

GUILLÉN DE CASTRO

UNHAPPILY MARRIED IN VALENCIA

Translated and with an introduction by Laura Muñoz and Veronica Wilson

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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. One of Tirso's most famous plays, *Don Gil of the Green Breeches*, features Doña Juana assuming a false identity and dressing as a man in order to foil the plans of her former lover, who is also in disguise. 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 400 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.

## A Note on the Playwright

Guillén de Castro y Belvis (1569–1631) was a Valencian playwright whose theatrical oeuvre developed right alongside the *comedia* itself. He was highly involved with the literary world in Valencia, and at age 23 joined the *Academia de los Nocturnos* under the pseudonym *Secreto*. Castro submitted works of prose and poetry to the group, discovering his voice as part of one of the most renowned literary gatherings in Spain. The *Nocturnos* maintained Valencia's position as a highly influential city in the changing literary and intellectual landscape at the turn of the century, and Castro's theater owes much to his years in the *Academia*. Like many of his contemporaries, Castro was a military man as well as a poet; in addition to serving as a captain in the Valencian coast guard in 1593, he also had a brief governorship of a district of Naples. Not much is known about his time in Italy, although during his absence two of his plays, *El caballero bobo* and *El amor constante*, were published in a collection of *comedias* by Valencian dramatists. After failing to revive the literary circles of his youth with the short-lived *Academia de los montañeses del Parnaso*, Castro decided, like so many of his contemporaries, to try his luck in the capital city of Madrid. In preparation for this move, Castro published a collection of his plays with the last of his money, pinning all his hopes on selling these volumes to get him out of debt. The gamble paid off, allowing him to enter a thriving community where poets, playwrights, and novelists jostled for fame. The care he took to publish his own creations and adaptations of some of the most popular works of the period, including Miguel de Cervantes' *Don Quijote de la Mancha*, present us with a playwright who was not only interested in developing his craft but also deeply invested in succeeding in the emerging commercial theatrical market. He published a second volume of plays in 1625, and remained active in literary circles in Madrid until his death in 1631.

Although only twenty-six of his plays were published in his lifetime, most scholars agree that the total number of works produced by Castro is closer to thirty-five. His plays vary in genre, from the mythological to the urban, and yet across Castro's works there are certain characteristics which signal the influences of a Valencian tradition existing alongside the developing *comedia*, as well as dramatic techniques, themes, and characters that are unique to his theater. Unlike many of his contemporaries, Castro was not afraid to tackle subjects which were thought to be highly taboo in Spanish society on the stage, in particular regicide, bigamy, and sexuality. The major themes explored across Castro's works include: the formation of identity, including gender; power and authority, especially between rulers and their subjects; the troubled domestic relationships of husbands and wives; and center and periphery, examining the social dynamics between Valencia and Castile, and Valencia and its closest Mediterranean neighbors.

Like many of his Valencian contemporaries, much of Castro's theater portrays the dramatic lives of high-born nobility, and often used legendary figures from Iberian history and ballads, adapting them to the stage as in his best-known play, *Las mocedades del Cid*. Castro's works also tend toward the tragic, and even his urban plays, like *Los mal casados de Valencia*, are full of dark humor. His works clearly show a playwright fully engaged with his contemporaries across literary genres, and his skill in translating popular stories, like the ballad of the Cid or Don Quijote's exploits, as well as his unflinching presentation of urban life make him one of the most interesting playwrights of Spanish *comedia*.



## Introduction

Laura Muñoz and Veronica Wilson

The typical finale of a seventeenth-century Spanish play is a wedding, and often multiple, simultaneous marriages are the recipe for resolution. Not so with Guillén de Castro's *Unhappily Married in Valencia* (*Los mal casados de Valencia*, c. 1595–1604), an amazingly modern, biting comedy which looks past “happily ever after” and challenges the traditional marriage ending. Two married couples, Ipólita and Don Álvaro and Eugenia and Valerián, are disillusioned with their respective marriages and look outside of their conjugal vows to try to realize their fantasies of a better match. Eugenia heats up the stage in her effort to seduce Don Álvaro, yet is unaware that her husband Valerián is in pursuit of his friend's wife, Ipólita. Don Álvaro brings his mistress Elvira into the home he shares with his long-suffering—and to him insufferable—wife Ipólita. Innuendo, accusations, and revenge steal the show while the cross-dressed Elvira merrily manipulates one and all.

### *The Plot*

The play opens in the home of Don Álvaro and Ipólita, where much of the action takes place, as members of the upper class test the limits of social norms. We meet the two couples and their respective love interests, including a mistress. While his friend Don Álvaro is out of town on business, Valerián is knee-deep in his attempt to woo Ipólita. Just as it seems Valerián will overwhelm Ipólita despite her protests, the old squire Galíndez appears, announcing the return of his master Don Álvaro. Outside, Don Álvaro has just finished explaining to his mistress Elvira, who is dressed as a boy, that she must continue the pretense of being a man because he is

married. Before she can respond, Ipólita and Valerián appear to greet the new arrivals. Almost immediately, Ipólita suspiciously questions her husband about the women she assumes he met while in Zaragoza. Valerián excuses himself, and the discussion between the married couple intensifies. Don Álvaro expresses his disgust for Ipólita's jealousy and denies any missteps while his mistress watches on in amazement. Unsatisfied by her husband's platitudes, Ipólita exits crying. Elvira, for her part, is not the suffering type. Once she and Don Álvaro are finally alone, she calls him a traitor and a liar, but agrees to continue their relationship when Don Álvaro smooth-talks and woos her.

Valerián returns with his wife Eugenia, who feigns exhaustion in order to remain with Don Álvaro while her husband takes the opportunity to speak to Ipólita alone. Eugenia uses her malaise as an excuse to tempt Don Álvaro with her heaving bosom, but the blatant flirtation accomplishes nothing. As he continues to rebuff Eugenia's advances, Valerián and Ipólita enter having a similar conversation. The couples see each other and momentarily face the prospect that their respective spouses have heard the attempts at seduction. Before the accusations can fly, they are distracted by Elvira, now as "Antonio" the page, who runs in fleeing from an infuriated Galíndez, as they blame each other for their behavior. Eventually the two couples decide to spend the evening playing a word game; they invite the servants, including Galíndez, Elvira/Antonio, and a foreign servant named Pierres, to play. The game consists of choosing a letter and then crafting a story to go along with it, including the name of a person they met on a trip and what they dined on, etc. Before long, it becomes clear that the couples are using the game to express their true feelings, as they each pick the letter that corresponds to the person they desire. Among the servants, Elvira displays her cunning by creating an allegorical story, while both Galíndez and Pierres entertain everyone with their foolish responses. The game ends

with a punishment for those who made mistakes: Valerián and Eugenia must declare their love for Ipólita and Don Álvaro, respectively. Although nominally this is in jest, Elvira realizes that the game has come far closer to the truth than anything that came before. Valerián and Eugenia retire for the night, promising to visit the next day.

The second act opens the next morning at the house of Valerián and Eugenia. Valerián gets ready for the day, lamenting the sleepless night he spent and wondering how he will deliver the love letter he has written to Ipólita. He enlists the help of Elvira/Antonio, but before she can leave, Eugenia (not realizing Valerián has written a letter to Ipólita) decides to entrust her with a letter, too, declaring her love for Don Álvaro. Letters in hand, Elvira takes advantage of her role as messenger. Adding two letters from Galíndez and Pierres, she plans to manipulate all the other characters. Don Álvaro appears and is immediately trapped by Eugenia's amorous advances, while Elvira watches astounded at Eugenia's shamelessness. As Don Álvaro rejects her once again Eugenia's pleas become a threat. Just then, Ipólita and Valerián enter the room, surprised to find their spouses looking upset. While Valerián escorts his crying wife away, Ipólita begins another jealous argument with her husband, this time demanding to know what is going on between him and Eugenia. The argument ends with Ipólita storming off, but before Don Álvaro can catch his breath Elvira begins denouncing him and the disguise he is making her wear. Once again Don Álvaro uses his charms to soothe Elvira's feelings, although this time he gives her an ultimatum: either she stops acting like a jealous wife or he will leave her for good. Tired of the jealousies of his wife and mistress, Don Álvaro walks out, leaving Elvira more determined than ever to complicate matters for the deceitful married couples. Eugenia, angered by rejection, tells her husband that Don Álvaro has made a move on her; Valerián vows to pursue Ipólita both for his own pleasure and as revenge against his friend.

On the way back home Elvira teases Galíndez, who leaves the two women alone. Ipólita then asks Elvira/Antonio to confirm her suspicions that her husband has been unfaithful while he was away, and that he is now pursuing Eugenia. Elvira uses the opportunity to give her Valerián's letter, saying that it is from her husband Don Álvaro to Eugenia. Just then Don Álvaro enters and Ipólita confronts Don Álvaro with the note, which he reads and realizes immediately was meant for her instead. He demands to know how far Valerián has gone with Ipólita, while she denies everything; Don Álvaro considers taking Eugenia as revenge, but decides instead to feign ignorance until he has proof.

Eugenia arrives, having made plans with Ipólita earlier to see a play, and invites Don Álvaro to go with them. While they wait for Valerián to join them, Elvira decides to stir up some mischief with the other servants and pretends to give Galíndez and Pierres notes from the servant girls they want to seduce. She then sees Valerián and entangles him further, giving him the note his wife wrote for Don Álvaro and claiming it is for him from Ipólita. He joins the others, elated because he believes that Ipólita is finally succumbing to his advances.

On the way to the play, everyone hides their true state. The men escort each other's wives as an act of "good faith," which is really a test to see how everyone reacts. Meanwhile Elvira plays a trick on Galíndez, tying him up and painting his face with the help of Pierres and his foreign friends. The couples are interrupted by Galíndez's cries for help, but once they untie him they realize it was all a trick by Elvira/Antonio and continue on their way, amused by the antics of the servants.

The final act begins with Don Álvaro demanding to know who gave Elvira the letter for Ipólita, threatening her if she refuses to answer. She tells him that Valerián wrote the note, but that she lied to Ipólita because her love for Don Álvaro had made her so jealous. He laments

Valerián's betrayal, stating that no man he has met is as loyal as he is, and vows to kill his old friend. Elvira pleads with him to calm down, and they enter his study for some privacy. Galíndez arrives in time to hear Don Álvaro praise his cross-dressed lover's beauty and to see them embrace; as he spies through the keyhole, he becomes convinced that they have a homosexual relationship. Ipólita enters and Galíndez tells her what he has just seen, then invites her to see for herself. Horrified, Ipólita begs Galíndez to get her brother immediately, although she pretends to know nothing when Elvira/Antonio enters. Elvira apologizes for the trick with the letter and convinces Ipólita that Don Álvaro plans to kill her, his own wife, that night, advising her to leave her room as soon as her husband leaves the house. Ipólita is at her wit's end when her brother Leonardo arrives, leaving Elvira free to set up Galíndez for her final trick.

Ipólita tells Leonardo what she thinks she saw, and he proposes to take her marriage contract to a judge to have the marriage annulled, suggesting that Ipólita hide in a room other than her own while she waits. Elvira goes to Eugenia and tells her that she can arrange a secret meeting between her and Don Álvaro, and then promises to do the same for Valerián with Ipólita. With that arranged, Elvira must answer to an angry Pierres, upset because he has received a note which Elvira claims is from the servant girl Rafaela, but is actually from Galíndez. Elvira convinces Pierres that his love will be waiting to meet him that night, when in fact it will be Galíndez. With her traps set, Elvira escorts Eugenia to Ipólita's room, where she has also sent Valerián. Her trick serves a double purpose: not only will the cheating spouses end up being "unfaithful" with each other, Don Álvaro will believe that his wife has been seduced by Valerián. Elvira sets her plans in motion, first escorting Pierres, dressed as a woman, to Galíndez's quarters, then making sure that Valerián enters the room where his wife is.

The confusion culminates when Leonardo returns with officers of the law to settle the matter of the “illegal” marriage, only to find Don Álvaro, dressed in a nightshirt, ready to kill Valerián after finding him in Ipólita’s room. Leonardo and the officers stop him from killing Valerián, with everyone thoroughly confused when Eugenia exits the room in fear. Just then Pierres, still dressed as a woman, enters fighting with Galíndez, each trying to kill the other for the trick played on them. Ipólita comes out to investigate the noise, and the officer in charge demands an explanation.

Elvira steps forward and confesses that she is a woman, and responsible for the confusion. Valerián seizes the chance to reveal that he paid for Eugenia’s first husband to be killed so they could marry. The constables agree with Valerián’s claim that this is enough to nullify the marriage, freeing him from any obligation to her. The officer in charge, a bailiff of the Archbishop, then informs Don Álvaro and Ipólita that their marriage has been annulled because they never had the necessary paperwork to make it legally binding. With the marriages dissolved, Elvira surprises everyone, especially Don Álvaro, by declaring that she will return to Zaragoza. After witnessing firsthand the awful deceit and disillusion of married life, she decides she would rather be a nun and avoid the whole mess.

### *Closed Marriages, Open Secrets*

*Unhappily Married* humorously imagines the ins and outs of unrequited love, jealousy, and betrayal, and puts them in motion via various theatrical tools. Guillén de Castro creates a hilarious, action-packed, and quick-witted platform for telling the truth about our hearts’ desires in the context of marriage and strict social norms. At a time when society’s rules favored men, and disorder was punished by sword or sheriff, Castro gives female characters the agency to

confuse their counterparts in the quest for love, and even to reject marriage. Women and servants are afforded the tools of irony and revelation, allowing an audience to discover the systematic injustices of patriarchy that the play charts. Castro juxtaposes dialogues, asides, and wordplay that toy with notions of honor, commitment, and the institution of marriage.

The characters openly hate their marriages and simultaneously hatch secret schemes against their spouses, so that it becomes difficult to determine just how much each character knows about the others. The constant asides offer different levels of insight into the spousal relationships and the dexterity of Elvira's scheming throughout. In early modern Spanish theater, asides are an important theatrical practice: they add psychological depth, playfully engage the audience with a character, and offer social commentary about the events of the play as they unfold. The characters in *Unhappily Married* are not exactly likeable, yet they are profoundly relatable, a feat that Castro accomplishes in large part by having them speak their minds in the asides. These moments give us insight into past hurts, current jealousies, and motivations for how the characters react, as well as conveying joy, dismay, or anger, often solely expressed through asides.

Beyond the asides, Castro conveys motivation, psychological depth, and complex relationships through staging and dialogue. Many of the most important scenes are staged as juxtaposed duologues, where pairs of characters hold entirely separate, often parallel conversations on different parts of the stage. In Act I, for example, the characters become separated from their spouses and instead are paired with each other's, Valerián with Ipólita and Eugenia with Don Álvaro, with the former attempting to seduce the latter. This scene ends when both couples, each having its own exchange of seduction and refusal, end up in the same room:

*Enter VALERÍAN and IPÓLITA without seeing the others*

|            |                                                    |
|------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| IPÓLITA    | Stop, on your life.                                |
| VALERÍAN   | My love will not allow me.                         |
| DON ÁLVARO | Let go.                                            |
| EUGENIA    | Wait.                                              |
| DON ÁLVARO | Who says so?                                       |
| VALERÍAN   | I'm crazy for you.                                 |
| DON ÁLVARO | You're not yourself.                               |
| IPÓLITA    | If you insist,<br>I will let the whole world know. |
| EUGENIA    | My lord!                                           |
| IPÓLITA    | <i>(Aside)</i> Oh, heavens!                        |

*They all see each other*

(vv. 422–432)

Before the two pairs see each other, their dialogue plays like a game of ping-pong. When the stage directions finally indicate that the spousal pairs become aware of the other's presence, we can imagine them on opposite ends of the stage, each one eyeing his or her respective spouse nervously as they all make their way toward center stage. This is one of Castro's favorite staging and dialogue techniques, used to great effect to map out the complicated set of relationships between the characters. Such scenes also increase the ambiguity of the marriages and their secrets. How much does each character know? How much do they suspect? While the audience ponders these questions, it becomes clear that the best informed, or at least the most vocal about her knowledge, is the mistress Elvira.

Elvira has access to information and secrets because, as far as most of the others are concerned, she is merely a servant and thus poses no threat: she is asked to deliver adulterous love letters, she is there when Eugenia declares her love to Don Álvaro the second time, and she witnesses all of Ipólita and Don Álvaro's fights. Her status as a servant also makes her a confidante to the other characters—someone with whom they can share their secrets and woes, without having to worry these will be used against them. Ipólita continues to trust her even after



witnessing the love scene between “Antonio” and her husband, believing the disguised mistress when Elvira says that Don Álvaro plans to kill poor Ipólita. And yet, there is some indication that Elvira’s disguise is not as convincing as it seems. Eugenia and Valerián’s constant comments about how witty and beautiful “Antonio” is hint at their knowing or suspecting more than they let on.

### *Urban Entertainment*

Beyond its unique portrayal of married life, *Unhappily Married* also provides insight into the domestic life of the urban nobility, exemplified by two scenes in which the characters engage in the leisure activities of their class. Plays reflected the common people’s fascination with court life through the extensive portrayal of games that both the nobility and the wealthy merchant classes played to pass the time. Economic privilege allowed for leisure time, and parlor games were often represented on stage as a way to move the plot forward or give context to relationships between characters. This is the case in *Unhappily Married*, where parlor games and references to theatrical events are opportunities for the characters to voice their true desires or concerns. The first of these is the *juego de letras*, or alphabet game, which takes up the latter half of Act I. Such games were typical of the *teatro cortesano*, or courtly theater, as the spectacle and pageantry of court and festival life often made their way into more commercial plays. In this scene, the characters lay it all out on the table, acting out their desires to the amusement of some and the displeasure of others.

The second of these moments, perhaps odder for a modern reader, occurs at the end of Act II, as Eugenia and Ipólita prepare for an evening’s entertainment in the form of a *comedia* at a local merchant’s house. Meanwhile, in a capsule scene separate from the main plot, the cross-

dressed Elvira plays a mean trick on the squire Galíndez. As the characters themselves note, this scene could very well be the *entremés* or comic interlude for the play the characters are on their way to see, while functioning metatheatrically as the comic interlude for Castro's own play. This scene has its roots in other forms of traditional Valencian theater, which often had episodic comic moments only loosely related to the central plot, similar to the set pieces from *commedia dell'arte* and the later *entremeses* played between acts of long-form theater. Even the stock characters of traditional theater and the short-form *entremés* appear: the foreign fool (Pierres), the crotchety old man (Galíndez), the passionate woman (Eugenia), the effeminate, cowardly husband (Valerián), the womanizer (Don Álvaro). While the amused reaction of the characters to the cruel trick may strike us as callous, it is important to keep in mind that in the theatrical context of performance the *entremés* exists as a no-holds-barred moment that is meant to take the audience, momentarily, out of the action, suspending the higher-stakes narrative of the *comedia*. While Galíndez is humiliated in a way which would normally call for disgust and horror, his treatment is standard for an *entremés*; it elicits laughter despite its violence not only because comedy of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth-century derived its humor more cruelly than modern sensibilities are accustomed to, but also because the scene has been carefully transformed, metatheatrically, into an *entremés*. Galíndez is no longer Don Álvaro and Ipólita's loyal servant but rather *el vejete*, the archetypal old man always worthy of ridicule in the context of the comic interlude.<sup>1</sup> This scene provides an excellent opportunity for the modern director to bracket the scene with a different acting style, a sketch comedy routine, or even a bit of improv, in the same spirit of the seventeenth-century *entremés*.

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<sup>1</sup> Madroñal, Abraham. "Comicidad entremesil en comedias de algunos dramaturgos del Siglo de Oro." *Bulletin of Spanish Studies* 90. 4-5 (2013): 751-765.

### *Unhappily Ever After: The Denouement*

The dissolution of the marriages in the final scene is a unique element of this play, in stark contrast to typical Golden Age *comedias urbanas*. It is important to note that what occurs at the end cannot rightly be called divorce, for divorce as such did not exist in seventeenth-century Spain (it only became legal there in 1981). The only hope unhappily married couples had for the dissolution of marriage was annulment or, of course, for one of the spouses to die. Unlike in Pedro Calderón de la Barca's bloody wife-murder plays, which were written some decades after *Mal casados*, no spouses are killed in this play. Instead, the plot leads to a totally unexpected, and unprecedented, dissolution of marriage based on legal technicalities and not a little fudging of the truth. Castro was clearly well informed on all the valid reasons for annulling a marriage, as the list was very short:

[C]ases of annulment of marriage were also very exceptional and were related to the husband's impotence or "the wife's extreme reticence," which prevented consummation, the young age of the spouses, clandestine marriages or enforced marriages following abduction, consanguinity, the solemn vow [to enter religious life] of one of the spouses, bigamy, or the murder of the previous spouse in order to be able to remarry.<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> Sperling, Jutta. "Marriage at the Time of the Council of Trent (1560-70): Clandestine Marriages, Kinship Prohibitions, and Dowry Exchange in European Comparison." *Journal of Early Modern History*, 8 (2004): 67-108.

In *Unhappily Married*, Ipólita's brother Leonardo convinces himself—and more importantly, convinces the Archbishop's bailiffs—that the papal dispensation required for Don Álvaro and Ipólita's marriage to a cousin was never properly notarized, thereby nullifying the entire thing. Meanwhile, Eugenia and Valerián's marriage is nullified through the very specific and oddly fitting technicality of the period which declared that in the case of the murder of one spouse for the purposes of marriage to another, the second marriage would be null and void. It is also interesting to note that while the bailiffs admit that Valerián owes nothing to Eugenia due to the murder of her first husband, neither one is brought up on charges; apparently, their horrible marriage has been punishment enough.

“After a time, you may find that having is not so pleasing a thing after all as wanting. It is not logical, but it is often true.” So says Mr. Spock, of *Star Trek* fame, about a marriage gained through duplicitous means. This certainly seems to be the case for the unhappy couples of this seventeenth-century play, for whom the circumstances of marriage in both cases seem to have required more trouble than they were ultimately worth. From beginning to end, the characters are so dissatisfied with their marriages that they are more than a little relieved to find themselves free of their spouses when the curtain closes. Of all the characters, Elvira seems to have learned this hard lesson best: after nursing jealous desires for Don Álvaro during most of the play, her decision to remain single and become a nun comes as another shock in an already surprising denouement. It is clear, however, that her experience with these toxic marriages has shown her that achieving one's desires does not always lead to a happily-ever-after. Rather than try for marriage with Don Álvaro, who has proven himself to be a suavely manipulative husband fond of gaslighting his spouse, Elvira opts to forgo marriage altogether by joining a convent.

### *Production History*

*Unhappily Married in Valencia*, based on Eduardo Julia Martínez's 1927 edition of *Los mal casados de Valencia*, was translated by Laura Muñoz and Veronica Wilson and workshopped by the UCLA working group The *Comedia* in Translation and Performance. Directed by Dr. Barbara Fuchs and sponsored by the Center for 17<sup>th</sup>- and 18<sup>th</sup>-Century Studies, this working group is comprised of UCLA graduate students, local theater practitioners and Golden Age scholars. An adaptation of the play, written by Luciano García Lorenzo, toured in Spain in 1994 and again in 2013. More recently, in 2014, a modernized English adaptation by Laurel Ollstein, also entitled *Unhappily Married in Valencia*, was read on the grounds of UCLA's William Andrews Clark Memorial Library as part of *Golden Tongues*, a performance series in association with Playwrights' Arena that aims to engage local Los Angeles playwrights with the rich corpus of Golden Age Spanish plays.

Condensed to one hour, Ollstein's adaptation was drawn from only a synopsis and a few scenes translated by Kathleen Jeffs on Out of the Wings, an online database of Spanish-language plays for English language researchers and practitioners.<sup>3</sup> Ollstein moved the action to Valencia, California, a neighborhood in Santa Clarita which was founded in the 18<sup>th</sup> century as part of Spanish colonizing and missionary efforts. Skipping any reference to a painful history of Colonial Spain in the Americas, Ollstein's adaptation focuses on today's Los Angeles: Don Álvaro is Alvy, a literature professor at the California Institute of the Arts (Cal Arts). In this context, Valencia provides a contemporary suburban setting where isolated couples look for love in all the wrong places.

