believed to be psychologically and morally inferior to their European born counterparts (Sahagún 76-7; Pagden, 102). His Spanish colleagues did not forget his foreign origins. Lope de Vega praised Alarcón’s work, but underscored his Mexican origin (Laurel f. 14r-v). So did Fernando de Vera y Mendoza (Fernández-Guerra 465) and the Count of Roca, under the pseudonym Fabio Franchi (Hartzenbusch xxxvii). In a different play by Alarcón, entitled *Los favores del mundo*, a Spanish

man bearing the same last names as our playwright arrives at Madrid, by then the capital of the Castilian empire, a place so different that even the houses, or so he claims, are built the other way around. He is, in short, a foreigner among his own, much like the protagonist of our play, Juan, pretends to be Diego from Flanders among his own family.

Favores is the first play in the first volume of Alarcón's collected plays, and it opens with the scene mentioned above. This is how Alarcón wanted us to enter his theater: as strangers from within. *Pretender* is also part of this same volume. Again, for its strange plot device to work, Juan's inner circle must take the pretender at his word, which they do. The question is why, but there are no easy answers—Alarcón made sure of that. As Juan goes around Seville pretending to be Diego, he meets a character who, at least momentarily, seems capable of sending his whole charade tumbling to the ground: "I knew a Don Diego de Luján in Flanders, / and he looked nothing like you." Juan responds: "He too is my cousin, / and he wrote me today, in fact" (lines 1970-3). Invoking false relatives from the colonies to protect his fiction, Juan links Spaniards from the center and those from the periphery at a time when the latter were perceived as a lesser version of the former. A group as accepting as that surrounding Juan conjures a society where Spaniards from all latitudes are related to one another and accepted as such. Despite the excesses of its plot, *Pretender* wants us to consider a rather simple problem: what keeps the "other" from being "one of us" is not an essential, legible difference—it is simply us.

"What shield against shillings?": The Role of Money

A wholly connected world, a centralized global empire, a new society superposed on another—these historical processes allow us to make some contextual sense of a plot device that lacks all logic. The transformations produced around the globe by the emergence and expansion of the

Castilian empire were swift and profound: one can imagine the vertigo felt by any one person trying to keep track of the rise of new identities—and the reader trying to keep up with Juan’s charade feels a similar sense of disorientation. In both the actual Castilian empire and the fictions of *Pretender*, what facilitated these transformations was money.

Because it was so expensive to defend its empire, Castile was constantly on the verge of insolvency. One solution was to put noble titles up for sale. For noble families proud of their name and status, the ascendancy of rich merchants and others to their rank was nothing short of an insult and a threat to their privileges. But trade with the American colonies had created immense wealth. People who became rich in the Americas, often referred to as the Indies, were known as *Indianos*, and many settled near Seville, the official port of entry for American cargo. Indianos had the financial capacity to acquire nobility through a transaction, buying the right to be addressed as “Don” or “Doña.” In short, their money allowed them to purchase a new identity.

The problem of money is ubiquitous in *Pretender*. Mentions of women and their purported love of all things material appear throughout. The idea that a successful prince should possess the means to finance the banishment of his enemies is presented early on in the play, as is the claim that one of the wonders of the world should be “a nobleman from Seville / who isn’t a shopkeeper on the side” (lines 16-7), a satiric comment that highlights the proliferation of newly minted nobles. Juan is emboldened to move on with his absurd lies because, as he says, “there’s nothing I can’t solve with money” (line 303). Meanwhile, Sancho, his servant, considers betraying Juan for a few coins, illustrating the dire economic situation of Castilian commoners: “Who wouldn’t double-cross for a doubloon? / Who could possibly resist money? / What shields against shillings?” (lines 1257-9).

Mentions of treason and traitors also abound, foregrounding Castile’s xenophobia, now

aggravated by a nascent, globalized economy. The expulsions and forced conversions of Jews and Muslims did little to assuage xenophobic fears: the proliferation of new money, and its capacity to transform traditionally fixed social categories with almost unchecked freedom, created instead an acute anxiety over covert enemies, both political and religious, both imagined and real. *Pretender*, then, suggests the costs to a society of assigning a price to everything.

At the edges of the play, money operates in puzzling ways: why does Juan require a formidably complicated hoax to spy on a woman who lives in his own house, while Leonardo needs nothing to pass for Juan and collect a significant amount of money in Peru? Granted, Juan gives Leonardo a stack of blank papers with his signature to facilitate his impersonation in Lima, but the purpose of these papers is to send letters to Don Rodrigo, Juan's father, in order to support Juan's fictions. The idea seems to be that a father can recognize the signature of his own son and tell if it is a forgery, but the fact remains that Rodrigo cannot even recognize his own son in the flesh. Yet apparently anyone with enough money could pass for a Don Juan de Castro or a Don Diego de Luján, either in Europe or the Americas, with relative ease.

If money unmoors identity, then a lack of money should afford stability. When Leonardo reappears near the end of the play, he narrates how, on his way to Peru, he fell off the ship. In other words, Leonardo never made it to Peru, nor did he collect the inheritance. A few lines after Leonardo's return to Seville, Juan is forced to own up to his lies and confess his duplicity. As order is restored, the play comes to an end.

Setting aside the extreme plot device, *Pretender* is quite the traditional play, dealing with the conflicts of youth—love and jealousy—and the identity crisis of a young man who disagrees with his father's authority. This relationship seems analogous to that between the metropole and New Spain, where fantastic wealth and royal absenteeism often made colonial settlers waver in

their loyalty to the crown. The play employs these family dynamics to examine concepts that, in the face of an overabundance of wealth, were vital to controlling and developing the colonial project, like belonging and obedience, representation and authority. The problem is the destabilizing power of American wealth and the unwillingness of Castilians to recognize that the threat to their traditional way of life came not from imagined foreigners, but from within.

About the Text

Text based on the editions of Vern Williamsen and J. T. Abraham, “El semejante a sí mismo.”

AHCT, 1998, <http://www.comedias.org/alarcon/semesi.html>; and Agustín Millares Carlo, *Obras completas de Juan Ruiz de Alarcón*, vol. I, FCE, 1957.

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A Note on the Playwright

Juan Ruiz de Alarcón (1580?-1639) is one of the central figures of Spanish classic theater and a foundational influence on the related French corpus. He was born in the viceroyalty of New Spain—either in the silver mines of Taxco or in Mexico City—to Spanish parents who had come to America shortly after the fall of Mexico-Tenochtitlan, the Aztec capital, to an army of Castilian explorers, West African slaves, and Native American warriors in 1521. Alarcón crossed the Atlantic on three occasions: in 1600, he traveled to the University of Salamanca to finish the studies in canon and civil law he had begun at the Royal and Pontifical University of Mexico; in 1608, in a voyage that some critics believe inspired *The Pretender*, he returned to Mexico City, where he worked for the government; in 1613, he returned to Spain and settled in Madrid, launching his career as playwright and finally as civil servant for the Council of the Indies.

Compared to other playwrights of his time, Alarcón's corpus is small. He published his collected *comedias*, 20 in total, in two volumes, one in 1628 and the other in 1634. Among his most famous plays is *La verdad sospechosa*. This hilarious *comedia* of a pathological liar was well received in Spain and widely celebrated by the French. Pierre Corneille translated it as *Le Menteur* and it was first presented on the French stage in 1644. Molière, another towering figure in French classical theater, staged *Le Menteur* several times between 1659 and 1664. Voltaire famously wrote: "it is probably to this translation [of Alarcón's *La verdad sospechosa*] that we owe Molière." To this day, *La verdad sospechosa* is frequently produced, in a testament to its appeal for audiences. Corneille's *Le Menteur*, now translated into English by David Ives, premiered at the Shakespeare Theater Company under the direction of Michael Kahn in 2010. It has since been staged in Los Angeles, Portland, Westport, Santa Cruz, and New York. Dakin Matthews translated Alarcón's original as *The Truth Can't Be Trusted, or The Liar*, which premiered in Los Angeles in 2000.

Alarcón lived at a time and in a world of constant and profound changes and transformations. In the past, critics debated whether he was Spanish or Mexican. In truth, he was both and neither. He is, in fact, an early example of the *criollo*/creole, a person of European descent fundamentally marked by his upbringing among Native Americans and Spaniards, African and Asian servants, traders, and communities of enslaved people, in a city peppered with European merchants of all nations. Alarcón was the product of a society that was as complex and varied as any of our modern megalopolises. He was truly a global playwright.

Pronunciation Guide

Each vowel in Spanish has just one sound. They are pronounced as follows:

a – AH e – EH i – EE o – OH u – OO

The underlined syllable in each word is the accented one.

CELIO: Seh-lee-oh

RODRIGO: Roh-dree-goh

SANCHO: Sahn-choh

GUILLÉN: Gee-yehn (Gee as in “geese”)

JUAN: Hwan

LEONARDO: Leh-oh-nahr-doh

DIEGO: Dee-eh-goh

GERARDO: Hehr-ahr-doh

ANA: Ah-nah

JULIA: Hoo-lee-ah

INÉS: Een-ehs

Characters:

CELIO, brother to Julia

Don RODRIGO, old man

SANCHO, servant and *gracioso*

GUILLÉN, squire

Don JUAN de Castro, a gentleman

LEONARDO, a gentleman

Don DIEGO de Luján, a gentleman

GERARDO, a gentleman

Doña ANA, a lady

JULIA, a lady

INÉS, servant to Doña Ana

**The Pretender, or
A Man Beside Himself**

ACT I

Scene 1

A room in RODRIGO's house

Enter JUAN, LEONARDO and SANCHO

JUAN	What a fine day!	
LEONARDO	There's nothing like springtime in Seville.	
JUAN	This city is truly the eighth wonder of the world.	
LEONARDO	The list keeps getting longer, you know. There were seven once. How many are there now?	
JUAN	The Escorial should be at the top of the list.	
SANCHO	I know of seven new wonders far more deserving of that name.	
JUAN	Let's hear them.	10
SANCHO	I'll tell you. The first one is worth three of the ancient ones.	
LEONARDO	What is it?	
SANCHO	A woman who asks for nothing.	
JUAN	Especially if she's from Madrid.	
SANCHO	The second is a nobleman from Seville who isn't a shopkeeper on the side. The third's a man who's happy to be bald and does not comb his hair from his nape to his nose. The fourth, a silly young thing with no taste for marriage. The fifth, an ugly woman who does not lie about her age. The sixth, a soldier	20

who doesn't gripe about pay,
and the seventh, a widower
who mourns his wife.
The eighth is an honest merchant,
a barber's apprentice with no guitar to strum, 30
a lady who only uses water on her face,
a newlywed who gets along with his in-laws,
a village church without its Peter and Paul,
and a gambler who doesn't cry out
"Devil take me!" from time to time...

JUAN That's enough.
The list just keeps growing.

LEONARDO But wait—there's one more!
Let me tell you of a wonder
that outshines them all. 40

JUAN I'm dying to hear about it
since you praise it so.

LEONARDO Listen: it's the great Mexican drain.

SANCHO What in heavens are you talking about?

LEONARDO The city of Mexico,
the celebrated head of the Indian world,
called New Spain, lies in a valley.
It is surrounded by mountains like mighty walls.
Every river and every stream
that runs down those mountains 50
flows into a lagoon that surrounds the city.
In the year 1605, the little sea grew and grew
until it found its way into the houses.
Perhaps the drain,
which naturally swallows up the water
as it flows into the lagoon,
had drunk its fill.
Or perhaps it choked on such a flood.
This happened in a Golden Age,
when the great Marquis of Salinas ruled, 60
that heroic branch of the house of Velasco¹
and prudence personified,
worthy of serving as viceroy three times over

¹ *Velasco*: Luis de Velasco, the Younger, first Marquis of Salinas, served as a viceroy in New Spain just as his father had before him. He also served as viceroy in Peru.

before he returned to Spain
to preside over the Council of the Indies.
This great ruler, a Lycurgus of New Spain,²
tried to head off the rising waters
that threatened to ruin the city.
He convened the learned and the elders,
and requested a thousand reports and plans 70
from mapmakers and engineers.
Then the viceroy, in his wisdom,
ordered them to dig a mine under a mountain,
so the waters might flow to the opposite side
and there join the proud river.
No sooner had he made up his mind
than they began their heroic labors.
Fifteen hundred workers toiled day and night.
In a little over three years,
they finally reached the end: 80
a tunnel three leagues long to drain the lagoon.
Then, because the waters eroded the rock
and risked blocking the aqueduct,
it was all covered in immortal marble,
bringing eternal peace to the kingdom
and fame to its maker.

JUAN Such a wondrous marvel justly deserves
to be praised as the finest in the world.

SANCHO So you're saying that low scoundrel, water,
wanted to take over the earth? 90
And where was wine when we needed it most?

LEONARDO He was figuring out how to pay for the whole thing.
They put two different taxes on each jug of wine,
which yielded a hundred thousand ducats a year
to finance that great drain.

