

Courage, Betrayal and A Woman Scorned
Translation of Ana Caro's Valor, Agravio y Mujer

By Amy Williamsen
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Cast of Speaking Characters:

Don Fernando de Ribera
Doña Leonor, his sister
Ribete, comic lackey
Don Juan de Córdoba
Tomillo, his servant
Estela, Countess
Lisarda, her cousin
Ludovico, Prince of Pinoy
Flora, maid
Fineo, servant
Rufino, Tibaldo and Astolfo, bandits

Act One

(Twilight. Outside. At the foot of a mountain. On both sides of the stage there are steps covered with myrtle to look like cliffs that reach to the top of the dressing room. Estela and Lisarda, dressed for hunting and carrying javelins (spears), descend from them. Sounds of lightning and wind gusts.)

Lisarda: This way, graceful Estela. From this inaccessible mountain, from this magnificent giant that stands against the stars, you will be able to reach this valley while heaven's rigors, less severe and more merciful, lighten the threatening blackness of the skies:
Follow me cousin

Estela: Which way? I've turned to ice. A thousand curses on my ambitions *(they walk down slowly, talking as they go)* and on the deer who so easily eluded me, whose haughtiness foiled my skill, my gallant pride, evading the successfully executed blow, for its swift steps urged me on, now doubling my fears. Heaven help me! Do you not see how unstable crystal moves from its place, taking the columns out of their orbs? And how,

turbulent, the sky, amidst shock and horror, for a second time stages the fall of Phaeton?
What should we do?

Lisarda: Let it not distress you...

Estela: Fear had turned me to an immobile statue of stone, Lisarda. How can I enter the forest
In such a state?

(They reach the bottom).

Lisarda: Beneath the shelter of these oaks, Estela, we'll defy the inclement weather, until
heaven saves us, for in the West a warm red glow appears already.

(They go off to one side and Tibaldo, Rufino, and Astolfo, bandits, enter).

Tibaldo: Fine bandits we are, by God! In name alone, because laziness or misfortune is giving
us lessons fit for sewing girls: So well is Mars's warlike training exercised in our exploits.
What a fierce pride!

Rufino: You blame us without reason. Opportunities have been lacking, not courage!

Tibaldo: Then find them, make them happen.

Astolfo: By God, if I'm not mistaken, it's not a bad one that fortune places in our hands now

Tibaldo: May heaven grant us this pleasure!

Astolfo: It's two women, beauties, and they're talking. Don't you hear them?

Tibaldo: Let's approach gallantly.

Estela: Lisarda, don't you see three men?

Lisarda: Yes, they're coming our way.

Estela: Thank heavens! Is the estate of Enrique, The Count of Velflor, very far from here?

Tibaldo: It's very close.

Estela: Would you be so kind to show us which way?

Tibaldo: Let's go, come with us.

Estela: Your courtesy is the compass that guides us.

Rufino: Soon, very soon, even more fears and even greater terrors will shatter your calm.

(They take them away. Don Juan of Cordoba, in traveling garb, very manly, descends from the cliff opposite the side the cousin's used, and says:)

Juan: What a notable confusion! What unexpected trembling! What unfathomable tempest! indeed, I've lost my way and will luck have me meet someone who will guide me? Such is the solitude of these mountains...

(Continues descending).

Tie these mules up, Tomillo, To a tree, and while they eat, Go down to that field.

(Tomillo, above, without descending).

Tomillo: What field? A tiger, a rhinoceros, a crocodile, an alligator, A Cyclops, a Polyphemus, a condemned spirit, and a devil, God forgive me, take you away!

Juan: Fool, what are you going on about?

(Tomillo replies as he descends:)

Tomillo: That you absolutely must pay for such an enormous sacrilege as it was to leave that angel...

Juan: Can there be greater nonsense?

Tomillo: Well, what good can come to us when you ...

Juan: Don't make me mad. Stop your crazy ramblings...

Tomillo: Fine! Crazy ramblings and nonsense are truths...

(Voices are heard from offstage)

Juan: Listen... I hear muffled cries.

Tomillo: Some satyr or faun.

(The bandits enter with the ladies, in order to tie their hands, they put their cloaks and pistols on the ground. Don Juan is a little way off).

Tibaldo: With or without your permission.

Lisarda: Well, savages, what are you after?

Astolfo: It's nothing, don't get upset, it will only make it worse.

(Tomillo completes his descent).

Juan: Listen, what do you hear?

Tomillo: What should I hear? Is there some comic scene, enchantment, forest or adventure where I am Sancho and you are Don Quixote as we search for the Inn, the windmills, and Maritornes?

Juan: A scene it is, and not a little tense, where it's imperative that my brave pride must meet their daring

Tomillo: Look, sir, do not rush.

Estela: Take the jewels, you traitors, and leave us alone. Oh Lisarda!

Juan: Don't you see, Tomillo, two suns suffering an unjust eclipse? Don't you see their troubled splendor, and that which barbarously threatens their light?

Tomillo: It's just three highway robbers who, if they discover us, might have us for supper tonight, in a hash or stew, without even giving us a chance to confess.

Juan: I must be true to who I am.

Lisarda: Kill us, you ingrates!

Rufino: That's not what we're after, princess ...

Estela: How can heaven hide it's mercy?

(Don Juan steps in front of them with his sword drawn, Tomillo picks up the cloaks and the pistols and enters the bushes, they are alarmed).

Juan: Well, what are you after? to feel the brunt of my arm and my sword?

Estela: Oh, what compelling blows!

Juan: Vile lowlifes, cowards!

Tomillo: Despite my fears, I have to take away their weapons to hamper their attack, that will help

Tibaldo: Shoot, Rufino!

Rufino: Where are the pistols?

Tomillo: They disappeared, just like you'd better!

Astolfo: There's no time to waste.

Tibaldo: Run, let's get out of here, Astolfo, this is a demon, not a man!

Rufino: Run, Tibaldo!

(They exit and Don Juan follows them).

Tomillo: God, my master's giving them a fine chase, and has them scattering helter-skelter. That's it! Holy Jesus! What a fast gallop!

Estela: Oh, Lisarda!

Lisarda: My dear Estela, have faith, heaven will save us.

(Don Fernando de Ribera enters)

Fernando: They are not here. Where? What enchanted forest, or what labyrinth hides them? But what is this?

Estela: Oh, Don Fernando! Subjected to the chaos of fortune...

Fernando: What happened? How?

Lisarda: Some huge bandits assaulted us...

Fernando: Is there any greater misfortune?

(He unties them)

Lisarda: But some noble gentleman freed us.

(Don Juan enters)

Juan: Now those barbarians who attack
the beauties of this sky
rather than worship the innocent
of your hands will see their just punishment...

Fernando: Die!

(He takes out his sword).

Estela: Fernando, don't let your ingratitude erase our debt. We owe him our lives and honor.

Fernando: Let me kneel at your feet, and forgive my ignorance.

Tomillo: And is it fair for Tomillo to be left high and dry? These witnesses, for or against, don't they declare my daring bravery?

Fernando: I'll reward you.

(Fernando gives Tomillo a bag of coins).

Juan: Go on, fool. May God keep you. May my zeal be multiplied by your valor.

Estela: Tell me where you're from, and your name, sir, unless there's a reason not to so that I may know to whom I owe so much, so that I can gratefully serve you to repay my debt, and satisfy your desire for rewards.

Fernando: I would ask the same, and if in the court of Brussels there is anything I can do for you, not because what the Countess owes you, but rather in accordance with my own natural inclination, come to me, and whatever you need I will gladly give.

Tomillo: May you live longer than two hundred Nestors. What a good fellow!

Lisarda: We are both so justly obliged to you, please share the information we humbly request.

Juan: With affection my grateful obedience responds.

Fernando: How gallant! What a gentleman!

Juan: I was born in the famous city
That antiquity celebrates
As the mother of geniuses,

As the origin of letters,
As the splendor of education
As the brilliant archive of science
Epilogue of valor
And center of nobility
Which in two felicitous births
Gave the world Lucian and Seneca,
One a stoic philosopher,
The other a renowned poet.
Yet so you will at once know
Which is my homeland,
Don Luis de Góngora was born there,
Rare prodigy of the globe
Who enriched the Castilian language
With his creative genius,
phrasings , sweetness, wit.
In Cordoba I was born, then,
Whose walls the river Benis
beautifies, caressing them with
its unleashed crystalline waters.

I inherited the noble blood of the Cordobas,
A famous name illustriously borne by a Majesty of Spain.

In Madrid, I spent the springtime of my years
in the flattery that ends when regrets begins.

I left there because envy is an ivy that doesn't die,
because from one root it sends
out infinite shoots.
Because of love interests that do not matter,
they exiled me together power and love
Trampled a thousand favors.

I returned, in the end, to my homeland
where my disposition became sad
and violent, destined for more greatness,
and in order to seek my pleasure,
If there is any relief that entertains
the inevitable feelings of a fortune lost,
I came to Seville, where the nobility of my family
with pleasure provided relief from my sorrows.

I enjoyed myself in her beauty,

in her castle, in her gardens,
in her greatness, in her river, in her promenade,
In her market, in her main church, which is the first
of and the eighth of the seven wonders,
Because the most illustrious and most beautiful
Of her richness, in the end...

(Prince Ludovico and others enter)

Ludovico: Don Fernando de Ribera, you're here? Oh friend!