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<sup>3</sup> For more information about Out of the Wings, visit: <http://www.outofthewings.org/>

In Ollstein's words, her play is an "edgy farce about two mismatched married couples living in Valencia, California, each of them searching for something different than what they have, leading to declarations of love for their neighbors' spouses, going off meds, and one husband's mistress (or mister) manipulating everyone." Ollstein's main twist is Elvira's character—not a cross-dressed woman but a gay man who returns from a poetry conference with Alvy. Despite gender changes and an abbreviated plot, Ollstein conveys the enduring themes from Castro's play, bringing modern audiences closer to Spain's classical theater and illuminating human experiences that have not changed much between then and now.

#### *A Note on Our Translation*

Although the movement from verse to prose and a modernization of spelling and punctuation are the only substantive textual manipulations in our translation, the dialogue of minor character Pierres did force us to deviate from our standard translation from Castilian to English. Pierres, a character of uncertain origin, is an interesting anomaly for Spanish theater of the period, given that he does not speak Castilian, the standard language of long-form *comedia*. Pierres is referred to by the other characters as a *gabacho*, a term which might be familiar to a modern-day audience of Spanish speakers as a somewhat derogatory term for people speak Spanish poorly. This, as it turns out, is not too dissimilar from its seventeenth-century usage, when it was used to describe people who left the region of the lower Pyrenees, and moved south into the Kingdom of Aragon in search of work. The stereotype of the *gabacho*, willing to do the most menial and degrading tasks to earn money before returning home, is well documented in the *Diccionario de Autoridades*. We have chosen to keep this term as used in the original, because there is no one word in English that would cover the complexity of the Spanish.

Pierres has been a complicated character to translate: he speaks an odd combination of standard Catalan, Valencian dialect, possibly some Occitan, and Castilian of the period. He is described as a drunkard and uneducated to boot. The other characters refer to him as a Frenchman, though he speaks no recognizable French. We have chosen to translate this character with a combination of languages in an attempt to parallel the complicated language mixture used in the original, in this case with a combination of Catalan, Spanish, English, and French, which should also be made comprehensible through context and gestures. In cases where a gesture will suffice to make the meaning clear, we have attempted to leave in as much as the original language as possible, with translated footnotes where necessary.

## 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.

DON ÁLVARO-DON AHL-VAH-ROH

IPÓLITA-EE-POH-LEE-TAH

VALERÍAN-VAH-LEH-REEAN

EUGENIA-EH-OO-HEH-NEEAH

ANTONIO-AHN-TOH-NEE-OH

LEONARDO-LEH-O-NAR-DOH

ELVIRA-EHL-VEE-RAH

GALÍNDEZ-GAH-LEEN-DEHS

PIERRES-PEE-EHR (as in the French, “Pierre”)

TWO GABACHOS-GAH-BAH-CHOHS



**Characters:**

DON ÁLVARO

IPÓLITA, his wife

VALERIÓN, gentleman

EUGENIA, his wife

LEONARDO, gentleman, IPÓLITA's brother

ELVIRA, lady

GALÍNDEZ, squire

PIERRES, lackey

TWO PAGES

A BAILIFF and some CONSTABLES

TWO GABACHOS



|          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                          |
|----------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|
|          | your unkind heart so easily forgets!<br>You'd give it up in one moment<br>for the thrill of the hunt.<br>Leave, there's no question<br>you're acting like the worst kind of traitor.                                                                                                    | 30                       |
| VALERIÁN | The greater my betrayal,<br>the more it shows my love.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 35                       |
| IPÓLITA  | How's that?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                          |
| VALERIÁN | Wait! Listen!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                          |
| IPÓLITA  | Listen to what?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                          |
| VALERIÁN | My many fine qualities,<br>so you can see I'm madly in love.<br>Am I not a nobleman?                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 40                       |
| IPÓLITA  | Yes.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                          |
| VALERIÁN | Do I not owe your husband friendship?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                          |
| IPÓLITA  | Yes.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                          |
| VALERIÁN | Well then think about who I am,<br>look upon me,<br>and let your heart melt<br>at the size of my love<br>and the barriers it has overcome.<br>Don't you see how you flatter me<br>the more you call me a traitor,<br>since it makes it all the more notable<br>that I love you as I do? | 45<br><br><br><br><br>50 |
| IPÓLITA  | Let go!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                          |
| VALERIÁN | Happy traitor that I am!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 55                       |

IPÓLITA                      And I an unfortunate wretch!

VALERIAN                    My betrayal proves  
                                     just how fine my love is.

*Enter GALÍNDEZ, an old squire*

GALÍNDEZ                      Today your pining ends.

IPÓLITA                      What?                      60

GALÍNDEZ I saw—

IPÓLITA                      Who?

GALÍNDEZ                      Hush.

IPÓLITA            Out with it.  
                         Just tell me. 65

GALÍNDEZ                    My lord Don Álvaro  
                                      is in Valencia.

IPÓLITA                      Finally! And about time!

GALÍNDEZ                    He'll be here soon.

IPÓLITA                You've seen him, then?                70

GALÍNDEZ                      Yes, my lady.

VALERIÁN                      And he's home?

GALÍNDEZ                      Yes, my lord.

VALERIAN                    The game is up.

IPÓLITA Come. 75

|          |                                                                                                                                                                                       |    |
|----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| VALERIAN | Careful that he doesn't find out . . .                                                                                                                                                |    |
| IPOLITA  | Hush, you fool.<br>I care for him too much<br>to put him in this situation.<br>A woman who can<br>defend her own honor,<br>without involving her husband,<br>makes an honorable wife. | 80 |
| GALINDEZ | You won't have time<br>to make it down the stairs.                                                                                                                                    | 85 |
| IPOLITA  | I would run out into the street<br>to embrace him.                                                                                                                                    |    |

## SCENE 2

*A drawing room in IPOLITA and DON ÁLVARO's house*

*Enter DON ÁLVARO dressed in riding clothes and boots, and ELVIRA dressed as a page*

|            |                                                                    |    |
|------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| ELVIRA     | You're married?                                                    |    |
| DON ÁLVARO | Regretfully.<br>Just play along.                                   | 90 |
| ELVIRA     | Just kill me now.                                                  |    |
| DON ÁLVARO | Any liberties I have taken<br>are due to your love.<br>Forgive me. |    |
| IPOLITA    | My lord!                                                           | 95 |
| DON ÁLVARO | My lady!                                                           |    |
| IPOLITA    | Thank heavens you've returned.                                     |    |

|            |                                                                                                    |     |
|------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| ELVIRA     | ( <i>Aside</i> ) And now I'm dying of jealousy.                                                    |     |
| VALERIÁN   | ( <i>Aside</i> ) Envy consumes me.                                                                 |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Forgive me<br>for not embracing you first.                                                         | 100 |
| VALERIÁN   | It's good to have you back.<br>Now I await your embrace.                                           |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Take my arms.<br>You should be grateful<br>I tear them from my wife's neck<br>to give them to you. | 105 |
| VALERIÁN   | ( <i>Aside</i> ) It's a lucky man who gets to enjoy her.<br>( <i>Aloud</i> ) Well, Álvaro?         |     |
| IPÓLITA    | ( <i>Aside</i> ) Oh, traitor!                                                                      | 110 |
| VALERIÁN   | How was your journey?                                                                              |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Better than I could have imagined.                                                                 |     |
| VALERIÁN   | Zaragoza is heavenly.                                                                              |     |
| ELVIRA     | ( <i>Aside</i> ) My beloved homeland!                                                              |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | It's a beautiful place.                                                                            | 115 |
| VALERIÁN   | Renowned.                                                                                          |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | I cried when I had to leave<br>Coso Street. <sup>4</sup>                                           |     |

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<sup>4</sup> One of the oldest and best known streets in Zaragoza, since its route corresponds to the *cursus*, a road which bordered the wall in Roman times, and from which it derives its name.

|                      |                                                                                                                                   |     |
|----------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| VALERÍAN             | And what happened to you there?                                                                                                   |     |
| DON ÁLVARO           | Strange things, certainly.<br>I'll tell you all about them<br>in a better place and time.                                         | 120 |
| VALERÍAN             | Until then.                                                                                                                       |     |
| DON ÁLVARO           | You're leaving?                                                                                                                   |     |
| VALERÍAN             | I'll come back later<br>with my wife.                                                                                             | 125 |
| DON ÁLVARO           | I look forward to it.                                                                                                             |     |
| VALERÍAN             | I'm sure she will too.                                                                                                            |     |
| IPÓLITA              | The more the merrier!                                                                                                             |     |
| VALERÍAN             | <i>(Aside)</i> I'm dying inside.                                                                                                  | 130 |
| ELVIRA               | <i>(Aside)</i> I'm furious!                                                                                                       |     |
| IPÓLITA              | <i>(Aside)</i> Thank God he's leaving.                                                                                            |     |
| <i>Exit VALERÍAN</i> |                                                                                                                                   |     |
| DON ÁLVARO           | And why so sad?                                                                                                                   |     |
| IPÓLITA              | On your account:<br>you cried when you had to come home<br>so you must have left something behind.<br>There are many ladies . . . | 135 |
| ELVIRA               | <i>(Aside)</i> Oh God!                                                                                                            |     |
| IPÓLITA              | . . . in Zaragoza.                                                                                                                |     |
| ELVIRA               | <i>(Aside)</i> Here we go!                                                                                                        | 140 |

|            |                                                                                                                                                            |     |
|------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| IPÓLITA    | And I fear more than one<br>must have been your lady-friend.<br>What a fine time you must have had<br>with them!                                           |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | None that could equal<br>the pleasure I have with you.                                                                                                     | 145 |
| ELVIRA     | <i>(Aside)</i> You're a master of deception.<br>What am I doing here?                                                                                      |     |
| IPÓLITA    | So what!<br>Haven't you betrayed me before?                                                                                                                | 150 |
| ELVIRA     | <i>(Aside)</i> What a tantrum!                                                                                                                             |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Swear to me.                                                                                                                                               |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | I swear on your beauty.                                                                                                                                    |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Swear again. More.                                                                                                                                         |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | I swear on your life.                                                                                                                                      | 155 |
| IPÓLITA    | Swear on your own life, too.                                                                                                                               |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Isn't your life my own?                                                                                                                                    |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Yes, my love.                                                                                                                                              |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Well, light of my life,<br>have faith in me.                                                                                                               | 160 |
| IPÓLITA    | Listen . . .<br>even with all that, I don't believe you.<br>A young man and in Zaragoza—<br>there must have been some chance<br>to give into your desires. | 165 |



|            |                                                            |     |
|------------|------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
|            | What did you do?                                           |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | I conducted business.                                      |     |
| IPÓLITA    | And was it all business?                                   |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | I also visited a few places.                               |     |
| IPÓLITA    | And courted ladies?                                        | 170 |
| DON ÁLVARO | No.                                                        |     |
| IPÓLITA    | You didn't even speak to them?                             |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | I didn't even speak to them.                               |     |
| IPÓLITA    | You must have at least looked<br>at a few of them.         | 175 |
| DON ÁLVARO | No, I swear.                                               |     |
| IPÓLITA    | I doubt that.                                              |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Yet I know that it is so.                                  |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Not one, really?                                           |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | No, by God!                                                | 180 |
|            | Now leave me alone. For heaven's sake!                     |     |
|            | I'm fed up with so many questions,<br>one after the other— |     |
|            | enough of this constant jealousy!                          |     |
|            | I just got here.                                           | 185 |
| IPÓLITA    | Now you're upset?                                          |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Could you at least let me . . .                            |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Such savage sorrow!                                        |     |

|                     |                                                                                                                                                            |     |
|---------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| DON ÁLVARO          | . . . take off<br>my spurs and boots?<br>Antonio, take off my spurs.                                                                                       | 190 |
| IPÓLITA             | You do that,<br>and I'll spur my heart<br>to leave here.                                                                                                   |     |
| ELVIRA              | Let me help you.                                                                                                                                           | 195 |
| IPÓLITA             | I'll go away,<br>so as not to annoy you any longer.<br>( <i>Aside</i> ) My heart is heavy with sorrow.                                                     |     |
| <i>Exit IPÓLITA</i> |                                                                                                                                                            |     |
| DON ÁLVARO          | Go and good riddance.<br>Look at her weep. Oh holy matrimony!<br>What a heavy yoke!<br>If it weren't a sacrament,<br>I'd say it was the work of the devil. | 200 |
| ELVIRA              | You're one to talk.<br>Do you think, you hypocrite,<br>that you have behaved<br>like a gentleman?                                                          | 205 |
| DON ÁLVARO          | Yes and no:<br>no, because I've had my pleasure through lies,<br>yes, because it's no sin to lie<br>when you're in love.                                   | 210 |
| ELVIRA              | Lying is always dishonorable,<br>you boor.                                                                                                                 |     |
| DON ÁLVARO          | Look,<br>there's no dishonor in a lie<br>when it deceives a woman:                                                                                         | 215 |

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                       |
|------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------|
|            | her beauty provides the excuse.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                       |
| ELVIRA     | Oh that's rich!<br>You pour salt in the wound!<br>Though you were married, you traitor,<br>you led me on, offered me marriage,<br>tainted my honor,<br>and brought me, despicable man,<br>to where I scream, cry, and suffer . . .<br>all effects of that poison<br>I took in through my eyes.<br>Was that the right thing to do?<br>And then you told me this house—<br>oh, I'm about to explode!—<br>was your cousin's, you ingrate! | 220<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>225<br><br><br><br>230 |
| DON ÁLVARO | I spoke the truth.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                                       |
| ELVIRA     | How can I<br>resist my own fury?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                       |
| DON ÁLVARO | The woman you saw<br>is both my cousin and my wife.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 235                                                   |
| ELVIRA     | My fury is so great,<br>I will shout it to the heavens!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                       |
| DON ÁLVARO | If you'll just be quiet,<br>I'll kiss the ground you walk on.<br>Calm down.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 240                                                   |
| ELVIRA     | Has there ever been a betrayal like this?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                       |
| DON ÁLVARO | Listen: I haven't been true,<br>but it was only because<br>your beauty made me do it.<br>Forgive yourself<br>and forgive me, too,<br>for being married                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 245                                                   |

is harder on me than anyone else.  
 The pain is so great—I can't stand it.  
 I bear my marriage 250  
 like a noose around my neck.  
 Since your love compelled me  
 to accept your tender mercies,  
 free me from this knot, if you can,  
 and I'll be the lucky one. 255  
 I hope you'll keep up the disguise,  
 my love, if you care about me.

ELVIRA            You do have a way with words,  
                       you silver-tongued devil!  
                       Your words have taken me in, 260  
                       reaching deep into my soul,  
                       and left me for dead.  
                       They fooled me once,  
                       and will surely fool me again.

DON ÁLVARO      I'll make it worth your while . . . 265  
                       Ah, here are Valerían and his wife.

ELVIRA            What else am I to do,  
                       if I can't help loving you?

### SCENE 3

*Drawing room in IPÓLITA and DON ÁLVARO's house*

*Enter VALERÍAN and EUGENIA*

EUGENIA            (*Aside*) I'm trembling from head to toe  
                       at the thought of seeing the one I adore. 270  
                       (*Aloud*) Welcome back, and forgive me.  
                       I'm nearly dead  
                       from climbing the stairs.

VALERÍAN          You certainly look it.

|                      |                                                                                                      |     |
|----------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| DON ÁLVARO           | Rest, please.                                                                                        | 275 |
| EUGENIA              | <i>(Aside)</i> If only I could rest<br>in your arms.                                                 |     |
| DON ÁLVARO           | Would you care for anything?                                                                         |     |
| EUGENIA              | My lady Ipólita,<br>where is she?                                                                    | 280 |
| DON ÁLVARO           | I will let her know you're here.<br>She's weeping at the moment.                                     |     |
| VALERIÁN             | What is it? Is it jealousy?                                                                          |     |
| DON ÁLVARO           | She's unbearable.                                                                                    |     |
| VALERIÁN             | Is that why she retired?                                                                             | 285 |
| DON ÁLVARO           | It's terrible!<br>You know the state she gets into.                                                  |     |
| VALERIÁN             | And Doña Eugenia is quite exhausted . . .                                                            |     |
| DON ÁLVARO           | Would you get her, then?                                                                             |     |
| VALERIÁN             | <i>(Aside)</i> I will, I'm dying to see her.                                                         | 290 |
| <i>Exit VALERIÁN</i> |                                                                                                      |     |
| EUGENIA              | <i>(Aside)</i> Good riddance.<br>How can I get you alone?<br><i>(Aloud)</i> Could I have some water? |     |
| DON ÁLVARO           | <i>(To ELVIRA)</i> Go and bring some<br>immediately.                                                 | 295 |
| ELVIRA               | I'm like the wind.                                                                                   |     |



|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                |
|------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| DON ÁLVARO | That's what this is about?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                |
| EUGENIA    | You are cruel.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                |
| DON ÁLVARO | I'm a man of honor.<br>I've told you a thousand times,<br>it's inappropriate.<br>Why do you persist?                                                                                                                                                           | 325                            |
| EUGENIA    | I'd like to find<br>one yes among a thousand no's,<br>and thus find my good fortune,<br>like the one who gets the lucky ace<br>among the thousand who don't.                                                                                                   | 330                            |
| DON ÁLVARO | Well, there's no point in trying.<br>I tell you, I am your husband's friend<br>and have never been a traitor.<br>I must warn you,<br>put an end to your antics.<br>You seek fortune in a bad hand.                                                             | 335                            |
| EUGENIA    | How well you treat me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                |
| DON ÁLVARO | As my station requires.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                |
| EUGENIA    | Are you sure?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 340                            |
| DON ÁLVARO | I am.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                |
| EUGENIA    | How is it possible, ingrate,<br>that you, fickle as can be,<br>throw all sense away,<br>follow any woman you see,<br>and catch all those you follow,<br>without leaving one scrap<br>when the chance comes up.<br>From the haughty lady<br>to the humble maid, | 345<br><br><br><br><br><br>350 |

since that is what  
your nature bids you do,  
and yet you steel your heart  
against me alone?

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                              |
|------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| DON ÁLVARO | Though it's true,<br>I do follow my desires,<br>I only do so where<br>I owe nothing to a friend.<br>For that would not be fair dealing—<br>it would be shameful indeed<br>to betray a good friend.<br>Where honor rules,<br>pleasure has no sway.<br>One must keep faith with one's friends:<br>he who betrays a friend<br>must know he breaks his word.<br>A man who does such a thing<br>is an enemy of the faith,<br>for whosoever betrays a friend,<br>would betray his God, too. | 355<br><br><br><br><br>360<br><br><br><br>365<br><br><br>370 |
|------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|

|         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |     |
|---------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| EUGENIA | Bravo, my friend!<br>Come and let me bury<br>my sorrows in your chest,<br>and then you too can be<br>a heretic to your faith.<br>I renege from it a thousand times,<br>since it only does me harm. I'm crazy for you! | 375 |
|---------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|

|            |                       |  |
|------------|-----------------------|--|
| DON ÁLVARO | Here comes the water. |  |
|------------|-----------------------|--|

|         |                                               |     |
|---------|-----------------------------------------------|-----|
| EUGENIA | It's hardly enough<br>to put out such a fire. | 380 |
|---------|-----------------------------------------------|-----|

*Enter ELVIRA with a glass of water and some sweets*

|        |                                                          |  |
|--------|----------------------------------------------------------|--|
| ELVIRA | I ordered some sweets.<br>That's why it took me so long. |  |
|--------|----------------------------------------------------------|--|



|                                 |                                                                                                    |     |
|---------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| EUGENIA                         | ( <i>Aside</i> ) The later the better.<br>( <i>Aloud</i> ) Do you trust this pageboy? <sup>5</sup> |     |
| ELVIRA                          | I am happy that he trusted me<br>to serve you, my lady.                                            | 385 |
| EUGENIA                         | A pretty face and pretty words.                                                                    |     |
| DON ÁLVARO                      | Aren't you hungry?                                                                                 |     |
| EUGENIA                         | I've already eaten.                                                                                |     |
| ELVIRA                          | Goodness! You're flushed.                                                                          | 390 |
| EUGENIA                         | I have regained the color I lost<br>in climbing the stairs.                                        |     |
| EUGENIA <i>drinks the water</i> |                                                                                                    |     |
| ELVIRA                          | How fortunate . . .<br>Oh my, what will I do!                                                      |     |
| EUGENIA                         | What did you say?                                                                                  | 395 |
| ELVIRA                          | How lucky you are<br>to regain what you had lost.                                                  |     |
| EUGENIA                         | Well said.                                                                                         |     |
| DON ÁLVARO                      | He's an educated lad.                                                                              |     |
| ELVIRA                          | With honors, no less.                                                                              | 400 |
| EUGENIA                         | He seems a great fool,<br>with a woman's voice and face.                                           |     |

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<sup>5</sup> Eugenia's question is also meant to denote surprise and displeasure at Don Álvaro allowing Elvira/Antonio, a servant, to interrupt their private conversation.