SANCHO Wine is far too noble to pay taxes for water,
and anyone who says otherwise
lies through their teeth.
And all this so that the water can have
marble-clad gutters to run through? 100
Water, that infamous rebel
who tried to overrun his fatherland?
Water, who the very mountains cast from their bosom?
Water, who slithers along the ground like a snake,

² *Lycurgus*: Spartan lawmaker famous for his military reforms.

and bows down to kiss the foot of the vine?
Water, who falls from the heavens
like the devil himself,
shivers through the winter
and swelters through the summer,
so cheap it's almost given away 110
at two quarters a barrel?
Heavens, if only wine could follow that example!
Water, who has taken more lives,
more fortunes...?

JUAN Sancho, that's enough.

SANCHO And wine, what has it done
to deserve such treatment?
In the New World or the Old,
who has it ever hurt?

JUAN You're wrong, Sancho. 120
They mean to praise wine
when they say he paid to banish his rival.
After all, doesn't a powerful prince pay
to have anyone who angers him
slashed in the face, beaten,
or sent into exile?
Is that not to his advantage?
The one scarred, beaten, or exiled is the loser.
The winner is the one whose money
can procure the sweetest revenge. 130

SANCHO Cheers to that!
That most sacred liquor has found
a great advocate in you!

JUAN You, fool, do nothing
but raise your glass to it!

SANCHO Others have a thousand flaws,
and I have only this one.

JUAN And what about love?

SANCHO Let any many who does not love
cast the first stone. 140

JUAN And gambling? What about gambling?

SANCHO	What is an honest man to do while he waits for his master to call? Isn't it worse to join in with those servants who heap gossip on their masters until they have no honor left?	
JUAN	Well, to keep mine safe, I want you to leave now. I need to talk to this gentleman in private.	
SANCHO	You don't trust me then?	150
JUAN	You sound like the servant in a play, pretending to be surprised that I won't share important secrets with you. Servants are only good for barnyard humor, which they make up while brushing the horses.	
SANCHO	Hey, don't brush me off.	
JUAN	Away with you.	
SANCHO	I'm not an animal, you know, though I may sleep in the stables.	
SANCHO <i>exits</i>		
LEONARDO	We are alone now. Don Juan, my friend, tell me what's on your mind.	160
JUAN	My dear friend, are you presently in love?	
LEONARDO	Wow! That's a tricky topic. We are surrounded by love and misfortune, but I, thank God, enjoy my freedom. You know there was a time when I was captive to Julia's charms, but her endless disdain killed both my hopes and my love.	170
JUAN	Good, now I can tell you my troubles, for your freedom will put an end to my misfortune.	

LEONARDO	How so?	
JUAN	Would you undertake a voyage for my sake?	
LEONARDO	Are we not friends?	
JUAN	It would be a long one.	
LEONARDO	For you, I'd go to the ends of the earth, cross the scorching sands of Libya or the frozen tundras of Scythia. ³	180
JUAN	Actually, you'd only be going to Peru.	
LEONARDO	That's just around the corner. But surely you're coming with me?	
JUAN	No, you must go without me.	
LEONARDO	I hate the thought of not seeing you, but I am happy to serve you. Give me your arms.	
JUAN	And my soul.	
LEONARDO	God be with you.	
	LEONARDO <i>makes as if to leave</i>	
JUAN	Wait, where are you going?	190
LEONARDO	You asked me to go to Peru and yet you wonder where I'm going? To find a ship!	
JUAN	Stop.	
LEONARDO	This is how a true friend must act.	
JUAN	I knew you'd do me this great favor, but would you really board the ship without even knowing why, or to what end?	
LEONARDO	It is enough to know it pleases you.	200

³ *Scythia*: Roman name for a region of Eastern Europe encompassing modern day Bulgaria, Moldova and Ukraine.

What else does one need to know
when ordered to leave?
It's not my place to question
such a worthy cause.
I thought you just wanted me to go,
so I was setting off,
straight to Peru.

JUAN God keep you.
I know such a long journey
must seem strange to you. 210
Believe me,
if I could put my trust in anyone else,
I'd never ask this of such a dear friend.

LEONARDO What must I do?

JUAN Allow me to explain.

LEONARDO Of course.

JUAN You know my uncle's life
was cut short by the Fates.⁴
He left a daughter, Ana,
whom I would die for. 220
My father became guardian to this girl—
not that such an angel needs one—
and he now treats me
like a cruel stepfather.
He brought her into our home,
the better to watch over her.
But you shouldn't keep gunpowder
near the fire.
So beautiful and charming was she
that after a few exchanges 230
Cupid quickly set my heart ablaze.⁵
Soon I found myself under his sway—
that blind god is a tyrant!
It's no wonder a philosopher painted Love
with roses in one hand
and thorns in the other.
And now my father,
my cruel enemy,
is sending me across the sea to Lima

⁴ *Fates*: Greco-Roman incarnations of destiny.

⁵ *Cupid*: Roman god of love, sometimes said to be blind, and often depicted with a bow and arrow.

to claim a certain inheritance. 240
 Either he is aware of our love
 and would not have her be my wife
 because he hopes for a more appropriate match,
 or his own desires,
 which burn all the hotter
 in an old man's cold blood,
 make him send me away.
 At this, I find my soul in such a state
 that my life... my...
 Only one who has truly loved 250
 could ever understand.
 But Cupid has wings,
 for lovers' wits take flight
 when they are in his thrall.
 I produce a thousand schemes a minute
 and finally light on one that will grant me
 the fame of the treacherous Sinon⁶
 and an end to my torment.
 I will live with my father and my lady Ana
 without being recognized by either. 260
 What won't a lover attempt?
 I have another cousin in Madrid—
 Don Diego de Luján is his name—
 who's finally back from the wars in Flanders
 after a long absence.
 I've written to him
 about the sad state of my affairs.
 And he, more a friend than just a relative,
 has said he'll give his life for my sake.
 So I've written him again 270
 and outlined the scheme
 by which I hope to realize my purpose.
 And so that you may know as well,
 the plan is this:
 my cousin Diego and I will spread the word
 that we look remarkably alike.
 I've told him to write my father,
 feigning a desire to come to Seville
 to see this resemblance for himself before I leave,
 so that all who know us both 280
 can marvel at our common likeness.
 And that's not all:
 we have another plan.
 Don Diego sent my father a portrait of me

⁶ *Sinon*: A Greek soldier in the Trojan war, known for his eloquence in tricking the Trojans.

as if it were his likeness—
 I had sent it to him first.
 And I did the same with his father—
 that is, with my uncle, sending him a letter
 along with a portrait of my cousin
 that I claimed to be me. 290
 So, with my plot set in motion,
 I happily pretend to prepare for my trip.
 That, too, is part of the plan.
 I have everything one might want on board,
 and I have arranged for all the meals.
 It's all so fine it almost makes me want to sail away.
 You and I will embark on this journey together.
 At Cadiz, we'll bid farewell to Sancho,
 my friends, and my family.
 The winged vessel will take off for all to see, 300
 lest anyone think I've remained ashore.
 But I'll pay for another boat to bring me back.
 There's nothing I can't solve with money.
 I will secretly return to await
 my cousin Diego's arrival next month.
 He has agreed to act as my servant
 while I pretend to be him
 in front of my father and my beloved.
 You, dear Leonardo, will travel to Lima,
 where you will take my name, 310
 since no one knows you there.
 I'll give you papers.
 I'm amused at the very thought
 of you becoming me.
 I mean, you're basically my brother already,
 you're such a good friend.
 There you will claim that inheritance for me,
 and since my presence here
 will make my father suspicious,
 I'll give you some papers 320
 with my signature on them⁷
 so you can send letters home
 to allay his suspicions.
 And I, meanwhile,
 will conquer the cause
 of all my sorrows,
 as long as that blind deity
 does not neglect a heart

⁷ Nobles often had their secretaries write letters on their behalf, which were marked with personal signatures or rubrics to attest to their origins, like signing a blank check today.

that's been spurred to such designs
by his poisoned arrow. 330

LEONARDO So you mean to say, Don Juan,
that you've faked a resemblance
to your cousin, Don Diego de Luján,
by having him send your father
your portrait instead of his own,
so you can stay here?

JUAN Yes, and I've done the same to his father:
I've sent a portrait of Don Diego,
his son and my cousin,
in place of my own. 340

LEONARDO But has your uncle never met you?

JUAN My uncle has never seen me,
nor has my father ever seen my cousin.

LEONARDO There is no man alive
who can match your singular wit.
But tell me, why deceive your beloved
and not let her in on the secret?

JUAN My cousin Ana has shown me constant love,
yet I fear she might be deceiving me.
And so I will become Don Diego
and court her in that disguise
to test if her love is true. 350

LEONARDO In that case, wouldn't it be a better idea
to have someone else woo her?

JUAN That would be impertinent.⁸
She could fall for the other man,
and to test her in that way is to lose her.
But in this way, if she takes me for myself,
then it all stays in the family.
If she falls for me as Don Diego,
I alone will know what she's capable of,
without her knowing another man. 360

⁸ *Impertinent*: References the general ill-advisedness of love tests for their tendency to backfire, as in the "Tale of Impertinent Curiosity" in the first part *Don Quijote*, in which Anselmo, dogged by curiosity over the faithfulness of his wife Camila, asks his friend Lotario to try to seduce her. While she initially refuses, the two eventually become lovers precisely due to Anselmo's insistence that Lotario test Camila's love, and Anselmo dies of heartbreak.

LEONARDO But why do you want
Don Diego in the middle?

JUAN In order to properly fool his father and mine,
and so my plot will work even better.
And in Don Diego I'll gain
a faithful friend to confide in.

LEONARDO Well, that makes perfect sense.

JUAN I've sent him a letter of credit 370
for a hundred doubloons
to cover expenses.

LEONARDO That's always your way
of getting what you want.

JUAN Well, I'm rich,
so why should I spare any expense
to solve my problems?
Spending freely always leads to victory.

LEONARDO And your victory will be well-deserved.

JUAN Certainly, if you help me. 380

LEONARDO Well then,
I'll prepare for my voyage.

JUAN You'll have two thousand *escudos*
for the expenses.

LEONARDO There's no need.

JUAN I would not ordinarily do as much,
although even this is too little,
but my father has given me
generous credit for Lima,
and you shall have it 390
so that you may be at ease
until you can collect the inheritance.

LEONARDO I shouldn't, I shouldn't,
and yet I am much obliged.

JUAN On the contrary,
giving my life is but little
for one who gives life to my hopes.

LEONARDO *exits*

JUAN Increase in prosperous fortune,
and for the unhappy, ease;
to this natural secret, the master key: 400
knowing two wills will enclose soon
one; of human rule the platoon,
the column, anchor on the unsure seas
of mortal life; keeping peace
over everything under the moon—
this is sacred friendship, divine
virtue not delaying its tender gifts,
friendship itself the fruit
to which men naturally incline
so that he who without it lives, 410
lives like a beast, like a brute.

Scene 2

Enter SANCHO

SANCHO Are you done telling secrets?

JUAN What's it to you, Sancho?

SANCHO (*Aside*) He's sure been acting strange
now that he's headed for Peru.
Since they announced his journey to Lima,
he's no longer to my taste,
not with sugar, not with lime.
(*To* JUAN) Have you lost faith in old Sancho?

JUAN Oh Sancho, stop whining. 420

SANCHO But what would we do without wine?

JUAN You and your obsessions!

SANCHO And you with yours.
You're always going on
about your beloved cousin.

JUAN She consumes me.
 Wait, here she comes!
 Heavens, is that a love letter
 she's reading?

Enter ANA reading a letter, without seeing JUAN and SANCHE

SANCHO *(Aside)* Looks like he's real upset. 430
All it takes is a spark of suspicion
to light a powder keg of jealousy.

JUAN (*Aside to SANCHE*) I will either kill her or kill myself.

SANCHO (To JUAN) You look like you're about to go off.
Tell me, sir: which is worse,
getting drunk or going crazy?

JUAN Damn you, you scoundrel!

JUAN *strikes* SANCHO

SANCHO By God, you knocked a tooth out!

JUAN goes to ANA and tries to take the letter from her

JUAN Let go, you faithless—

ANA Stop, cousin! 440
Must we always be at each other for no reason?
This behavior does not endear you to me.

SANCHO *(Aside)* He pursues her like a feral cat,
biting and clawing to get his way.
He once had a gentler side,
but now that he's off to Peru
he's so desperate that he seems
like he's on his way to hell.

JUAN *reads the letter*

ANA It's a letter from your cousin Diego at court.

[illegible]

ANA	Look here, you fool, it's addressed to your father.	
JUAN	Oh, I see.	
ANA	God knows I committed no crime in reading it! Don Juan, a suspicious mind will see signs everywhere. But know that it is wrong to scold without just cause.	460
JUAN	Why must you read what another man has written?	
ANA	I saw it on the desk, it was open, and I am a woman. Must you scold me for this too?	
JUAN	Did you fall for his style?	
ANA	You're certainly pig-headed today, Don Juan, or just out of your mind.	
JUAN	Once I leave, my place in your heart will be open. This is why you go rummaging through papers— to see who might deserve it.	470
ANA	And just glancing at a letter will do that?	
JUAN	Doña Ana, it doesn't take much for a woman to fall in love.	
SANCHO	While we're on this topic, and so that the two of you will give it a break, my lord and lady, I'd like to tell you a true story from when I was young. I had a certain Juan Lobo for a friend. ⁹ I brought him along once to see a certain girl of mine. He stood quietly while I spoke some words to my love— you know how the story goes.	480

⁹ *Lobo*: Spanish for 'wolf'.