Fernando: What has happened, Prince?

Ludovico: His highness is sending me, Fisberto, Lucindo and Duke Liseno to different destinations, with orders not to return without Lisarda and Estela. Now that they have been spared from the inclement weather, let them return quickly to his presence, up the hill from that valley the gentlemen and servants awaits with a coach.

Estela: Let us go then, have this gentleman come with us.

Fernando: It's nice of you to inform me...

Estela: (I hope that he won't finish his story without us!)

Fernando: With the prince, Countess, go ahead in the coach, we will follow you.

Estela: I'm leaving, Lisarda, sad at not knowing the rest of the story.

Lisarda: Not to worry, you're will find out...

(The women leave with the Prince Ludovico, Tomillo, and people).

Fernando: Some secret force of natural inclination, in accord with the stars, obliges me to feel friendly toward you. Come with to Brussels.

Juan: Because of you, I consider myself fortunate.

Fernando: While they reach the estate and we follow their step, continue, by your life! What brings you to Flanders?

Juan: (I was lucky that the Prince for Estela because my soul has surrendered its power to her beauty and it may be in my best interest that she not know my past.)

As I was saying, I was enjoying and admiring the wonders of Seville, when one Tuesday, in a church, on the feast of the crosses, which weighs so heavily upon my shoulders, I saw a woman, don Fernando, and in her such a beauty that her charms overshadowed the pomps of the celebration. I saw her, and in an instant, loved her. I found out about her home, her family, her talents, her qualities, her estate, and satisfied with it all, I wooed her chastity. I entreated her surrendered, I made easy promises.

She favored my desires in such a way that a go-between witnessed my good fortune, if fortune can be found in such violence. I pledged to be her husband. It isn't necessary for me to tell the rest. You're discreet. Bored and regretful, I left her, and followed the force, if not of my fortune, of my inconstant stars. Without saying goodbye or even speaking to her, with crass determination. I went on to Lisbon, compelled by the inconstant influence that caused me to scorn her. I saw France and England and at last I arrived in these countries and at the court of Brussels which sparks a fire in my soul for it once again beholds that grandeur of Madrid. I am Don Juan of Cordoba, Andalusian, you are a Ribera, noble and Andalusian as well. And now, at this time, it is proper that the spirit shine, it is proper that the bravery of Andalusian hearts and Spanish nobility be revealed. This is my story. Now, as my countryman and as who you are, honor me as is your obligation.

Fernando: I am happy to meet you, don Juan, and I would wish that my affection were equaled by the potential of my strength. Am so favorably inclined, by some unseen force, toward your heroic courage that I must make His Highness satisfy as if it were His own the obligation that Estela, and because of her, all of us, have incurred. Meanwhile, consider my home and all my possessions at your disposal. Let us go together so the Princess can see you, so she can reward you and thus pay the debt as I would.

Juan: By God, I don't know how to thank you for so many favors!

Fernando: Follow me.

(Tomillo enters)

Tomillo: Sir, the mules are waiting.

Fernando: And the carriage?

Tomillo: It's here, I believe, in the fourth sphere, in imitation of Apollo's, vying with the forests.

(They exit)

(Outside. Place close to the palace entry. Enter Doña Leonor, dressed as a man, gallant, and Ribete, her manservant).

Leonor: In this outfit I will be able to regain my lost honor.

Ribete: You look like the god of love. What a physique, what legs, what feet! What a noteworthy resolution for a young noblewoman.

Leonor: When the force of passion governs, there is not sanity or wisdom in one who loves, but I, governed by my reason, not my love, influenced by my betrayal, am violently following my inescapable destiny.

I found out that ungrateful cur who betrayed great love with great disdain, such a faith with such tyranny, was coming to Flanders, I feigned retreat in the most meditative monastery. I only hoped to hide myself from my kin; in effect, I let no one visit me but my sister, and she already knows what is going on, so no matter how terrible my madness, it is impossible that anyone find out about my deception.

So, then, I made up my mind, and undaunted, I went to sea. Either I will die or carry-out the undertaking I have begun. Or, I swear to all the skies, a new Amazon I will try, as a more courageous Camilla, to avenge myself on that liar.

Ribete: I'm shocked as I listen to you, and, by Christ, I think that the new outfit has given you courage.

Leonor: I am who I am? You are mistaken, Ribete, if you think I am a woman, my betrayal change my being.

Ribete: Betrayal often causes strange effects. But, back to our plan, will you kill him?

Leonor: I will... by God.

Ribete: For real?

Leonor: With Christ as my witness...

Ribete: More swearing? Such a pity.

Leonor: Don't waste your breath...

Ribete: Let Magellan and as many don Juans, hundreds by hundreds, thousands by thousands, come on...

Leonor: Quiet, fool.

Ribete: Listen, may God keep you safe: Must I be a coward? Can't there be a brave manservant?

Leonor: Why be upset about that?

Ribete: I'm fed up with those tiresome playwrights who depict all lackeys as starving chickens. He who has been born brave, can he not be so just because he isn't noble? Can't a servant be twice as brave as his master?

Leonor: You're spoken well. I was right to choose you as my friend, not my servant.

Ribete: Ribete, the one from Seville, is with you, a brave man who, one day, had the misfortune of fighting with three, and added red to the green banners at the fair, but let's talk about a way to stay alive... What will you do next?

Leonor: So we don't lose everything, Ribete, we must search for my brother.

Ribete: And if he recognizes you?

Leonor: It won't happen... since he left home when I was six years old, there's no way he can remember my face, and if I have his favor at court, I will surely achieve my vengeance.

Ribete: Then, your name is to be Don Leonardo... Ponce de Leon?

Leonor: Yes, that's my name.

Ribete: How many times, master, will women pester me with messages or notes for you! This already seems like a play where everything is resolved by a matchmaking buffon. There's no plot, no stage writing trick, where a lackey with good taste doesn't arrive just in time. Because if he didn't there'd be nothing left but ruins. Is there any greater impropriety in all comic matters than those in which a lackey makes the rabble and the King equals? No matter how much a which a King is feared, any common buffoon clowning with a thousand gestures can force him to laugh with amusement.

Leonor: People are coming this way.

(Don Fernando de Ribera and Prince Ludovico enter).

Fernando: Well, sir, that's what happened.

Ludovico: These events have astonished me.

Fernando: You'd find his courage even more astonishing than his good fortune; because of his bravery he now enjoys the Princess's royal favor, In effect, Don Juan de Cordoba is now her steward.

Leonor: Oh, Ribete.

Ludovico: That's fine, because he deserves it. And, after all, isn't Estela leaning towards Don Juan?

Fernando: So it seems to me, as gratitude provides rare satisfaction.

(The two talk amongst themselves).

Leonor: Oh God, Don Juan de Córdoba, he said! And if it's that ingrate! Modesty poorly disguises so many sorrows!

Fernando: I'll speak to her on your behalf.

Ludovico: Could Estela aspire to any greater height?
Her wealth, her beauty, who would be better suited for her than I?

Fernando: Well said.

Ludovico: Is there in all of Flanders a more gallant, more chivalrous man?

Ribete: (And modest too!)

Fernando: Leave this matter to me.

Ludovico: That's fine by me, just let me hope, dear friend, that it works out well.

(Ludovico exits)

Fernando: What a pain!

Leonor: Ribete, I want to go ask about my brother.

Ribete: If he knows him?

Leonor: Of course.

Fernando: Can I help you, sir?

Leonor: No, sir. I just wanted to know about a captain.

Fernando: A captain? By what name?

(Leonor takes out some letters)

Leonor: These will tell you. Don Fernando de Ribera, Master of the Horse and captain of the Royal Guard.

Fernando: (What a charming presence! What if it's from Leonor?)

Well, here I am... Give me the letter.

Leonor: Oh, my luck is improving today!

Fernando: Is it from my sister?

(She gives him the letter).

Leonor: You'll know by the handwriting.

(Ribete, I'm scared)

(Don Fernando reads)

Ribete: About what?

Leonor: About seeing my brother.

Ribete: Is that the famous courage of Seville?

Leonor: Well put. Today honor must give me the gallant courage to let decorum shine... for, without honor, even gold is base.

Fernando. I have read, Don Leonardo, this letter and, your presence alone would suffice for me to offer you my protection and my favor. My sister asks for this, and I, obliged by her request, will satisfy your needs, for her sake and mine. How is she?

Leonor: She missed you, as is only right.

Fernando: Is she very beautiful?

Leonor: She's pleasant and virtuous.

Fernando: That's all she needs. And Laurencia, the youngest?

Leonor: She is as beautiful as the sky, a lily, a jasmine, an angel, a cherub disguised as human form.

Fernando: Tell me, upon my life, what brings you to Flanders?

Leonor: As the just law of required courtesy demands, oh famous Ribera, I obey. Listen to my harsh fortune, merciful now, since it has brought me to you. I served in secret a lady in whom the heavens combined all the highest features of beauty. My soul enjoyed her favors, joining glory with concern. A daring marquis, Ricardo, indicated that he wanted to serve my lady in public. But that did not instill fear in my spirit, rather it sparked a jealous flame. Claiming to be rich and charming, he tried to spoil the decorum of her reputation, causing jealousy and sorrow. One night, among others, I found him at Anarda's door, vainly mourning the withered flower of his hope, dead in the very dawn of its summer, finding in his presence just cause, my hand and dagger made such thundering strikes that I alone was able to chase him and two other brave men away.

