

April 16 Dry Tech 5-10
17 Wet Tech 11-6
18 dress Tech 12-12

19 } 6pm Call
20 }
21 }

22 - 6pm Call 5 o'clock Show
23 - Noon call 2 o'clock Show
6pm call 8 o'clock Show

24 - 5pm Call 7 o'clock Show

LOVE'S CURE

OR

A SOLDIER SEÑORITA

A Comedy

BY

LEAH C. GARDINER AND ANNE GARCÍA-ROMERO

ADAPTED FROM

FRANCIS BEAUMONT AND JOHN FLETCHER

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CHARACTERS

CLARA ALVAREZ, in man's clothing, in love with Villalba
LUCIO ALVAREZ, brother to Clara, dressed in female clothes,
in love with Leonora
DON EDUARDO ALVAREZ, noble gentleman, father to Lucio and Clara
DOÑA EUGENIA ALVAREZ, wife of Alvarez
SANCHO BOBADILLA, servant to Eugenia, steward to Alvarez
DON CARLOS VILLALBA, young gentleman, enemy to Alvarez
LEONORA VILLALBA, sister to Villalba, in love with Lucio and
Matilda
MATILDA, mistress of Villalba
LOZANO, friend to Villalba, in love with Leonora
SALCEDO, friend to Alvarez, in love with Clara
ALGUACIL, Constable and King's Vice-Sergeant
PINEDA, swordsman, in love with Matilda
FERNANDA PACHECO, woman cobbler
LAZARILLO, female servant to Pacheco
MERCEDES MENDOZA, woman cook
ZORAYA MONTTOYA, barmaid
GOVERNOR, governor of Seville

SETTING

1595. Seville, Spain during the reign of King Felipe.

Time Line

1554: Lazarillo de Tormes, first picaresque novel written
1554: Queen Mary 1 of England becomes 1st wife of Phillip II
1556: Charles V abdicates throne to his son Phillip II
1558: Mary 1 dies
1562: St. Teresa of Avila writes her autobiography
1563: El Escorial, Phillip II's palace begins construction,
ends in 1584
1577: El Greco is painting and living in Toledo
1579: John Fletcher born
1580: Lope de Vega begins writing his plays (until 1635)
1584: Francis Beaumont born
1588: The Spanish Armada is defeated by the English
1588: Marlowe writes Dr. Faustus
1591: Shakespeare writes Henry VI, Part 2 & 3
1592: Shakespeare writes Henry VI, Part 1, Richard III,
Comedy of Errors
1593: Shakespeare: Taming of the Shrew, Titus Andronicus
1598: Reign of Phillip II ends with his death
1609: Beaumont & Fletcher: The Knight of the Burning Pestle

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

VILLALBA ENTERS WITH LOZANO AND HIS SISTER, LEONORA, HOLDING A LETTER.

Alvarez pardoned?

And returned! He landed
At Lucars to such a spectacular welcome.
Fame proclaimed his brave actions,
And gave to him an ease with the common people.

I have heard, that when Alvarez fled from Seville
To save his life (then forfeited to Law
For murdering Don Pedro, our dear uncle)
His extreme wants forced him to take pay
In the Army.

Sent off to the war in England,
Did he dare presume he would
To return home with a pardon?

LEONORA HANDS VILLALBA A LETTER.

From the Arch-Duke himself.

Señor, 'tis most certain a letter from our dear princess, la
Infanta, assisted by the Arch-Duke's, to King Felipe,
Have not alone secured Alvarez from the rigor
Of our Castillian justice, but returned him
A free man, and in grace.

By what cursed means
Could such a fugitive arise to
The knowledge of their Highnesses? *Much more*
To stand in favor with them?

Briefly, to pass his tedious pilgrimage
For twenty years, a banished guilty man.

(reading) And to forget the storms, th'affrights, the horrors
His constancy, not fortune overcame.

Lord I saw

LOZANO

~~They say with his little son, Lucio, well, grown man~~
~~Though it was said he took a daughter, with him,~~

They fought in Britain's bloody war,
Wherein the flower of many Nations acted,
And the whole Christian world watched on;

There by his son, whether by adoption
Or nature his, a brave spectacle was presented.

I make choice to speak of this, since from then on
The good success of Alvarez, had its beginning.

is that she's upset because she doesn't understand.

(To LEONORA) So I love virtue in the glorious deed
Of an enemy's son.

Not so dear brother.