|                                                             |                                                                                                |     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| ELVIRA                                                      | ( <i>Aside</i> ) Oh Fortune, look what you've brought me to!                                   |     |
| <i>Exit ELVIRA</i>                                          |                                                                                                |     |
| EUGENIA                                                     | If you loved me . . .                                                                          |     |
| DON ÁLVARO                                                  | Must you insist?                                                                               | 405 |
| EUGENIA                                                     | Though you want nothing of it,<br>I must insist.<br>Ay, Don Álvaro!                            |     |
| DON ÁLVARO                                                  | I'll always be honorable.                                                                      |     |
| EUGENIA                                                     | I'll let the whole world hear my pain,<br>if you won't give up your faith<br>for a new idol.   | 410 |
| DON ÁLVARO                                                  | You know how this works.<br>Surely you're sane enough to see<br>you'll be ruined. Leave me be. | 415 |
| EUGENIA                                                     | Let me be ruined.                                                                              |     |
| DON ÁLVARO                                                  | What are you trying to do?                                                                     |     |
| EUGENIA                                                     | My darling, love you.                                                                          |     |
| DON ÁLVARO                                                  | This madness<br>has crossed the line.                                                          | 420 |
| EUGENIA                                                     | This will be the end of me!                                                                    |     |
| <i>Enter VALERÍAN and IPÓLITA without seeing the others</i> |                                                                                                |     |
| IPÓLITA                                                     | Stop, on your life.                                                                            |     |
| VALERÍAN                                                    | My love won't let me.                                                                          |     |

|                                |                                                                 |     |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| DON ÁLVARO                     | Let go.                                                         |     |
| EUGENIA                        | Wait.                                                           | 425 |
| DON ÁLVARO                     | Who says so?                                                    |     |
| VALERIÓN                       | I'm crazy for you.                                              |     |
| DON ÁLVARO                     | You're not yourself.                                            |     |
| IPÓLITA                        | If you insist,<br>I will let the whole world know.              | 430 |
| EUGENIA                        | My lord!                                                        |     |
| IPÓLITA                        | <i>(Aside)</i> Oh, heavens!                                     |     |
| <i>They all see each other</i> |                                                                 |     |
| DON ÁLVARO                     | Look who's here.                                                |     |
| EUGENIA                        | <i>(Aside)</i> Ay, I'm cursed!                                  |     |
| DON ÁLVARO                     | <i>(Aside)</i> Compose yourself.<br>Why is this taking so long? | 435 |
| IPÓLITA                        | <i>(Aside)</i> What a moment!<br>Did he hear you?               |     |
| VALERIÓN                       | What was that about?                                            |     |
| EUGENIA                        | Wait.                                                           | 440 |
| IPÓLITA                        | Wait.                                                           |     |
| <i>IPÓLITA runs off stage</i>  |                                                                 |     |
| VALERIÓN                       | What's going on, Don Álvaro?                                    |     |

|            |                                                                                               |     |
|------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| DON ÁLVARO | I would like to drag her<br>out by the hair.<br>This refusing to come out . . .               | 445 |
| VALERIÓN   | Listen.                                                                                       |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | . . . Ipólita . . .                                                                           |     |
| IPÓLITA    | <i>returns</i>                                                                                |     |
| VALERIÓN   | She was on her way.                                                                           |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | . . . is so rude, with such poor manners.                                                     |     |
| EUGENIA    | ( <i>Aside</i> ) I'm exhausted by this effort—<br>this is not right.                          | 450 |
| VALERIÓN   | ( <i>Aside</i> ) I was a dead man there for a moment.                                         |     |
| IPÓLITA    | ( <i>Aside</i> ) I'm so unlucky,<br>I thought things might end up even worse.                 |     |
| VALERIÓN   | ( <i>Aside</i> ) I feared a greater misfortune.                                               | 455 |
| EUGENIA    | ( <i>Aside</i> ) I was very lucky this time.                                                  |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | ( <i>Aside</i> ) It could have been worse.                                                    |     |
| VALERIÓN   | I'm glad I was helpful<br>in getting her to open<br>her bedroom door.                         | 460 |
| DON ÁLVARO | Such nonsense to shut herself in her room<br>when you are visiting.                           |     |
| IPÓLITA    | I know.<br>Better manners are to be expected<br>from a woman like me.<br>Forgive me, my lady. | 465 |

|                                                        |                                                                                                               |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| EUGENIA                                                | Fine.<br>Now you must shake hands,<br>and anyone who refuses<br>must face me instead.                         | 470 |
|                                                        | My sword always finds its mark,<br>even though that last battle<br>has left me all worn out.                  |     |
| VALERIÁN                                               | Well said. I'll vouch for that.                                                                               |     |
| DON ÁLVARO                                             | I'll second it.                                                                                               | 475 |
| VALERIÁN                                               | Come, give me your hand.                                                                                      |     |
| IPÓLITA                                                | You should marry us again.<br>It is better without a doubt<br>to start anew<br>when something can't be fixed. | 480 |
| DON ÁLVARO                                             | A mistake won't fix a mistake,<br>and it would add insult to injury.<br>You can't redo what wasn't undone.    |     |
| IPÓLITA                                                | Do you want it undone?                                                                                        |     |
| DON ÁLVARO                                             | <i>(Aside)</i> Would that it could be!                                                                        | 485 |
| <i>Enter ELVIRA, running, and GALÍNDEZ chasing her</i> |                                                                                                               |     |
| ELVIRA                                                 | Antonio!                                                                                                      |     |
| GALÍNDEZ                                               | I will stick this<br>dagger in his belly.                                                                     |     |
| DON ÁLVARO                                             | Halt!                                                                                                         |     |
| ELVIRA                                                 | Crazy old man.                                                                                                | 490 |

|            |                                                                                               |     |
|------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| GALÍNDEZ   | Rascal.                                                                                       |     |
| VALERÍAN   | This is good.                                                                                 |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | He has no shame!                                                                              |     |
| ELVIRA     | Look at the face on you!                                                                      |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | He disrespects me even in your presence.<br>Oh, Saint George!                                 | 495 |
| ELVIRA     | He won't even spare<br>the saints.                                                            |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | GalíndeZ,<br>be polite!                                                                       | 500 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | My lord.                                                                                      |     |
| ELVIRA     | I was coming out<br>with the water and sweets<br>when he snatched the treats<br>away from me. | 505 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | I did that? You liar!                                                                         |     |
| ELVIRA     | Having eaten them . . .                                                                       |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Calm down.                                                                                    |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | My lord, he's lying.                                                                          |     |
| ELVIRA     | . . . he drank the water,<br>and then said it was hot, and then . . .                         | 510 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | A thousand lies!                                                                              |     |
| ELVIRA     | I was sure I could get away from him,<br>so I hit the jug as he held it to his mouth.         |     |

|            |                                                                                                                     |     |
|------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
|            | I'm only sorry there wasn't more water.                                                                             | 515 |
| EUGENIA    | So feisty.                                                                                                          |     |
| ELVIRA     | And I came running to you<br>to save myself.                                                                        |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Oh, traitor!<br>My lord,<br>only that last thing was true.<br>He's an incredible rascal.                            | 520 |
| VALERIÁN   | It's a great story.                                                                                                 |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | He has made a real mess<br>of my poor nose, and if you . . .                                                        | 525 |
| DON ÁLVARO | Don't get all worked up.<br>Antonio, is that any way to behave?<br>I'll make them whip you<br>a hundred times over. |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | I will happily take care of it.                                                                                     | 530 |
| DON ÁLVARO | All in good time.                                                                                                   |     |
| EUGENIA    | How entertaining.                                                                                                   |     |
| ELVIRA     | <i>(Aside)</i> The nonsense I must put up with,<br>just to hide the truth!                                          |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Now, let's find some way<br>to while away the afternoon.                                                            | 535 |
| VALERIÁN   | Good idea!                                                                                                          |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Let's sit.                                                                                                          |     |
| EUGENIA    | Do not be sad, my lady,                                                                                             |     |

|            |                                                           |     |
|------------|-----------------------------------------------------------|-----|
|            | if God is with you.                                       | 540 |
| IPÓLITA    | I'm at your service.<br>I'll be all right somehow.        |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | I'll kiss your hand.                                      |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Yes, of course.                                           |     |
| ELVIRA     | <i>(Aside)</i> I'm so miserable.                          | 545 |
| VALERIÁN   | <i>(Aside)</i> This jealousy . . . !                      |     |
| EUGENIA    | <i>(Aside)</i> This fire . . .                            |     |
| VALERIÁN   | <i>(Aside)</i> . . . undoes me!                           |     |
| EUGENIA    | <i>(Aside)</i> . . . consumes me!                         |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | What game shall we play?                                  | 550 |
| VALERIÁN   | Make one up.                                              |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | The game of letters would suit<br>such a learned company. |     |
| VALERIÁN   | But we need more people<br>to play.                       | 555 |
| DON ÁLVARO | So be it.                                                 |     |
| EUGENIA    | Perhaps Galíndez can play.                                |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Will he know how?                                         |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | And young Tony.                                           |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | I'm not sure I should, I don't know . . .                 | 560 |



|                    |                                                                                          |     |
|--------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| DON ÁLVARO         | We'll see what he comes up with.                                                         |     |
| VALERIÁN           | If you want a good laugh,<br>bring in one of those <i>gabacho</i> servants. <sup>6</sup> |     |
| DON ÁLVARO         | You mean Pierres?                                                                        |     |
| VALERIÁN           | Besides being a drunk,<br>he's a little crazy.                                           | 565 |
| DON ÁLVARO         | Have him come then. Go call him, Antonio.                                                |     |
| ELVIRA             | And in his native tongue.<br>M'sieur Pierres!                                            |     |
| <i>Exit</i> ELVIRA |                                                                                          |     |
| VALERIÁN           | That page<br>isn't half bad.                                                             | 570 |
| DON ÁLVARO         | He's a devil.                                                                            |     |
| GALÍNDEZ           | That he is.                                                                              |     |
| DON ÁLVARO         | Pick a letter. <sup>7</sup>                                                              |     |
| EUGENIA            | I'll pick the first, <i>A</i> .                                                          | 575 |
| DON ÁLVARO         | And I choose <i>E</i> ,<br>the second of the vowels.                                     |     |
| VALERIÁN           | I pick the third, which is <i>I</i> .                                                    |     |
| EUGENIA            | Won't you choose?                                                                        |     |

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<sup>6</sup> As a general term, it denotes someone of foreign origin, although in the seventeenth century it was often used to describe someone from the lower Pyrenees region who moved into the city to do manual labor. See Introduction.

<sup>7</sup> The last half of Act I is dedicated to this word game, through which everyone makes their desires known. See Introduction.

|            |                                                                        |     |
|------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| IPÓLITA    | Which one, oh God!<br>The <i>A</i> you picked<br>was rightly mine.     | 580 |
| EUGENIA    | Take it, then.                                                         |     |
| IPÓLITA    | I don't want it.<br>It's not important. I'll pick something else.      | 585 |
| EUGENIA    | Since it's the first,<br>I just thought of it first.                   |     |
| IPÓLITA    | <i>C</i> isn't bad.                                                    |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | See, I know some things . . .                                          |     |
| VALERÍAN   | I see what you're up to.                                               | 590 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | . . . that start with this letter,<br>some very bad ones. <sup>8</sup> |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Some which are forced upon us.                                         |     |
| VALERÍAN   | Galíndez has good taste.<br>Pick a letter.                             | 595 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | I choose . . .                                                         |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Is Pierres coming?                                                     |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | <i>T</i> .                                                             |     |
| VALERÍAN   | <i>T</i> ?                                                             |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | <i>T</i> .                                                             | 600 |

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<sup>8</sup> The play on "C words" here probably refers to marriage (*casamiento*) in the Spanish, but could easily refer to cuckoldry in the English.

*Enter ELVIRA and PIERRES*

VALERIÁN            Just in time.

ELVIRA              Pierres is here.

PIERRES            At your servicio, monsieur.

VALERIÁN           Come here, do you know how to read?

PIERRES            I have some. 605

VALERIÁN           You have to pick a letter.

PIERRES            What for?

VALERIÁN           Pick one,  
and you'll see later what to do with it.  
It's a game. 610

PIERRES            All right.  
Give me *R*.

DON ÁLVARO        You'll have your work cut out for you.  
Now young Tony picks.

ELVIRA              If I think about it, I'll choose worse. 615  
I'll take *D*.

DON ÁLVARO        Play the game, my lady.

EUGENIA            I'm first.

DON ÁLVARO        Go ahead, my lady.

IPÓLITA             That's not right. 620

EUGENIA            Well, I started from Aragon.

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                            |
|------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| VALERÍAN   | Now you must forfeit something, your choice.                                                                                                                                                                              |                            |
| EUGENIA    | Why?                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                            |
| VALERÍAN   | Because you've made a mistake.<br>Aragon is not a town,<br>it's a kingdom.                                                                                                                                                | 625                        |
| DON ÁLVARO | Without a doubt.                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                            |
| IPÓLITA    | Give a ribbon for the forfeit.                                                                                                                                                                                            |                            |
| EUGENIA    | I just did.<br>To continue: I arrived at Almeria,<br>where I stayed the night.<br>My host's name was Antonio<br>and his lady was Ana,<br>and then there was a suitor, Don Álvaro,<br>who followed me on my way.           | 630<br><br><br><br><br>635 |
| VALERÍAN   | Fine.                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                            |
| DON ÁLVARO | It wasn't me.                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                            |
| VALERÍAN   | Oh God, that makes me so jealous.                                                                                                                                                                                         |                            |
| IPÓLITA    | I feel the same.                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                            |
| VALERÍAN   | I'll have my revenge on you both.                                                                                                                                                                                         | 640                        |
| EUGENIA    | We sat down to dinner,<br>and we started with . . . oh, God!<br>Who will help me? Artichokes.<br>Then, for an entrée, Andalusian duck,<br>for dessert, I suppose, Almonds.<br>And now I've gotten<br>to the hardest part. | 645                        |

|            |                                                                                                |     |
|------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| DON ÁLVARO | And what did you say to that handsome man?                                                     |     |
| EUGENIA    | I don't know what to say, how sad!<br>... That he was as lovely as the Air.                    | 650 |
| VALERIÓN   | Is air lovely?                                                                                 |     |
| EUGENIA    | It's clear,<br>which is the greatest beauty.                                                   |     |
| ELVIRA     | It's better felt than seen.                                                                    |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Well said.                                                                                     | 655 |
| DON ÁLVARO | He's just a young lad. Go ahead.                                                               |     |
| EUGENIA    | I'm calm now.                                                                                  |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | What did you tell him?                                                                         |     |
| EUGENIA    | I told him he was<br>the Apple of my eye.                                                      | 660 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Good, by George.                                                                               |     |
| IPÓLITA    | That works?<br>You know a lot about this game.                                                 |     |
| EUGENIA    | Are you making fun?<br>( <i>Aside</i> ) I know more about the love<br>that sets my soul afire. | 665 |
| VALERIÓN   | My turn.                                                                                       |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | We're going clockwise. <sup>9</sup>                                                            |     |

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<sup>9</sup> Given this statement, that means that going clockwise in the space the characters are as follows: Eugenia, Valerión, Ipólita, Álvaro, Elvira, Galíndez, Pierres

|            |                                                                                |     |
|------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| VALERIÓN   | I went from Ita<br>to Illescas, where I stayed<br>the night at Icarus's Inn.   | 670 |
| EUGENIA    | Come on, forfeit. You've made a mistake.                                       |     |
| VALERIÓN   | How?                                                                           |     |
| EUGENIA    | There's no saint by that name.                                                 |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | That's right.                                                                  | 675 |
| VALERIÓN   | Take this garter.                                                              |     |
| EUGENIA    | The glove is fine. I'll take the glove.                                        |     |
| PIERRES    | Notre dama is the very diablo.                                                 |     |
| EUGENIA    | Hush, fool.                                                                    |     |
| VALERIÓN   | As I was saying,<br>the host was Inés.<br>And the lady's name:<br>Ipólita.     | 680 |
| DON ÁLVARO | Good word play, by God.                                                        |     |
| VALERIÓN   | Surely it cannot surprise you<br>if I want your wife,<br>since mine wants you. | 685 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Nice jab.                                                                      |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Extremely.                                                                     |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Extremely unlikely.                                                            | 690 |
| VALERIÓN   | But necessary.                                                                 |     |

|            |                                                                                                        |     |
|------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| EUGENIA    | More like witty.                                                                                       |     |
| ELVIRA     | And cliché.                                                                                            |     |
| PIERRES    | By Jove.                                                                                               |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | You're doing well.                                                                                     | 695 |
| VALERÍAN   | They're very witty.                                                                                    |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | What a game.                                                                                           |     |
| IPÓLITA    | <i>(Aside)</i> Oh, traitor!<br><i>(Aloud)</i> Let's hear what's for dinner.                            |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Since you are the host,<br>of course you're worried about it.                                          | 700 |
| EUGENIA    | That's funny.                                                                                          |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | <i>(To IPÓLITA)</i> You're always so very . . .                                                        |     |
| EUGENIA    | Don't say she's greedy,<br>instead tell her she's very . . . faithful.                                 | 705 |
| DON ÁLVARO | This is not about the truth.                                                                           |     |
| IPÓLITA    | What I said was also a joke.<br>What did we have for dinner,<br>Valerían?                              |     |
| EUGENIA    | Good.                                                                                                  | 710 |
| VALERÍAN   | I'll continue:<br>first there were iced shrimp.<br>What more should I say?<br>. . . and then some Eel. |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | You've made a mistake.                                                                                 | 715 |

|            |                                                                                          |     |
|------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| VALERÍAN   | How?                                                                                     |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | That's <i>E</i> , not <i>I</i> .                                                         |     |
| VALERÍAN   | Details, details.                                                                        |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Eel starts with <i>E</i> .                                                               |     |
| VALERÍAN   | You're right,<br>although it sounds the same.                                            | 720 |
| DON ÁLVARO | I'll let it pass, keep going.                                                            |     |
| VALERÍAN   | Wait.                                                                                    |     |
| EUGENIA    | You have to have dessert.                                                                |     |
| VALERÍAN   | What would I have for dessert?<br>How about Ice cream.                                   | 725 |
| IPÓLITA    | I can't stand it.                                                                        |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | I could eat it.                                                                          |     |
| IPÓLITA    | That's a fine offer.                                                                     |     |
| EUGENIA    | Very fine.                                                                               | 730 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | I'll eat soft, mushy things.<br>For a mouth with no molars,<br>everything mushy is good. |     |
| VALERÍAN   | I told my lady that she was<br>beautiful as the divine Iris,<br>and that I loved her.    | 735 |
| EUGENIA    | You loved her like who?                                                                  |     |



|            |                                                                |     |
|------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| VALERÍAN   | Like I Imagine.                                                |     |
| ELVIRA     | How do you explain that?                                       |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Oh, lad!                                                       | 740 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | It was a good question.                                        |     |
| VALERÍAN   | What I want<br>exists only in my Imagination.                  |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | That was a clever answer.                                      |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Very well said.                                                | 745 |
| EUGENIA    | My husband is very clever.                                     |     |
| ELVIRA     | Well said, if he doesn't lie,<br>for you know . . .            |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Will you be quiet?                                             |     |
| ELVIRA     | . . . in matters of love,<br>the glib usually<br>lie the most. | 750 |
| EUGENIA    | A fool fit for a king.                                         |     |
| VALERÍAN   | You're right.                                                  |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Have you ever been in love?                                    | 755 |
| DON ÁLVARO | Scoundrel.                                                     |     |
| PIERRES    | Nail on the head.                                              |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Take a look at the village idiot.                              |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Tell us, my lady.                                              |     |

|            |                                                                                    |     |
|------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| IPÓLITA    | I left Çaragoza. <sup>10</sup>                                                     | 760 |
| ELVIRA     | What a shame!                                                                      |     |
| IPÓLITA    | I arrived in Cartagena.<br>My host there<br>was Cain.                              |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Strange name.                                                                      | 765 |
| IPÓLITA    | I always prefer<br>hosts who can kill the mood.                                    |     |
| EUGENIA    | A man's a man.                                                                     |     |
| VALERÍAN   | Good point.                                                                        |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Back to the topic,<br>and a good one at that.<br>And your hostess?                 | 770 |
| IPÓLITA    | She was called Catalina.<br>And there was Cosme as my enemy.                       |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | That's my middle name.                                                             | 775 |
| IPÓLITA    | Who else but you<br>would I dine with in this world?                               |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Is that why you chose that letter?                                                 |     |
| IPÓLITA    | I picked what was left of you,<br>because all I get from you<br>are the leftovers. | 780 |

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<sup>10</sup> One of the variant spellings of Zaragoza still in use in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Ipólita is bending the rules of the game slightly, although either no one catches it or they simply do not call her on it.

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                  |     |
|------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| VALERIÁN   | Oh, very good!                                                                                                                                                                   |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Precious.                                                                                                                                                                        |     |
| EUGENIA    | You're just perfect.                                                                                                                                                             |     |
| ELVIRA     | You're honest and clever,<br>a recipe for jealousy.                                                                                                                              | 785 |
| DON ÁLVARO | Quiet, by God, my life depends on it!<br>If you praise her for being jealous,<br>it will be the death of me.<br>What did you start with?                                         | 790 |
| IPÓLITA    | Crab Cakes.                                                                                                                                                                      |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Good start.                                                                                                                                                                      |     |
| IPÓLITA    | I'll go on:<br>when you're angry,<br>you make a tempest in a teacup,<br>and then call me the crabby one<br>when I want to ask you something.<br>So I'd like to return the favor. | 795 |
| VALERIÁN   | Good show.                                                                                                                                                                       |     |
| IPÓLITA    | And then Chopped liver.                                                                                                                                                          | 800 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | This also brings up some history.                                                                                                                                                |     |
| IPÓLITA    | It's written on the lines of my face.                                                                                                                                            |     |
| VALERIÁN   | Isn't she funny?                                                                                                                                                                 |     |
| EUGENIA    | Infinitely.                                                                                                                                                                      |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | May God keep her in his infinite glory.                                                                                                                                          | 805 |

|            |                                                                                                              |     |
|------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| IPÓLITA    | To save you from suffering . . .                                                                             |     |
| ELVIRA     | Now that's malice.                                                                                           |     |
| IPÓLITA    | . . . and no trick.                                                                                          |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | God save you for a long time.                                                                                |     |
| EUGENIA    | Do tell, what did you have for dessert?                                                                      | 810 |
| IPÓLITA    | It was Cynicism.                                                                                             |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Good Heavens,<br>isn't that the truth!<br>There's never been a meal at my table<br>without cynical jealousy. | 815 |
| VALERIAN   | Eating is better<br>when you add a little spice.                                                             |     |
| EUGENIA    | What did you say to that suitor?                                                                             |     |
| IPÓLITA    | I told him he was as beautiful as Cupid.                                                                     |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | How effusive!                                                                                                | 820 |
| IPÓLITA    | Not at all,<br>for I love in him<br>what he hates most in me.                                                |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | And what is that?                                                                                            |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Character.                                                                                                   | 825 |
| EUGENIA    | Well, you're all figured out.                                                                                |     |
| ELVIRA     | Quarrels between spouses<br>are just the storm before the calm.                                              |     |

|            |                                                                                             |     |
|------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
|            | This is what souls long for.                                                                |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Antonio,<br>that's just the price of marriage.                                              | 830 |
| IPÓLITA    | And a high price to pay.                                                                    |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Now I'll start.<br><i>E</i> is my letter:<br>leaving from Écija, this is hard,<br>to Emaús. | 835 |
| IPÓLITA    | You are in the wrong.                                                                       |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Am I?                                                                                       |     |
| VALERIÓN   | She's right. You arrived at Emaús,<br>which is a castle,<br>not a town.                     | 840 |
| IPÓLITA    | Luckily,<br>I caught you.                                                                   |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | I was in the wrong. Enough.                                                                 |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | A rolling stone gathers no moss.                                                            | 845 |
| DON ÁLVARO | I've been a fool in rolling along.                                                          |     |
| IPÓLITA    | As in so many other things.                                                                 |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Like you and your mood.                                                                     |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Come on, you must forfeit something.                                                        |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Everything I have<br>and you could want is yours.<br>Name it.                               | 850 |

|            |                                                                                    |     |
|------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| IPÓLITA    | Your hat will do.                                                                  |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | The host was<br>Esteban.                                                           | 855 |
| EUGENIA    | The hostess?                                                                       |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Wait . . .<br>Eufemia.                                                             |     |
| IPÓLITA    | And now the lady.                                                                  |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | <i>E</i> will give me a chance for revenge.                                        | 860 |
| VALERIÓN   | Just as the <i>I</i> did for me.                                                   |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | And yet, I don't want<br>what belongs to a friend—<br>whom I respect—even in jest. |     |
| IPÓLITA    | God save you for me.                                                               | 865 |
| DON ÁLVARO | Instead,<br>I'll say her name was Elvira.                                          |     |
| ELVIRA     | ( <i>Aside</i> ) He remembered my name!<br>It's the least he could do.             |     |
| EUGENIA    | ( <i>Aside</i> ) He'll do anything<br>not to name me.                              | 870 |
| IPÓLITA    | Elvira! A novel name.<br>Is she a foreigner? Do tell.                              |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | A daughter of the Cid <sup>11</sup><br>was named Elvira.                           | 875 |

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<sup>11</sup> Rodrigo Díaz de Vivar, the great hero of Spanish medieval epic.

|                        |                                                                                           |     |
|------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| VALERÍAN               | You know so much history.                                                                 |     |
| PIERRES                | Beaucoup, he's always reading!                                                            |     |
| GALÍNDEZ               | Hush, wino.                                                                               |     |
| ELVIRA                 | Surely you were his squire,<br>and that's why you remember.                               | 880 |
| GALÍNDEZ               | Am I as old as that, boy?                                                                 |     |
| PIERRES                | Les dames call you goiter.                                                                |     |
| EUGENIA                | The spitting image!                                                                       |     |
| GALÍNDEZ               | My actions speak louder than words.                                                       |     |
| <i>Everyone laughs</i> |                                                                                           |     |
| IPÓLITA                | This is good.<br>What did you dine on?                                                    | 885 |
| DON ÁLVARO             | I can't think of anything, as a starter,<br>Endives, and then . . . I'm fed up with this. |     |
| VALERÍAN               | You're losing it now.                                                                     |     |
| DON ÁLVARO             | Just you wait.<br>We had, yes, I say, an Eggplant,<br>and for dessert, Elderberries.      | 890 |
| IPÓLITA                | I already fear her beauty.<br>How did you describe her?                                   |     |
| DON ÁLVARO             | I praised her Excellence.                                                                 | 895 |
| IPÓLITA                | Did you love her?                                                                         |     |
| DON ÁLVARO             | Extremely.                                                                                |     |

|            |                                                                                                                                 |     |
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| IPÓLITA    | You always go to extremes.                                                                                                      |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | I erred but once,<br>it could have been worse.                                                                                  | 900 |
| ELVIRA     | I'll speak now,<br>if you're finished.                                                                                          |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Go ahead.                                                                                                                       |     |
| ELVIRA     | I started out from my Desire.                                                                                                   |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Instead of from a place?                                                                                                        | 905 |
| ELVIRA     | It had towers and walls,<br>but I abandoned them<br>on the way to my Damage.                                                    |     |
| VALERÍAN   | You speak in allegories.                                                                                                        |     |
| EUGENIA    | Very fine ones!                                                                                                                 | 910 |
| ELVIRA     | The host was Disappointment,<br>and the hostess was Delay,<br>a bad woman.                                                      |     |
| EUGENIA    | No doubt.                                                                                                                       |     |
| ELVIRA     | She delays in order to kill<br>any happiness that might come.<br>My lady was Dejection herself—<br>the way the suitor liked it. | 915 |
| IPÓLITA    | What did they have for dinner?                                                                                                  |     |
| ELVIRA     | We will eat in bed,<br>a dash of Discouragement,<br>with a dollop of Desolation,                                                | 920 |



|            |                                                                           |     |
|------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
|            | and for dessert, Dissatisfaction,<br>the end of a poor, Despondent Devil. |     |
| EUGENIA    | Isn't he amusing?                                                         | 925 |
| IPÓLITA    | Extremely.                                                                |     |
| EUGENIA    | And to this dangerous dame<br>you said . . .?                             |     |
| ELVIRA     | That she looked beautiful<br>as a Damsel in Distress.                     | 930 |
| VALERÍAN   | What a witty boy, by God.                                                 |     |
| ELVIRA     | Then, on her life and mine,<br>I swore I loved her.                       |     |
| VALERÍAN   | How?                                                                      |     |
| ELVIRA     | As Destiny Demands.                                                       | 935 |
| DON ÁLVARO | He's a devil.                                                             |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | I'll start with decorum,<br>if I may.                                     |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Go ahead.                                                                 |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | I left Toledo,<br>and from Toledo I came to Toro.                         | 940 |
| VALERÍAN   | There's good wine there.                                                  |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Isn't all wine good<br>to a worn-out traveler?                            |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Extremely.                                                                | 945 |

|            |                                                                                                                       |     |
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| GALÍNDEZ   | Am I doing all right?                                                                                                 |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Very well, keep going.<br>What was the name of the host?                                                              |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | You want me to name the host?<br>Terence. <sup>12</sup>                                                               | 950 |
| EUGENIA    | What a perfect name<br>for you to say!<br>And the hostess?                                                            |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Teresa.                                                                                                               |     |
| ELVIRA     | She'd be pretty ancient.                                                                                              | 955 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Then there was my Trotting dame. <sup>13</sup>                                                                        |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Galíndez, what dame is this?                                                                                          |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | You people will drive me mad!<br>This much is clear:<br>if this dame didn't trot,<br>she could never keep up with me. | 960 |
| DON ÁLVARO | Good one.                                                                                                             |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | And it's clear,<br>and I'll say it clearly,<br>that those who trot first,<br>will gallop later.                       | 965 |
| DON ÁLVARO | That's good.                                                                                                          |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | And to my lady,                                                                                                       |     |

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<sup>12</sup> Terence (Publius Terentius), one of the most famous Roman playwrights, is known for his clear and direct language.