Ricardo, scorned so my times by my lady, by me, and by his fortune. If not still jealous, at least still desperate, does not miss any chance of scheme. He wants vengeance and offended, pesters his friends and kin, bragging of his vile offense, an action not of a nobleman, but of a coward. But I, so as not to tire you, trapped, between his inevitable anger and violence, tried to find the ultimate solution by leaving my beloved homeland. In effect, putting distance between us. Our uncle learned of my journey and before I went to embark, he gave me this ring, a precious and treasured jewel belonging to his lovely and noble daughter Victoria.

Fernando: I started out happy and satisfied, you have now left me astonished. Do not worry for your homeland, since in my heart you find a kindred spirit. A friend's kindness, a brother's love, for I couldn't love Leonor more dearly. This ring I gave to the beautiful Victoria, my cousin, may heaven keep her, when I left Spain. Though it serves as evidence that supports and vouches for you, the truth is you need no proof for me. Bless the circumstance of the past unpleasantness, for it is the cause that has brought you here.

Leonor: Your courage rightly deserves the fame it holds throughout the world.

Fernando: Don Leonardo, you are my brother!

Leonor: How charming... The apple doesn't fall far from the tree.

Fernando: You'll be comfortable in Don Juan de Cordoba's chambers.

Leonor: Who is that gentleman?

Fernando: Who? A gallant gentleman from Cordoba.

Leonor: It would not be fair nor courteous that for the sake of my comfort this gentleman suffer any inconvenience.

Fernando: Don Juan has his own rooms and his Highness honors him for this great courage.

Leonor: (What I am hearing?)
And is he a good person?

Fernando: He cuts quite a figure and he has a pleasant way about him, even if he's fickle, he ungratefully abandoned a woman from Seville whom he cleverly seduced. Today he loathes her and adores the Countess of Sora and, even though Estela is quite beautiful, in my opinion, there is no excuse for such inconstancy.

Leonor: (Courage, proud hope!)
Perhaps men are not to blame.

Fernando: He used to sing Leonor's praises.

Leonor: And, he now loathes her?

Fernando: Such are the ways of the blind lynx, love. He's losing his senses over the countess.

Leonor: (Oh, cruel man!)
And does she return his feelings faithfully?

Fernando: With grateful countenance she appears pleasant and polite only to repay his brave actions in the event that you'll hear about later. Fineo...

(Fineo enters)

Fineo: ...Sir.

Fernando: Prepare the chamber for Don Leonardo immediately...

Leonor: (I'm dead.)

Ribete: (Quiet, Leonor)

Fernando: In Don Juan's rooms.

Fineo: Right away.

Fernando: Go on in, Leonardo.

Leonor: I'll follow you.

Fernando: I'll wait for the Prince in my room.

(Fernando and Fineo exit)

Ribete: What a bad scene! Who's listening to me?

Yoo-hoo! Let's go back overseas, since that friend already has. If in the first act there are trances, anxiety attacks, rages, fits, jealousies, lightning and thunder, what will follow? Lady...

Leonor: Shut up you infamous peasant!

Ribete: Beelzebub, what else can I call you? May the devil curse you. Did you mistake me for Don Juan? What a pounding! You pack quite a punch...

Leonor: Leave me alone, get out of here.

(Ribete exits)

Where, heavens, where are you hiding your harshness? When will the punishment come? Justice, why does it flee? Where is it? How can this even remain concealed? Where, dear God, are the lightning bolts? Is your arm now lazy and useless? How can you endure such enormous, barbaric betrayals. Fortune makes such sorrows and offenses commonplace. Worthiness doesn't matter, no! Does virtue have a price? So poorly is love repaid for it doesn't set a number for a man, who claims nobility and his kind deeds. What is this, sorrow? How can so much truth remain obscured, so much affection come to naught, such quality be destroyed, such blood be dishonored, such chastity be reduced to rumors? Such honor, how can it be drained and consumed? I, loathed and without honor? How can Heaven allow such evil? My illustrious reputation tarnished? My good will unrewarded? My faith, that surpassed the high clouds and reached the stars, is it possible that Don Juan scorns it? Vengeance, vengeance, heavens! Let the world whisper, it will see in me courage, no matter what the common rumors say, the newest history, the most illustrious determination the globe has ever seen. My honor, fully restored, on the proud summit of heavens will be there for all to see.

(Leonor Exits)

End Act One

Act Two

(Estela and Lisarda enter)

Lisarda: What do you think of Don Juan, Estela?

Estela: He seems fine to me.

Lisarda: He deserves all gratitude for his gallant chivalry. How valiant, how brave, how daring, how courageous he was!

Estela: He must inevitably be courageous and graceful because in choosing you he has proven his good taste.

Lisarda: That's a good example of your wit, cousin. And what about Ludovico, the prince of Pinoy?

Estela: Nothing displeases me more than his name. Jesus! Heaven save me from his ambition.

Lisarda: Love rewards my sleepless nights!

Estela: What a barbaric man!

Lisarda: So you don't love him?

Estela: No.

Lisarda: Because of his discretion and gallantry, Don Leonardo well deserves love.

Estela: Caring has already declared itself, cousin, since in such a brief time so many restless moments and so many anxious desires has it cost me. The obligation toward Don Juan well requires inevitable gratitude from my will. But seeing this gallant Adonis, this Spanish Phoenix, this new Ganymede, this god of young love, this Narcissus, has caused a change in my senses such that he has not left in my breast even the memory of a forgotten other.

Lisarda: What a change!

Estela: I admit it is. But I never had an inclination on my choice.

Lisarda: That's how love begins to woo his pleasures.

Estela: Mine, you mean.

(Enter Don Fernando, Leonor, and Ribete)

Fernando: Beautiful Estela, Ludovico asks me to come speak to you. Don Juan is my friend, and I know that Don Juan has surrendered his soul to you; and I, humbly, at your feet (Where should I begin, God I don't dare!) come to ask you ...

Estela: It doesn't matter what you come to ask, don Fernando, since I do not wish to choose.

Fernando: Say no more.

Estela: Tell me no more about Don Juan or Ludovico.

Fernando: (What a fortunate disdain, since it gives me a lover's hope).

Leonor: (She loathes don Juan, what a fortunate farewell).

Estela: Don Leonardo, don't you speak to me? You've gone so many day without seeing me? Oh how very poorly you comply with the laws of courtesy, the obligations of a suitor.

Fernando: Since you won't make up your mind, good bye.

Estela: Good bye.

Fernando. Leonardo, you're staying?

Leonor: Yes, cousin.

Estela: Tell them both, Don Fernando, on my behalf that i'm not in love nor do I intend to marry.

(Fernando exits)

Leonor: My silence, beautiful Estela, tells you a great deal without speaking, Silent affection is the language that already confesses the effect that only these two eyes can cause. Two suns that imperiously display their light: amongst lightning bolts and arrows, great fortune and serenity, in their deception, strangeness in beauty, bravery in grace, grace in the gaze.

In who but in you can one find the unyielding rigor and the mercy with which you give pain and glory, with which you give life and death?

Power over free will to disrupt its peace, jurisdiction over pleasure, dominion over the spirit, who like you has ever had it? Who, like you, ever will? Who, but you and you alone or which sun or which goddess, mistress of all she sees, for when you are more free it seems that you entreatingly carry out the sentence of surrender and of death.

You render harm, gentle; severity, appealing: thought, indispensable. Discreet and beautiful, at the same time, you show roughness in your pleasure, praise in seriousness, in madness, sanity, wholeness in beauty, in the offense, pardon because for killing you have haughty beauty with divine secrets. In you, what might have been a defect in another who prides herself on being beautiful and grateful in a crowning glory because hurting and killing in betrayal never found another justification such as you. Make my sorrow joyful, give license to my humility to court you, it is just that you allow my love. These favors that my soul requests in your sight, or searches for in your mercy, if your eyes deny them, where will they be?

Ribete: (Here grace, and late glory, Amen, now and forever, what a difficult rhyme Leonor sought! She didn't do too badly, giving her fancy jabs in verse since can't do it in prose.)

Estela: Don Leonardo, enough flattery already, I imagine you imitate the nightingale who does not sing lovingly to the beat of his jealousy, because he feels or because he loves, but rather because he wants to sing. I appreciate your courtesies, and you may be sure, I'll repay them in kind.

Leonor: Experience will prove my love, but you have not unfairly compared my love to the nightingale's song. Two suns are your eyes, your beauty, heaven. So then why is it surprising that a nightingale lover would want to ward off the pain of not seeing you by indulging to the glory of watching you.

Estela: How well you know how to persuade. Enough, Leonardo, no more. Tonight on the terrace I want to talk to you alone by the gate that leads to the garden.

Leonor: My soul awaits you.

Estela: Then good bye.

Leonor: Good bye. Tell me, lovely Lisarda, how may I serve you?

Lisarda: I will see you later.

Leonor: That's fine.

(The ladies leave).

Leonor: What do you think of Estela?

Ribete: That my prediction is coming true, since blind, she imagines she'll get a spark from two

cold flints. How well can love's fire take hold, even if she shows she's hot? To cool her down, you can't satisfy her except with fakery since you're not well endowed for such a demanding endeavor!

Leonor: Love's on my side. This is the Prince of Pinoy, his vanity is written all over him, but his friendship matters to me.

Ribete: pretty trinket.

(Ludovico enters).