	Now and then, my girl would eye this Lobo, observing how loyally he waited for me. And then she fell in love with him, just because he never made a move, while I carried on and on.	490
JUAN	Sancho, the slightest sign is enough to condemn the unfortunate.	
ANA	You're always complaining for no reason, Don Juan. I confess, cousin, that I read the letter with pleasure. And what is more, I esteem its author because he looks like you. He says God made you two so alike that it tricks your friends, all of whom take him for you.	500
JUAN	<i>(Aside)</i> Everything proceeds according to plan. <i>(Aloud)</i> He is my cousin. It is not so strange that we look alike.	
SANCHO	Two men who resemble each other is no stranger than two suits being identical when cut from the same cloth.	510
JUAN	But if someone should behold my cousin in my presence, I have no doubt they would find us very different. And now that the heavens have decreed that I should leave you, I want to give you this portrait of myself. Don Diego writes that he will come to see me as soon as possible, yet my ship is about to sail. I have asked my father —if only he would listen— to host him and care for him as he would for me. I want to ask the same of you, because if you treat him well in remembrance of me,	520

your love for me will only grow.
 As long as, of course,
 you remain careful and modest. 530
 Otherwise, the portrait
 may take the place of the original.
 So that Don Diego's fire
 may never spark love in you,
 you must always speak as if to Don Juan,
 even if it is Don Diego who speaks to you.
 Thus, while I don't see you,
 forget your troubles
 by gazing on this portrait.
 Let yourself be deceived 540
 by your desire.

ANA
 Oh God!
 How can I bear to hear
 these instructions for your absence,
 Don Juan, without breaking into tears?

JUAN
 Are you crying?

ANA
 Ask me if I can live
 while you're away.

JUAN
 I confess that I did not expect
 such feeling from your cold heart. 550
 Do not cry, my lady,
 unless by doing so
 you would make my departure glad,
 having confirmed my good fortune.
 Do not shed those pearly tears
 on those roses,
 or the dawn,
 in its haste to collect them all,
 will make the sun rise sooner,
 making the day run faster, 560
 and bring my happiness
 to a swifter end.
 Don't shed all your tears today.
 Save some for when I'm gone.
 Don't let your fears torment you too soon.
 As you can see, I am still here.
 Save some sorrow for my absence,
 for if your fever breaks too soon,
 you might be too quickly cured.

ANA	May God punish me, my love, if I find solace in your absence. May I be despised by any future husband! May God—	570
SANCHO	Enough “mays.” My lord, here comes the old man.	
JUAN	Time will tell whether those fine feelings that you allege prove to be true.	580
<i>Exit ANA and JUAN</i>		
SANCHO	“May God” this and “may God” that! Lovers! I tell you, they call on God more than the dying.	
<i>Enter INÉS</i>		
INÉS	How’s Don Juan?	
SANCHO	That’s a good one! What am I, Inés, the joker? Why do you ask for the jack, with so much riding on the ace?	
INÉS	Who is the jack?	590
SANCHO	Don Juan.	
INÉS	And the ace?	
SANCHO	That’s me, because I’m always ahead. But tell me, how are you faring now that you know I’m leaving?	
INÉS	You’re leaving?	
SANCHO	For Pete’s sake! Had you forgotten, Inés? A sign of true devotion.	

INÉS Are you actually going to Peru? 600

SANCHO (*Aside*) There goes Troy.¹⁰
 (*Aloud*) Yes, I am.

INÉS What will you send me from abroad?

SANCHO

I will send you the devil!
Behold the sorrow
with which this sad news is received!
Note how she girds herself
to face the approaching pain!
Such is the infamous tyranny of women:
“I am coming” rings of “give me something,” 610
and “I am going” echoes back “send me something.”
Is there no “welcome” to “I’m home,”
no “come back soon” to “I am going”?
A masked bandit—
that is how Love should be painted.
I barely glimpsed the woman,
and now I must pay up?
It’s a terrible gamble, having to pay
before she shows her hand.
“Her hand,” I say? Even less. 620
Try courting a veiled woman—
she’ll be asking for ribbons and gloves
before you see a thing.
“What will you send me?”—that’s nice!
The firmest love lasts but a day.
If she would only say “bring me”
which is like saying “come back!”
But “send me” only means “stay there.”
Damned be the fool who trusts in them,
who sends or brings or gives them gifts! 630
Who could bear it!
There is nothing for it
but to hold your purse close
and give her an earful!

SANCHO *exits*

INÉS Wait, Sancho, look, I'm crying!
I'm not asking for anything

¹⁰ “*There goes Troy*”: Spanish saying indicating that some venture has failed or ended disastrously, or is about to end that way, akin to “the jig is up.”

if my asking makes you angry.
I wanted to soften the blow
of your leaving for the Indies
by imagining the riches 640
I expected from your hands.
“Who could bear it?” you say,
but you are more the fool.
You hold onto your purse,
yet expect me to be true!

INÉS *exits*

SCENE 3

A room in CELIO's house

Enter LEONARDO and GUILLÉN

GUILLÉN Wait here, Leonardo,
while I inform my lady of your visit.

GUILLÉN *exits*

LEONARDO For Julia to call me now?
I am beside myself.
I haven't seen her in a thousand days, 650
since she has never been willing.
The embers of love grow cold
from such long absence,
yet now she remembers me?
When I'm about to leave,
she wants to rekindle my affections
with a fond farewell?
But she does not call me for love's sake—
would that I were so fortunate.
She must know I'm on my way to the Indies 660
and wants to ask me for something.
But here she comes.
The very sound of her footsteps undoes me—
my blood freezes in my veins
while my heart is set ablaze.
How easy it is to rekindle old fires.
Indeed, true love dies hard.

Enter JULIA

JULIA Leonardo, my lord,
was it not time for us to meet again?

LEONARDO You should be the one to answer that. 670

JULIA I did—my answer was to call you.

LEONARDO And mine was to come here at your request,
if only to show you
that your word is my command.

JULIA They say you're going to the Indies.

LEONARDO That is so, unless you order me to stay.

JULIA If an order is all it takes,
then I order you to not go away.
Forgive me for being so blunt—
I am taking you at your word. 680

LEONARDO Unless I'm missing something,
you wish to impose on me
a new kind of cruelty,
one that passes for a favor.

JULIA What do you mean?

LEONARDO I'll speak frankly,
for I'm about to leave.
After so much disdain,
you only order me to stay
because if I go, you'll have no one
on whom to inflict your cruelties. 690
But no more, Julia—I freed my neck
from your yoke once before,
and I'm now at liberty
to wring out the garments
that were once drenched in the sea of Love.
No more suffering only to please you.
No more risking my life for your fickle whims.
You fled when I pursued you,
and now that I flee, you pursue me. 700
What you feel now, Julia,
is what I felt before.
But today I claim a major victory with my absence,

as I wrest this body from your cruelty,
this soul from your memory.

JULIA

I swear you scold with such passion!
You now imagine yourself avenged,
but you're a fool who has thrown
all strength into the void.
Who said that my plea for you not to leave
was because I love you
and your leaving brings me pain?
My cousin Leonor likes you well,
and asked me, because you once loved me so much—
if that was even true—to request that you stay.
For my part, the greater favor
would be for you to leave.

710

LEONARDO

That's enough.
It's ridiculous to indulge your disdain now,
and since I no longer love you,
you are also missing the mark.
Don't think that my wayward arrow weighs on me,
for at least we exchanged a few shots.
Since I have let you know
what I mean to do,
therein lies my revenge.
My intentions were enough to offend you,
even more than my clumsy attempts.
If only I could find a way to stay!
Just to make you sorry,
God knows I would stay.

720

730

JULIA

At least you approve of my harshness.
How wrong it would be for me to love
someone as low as you, so set on revenge.

LEONARDO

Don't attribute my disobedience to vengeance,
as God knows that it was only born of mistrust.
I thought that seeing me leave
would awaken your love,
and it was your harshness I feared
if I continued to pursue you.
Otherwise, what greater glory,
what richer Indies could I find,
having loved you so long,
than to triumph over your disdain?
Love does not so easily

740

lay down its arms.

JULIA

It seems to me, sir,
that you are beginning
to turn back the page.

LEONARDO

To deny how long I've loved you
is to deny the sea has waves.

750

JULIA

Leonardo, is there any greater denial
than to deny what I ask of you?

LEONARDO

That was not denial, but fear
of how harsh you've been to me.

JULIA

Does love never change, Leonardo?
Am I not a woman?

LEONARDO

My Julia, what would I not do
to see such a change in you?

JULIA

Then do what I say,
and trust that I am done with disdain.

760

LEONARDO

What are you saying?

JULIA

Just what you heard.
I am persuaded by your words,
and you must trust mine.

LEONARDO

How cruel! What has moved you now
to feign this change of heart?

JULIA

If I have not told you the truth,
let there be no pity for my love
and no hope for my desire.

770

LEONARDO

When by all rights
I should have softened your heart,
my lady, I never could.
Why am I to think you have softened now,
with no reason?

JULIA

Oh Leonardo, how little you understand
what women are like.
Is it not enough to know

that you plan to leave me?
 When you were my prisoner,
 Love was asleep on its watch. 780
 Yet it awoke at the first sign
 of the prisoner's escape.
 I don't know what change
 came over me in an instant,
 but with it, I burned
 and froze all at once.
 My confidence in your love
 was ash over my fire,
 and the change in you 790
 was like a breath of wind
 that discovered the live embers beneath.
 Don't punish me now
 because my love denied you,
 as I too have ignored
 how much my heart adores you.
 It is your absence that shows
 how much I delight in your presence.
 Why must I learn such lessons
 from one who kills me? 800
 Don't ruin your hopes
 by punishing my severity,
 for vengeance is madness
 if it kills the one who seeks revenge.
 Now you're quiet?
 What can I hope for?
 To take so long in responding
 is as good as turning me down.
 How can you do this to me?
 Say something! 810
 What are you waiting for?

LEONARDO Oh, my Julia!

JULIA What's wrong?
 If you don't believe what I say,
 I will show—

LEONARDO You don't understand.

JULIA So tell me!

LEONARDO Cruel love always mixes pleasure with pain.
 I've given Don Juan de Castro my word

to go with him to Peru,
and so I must,
even if it costs me my life.
It is as good as lost,
since I must part from you. 820

JULIA My pleas to Don Juan
will release you from your word.

LEONARDO Do not attempt such madness.
He'll think it's a ploy
and that I've changed my mind.

Enter JUAN

JUAN Ah, Leonardo, you must be eager to go
since you've come to ask Julia for her blessing. 830

JULIA And you, who take him from me,
must be here as my curse.

JUAN You can have Leonardo, Julia,
if that's what you want.

JULIA Yes, that is what I want.

JUAN Your word is my command.

LEONARDO Julia, you should know this offends me.
Don Juan, I do not understand this.
What kind of friend do you take me for? 840

JUAN I cannot ask this of you
if it makes you so unhappy.

LEONARDO God forbid that love
should overcome friendship.

JUAN It runs both ways:
if friendship leads you
to trample your own good,
then that same friendship in me
won't allow it, and so,
your love must triumph. 850

LEONARDO I must keep my word.

I know how much you need me, Don Juan.

JUAN I can find someone to go in your place.

LEONARDO It's too late,
you won't find anyone now.

JULIA Now that Don Juan has released you,
don't claim you have an obligation to him
or deny that you are set on vengeance.
Take your revenge.
Leave, oh my enemy, for I—

860

LEONARDO Listen, Julia, dearest,
if I don't leave my life here with you,
let the sea swallow me whole.
If I don't—

JULIA Set the oaths aside, Leonardo.
It's actions I believe in.

LEONARDO I want nothing more than to please you.

JUAN You have given her good reason to complain.

LEONARDO You should not push me
to do what is not right.

870

JUAN What Julia wants is what's right.

LEONARDO My obligation is what's right.

JULIA Don Juan waives his claim.

LEONARDO That's true, but in this tight predicament,
what he has done for courtesy
does not release me from my obligation.

JULIA You play me false!

Enter GUILLÉN

GUILLÉN Lady, your brother.

JULIA Don Juan, I beg of you.

JUAN Heaven couldn't grant you a better advocate. 880

Enter CELIO and GERARDO

CELIO Gentlemen!
You, in this house?

JUAN We have both come to bid you farewell.

JULIA Don Juan is on his way to the Indies
and has come to bid farewell
as any nobleman might.

CELIO And Leonardo?

JULIA I assume he's going as far as Cadiz with him.

LEONARDO And from Cadiz to Lima.