<sup>13</sup> Reference to prostitutes.

|            |                                                       |     |
|------------|-------------------------------------------------------|-----|
|            | I gave some Truffled balls. <sup>14</sup>             |     |
| VALERIÓN   | Good to eat.<br>That's all you should have given her. | 970 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | They paired well,<br>if you'll pardon the expression. |     |
| DON ÁLVARO | Galíndez!                                             |     |
| IPÓLITA    | Say, what else did you give?                          | 975 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | We had Tenderloin.                                    |     |
| VALERIÓN   | Very good.<br>What were the desserts?                 |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Turrón. <sup>15</sup>                                 |     |
| ELVIRA     | Were you able to eat it?                              | 980 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Why do you ask?                                       |     |
| ELVIRA     | Well, without teeth,<br>how could you chew?           |     |
| EUGENIA    | Especially the kind from Alicante. <sup>16</sup>      |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | This lad gets into everything.                        | 985 |
| ELVIRA     | Why not, old man?                                     |     |
| GALÍNDEZ   | I'll give you . . .                                   |     |
| VALERIÓN   | Forget him, and keep going.                           |     |

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<sup>14</sup> In Spanish *turmas* can refer either to testicles or truffles.

<sup>15</sup> *Turrón* or *torrone* is a confection popular in Spain and Italy, often made of almond nougat.

<sup>16</sup> City in southern Valencia which continues to be famous for its *turrón*, which is especially hard.

|            |                                                                                                                                 |      |
|------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|            | What did you say to your lady?                                                                                                  |      |
| GALÍNDEZ   | That she was beautiful . . . What a moment!<br>What shall I say, when my thoughts go<br>every which way?<br>I'll say that . . . | 990  |
| ELVIRA     | That's not a bad solution.<br>Clearly it helps you.<br>You keep hitting yourself on the head,<br>and I'll take a stick to you.  | 995  |
| GALÍNDEZ   | How can I come up with anything<br>when this rascal keeps interrupting?                                                         |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Leave it for now,<br>and afterwards, I'll have him whipped for you.                                                             | 1000 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | She was pretty, like . . .<br>I can't think of the word . . .<br>like . . . oh, the devil take it . . .<br>like a Turk!         | 1005 |
| VALERIÓN   | Nice!                                                                                                                           |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | That's good!                                                                                                                    |      |
| EUGENIA    | How do you love her?                                                                                                            |      |
| GALÍNDEZ   | I adore her like . . .<br>What's this, is there more?<br>Like a Tigress.                                                        | 1010 |
| IPÓLITA    | Like a tigress?<br>What nonsense!                                                                                               |      |
| GALÍNDEZ   | They have a certain reputation.                                                                                                 |      |
| EUGENIA    | How so?                                                                                                                         | 1015 |

|            |                                                                                                                                                    |      |
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| GALÍNDEZ   | There is no lady<br>who does not become fierce<br>when a man falls for her.<br>And so what I'm telling her<br>is that I love her more than myself. | 1020 |
| DON ÁLVARO | Good argument.                                                                                                                                     |      |
| VALERIÁN   | And proven.<br>—Ah, Pierres! Are you asleep, <i>gabacho</i> ?                                                                                      |      |
| PIERRES    | My noggin hurts.                                                                                                                                   |      |
| VALERIÁN   | You're drunk.                                                                                                                                      | 1025 |
| PIERRES    | Not from any vino you gave me.                                                                                                                     |      |
| VALERIÁN   | What letter did you have?                                                                                                                          |      |
| PIERRES    | <i>R.</i>                                                                                                                                          |      |
| VALERIÁN   | Have you figured out the game?                                                                                                                     |      |
| PIERRES    | Yes.                                                                                                                                               | 1030 |
| VALERIÁN   | Well then, go ahead, start.                                                                                                                        |      |
| PIERRES    | I left from who knows where,<br>I left from, um, Roussillon.                                                                                       |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Where did you go?                                                                                                                                  |      |
| PIERRES    | To Ruzafa. <sup>17</sup>                                                                                                                           | 1035 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | How well the jughead speaks!                                                                                                                       |      |

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<sup>17</sup> A neighborhood in the city of Valencia.

|            |                                               |      |
|------------|-----------------------------------------------|------|
| PIERRES    | Très bien, better than the old fart.          |      |
| ELVIRA     | Enough of that.                               |      |
| EUGENIA    | The host, what was his name?                  |      |
| PIERRES    | How? Roland.                                  | 1040 |
| ELVIRA     | Is he French?                                 |      |
| PIERRES    | Sans sainthood. <sup>18</sup>                 |      |
| VALERIÁN   | A famous name at that.                        |      |
| PIERRES    | Of course!                                    |      |
| IPÓLITA    | And the hostess,<br>what was her name?        | 1045 |
| PIERRES    | I don't know, mon dieu.<br>Her name was Roma. |      |
| ELVIRA     | Did she have a Roman nose? <sup>19</sup>      |      |
| EUGENIA    | Good Lord!                                    | 1050 |
| VALERIÁN   | What a drunk.                                 |      |
| GALÍNDEZ   | He should forfeit something.                  |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | This one plays to make mistakes.              |      |
| EUGENIA    | What was the lady's name,<br>Pierres?         | 1055 |

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<sup>18</sup> A reference to the *Song of Roland*, which for the French functions as an epic story of Christian knights fighting the Moorish invasion. On the Spanish side, the same episode involves the hero Bernardo del Carpio allying with the Moors to defend Spain from the French.

<sup>19</sup> This reference jokes with the association of Rome with prostitution, where the "Roman nose" was a term for snub noses or complete loss of the nose due to syphilis.

|            |                                                         |      |
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| PIERRES    | Oh, j'adore!<br>I'm embarrassed, but I'll say it.       |      |
| IPÓLITA    | What was her name?                                      |      |
| PIERRES    | Rafela.                                                 |      |
| IPÓLITA    | My maid's name!                                         | 1060 |
| DON ÁLVARO | Even this drunk<br>knew which letter to pick?           |      |
| EUGENIA    | Love reaches all.                                       |      |
| VALERIÁN   | Love teaches all.<br>And what did you eat? Tell us.     | 1065 |
| PIERRES    | Rue.                                                    |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Good food.                                              |      |
| IPÓLITA    | Funny.<br>And then?                                     |      |
| PIERRES    | I'm not sure what to say.                               | 1070 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Good Lord, he's sweating.                               |      |
| VALERIÁN   | He can't put two and two together.<br>See how he frets. |      |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Don't rattle him.                                       |      |
| PIERRES    | No, mon dieu.                                           | 1075 |
| ELVIRA     | Well, what?                                             |      |
| PIERRES    | A Rat.                                                  |      |

|            |                                                         |      |
|------------|---------------------------------------------------------|------|
| VALERIÓN   | A rat? Truly you're drunk!<br>And for dessert?          |      |
| PIERRES    | Je ne sais pas.<br>I say, Radishes.                     | 1080 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Very good.                                              |      |
| ELVIRA     | You eat it, you share it.                               |      |
| EUGENIA    | Now tell us<br>how pretty your lady was.                | 1085 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | And call on Cupid.                                      |      |
| PIERRES    | Like a Rabbit.                                          |      |
| IPÓLITA    | Of course.                                              |      |
| EUGENIA    | How silly.                                              |      |
| VALERIÓN   | Now more nonsense.<br>How did you love her?             | 1090 |
| PIERRES    | Like Regurgitation.                                     |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | A release?                                              |      |
| ELVIRA     | Of radishes and wine.                                   |      |
| VALERIÓN   | It sounds like a good meal.                             | 1095 |
| IPÓLITA    | We've certainly enjoyed it.                             |      |
| EUGENIA    | Well, the game is over,<br>we must receive our penance. |      |
| IPÓLITA    | Who will give it out?                                   |      |



|            |                                                                                                                                           |      |
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| EUGENIA    | I say it should be you.                                                                                                                   | 1100 |
| IPÓLITA    | Me, I couldn't.                                                                                                                           |      |
| VALERÍAN   | Whoever caught the mistake,<br>decides the punishment.                                                                                    |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Good idea.                                                                                                                                |      |
| EUGENIA    | Well, I was first to make a mistake.<br>I want to pay<br>the first penalty.                                                               | 1105 |
| VALERÍAN   | I'll give you your penalty:<br>you'll say sweet nothings<br>to Don Álvaro at once,<br>since you chose him as the suitor<br>in your story. | 1110 |
| EUGENIA    | You're so amusing.                                                                                                                        |      |
| VALERÍAN   | That's your penalty.                                                                                                                      |      |
| EUGENIA    | Ipólita can teach me,<br>and I'll learn from her.                                                                                         | 1115 |
| IPÓLITA    | Given this penalty<br>I command that he scorn you.                                                                                        |      |
| GALÍNDEZ   | That's the spirit.                                                                                                                        |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | That's fair. I accept.                                                                                                                    | 1120 |
| EUGENIA    | Do I really have to do this?                                                                                                              |      |
| VALERÍAN   | On your knees, Eugenia.                                                                                                                   |      |
| EUGENIA    | On my knees?                                                                                                                              |      |

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                  |      |
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|            | My scornful lord,<br>don't look like that,<br>when I say you're as beautiful<br>as the sky above.                                                                                | 1125 |
| DON ÁLVARO | What's this you say?                                                                                                                                                             |      |
| VALERÍAN   | Not bad.                                                                                                                                                                         |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | I won't listen to a word of it.                                                                                                                                                  | 1130 |
| IPÓLITA    | He's so good at scorn.                                                                                                                                                           |      |
| EUGENIA    | Rejection stokes my flame.<br>Don't be so cruel.<br>Let me return to my senses.<br>Look at me, my darling, I'm yours,<br>and I'd die for you.<br>There's no call for such scorn. | 1135 |
| DON ÁLVARO | And I am, as is right,<br>a friend to my desires,<br>but loyal to my friend.                                                                                                     | 1140 |
| EUGENIA    | Will that do, judge?                                                                                                                                                             |      |
| VALERÍAN   | Anyone would think<br>this has happened before.<br>Such repartee<br>seems to have been rehearsed.                                                                                | 1145 |
| IPÓLITA    | Doña Eugenia<br>was something to see.                                                                                                                                            |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | This is true.                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| IPÓLITA    | Even in jest,<br>it's hard to believe you could be loyal.                                                                                                                        | 1150 |

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |      |
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| DON ÁLVARO | If all women belonged to my friend,<br>I wouldn't offend you with any of them.                                                                                                                                                                  |      |
| EUGENIA    | <i>(Aside)</i> Here's my chance to get what I want.<br>I will have my revenge,<br>since this is the day of reckoning.<br><i>(Aloud)</i> Now Valerián,<br>you say sweet nothings to Ipólita.<br>Here, take your glove.                           | 1155 |
| DON ÁLVARO | Are you taking vengeance on me, too?                                                                                                                                                                                                            |      |
| IPÓLITA    | Don't think that I won't get you.                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 1160 |
| VALERIÁN   | <i>(To DON ÁLVARO)</i> I know I do you wrong.                                                                                                                                                                                                   |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Not to worry. It's just a game.                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |      |
| VALERIÁN   | <i>(Aside)</i> My heart is all aflame,<br>like my immortal shame.<br><i>(Aloud)</i> I say, lady, that I love you—<br>no, truly, I adore you,<br>I weep for you and die for you,<br>and you should not scorn me,<br>since it's not your penalty. | 1165 |
| IPÓLITA    | What can be more powerful in a noble breast<br>than the pleasure it seeks?<br>Do I not have a point,<br>Don Álvaro?                                                                                                                             | 1170 |
| DON ÁLVARO | You do.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |      |
| VALERIÁN   | My everything,<br>you know I'm yours.<br>Make room for me in your heart:<br>you're a tigress and an angel,<br>so cruel and yet so beautiful.                                                                                                    | 1175 |

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                  |
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| IPÓLITA    | And I'm faithful<br>to the tips of my toes.<br>For this to work,<br>you would have to be my husband<br>and I would have to be your wife,<br>since you love me<br>and she loves him. | 1180<br><br><br><br><br><br>1185 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | ( <i>Aside</i> ) Well said, by Saint Michael.                                                                                                                                       |                                  |
| VALERIÓN   | She's clever.                                                                                                                                                                       |                                  |
| IPÓLITA    | And you're a cheat.                                                                                                                                                                 |                                  |
| VALERIÓN   | Have I done my penance?                                                                                                                                                             | 1190                             |
| EUGENIA    | Amazingly.<br>It seemed well rehearsed.                                                                                                                                             |                                  |
| VALERIÓN   | Yes and no.<br>What can be better for our friendship<br>than to speak plainly?                                                                                                      | 1195                             |
| ELVIRA     | ( <i>Aside</i> ) These lines stink of truth.                                                                                                                                        |                                  |
| EUGENIA    | Are there no more penalties?                                                                                                                                                        |                                  |
| IPOLITA    | I don't think so.<br>Anyone else who made a mistake<br>will just have to live with themselves.                                                                                      | 1200                             |
| EUGENIA    | Ipólita didn't make a mistake,<br>so she has no need of judgement.                                                                                                                  |                                  |
| IPOLITA    | My heart is like a seer,<br>so I rarely get things wrong.                                                                                                                           |                                  |
| DON ÁLVARO | Yet you rarely see<br>beyond your jealousy.                                                                                                                                         | 1205                             |

|                    |                                                                                   |      |
|--------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|                    | Anyway, it's late.                                                                |      |
| IPÓLITA            | I'd hardly noticed.                                                               |      |
| DON ÁLVARO         | Bring candles.                                                                    |      |
| EUGENIA            | We should go now,                                                                 | 1210 |
| <i>She gets up</i> | and you get some rest.                                                            |      |
| DON ÁLVARO         | Am I so fragile?                                                                  |      |
| EUGENIA            | I'm thinking of you too,<br>my lady.                                              |      |
| IPÓLITA            | What do you mean by that?                                                         | 1215 |
| EUGENIA            | Nothing.                                                                          |      |
| IPÓLITA            | Do you really wish to go?                                                         |      |
| EUGENIA            | The sooner we leave,<br>the sooner we can return and bother you again.            |      |
| IPÓLITA            | I enjoy your visits and look forward to them.                                     | 1220 |
| VALERIÁN           | Pierres, come down,<br>and tell the driver to bring the coach around to the door. |      |
| DON ÁLVARO         | We'll talk tomorrow?                                                              |      |
| VALERIÁN           | Whenever you want.                                                                |      |
| DON ÁLVARO         | It certainly is late.                                                             | 1225 |
| VALERIÁN           | <i>(Aside)</i> Oh, most beautiful image!                                          |      |
| DON ÁLVARO         | Bring lights!                                                                     |      |

ELVIRA *and* GALÍNDEZ *exit to get torches*

EUGENIA                    (*Aside*) Oh, blind love!

ELVIRA                      Lights, lights!

GALÍNDEZ                      Here are the torches.                      1230

*Enter ELVIRA, and enter GALÍNDEZ distributing torches*

VALERÍAN      Whoever wants can come along  
and light them from this flame.

EUGENIA Stay here.

IPÓLITA                      That would not do at all.

EUGENIA                      You're already too gracious.                      1235

IPÓLITA                    I insist.  
                                  I'll see you to the stairs.

ACT II  
SCENE 1

*In VALERIAN's rooms*

*Enter VALERIÁN, in a nightgown, washing his hands: one PAGE gives him water and another PAGE gives him a towel*

VALERÍAN

What a night!  
Bring me water right away.  
This fire burning in me, 1240  
inflamed by my tears, is driving me insane.  
I didn't want to wake up,  
but I haven't been able to sleep—  
it's impossible to live in this state  
and not kill myself. 1245  
This letter I hold here,  
which this night has helped me imagine,  
lays out my cares,  
and claims my ultimate happiness.  
I explain in verse 1250  
my sorrow and pain.  
Aren't lovers always poets?  
Melancholy and love  
have the same effect,  
and so love and poetry 1255  
are the business of the wise.  
I understand completely  
why the world calls lovers fools,  
but what part of genius  
doesn't have a touch of madness? 1260  
How can I send these lines?  
And yet, if they don't soon meet their audience,  
there will have been little joy  
in writing them at all.

PAGES *offer VALERIAN the water and while he's washing, enter ELVIRA*

ELVIRA            I'll hide the truth a thousand times            1265  
to keep up these tricks:

|                                           |                                                                                                                                                                                        |      |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|                                           | <p>that Galíndez<br/> is such a fawning old fool.<br/> I cannot stop laughing<br/> over this letter he gave me<br/> for his lady love.</p>                                             | 1270 |
|                                           | <p>I'm a go-between for such a crazy old fool!<br/> Oh, love! Your tyrannical laws,<br/> your fire, your drive:<br/> snow does not make you cold,<br/> nor grey hair make you old.</p> | 1275 |
| VALERÍAN                                  | <p>What is it, Antonio?<br/> <i>(Aside)</i> I wonder if I might trust this one,<br/> who is so full of wit?</p>                                                                        |      |
| ELVIRA                                    | <p>I'm here to let her know<br/> my lady is on her way.</p>                                                                                                                            | 1280 |
| VALERÍAN                                  | <p>My wife?</p>                                                                                                                                                                        |      |
| ELVIRA                                    | <p>Yes, my lord.</p>                                                                                                                                                                   |      |
| VALERÍAN                                  | <p>Wait a bit . . . I can't think straight . . .<br/> Ipólita is coming—<br/> go tell Doña Eugenia at once.</p>                                                                        | 1285 |
| <p><i>The PAGES serving him leave</i></p> |                                                                                                                                                                                        |      |
| ELVIRA                                    | <p><i>(Aside)</i> What does he want from me?</p>                                                                                                                                       |      |
| VALERÍAN                                  | <p><i>(Aside)</i> He could well do it . . .<br/> but I fear harm.</p>                                                                                                                  |      |
| ELVIRA                                    | <p><i>(Aside)</i> If only he would set my mind at ease . . .</p>                                                                                                                       | 1290 |
| VALERÍAN                                  | <p>Well, Antonio,<br/> how are things going for you here?</p>                                                                                                                          |      |
| ELVIRA                                    | <p>Very well.</p>                                                                                                                                                                      |      |



|          |                                                                                                                                               |      |
|----------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|          | With so much kindness,<br>who wouldn't be doing well?                                                                                         | 1295 |
| VALERÍAN | And where are you from?                                                                                                                       |      |
| ELVIRA   | Zaragoza.                                                                                                                                     |      |
| VALERÍAN | That must be why you're so clever.<br>In truth, it's paradise<br>for those who live there.                                                    | 1300 |
| ELVIRA   | There are clever men there,<br>though it hasn't rubbed off on me.                                                                             |      |
| VALERÍAN | They must be very clever<br>if they are anything like you.                                                                                    |      |
| ELVIRA   | You are too kind.                                                                                                                             | 1305 |
| VALERÍAN | I only tell the truth.                                                                                                                        |      |
| ELVIRA   | <i>(Aside)</i> What nerve!<br>He holds me back and flatters me—<br>he wants something from me.<br><i>(Aloud)</i> My lord I'm here to serve.   | 1310 |
| VALERÍAN | God save you, that's what I wanted to hear.                                                                                                   |      |
| ELVIRA   | <i>(Aside)</i> If I give him some rope,<br>he'll hang himself.<br><i>(Aloud)</i> Ask away.<br>Nothing would please me more than to serve you. | 1315 |
| VALERÍAN | I see that you return my good wishes.                                                                                                         |      |
| ELVIRA   | I'm at your service, have no fear.<br>I can see in your face . . .                                                                            |      |
| VALERÍAN | <i>Ay</i> , Antonio!                                                                                                                          |      |

|          |                                                                                                                                                                                           |      |
|----------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ELVIRA   | ( <i>Aside</i> ) Now I swear<br>that my suspicions were true.<br>( <i>Aloud</i> ) Have no doubt, there is nothing<br>I wouldn't do for you.                                               | 1320 |
| VALERÍAN | Your lady, Antonio, isn't she dashing?<br>Isn't she beautiful?                                                                                                                            | 1325 |
| ELVIRA   | She perfumes<br>the ground as she walks.<br>A man might be forgiven<br>for being taken by her.                                                                                            |      |
| VALERÍAN | Well then, Antonio . . .                                                                                                                                                                  | 1330 |
| ELVIRA   | My lord.                                                                                                                                                                                  |      |
| VALERÍAN | Would you, listen, tell me, if you want . . .                                                                                                                                             |      |
| ELVIRA   | ( <i>Aside</i> ) Oh, Love, what a child you are!<br>How you babble on!<br>( <i>To VALERÍAN</i> ) Don't worry.                                                                             | 1335 |
| VALERÍAN | I'm crazy,<br>help me, Antonio, before I lose my mind . . .<br>I confess my sinful desire to you.<br>I could never pay you enough<br>for fanning the flames.<br>What do you say, Antonio? | 1340 |
| ELVIRA   | I say<br>I am your slave.                                                                                                                                                                 |      |
| VALERÍAN | And friend to my hopes<br>and dreams<br>if you can make them come true.                                                                                                                   | 1345 |
| ELVIRA   | What shall I do                                                                                                                                                                           |      |

|                      |                                                                      |      |
|----------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|                      | to make it happen?                                                   |      |
| VALERÍAN             | Give this note<br>to your lady . . .<br>Hush now, my wife is coming. | 1350 |
| <i>Enter EUGENIA</i> |                                                                      |      |
| EUGENIA              | A secret and without me?                                             |      |
| VALERÍAN             | Listen . . .                                                         |      |
| EUGENIA              | So you've found a new playmate.                                      |      |
| VALERÍAN             | . . . my lady, I swear on your life,<br>what I was saying . . .      | 1355 |
| EUGENIA              | Shush,<br>now I'll find out<br>what you've been dreaming of.         |      |
| VALERÍAN             | So little trust<br>from the one whom I adore.                        | 1360 |
| ELVIRA               | <i>(Aside)</i> This is good.                                         |      |
| VALERÍAN             | Listen to me, I beg you.                                             |      |
| EUGENIA              | Let me be.                                                           |      |
| VALERÍAN             | So angry, my darling?<br>Why the daggers from your eyes?             | 1365 |
| EUGENIA              | Could you stop annoying me?                                          |      |
| VALERÍAN             | Yes.                                                                 |      |
| EUGENIA              | Then leave.<br>I want to ask this page what's been going on.         | 1370 |

VALERIÁN            I'll be going then.