Ludovico: Don Leonardo.

Leonor: Oh Prince! It's been a century since I saw you last.

Ludovico: it's good that you value friendship so.

Leonor: I swear to you on your life...

Ludovico: Enough, why do you swear?

Leonor: What about Estela?

Ludovico: What about Estela? Fernando went to speak to her and she answered disdainfully that I should leave her alone, that she is not in love with the Prince nor does she intend to marry, a slight that has angered me since my courtship has been so public.

Leonor: Are we friends?

Ludovico: Who deserves my friendship more than you?

Leonor: I have a great deal to discuss with you.

Ribete: (Watch yourself).

Leonor: This matters to me. Listen: Estela has declared herself to me but I will not love her for your sake, even if my life depended on it, for true friendship reveals itself in these difficulties. Moreover, any favor she grants to me I will gladly yield to you. And, so that you may succeed in your suit, I want you to go to the terrace tonight to speak to her using my name.

Ludovico: What are you saying?

Leonor: That you owe me these favors; come, and I will tell you all the rest.

(Both Ludovico and Leonor exit).

Ribete: What is Leonor trying to do? What is this? But, she's a woman. What won't she do? The most refined had a thousand hairs from the head of Satan!

(Tomillo enters).

Tomillo: By God, I don't know where I'm supposed to find Dont Juan.

Ribete: (This is the buffoon who wants to deflower Flora)
Call for him the way they do in Spain.

Tomillo: Oh, fellow countryman! How is it that the thought of seeing Spaniards bring me such delight?

Ribete: It's a natural reaction.

Tomillo: I believe you serve in Don Fernando's rooms.

Ribete: It's true. I am a servant of his cousin, Don Leonardo. What else do you want to know?

Tomillo: How's the pay?

Ribete: He pays in advance.

Tomillo: And does he give you provisions?

Ribete: As much as I want.

Tomillo: It's not that good here. Where are you from?

Ribete: Madrid.

Tomillo: When did you leave there?

Ribete: What a disappointment! It must be six months since we got here.

Tomillo: What's new there?

Ribete: Everything is very old there, only in the matter of poets is there a notable novelty. They are so numerous that even women want to versify and they now even dare to write plays!

Tomillo: God save me! Wouldn't it be better for them to sew and spin? Women poets?

Ribete: Yes, but that's not new for Argentario, Safo, Arete and Blesila, and more than a thousand modern ones today, they bring illustrious fame to Spain, thereby excusing the audacity of their new pride.

Tomillo: And tell me...

Ribete: For Christ's sake, that's a lot of questioning...

Tomillo: Wait friend! Tell me... !

(Tomillo and Ribete exits, and Don Juan, alone, enters).

Juan: So much restlessness in my chest, so much passion in my soul, and in the quiet, such calm, and in life, such despair, so much yearning, ill satisfied, such trembling, such burning, such pleasure in suffering. Deceiving worries, without doubt, if they are not jealousies, then infernos they must be. What good did the opportunity that luck gave me do? If in itself, it's clear how few my blessings are. My love and my obligations recognizes beautiful Estela, but what does it matter, if doubtful and hesitant, she doesn't love or doesn't dare, remaining as cold as snow to my fire, yet a moth to another's flame. Don Fernando's cousin, that Leonardo, more exactly, that gentleman has opposed my love. But, isn't it normal that he amazes me since his speech, his face, his physique and his name all resemble Leonor? Who but one who mirrors her loathsome image could frustrate such delightful good fortune? In her absence she offends me and slays me with her apparent whims so that my senses tell me and they're not wrong, that Leonor came from Spain just to vex my eyes. The Prince of Pinoy courts Estela and Leonardo is his friend, and today her inconstant desire turns to him. I, lost sentinel, from afar watch the fire and concede my fears and deny my sorrows and my favors, my heart a burning volcano, my soul a fiery Etna. Let he whom Fortune chose enjoy the laurel branch. If he, unworthy, enjoyed her, it's true, as the saying goes, that luck could have given fortune, not virtue.

(Ribete enters).

Ribete: What blind efforts make Leonor uneasy! She wants me to give Don Juan this paper on Estela's behalf, that since love troubles her in order to soothe her pain she employs deception against deception, trick against trick. I see him just in time! I want to make his day!

Juan: I am to love without prize and to conquer without trophy.

Ribete: Fortune summons you now, by this paper, to a certain pleasure task.

Juan: You're unaware of the novelty of my misfortune.

Ribete: It is from Estela, by the grace of God, Countess of Sora.

Juan: I kiss the paper a thousand times just for being hers; let me read.

Ribete: Read, of good faith it must be
(All talk and no action).

Juan: Fortune, lucky am I, since I can convince myself that I'm worthy because I am faithful, if not fortunate. My constancy finally triumphed over beautiful Estela's disdain, since she summons me. Come slowly, my good fortune, because in such glory if suffering didn't kill me, pleasure might.

Ribete: How well he understands.

Juan: I give you this chain and I'd like to give you the world.

Ribete: You really know how to love!

Juan: I don't know if it's real or a dream, I don't dare respond. Friend, my pleasant determination will be to obey, tell my beautiful mistress that I am hers.

Ribete: Go with God then.

Juan: May he go with you. Listen, do talk to me again, because the two of us will become great friends.

Ribete: Oh that's clear!

(Ribete exits)

Juan: Quickly, shining coach, give way to the night that already darkly follows you. Today my hope will display its fortune, for Estela gives me cause and even if the prize came late, a high hope is worth more than a humble possession.

(Don Juan exits, and Leonor enters. Night time).

Leonor: How I wish Ribete would get here so I could find out if he had any luck in giving the message to that ingrate who has me taking such risks. Here he is. What happened Ribete?

Ribete: I made it. I gave that angel the note. He rewarded me with this brilliant piece believing

the note was from Estela. He told me to tell his beautiful mistress that he is hers and will come to speak to her

Leonor: That's good.

Ribete: Are you sure?

Leonor: Tonight, either my cure or my death will be staged.

Ribete: Be careful, Leonor, watch what you're doing.

Leonor: It must be done.

Ribete: God willing you won't make a mess of everything!

Leonor: How you underestimate my spirit!

Ribete: Who says you are a coward? Take a look at you now----very brave, very skilled, very arrogant, very daring. And tell me, my lady, where do you get your strength?

Leonor: Semiramis, wasn't she heroic? Cenobia, Drusila, Draznes, Camila and another hundred thousand women, haven't they served as examples to a thousand famous men? Besides the fact that finding him was not certain, I only made my move early, having the Prince talk to Estela without seeing Don Juan, Ribete, to see if he can be cured.

Ribete: Well, go ahead, you're already on the terrace and this window belongs to the Countess room. She spoke to me here the other day.

Leonor: Well, Ribete, as I said, you have ready the keys Fineo gave you

Ribete: Yes. Are they the keys to the room next to Estela's, that has balconies overlooking the part of the palace that is now empty and abandoned?

Leonor: Yes, and with one of my dresses, you wait for me where we agreed because my life depends on it.

Ribete: No, it matters more that I stay with you to defend you in case Don Juan...

Leonor: Oh, what nonsense!! I know what I can do, my friend.

Ribete: Well, as long as you know, my lady, God be with you.

(He exits.)

Leonor: I came early to see if Don Juan is also anxious and, God willing, let Ludovico be late if he does come.

(Don Juan enters.)

Juan: (I had good reason to fear that there'd be people here. It's only one man, I want to find out who he is.)

Leonor: (This one has quite a good physique. I wonder if it's Don Juan? I want to get closer to find out, if possible, who he is.)

Juan: (If he'd only speak, I'd know if he's the prince of Pinoy.)

(They walk toward each other.)

Leonor: I have decided to speak to him to put an end to this doubt. Who goes there, sir?

Juan: One who knows how to go where he pleases.

Leonor: (It's him. What a gallant reply!)
He won't go anywhere if I don't want him to.

Juan: Who are you to tell me whether to stay or where to go?

Leonor: The devil.

Juan: The devil? That's a good one! A devil's no big deal.

Leonor: I am a hundred, thousands, even millions if I get angry.

Juan: Quite an army!

Leonor: Are you making fun of me?

Juan: I am not up to defending myself against that many, so I entreat you, if courtesy will work with devils, send them somewhere else, for what could they possibly want here? (It bothers me that this daredevil talks like that to me here; I'm afraid I might lose this blessed opportunity to speak with Estela tonight.)

Leonor: I'll tell you, they probably want to inflict two dozen sorrows on ungrateful men like you.

Juan: And if I won't take them?

Leonor: You won't?

Juan: You bring very evil demons with you...

Leonor: And you, polite charms. Either we will kill each other or you must leave me alone right here. It doesn't matter which.

Juan: What madness is this? Putting up with this nonsense has already tried my patience, but it is important to me. Killing you would be a great misfortune, my leaving would be an even greater one. Men like me never willingly resort to violence over such slight insults. But I have given my word to wait for my friend right over here.

Leonor: Fine. If, as is fair, men of your ilk would respect the serious guidelines in the laws of reason and justice, how late would they be in reaping vengeance! But why does someone who doesn't know how to keep his promises make them?

Juan: (He has mistaken me for someone who has offended him. Maybe I can make him see his mistake.) I don't understand you, by God!

Leonor: Well I understand myself and it's enough that I know you, since you know I speak the truth.