JULIA *(Aside)* Again he plays me false! 890

CELIO I wish you good fortune
on your journey.

JUAN Thank you. Julia,
I hope to hear the happy news
that you have married one
who deserves you.

JULIA Goodbye.

LEONARDO Goodbye, Celio.

CELIO Goodbye, Leonardo.

LEONARDO Julia, may God grant that I see you,
as my heart desires. 900

JULIA God be with you.

GERARDO *(Aside)* I burn with jealousy.

JULIA *(Aside)* Take my life, oh heavens!

JULIA and GERARDO speak aside

GERARDO Listen to me, faithless Julia.

JULIA *(Aside)* Just what I need now.
(Aloud) Let go of me!

GERARDO Listen!

JULIA I can't stand it!

JULIA exits

GERARDO I can't bear it! 910

CELIO, GERARDO, and GUILLÉN exit

JUAN Now that we're alone,
you can declare your intentions.

LEONARDO The one who loves me when I'm gone
will not love me if I stay.

JUAN Do you care for her?

LEONARDO My soul adores her beauty once again.

JUAN Stay here to enjoy it.

LEONARDO Must you start this again?
I will go, by God,
for that will test her devotion to me
and prove my friendship to you. 920

Exit all

ACT II
SCENE 1

Enter RODRIGO, ANA and INÉS, with SANCHO in traveling clothes

SANCHO	My lord, Leonardo and I both left here on a Monday, and arrived in Cadiz on Thursday, just as the sun tucked itself in. Don Fernando was our host, that branch of your noble house who is as generous as they say, offering fine gifts and largesse. On Saturday, as the last relics of darkness were fleeing from the dawn, and in the east, peaks shone ruby and gold, the flagship set off a cannon, whose fire shot out amid smoke and sparks, like clouds and lightning. “Raise anchor!” all shouted in reply. All hurried to embark, and at once, the sandy riverbank was full of crowds. We too gathered there to mount those steeds of the sea who raced through waters with oars. We boarded the galleon. I set eyes and ears on tasks and chants no novice could understand. I was there until 10 o’clock speaking with my master, as he entrusted me with all those things a man his age is concerned with. Then the cannon went off again, and my master dismissed me, so I was obliged to leave the ship and return to shore. Its thunder had hardly split the air when the flagship raised its sails and the winds made light of the hefty load. On the stern, Don Lope, that heroic general, scion of the Díez, the Aux and the Armendárez,	930 940 950 960
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the cross of Calatrava on his breast,¹¹
 judged by all for his deeds and habits
 as worthy of a greater charge
 from our saintly king,
 for so often has he secured the unquiet seas
 and made them pay their tribute to Spain
 in entire fleets of silver.
 And so the flagship sailed off,
 blocking out the sun
 in a flurry of smoke 970
 from cannons and muskets.
 Behind her sailed your son's ship,
 pulling up her anchors alongside
 and unfurling its sails,
 crashing through the crystalline blue.
 My lord stood at the railing,
 and I watched as, bit by bit,
 he departed from the Andalusian shores.
 My tears got in the way,
 yet my loyalty would not allow me to look away. 980
 I followed with my eye as far as I could,
 until distance made everything
 blend into confusion,
 and each ship seemed nothing
 but the tiny relic of a cloud.
 With this sight, I returned to the inn
 and prepared my own journey,
 leaving Cadiz that same day at twilight.
 I slept in Sanlucar,
 and discovered, to my misfortune, 990
 that on Monday there would be a bullfight
 for the duke's particular pleasure,
 and I stayed there to watch it.
 The bulls arrived Monday
 and I, like any good sightseer,
 wandered around the entire plaza.
 Some she-devil put the evil eye on me,
 for as I stood waiting for the first bull,
 I was chased,
 and before I could hide, 1000
 I was grabbed by this here buttock
 and given such a shake
 that the horn wounded me

¹¹ *Cross of Calatrava*: The Order of Calatrava was one of three major Spanish religious-military orders, originally founded to counter Muslim forces in the 12th century. These orders became very powerful, and owned immense estates, towns and fortresses.

and the blow stunned me.
When I came to
from the near ecstasy in which I lay,
I found myself with one more hole
than usual in the back,
unfastened and penniless,
for those who assist in these cases 1010
first go for the wallet,
and then tend to any injuries.
Three weeks I have spent
in waiting for my wound to heal,
and that's why I'm so late, sir,
with this news and these letters.

RODRIGO *takes the letters and ANA cries*

RODRIGO May God keep him.

SANCHO (*Aside to ANA*) Much though your love may weep,
my lord has wept a thousand tears
for each one of yours. 1020

ANA What did he tell you?

SANCHO Well...
One who departs when he's so in love...
He charged me with your care
a million times and more.
When we mounted and dismounted,
on the road and at the inn,
as we ate and as we paid,
on the river and the sea,
by night and by day, 1030
and as every last prayer
reached its final "Amen,"
it was "Watch over Ana!
That's why you must stay
in Spain, Sancho," he told me.
And the truth is I don't mind:
I don't much like the sea. (*ANA starts to cry*)
(*To INÉS*) While Don Rodrigo reads
and Doña Ana cries,
let's you and me talk, you tyrant. 1040
Tell me, where do I stand with you?
Have you given your word
to some other, luckier man than me?

Two years as your suitor
only got me pinched all over.
Speak, don't be rude,
even if you must be coy.

INÉS Didn't you claim
you were leaving for the Indies?

SANCHO What better Indies than Inés? 1050
To show you what a foolish idea
it was to leave for the Indies
I will ask a poet
to paint your beauty.
Your hair will be gold,
your forehead silver,
your teeth pearls,
your lips coral.
And so, you see,
if your beauty itself 1060
is the measure of all wealth,
then what better Indies
can there be than Inés?

SCENE 2

Enter JUAN, in completely different dress, and DIEGO, dressed for travel

JUAN I am at your feet, sir.

RODRIGO Is that Juan?

ANA Is that my Juan,
or Don Diego de Luján,
who is the very image of him?

JUAN I am Don Juan.

SANCHO Holy heavens! Don Juan? 1070
How can it be?

JUAN And is it such a miracle
if I return?

RODRIGO If that were the case,
the news would have reached us

long before you got to Seville.

JUAN The galleon was so smashed and broken
that we made it to Lisbon alive
only because God was our captain.
I felt it was impossible
to embark once again,
and so I took the road post-haste
and got here before news of my departure. 1080

RODRIGO Embrace me, son.
Good God, what danger you have escaped!

ANA Beloved cousin,
I'm glad you are well.

JUAN Dear cousin!

ANA Is it really you?

SANCHO *(Aside to INÉS)* It's his face and voice, Inés,
but I don't recognize those clothes,
or his beard, or anything else.
Don Juan's beard is not so full.
If it's really Don Diego de Luján
pretending to be Don Juan,
they'll soon fish it out of him.
(To JUAN) Give me your arms,
and let Philandro welcome you. 1090

JUAN My Philandro!

SANCHO Me, Philandro, oh that's good!
By God, I caught him out!
I am Armindo. 1100

JUAN I let you lead me astray,
Armindo, just to bait you.

SANCHO Oh, that's nice!
Armindo? He fell for it again.
By my life, that is not Don Juan!

DIEGO You've discovered his trick.

JUAN Forgive Don Diego de Luján

	for baiting you in this way.	1110
RODRIGO	What are you saying?	
JUAN	I wanted to see if the resemblance between Don Juan and myself was as strong as people claim. Having fooled his father, I see that I am exactly like him.	
RODRIGO	Well, I don't appreciate being baited. You went too far. Yet, I still have my doubts whether you're Don Diego or Don Juan.	1120
JUAN	<i>(Hands over some letters)</i> These letters of introduction will confirm it.	
RODRIGO	In truth, if I remember correctly, in that little portrait you sent me ¹² you were wearing those same clothes.	
JUAN	That's true!	
	RODRIGO <i>reads the letters</i>	
ANA	<i>(Aside)</i> What will I do now?	
SANCHO	Who could have known? Now that I've looked him over, I spot a thousand differences. <i>(Aside to INÉS)</i> Can't you see it, Inés? Don't you see how this one hunches over, and is a little thinner, and his feet are bigger? I laugh to think how we fell for it. He doesn't match up at all. Look closely. This one looks like a Jew. ¹³ And the servant! Is he not ugly, Inés? Next to him, I am Narcissus!	1130 1140

¹² A *retratillo*, or portrait miniature, was a common item exchanged between family members, loved ones, or potential spouses.

¹³ Jews were persecuted and ultimately expelled from Spain in 1492. Sancho's comment reflects Catholic anxiety about cryptojudaism—individuals who pretended to have converted to Catholicism while continuing to practice Judaism in secret.

By God, if the master is a Jew,
the servant is a Pharisee.

INÉS Sancho, you're not seeing straight.
The servant looks very dapper.

SANCHO Sure, sure! You like him?
Then may God forgive Sancho, amen.

RODRIGO

You are welcome, Don Diego de Luján,
and you ease our sorrow
over Juan's absence.
You so resemble him
that I see the very image of him in you.
And so I hope that you will
stay for a long time here in Seville.
We will host Don Diego
in my son's room.
Niece, I beg you to treat him
as Juan has requested.
Now, come in and rest, Diego.
God save me! In my life
I've never seen such a likeness.

1150

1160

RODRIGO *and* INÉS *exit*

JUAN Cousin, give me your arms.

ANA Again?

ANA *embraces* JUAN

JUAN Well, you have not yet embraced Don Diego,
have you?

SANCHO (*Aside*) What a show of resistance, by God!
 Again? No hesitation, either.
 (*To ANA*) You know that I must write my lord
 and tell him all that you do.

ANA What do you expect?
Don Diego is his very portrait,
I could not resist him.

1170

JUAN *and* DIEGO *speak aside*

JUAN	See how quickly she embraced me, Diego! Heavens, how easy!	
DIEGO	Well, what are you after? Are you jealous of yourself?	
JUAN	Why not? If she embraces me as Don Diego, does she not offend me as Don Juan?	
DIEGO	If Don Diego de Luján is her cousin, tell me, I beg you, why you are so worried about a cousinly embrace?	1180
JUAN	I am also her cousin, and with me she speaks of love.	
ANA	Don Diego?	
JUAN	(To ANA) My dear cousin.	
ANA	What is that fellow arguing with you about? (Aside) Good God, they're identical!	
JUAN	The man you see before you, Ana, is my equal in blood and good sense. I only surpass him in my good fortune.	1190
SANCHO	Oh, if Inés were to hear this!	
JUAN	With him I'm always an open book. His merits have made of him a companion rather than a servant. I told him that you outmatch your own reputation and he reminded me of a lady who might be jealous of our cousinly embrace. Given your perfection, I told him I might leave for greener pastures. Judge now who is in the right.	1200
ANA	Neither of you, it seems to me. Not you, for no beauty would excuse such fickleness. Nor he, who holds you back,	

for a servant should see
to his master's pleasure
rather than to what he owes another.

JUAN I appeal your sentence, 1210
 for a change of heart
 should not be condemned
 when one exchanges earth for heaven.
 In heaven, the soul lies firmly in its place
 while love fervently seeks
 the greatest beauty.
 And since yours is unmatched,
 no sooner had I seen you
 than I said to my love:
 "Here must you reside, 1220
 here shall you dwell eternally,
 here must all past memories die."

SANCHO And so it begins.
 It's pretend or perish.
 (*Aside to ANA*) Don't listen to him, Doña Ana.

ANA Leave me! What a bore!

JUAN (*Aside to DIEGO*) She is upset because I am in her way.
 By God, she is fickle!

DIEGO (*To JUAN*) And you, jealous for no reason.

ANA (*Aside*) I can't stop looking at him. 1230
 His face, his voice, his body
 are all those of my absent beloved.
 I can't let him out of my sight—
 just like Don Juan.
 Yet Sancho is getting suspicious,
 and I must...
 (*Aloud*) You must rest now.

JUAN My dear cousin,
 I can no longer find rest without you.

ANA You flatter me? 1240
 (*Aside*) Good God,
 he's exactly the same!

ANA *exits*

JUAN	Goodbye.	
SANCHO	<i>(Aside)</i> There's something fishy here. I must look sharp.	
JUAN	You could hardly be any more determined to foil me if I were your enemy, my man. Tell me, what have I done to you? <i>(Aside)</i> I will test his loyalty.	
SANCHO	All wish to serve you here, as well they should.	1250
JUAN	Let us be friends, and let these doubloons prove our friendship. So tell me: what reason do you have to keep my lovely cousin away from me?	
SANCHO	<i>(Aside)</i> Who wouldn't double-cross for a doubloon? Who could possibly resist money? What shields against shillings? Gold will make a dumb man speak— it will even make chatty barbers shut up!	1260
JUAN gives SANCHO a coin		
JUAN	<i>(Aside)</i> Now this defense is breached, for he takes the bribe. The honor of an absent man lasts only till someone attacks it.	
SANCHO	<i>(To JUAN)</i> If I must confess the truth, my lord Don Juan is so in love with Doña Ana that he is out of his mind. And so in his absence he charged me—oh heavy load— to be his vengeful angel in this paradise, though I wield no sword.	1270
JUAN	<i>(Aside)</i> See how quickly he's confessed, glad of the bribe! What might have required torture in others, pleasure has achieved in him.	