ELVIRA                   *(Aside)* This husband  
is fit to be a woman.

VALERIÁN                      Antonio! . . .

*He makes signs for ELVIRA to keep quiet*

ELVIRA                    (*Aside*) What a dumb-show!                    1375

VALERIAN (To ELVIRA) Tell the truth.

ELVIRA                      This is  
                                     so childish.

VALERIAN                   *(Aside)* My yearning could make stones weep.

*Exit* VALERIAN

## SCENE 2

*Sitting room in VALERÍAN and EUGENIA's house*

ELVIRA                      (*Aside*) What shall I say?                      1380

EUGENIA                      The audacity!

ELVIRA                      My lady, don't worry.

EUGENIA            Oh Antonio,  
you've got it all wrong!  
It wasn't jealousy, good heavens!            1385  
How could I be jealous  
of a husband I retain,  
but have no love for, only disdain.  
And what I've suffered here

|         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |      |
|---------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|         | is due to this:                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 1390 |
|         | the husband who's bound to me<br>has never had my love.                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |      |
|         | Women want men<br>who are not so easily moved,<br>who are what they seem                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 1395 |
|         | in thought, word, and deed.<br>It's inevitable that you will<br>come to detest the one<br>you're stuck with for life,<br>especially if he acts like a woman.                                                                                                                | 1400 |
|         | I trust you,<br>and hope you can find a cure for my woes.<br>I'm dying to have a husband<br>who is the very opposite of mine.<br>I want . . .                                                                                                                               | 1405 |
| ELVIRA  | I know who: my lord.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |      |
| EUGENIA | Oh, Antonio! I cry for him.<br>I adore his daring,<br>his self-confidence and bravado,<br>a tireless man about town,<br>a hungry wolf,<br>loving all and keeping none,<br>subjecting both fury and reason<br>to his sword alone,<br>punching one<br>and slashing the other. | 1410 |
|         | And yet, how honorable he has been<br>in the face of my advances:<br>I never saw him yield,<br>even when I begged him.                                                                                                                                                      | 1415 |
|         | This consumes me—<br>he is just my type.<br>And don't be surprised—<br>oh, Antonio!—                                                                                                                                                                                        | 1420 |
|         | that these men drive a woman crazy.<br>These are men to love,                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 1425 |



This one makes three.<sup>20</sup>

|         |                                                                                                                                                                                       |      |
|---------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| EUGENIA | And if you are shocked<br>I tell you all this,<br>forgive me,<br>and consider my reasons.<br>Your master has many<br>good parts . . .                                                 | 1460 |
| ELVIRA  | I'm at your service.<br>Tell me what you need.<br>( <i>Aside</i> ) If only you knew<br>how well I know those parts.                                                                   | 1465 |
| EUGENIA | By heaven, Antonio,<br>I'll do anything for you,<br>as long as you make him love me.                                                                                                  | 1470 |
| ELVIRA  | ( <i>Aside</i> ) Oh, I'm burning up!<br>( <i>To EUGENIA</i> ) Trust me.<br>( <i>Aside</i> ) I must know more!<br>( <i>To EUGENIA</i> ) I'm here to serve you.<br>First, tell me . . . | 1475 |
| EUGENIA | What do you want to know?                                                                                                                                                             |      |
| ELVIRA  | I should probably know<br>where your love stands.                                                                                                                                     |      |
| EUGENIA | It doesn't.<br>He can't stand me,<br>and you can see it on my face.                                                                                                                   | 1480 |
| ELVIRA  | Does he scorn you then?                                                                                                                                                               |      |
| EUGENIA | It will make me lose my mind.                                                                                                                                                         |      |

---

<sup>20</sup> Elvira refers here to the love letters she has received from other characters: Galíndez to a servant girl, Valerián to Ipólita, Eugenia to Don Álvaro.

|                         |                                                                                                                                                                                          |      |
|-------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ELVIRA                  | Enough said.<br>( <i>Aside</i> ) With this, you've calmed my fear.<br>( <i>Aloud</i> ) Ah, here comes my lord Don Álvaro.<br>( <i>Aside</i> ) I can't wait to see<br>her disappointment. | 1485 |
| EUGENIA                 | Speak of the devil!<br>Love has conjured him!                                                                                                                                            | 1490 |
| <i>Enter DON ÁLVARO</i> |                                                                                                                                                                                          |      |
|                         | Will you give him the letter now?                                                                                                                                                        |      |
| ELVIRA                  | It's better if you talk to him.                                                                                                                                                          |      |
| EUGENIA                 | So afraid and so in love!                                                                                                                                                                |      |
| DON ÁLVARO              | I kiss your hand, my lady.<br>Antonio . . .                                                                                                                                              | 1495 |
| EUGENIA                 | He's a gem,<br>and very tactful, for sure.                                                                                                                                               |      |
| DON ÁLVARO              | . . . what are you doing here?                                                                                                                                                           |      |
| ELVIRA                  | I've struck gold,<br>a treasure trove,<br>and there's no reason<br>you shouldn't get a share.                                                                                            | 1500 |
| DON ÁLVARO              | And have I earned it?                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| ELVIRA                  | If you want it, it's yours.                                                                                                                                                              | 1505 |
| DON ÁLVARO              | Is that so? And where is it?                                                                                                                                                             |      |
| EUGENIA                 | In my will.                                                                                                                                                                              |      |



|            |                                                                                                              |      |
|------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| DON ÁLVARO | Pardon me,<br>my lady?                                                                                       |      |
| EUGENIA    | Wait, don't fan<br>my fire.                                                                                  | 1510 |
| DON ÁLVARO | I came to talk<br>to Valerián.                                                                               |      |
| EUGENIA    | You must first hear me out.<br>Antonio will bear witness<br>to the pain that's killing me.                   | 1515 |
| DON ÁLVARO | A fine witness.                                                                                              |      |
| EUGENIA    | I confided in him,<br>tired of your scorn.                                                                   |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | What a great confidant you have!<br>( <i>Aside</i> ) If you only knew what you've done!                      | 1520 |
| ELVIRA     | My lord,<br>be patient and hear her out.                                                                     |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Quiet, lad,<br>don't you know I am an honorable man?                                                         | 1525 |
| EUGENIA    | Be courteous.                                                                                                |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Rudeness is better<br>in things related to love:<br>there's a fine line between courtliness<br>and betrayal. | 1530 |
| EUGENIA    | I'm about to kill myself,<br>and about to kill you.                                                          |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | You're being crazy.                                                                                          |      |

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |      |
|------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| EUGENIA    | Are you leaving me? Are you going?                                                                                                                                                                              |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | I am leaving you. I am going.                                                                                                                                                                                   | 1535 |
| EUGENIA    | You scorn me?                                                                                                                                                                                                   |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | That's not true.                                                                                                                                                                                                |      |
| EUGENIA    | Don't you know me?<br>Aren't you worried that I'll shout<br>that it was you who killed me?                                                                                                                      | 1540 |
| ELVIRA     | <i>(Aside)</i> What a bold woman!                                                                                                                                                                               |      |
| EUGENIA    | I've seen your disdain for me,<br>and I'm a woman . . .<br>I'd sacrifice my soul to take revenge.                                                                                                               |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | <i>(Aside)</i> Can this be possible?<br>I begin to fear her.                                                                                                                                                    | 1545 |
| EUGENIA    | You'll see more than this:<br>things will get worse,<br>the tighter the choke on my desire.<br>Won't you surrender to me, oh my enemy?                                                                          | 1550 |
| DON ÁLVARO | I can't.                                                                                                                                                                                                        |      |
| EUGENIA    | Then kill me.                                                                                                                                                                                                   |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | I don't want that either.<br>Can't you see I'm your husband's friend?<br>And even if I weren't,<br>I could never love you,<br>for I see you are a woman<br>who begs for love.<br>Stop already, and leave me be. | 1555 |
| ELVIRA     | <i>(Aside)</i> Ay, what an affront to all women!                                                                                                                                                                | 1560 |

EUGENIA

Horrible man,  
who will neither love me nor kill me.  
Go ahead, loathe my advances,  
follow your heart, but be careful,  
for I will kill you, 1565  
even if it costs me my life.  
I will change my tactics,  
and now my hope  
will empower revenge.  
Desire only goes so far. 1570  
I want to kill you, you worm.  
Beware my wrath!  
Skilled as any swordsman,  
I'll strike the first blow.

ELVIRA                    My lady is coming.                    1575

EUGENIA                      Oh God!

### SCENE 3

IPÓLITA and GALÍNDEZ enter from outside, and VALERÍAN comes in from another room, each going to their respective spouse

IPÓLITA                      Where are you going?

VALERIÁN                    My lady!

DON ÁLVARO      (To VALERIÓN) I was just coming to greet you.

ELVIRA                      What a way for you two to meet!                      1580

VALERIÁN                      What's wrong?

EUGENIA            Come with me.  
                             I'm beside myself!

|                                      |                                                                                                                                                          |      |
|--------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| VALERIÁN                             | Don't cry.                                                                                                                                               |      |
| EUGENIA                              | You can always trust in treacherous friends.                                                                                                             | 1585 |
| VALERIÁN                             | <i>(Aside)</i> If you only knew I am the treacherous one.                                                                                                |      |
| <i>Exit all VALERIÁN and EUGENIA</i> |                                                                                                                                                          |      |
| IPÓLITA                              | Was she so angry with you<br>that she left without a word?                                                                                               |      |
| DON ÁLVARO                           | She must be angry at her husband.                                                                                                                        |      |
| IPÓLITA                              | I was deaf, but I'm not blind.<br>I didn't hear what was said,<br>but my eyes have seen<br>the reason for her anger.<br>It's written all over your face. | 1590 |
| DON ÁLVARO                           | What do you mean?                                                                                                                                        | 1595 |
| IPÓLITA                              | Is it not telling,<br>to see her like that,<br>flushed as she walked away from you,<br>and find you looking the same?                                    |      |
| DON ÁLVARO                           | Interesting theory, good Lord.                                                                                                                           | 1600 |
| IPÓLITA                              | Haven't I seen enough<br>to figure out<br>that you've quarreled with her?                                                                                |      |
| DON ÁLVARO                           | For the love of God, you're mistaken.<br>Give up this insanity.                                                                                          | 1605 |
| IPÓLITA                              | I have good reason for my suspicions,<br>ingrained in my very soul<br>from being burned before.                                                          |      |

|            |                                                                               |      |
|------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| DON ÁLVARO | Your suspicions are unfounded.<br>You're always pulling them out of thin air. | 1610 |
| IPÓLITA    | My heart is true.                                                             |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | You're wearing on me.                                                         |      |
| IPÓLITA    | Oh, woe is me!                                                                |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Don't you know<br>I've never looked elsewhere?                                | 1615 |
| ELVIRA     | <i>(Aside)</i> Her jealousies ignite my own.                                  |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | So much spite!                                                                |      |
| IPÓLITA    | So much hurt!                                                                 |      |
| ELVIRA     | <i>(Aside)</i> It's a bitter pill<br>to love a married man.                   | 1620 |
| IPÓLITA    | My soul is burning.                                                           |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Where are you going? What are you going to do?                                |      |
| IPÓLITA    | I'm going to cry my misfortunes<br>in a corner of your house.                 |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | You're crying again?                                                          | 1625 |
| IPÓLITA    | Don't be surprised.<br>You're the one who wants it this way.                  |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | You women cry<br>as often as men spit.<br>Where are you off to?               | 1630 |
| IPÓLITA    | My deep pain<br>will take me to my grave.                                     |      |

DON ÁLVARO      What are you saying?  
Must you flaunt  
your crazy tantrums?      1635  
Go ahead, make your visit.

IPÓLITA                    I don't want to, you've made me too upset.

DON ÁLVARO      For the love of . . .

IPÓLITA                      Angry already?

DON ÁLVARO      Go now.      1640

IPÓLITA                    I'll go.

DON ÁLVARO      What I say goes.

IPÓLITA                      And that's very fair.

DON ÁLVARO      Be sensible.

IPÓLITA                      How can I?                      1645

DON ÁLVARO      Am I the husband or the wife?

GALÍNDEZ                    *(Aside)* I always  
hold my tongue  
during these spats.

IPÓLITA                      How could anyone stand so many insults?                      1650

*Exit IPÓLITA and GALÍNDEZ through the same door as EUGENIA and VALERÍAN, leaving DON ÁLVARO and ELVIRA alone*

ELVIRA                    Don Álvaro, what is all this?  
Were you imitating cruel Bireno?<sup>21</sup>

<sup>21</sup> In Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, Olympia is cruelly abandoned by her husband, Bireno.

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                         |
|------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
|            | <p>What was the purpose of deceiving me?<br/>         What misfortunes have you led me to?<br/>         Are you trying to avenge me<br/>         for resisting your first advances?<br/>         Couldn't you have avoided<br/>         dashing what little hope I had?<br/>         Why have you brought me here, my lord?<br/>         One woman has tried to seduce you,<br/>         and the other has made me<br/>         as jealous as she always feels.<br/>         I wouldn't cry like this<br/>         if I didn't care for you.</p> | <p>1655</p> <p>1660</p> |
| DON ÁLVARO | <p>Now you're jealous,<br/>         and I'm the target.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 1665                    |
| ELVIRA     | <p>You're right about that.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                         |
| DON ÁLVARO | <p>Oh, my Elvira!</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                         |
| ELVIRA     | <p>And your poor wife, how sad!<br/>         You are kindest to her<br/>         when she is most jealous.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 1670                    |
| DON ÁLVARO | <p>For the love of God, you're mistaken.<br/>         Give up this insanity.<br/>         What a piercing arrow<br/>         you've plunged right through me!</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 1675                    |
| ELVIRA     | <p>I want to go home,<br/>         although I might weep for you there.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                         |
| DON ÁLVARO | <p>I'm losing my patience,<br/>         when what I need is your comfort.<br/>         Why are you being so dramatic?<br/>         What did I do to you? How dare you!<br/>         If one woman begged for my affection,<br/>         and another was jealous,<br/>         I sent one away,</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                | 1680                    |

|            |                                        |      |
|------------|----------------------------------------|------|
|            | and the other I ignored.               | 1685 |
|            | What do you want from me?              |      |
|            | Where did I go wrong?                  |      |
| ELVIRA     | What I saw offended me.                |      |
|            | After all, aren't you married?         |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | I'm drowning in women's tears.         | 1690 |
|            | What should I do?                      |      |
|            | Kill my own wife                       |      |
|            | to put your mind at ease?              |      |
|            | Don't you see how insufferable she is, |      |
|            | how detestable I find her . . .        | 1695 |
|            | at one time I cared for her,           |      |
|            | but now I can't stand her.             |      |
|            | So much jealousy accrued               |      |
|            | with so much constant spite!           |      |
|            | She's tried to restrain                | 1700 |
|            | my God-given free will.                |      |
|            | With loathing I broke free             |      |
|            | of her spell and her charm,            |      |
|            | and if you do the same,                |      |
|            | I will break from you, too.            | 1705 |
|            | Elvira, if my affections               |      |
|            | keep you awake at night,               |      |
|            | and you're not tired of me yet,        |      |
|            | ask me for anything:                   |      |
|            | the fish in the sea,                   | 1710 |
|            | the birds in the sky,                  |      |
|            | show me the finest ones,               |      |
|            | and I'll gladly get them for you.      |      |
|            | For when they take flight,             |      |
|            | I will be close behind.                | 1715 |
|            | And if the fish don't come,            |      |
|            | I'll grab my rod,                      |      |
|            | and fish for them myself:              |      |
|            | a feat greater than killing            |      |
|            | the highest noble in Spain.            | 1720 |
|            | And if he were the king,               |      |



or the biggest fool,  
 I would make sure that he bends  
 to your wish and your rule.  
 Ask for the loveliest stars, 1725  
 and they will be at your command,  
 although with your eyes  
 you have no need of them.  
 If you require Midas's treasures,  
 I will get them, 1730  
 though I have nothing like them,  
 because your asking is enough.  
 I would become the thieving Cacus,<sup>22</sup>  
 and steal them just for you.  
 But don't be jealous, 1735  
 don't start whining,  
 or come crying to me.  
 If those terms will suit,  
 then I'm your slave.  
 And now I leave you, 1740  
 so you can think it all through.  
 I'm going out.  
 I need the wide open fields.  
 I need air.  
 This house is suffocating, 1745  
 like a hostile jail.

ELVIRA            Your free spirit captivates me,  
                       your audacity consumes me.  
 I will not lose you,  
 even if it means my death. 1750

DON ÁLVARO      Freedom has no price.

*Exit* DON ÁLVARO

ELVIRA            I will avenge, if I can,  
                       my disappearing hopes.

---

<sup>22</sup> In Roman mythology, Cacus is a giant associated with thievery.

|                                                                                                                                                                                |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| To get revenge on the lot of them,<br>I shall hatch a plot,<br>and they will all feel<br>the sorrows that weigh on me,<br>and the fire that burns me<br>will burn others, too. | 1755 |
| Here's Pierres, who has come<br>a little too late to comfort me.                                                                                                               | 1760 |

*Enter PIERRES*

ELVIRA                      Oh, good Pierres!

PIERRES                    Mon dieu save you:  
friend of yours, Antonio, I am, oui.

|                                        |      |
|----------------------------------------|------|
| ELVIRA                    And I yours. | 1765 |
|----------------------------------------|------|

PIERRES                    You could do to me  
un favor gigantesque?

ELVIRA                    What is it, Pierres? What can I do for you?

|                                                                                          |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| PIERRES                    Listen, I have to tell you something:<br>I'm in love un chic. | 1770 |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|

ELVIRA                    What is un chic?

PIERRES                    A bit.

ELVIRA                    You're a bit in love,  
and very crazy.

|                                                                                                              |      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| PIERRES                    Yes, this letter, please to take,<br>Antonio, to my mademoiselle,<br>my bon amic. | 1775 |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|

ELVIRA                    Who is this lady?  
What's her name?

|         |                        |      |
|---------|------------------------|------|
| PIERRES | Her name<br>is Rafela. | 1780 |
|---------|------------------------|------|

ELVIRA                    Very well, Rafaela.  
I'll help. And what will I get?

PIERRES            We'll drink the vino  
together.

1785

ELVIRA                    Now I've got  
                                 a full quartet of letters.  
                                 And here come the ladies.  
                                 I am happy to help you,  
                                 good Pierres. 1790

PIERRES                And I, Antonio,  
will forever be a bon friend et companion.

*Exit* PIERRES

## SCENE 4

*Enter* VALERÍAN, EUGENIA, IPÓLITA *and* GALÍNDEZ

VALERÍAN            I will come with you, my lady.

IPÓLITA                    I will not allow it.

EUGENIA                    I have more to tell you.                    1795

IPÓLITA                      At my house then.

EUGENIA                      Soon then.

VALERÍAN      Wouldn't you like me  
to come with you?

IPÓLITA                      No I would not,  
and it is wrong of you to ask.                      1800

GALÍNDEZ                      You have here a gentlemanly  
and honorable squire,  
grey-haired, bespectacled,  
who offers you his arm,                      1805  
instead of one about  
to devour you with his eyes.  
I don't like his look.

IPÓLITA                      Antonio, come with me.

ELVIRA                      At your service, here I come.                      1810

EUGENIA                      Hush, Antonio.

ELVIRA                      (*Aside*) You have good reason to be suspicious,  
since you insist on being so foolish.  
What mischief I can do  
with these four notes!                      1815

*Exit all ELVIRA, IPÓLITA, and GALÍNDEZ, leaving VALERIÁN and EUGENIA alone*

VALERIÁN                      Tell me again,  
though it makes my blood boil.

EUGENIA                      Is it so hard  
for you to understand?

VALERIÁN                      This is all Ipólita's fault.                      1820

EUGENIA                      I'll tell you again,  
that your friend is not your friend:  
he wants to dishonor you.

VALERIÁN                      Don Álvaro?