Juan: Your audacity reveals such great spirit and courage that I'm beginning to like you.

Leonor: That's a vain affection. This is not the first time you've admired me, but it was all lies, for you are disloyal, ungrateful, fickle, unjust, deceitful, false, lying, barbaric, easy, Godless, without faith, not to be trusted.

Juan: Look, I have never given any one cause to speak against me. Only because you are where you are, do I listen to insults from you that I don't understand.

Leonor: You don't understand? Aren't you the inconstant one who pretends, promises, vows, begs, obliges, persuades, gives your word and faith as a nobleman and, false to your blood, your honor and obligations, flees at your first chance, leaving with no goodbyes, loathing with no explanations?

Juan: You're wrong.

Leonor: I wish. Big man you are at running away!

Juan: it's more likely for the sun to lack his brilliance than for me not to keep my honest word

Leonor: Well, listen: I know of someone who you did give your word and promised to never break it, but at the moment you had a chance, you did.

Juan: You're mistaken.

Leonor: I wish I were mistaken.

Juan: I don't understand what you are saying.

Leonor: I understand it.

Juan: Listen to me.

Leonor: I won't listen to any more lies from your lips, they will only speak more falsehoods.

Juan: Wait...

Leonor: There's no need to wait, since you didn't. Take out your sword.

Juan: My sanity and my courage can no longer avoid this. The challenge forces me.

(They begin to duel and Prince Ludovico enters.)

Ludovico: Don Leonardo told me to wait here and I suspect he might be late.

Juan: Out of courtesy, I patiently tried to restrain myself, knowing that you had mistaken me for another, but you did not want to avoid this duel.

Ludovico: Swords on the terrace!

Leonor: Epitome of disloyalty, I know you very well.

Juan: Well, then, let's fight!

(They fight.)

Ludovico: (Luck heralds my enemy's demise! This is Don Juan, and I can kill him by helping his enemy!)

(He stands beside Leonor.)

I'm on your side. Let the villain die!

Leonor: No, he won't!

(She moves to Don Juan's side.)

Because my courage is enough to save him from a thousand deaths.

Juan: Could anything stranger happen?

Ludovico: Now you defend the offender?

Leonor: His life might matter to me.

Juan: What is this, by heavens above? Such a change in a mere instant?

Ludovico: Oh, if only someone could kill Don Juan!

Leonor: It won't be very easy for you since I'm the one who defends him.

Ludovico: What terrible blows!

Leonor: It'd be better, sir, since this doesn't concern you, to leave before you get hurt.

Ludovico: (My opponent's first advice seems sound. They haven't recognized me. It would be better for me to withdraw. Estela mustn't be kept waiting.)

(Ludovico retreats and Leonor goes after him).

Leonor: That's it.

Juan: A gallant and daring youth! Heaven help me! What happened? This man challenged me to a duel, and with his sword he furiously unleashed his fury against my own logic! With great determination, he swore he'd kill me, then a moment later he defended me. It's impossible to imagine such a scene. My life might matter to him, he says; yet he bravely forces me to fight and then he takes on the one who attacks me. I don't understand these developments.

(Leonor comes back)

Leonor: Look, he's gone already... Let's get back to our fight!

Juan: I'd like to know, by God, what leads you to defend and attack me. I will not fight with you, sir. Ample proof of my gratitude.

Leonor: You must consider my defending you and helping you a great favor. How mistakenly you interpret my actions! I didn't want anyone else to share the glory I expect from avenging myself. To let another's courage steal my triumph would mean the victory wasn't mine alone. I wouldn't want anyone to help me achieve my desire and delight

because what would make my vengeance less memorable. My happiness depends on killing you myself.

Juan: If someone has offended you, and you believe it was me, you are mistaken.

Leonor: Before I was mistaken but no longer.

Juan: Then tell me who you are.

Leonor: It's useless for one who treated me so poorly to try to find out who I am. I, Don Leonardo, gave the Prince of Pinoy, whom I followed, good reason to return. I want to avoid seeing him. You stay there, that matter doesn't concern me. If I provoked you before, it wasn't by chance.

Juan: Who are you?

Leonor: No one knows. Let's just say that your betrayal of me will lead me to find you elsewhere.

Juan: Wait. Listen.

Leonor: Impossible. I'll find you. That's enough.

(Leonor exits.)

Juan: By God, I have to follow him to find out if he knows I was the one he was talking to, because no one can possibly have such knowledge of my past actions.

(Don Juan exits and Estela appears at the window).

Estela: Leonardo is very late; perhaps he's waiting for the palace to settle down, unless the delightful embraces of another's arms detain him. Oh, how poorly I amuse myself in his absence! May love make this fear unfounded. I think he's coming.

(Enter Ludovico, the Prince of Pinoy).

Ludovico: Heaven help me! I wonder what was keeping Leonardo so long? I hear a voice.

Estela: Is that Leonardo?

Ludovico: It is I, my lady. (I want to pretend to be him) your slave who thanks his good fortune for being yours.

Estela: Bewildered, I was waiting for you.

Ludovico: All my pleasure has been in my delay.

Estela: What?

Ludovico: Because, most beautiful Estela, it has caused you such concern.

Estela: What kept you?

Ludovico: I was playing cards for a while.

Estela: Did you win?

Ludovico: Yes.

Estela: Give me my share.

Ludovico: What else can I give you when I'm all yours?

Estela: You're trying to get out of it... Come closer, listen.

Ludovico: What a pleasant task!

(Doña Leonor enters, dressed as a woman).

Leonor: If I talk to him, I will accomplish this happy deception since, once he is disillusioned by Estela, he might break off his suit...

(Don Juan enters.)

Juan: I can't believe I followed him then lost him upon returning to the palace.

Leonor: (That's Don Juan. Careful, love, careful. Tonight, you offer me a chance either to lose or to regain my life.)

Juan: Doubtless this is Estela.

Leonor: Who's there?

Juan: A sentinel lost in the battle of love.

Leonor: What a brave soldier. Is it Don Juan?

Juan: It is one who has surrendered his soul, his memory, his will and understanding, forced by

pleasure, so there is no desire that exists, no reason that judges, no strength that resists that is not subject to your will.

Leonor: What? You love me that much?

Juan: You are smart enough to know that adoring you is imperative if you've ever looked in a mirror.

Leonor: You disillusion me, perhaps vanity played too great a role in being ambitious about your uncertain passion.

Juan: That would be a cloudy mirror....

Leonor: Now, Don Juan, I do not seek flattery in the brush strokes of my portrait. I just want to see you less ungrateful.

Juan: Me, ungrateful? For heaven's sake, if my love does not zealously adore you, may that be my greatest failure.

Leonor: Don't you know me? Let's consider the facts. How do you expect me to believe you unless Doña Leonor, the lady from Seville, was stupid, ugly, common and vile? And you know, you ingrate, that you stole her honor and her true feelings.

Juan: What Leonor or what lady?

Leonor: Come closer. Listen. Public opinion is never completely wrong and I know it doesn't lie.

Juan: (Don Fernando must have exposed me!)

Ludovico: I am very sure I am your slave, but not why my love troubles you, Beautiful Estela. (I want to find out what she feels for Don Leonardo.) I know the Prince of Pinoy pines for you. He's rich, he's noble and he is a prince in fact, and even though love trumps all other concerns, I don't consider myself that fortunate.

Estela: Because he's tiresome, proud, and ambitious, I loathe his very name.

Ludovico: (Oh, ungrateful woman, but how well my love deserves to win out over his favors!)

Leonor: What good is that colorful rhetoric? Confess that you loved her.

Juan: I confess it.

Leonor: Everything else is excessive betrayal.

Juan: That I loved her is true, but I didn't offend her honor, I promise you.

Leonor: Not having enjoyed her favors, you could forget her?

Juan: Your beauty alone is to blame.

Leonor: My beauty? That's not a bad excuse! If you go along loving all the most beautiful women, you'll go on leaving this one for that one.

Juan: Listen, on your life...!

Estela: (I will show my feelings clearly)

Ludovico: What were you saying about Don Juan?

Estela: He doesn't please me, he never had anything that would lead me to love him, I love you alone.

Ludovico: I desperately wish that she loved me so!

Juan: (Estela already knows! This is madness!)

Leonor: Tell me about it, Don Juan. Speak.

Juan: Just listen a little while:

Like one who sees the morning star---oh brightest sun--- the fiery messenger that gilds the morning horizon; like who, admiring it, falls in love with its brilliant glow; but once the lantern of the heavens arrives, shining and pure, it becomes but a twinkling star compared to the beautiful sun. That's how I saw Leonor, as a planet or a star, I adored her lovely light and was a moth to her flame, but then, seeing in you the luminous light of the sun, I found only shadows and shortcomings in my love's sight. Leonor is a minor star and you are the sun with its thousand years.

Ludovico: Yet I know your love and care were centered on Don Juan.

Estela: It would be wrong to deny it, but it was.... listen...

Ludovico: Tell me.

Estela: Like this.

As one who in the deep shadowy woods or colorful gardens, sees a province of pure, fragrant and beautiful flowers first chooses the rose for its beauty and then, in the woods or garden, finding the jasmine to be more delicate, he leaves the rose behind and plucks

the jasmine. Like that, I saw Don Juan, a rode that pleases the sight, obliged by his courage, I accepted him as a suitor. Then your appearance became a magnet to my soul, jasmine and I see more fragrant promise in you.