No one cares for courtesies any longer,
nor do they lead to anything good.
The only sane thing is to do as others do. 1280
Might makes right, as the saying goes.
(*Aloud*) But I am here.
Help me in my amorous quest,
and exchange a dubious hope
for a friendship most true.
You are making her angry, too.
You shouldn't worry about
losing one absent friend,
if you gain two who are actually here.
Don Juan won't know of this offense to him. 1290
If he does find out and you lose him,
then I'll take you into my service,
and you'll be compensated for any harm.

SANCHO By God, that sermon could convert
the great Sophy of Persia!¹⁴
I will make it possible
for you to get your way, my lord,
for I won't interfere,
but instead accept the friendship you offer me.
Let me know, if you will, 1300
how else I may be of service.

JUAN Oh, you ungrateful swine!

SANCHO My lord!

JUAN I am Don Juan—why are you so surprised?

SANCHO What?

JUAN You vile creature!
Is this how you see to your duty
and my honor? I'll kill you!

DIEGO What do you expect from such a fool?

SANCHO Listen and you will see, 1310
though you're so very angry,
that my intentions were good.
I recognized you at once,
and since you seemed to be hiding,

¹⁴ *Sophy*: The sovereign of Persia, an exonym for Iran.

	I decided to test you to see whether you'd confess.	
DIEGO	That is actually a good excuse.	
SANCHO	Was I to go against my obligation for the sake of Don Diego, or even for the king, as a loyal servant? Too bad for Don Diego!	1320
JUAN	By taking his money, did you not undertake the obligation to help Don Diego?	
SANCHO	I cannot deny it. Yet my plan was to take it and then to trick him. It's only right to repay betrayal with betrayal.	1330
JUAN	Oh, you vile traitor, you liar!	
SANCHO	Now what?	
JUAN	See to what kind of man a noble gentleman offered his friendship! I am Don Diego de Luján.	
SANCHO	Go away, by my life! Will this go on all day? "I'm Don Diego" and "I'm Don Juan!"	
JUAN	I am Don Diego, yet to see if you were false, I pretended to be Don Juan.	1340
SANCHO	And you think I don't know you cannot be Don Juan? I myself saw him on board, and since I saw how you denied being Don Diego, I did this to make you confess.	
JUAN	A good excuse!	

DIEGO	A fine mess!	
JUAN	At least it's clear to one and all: whether I am called Luján or Castro, I cannot put my trust in you.	1350
SANCHO	Whether you're Castro or Luján, I serve you as best I can: for you I deny Don Juan if you're Don Diego, Don Diego if you're Don Juan. But if while I serve one of you, you plan to become the other, then I won't bother to serve either, so as not to offend anyone.	1360
	SANCHO <i>exits</i>	
DIEGO	You've done it, for now it's established that <i>you are me</i> .	
JUAN	Nothing ventured, nothing gained. But, oh cousin, console me in my misfortune, for I die of it. See how loyalty falters at the first assault! See how swiftly those defenses surrendered! And Doña Ana, how easy, how fickle she was in giving ear to my affections!	1370
DIEGO	Only a fool sets out to test a woman.	
JUAN	It might make sense if she's already his wife, but not when he has yet to marry her.	
DIEGO	Don Juan, would it not be better to reveal yourself to our cousin, and, given that she values your love, to enjoy her love in peace? Doubt the most loyal of women before testing her like this. Let her not say of you that you sought your own harm. What is the point of testing her, if you will only rue the day?	1380

Even if she proves disloyal,
you would not be able to forget her.

JUAN

If she seems easy while I court her,
I will know to guard her,
even if I can't forget her.
Better to know what she is,
though it pains me, and guard her,
than to enjoy her without a care
and lose my honor through her.

1390

Enter INÉS

INÉS

All is ready, if you wish to rest.
(*Aside*) I've never seen such a dapper servant.

DIEGO

(*Aside*) She's looking at me.

INÉS

There's water for your feet,
with rosemary and roses in it.

JUAN

Such attentions, young lady?

1400

INÉS

Not lady, just Inés.

JUAN

Well, good Inés, of the two of us,
you must take better care
of my servant there.

INÉS

I will.
(*Aside*) I certainly care more for him
than for you.
(*Aloud*) Your beds are ready.

JUAN

You are both lovely
and well-prepared.

1410

INÉS

(*Aside*) How like Don Juan he looks!

Exit all

SCENE 3

Sitting room in CELIO's house

Enter GERARDO and JULIA

GERARDO Listen to me, Julia.

JULIA Gerardo, please stop, by your life.

GERARDO How fiercely you suffer
in Leonardo's absence!

JULIA Whether I suffer or not
is no business of yours.
If I'm not concerned with your pain,
why should you care about mine?

GERARDO My lady, while Leonardo was here 1420
you listened more humanely,
more patiently to my sad complaints.
Yet, since he's been gone,
you have so despised me
that it's as though
I were the one who'd gone away.

JULIA If you realize that, Gerardo,
please stop, by your life!

GERARDO I will enjoy you, you false woman, 1430
even if it pains you.

JULIA I'll scream.

GERARDO Love undoes all my fear.
It is useless to resist.

JULIA What are you doing?
Help, brother, my honor is in danger!

Enter CELIO with his sword drawn

CELIO What is this, Gerardo, you traitor?

GERARDO Let go, you false woman!
Celio, listen, it's your sister
who offends you,
while I look to your honor. 1440

GERARDO unsheathes his sword

[illegible]

to calm my impatience.
But, since I was resolved
to quit her and make myself scarce,
she hit upon a false accusation
that would serve to keep me here— 1480
that I compromised her honor.
And that's how you found her,
claiming her honor was in jeopardy,
while I tried to free myself from her.
That is the truth. I am blameless.
Julia retains her honor.
Loving her was no betrayal,
and my jealous watch over her
was in your service.
Need I explain myself further? 1490

CELIO You may need to,
if you are not being truthful,
so I will hold myself back
until I find out the truth.
Put away your sword and go.

GERARDO (*Aside*) Blind Love,
why do you treat me this way?
The one time I take a chance,
her brother arrives on the scene?
But I can still make it work, 1500
if I stick to my story.

GERARDO *exits*

CELIO Oh, the heavy burden
of trusting a woman's honor!

SCENE 4

On the street outside JULIA's house

Enter JUAN and SANCHE

JUAN If Inés loves Mendo¹⁵ instead of you,
I don't see what I can do.

¹⁵ *Mendo*: The name that the real Don Diego takes on in his disguise as a servant.

SANCHO	I do.	
JUAN	Tell me.	
SANCHO	Dismiss Mendo, or you can say goodbye to me.	
JUAN	Mendo has served me for years, and I am much obliged to him.	1510
SANCHO	I am just as obliged to Don Juan, and yet, by serving you, I have abandoned my obligation to him.	
JUAN	But what was my servant's sin, if it was Inés who fell for him?	
SANCHO	A fine excuse! Tell me: what was Don Juan's sin that justifies me offending him? Make this better at once, or I will ruin your plans. See whether your heart prefers that servant over your cousin Ana's love.	1520
<i>SANCHO exits</i>		
JUAN	Oh, what confusion, what pain these schemes lead to!	
<i>Enter DIEGO</i>		
DIEGO	What are you doing, cousin?	
JUAN	Don Diego, a thousand strange torments batter my peace of mind. Sancho has handed me an ultimatum: either I must say goodbye to you, or I can say goodbye to his help with my love.	1530
DIEGO	Well, by my life! They'll both be the death of me. Sancho with his jealousy,	

and Inés with her flirting.

JUAN That's the price
of being handsome. 1540

DIEGO We'll need to keep him quiet.

JUAN We'll talk about it later.
Here we are at Julia's house,
and I must give her a letter
that cost me two thousand ducats.

DIEGO But wait:
see how the elegant dawn
emerges now from the house.

JUAN The sun rises to the world.

Enter JULIA, cloaked, and GUILLÉN

JULIA My lord,
Don Juan! 1550

JUAN I am Don Diego de Luján, his cousin,
and if you are Julia, my lady,
I have something to tell you.

JULIA I am Julia.
Tell me, as long as it's brief.
There's a wagging tongue
at work against my honor.

JUAN (*Gives her a letter*) Leonardo sends you this letter,
and he wrote to me, telling me— 1560

JULIA Don Diego, goodbye.
This is not the place.
Find me at a better time.

JUAN Yes, I will,
if that is your command.

JULIA It is.

JULIA and GUILLÉN exit, with DIEGO following

JUAN Hello, Mendo! Mendo! Ah, Mendo!
He follows her as if in a trance.
Come back, Mendo!

JUAN *exits*

DIEGO (*Offstage*) I fall from heaven 1570
and return to hell.

SCENE 5

Room in RODRIGO's house

Enter JUAN and DIEGO

DIEGO God help me,
what did I just see?
That memory was dead,
and now the past has been revived.

JUAN What's happened?

DIEGO Do not be surprised.
When a man feels this way,
there must be a reason.
Doesn't Julia have a brother 1580
named Celio?

JUAN That is his name.

DIEGO Hear what Love demands,
hear what Time may do,
the whims of Fortune,
and what my misfortune has come to:
you know, cousin,
how young I was
when I left for Flanders,
how I was much too young 1590
to even wear a sword.
Since I could not serve Archduke Albert¹⁶
on the battlefield,
I entered his service as a page.
The noble Julia served his wife then.

¹⁶ Albert VII, Archduke of Austria, led several battles against French, English and Dutch troops between 1596-1604 to advance Spain's political power.

Everyone died for her love
 and she gave life to me alone.
 She favored me so
 with tokens of affection
 that I found myself 1600
 the envy of all Flanders,
 and rightly so.
 It was either chance,
 or my good looks,
 or the fact that we lived together
 in the same household,
 or that we were both children,
 or that I was born lucky,
 or that my cruel fortune wanted it so,
 to make my fall 1610
 all the more painful.
 For when I least expected it,
 as I enjoyed the spring of our love
 and the roses in her cheeks,
 after more than six years of love,
 the unhappy news came
 that her older brother had died
 childless here in Spain.
 The estate passed to Celio,
 who was in Flanders then, 1620
 expecting his reward
 for a thousand feats in battle.
 He decided to go back
 to enjoy his income in peace,
 taking Julia with him,
 and a piece of my soul
 along with her.
 I devised a thousand ploys
 and schemes to follow her
 —aided by Love, 1630
 that mischievous child—
 but none of them succeeded,
 for the Archduke, my master,
 enjoyed my service too well,
 and, knowing my true reasons,
 prevented my departure.
 So, Julia and I said our goodbyes.
 I can't express what I felt:
 only one who has tasted
 love and loss can understand it. 1640
 We exchanged promises of love...

“Exchanged,” did I say? Not quite.
 My word was true,
 while Julia, in the end,
 spoke as a woman does.
 She left. And just when I thought
 I had defeated my terrible luck,
 when I had a plan to free
 myself from my master,
 when I was ready to follow her, 1650
 when I had gilded my green boots
 with golden spurs
 and put wings on a bay nag,
 just then did loose-tongued Fame arrive
 with the unhappiest of news:
 Death had claimed both siblings.
 A proud river, swelling up to the sky,
 extinguished the light
 of this Diana, this Phoebus.¹⁷
 Consider the state I was left in. 1660
 What would my life be
 without my beloved angel?
 And so, I changed my plans.
 I went to serve in the war,
 where in six years
 I suffered a thousand torments.
 I secured a leave
 and came to Madrid
 to seek favor at the court,
 and then to Seville to serve you, 1670
 only to find that
 the mistress of my soul was here.
 Is it then so unreasonable
 to feel like I’m going mad,
 when I find that my Julia is alive,
 and I still feel as I ever did?

JUAN

Truly, your story is so strange
 that your reaction is no surprise.
 In fact, I am only surprised
 that you have not lost your mind. 1680
 I would congratulate you
 on finding her after all this time,
 but she loves Leonardo now,
 after disdaining him for so long.

¹⁷ *Diana*: also known as Artemis, is a Greco-Roman goddess whose name alludes to the Latin words for “sky” and “daylight.” *Phoebus*: also known as Apollo, is Diana’s brother and the Greco-Roman god of the sun.

DIEGO Be quiet, for God's sake.
 That is much too harsh!

JUAN What do you want? It's the truth,
 and the best friend is the one
 who is best at setting you straight.
 Besides, Leonardo, 1690
 who went all the way to Lima for my sake,
 charged me with watching over her,
 for he values her more than his soul.

DIEGO And so what if he left her in your charge?
 Are you going to keep her from me?

JUAN Cousin, you must understand
 my obligations here.

DIEGO But I can be your excuse.

JUAN And Leonardo is my excuse to you.

DIEGO I am your cousin and your friend, 1700
 and Leonardo is just a friend.