EUGENIA                      What, is he a saint?                      1825

|                                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                              |
|---------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| VALERÍAN                        | He is trying to seduce you?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                              |
| EUGENIA                         | And by force, the traitor!<br>What? You're surprised?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                              |
| VALERÍAN                        | And shocked, shocked!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                              |
| EUGENIA                         | Why do you keep asking me?<br>Don't you think<br>it has come time<br>to sharpen your dagger and sword<br>to defend our honor?<br>Does your doubt make you anxious?<br>Instead of arguing with me here,<br>shouldn't you let your gun<br>do the talking?                                                                                                                                                                | 1830<br><br><br><br><br>1835                 |
| VALERÍAN <i>crosses himself</i> |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                              |
|                                 | That would be the right way to go, and not . . .<br>Why are you making all those crosses?<br>Make a cross on his back,<br>like the ones on your chest.<br>Who can wait around<br>for your nonchalance to turn to action?<br>Tell me to do what Don Álvaro wants.<br>Go ahead,<br>keep searching your heavy heart for an answer.<br>What woman could feel passion<br>for a man like this,<br>a woman despite his beard? | 1840<br><br><br><br><br>1845<br><br><br>1850 |
| <i>Exit</i> EUGENIA             |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                              |
| VALERÍAN                        | What purpose could Don Álvaro have in his hopes?<br>Is it to insult me,<br>or is it revenge<br>for him to seduce my wife?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                              |

|                                      |      |
|--------------------------------------|------|
| Did he know I meant to cuckold him?  | 1855 |
| Whatever the reason,                 |      |
| now that I know of his betrayal,     |      |
| I have an excuse for mine.           |      |
| In part, I am happy                  |      |
| that I am not the only traitor,      | 1860 |
| although this is an insult           |      |
| that consumes my thoughts.           |      |
| It all comes down to this:           |      |
| to take my revenge,                  |      |
| I must guard my house,               | 1865 |
| while I dishonor his own             |      |
| I will rekindle my hopes,            |      |
| since what was once betrayal         |      |
| is now only fair,                    |      |
| and what was once just for pleasure, | 1870 |
| is now for revenge, too.             |      |

*Exit VALERÍAN*

## SCENE 5

*Room in IPÓLITA and DON ÁLVARO's house*

*Enter IPÓLITA, GALÍNDEZ and ELVIRA*

|         |                             |  |
|---------|-----------------------------|--|
| IPÓLITA | Galíndez,                   |  |
|         | you have not been discreet. |  |

|          |                        |  |
|----------|------------------------|--|
| GALÍNDEZ | Rage beats discretion. |  |
|----------|------------------------|--|

|         |                 |      |
|---------|-----------------|------|
| IPÓLITA | You slapped him | 1875 |
|         | for no reason.  |      |

|        |                                 |  |
|--------|---------------------------------|--|
| ELVIRA | Look where fate has brought me! |  |
|--------|---------------------------------|--|

|          |                                               |  |
|----------|-----------------------------------------------|--|
| GALÍNDEZ | Being treated like an old fool is nothing?    |  |
|          | And in the street he treats me like a monkey. |  |

|          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                          |
|----------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------|
|          | Curse him!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 1880                                     |
| IPÓLITA  | I will consider this offense,<br>which occurred in my presence,<br>playful roughhousing just this once.<br>Although for me,<br>your old age absolves you.                                                                                                                                                                                       | 1885                                     |
| GALÍNDEZ | That's no less an insult!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                          |
| IPÓLITA  | Tread carefully now, Galíndez.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                          |
| ELVIRA   | He's so old,<br>there's no way he'll get all the way to Rome:<br>he will repent right here,<br>and get his absolution.                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 1890                                     |
| GALÍNDEZ | Good for nothing busybody.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                          |
| ELVIRA   | You old fart,<br>doesn't your conscience trouble you?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                          |
| GALÍNDEZ | By Saint Peter!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 1895                                     |
| IPÓLITA  | Quiet Antonio!<br>Galíndez!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                          |
| GALÍNDEZ | Good show.<br>One of us is going to be taken by the devil.<br>Is it right that some bully,<br>without shame or fear,<br>urchin that he is,<br>dancing around on a bench,<br>has taken it as his duty<br>to mock me<br>and my life?<br>He exhausts my patience,<br>and makes me lose my good sense.<br>A man with my reputation would never run, | 1900<br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>1905 |

|                      |                                                                                                                                                                              |      |
|----------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|                      | even when chased by a bull,<br>but walk away slowly<br>and carefully,<br>and take out his sword<br>only if need be.                                                          | 1910 |
| IPÓLITA              | What a speech.<br>He's crazy.                                                                                                                                                | 1915 |
| GALÍNDEZ             | And with that I'm off to sleep.                                                                                                                                              |      |
| <i>Exit GALÍNDEZ</i> |                                                                                                                                                                              |      |
| ELVIRA               | I swear that you will pay.<br>With your slow and feeble pace,<br>you won't escape.                                                                                           | 1920 |
| IPÓLITA              | Listen, Antonio.                                                                                                                                                             |      |
| ELVIRA               | What is it?                                                                                                                                                                  |      |
| IPÓLITA              | I take it you witnessed my tears,<br>which would soften<br>the hardest stone.<br>You have seen me<br>at my worst.                                                            | 1925 |
| ELVIRA               | I have.                                                                                                                                                                      |      |
| IPÓLITA              | Wait.                                                                                                                                                                        |      |
| ELVIRA               | And even if I hadn't,<br>your eyes would tell me of your pain.                                                                                                               | 1930 |
| IPÓLITA              | Well then, Antonio,<br>you know well the truth I suspect.<br>Confide in me, I will hide it deep inside,<br>under a thousand locks and keys.<br>Look at the misery I live in, | 1935 |



|         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                  |
|---------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
|         | which only you can relieve.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                  |
| ELVIRA  | <i>(Aside)</i> Once again,<br>I will cast you in the fire that consumes me.                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                  |
| IPÓLITA | Surely you know,<br>and can tell me if my greatest pain is true.<br>Even if the truth hurts,<br>suspicion is always worse.<br>Does Don Álvaro burn for Doña Eugenia?<br>Say yes.<br>I wouldn't have believed it from her,<br>but I will believe it from you. | 1940<br><br><br><br><br><br>1945 |
| ELVIRA  | She told you that?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                  |
| IPÓLITA | Without prompting,<br>she flung a spark<br>from her lips<br>into my breast<br>My heart was already kindled with suspicion:<br>her words set me afire with jealousy.                                                                                          | 1950                             |
| ELVIRA  | <i>(Aside)</i> Can I possibly be seeing<br>a betrayal such as this?                                                                                                                                                                                          | 1955                             |
| IPÓLITA | Antonio, I am burning up.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                  |
| ELVIRA  | <i>(Aside)</i> What will it take to convince you of the truth?<br>Women are wicked,<br>and I, no less so.                                                                                                                                                    | 1960                             |
| IPÓLITA | Tell me, Antonio.<br>My suspicions squeeze the breath from me<br>like a noose around my neck.<br>I wish to know nothing,<br>and yet want you to tell me.                                                                                                     | 1965                             |
| ELVIRA  | I do not wish to hurt you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                  |

|         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                  |
|---------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
|         | <p><i>(Aside)</i> God, what a web I'll weave!<br/> <i>(To IPÓLITA)</i> If it will relieve you, my lady,<br/> to know the truth,<br/> this note should do that,<br/> since it was written for Eugenia.<br/> But you must return it to me.</p>                                                                          | 1970                             |
| IPÓLITA | <p>You can take it back,<br/> once whatever is in the note<br/> leaves me for dead.<br/> These are verses, his verses,<br/> and my clear misfortune.</p>                                                                                                                                                              | 1975                             |
| ELVIRA  | <p><i>(Aside)</i> Wasn't it a good trick<br/> to give Ipólita the note meant for her,<br/> and to tell her that her husband<br/> sent it to Doña Eugenia?</p>                                                                                                                                                         | 1980                             |
| IPÓLITA | <p>So heartless!</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                  |
| ELVIRA  | <p><i>(Aside)</i> I will make her husband<br/> into her worst enemy,<br/> for my lover's wife must be my foe.<br/> God will forgive me<br/> for attempting this.<br/> My own peace will be born<br/> of battles between these two.<br/> <i>(To IPÓLITA)</i> Give me the note, my lord,<br/> Don Álvaro is coming.</p> | 1985<br><br><br><br><br><br>1990 |
| IPÓLITA | <p>He has seen me with it, the traitor!</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                  |
| ELVIRA  | <p>My lady, you will get me killed.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                  |
| IPÓLITA | <p>I will keep my word,<br/> and keep this secret to myself.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 1995                             |
| ELVIRA  | <p>I need to go.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                  |

I am sick with worry.<sup>23</sup>

*Enter* DON ÁLVARO

DON ÁLVARO      What's wrong? Something is wrong.  
                          What is that paper you're holding?  
                          Why have you hidden it? 2000

IPÓLITA                    I am ashamed on your behalf,  
                                 because you have no shame.

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                      |
|------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|
| DON ÁLVARO | What is this? This is strange.<br>It must mean something, by God,<br>this sudden disrespect,<br>and such distance.<br>This trembling with anger,<br>this uneasiness,<br>tears of fire,<br>changing color,<br>from pale to yellow<br>and then to bright red . . .<br>I will find out what is wrong with you,<br>even if you try to hide it.<br>Take out that note.<br>Give it to me now! | 2005<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>2010<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>2015 |
|------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------|

IPÓLITA Listen.

DON ÁLVARO            Out with it.

IPÓLITA            Your wickedness,  
and my misfortune are both written here.            2020  
Until now I have only wept  
at your wanton ways,  
but now I weep to know  
that you've abandoned all honor.

<sup>23</sup> Elvira says this aloud, and in the Spanish slips up by referring to herself in the feminine. She also remains on stage during the next scene, although she has no lines.

[illegible]

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                         |
|------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------|
|            | <p>so long awaited and desired.<br/>         Alas, misfortune keeps from me<br/>         what it grants him as your husband.”<br/>         Here the note ends.<br/>         This pierces me<br/>         to the soul.<br/>         And you think this is my hand?<br/>         These verses, do they sound like me?<br/>         Do I write such bad verses,<br/>         and in such a fine hand?</p> | <p>2060</p> <p>2065</p> |
| IPÓLITA    | Dear God, a miracle!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                         |
| DON ÁLVARO | <p>I am shaking with anger.<br/>         If the homecoming is mine,<br/>         as it states here,<br/>         then this note was meant for you.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 2070                    |
| IPÓLITA    | Then I have been deceived.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                         |
| DON ÁLVARO | <p>Yes, this is the handwriting of a traitor,<br/>         whom I believed to be loyal:<br/>         it is Valerián’s.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 2075                    |
| IPÓLITA    | <p>Can it be?<br/>         I am not to blame, my lord.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                         |
| DON ÁLVARO | <p>How can this love note be mine<br/>         when everything in it is his?<br/>         Who has given you this note?<br/>         Have you no answer?</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 2080                    |
| IPÓLITA    | Only my bad luck.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                         |
| DON ÁLVARO | <p>Speak, for the love of heaven,<br/>         which I am unworthy of.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                         |
| IPÓLITA    | Young Tony gave it to me.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 2085                    |

[illegible]

|            |                                                                                                                                                                       |      |
|------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| DON ÁLVARO | Why do you look so distressed?<br>Don't you understand what I'm asking?                                                                                               | 2120 |
| IPÓLITA    | I heard you.                                                                                                                                                          |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Have you been aware of Valerián<br>trying to woo you?                                                                                                                 |      |
| IPÓLITA    | <i>(Aside)</i> Would it not be better<br>to deny everything?                                                                                                          | 2125 |
| DON ÁLVARO | Tell me.                                                                                                                                                              |      |
| IPÓLITA    | My lord.                                                                                                                                                              |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Did he betray me or was he merely bold?<br>Did he convey his desires to you with his soul,<br>or with his mouth?<br>Tell me.                                          | 2130 |
| IPÓLITA    | My lord.                                                                                                                                                              |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | His mad longing,<br>did you see it in his eyes?<br>Did you know of it?                                                                                                | 2135 |
| IPÓLITA    | <i>(Aside)</i> I should deny it.                                                                                                                                      |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Have you no answer?                                                                                                                                                   |      |
| IPÓLITA    | No, my lord,<br>he is our friend, and he is honorable.                                                                                                                | 2140 |
| DON ÁLVARO | You are trying to spare me my revenge.<br>Enough. Why am I even asking you this?<br>When you hesitated to say no,<br>you spoke a thousand yesses.<br>Go to your room, | 2145 |

and let no one see you're upset.



And what does this vile woman want,  
so close to sundown!

## SCENE 6

*Enter* EUGENIA, GALÍNDEZ, PIERRES *and* ELVIRA

EUGENIA                    He's crafty.

GALÍNDEZ                    He's insolent.

ELVIRA                I am at your command.                                                  2185

DON ÁLVARO      Well, madam,  
why do you bring light upon this house  
just as the sun is retiring for the day?

ELVIRA                    We're going out.

DON ÁLVARO      Where to? (*Aside*) My soul is on fire.      2190

EUGENIA                There's a play tonight  
that Ipólita and I will attend, with your permission.  
If you'd like to come,  
we can all go in my carriage.

DON ÁLVARO      Right, and this play,      2195  
                                 where is it taking place?

EUGENIA                      At the Merchant's house.

DON ÁLVARO      Which merchant?

EUGENIA            Don Gaspar.  
                        Only he, in his excellence,                                 2200

|            |                                                      |      |
|------------|------------------------------------------------------|------|
| DON ÁLVARO | He's very gallant.                                   |      |
| PIERRES    | He's molt manly.                                     |      |
| GALÍNDEZ   | And he has a clean conscience.                       |      |
| ELVIRA     | No small thing for a merchant.                       | 2205 |
| EUGENIA    | His wealth flows freely from his coffers.            |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | He's very rich and important.                        |      |
| EUGENIA    | Rational in all things but conflict.                 |      |
| ELVIRA     | Everyone must adore him, then.                       |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | And how will you go?                                 | 2210 |
| EUGENIA    | We'll cover our faces. <sup>25</sup>                 |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | And do they let in women who don't show their face?  |      |
| EUGENIA    | That's what Valerián went to go see.                 |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | While we wait,<br>let's see if Ipólita will join us. | 2215 |
| EUGENIA    | Is she . . .?                                        |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | As usual, she's . . .                                |      |
| EUGENIA    | She can be very extreme.                             |      |

<sup>25</sup> By the early seventeenth century there was great controversy surrounding veiled women attending the theater, as this allowed for anonymous, licentious activity and so became associated with women of loose morals. See Laura Bass and Amanda Wunder, *Hispanic Review*, 2009.

|                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |      |
|----------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| DON ÁLVARO                             | ( <i>Aside</i> ) What a traitor!<br>Here comes the source of all my troubles.                                                                                                                                                                   | 2220 |
| EUGENIA                                | ( <i>Aside</i> ) This bull-headed man<br>will pay for his disdain<br>with no less than his life.                                                                                                                                                |      |
| <i>Exit all DON ÁLVARO and EUGENIA</i> |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |      |
| ELVIRA                                 | ( <i>Aside</i> ) Now I can trick these two,<br>since no one is listening to us.<br>That's right.<br>The note meant for the one, I will give to the other.                                                                                       | 2225 |
| GALÍNDEZ                               | Me, a play? Me, a play?<br>I will take to my good bed.<br>Maybe with peace and quiet<br>my headache will be cured! . . .                                                                                                                        | 2230 |
| ELVIRA                                 | Even though you were cruel to me . . .                                                                                                                                                                                                          |      |
| GALÍNDEZ                               | Come here boy, and let me show you a thing or two!                                                                                                                                                                                              |      |
| ELVIRA                                 | Just keep quiet.<br>Here's an answer to that letter you gave me.                                                                                                                                                                                | 2235 |
| GALÍNDEZ                               | Oh what a happy lover I am!<br>When did I ever deserve this?<br>From now on,<br>I will put this young man on a pedestal.<br>I could kiss your feet,<br>and, with God as my witness,<br>I almost want to cut off the hand<br>I used to slap you. | 2240 |
| ELVIRA                                 | Look how he carries on.                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |      |
| PIERRES                                | Old fool words!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 | 2245 |

|          |                                                                                                                                                                              |      |
|----------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| GALÍNDEZ | Dear Cupid!<br>You dull my head,<br>and stir up butterflies in my stomach.                                                                                                   |      |
| ELVIRA   | Well Pierres?                                                                                                                                                                |      |
| PIERRES  | Well companion?                                                                                                                                                              | 2250 |
| ELVIRA   | I have the response to your letter.<br>You're lucky<br>that I am the one to bring it to you.                                                                                 |      |
| PIERRES  | Oh mon sir Antoine,<br>this response I am content with!<br>Pierres now jumps more for joy than GalíndeZ,<br>old wreck.                                                       | 2255 |
|          | <i>(Sings)</i> "If I go off to France,<br>to lap up Jesus's blood,<br>nevermore will I return again."                                                                        | 2260 |
| ELVIRA   | Your song celebrates your good fortune,<br>while others use it to dispel their sadness,<br>or even to dispel a crowd . . .<br>different effects<br>born of different causes. | 2265 |
| PIERRES  | I want to kiss your feet,<br>those are the hands I get,<br>or your breasts, even your mouth.                                                                                 |      |
| ELVIRA   | Courtesy à la French.<br>A pretty sight.                                                                                                                                     | 2270 |
| PIERRES  | My Antoine.                                                                                                                                                                  |      |
| ELVIRA   | To repay me<br>you shall do me a favor.                                                                                                                                      |      |

|                       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |      |
|-----------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| PIERRES               | No doubt you shall see<br>the strength and esprit of moi.                                                                                                                                                        | 2275 |
| ELVIRA                | <i>(Aside)</i> I want to have a little fun with this old man.<br>It will be my revenge.<br><i>(To PIERRES)</i> Do you have any friends?                                                                          |      |
| PIERRES               | Mais oui,<br>and the crème de la crème of la France.                                                                                                                                                             | 2280 |
| ELVIRA                | You'll be in need of them.                                                                                                                                                                                       |      |
| PIERRES               | And pour que?                                                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| ELVIRA                | To help you.<br>Your master is coming.<br>Listen, quickly, to what you must do.                                                                                                                                  | 2285 |
| <i>Enter VALERIÁN</i> |                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |      |
| VALERIÁN              | I can imagine so many schemes<br>to achieve my dearest dreams!<br>Revenge and pleasure<br>in one fell swoop.<br>Best to keep up the pretense.<br>In this world,<br>only liars prosper,<br>only traitors survive. | 2290 |
| ELVIRA                | Go now! I'll be along later.                                                                                                                                                                                     |      |
| PIERRES               | And I will dance, pardiu.                                                                                                                                                                                        | 2295 |
| <i>Exit PIERRES</i>   |                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |      |
| ELVIRA                | My lord.                                                                                                                                                                                                         |      |
| VALERIÁN              | Antonio,                                                                                                                                                                                                         |      |

I am fighting my own illusions!

ELVIRA                    I'm sure you will conquer them.  
                              (Aside) And I want to fool them all:                    2300  
                              I'll give this one the note  
                              that his wife wrote.

VALERIÁN                What's that you say, Antonio?  
                              Did you do what I asked of you?

ELVIRA                    Of course.                    2305

*She hands him a letter*

VALERIÁN                There's an answer? Lucky me.

ELVIRA                    Hush now, take this, and don't be sad.  
                              I must go,  
                              so that no one sees us together.

VALERIÁN                I am a fortunate man!                    2310

ELVIRA *exits*

Happy heavens, beautiful heavens,  
sacred heavens, friendly heavens!  
I will read it—but here they come . . .  
Oh, I wish they would delay a little longer!  
I will go from joy to madness                    2315  
if the heavens don't answer my prayer.

*Enter DON ÁLVARO, IPÓLITA, and EUGENIA*

EUGENIA                Valerián is taking his time.

DON ÁLVARO            Here he comes.

VALERIÁN                Did I take too long?

|            |                                                                                                     |      |
|------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| EUGENIA    | And did you find out if<br>they allow women in veils?                                               | 2320 |
| VALERIÁN   | They do.                                                                                            |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Well, then, let us go since it is already very late,<br>and it's getting dark, which is even worse. |      |
| EUGENIA    | <i>(Aside)</i> Vile man!                                                                            | 2325 |
| IPÓLITA    | <i>(Aside)</i> Scoundrel!                                                                           |      |
| EUGENIA    | Don't worry, God is with you.                                                                       |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Torches!                                                                                            |      |
| VALERIÁN   | The one I brought<br>should be enough.                                                              | 2330 |
| IPÓLITA    | <i>(Aside)</i> This is killing me.                                                                  |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | I entrust my wife to you.                                                                           |      |
| VALERIÁN   | While you look after mine.                                                                          |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | <i>(Aside)</i> This way I can hide my fury.                                                         |      |
| VALERIÁN   | <i>(Aside)</i> This is my chance.<br>I will dishonor him in return.                                 | 2335 |
| DON ÁLVARO | <i>(Aside)</i> If he betrays me, I will kill him.                                                   |      |
| EUGENIA    | <i>(Aside)</i> Let there be no bloodshed!                                                           |      |
| IPÓLITA    | <i>(Aside)</i> He has handled this wisely.<br>What a worthy husband!                                | 2340 |
| EUGENIA    | <i>(Aside)</i> What a disgraceful husband!                                                          |      |

## SCENE 7

*Enter ELVIRA, PIERRES, and two GABACHOS carrying a ladder*

|           |                                                                                                                                       |      |
|-----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ELVIRA    | That's fine. Call at that door,<br>and he will come to the window.                                                                    |      |
| PIERRES   | And the porta is open.                                                                                                                |      |
| ELVIRA    | It makes little difference.                                                                                                           | 2345 |
| GALÍNDEZ  | <i>(Offstage)</i> Who's calling? Who is it?<br>Who's making all that noise?<br>I'm coming.                                            |      |
| ELVIRA    | Throw the rope over him now.                                                                                                          |      |
| GABACHO 1 | It's done.                                                                                                                            | 2350 |
| ELVIRA    | Hammer the nail.                                                                                                                      |      |
| GALÍNDEZ  | <i>Ay, ay, ay!</i><br>I'm choking, by the holy virgin!                                                                                |      |
| ELVIRA    | Get his face!<br>And his crazy white hair!<br>He can hold his ground while the bull charges.<br>Step lively,<br>by God. <sup>26</sup> | 2355 |
| GALÍNDEZ  | I'm choking!                                                                                                                          |      |
| PIERRES   | Watch out for the bull!                                                                                                               | 2360 |
| TODOS     | Over here, you uglisnout beast,<br>you can't get us, ho!                                                                              |      |

---

<sup>26</sup> In this farcical scheme, Elvira leads Pierres's cronies in a cruel joke against the old squire Galíndez. They string him up and paint his face.



ELVIRA            If your pretend love  
has you so fired up,  
receive these compliments,                  2365  
sent by your lady love.

PIERRES                      Old fool.

GABACHO 2      You've wet yourself.

GABACHO 1                      Old Man Goiter!

GALÍNDEZ Jesus! 2370

ELVIRA                    Let's leave him like this.  
                                  They're coming. Run!

GABACHO 1            We will make our escape.

PIERRES                      This has been magnifique.

ELVIRA                      Perfection!                      2375

GALÍNDEZ                      Those devils got me.

ELVIRA                    My work is done here.  
                                 Gentlemen, go, be gone!

*Exit all* GABACHOS

ELVIRA                      This way, they're killing Galíndez!

*Enter DON ÁLVARO and VALERIÁN with swords drawn, along with their wives*

IPÓLITA                      Don Álvaro, where are you going?                      2380

DON ÁLVARO      Leave me.