Leonor: So that, the shining, lovely star that proceeds the sun was Leonor?

Juan: Yes.

Leonor: (I'm struggling with so many sorrows.)

Then listen:

Juan: Speak, I am already listening.

Leonor: Like one who walks through the darkness of night adores the pure light of the star for its rarity; in its glow he finds a sure guide for his hope, and even though the sun's rays reach toward him, he is grateful to the star because it has been the calm in his storm. You, in the dark night of your love, found Leonor's star, the guiding light to save you from the storm. She guided you. Then, like an ingrate, you forgot that clear and lovely beacon in search of the splendor of my love. Do you see how, without yet seeing the sun, you loathed the star?

Ludovico: That is a strange metaphor, Estela, comparing Son Juan to the rose for his gallantry and bravery.

Estela: You're mistaken.

Ludovico: Listen, or I'll die! The one who chose the jasmine from the garden was not wise; jasmine if it withers does not have a perfect aroma while the rose, to the very end, even as its life is coming to an end, has a very sweet and potent smell, a more powerful fragrance. Therefore, the rose is a better flower than the weak jasmine.

Juan: Fallacious reasoning!

Leonor: Excuse me, I have told you how I feel. Go back, go back to Spain. It is no honorable feat to deceive an illustrious and noble woman.

Juan: For the love of you alone, my spirit abhors her twofold, and let's see what reward it earns.

Leonor: Then give up hope, I only asked you to come, Don Juan, to leave you disillusioned.

(Leonor exits.)

Estela: Don Leonardo, you use easy paradoxes to convey my woes. I will love you steadfastly. No misfortune will persuade me to stop loving you.

Ludovico: I will be blessed by fortune either as a jasmine or a rose.

Estela: Goodbye, the lovely light of dawn is breaking with a soft glow.

Ludovico: Don't leave, so the sun can envy the light of your eyes.

Estela: Empty flattery. See me later, farewell.

(Estela leaves).

Juan: That Estela leaves like that? Is there any greater despair? My heart pounds in my chest trying to escape the prison that holds it. My life is dying in this civil war between its own desires. Crazy ramblings afflict my soul, doubts, and chaotic confusion. Son Fernando is to blame for this. What am I to do, ungrateful Estela?

Ludovico: Even as your love mistreats me, ungrateful Estela, deception and caution, rather than my love for you, are to blame for my bad fortune.

(Prince Ludovico exits.)

Juan: Why do I falter? Where's my courage? Where's my spirit? I must continue with this amorous endeavor, I must love the countess, I must steadfastly oppose everyone else, I must make my affection, above all, conquer her disdain. I must admire her flaws as my own riches.
In my pain, my rage, indifference, fury, disillusion, hate, and loathing unite. Let life shorten the storm of my unfortunate sorrows. If Fortune favors the bold, let life be brief and heighten the storm. Bold and daring, with resolute steadfastness, I will oppose her inconstancy.

(He exits.)

End of Act Two

Act Three

(The next morning. Outside: clearing in the woods where Don Fernando, don Juan an Tomillo practice archery.)

Fernando: Believe me; if, in order to satisfy you, it was necessary, to endanger my life or risk my soul, don't doubt, Don Juan, that I would do it. Me with Estela? May my own sword kill me if....

Juan: Don Fernando, calm down. May a thousand ills befall whoever endangered such

pleasures, giving way to such misfortunes. I believe you but, by God, I can't believe there's another man in Flanders who knows my story.

Fernando: It would have insulted my courage even more my affection, which is considered noble and devoted to you.

Juan: It's a treachery now that my love has been disillusioned. But, the sorrow of not knowing who speaks so loosely about my affairs makes me bleed drop by drop! I'm going mad! What sorrows, fears and anxieties afflict me!

Fernando: Estela's coming.

(Estela enters with Lisarda).

Juan: My soul anxiously awaits. Don't tell her anything.

Fernando: Beautiful Estela, lovely Lisarda, today morning comes late; together you are the sun and dawn.

Lisarda: New hyperbole.

Juan: It's not new, since Estela's sun always burn brightly and your face illuminates the shining dawn.

Estela: Don Juan, that's enough already. How many times do you want me to be obligated to your courage and your courtesy?

Juan: My unhappiness never succeeds in pleasing you for you always scold me, aloof and ungrateful.

Estela: No, Don Juan, not ungrateful, I may have been perhaps careless in serving you.

Juan: Your careless ways kill me.

Estela: I am yours always Don Juan and God willing I'll be worthy of serving you. You will see how gratefully I will repay your affection.

Juan: Don Fernando, what a transformation.

Fernando: See how mistaken you are?
(That's the end of my chances)

Juan: Tell me, on your life, one truth.

Estela: Ask it.

Juan: Will you tell it?

Estela: Yes, upon my life.

Juan: Who told you that in Spain, I courted, wooed and seduced Doña Leonor of Seville?

Estela: Who? You yourself did.

Juan: Me? When?

Estela: Now! Didn't your tongue just bring disillusion to my ignorance?

Juan: And, before, who?

Estela: No one, I give you my word.

Juan: Then, why did you speak to me so angrily on the terrace the other night?

Estela: Do you hear that Lisarda? Don Juan says I spoke to him.

Lisarda: It's clear he's mistaken.

Juan: Mistaken how? Didn't you say a lady from Seville was the trophy of my love?

Estela: Don Juan, that's not funny. I didn't know that until now, no---this I swear--- I have never spoken a word to you about this on the terrace or from any balcony.

Juan: (Heaven help me, I am going crazy!

No doubt Estela loves me and wants to pretend for Don Fernando and Lisarda; because denying that she told such evident truths does not lack mystery. Oh, love, to arms, to arms! Loving thoughts, let's return to the battle because Estela is encouraging your sweet hopes. I will feign innocence.) Forgive me, I was only joking to pass the time.

Fernando: It was a good joke, but I think it's on you.

Lisarda: Don Juan, was your lady very beautiful? For women from Seville are very famous...

Juan: It was all a joke, I swear.

Estela: If she, per chance, was deceived, it would be no joke, Don Juan.

Juan: No, believe me! (Who could imagine this turn of events? Oh, love! What is happening to

me? First, Estela favors me, then she dismisses me and is annoyed that I court her; then she favors me and enlightens me, then she refuses to favor me, then she behaves friendly and kind. And I, steady as a rock despite the fury of her whims, a sea that constantly swells with waves. I never tire of adoring her.)

Fernando: Heaven knows how grateful I am that you favor my cause because of the affection I have for Don Juan. (This equivocation declares my love for the beautiful Estela.) And thus I ask you honor the one who speaks for himself. (Oh, friendship, how far will you go.)

Estela: I will talk to you later. Don Juan, be more steadfast in your dealings with women.

Juan: Your disdain unjustly offends me, beautiful Estela.

Estela: Leonor was the one offended.

Juan: (I don't want her to know that I understand, since Estela is tired of seeing me.) Fernando, let's go.

Fernando: Come on. How angry you made her. Farewell, ladies.

Estela: Farewell.

(Fernando and Don Juan exit.)

Estela: Is there any stranger fantasy?

Lisarda: What is this, cousin?

Estela: I don't know, I promise. Wait. A woman's curiosity is at work. Call Tomillo and he will tell us the truth.

Lisarda: Good idea. Tomillo...

Tomillo: How may I serve you?

Estela: If you tell me the truth, this purse is yours.

Tomillo: All right, ask.

Estela: Tell me who was this Leonor from Seville that Don Juan mentioned?

Tomillo: Who? Oh, yes---oh yes. I didn't remember, little Leonorilla the streetwalker who made

her living in Cantarranas, printing false bills. Did you ask whose house Don Juan would go to?

Estela: Yes, that must be the one.

Tomillo: (How sweetly she is deceived.)

Estela: What kind of a woman was she?

Tomillo: She wasn't a woman but a phantom, with a wide forehead, narrow temples and a unibrow that met in the middle.

Estela: I think I'll congratulate him on his selection.

Lisarda: Go on, go on. Did he love her?

Tomillo: I don't know, I just know that she bragged about being in his grace.

Estela: Was there ever such a man?

Tomillo: That shocks you? Don't you know that all women are beautiful for him?

Estela: You're right. Here's come Leonardo.

Tomillo: I have given her his letter.

(Enter Doña Leonor, Tomillo exits. And Flora silently follows him)

Leonor: I asked my heart, beautiful Estela, about myself, and it replied that I would find myself in you. And even though I know you are within me, upon the faith of my love, I don't believe it, because, not finding myself within me, I discover myself in your eyes.

Estela: Then, you didn't find yourself without seeing me.

Leonor: And since my worth does not depend on myself, I know how to love, but not how to satisfy myself.

Estela: And is love mistrust?

Lisarda: Well, at least, discretion.

Leonor: I am not satisfied as to why you would love me if I consider my qualities.

Estela: Unjust lack of confidence! Have more faith in your own worth. I want to go to the country

this afternoon. Follow the carriage.

Leonor: My pleasure comes in obeying you.

Estela: Then go with God.

(Estela and Lisarda exit.)

Leonor: God keep you. From such clear evils, in such evident harm, I find certain danger. The remedy unknown. I don't know how, oh my, this will end. Love plays out the tragedy of my betrayal.

(Don Juan enters)

Juan: Yes, Leonardo was here. It seems the strength of my desire summons him.

Leonor: He must have another love interest, and I'm betrayed! No, not that. I'd rather die first.