JUAN It's for that very reason
 that I owe more to him,
 absent though he is,
 for he has done me such a favor
 without even the bonds of kinship.

DIEGO It's remarkable how kind I am to you,
 given that we're family.
 It's not how these things usually go,
 for kindness in a kinsman is rarely found. 1710
 Yet, of good friends,
 there are a thousand famous examples.

JUAN Have you ever known anyone
 to give up his lady for his friend,
 as Leonardo has done for me?

DIEGO I have given up my very self!
 For the sake of being your servant,
 I am no longer who I was.
 If you value his absence so,

know that I would do the same,
if in doing so I served my cousin. 1720

JUAN You deny me the very thing
 that I ask of you,
 and that I suspect you know
 is what I need.

DIEGO You do not ask me to absent myself,
 as Leonardo has done,
 you ask me to give up my lady
 to another, for your sake.
 Even asking for such a thing is unfair. 1730
 He would not do it, and neither will I.

JUAN I do not ask you to give her up,
 but to let me watch over her
 for the time being.

DIEGO If I let you keep her from me,
 it's the same as giving her up.

JUAN I must keep my word.

DIEGO And I will also keep the word
 I have given you,
 to help you pretend what you pretend. 1740
 And I will give my life for you
 so that your love may come to fruition,
 as you so desire, Don Juan.
 But if you think that I will allow you
 to keep Julia from me, by God,
 know I will tear out the very soul
 of one who seeks to take mine from me.

DIEGO exits

JUAN Caught in a web of one's own deceit!
 And the harms that follow
 the first harm done! 1750
 I must keep my faith
 and my word to Leonardo,
 but if I keep it, Don Diego will resent me.
 They both have a claim on me,
 and I am obligated to them both.
 As though my own troubles

were not enough on their own!

Enter INÉS

INÉS Sir, what did you do to Mendo
 that he looks so upset?

JUAN I have scolded him on your account. 1760

INÉS On my account?
 I don't understand.

JUAN I begged him to love you,
 to make you happy,
 yet he wouldn't budge
 in the face of my pleas,
 and he made me so angry
 that I dismissed him at once.

INÉS Have mercy on him, sir.

JUAN Leave it. 1770

INÉS I burn for him.
 If he stays dismissed,
 you can say goodbye to me.

JUAN Inés, ask for anything else.

INÉS When you deny me life itself,
 what else could I ask of you?
 This is what I deserve.

JUAN Fine, then, I will do it
 to serve you, my dear Inés.

INÉS There is more that you could do for me. 1780

JUAN Tell me.

INÉS Marry him to me.

JUAN I can't make any promises,
 but I will certainly try.

INÉS So it's the thought that counts?

No, you must follow through.

JUAN That's the very reason
I had to dismiss him.
Heaven itself cannot force a free will.

INÉS If that's the case, 1790
then I must appeal to your authority.
Mendo esteems you so
that he wishes only to please you,
and since I'm playing the go-between
for you with my lady,
I suggest you see to this.
If you do not do as I wish,
I will tell my master Don Rodrigo
that you are wooing his niece.

INÉS exits

JUAN How this house of cards shakes. 1800
Everyone conspires against it,
seeking to try my patience and my sanity.

Enter ANA

ANA (*Aside*) How vain it was
to resist your fire, oh blind Love!
Through Don Diego,
what power you have over me!
What star, what mighty planet moves me
and compels me against my will,
so that I have loved you
since the first moment I saw you? 1810
Forgive this change of heart,
Don Juan, for if Don Diego
has conquered my heart,
the arrow that wounded me
was your likeness.
(*To JUAN*) Cousin!

JUAN Doña Ana, my dear...

ANA What's troubling you?

JUAN The pain you cause me
so nobly suffered and so poorly paid, 1820

my dashed hopes of conquering your coldness,
the unparalleled beauty
that Nature graced you with,
beyond all belief,
so that my very life is death.
The glory that is Don Juan's
and the misfortune that is Don Diego's,
for the memory of him in his absence
crushes my present pleas.
How our story unfolds,
how fate has led me to such torments,
and how, in the end,
only death will bring me relief.

1830

ANA Have you no hope left?

JUAN What hope could I have,
given your icy disposition
while I burn for you?

ANA But disdain is just a step along the way
for one who prevails in the end.
Happy endings work best
after a sad story,
and victory is sweeter
when hope is scarcer.

1840

JUAN If only I had some hope to hold onto,
I would consider myself
the luckiest man alive,
and second to none in my devotion.

ANA There is no triumph without hope.

JUAN There is no hope for one scorned,
for he begins to doubt his own merits.

1850

ANA No one need die of despair
who finds a sympathetic ear.

ANA makes as if to leave

JUAN Come back, my darling,
and speak your mind.
Don't be shy now.
If there's happiness for me

after such a sad story,
do not deny me my victory.
If my love has conquered you,
I beg you not to hide it. 1860
For to shower such favor upon me,
Doña Ana, would be a sign
of your nobility,
and not your fickleness.

ANA I don't know what to say, Don Diego.

JUAN Well, I know what you should say to me.
Say to me, my dear,
that you repay my fire
with your own sweet fire.

ANA What my words would deny, 1870
my actions confess,
for they bear the mark
of my amorous passion.
The eyes speak for the heart.
From the moment I found myself
in your presence, Don Diego,
I know not what resonance
I felt inside my soul.
I know not how I lost myself,
for passion so forcefully overwhelmed me 1880
that only through the miracle
of my honest virtue
have I managed to resist you.

JUAN May I call you my very own?

ANA A thousand times over.

JUAN And Don Juan?

ANA This is what he deserves
for walking away from what he had.
He must think very highly of himself
to prolong his absence so. 1890
Besides, you must understand
what has produced this change of heart.
It was your likeness to him
that moved me in the first place.

JUAN	Enough, you deceptive, loose, fickle, false, lying, scheming, traitor! An inconstant sea battered by winds, of two minds at least, a shrinking violet, wispy smoke and trembling leaf, feather in the wind, ill-boding star, lightning bolt, demon. In short, a woman. I am Don Juan and not Don Diego. All this is my doing, so I could find out the truth and see how blind I was. How soon that fire died out that once consumed you! Were the tears that poured from you worth so little? Oh, pity the poor fool who trusts a woman's weeping!	1900
ANA	Wait.	
JUAN	No lie will serve you now.	
ANA	Won't you listen to me?	
JUAN	You will only try to deceive me.	
ANA	I will show you how wrong you are. You have tried to trick me and test my loyalty with this fiction. And I, well aware of this, have set out to punish you for the crime of testing me.	1920
JUAN	No, the honeyed words I heard from your mouth were all too real.	
ANA	Of course they were real, Don Juan, for I spoke them to you!	
JUAN	You spoke to me with the understanding that I was Don Diego!	1930

ANA	The fact is, I spoke those words to you, whether you call yourself Diego or Juan. A change in name does not change the substance.¹⁸ I have loved the same body and the same soul all along. How could I have betrayed you with yourself?	1940
JUAN	By declaring your love for Diego just now, when I am Juan.	
ANA	If a simple name causes such outrage, then it's only Juan's name that need be jealous of Diego's. But you are you, whether you call yourself Diego or Juan. Don't drive yourself mad with abstract notions. But if you must tighten the screws, I will punish you too: I say, in a nutshell, that from this moment on, if you are Don Juan, I do not love you, and if you are Don Diego, I do. And to put an end to this nonsense, I will ask my uncle to get to the bottom of this.	1950
JUAN	Listen, here's the truth.	
ANA	There's nothing to hear.	
JUAN	Wait, cousin!	1960
ANA	If you're Don Diego, my love is yours, have no fear, but if you're Don Juan, then by God, it's off to Lima with you!	

¹⁸ Aristotelian philosophy held that form was analogous to the soul and matter analogous to the body. As Ana points out, Juan's name change does not reflect a material difference in his character because his soul remains the same.

ACT III
SCENE 1

A room in RODRIGO's house, with part of JUAN's room visible

Enter JUAN and CELIO

JUAN I'm Don Diego de Luján.

CELIO Don Diego, if I hadn't known
how much you look like him,
I might have taken you for Don Juan.

JUAN I'm his cousin and the very image of him.

CELIO I knew a Don Diego de Luján in Flanders, 1970
and he looked nothing like you.

JUAN He too is my cousin,
and he wrote me today, in fact.
He's seeking favor at court in Madrid.

CELIO For his wealth?

JUAN For his service.

CELIO May God grant him patience.

JUAN Amen.

Enter ANA and INÉS peeking through a door, without being seen by JUAN and CELIO

ANA (To INÉS) Celio looks upset.

INÉS (To ANA) He looks like death itself. 1980

ANA (To INÉS) Let's listen from here.
I fear something is seriously wrong.

CELIO Do you know who I am?

JUAN I've heard your name is Celio.

CELIO Are you aware
 I'm one of the most respectable men
 in Seville?

JUAN	I'm well aware.	
CELIO	Are you also aware I have a sister who is renowned for her beauty?	1990
JUAN	That's what I've heard.	
CELIO	Well, that's why I'm here, for I've heard you've been visiting her in my absence. If it is her hand you seek, then you must speak with me. But if your intention is to dishonor me, then don't come near my house or set foot on my street, and you will have no trouble.	2000
ANA	Oh, wretched traitor!	
INÉS	Don't be surprised, my lady, if Don Diego behaves as all men do.	
ANA	May the best of them burn in hell.	
JUAN	I haven't entered your house since I set foot in Seville, and I declare that whoever told you otherwise is lying. Now that we've cleared that up, you can trust my word that I will never cross that threshold.	2010
CELIO	That is all I ask.	
JUAN	I certainly owe you that much, Celio.	
CELIO	I am much obliged.	
JUAN	As I am to you. (<i>Aside</i>) This way I'll avoid offending both Leonardo and Diego.	

CELIO exits; ANA and INÉS still peeking through a door, without JUAN seeing them

ANA (*Aside*) My blood is boiling.
 (*Aloud*) Inés, what shall I do? 2020

INÉS How should I know?
 Only a fool gives advice
 on matters of love.

ANA You must help me find out
the truth of the wrongs done to me.
While I tell my cousin here
all about my woes,
you go behind me
and hide under his bed,
even if it means missing a meal or two.

2030

See what he says
when he's alone with Mendo, Inés.

INÉS I'll do it. Cover for me.
I want to find out
who this Mendo is,
this disdainful, arrogant man
who stinks of a gentleman.

INÉS *leaves to find a hiding spot in JUAN's chambers; ANA walks toward JUAN*

JUAN My dear cousin...

ANA

No more lies, you traitor!
Put an end to your thousand treacheries,
your ploys and schemes.
Now Don Diego, now Don Juan,
now insolent, now gallant,
now fictions, now facts.
Be you Don Diego or Don Juan,
what reason could you have
for playing with me
if it is Julia you want?
Enough! I won't tolerate
your schemes any longer.
Today I shall tell my uncle
about your ruse,
how you betrayed his trust
and his hospitality.
I'd already warned you once,
but I listened to your pleas,
or, rather, your ploys,

2040

2050

since you only pretended to love me.
I know full well you're Don Diego.
The letters from your father make it clear. 2060
I read them myself.
If you ever thought I loved you,
you were sorely deceived.
I love Don Juan, and I only loved you
because you are the very image of him...
I do not love you,
and were I to love you,
that would be the end of me!
Leave me be, you traitor!
I hardly know what I'm saying, 2070
how could I ever say what I feel?

ANA exits

JUAN Wait, you false woman, you traitor!
You guarded Don Diego so jealously,
and now you pretend to burn for Don Juan?
How could you?
Had I put my trust in you and truly gone away,
you'd have replaced me with the first man
who walked through the door.
Only a fool would expect a woman
to be more constant than the sea. 2080

Enter SANCHO

SANCHO Must you always be
banging your head against the wall?
Your fights always end
with you back together again.
I once met a gentleman at court, Don Diego,
who bickered with his lady every morning,
swearing he would never see her again,
only to sleep with her every night.
For six years they fought like this,
if for no other reason 2090
than not to lose the habit.
If you love each other
and are already halfway down the aisle,
why must you always get along
like oil and water?

JUAN Oh, if she loved me...

SANCHO	Oh, if the Sophy of Persia could make all my wishes come true... ¹⁹	
JUAN	Wouldn't Inés be better?	
SANCHO	...then he could make me a Persian Pasha, the Sophy's confidant, and then maybe Inés would love me too...	2100
JUAN	Well, you'd be a Moor, so she probably wouldn't, because she's Christian.	
SANCHO	Good point. But what woman wouldn't convert for power and money? As a poet once said, “Marry a Moor for money, and a Christian for nothing.” ²⁰ Although actually, that last one is not quite true, for if a Christian has no money, women want nothing to do with him. The one who longs to attend Mass each Sunday doesn't do it for Christ, but for the men in church. I have met more than one well-versed in the latest fashions, yet when asked to recite the Lord’s Prayer, she only gets as far as “our daily bread.” The one with a rosary in hand is not counting Hail Marys, but figuring out how much she'll take you for.	2110 2120
JUAN	You're being cynical, Sancho.	
SANCHO	Who, me? I never!	
JUAN	Then you'll only get what's coming to you.	2130
SANCHO	A chat without gossip	

¹⁹ Sancho is mocking Juan for his lovesick behavior.