EUGENIA                    (*Aside*) This coward

|            |                                                                          |      |
|------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|            | was not first at the scene.                                              |      |
| GALÍNDEZ   | I'm dying.                                                               |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | GalíndeZ, what are you screaming?                                        | 2385 |
| VALERÍAN   | Bring that ax over.                                                      |      |
| GALÍNDEZ   | They've left me here,<br>as you can see, hanged and dead.                |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | They've certainly left you in a foul mood,<br>and a sight to be seen.    | 2390 |
| EUGENIA    | Good lord! One can't help but laugh.                                     |      |
| VALERÍAN   | GalíndeZ!                                                                |      |
| IPÓLITA    | I would laugh,<br>but I am in such a state,<br>my heart is in my throat. | 2395 |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Untie me.                                                                |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | Who is behind<br>this joke?                                              |      |
| ELVIRA     | Some scoundrel.                                                          |      |
| GALÍNDEZ   | Oh you traitor!                                                          | 2400 |
| DON ÁLVARO | A daring one at the very least.                                          |      |
| VALERÍAN   | We'll sort this all out later,<br>not in the street.                     |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | This has been the comic preamble<br>for the play we are about to see.    | 2405 |

**ACT III**  
**SCENE 1**

DON ÁLVARO's *room*

*Enter DON ÁLVARO and ELVIRA*

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                  |
|------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| DON ÁLVARO | When it comes to honor,<br>everything must give way, Elvira.<br>There's no room in my heart<br>for a beautiful face,<br>for obligation or love.<br>There is only room<br>for matters of honor.<br>Who gave you this letter<br>for Ipólita?<br>I will have the truth,<br>or kill you, by God. | 2410<br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>2415 |
| ELVIRA     | Has it come to this<br>between us?<br>You threaten me?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                  |
| DON ÁLVARO | And I adore you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 2420                                             |
| ELVIRA     | That would have been enough.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                  |
| DON ÁLVARO | I'm out of my mind,<br>and must look to my honor.<br>Don't cry.                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                  |
| ELVIRA     | I have good reason to cry.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 2425                                             |
| DON ÁLVARO | Hush,<br>you'll have no reason to complain,<br>but tell me first<br>whose note this is.                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                  |
| ELVIRA     | Valerián gave it to me,<br>showering me with money and compliments                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 2430                                             |



|            |                                                                                                                                                                     |      |
|------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|            | <p>because I have it all.<br/> I have earned my standing<br/> over many thankless years:<br/> never have I found<br/> another man like myself.</p>                  | 2470 |
|            | <p>To find no friend with honor,<br/> to know one can't be had,<br/> were he to be watched<br/> from the cradle to the grave!</p>                                   |      |
|            | <p>One looks to profit,<br/> another to pleasure:<br/> sacred friendship, where have you gone?<br/> What has happened to you?</p>                                   | 2475 |
|            | <p>You were raised to the heavens<br/> from the lowly earth.</p>                                                                                                    | 2480 |
|            | <p>You are sacred to me.<br/> Valerían, false friend!<br/> I will kill him, or die in the attempt.</p>                                                              |      |
| ELVIRA     | Listen, my lord.                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | <p>This sword<br/> will enforce his punishment.</p>                                                                                                                 | 2485 |
| ELVIRA     | <p>He fully deserves it,<br/> but you are furious now,<br/> and you'll never carry out<br/> your sentence this way.</p>                                             | 2490 |
|            | <p>Be reasonable, just as you are bold.<br/> Can't you see<br/> that secret betrayals<br/> must be secretly avenged?</p>                                            |      |
| DON ÁLVARO | <p><i>(Aside)</i> Although she is a woman,<br/> she makes a good point.<br/> I will set aside my fury.<br/> This is good advice,<br/> regardless of the source.</p> | 2495 |

|        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                          |
|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ELVIRA | Shush, and as proof of my love,<br>I will see to it<br>that only you witness<br>your vengeance and his death.<br>Tonight, I will take care of him<br>so that you can see,<br>should you care to watch,<br>that not all women are cowards.<br>This I will do,<br>as long as you trust me.<br>What do you say? | 2500<br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>2505<br><br><br><br>2510 |
|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|

|            |            |  |
|------------|------------|--|
| DON ÁLVARO | I say yes. |  |
|------------|------------|--|

|        |                                                                                                                                                                                              |      |
|--------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ELVIRA | If you want to have your vengeance,<br>you must pretend to leave.<br>Say you must visit your village tonight,<br>and leave the rest to me.<br>Then you shall see<br>what your heart desires. | 2515 |
|--------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|

*Enter GALÍNDEZ at the door, only partly on stage*

|            |                                                                                                                                                   |      |
|------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| DON ÁLVARO | You're so brave,<br>so beautiful,<br>my greatest good fortune,<br>and the cure for my honor.<br>You are all my happiness,<br>the apple of my eye. | 2520 |
|------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|

|        |                              |  |
|--------|------------------------------|--|
| ELVIRA | Shall we go into your study? |  |
|--------|------------------------------|--|

|            |      |      |
|------------|------|------|
| DON ÁLVARO | Yes. | 2525 |
|------------|------|------|

*They enter a room offstage<sup>27</sup>*

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<sup>27</sup> In a typical *corral* performance, there would have been at least two doors at ground level, one of which led into the backstage area or a small room. In this scene, Antonio/Elvira and Don Álvaro have retreated

|                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                              |
|----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------|
| GALÍNDEZ                               | Oh my God!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                              |
| DON ÁLVARO                             | For you I will set aside my anger.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                              |
| GALÍNDEZ                               | Is this a dream?<br>Are these two delusions?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                              |
| ELVIRA                                 | As you lie here in my arms,<br>I will tell you what I have planned.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 2530                                                         |
| DON ÁLVARO                             | My worries disappear,<br>while I am in your embrace.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                              |
| GALÍNDEZ <i>fully enters the stage</i> |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                                              |
| GALÍNDEZ                               | Is this Spain or Sodom?<br>Oh, sacred Inquisition!<br>My lord and Antonio<br>follow that most infamous sect. <sup>28</sup><br>I want to watch<br>through this keyhole,<br>and yet I'm sure they'll cover it too,<br>since it is a hole!<br>Look at them, by God,<br>how they wrestle!<br>Is it a trick or a sudden itch?<br>Now they speak with their eyes,<br>and listen with locked lips.<br>No wonder this fiery sin<br>is called unspeakable. <sup>29</sup> | 2535<br><br><br><br><br><br>2540<br><br><br><br><br><br>2545 |

*Enter IPÓLITA*

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into this interior room, Don Álvaro's study, while Galíndez looks in on them through a keyhole or crack in the door.

<sup>28</sup> In the Spanish "Learned followers of Mohamed." Early modern Spaniards associated North Africa and Islam with sodomy, even though it was fairly common in courts throughout the Mediterranean.

<sup>29</sup> Sodomy was referred to as the "unspeakable sin."

|          |                                                                            |      |
|----------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| IPÓLITA  | Am I never to have a moment's peace?<br>Galíndez, what are you looking at? | 2550 |
| GALÍNDEZ | Oh my lady! A terrible evil.<br>Our lord . . .                             |      |
| IPÓLITA  | What?                                                                      |      |
| GALÍNDEZ | My lady,<br>he is a wicked man.                                            | 2555 |
| IPÓLITA  | Why?                                                                       |      |
| GALÍNDEZ | At this moment,<br>he is . . .                                             |      |
| IPÓLITA  | Where? Can it be so?                                                       |      |
| GALÍNDEZ | Well he's . . .                                                            | 2560 |
| IPÓLITA  | What?                                                                      |      |
| GALÍNDEZ | A bad Christian.                                                           |      |
| IPÓLITA  | Why? Oh unhappiness!                                                       |      |
| GALÍNDEZ | Because he . . .                                                           |      |
| IPÓLITA  | What? What is happening?                                                   | 2565 |
| GALÍNDEZ | He's a sodomite.                                                           |      |
| IPÓLITA  | What are saying, you rude idiot?                                           |      |
| GALÍNDEZ | That my lord is a . . .                                                    |      |
| IPÓLITA  | Shut up!                                                                   |      |
| GALÍNDEZ | I'll shut my mouth,                                                        | 2570 |



|                      |                                                                                                                                                         |      |
|----------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|                      | but you should open your eyes.                                                                                                                          |      |
| IPÓLITA              | I am mad with grief!<br>Vile, despicable!<br>Inexcusable men!<br>Servants and traitors!                                                                 | 2575 |
| GALÍNDEZ             | Look through here,<br>and you'll see young Tony<br>and my lord in an embrace as tight<br>as a vine on a tree.<br>Look and see<br>if I am telling tales. | 2580 |
| IPÓLITA              | Oh good heavens,<br>I'm in the depths of despair!                                                                                                       |      |
| GALÍNDEZ             | Come and see.                                                                                                                                           |      |
| IPÓLITA              | I have seen it already.<br>Oh Galíndez, I am dead!                                                                                                      | 2585 |
| GALÍNDEZ             | Kick down the door,<br>make a scene.                                                                                                                    |      |
| IPÓLITA              | Jesus Christ!<br>We must be rational!<br>Do this for me, for my sanity.                                                                                 | 2590 |
| GALÍNDEZ             | I will do anything you want.                                                                                                                            |      |
| IPÓLITA              | Oh unhappy woman!<br>Go, Galíndez, get my brother,<br>and tell him to come at once.                                                                     | 2595 |
| GALÍNDEZ             | Like the wind I go.                                                                                                                                     |      |
| <i>Exit GALÍNDEZ</i> |                                                                                                                                                         |      |

|         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                                             |
|---------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|
| IPÓLITA | <p>Oh blind man!</p> <p>God has let you wander.</p> <p>Lord knows that I adored you,</p> <p>that I was crazy for you!</p> <p>If I could barely live with jealousy,</p> <p>how can I survive this sin?</p> <p>What can I do? I am lost.</p> <p>To what extremes . . . what excess!</p> <p>Oh God, let me keep my sanity,</p> <p>although you ruin my life!</p> <p>Don Álvaro perverse, heavens above!</p> <p>Mine is a horrible misfortune.</p> <p>I have suffered through</p> <p>so many fits of jealousy,</p> <p>troubled sorrows,</p> <p>a restless obsession</p> <p>over his shameless exploits,</p> <p>yet I worshipped him,</p> <p>thinking he was noble and honorable.</p> <p>What should I feel</p> <p>when I see he is not noble, not human,</p> <p>not honorable, nor even a Christian,</p> <p>but gives in to such evil desire?</p> <p>His offense to God weighs on me,</p> <p>with good reason, more than his offense to me.</p> | <p>2600</p> <p>2605</p> <p>2610</p> <p>2615</p> <p>2620</p> |
|---------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------|

## SCENE 2

*A drawing room in ÁLVARO and IPÓLITA's house*

*Enter ELVIRA*

|        |                                                                                                                           |
|--------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| ELVIRA | <p>(<i>Aside</i>) What a stroke of luck it would be</p> <p>to get away with such a grand scheme.</p> <p>There she is.</p> |
|--------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

|         |                                                                       |             |
|---------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| IPÓLITA | <p>Here is the infamous root</p> <p>of the pain that consumes me.</p> | <p>2625</p> |
|---------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------|

|         |                                                                                                                                                                                                  |      |
|---------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|         | I will pretend I know nothing,<br>although I'm burning inside.                                                                                                                                   |      |
| ELVIRA  | <i>(Aside)</i> I will wait for her to call to me.                                                                                                                                                |      |
| IPÓLITA | I am full of anger,<br>but I will keep it in check.                                                                                                                                              | 2630 |
| ELVIRA  | <i>(Aside)</i> What's going on?<br>Her face is blotched,<br>and she is frowning at me.<br>Has she discovered my trick with the note already?<br>It's possible.<br>Has she realized I am a woman? | 2635 |
| IPÓLITA | <i>(Aside)</i> I will call him over.                                                                                                                                                             |      |
| ELVIRA  | <i>(Aside)</i> I will go to her.                                                                                                                                                                 |      |
| IPÓLITA | <i>(Aside)</i> To maintain the pretense,<br>I should call to him, the traitor!<br>What should I do?                                                                                              | 2640 |
| ELVIRA  | <i>(Aside)</i> I should go to her first,<br>to prove my nonchalance.<br><i>(Aloud)</i> My lady?                                                                                                  | 2645 |
| IPÓLITA | Antonio?                                                                                                                                                                                         |      |
| ELVIRA  | Is something wrong?<br>You seem . . .                                                                                                                                                            |      |
| IPÓLITA | I am overcome with great sorrows,<br>and have little hope of happiness.                                                                                                                          | 2650 |
| ELVIRA  | Some angel speaks to you,<br>warning you of sorrows to come.                                                                                                                                     |      |
| IPÓLITA | What are you saying?                                                                                                                                                                             |      |

|         |                                                                                                                                                  |      |
|---------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ELVIRA  | Your misfortune<br>pains me.                                                                                                                     | 2655 |
| IPÓLITA | What now?<br>Have you brought another note<br>to fool me?                                                                                        |      |
| ELVIRA  | I myself was deceived.<br>You must now brace yourself for the worst,<br>the most terrible,<br>most cruel fate.                                   | 2660 |
| IPÓLITA | May the heavens see me through!                                                                                                                  |      |
| ELVIRA  | <i>(Aside)</i> What a tale I will weave!<br><i>(To IPÓLITA)</i> Make sure<br>no one is listening to us.                                          | 2665 |
| IPÓLITA | I will go mad from confusion.                                                                                                                    |      |
| ELVIRA  | I feel for you,<br>from the bottom of my heart,<br>given your great misfortune.<br>And so I must warn you:<br>your husband<br>wants to kill you. | 2670 |
| IPÓLITA | My husband?                                                                                                                                      |      |
| ELVIRA  | Do not tremble so.                                                                                                                               | 2675 |
| IPÓLITA | Oh God!                                                                                                                                          |      |
| ELVIRA  | It would be better to find<br>some way out of this.                                                                                              |      |
| IPÓLITA | <i>(Aside)</i> And if this traitor lies?<br>My heart tells me:                                                                                   | 2680 |

I should both fear and doubt his word.  
(*Aloud*) And do you know  
why he wants to kill me? . . .

ELVIRA                    He needs no serious reasons.

IPÓLITA            Because I belong to him,  
he can kill me?                                          2685

ELVIRA

It may well be,  
because you are his wife.  
If you think I am deceiving you,  
then listen to this: 2690  
he will pretend to leave tonight,  
but he means to come back,  
under cover of dark, to kill you.  
If you see him leave,  
and wish to stay alive, 2695  
do not wait for him in your bed,  
because that is where he will take your life.  
Wait in another room  
for as long as he's gone,  
then you can trust your own eyes, 2700  
even if you don't trust me.

|         |                                                   |      |
|---------|---------------------------------------------------|------|
| IPÓLITA | Oh God! What is this feeling!                     |      |
|         | What shall I do?                                  |      |
|         | You upset me so                                   |      |
|         | that I have to believe you.                       | 2705 |
|         | ( <i>Aside</i> ) The heavens must have filled him |      |
|         | with compassion for me.                           |      |
|         | He has given me a chance                          |      |
|         | to avoid my demise.                               |      |
|         | This must be true, poor me!                       | 2710 |
|         | By my faith,                                      |      |
|         | I could believe Don Álvaro capable of anything,   |      |
|         | after what I saw today.                           |      |
|         | God no longer holds Don Álvaro                    |      |
|         | in His powerful hand.                             | 2715 |

|                         |                                                                                                                  |      |
|-------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ELVIRA                  | Calm your fearful soul,<br>and your troubled heart.                                                              |      |
| IPÓLITA                 | This cannot possibly be.                                                                                         |      |
| ELVIRA                  | Here comes your husband.                                                                                         |      |
| IPÓLITA                 | Who?                                                                                                             | 2720 |
| ELVIRA                  | I must go now.<br>It's better he not see us together.                                                            |      |
| IPÓLITA                 | You have good reason for your misgivings.<br>( <i>Aside</i> ) Protect me, divine heavens.                        |      |
| <i>Enter DON ÁLVARO</i> |                                                                                                                  |      |
| DON ÁLVARO              | Prepare my clothes,<br>my boots, and spurs for travel.                                                           | 2725 |
| IPÓLITA                 | Where are you going, my lord?                                                                                    |      |
| DON ÁLVARO              | I need to take<br>a short trip today.                                                                            |      |
| IPÓLITA                 | ( <i>Aside</i> ) Oh wretched woman!<br>I am a short trip away from death.<br>This confirms what I was told . . . | 2730 |
| DON ÁLVARO              | What now! You're crying? What is it?                                                                             |      |
| IPÓLITA                 | Since when do you leave me<br>without leaving me in tears?                                                       | 2735 |
| DON ÁLVARO              | Your weeping weighs on me.<br>It's always like this:<br>When I go,<br>these tears of yours flow so easily,       |      |

|                        |                                                                                                                                                                                              |                              |
|------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
|                        | they are hard to take.                                                                                                                                                                       | 2740                         |
| IPÓLITA                | Say instead<br>that you are sick and tired<br>of seeing them,<br>because they are my tears<br>and therefore, your burden.                                                                    | 2745                         |
| DON ÁLVARO             | They weigh on my heart,<br>because they are yours.                                                                                                                                           |                              |
| ELVIRA                 | <i>(Aside)</i> Not bad flattery.                                                                                                                                                             |                              |
| IPÓLITA                | <i>(Aside)</i> These sweet words<br>are nothing but lies.                                                                                                                                    | 2750                         |
| DON ÁLVARO             | All right now, embrace me,<br>and may God be with you, my lady.                                                                                                                              |                              |
| ELVIRA                 | <i>(Aside)</i> Would that someone<br>could sever the bond between them!                                                                                                                      |                              |
| IPÓLITA                | <i>(Aside)</i> These are the arms, oh cruel one,<br>that I saw offend me with their infamy!                                                                                                  | 2755                         |
| DON ÁLVARO             | God be with you,<br>and shed no more tears.                                                                                                                                                  |                              |
| IPÓLITA                | Godspeed.                                                                                                                                                                                    |                              |
| <i>Exit</i> DON ÁLVARO |                                                                                                                                                                                              |                              |
|                        | My heart pounds<br>with confirmed suspicions!<br>His honeyed words<br>confirm his treachery.<br>Sudden kindness such as this<br>is a sure sign he's either wronged me,<br>or plans to do so. | 2760<br><br><br><br><br>2765 |

What else can I expect  
amid such confusion?

ELVIRA                      *(Aside)* All goes well.  
                                    *(To IPÓLITA)* This should be proof                      2770  
                                    of my good intentions.

IPÓLITA                      I find myself condemned,  
                                    with no trial and no remedy.

ELVIRA                      Take my advice and protect yourself.

IPÓLITA                      God help me.                                              2775

*Enter LEONARDO, IPÓLITA's brother, and GALÍNDEZ*

LEONARDO                  Well, sister?

IPÓLITA                      Brother!

ELVIRA                      *(Aside)* Will my hopes  
                                    be in vain?

IPÓLITA                      Come, listen.                                              2780

LEONARDO                  Calm down.

*LEONARDO and IPÓLITA continue speaking quietly to each other on the side*

GALÍNDEZ                  This is a fine one!

ELVIRA                      Don't I get thanks  
                                    for the letter, GalíndeZ?<sup>30</sup>

GALÍNDEZ                  You deserve a beating instead.                      2785  
                                    *(Aside)* For now I'll only singe you.

---

<sup>30</sup> Referring to the letter written by Pierres for the servant Rafaela which she gave to GalíndeZ in preparation for her last trick.



I'll get my revenge later.<sup>31</sup>  
*(Aloud)* Am I a country bumpkin or a Frenchman,  
that you write me,  
and make fun of me in that language? 2790

ELVIRA                      Now you're making me laugh.  
Don't you know that Pierres,  
who is such a great friend of yours,  
wrote that because your lady  
chose him as go-between? 2795

GALÍNDEZ                  Now you're just pulling my leg.

ELVIRA                      Let me read the letter to you,  
Galíndez.  
Give it here.

GALÍNDEZ                  I already tore it up: 2800  
it made me so angry.

ELVIRA                      You tore it up?

GALÍNDEZ                  That's right.  
The language and the letter,  
both annoyed me. 2805

ELVIRA                      That *gabacho*,  
who might well have been drunk,  
wrote as best he could.  
But it was your lady's  
affections he wrote. 2810

GALÍNDEZ                  You jest.

ELVIRA                      You'll see.

---

<sup>31</sup> With this Galíndez indicates that he plans to denounce Antonio to the Inquisition as a sodomite; fire was often an instrument of Inquisitorial punishment, especially for the worst offenders against the Church.

|                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                   |      |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| GALÍNDEZ                                                          | And how is that?                                                                                                                                  |      |
| ELVIRA                                                            | Just wait.<br>What if I bring your lady<br>to your room tonight?<br>Will you still think<br>I'm full of hot air?                                  | 2815 |
| GALÍNDEZ                                                          | I will believe you speak marvels,<br>and sacred mysteries,<br>filling my room with incense,<br>and sweet smoke.<br>What is this you say, Antonio? | 2820 |
| ELVIRA                                                            | Hush.<br>I will bring her tonight.<br>Come with me,<br>and I will tell you how to prepare for her.                                                | 2825 |
| GALÍNDEZ                                                          | I would like to befriend<br>one who promises such things.<br>And if he wants to be a fairy,<br>I could be his pimp.                               | 2830 |
| <i>IPÓLITA and her brother LEONARDO end their side discussion</i> |                                                                                                                                                   |      |
| LEONARDO                                                          | Good God!<br>I wish you would stop saying those things.<br>Is this a trick?                                                                       |      |
| IPÓLITA                                                           | This is no trick.<br>I wish to God that it were!                                                                                                  | 2835 |
| LEONARDO                                                          | You saw him?                                                                                                                                      |      |
| IPÓLITA                                                           | With the same weeping eyes<br>that look upon you now.<br>I saw their eyes reflected in each other's,                                              | 2840 |

|          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                      |
|----------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
|          | <p>much to my despair.<br/> I saw them entwining their necks,<br/> and sharing their lips,<br/> and I would have seen much worse,<br/> had I stayed to look.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 2845                                 |
| LEONARDO | God help us! What an affair!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                      |
| IPÓLITA  | <p>And now I see, to my sorrow,<br/> that these signs of his life<br/> are the omens of my death.<br/> I'm sure he will kill me.<br/> Someone capable of this,<br/> so contrary to nature,<br/> is capable of anything.<br/> This is what I was told<br/> by his partner in sin,<br/> who gave me no end of proof.<br/> Brother, my life, honor, and soul<br/> are in your hands.</p> | 2850<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>2855 |
| LEONARDO | <p>These things must be handled<br/> with tact and wisdom.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        | 2860                                 |
| IPÓLITA  | <p>I am resolved to flee<br/> my dishonor and his madness.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                      |
| LEONARDO | <p>Listen, do you have, by chance,<br/> the brief and dispensation<br/> in which the Pope approved<br/> your unhappy marriage?<sup>32</sup></p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 2865                                 |
| IPÓLITA  | I do.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                      |
| LEONARDO | <p>A thought has occurred to me,<br/> while you've shed your tears.<br/> I know from experience</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 2870                                 |

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<sup>32</sup> As cousins, Don Álvaro and Ipólita would need a special dispensation from the Pope in order to marry.

|          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
|----------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
|          | <p>that some certificates<br/> are drawn up carelessly,<br/> and can be full of errors.<br/> Something tells me<br/> that might be the case with yours. 2875<br/> Give me the license.<br/> I will examine it,<br/> and if there is any fault in it<br/> I'll take it to a judge.<br/> Then we will be rid of this burden, 2880<br/> this unhappiness, once and for all.</p> |
| IPÓLITA  | <p>Good. You can work that out.<br/> But get me to safety now,<br/> away from here, brother,<br/> for I fear I will be killed if I stay. 2885</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
| LEONARDO | <p>If I took you, it would reflect poorly<br/> on our honor and reputation,<br/> but the bailiff can do it.<br/> He is an officer,<br/> and takes care 2890<br/> of cases like this<br/> for the Archbishop.</p>                                                                                                                                                             |
| IPÓLITA  | <p>And what if as soon as night falls—<br/> see how quickly it comes—<br/> I am killed, and the remedy 2895<br/> comes too late . . . Oh, I am wretched!</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |
| LEONARDO | <p>Listen.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
| IPÓLITA  | <p>My misery<br/> has turned me into a coward.</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |
| LEONARDO | <p>Set up a bed 2900<br/> in another room.<br/> Have only one servant with you,<br/> and keep watch for your life,<br/> locking yourself in,</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |

|                 |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                      |
|-----------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
|                 | so that if your husband<br>comes looking for you,<br>he cannot open the door without making noise.<br>I will call my friends<br>into the street here,<br>and they will kill whomever they need to,<br>in order to prevent your death.<br>But I will return sooner than that<br>with the officer. | 2905<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>2910 |
| IPÓLITA         | I fear the worst,<br>but I will do as you say.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | 2915                                 |
| LEONARDO        | Is it settled, then?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                      |
| IPÓLITA         | It is.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                      |
| LEONARDO        | Come then, and forget your fear.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 |                                      |
| IPÓLITA         | May our Lord take pity on me:<br>Dear Lord, on this unhappy day,<br>I turn for my protection<br>to the holy Mother of your holy Son,<br>most devoutly.                                                                                                                                           | 2920                                 |
| LEONARDO        | Take heart,<br>your cause has brought strength to my arms.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | 2925                                 |
| IPÓLITA         | Oh, Don Álvaro!<br>Piece by piece, I will tear you from my breast.                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                      |
| <i>Exit all</i> |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                      |

### SCENE 3

*A room in EUGENIA and VALERIAN's house*

*Enter ELVIRA and EUGENIA*

|         |                                                                                                                                                                          |      |
|---------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ELVIRA  | I would have come,<br>even if you had not ordered it.                                                                                                                    |      |
| EUGENIA | Why, Antonio?                                                                                                                                                            | 2930 |
| ELVIRA  | I have been serving you<br>in a thousand ways.                                                                                                                           |      |
| EUGENIA | And has any good come of it?                                                                                                                                             |      |
| ELVIRA  | Are you still in love with my master?                                                                                                                                    |      |
| EUGENIA | He will never leave my breast,<br>more out of stubbornness than love.<br>If I cannot see him dead,<br>I would love to see him mine.                                      | 2935 |
| ELVIRA  | If you have the spirit for it,<br>he will be yours without a doubt.                                                                                                      | 2940 |
| EUGENIA | How?                                                                                                                                                                     |      |
| ELVIRA  | First,<br>you must place your trust in me.                                                                                                                               |      |
| EUGENIA | My heart<br>is in your hands.                                                                                                                                            | 2945 |
| ELVIRA  | Then stay,<br>and listen to me.                                                                                                                                          |      |
| EUGENIA | I am listening.                                                                                                                                                          |      |
| ELVIRA  | Come with me tonight,<br>and I will take you to him,<br>while he is none the wiser.<br>What I have planned<br>is a night of passion for you both,<br>without his knowing | 2950 |

|                       |                                                                                                                           |      |
|-----------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|                       | whom he beds. <sup>33</sup><br>Imagine it,<br>and attend to your deepest desires.                                         | 2955 |
| EUGENIA               | I do attend to them,<br>yet I have a husband.<br>There is no way for me<br>to get away from him.                          | 2960 |
| ELVIRA                | I have already thought<br>of a way around this obstacle:<br>I can get him out of the house,<br>and perhaps even the city. | 2965 |
| EUGENIA               | If you do,<br>I will follow your instructions,<br>to satisfy my desire.                                                   |      |
| ELVIRA                | Well,<br>I say you can leave it to me.<br>Go now,<br>I think your husband is near.                                        | 2970 |
| EUGENIA               | That settles it.                                                                                                          |      |
| <i>Exit</i> EUGENIA   |                                                                                                                           |      |
| ELVIRA                | I will tangle them all in my web,<br>as long as luck is on my side.                                                       | 2975 |
| <i>Enter</i> VALERÍAN |                                                                                                                           |      |
| VALERÍAN              | In such strange times,<br>everything is doubt and affliction.                                                             |      |