Juan: Don Leonardo.

Leonor: My friend. (I play to God that you really were! But you're a man) How can I serve you?

Juan: You can do me a favor, but listen: I have come to you, as a nobleman, to beg, to ask you since you are ...

Leonor: Good start! Well, go on.

Juan: The Countess Estela, I say, either for her pleasure or because my courage made an unavoidable impression on the occasion you know all about, set her sights on me. She entertained my thoughts, she caused my worry, she encouraged my hopes she responded to my sighs so that I considered myself the happy master, what a delightful delirium, of her beauty and estate. At the same time, you arrived from Spain, you gallantry becoming a spell that bewitched her eyes, that suspended the beginnings of my good fortune in love. I have been a vigilant Argos of Estela's expressions, deducing beyond a doubt, her fickle reactions, as indication that she cares for me. And thus, Leonardo, I beg you to you hear my pleas for what the nobleman you are owes to himself, to alleviate my suffering and abandon your suit, because you see mine was first and pursued with such heroic strength.

Leonor: (Oh, you ungentlemanly ingrate!)

Your style well suits who you are. Don Juan, you have expressed your sorrows, with such feeling, such anguish, that I wish, by God (to free your soul from your body) to give them careful relief. I confess that the Countess had told me a thousand and one times that she will be mine, that I am the master of her will, the one to whom her actions

lovingly offer herself as victim and sacrifice. But what does it matter if different motives, if steadfast obligations, if proud bonds of love have already conquered my soul? Then, I do nothing for you, for my sweet thoughts have me so distracted that my Glory is in them.

Juan: Is it possible that Estela has had such little effect on you?

Leonor: If the truth is not enough to convince you, let this portrait tell if the object of my affections is worthy of my devotion. (Now, ingrate, comes the punishment for such loathing).

Juan: Heaven help me! What do I see?

Leonor: See if this perfection, if this grace, if this beauty, if this charm, if this grace...

Juan: I am losing my mind!

Leonor: ... are sufficient for me to forget her for Estela.

Juan: (This portrait is a deadly basilisk to my eyes. It is as if in it I beheld the head of Medusa that has turned me to stone and taken my life).

Leonor: (He must be considering means and ways) You look surprised?

Juan: I think I have seen that lady before, oh heavens, and that portrait was mine. (This time reason surrenders to the dangers of truth).

Leonor: You should know that I brought it from Spain and that it is of a woman to whom my senses owe their glory, and if I live, one with whom the sweet bonds of matrimony will join me, and I have come to Brussels to that end since I cannot marry her unless I first rigorously punish an insult, killing a criminal.

Juan: (What is happening to me? Is it possible that I have the courage to listen to my offense? How do I not surrender at once my being to the infamy of such speech, my life to the vestiges of honor? Leonor was easy and yielded to the lascivious pleadings of this cur. Such pure faith has overcome that loyalty? But I did promise to be her husband. Flee from yourselves, jealousies, it wasn't her fault. I alone am the guilty one. I abandoned her. I was ungrateful. What am I do in such a confused abyss?) Don Leonardo ...

Leonor: (This ingrate wants to give himself up) What are you saying?

Juan: (I don't know what to say, I'm burning with rage and jealousy, I'm in a labyrinth where it's impossible to find the string if not with my own death since Leonor was not Ariadne.) In this portrait, I have seen my death.

Leonor: (Oh barbarian, ingrate, are you so blind, so distracted that you don't recognize me? Is there any greater error than his not seeing the original but recognizing the portrait? Have these deceptions left him this way?)

Juan: (I can hardly withstand my sorrows). What pledge of love do you owe this lady?

Leonor: I have earned her arms and her favor. I leave the rest to your imagination.

Juan: (Now it's time, madness and delusions! Now, sorrows, don't let there be any empty space in my soul. Take over my powers and my senses. Leonor's was a common misfortune. Let my cries overcome my respectful silence.) That woman, that monster, that prodigy of easy virtue was mine. I abandoned her, yet spurned jealousy overcomes love. Now I adore her. Now I surrender to the young winged archer, but I still don't find a way, even killing you, to live since the offense she had inflicted on me will always ring in my ears. Who could imagine Leonor's clean honor so easily stained?

Leonor: (This witness has testified not only against me but in my favor. All he knows he has said; let's twist the cords even tighter). So you are my enemy?

Juan: Yes, Leonardo.

Leonor: Leonor never told me your name! Perhaps so the illustrious name of Cordoba would not be darkened by ingratitude. She only said I'd find you in Brussels and that she'd let me know the name in her letters. Now I've learned it from you and it's good opportunity to kill you.

(Don Fernando enters)

Fernando: (My cousin and Don Juan Quarreling!)

Juan: Don Fernando!

Leonor: What if he heard what we were talking about?

Juan: I don't know, let the world know.

Leonor: I say I will kill you, Don Juan, if you don't do your best to hide this matter.

Juan: I never deal with these things when I am angry, Leonardo.

Leonor: I don't either when I duel, because angel rules me rather than the art of the caprice, curves and straight angles of Don Luis de Narvaez, the famous fencing master.

Fernando: My eyes and ears deceive me.

Juan: Leonardo, what were you talking about?

Leonardo: About the practice of arms.

Fernando: How did you come to be so pale, don Juan?

Juan: When I practice dueling, I can't do less, come Leonardo.

Leonor: Yes, I will, I'll take your lessons to heart. (Oh Heavens!)

Juan: (How strange that Fernando came right now!)

Leonor: (How strange that my brother came right now! I am unlucky!)

Juan: I'm going to Armindo's gardens for a while this afternoon. Come with me, if you wish, they'll probably bring blunted swords.

Leonor: I'll come with great delight.

Juan: Are you staying here, Fernando?

Fernando: Yes.

Juan: Then, farewell. A deal's a deal, don Leonardo.

Leonor: Of course.

(Don Juan exits)

Fernando: Did he leave?

Leonor: Yes.

Fernando: Estela told me that, in spite all, Prince Ludovico of Pinoy is courting her and that she must be grateful to Don Juan, but I suspect that she only leans towards you, so that...

Leonor: Don't go on.

Fernando: I won't, but you already understand. How can you respond if not indifferently and disdainfully to such public favor? (Heaven knows how much I regret that when I live to love her she makes me her go-between).

Leonor: Then, Fernando, if I have encouraged Estela's love, I will abandon that courtship.

Fernando: Are you crazy?

Leonor: I lack judgement. (I can't wait for this evening to arrive).

Fernando: I would ask that you share your intentions with me.

Leonor: It's not time yet. (I'd like to distract him with some ploy). Come with me.

Fernando: I'm coming.

(Don Fernando and Doña Leonor exits, and Tomillo enters)

Tomillo: Ever since I drank that dark chocolate, mixed with different things Flora offered me, I'm dazed and can't keep my eyes open.

(Flora enters)

Flora: I'm following Tomillo to see if the chocolate has taken effect yet.

Tomillo: To hell with what I see even if I look, I will lie down right here for a while. How soft the ground is!

(He lies down)

It seems as if it were made just to break my bones. That's done. I can't continue that fight, sleep I surrender to your powers.

(He sleeps)

Flora: Like a rock he fell! The potion worked well, perfect for plucking him in the name of St. Cyril.

(She takes everything out of his pockets)

Let me being. This is a mustache cover. It must be four hundred years old. This it seems, must be linen. How white, who clean, it boast dirty ruins of tobacco and a bad cold! This is a game of knucklebones, what a great martyr's relic this bum brings along! This is a deck of cards, what a devout book of prayers and exercises by Fray Luis de Granada the lout carries! The purse doesn't appear and I'm afraid I won't find it among such illustrious spoils. I'll never see it. What's this? A tobacco horn? What a silly apparatus. Men, to think that this could give you pleasure! I know a certain friend who

along with tobacco sipped the dust of two bricks. Let me turn him over and carry out a second examination.

(She turn him over)

How much he weighs, the rogue!

Don't let him wake up, Saint Olaf and Saint Patrick! These are tangles of silk, and thread and a cigar butt, no vice escape this dirty one! This, without doubt, is the precious purse which I consecrate to my fears and dedicate to my care. Jesus how many knots he's made!

(She counts layers)

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight... it's impossible to count! Oh, sweet archive of coins and hope, I look at you with reverence.

(She takes it out)

Damned depository of the attractive metal that led so many Midases and Croesuses astray. I move you to my heart, rich and generous metal; I'll leave before he awakes. These jewels I'll leave him, they're cheap. Keeping them will help him forget his misfortune.

(Flora exits and Ribete enters).

Ribete: Leonor is all stirred up, without telling me why she doesn't listen carefully nor does anything calm her down. She hid from me that she was going this afternoon to a garden with Don Juan, I don't know why. God help me! I wonder what it's about? I will follow her steps, for I can't believe that any good will come from this.

Tomillo: Such sleep! I've been asleep for a year and I can't seem to wake up. I must come back
from the other side.

Ribete: This poor guy has hunted a hangover.

Tomillo: No need to talk so loud.

Ribete: Oh, Tomillo, are you asleep?

Tomillo: No.

Ribete: Then what? Are you dreaming?

Tomillo: No, not that either. This crazy guy asks me if I'm sleeping after he woke me up!

Ribete: Are these trinkets yours?

(Tomillo stand up)

Tomillo: I don't know. What's this? My purse!