²⁰ A refrain from the *Romancero*, a collection of medieval ballads popular during the 14th and 15th centuries.

is like a sangria without the orange.

JUAN Carping makes for a tasty dish,
but it doesn't come cheap.

SANCHO So tell me,
what's with this Mendo fellow?

JUAN He swears you have nothing to be jealous of,
no matter how much Inés pursues him.

SANCHO You just want to distract me
with false promises. 2140

JUAN Go into that room
and see for yourself
how much I trust Mendo.
He's never been the root of my anger.

SANCHO No winking at each other now,
or secret signs amongst yourselves.
I know all the tricks.

JUAN Here he comes—go hide, go.

SANCHO hides in JUAN's room as DIEGO walks in; INÉS hides behind the bedcurtains

JUAN I was looking for you, Mendo.

DIEGO At your service. 2150
(Aside) He called me Mendo—
there must be someone listening.

JUAN Mendo, you know how Celio
has been acting so jealous?

DIEGO Jealous? Tell me more.
Who is he jealous of?

JUAN Of me.

DIEGO Well, what has he heard about you?

JUAN Something that will bring us
to blows if I tell the truth. 2160
He said...

They lower their voices while SANCHO, without being seen, is searching the room

SANCHO One by one, I discovered a barrel of olives,
 a jug and a cask of wine.
 I can't help it,
 it tastes so good!

He drinks

At least I'll have one for the road.
I've made a nice dent in it.
I'll just lie here and watch.
I'm going to hold on tight.
Feeling a little woozy now. 2170
Maybe I should sit
and make myself comfortable.
Now that I think about it,
I'll just lie down.

He lies down behind a bed

(*Slurring*) Effvryfing is getting blurry.
I'll close my eyes.
Oh damned sleep,
what do you want from me?

He falls asleep

JUAN ...And then we left it at that,
for Celio was satisfied
with my answer.

2180

[illegible]SANCHO *snores*

JUAN Never mind that now.
What's that noise?

They go into JUAN's room

DIEGO It's Sancho asleep

behind your bed.

JUAN Oh, what a vigilant spy!
 He hid there to see
 how I would confront you
 about Inés for his sake. 2190

DIEGO What should we do?
 What if I trip over him?

JUAN Make it hurt.

DIEGO steps on SANCHO, who wakes up, stands, and pulls on the bedcurtain, revealing INÉS

SANCHO San Miguel, San Onofre,
 San Gonzalo, San Custodio,
 San Mamés, San Inocente,
 and San Pablo! 2200
 I beg of you, the devil go me!

INÉS No, Sancho, it's just me.

SANCHO Jesus protect me from evil!

JUAN Wake up!

SANCHO God be with me!

DIEGO What's wrong?
 Tell us.

SANCHO I'll tell you.
 I was dreaming of Judgement Day.

JUAN And what did you see? 2210

SANCHO Let me tell you:
 High on a court bench
 sat a tailor and a squire
 who came to judge
 the living and the dead.

JUAN What nonsense!

SANCHO It's not nonsense!
 When a tailor takes a man's measure

and makes his cutting remarks,
isn't that like the Last Judgement? 2220
What life, good or bad,
is safe from a squire
trading gossip with his mates
while they all wait for their masters?
The tailor and squire wanted
to hand down their judgement,
so they hatched a plan to make everyone,
dead or alive, report at once.
And it was a neat trick, too: 2230
instead of sounding a trumpet,
they just jangled some coins.
As soon as they heard,
all the dead left their graves,
though of course the women got there faster.
It was something to see,
how the souls returned to their bodies.
Some did not like what they saw
and refused to return.
Others diligently searched 2240
for every missing fingerbone...
One old woman,
annoying me to death,
asked after her lost teeth.
A fat innkeeper
with a missing buttcheek
finally found the other half
inside a baker's oven.
A lady of the night
who died by drowning 2250
could not recognize her own face
without the makeup,
and yet her face was washed
by a river of judgement.
Another one never thought
she could lose face,
and yet a swarm of flies
found her all the sweeter
for her pancake makeup.
In the middle of all this, 2260
a woman dragged herself by
with both legs broken.
An unrepentant thief
had stolen her good ones,
as was his old habit.

She made her pitiful case.
 The judges that heard it said,
 “All women’s legs should be broken,
 if only to keep them at home.”
 But they left it at that,
 for they soon turned 2270
 to a thief and a scribe
 madly fighting over an eye:
 the thief needed a lookout,
 the scribe an eyewitness.
 The tailor weighed in at once,
 giving them both an earful
 and keeping the eye for himself.
 “The tailor needs as many eyes as he can get,”
 a poet once said,
 “one per needle!” 2280
 But he was soon punished
 for his painful puns.
 No sooner was he summoned
 than they sent him to the stake
 for his biting satire,
 and burned him with a thousand bad plays.
 But he who is happy to burn
 as long as he has the last word
 said, “You’re using bad plays?
 There’s no lack of fuel then.”²¹ 2290
 A certain lady in a coach
 was accused of spending the night
 with a man whom she didn’t love.
 She replied,
 “Though I had no satisfaction,
 thinking of the benefaction
 that he’d hand over in the morning
 made it all worthwhile.”
 To teach her a lesson,
 they condemned her to spend eternity 2300
 embraced by a man with bad breath
 who wouldn’t stop kissing her.
 Arguing that he could get
 more out of her in this world,
 the devil refused to drag her down
 to the world below.
 But a wise guy said,
 “You’d better get her out of here,
 for every man who sleeps with her

²¹ Alludes to the prodigious creative output of Spanish playwrights during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

repents and changes his ways after.” 2310
 Then came a so-called Lady Maria,
 wife to my Lord Grocer,
 but the squire soon dubbed her
 “Maria Plain and Square.”
 Then came an old lady
 made up in youthful fashion,
 and they beat her over the head
 with the weight of her years.
 Then came a gluttonous man
 who served himself 2320
 with a liberal hand.
 They stuck him with a cook:
 with one hand she took,
 but never gave with the other.
 Then came another one
 who through mishap
 ended up working on her back.
 She was sentenced to wander
 dragging her deadbeat clients
 wherever she might go. 2330
 An old man who covered his grey hair
 with all manner of dyes
 was sentenced to reveal
 his true colors to one and all.
 A hot-headed man
 who was always needling others
 was condemned to embroidery
 and the most intricate needlepoint.
 A crooked old go-between
 on the lookout for marks 2340
 was condemned to find
 only soldiers and students,
 the brokest of the broke.
 Then came a poor sap
 who’d rashly married young.
 The only reason he was spared
 was that he pretended not to see
 the spare men in his wife’s bed.
 After him, it was my turn.
 And for my wicked, wicked vice 2350
 of drinking like this,
 they had a slippery old devil
 saddle me with casks of...
 water.
 I felt them here,

	on my poor back. It hurt so much it woke me up. And when I saw Inés there, so close to my face, I cried for the devil to take me— the lesser of two evils.	2360
INÉS	So I'm the devil now, and not "My angel" this and "my angel" that.	
SANCHO	An angel because I love you, but a devil because you tempt me so.	
JUAN	Well, Madam Inés, what were you doing behind my bed?	
DIEGO	So my privacy is a casualty of Sancho's love life.	2370
INÉS	<i>(Pointing to SANCHO)</i> You should burn him instead.	
DIEGO	Amen.	
SANCHO	Don't "amen" me, Master Mendo. Don't you see you are speaking to a well-mannered man?	
JUAN	That's enough.	
SANCHO	Yes, that is enough.	
JUAN	Let Inés say what she was doing.	
INÉS	Sancho keeps following me, so when I saw him coming, I tried to shake him off.	2380
SANCHO	By God, that's a pretty story! The truth is we were both hiding there so Mendo wouldn't see us. That's who Inés is hiding from.	
DIEGO	That is indeed the truth.	
INÉS	The scoundrel lies.	

SANCHO Liar, just save your breath.

JUAN Hand me my cloak and sword.

INÉS What vile lies! 2390

JUAN Enough.

JUAN *speaks with* SANCHE to the side

JUAN I turned Inés over to you
 on a silver platter.

SANCHO And then I made sure
 she turned against Mendo.

JUAN *speaks with* DIEGO *to the side*

JUAN I'm about to explode.
 Come, cousin,
 I'm dying to tell you...

INÉS Mendo...

DIEGO	Why does she call to me? Does the little liar want to tell us what she dreamt of while hiding with Sancho behind the bed? Is this how I am to be treated, and all because of you, you despicable lout? I swear to God, you'll pay for this, you snake.	2400
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Exit all

SCENE 2

Enter JULIA, holding a letter, and GUILLÉN

JULIA Guillén, watch the door
while I read this letter.
I don't want Celio to see it.

2410

GUILLÉN I will look out for him
and all other dangers.

GUILLÉN *exits*

JULIA Oh my dying hopes,
the bane of my existence.
Where do these hopes lead me,
pursuing a happiness that escapes me,
taking me to a place where time and space
will erase all memory of me?
What strange twists love follows, 2420
always down the darkest paths!

She reads the letter as DIEGO and GUILLÉN enter

GUILLÉN (To DIEGO) You've come just in time.
She is finishing her reply to Leonardo now.
I'm watching the door for Celio.

DIEGO (Aside) I'm burning with jealousy.
(Aloud) Keep watching, then,
while I give my message to Julia.

GUILLÉN Be quick, Mendo.

GUILLÉN exits, then DIEGO takes the letter from JULIA

DIEGO Fickle traitor!

JULIA What's this? 2430
How dare you?
Guillén!

DIEGO Go ahead, call away.
I'm ready to meet my untimely death.
Don't you know who I am?

JULIA My God, can it be?
Don Diego de Luján!

JULIA reaches out to him

DIEGO Stop, you traitor!
Do not reach for me
with that faithless hand, 2440

the very hand that you once gave me,
covered with your tears.
And now it writes to another absent lover,
and signs your name
to your disloyalty and my injury.
Oh, heavens above!
Is it not just to seek vengeance
against a traitorous hand?
How can I burn so
when I am blameless, 2450
while the sinner can't even smell the smoke?
What of your promises, you liar?
What of the heavenly witnesses you invoked,
who must now denounce you
for the promise you made,
binding yourself to me,
"til death do us part?"
You barely knew the one
you entrusted with your very soul!
Yet I, though I had given up hope 2460
of your being alive,
never broke any of my promises.
And you, who made so many,
could not keep a single one?
In the end, you acted just like
any other woman.
Be Leonardo's then.
Let him come to the same end!
He will, you know,
since you're the one who loves him. 2470

DIEGO exits

JULIA Wait, come back, stay!
My first love, I was always yours.
Listen to me at least.
Would you have me die
without hearing my plea?
What inhuman judge would condemn me to this?

Enter GUILLÉN

GUILLÉN Why so sad, Julia?

JULIA Follow Don Diego at once.

[illegible]

JULIA Are you trying to hold me back?
 You don't understand.
 The more you try to stop me,
 the more determined I am to go.

GUILLÉN *and* JULIA *exit*

SCENE 3

On the street

Enter CELIO and GERARDO

CELIO

Gerardo, I have been unable
to find out the truth
given the confusion in my house.
My sister and Don Diego
deny what you say is true,
while I would swear on our friendship
that their claim is false.
And so, to avoid further investigation,
we should just remove the occasion
for any further offense.
Don Diego has given me his word:
he will not set foot in this house again.
You must do the same.

2520

2530

GERARDO Your request is so reasonable
 that I'll gladly comply,
 though I must say I regret
 I can't do more to convince you.
 I regret you suspect my loyalty.
 I regret to see our friendship
 ruined for no reason.

CELIO Not necessarily, Gerardo, my friend,
but it's up to you. 2540
We can remain friends,
if you do as I say.
If you are a true friend,
you will agree to this too:
you will no longer visit my sister.
If you value my friendship
as highly as you claim,

you'll oblige me one more time
by doing as I say.

GERARDO	Rest assured that my affection is such that I will show my loyalty by looking to your honor.	2550
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CELIO I never expected anything less of you, Gerardo.

GERARDO Anything for you.
I am at your service.

CELIO Go with God.

GERARDO May God be with you.

CELIO *exits*

GERARDO I swear to God, Julia, my enemy,
that I'll watch over you
like Argos of the hundred eyes.
You won't take a step
without me following you.
I'm burning up,
and I'll show your brother I was right.
It's no coincidence
that I twice saw Don Diego at your door.
Since you leave me with no hope,
I will turn my love into punishment.
A hopeless love always
appeals to vengeance.

2560

2570

GERARDO *exits*

SCENE 4

A room in RODRIGO's house

Enter INÉS and SANCHO

INÉS Your affection offends me, Sancho,
 and all your pleading.
 What is it you want?
 My heart belongs to Mendo,

and I owe him all my love.