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<sup>33</sup> The “bed-trick,” in which an expected partner is replaced with someone else, is a common literary motif in Renaissance and Golden Age literature. In this case Eugenia awaits Don Álvaro in bed, pretending to be Ipólita. See Adrienne Laskier Martín, *An Erotic Philology of Golden Age Spain*, pp 198-202.

|          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                      |
|----------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| ELVIRA   | The time is right, I think,<br>to work my intrigue.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                      |
| VALERÍAN | Oh Antonio! On my life,<br>I was on my way to find you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           | 2980                                 |
| ELVIRA   | And I, my lord,<br>was coming to speak to you, and serve you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                      |
| VALERÍAN | Ever since you gave me that note,<br>Antonio, my thoughts,<br>which were already smoldering,<br>have been set ablaze.<br>You'll see what you've done,<br>if my wayward reasoning<br>betrays the confusion<br>you've left in my soul.<br>But now, to be clear,<br>I must ask you to tell me who it was,<br>who gave you this note. | 2985<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>2990 |
| ELVIRA   | Do you hold me in such little regard,<br>my lord,<br>as to think I lied to you?<br>I told you before, and I'll tell you again:<br>my lady gave it to me.                                                                                                                                                                          | 2995                                 |
| VALERÍAN | So, what do you say?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 3000                                 |
| ELVIRA   | A thousand times yes.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                      |
| VALERÍAN | Can it be true?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                      |
| ELVIRA   | You can believe<br>what I bring to you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                      |
| VALERÍAN | I tell you,<br>it is written in my wife's hand.<br>When I saw that,                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               | 3005                                 |



I was thrown into an abyss of illusions.

|          |                                                                                                                                                                          |      |
|----------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ELVIRA   | Perhaps she wrote it<br>as a go-between for you.<br>Could she not have been tricked<br>by a friend whom she trusts,<br>who told her she was writing<br>to a married man? | 3010 |
| VALERIÁN | That would be strange.                                                                                                                                                   | 3015 |
| ELVIRA   | Don't you know that the best lie<br>is to lie with the truth?                                                                                                            |      |
| VALERIÁN | She certainly writes well!                                                                                                                                               |      |
| ELVIRA   | That's easy to explain.<br>She's so honorable and proper,<br>no one has suspected<br>that from time to time<br>she does take a pen in hand.                              | 3020 |
| VALERIÁN | She did not even notice<br>what a state this has put me in.                                                                                                              | 3025 |
| ELVIRA   | I tell you,<br>in order to fool around with you,<br>the first thing she's done<br>is to fool your wife<br>with this fine trick.                                          | 3030 |
| VALERIÁN | I could believe it,<br>if I knew she favored me.                                                                                                                         |      |
| ELVIRA   | Perhaps this is how<br>she reveals embers long hidden away.                                                                                                              |      |
| VALERIÁN | And what's more,<br>she does not respond to what I wrote her.                                                                                                            | 3035 |

|          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |      |
|----------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
|          | Listen, she writes:<br>( <i>Reading</i> ) "Although you make a mockery<br>of all my true feelings,<br>I will make you love me,<br>or at the very least kill me."<br>Would I ever treat<br>her deepest desires as a joke? | 3040 |
| ELVIRA   | What if she believes that, until now,<br>all your words have been in jest?                                                                                                                                               | 3045 |
| VALERIÁN | Impossible.                                                                                                                                                                                                              |      |
| ELVIRA   | Not so.<br>Thousands of women,<br>faced with a man in the throes of passion,<br>have believed<br>he was just mocking love.                                                                                               | 3050 |
| VALERIÁN | I still do not understand.<br>( <i>Reading</i> ) "I will wait for a chance<br>for my flaming passion to envelop you."                                                                                                    |      |
| ELVIRA   | Blind though you may be,<br>surely you can see,<br>that her line speaks volumes.                                                                                                                                         | 3055 |
| VALERIÁN | ( <i>Reading</i> ) "And I shall speak to you tomorrow,<br>if I lack a chance,<br>or my life today."                                                                                                                      | 3060 |
| ELVIRA   | Either I am crazy,<br>or her message is plain as day.<br>And more so to me,<br>who has come<br>to assure you about tonight.                                                                                              | 3065 |
| VALERIÁN | You expect me to have my wits about me,<br>overjoyed as I am?                                                                                                                                                            |      |

|          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                              |
|----------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
|          | How is it, Antonio,<br>that I have earned this glory overnight?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                              |
| ELVIRA   | The disdain of a husband<br>can work quickly on a wife.<br>Perhaps in her desperation,<br>she will grant your greatest desire.<br>But let us leave this discussion aside:<br>he has gone on a journey tonight.<br>Say that you are leaving, too,<br>let me know where to find you,<br>and I will take you<br>to your bliss. | 3070<br><br><br><br><br>3075 |
| VALERIÁN | You say Don Álvaro<br>has left Valencia?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 3080                         |
| ELVIRA   | There's no doubt,<br>and you can finally occupy that place<br>he has freely shunned.<br>Quickly, tell your wife you are leaving.                                                                                                                                                                                            | 3085                         |
| VALERIÁN | I'm on my way.<br>I can't stop to think<br>about the exaltation that awaits me,<br>or I might die of happiness<br>by merely imagining it.<br>It's better not to think,<br>so as not to spoil my pleasure.                                                                                                                   | 3090                         |
| ELVIRA   | And where should we meet,<br>so I can take you to your paradise?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                              |
| VALERIÁN | In the Plaza Seo. <sup>34</sup>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 3095                         |
| ELVIRA   | Best foot forward.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                              |

---

<sup>34</sup>Also referred to as Plaza of the Virgin, near the Cathedral of Saint Mary.

VALERIÁN                    I am so happy!

*Exit* VALERIAN

ELVIRA            The trap tightens nicely.  
                      Here comes another appellant:  
                      he has a solid case against me,  
                      given that I lie just like a lawyer.

3100

*Enter* PIERRES

PIERRES                Son of a dirty rotten bitch,  
who has made a ruse with me and the lettre!

ELVIRA                      What's wrong, Pierres?

PIERRES                      Get away!                      3105

ELVIRA                    You do flourish so.  
                                  What's wrong?

PIERRES                    You have swindled me.

ELVIRA                      Me? How's that?

|         |                                |      |
|---------|--------------------------------|------|
| PIERRES | With lo paper.                 | 3110 |
|         | Either you excuser yourself,   |      |
|         | or you will regret it.         |      |
|         | Who do you make of me,         |      |
|         | although servant and lackey?   |      |
|         | Feel now the sword of Pierres. | 3115 |

PIERRES *grabs his sword*

[illegible]

PIERRES                      Pardiu, but you have to read                      3120

|         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                              |
|---------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|
|         | this papier you have given me. <sup>35</sup>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                              |
| ELVIRA  | Give it here. It says:<br>( <i>Reading</i> ) “My lady,<br>your beauty has made me . . .”                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                              |
| PIERRES | E bien, be I a mademoiselle?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | 3125                         |
| ELVIRA  | ( <i>Aside</i> ) Now I understand.<br>( <i>Aloud</i> ) Listen, Pierres, calm down,<br>and I will tell you what’s going on.<br>“. . . offer you this fire of mine,<br>though my hair be white as snow.<br>Do not take this lightly:<br>a Castilian gentleman<br>offers you his life and hand.”                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         | 3130                         |
| PIERRES | Castiliano?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                              |
| ELVIRA  | ( <i>Aside</i> ) Crazy old man!<br>( <i>Aloud</i> ) “I leave my heart in your hands,<br>I, who long to see you and to serve you,<br>rather than write to you.”<br>( <i>Aside</i> ) What a pretty note, and so old fashioned!<br>( <i>Aloud</i> ) Now listen to what happened<br>to lead to your frustration:<br>that pompous and<br>loud-mouthed old man<br>also gave me a note<br>to try to conquer Madalena,<br>who pays him little attention.<br>And God knows<br>I had another just like this one,<br>and so I gave yours to her,<br>and hers to you: it’s my fault.<br>I beg your forgiveness,<br>and to make it up to you . . . | 3135<br>3140<br>3145<br>3150 |

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<sup>35</sup> Letter written by Galíndez to Madalena, another servant girl.

|         |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                  |
|---------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| PIERRES | I feel I have a need to laugh.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |                                                                  |
| ELVIRA  | Here is the good part:<br>Rafaela is waiting to see you tonight,<br>and if you show up,<br>you will surely enjoy her.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 3155                                                             |
| PIERRES | I will exit leaping and dancing.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                                                                  |
| ELVIRA  | In that case,<br>we will need to borrow a skirt and a veil.<br>Dressed as a woman,<br>escorted only by me,<br>you will enter very carefully.<br>I will take you by the hand<br>to the old Castilian's room,<br>which he has agreed to loan us.<br>Then, Rafaela will come down—<br>I will bring her myself—<br>and while you enjoy yourselves,<br>I'll serve you by keeping watch.<br>Do you dare? | 3160<br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br><br>3165<br><br><br>3170 |
| PIERRES | Pierres is no chicken.<br>I go with you.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                  |
| ELVIRA  | Isn't Antonio a good friend?<br>No more pouting, then?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 3175                                                             |
| PIERRES | I have wish to kiss your hands:<br>you are, Antoine, most honorable man.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                  |
| ELVIRA  | Hold it.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           |                                                                  |
| PIERRES | Your feet have been kissed—<br><i>ay!</i> —by Pierres.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             | 3180                                                             |
| ELVIRA  | Leap, yes, and dance, too.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |                                                                  |

Go now,  
and borrow a dress from someone.

PIERRES                The shopkeeper is French.  
I'll convince her to give me lend.

ELVIRA                Get it, then,  
and I'll come soon to escort you.

PIERRES                    I run full speed.

*Exit* PIERRES

ELVIRA            I can hardly stop laughing  
                        at all the tangled webs I weave.

*Enter* EUGENIA

EUGENIA                    Everything is secured.  
Oh, Antonio, he is gone now.  
How did you make him leave?

ELVIRA                    I cast a strong spell.

EUGENIA                No doubt some enchantment  
has fallen from your lips.

ELVIRA                    We must go. It's getting late, my lady.

EUGENIA                      Come then, cover me with my veil.

ELVIRA                    (*Aside*) Tonight, I will bring together  
you and your husband.  
That way, Don Álvaro can take  
his vengeance on you both.

*Exit* EUGENIA *and* ELVIRA

#### SCENE 4

*A room in DON ÁLVARO and IPÓLITA's house*

*Enter GALÍNDEZ*

|          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                  |
|----------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|
| GALÍNDEZ | How this sweet expectation<br>makes the hours seem long!<br>And my years can no longer carry<br>this burden without fatigue!<br>What if the lad who takes so long has fooled me?<br>Dear Cupid,<br>who give my senses,<br>fierce war, and sweet peace!<br>Sleep begins to wear on me:<br>I must suffer it on my feet,<br>for if I sit,<br>I will sleep like a log.<br>Who comes here? It's him.<br>Now my wishes will come true. | 3205<br><br><br><br><br><br>3210<br><br><br>3215 |
|----------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|

*Enter EUGENIA in a veil, led by the hand by ELVIRA*

Is that my Madalena?

|        |                                                                    |      |
|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ELVIRA | No.<br>Entertain this lady for me.<br>Madalena is on her way down. | 3220 |
|--------|--------------------------------------------------------------------|------|

*Exit ELVIRA*

|         |                                              |
|---------|----------------------------------------------|
| EUGENIA | Have no fear.<br>Madalena will soon be here. |
|---------|----------------------------------------------|

|          |                                                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
|----------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| GALÍNDEZ | Being at your side<br>makes everything more charming.<br>You could take Madalena's place, you know,<br>and save me from burning up,<br>while I wait for her.<br>That would give me great pleasure. | 3225 |
|----------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|



|                     |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                      |
|---------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| EUGENIA             | By God, that's good.<br>And if she were to come?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | 3230                                 |
| GALÍNDEZ            | I'm man enough for two.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                      |
| EUGENIA             | Your intentions are good.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                      |
| GALÍNDEZ            | My deeds are even better!                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             |                                      |
| EUGENIA             | So tell me, do you pay women double,<br>or just double-cross them?                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    | 3235                                 |
| GALÍNDEZ            | Your wit doesn't cut me,<br>though you have plenty more, I'm sure.<br>Powerful and poor,<br>I neither pay them,<br>nor double-cross them.<br>I know my business well, my lady.<br>I swear I am not two-faced,<br>but neither will I lose face.                                                                        | 3240                                 |
| EUGENIA             | A fine answer.<br>You are a sly old man.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | 3245                                 |
| GALÍNDEZ            | And I want to be yours.                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                      |
| <i>Enter ELVIRA</i> |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                      |
| ELVIRA              | My lady, come with me.<br>Luckily—and truly it is fortunate—<br>the house is now<br>just as I described to you.<br>She's left the room<br>that she usually occupies,<br>and has retired to another one,<br>taking her serving women with her.<br>A joyous encounter awaits you.<br>Come, and get yourself in her bed. | 3250<br><br><br><br><br><br><br>3255 |

Follow me, come.

EUGENIA                    I will follow you.

ELVIRA                    I'll be back.

GALÍNDEZ                    I shall wait here.

*Exit* EUGENIA *and* ELVIRA

What is that young rascal up to?  
He must also want a woman,  
just as I do.  
By God, he should enjoy himself!  
Let him have some pleasure, as I will.  
The only thing that worries me  
is if it all ends now.  
If Madalena were to come,  
and I were to get her with child,  
praise God!  
How happy that would make me!

*Enter* ELVIRA

ELVIRA               *(Aside)* I leave her to undress.  
How humiliated she'll be!  
I'll call that *gabacho* now  
to make a fool of the old man.  
*(Aloud)* Galíndez? I'll be right back.

GALÍNDEZ                      Don't be long.

ELVIRA                    I am the wind itself.

*Exit ELVIRA and enter DON ÁLVARO*

DON ÁLVARO      This is the only way  
to resolve this situation.  
To trust a woman

with such a weighty matter  
 is to have lost one's mind,  
 especially in this case.  
 I want to be home, 3285  
 with my wife by my side.  
 Who knows, if in the time I have been gone,  
 Elvira has driven her mad?  
 I must appease Ipólita  
 with a greater affection— 3290  
 to drive her to her death  
 could cause me great harm.  
 This is much better  
 than waiting for anything else.  
 There'll be no lack of opportunity 3295  
 to kill a traitor.

GALÍNDEZ        (*Aside*) Good God, he's coming this way.

DON ÁLVARO *approaches him*

DON ÁLVARO        Who goes there?

GALÍNDEZ        (*Aside*) Is that my master?

DON ÁLVARO        Ah, Galíndez! When I call to you, 3300  
 answer me. What are you  
 doing here with the door open?

GALÍNDEZ        I was taking some fresh air.

DON ÁLVARO        Very funny. When you come back in, 3305  
 make sure to close the door.

GALÍNDEZ        Of course. Do you want a light?

DON ÁLVARO        I don't want to wake anyone,  
 and I am quite used to  
 undressing without one.

DON ÁLVARO *exits*

|          |                                                                                                                                           |      |
|----------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| GALÍNDEZ | Well, I won't close the door,<br>even if day breaks.<br>I will see my hopes<br>through to the end,<br>by the golden fleece! <sup>36</sup> | 3310 |
|----------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|

*Enter ELVIRA and PIERRES, dressed as a woman covered with a veil*

|  |               |      |
|--|---------------|------|
|  | Is that them? | 3315 |
|--|---------------|------|

|        |                                   |
|--------|-----------------------------------|
| ELVIRA | Keep your mouth shut,<br>for now. |
|--------|-----------------------------------|

|          |                                                           |
|----------|-----------------------------------------------------------|
| GALÍNDEZ | That a veil should conceal<br>the divine light of my sun! |
|----------|-----------------------------------------------------------|

|        |                                                                                              |      |
|--------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| ELVIRA | Be quiet, and keep pretending,<br>while I go on ahead,<br>and she will be completely fooled. | 3320 |
|--------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|

|         |                                              |
|---------|----------------------------------------------|
| PIERRES | So much you do to<br>fool Beelzebub himself. |
|---------|----------------------------------------------|

|        |                |      |
|--------|----------------|------|
| ELVIRA | Are you happy? | 3325 |
|--------|----------------|------|

|          |                            |
|----------|----------------------------|
| GALÍNDEZ | I am crazy with happiness. |
|----------|----------------------------|

|        |               |
|--------|---------------|
| ELVIRA | That's right. |
|--------|---------------|

|          |                        |
|----------|------------------------|
| GALÍNDEZ | Is it possible . . . ? |
|----------|------------------------|

|         |             |
|---------|-------------|
| PIERRES | Évidemment! |
|---------|-------------|

|          |                                         |      |
|----------|-----------------------------------------|------|
| GALÍNDEZ | . . . that I touch your beautiful hand? | 3330 |
|----------|-----------------------------------------|------|

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<sup>36</sup> In Greek mythology, the quest for the golden fleece undertaken by Jason and the Argonauts takes them to the ends of the earth though many obstacles.



BAILIFFS and CONSTABLES enter with their batons.<sup>37</sup> DON ÁLVARO enters from another door wearing a nightshirt, stabbing at VALERIÁN while the latter tries to get away.

DON ÁLVARO      Do you run from me, you traitor?      3350

VALERIÁN      What is this?  
I'm lost! God help me!

DON ÁLVARO      I am going to kill you,  
and whoever let you in my house.

*Enter all the BAILIFFS and CONSTABLES at last to aid LEONARDO in separating them*

CONSTABLE      Stop! In the the name of the King!      3355

DON ÁLVARO      Can't you see?

LEONARDO      Stop, brother!

DON ÁLVARO      Can't you see  
that you offend my honor  
if you help the one who offended me?      3360

CONSTABLE      We have him now. That is enough.

DON ÁLVARO      Let me go before I lose my mind.

CONSTABLE      Stay calm, be reasonable,  
and tell us how this man has offended you.

DON ÁLVARO      I will do as you ask,      3365  
but then you must let me go.  
That man there came into my house  
with traitorous intent.  
I was in bed with my wife.

---

<sup>37</sup> Bailiffs were under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop and considered religious officials, while constables had the power to apprehend criminals. Both would have been needed to escort a married woman from the home of her husband.

**LEONARDO** With my sister? 3370

DON ÁLVARO      And the traitor . . .

LEONARDO                      Heartless luck!

DON ÁLVARO      He came into my room.

CONSTABLE      You go in, my lord Leonardo,  
and retrieve your sister. 3375

LEONARDO *exits*

DON ÁLVARO      Get to the truth quickly,  
so that I can kill him at last.

*Enter LEONARDO with EUGENIA, the former thinking it is IPÓLITA*

LEONARDO                    Come now, quickly.

EUGENIA                      My life is over.

DON ÁLVARO      Oh God! What's this I see?      3380  
Is it possible? I cannot believe it.

VALERÍAN Oh, miserable man, that woman is my wife!

*Enter PIERRES, dressed as a woman with a veil, fighting with GALÍNDEZ*

PIERRES                    Mon dieu, I must do massacre to this vile queer.

|           |                                       |      |
|-----------|---------------------------------------|------|
| CONSTABLE | What is this?                         |      |
|           | They are like puppets in a spectacle! | 3385 |
|           | Hold them!                            |      |
|           | This is like a tangled dream.         |      |

*Enter* IPÓLITA

|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |      |
|------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| IPÓLITA    | Brother!                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |      |
| LEONARDO   | Sister, come out,<br>you have a new master.                                                                                                                                                                                  | 3390 |
| DON ÁLVARO | What confusion all of a sudden!                                                                                                                                                                                              |      |
| VALERIÓN   | What incredible humiliation!                                                                                                                                                                                                 |      |
| CONSTABLE  | I don't know what to say or do<br>in such an unprecedented situation.                                                                                                                                                        |      |
| ELVIRA     | I must confess that this whole mess<br>might have been my fault.                                                                                                                                                             | 3395 |
| CONSTABLE  | How's that?                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |      |
| ELVIRA     | First, my lord,<br>I must let you all know<br>that I am a woman.                                                                                                                                                             | 3400 |
| IPÓLITA    | Good God!                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| LEONARDO   | What a strange affair!                                                                                                                                                                                                       |      |
| ELVIRA     | It was a prank, and no small thing to pull off.                                                                                                                                                                              |      |
| CONSTABLE  | The gall!                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |      |
| GALÍNDEZ   | And a silver tongue<br>to accomplish such a trick.                                                                                                                                                                           | 3405 |
| VALERIÓN   | Listen, my lord,<br>I can scarcely catch my breath:<br>on my orders,<br>my wife's first husband was killed.<br>I arranged this with her.<br>Once she was left a widow,<br>I married her.<br>She can vouch that this is true. | 3410 |



|            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |                  |
|------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| EUGENIA    | It is.                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 3415             |
| VALERÍAN   | I have kept this from the law,<br>and I ask you now<br>if that woman could be considered my wife.                                                                                                                                 |                  |
| CONSTABLE  | I declare she cannot be,<br>and you must immediately<br>step aside and leave her.                                                                                                                                                 | 3420             |
| VALERÍAN   | With that, my lord,<br>my honor is well satisfied.                                                                                                                                                                                |                  |
| EUGENIA    | A just comeuppance.                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                  |
| DON ÁLVARO | The heavens have revenged me<br>in the most extreme way.                                                                                                                                                                          | 3425             |
| LEONARDO   | Do tell, sir, why have you come?                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                  |
| CONSTABLE  | My lord Don Álvaro,<br>it appears that those<br>who sought the dispensation<br>for your marriage in Rome<br>got it all wrong.<br>And so, from this moment on,<br>Ipólita no longer belongs to you,<br>but to whomever she wishes. | 3430<br><br>3435 |
| DON ÁLVARO | Very well,<br>if that is what she wants.<br>Could anyone believe that I,<br>honorable as I am,<br>would want to keep any woman<br>against her will?<br>( <i>Aside</i> ) What happiness! I am free!                                | 3440             |
| IPÓLITA    | I would rather be without a husband,<br>than be a jealous wife.                                                                                                                                                                   |                  |

ELVIRA                      Well could I, my lord,  
demand that you and the heavens,  
who owe me my honor,  
grant me justice,  
by making me your wife.                      3445

CONSTABLE                Tell us then, what do you plan to do?                      3450

ELVIRA                      Yet God forbid that I should want that.  
I have seen what married life is like  
in these two couples.  
And so, may God keep me  
from taking on that burden.                      3455  
I want to return to my homeland,  
where there must be a convent  
to provide me with sweet peace,  
far from the bitter wars of matrimony.

CONSTABLE                If you are all satisfied,  
I have no more business here.                      3460

*Exit all BAILIFFS and CONSTABLES*

EUGENIA                    From now on,  
I will give free rein to my thoughts.

VALERIÁN                   It's a wide world,  
and I'll stride across it at my ease.                      3465

GALÍNDEZ                   I must do a cruel penance.

PIERRES                    I will retourner to la France.

IPÓLITA                    I will turn my cares to heaven,  
that greatest of mysteries.

DON ÁLVARO                As my bondage ends,  
so ends *Unhappily Married in Valencia*.                      3470