(Upset, he search).

Ribete: Where did you put it?

Tomillo: I don't know.

Ribete: Wait, don't get upset. Let's look for it.

Tomillo: What should I look for? The one who looked for it so well has very skillfully taken it, since I didn't know how to keep it. Oh, purse of my soul!

Ribete: Let's compose a verse in its honor...

Tomillo: "Look, Nero of Tarpeya, at Rome, see how it burns." Shall we split it as brothers Ribete?

Ribete: What? I swear to Christ I'll hit him. But I'll leave him alone, the poor guy. Don't you know me?

Tomillo: I'm better now! Oh my coins!

Ribete: I'm leaving so I don't beat this poor guy crazy and so nothing bad happens to Leonor.

(Ribete exits)

Tomillo: Flora has given me this fright. This time, she's had her vengeance.

(Tomillo exits).

(Outside. Lonely garde. Evening at sunset. Don Juan enters).

Juan: A mad rush of emotions has me confused and crazy. When jealousy rears its head, little restrains reasoning. It's impossible to find an end to misfortune amidst such sorrow. My ingratitude condemns me, my only hope is death. To die, honor; die, that the occasion advises your honorable death is worth more than infamous life. My caution reasons well. Oh, honor, I can't rest for being so desperate and jealous.

(Doña Leonor Enters)

Leonor: Forgive me if I am late, Estela detained me by ordering me to follow her.

Juan: Her love doesn't worry me when my honor concerns me. I called you out, Leonardo, to kill you dying myself.

Leonor: Don Juan, I intend to do the same.

(Ribete enters)

Ribete: Great! What twists and turns! What am I waiting for? I wasn't afraid for no reason. I'm going to call her brother quickly. He is with Estela today. Leonor, your quest is about to end.

Leonor: Today, Don Juan, my infamy will end, by God!, because by killing you, I'll be free to marry the one I chose.

Juan: That good fortune may well befall you, but not me, since I have become the repository of all misfortune. So that even if my sword enters first, it won't matter because even if you die, it will not end my offense, this infamous dishonor, because there is no way for me to suffer infamy and marry Leonor since she has been unfaithful after being mine, with you. And if you kill me, you marry her as a widow. Consider what fortune could be yours, but it will not happen thus this time. I must kill you, you must try to kill me because if we both die, with both lives ends a storm, badly for me and fortunate for you.

Leonor: Don Juan, I want to kill you, not die, when I imagine how sweetly I could employ that divine creature. Enough talk, because in such offenses, blades speak better than words.

Juan: What a terrible mess! to kill and to die, I intend

(They take out their swords and Don Fernando and Prince Ludovico enter).

Fernando: That's what I am saying Ribete tells me to come now as quickly as possible, Prince. Don Juan and Leonardo are dueling. What is this?

Ludovico: Well, gentlemen, friends and bare steel?

Fernando: If a late parry happens...

Juan: Is this possible? (Nothing good happens to me! Oh, ungrateful Fortune! To whom, but me,

would suck a terrible situation happen?)

Fernando: This is trying out weapons? This was practicing with blunt swords? Are these the straight angles of Don Luis de Narvaez and spending time in his praiseworthy exercises? Don Juan, you duel with my own cousin? Is this friendship?

Don Juan: (Look what messes you've gotten me into, Leonor!)

Fernando: Is there no greater attention to one who is my blood, my kin, who is of my own caste since I am your friend. Has the offense been so great that to satisfy it, being who I am does not suffice? You, cousin, how foolishly you seek out danger. How do you prove yourself so senseless?

Leonor: I am doing what I must. You have no reason to berate my justice.

Fernando: Tell me then about the matter.

Leonor: Don Juan will tell it better.

Juan: (How can I declare myself, offended by the affronts and convinced of the risks?)

Fernando: What is this? You don't respond?

Juan: (How can heaven allow this!)
Let Leonardo explain the reason. (I am dying of sorrow!)

Leonor: Well if you want me to announce the full extent of your fickle excesses, Ludovico and Fernando, pay attention. Don Juan already told you as soon as he got here, Oh cousin!, about the secrets of his love and his betrayal, as you told me and then the rest happened, in effect, he courted Estela and also sought to marry her. Listen to me and you'll find out the most important part of this story. Doña Leonor de Ribera, your sister, beautiful object, sought by infinite gentlemen and commoners, was-- I don't know how to say it...

Fernando: Finish quickly Leonardo.

Juan: Wait, wait, Leonardo. (Ice has covered me. She's Fernando's sister! Is there a more confusing torment?).

Leonor: I say, then, that your sister, Doña Leonor, was the cause of Don Juan's error.

Juan: Fortune just finished adding to my woes.

Fernando: Go on, go on, I fear that I may not have the reason of the patience to hear you out.

Oh, evil ungentlemanly ingrate, how you repaid my friendship trying to marry Estela!

Leonor: Don Juan gave her his promise of marriage, and you know, an excuse that has never excused the innocence of women, but he left her, the ingrate. At that time I loved her, Fernando. She first made me vow, lovers all make promises, she told me the shameful history, saying more with the pearls she cried than with the words she said: and I, a true lover, promised to avenge her offense, committing it to silence with Don Juan's death, in accordance with the laws of dueling, and then to be her husband. And I will be, Don Fernando, if I don't die by my enemy's hand. I came to Flanders knowing he was in Brussels. I am noble, I proclaim my honor. See if it is just that I avenge this offense as it is mine and Leonor's.

Juan: She will never be yours! Heaven help me!

Fernando: Is there any greater confusion? Today, I lose life and honor. Oh, my lascivious sister!

Don Juan, you poorly repaid the favors of my soul.

Juan: I am so ashamed that I do not dare look at him.
If I had known she were your sister...

Fernando: What would you have done? I don't find an end to so much misfortune, Ludovico.

Leonor: (What a pleasure!) I adore her.

Juan: I love her. (What a worry!)

Leonor: (What a satisfaction!)

Juan: (What a jealousy!)

I certainly can't marry Doña Leonor, even if Leonardo dies, I will die first. Oh if she'd only been honorable!

Fernando: What a blind labyrinth! Don Juan speaks well, very well. If I try to marry her to Leonardo, how can she accept, if Don Juan lives? That's it. I can't find any solution. We must all kill each other.

Ludovico: Nor can I, by God. But that's barbaric and bloody.

Leonor: If it's true that Leonor had not broken the tight bonds of your love, if she hadn't responded to my advances, you would love her?

Juan: I would adore her.

Leonor: Well, soon you will see Leonor and perhaps you will be able to satisfy your misgivings.

Juan: Where is she?

Leonor: In Brussels.

Juan: What? How?

Leonor: Wait here a moment.

(Leonor exits, and Estela, Lisarda, Flora, Ribete and Tomillo enter).

Estela: Don Leonardo upset with Don Juan?

Ribete: That's what I gather.

Tomillo: Oh my purse and my coins!

Lisarda: Leonardo isn't with them.

Estela: Gentlemen, what has happened.

Fernando: I don't know what to tell you, I can't speak.

Lisarda: Ludovico, listen.

Ludovico: (Seeing Estela offends me since I heard such disdainful insults with my own ears).
What did you say, lovely Lisarda?

Lisarda: Don Leonardo, what has happened to him? Where is he?

Ludovico: Listen aside.

Fernando: (What ill prevented risks. I will end up without life or my dishonor will be satisfied.
Oh, sister, I'm losing my mind!)

Tomillo: Flora, let's go over here.

Flora: Over where, fool?

Tomillo: Ribete...

Ribete: What are you saying?

Tomillo: I say I'm a jackass.

Ribete: Where is Leonor? How'd she get involved in such a mess! Here she comes now.

(Leonor enters, beautifully dressed as a woman).

Leonor: Brother, prince, husband, I forgive you for the poor opinion that you have had of my love it satisfies you that I have arrived, constant and resolute...

Ribete: What's that!

Leonor: ... From Spain to Flanders. I have run the risk of dying so many times, first on the terrace chasing Ludovico, then wounding my own husband and today, when my valor honored the Palace, confusing my brother. I was able to feign new schemes, and now, daring and brave, defending my chaste honor, I came to take his life, and I would have done so; heavens above, if I hadn't seen him repent. That's what courage, betrayal and a woman scorned can do in one heart. I was Leonardo, but now I am once again Leonor. Will you love me?

Juan: I will adore you.

Ribete: Leonor's complicated plots are coming to an end.

Fernando: Such good news leaves me confused and amazed, sister.

Ludovico: Could there be any happier development?

Estela: Leonardo? You deceived me like this?

Leonor: It was a necessary, Estela.

Estela: Let's be sisters, beautiful Leonor. Fernando, will you give me your hand as husband and master?

Fernando: Leonor caused this great fortune. I am yours.

Ludovico: I want to win your beauty, lovely Lisarda. Since I lost Estela, give me your hand.

Lisarda: I pledge you my hand and my soul.

Ribete: Flora, three by three they've paired off in marriage. You are left to the two of us and we'll both leave you so the wolves can eat you, mule of many masters...

Estela: I give her to you, together with six thousands ducats.

Ribete: I say I accept for the coins, since any long suffering fool who marries will need them.

Tomillo: I am the only one who loses it all: Flora, purse and coins.

Leonor: Here, steemed audience, courage, betrayal and a woman scorned ends. Its author, as a woman, and a humble one at that, asks that you forgive its shortcomings.

The End