SANCHO That only makes my suit the worthier.
 If you weren't so hard to get,
 I wouldn't be in so deep.

INÉS And Mendo, how would he feel 2580
if I were to be your lady?
Would you be happy
if I treated you that way?

SANCHO No, of course not, Inés.
But I'm not courting you
for Mendo's sake, but for mine.

INÉS Here comes Don Diego.
I wouldn't want Mendo
to see me with you.

Exit INÉS

SANCHO	May God punish you and make you a hag overnight, your skin rougher than a crocodile and your wrinkles crevices where bed bugs breed!	2590
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Enter JUAN and DIEGO

JUAN What's going on, Sancho?

SANCHO It's Inés, my master,
 who, by all that is good in heaven,
 not only makes me jealous,
 but won't allow my love.

DIEGO	That takes the cake!	2600
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JUAN I understand.
 Where are you going?

SANCHO I must leave you, Don Diego.
I've had it with Mendo's secrets.

SANCHO *exits*

JUAN Any news of Julia since yesterday?

DIEGO What could have happened since yesterday?

JUAN What, haven't you been back since yesterday?

DIEGO What do you mean "back"?

JUAN You know, it wouldn't be so strange
to move on after six years apart,
and all the more since your letters
stopped coming. 2610

DIEGO I thought she was dead!
That's my excuse.

SANCHO comes back

SANCHO My master, here comes Julia.

DIEGO Who?

SANCHO Julia.
She is already at the door.

Enter JULIA, cloaked, with GUILLÉN

JUAN You in this house, my lady?
I must be dreaming. 2620

JULIA Throw your niceties out the window.
Desperate times call for desperate measures,
and I'm in such a state...

JUAN Wait, our servants need not know
all your troubles.
Sancho and Guillén, go away.

SANCHO And what about Mendo?
Doesn't he have a tongue?

JUAN Don't talk back.

SANCHO (*Aside*) At least Inés isn't here. 2630

Exit SANCHO and GUILLÉN

JUAN This way I needn't fear
that Sancho will reveal our scheme.

DIEGO That was a smart move.

JULIA

Don Diego, I am not here
to appeal to you,
for if remembrance has no hold over you,
what would be the point?
I'm here to answer for my honor.
Your rude accusations
have offended my reputation. 2640
Seven years have passed
since I came here from Flanders,
leaving behind my soul
and my liberty,
for they remained with you.
In all these long years,
I haven't heard from you.
Isn't this obvious proof
that you have forgotten me?
What could be clearer? 2650
In the absence of all hope,
I took on a new love.
It's not fickleness
to seek a port in a storm.
If a master chooses
to dismiss his servant,
he cannot possibly be offended
when that servant seeks
a new master to serve.
Be glad that when I saw you again, 2660
I showed you my affection.
Any other loves were misguided.
Be glad that I love you once again
now that my hopes are rekindled.
My change of heart was only due to despair.

Enter SANCHO

SANCHO Be glad that Leonardo is here,
 even now in the entryway.

JULIA Leonardo?

SANCHO	The one who followed Don Juan, my master, to the New World.	2670
JULIA	How can that be?	
SANCHO	He can answer that himself. Here he is.	
JULIA	Oh no!	
JUAN	Julia, you must hide. Don't make this any worse.	
	JULIA <i>exits</i>	
DIEGO	(<i>Aside</i>) I am out of my mind with jealousy.	
	<i>Enter</i> LEONARDO	
SANCHO	I bow before you, Leonardo.	
LEONARDO	Sancho!	
SANCHO	Where is my master, Don Juan?	2680
LEONARDO	He is sailing in good health.	
SANCHO	This is Don Diego de Luján whom you see in his place.	
LEONARDO	Give me your arms, Don Diego.	
JUAN	And my heart! The only reason I did not come out to greet you was because I thought Sancho must be joking when he said you were here.	
LEONARDO	Heaven willed what I thought was impossible.	2690
JUAN	How so?	
LEONARDO	We left the great bay with a good wind at our back, and soon lost sight of Spain beyond the sea. For fifteen days,	

the sun's rays lit the ocean waves
 with a silvery sparkle
 as our fleet smoothly tilled
 the fields of Neptune.
 Then, the final hour of my journey came. 2700
 One morning,
 when the sun laid its carpet
 of gold and red threads
 for the dawn to tread on,
 all at once a sharp sorrow,
 a rude awakening,
 turned my soft bed into thorns.
 I couldn't help it,
 I fled from my thoughts
 and rushed to the deck. 2710
 I sat on the edge,
 a solitary lover facing the sky,
 feet in the water,
 when in an instant the ship rocked,
 its side plunging into the icy waves.
 And I, a wretched and green sailor,
 unprepared for that sudden danger,
 was not even holding on,
 and fell into the water.
 The momentum plunged me deep into the sea. 2720
 I wildly thrashed about,
 swimming as best I could
 and hoping each stroke would save my life.
 But when I finally burst through the frigid waters
 and into the air above,
 I saw my haven swiftly receding,
 flying on the wind,
 and turning its back on my cries.
 Three hundred men aboard
 and every last one deaf to my misfortune! 2730
 Perhaps Dawn sprinkled a sleeping potion
 in her precious tears that morning
 so that they slept like the dead.
 Or perhaps it was just my leeward fall,
 my cries dying on the wind.
 I soon lost sight of the ship.
 Imagine the state I was in!
 With no hope of human help,
 I appealed to God instead
 with vows and promises. 2740
 His merciful hand sent a boat

on its way back to Spain.
When they spotted me,
its noble passengers fished me out
and brought me back to land.
Then I made my way to see you.

JUAN I congratulate you on your safe arrival.

Enter GUILLÉN, upset

GUILLÉN What is taking you so long, Julia?

JUAN What is this, Guillén?

GUILLÉN My lady must hide, Celio is on his way. 2750

JUAN Are you out of your mind?

Enter CELIO and GERARDO

CELIO Killing her would be a kindness, Gerardo.

GERARDO You shall see my truth.

GUILLÉN *(Aside)* I shall go hide.

GUILLÉN exits

LEONARDO *(Aside)* Have I been betrayed somehow?

JUAN *(Aside)* What shall I do now?

SANCHO *(Aside)* Troy will burn tonight.²²

CELIO Don Diego, you have failed to keep your promise,
and broken the vow you made,
hand on heart, not to pursue my sister. 2760
Only a scoundrel would do such a thing.

JUAN Celio, this is not the place
to punish such boldness,
for we are in my uncle's house,
which I must respect.
Meet me out in the fields.
There you shall have satisfaction.

²² *Troy will burn tonight*: idiomatic expression indicating a looming disaster (see note 10).

CELIO Hold on, is this a scheme to get rid of me?
First you must hand over Julia,
whom you have hidden away, Don Diego. 2770
Then I shall take your life.

JUAN What do you mean?

CELIO You cannot deny it.
I saw Guillén sneaking in here with my own eyes.
Hand over Julia,
or by God I will set fire to this house!

LEONARDO If that is the case, hand her over, Don Diego.

GERARDO You, here, Leonardo?

LEONARDO I am.

GERARDO First Julia, and now you? 2780

CELIO Enough. Let Julia come with us.
I will not leave without her.
I'll take your life instead.

Enter RODRIGO, ANA and INÉS

RODRIGO Heavens! Why all this commotion?

ANA This does not bode well, Inés.

INÉS (*Aside*) Little do you know.
(*To ANA*) I'm trembling with fear.

RODRIGO What is this, Celio?
Such scandal in my house?

JUAN Celio has been misinformed. 2790

CELIO Do not be so surprised, Don Rodrigo.
Don Diego has robbed me of my honor
by seeking my sister's favor
and then concealing her in your very house.
You tell me whether I should protect my reputation,
or die trying.

RODRIGO	What do you say to this, nephew?	
JUAN	I deny Celio's claims.	
GERARDO	There's no use denying it. I saw her go in, Don Diego, and she has not come out.	2800
JUAN	Have you been watching her?	
GERARDO	My honor required it.	
RODRIGO	Calm down, everyone. I will go inside and look for her. I give you my word, Celio, that if I find her, I will bring her here so Don Diego can restore your honor by making Julia his wife.	2810
CELIO	That is the only way out.	
RODRIGO <i>exits</i>		
ANA	<i>(Aside to INÉS)</i> Can you believe that? Don Diego's love for me was all a lie.	
LEONARDO	<i>(Aside)</i> Can it be that Don Juan loved Julia all along? By God, he is a traitor. He sent me to the Indies so he could court her himself!	
JUAN	<i>(Aside)</i> Damn that woman. She's ruined all my schemes.	2820
<i>Enter</i> JULIA, RODRIGO <i>and</i> GUILLÉN		
RODRIGO	Julia, come out here with me. You have nothing to fear.	
JULIA	I wish I were dead!	
RODRIGO	Love always leads us astray.	
GUILLÉN	<i>(Aside)</i> It's all over now, Guillén.	

ANA	(<i>Aside</i>) Could such a thing be true?	
CELIO	See how my house is dishonored!	
LEONARDO	(<i>Aside</i>) Since she hid from me, it certainly wasn't me she was looking for. My worst fears have come true, but I will say nothing until this is over.	2830
JULIA	(<i>Aside</i>) I am so embarrassed.	
CELIO	Will you now deny, Don Diego, the wrong you did to my honor?	
JUAN	Celio, if I had offended you, I would give you satisfaction. But Julia has come to my house seeking news of Leonardo, who has miraculously returned here today. Why are you condemning me for this?	2840
CELIO	Is this true?	
JULIA	It is true.	
DIEGO	(<i>Aside</i>) What to do? Don Juan, by not revealing himself, risks all my good fortune.	
LEONARDO	Tell me, false Julia, who are you trying to fool? If you were here looking for me, why did you hide?	
JULIA	I wanted to hide so I could listen in and find out whether your love was true.	2850
CELIO	Give her your hand, Leonardo, and thus restore my honor. Julia is your equal in wealth and nobility.	
DIEGO	(<i>Aside</i>) May Don Juan forgive me. I cannot wait any longer.	

(*Aloud*) Celio, what you have been told here
is all a ruse.
Julia came to see me.

2860

GERARDO Is this a joke or madness?

DIEGO I am Don Diego de Luján,
and this is no joke.
Celio, you know me well
from when we lived in Flanders.

CELIO I know like the back of my hand.

DIEGO Your sister has been my wife
ever since Flanders,
which she confirmed by her letters, 2870
her words, her favors,
and other more irrevocable pledges.
Don Juan de Castro is now in a bind,
and so he invents what he must
in order to keep up his disguise.
He remained at home pretending to be me—
such are the schemes that love demands.
But, given that I am about to lose
what I treasure most,
I must break my vow of silence. 2880
Whatever happens to Don Juan,
his father will make sure
he lands on his feet.

RODRIGO What, are you Don Juan?

JUAN I am.

SANCHO This is just like a play!

RODRIGO Well, tell me:
 what possessed you
 to hatch this intricate plot?

JUAN Love is to blame.
My cousin Ana had struck me
with her tainted love arrows,
and so, I feigned what you have heard,
in order to remain here.
Would that I had not done so,

2890

for her fickleness has served
to punish my misdeed!

ANA

Don Juan, you blame me for no reason.
I cannot betray you with yourself.
Stop this vain quibbling.
Heaven has granted our natures
a natural affinity.
Changing your name could not change that.
And so, I blindly followed my stars,
from which you must conclude
that I cannot love anyone besides you.
And since it's time to speak the truth,
you should know that as soon as
Don Diego came to your house,
he told me who he was,
but I kept quiet,
because he had entrusted me with his secret.
And so, I have always loved you as Don Juan.
Don Diego can be my witness.

2900

2910

DIEGO

(Aside) She is my cousin too,
so I will help her.
She clearly wants me
to go along with her story.
(Aloud) Don Juan, Doña Ana speaks the truth.
She adores you and cherishes you as Don Juan.
Give her your hand,
for her devotion merits it.

2920

JUAN

Although you betrayed me
by revealing my secret,
I am glad to hear confirmation
that Doña Ana has not been untrue,
and so I give her my hand,
as long as my father agrees.

RODRIGO

Doña Ana is also of my blood,
and I am happy to see her wed,
but surely you cannot marry your cousin
without a dispensation?

2930

JUAN

I have seen to that.
Love never sleeps.

CELIO

So I'm just here

to celebrate your wedding.

DIEGO If Julia will have me,
 you can be part of that one too.

JULIA It's my great fortune.

DIEGO Cheer up, Leonardo. 2940
 In the game of love,
 the first move always wins.

LEONARDO I cannot stand in your way,
 since when I was lost at sea
 I pledged myself to God,
 if only he would save me.

SANCHO Thank God, sister Inés,
 there is no more Mendo
 for us to worry about. 2950
 You must give me your hand,
 even if you don't want to.

INÉS I do want to.
 Play on, Sancho.

SANCHO Play along, Sancho?
 Is that what you expect of a husband,
 to play along with your games?
 Keep away from me.

INÉS *Play on*, I said.

SANCHO Play on then, 2960
 and here ends our play.

END OF PLAY