LEONORA

healiness

LOZANO

This brave youth ~~is careless of the danger,~~
~~As careful of his honor,~~ drew his sword,
And waving it about his head, ~~as he~~
~~He dared one spirited like himself,~~ made his advance
With such a slow, and yet majestic pace,

deep ~~And~~ called low, "dare none come on?"

Suddenly, out of a small gate
Two gallant horse-men issued forth, and overtook him.
The army looking on. Not a man

dared relieve the rash adventurer,
Lucio, son to Alvarez, as he sat bravely mounted.

high-spirited ~~Whether pity of the youth's misfortune~~
~~Or bold desire to get himself a name,~~

He made his ~~brave~~ horse, like a whirlwind, bear him
Among the Combatants: and in a moment

Discharged his large pistol, with such sure aim
That of the adverse party, one tumbled dead from his horse.

Wheeling around, and drawing
A scimitar swift as lightning, he came on hard

Upon the other, and with one strong blow

help in distress ~~In view of the armed town,~~
Struck him dead, and brought
Double honor to himself, *And his father.*

VILLALBA

'Twas brave:
But the success of this?

LOZANO

The Camp received him
With acclamations of joy and welcome.
And in addition to the fair reward

LOZANO (cont)

Make Clear that she was called Lucio

Grand

descended

overhasty

An exclamation of regretful surprise

Pick him up

Face him

^(was)
~~By~~ a chain of silver given to him
 By the King. ~~He~~ was brought
 To the Infanta's presence, kissed her hand,
 And from that Señorita, ~~who~~ ~~in her goodness~~
~~when her high birth~~ had this encouragement:
 "For present satisfaction of what's past,
 Ask anything that's fit for me to give,
 And you may take it: that you may be assured."

VILLALBA

And the heart blood
~~was~~ ~~stilled~~ ~~worthily~~ ~~may~~ ~~the~~ ~~soul~~ ~~of~~ ~~Soldiers~~.
 But what was his request?

LOZANO

He humbly begged
 His Father's pardon, and so movingly
 Told of the sad story of your uncle's ~~death~~, ~~dearest friend~~
~~Don Pedro~~, who wrongly suspected the amorous advances of Don
 Eduardo towards his wife. ~~How~~ a duel over the honor of his
 house ensued. ~~And~~ Alvarez, realizing his mistaken
 accusation, fled leaving behind his wife and unborn child.
 Thus the Infanta wept, and instantly granting Alvarez suit,
 Worked the Arch-Duke into believing it.
 The ~~letters~~ letters were directed to the King,
~~with whom they so prevailed~~, and ~~he~~ Alvarez
 Was freely pardoned.

VILLALBA

'Tis not in the King
 To make that good.

LEONORA

Not in the King? What subject
 dares contradict his power?

VILLALBA

I do not call his prerogative
 In question, nor presume to limit it.
 I know he is the Master of his Laws,
 And may forgive the forfeits made to them,
 But not the injury done to our honor;
 And since (forgetting our brave Uncle's merits)
~~And many services, under Duque de Alba)~~
 He suffers him to fall, wrestling from Justice
 The powerful sword, that would revenge his death,
 I'll fill with this empty hand
 And make this arm the Kings.

LOZANO

May the strength of your virile arm
 Preserve the honor of your dear uncle.

VILLALBA

My deadly hate to Alvarez, and his house,
 Which as I grew in years, ~~has still increased~~,
~~As if it called on time to make me man~~,
 Slept while it had no object for it's fury.
 But now, since there are quarries, worth hate's sight
 Both in the father, and his hopeful son
 I'll boldly cast ~~it~~ off and gorge ~~hate~~ full
 With both their hearts: useless are all words
 'Till I have writ performance with my Sword.

VILLALBA, LOZANO, AND LEONORA EXIT.

ACT ONESCENE TWO

BOBADILLA ENTERS FOLLOWED BY LUCIO, DRESSED AS A WOMAN.

BOBADILLA

Ay San José help me. Was there ever such a hermaphrodite heard of? Would any woman living, that should hear and see what I do believe that the best of a man lies under this petticoat and that a cod-piece were far fitter here than a pretty pinafore?

LUCIO

This ruff was not well starched. Go fetch my work or my Mother is like to hear of it. You had best not talk filthily: do, I have a tongue to tell my Mother, as well as ears to hear your ribaldry.

BOBADILLA

Ay, you have ten women's tongues that way I am sure: Why my young Señor or Señorita, Doña, Don, or what you will, what the devil have you to do sewing all day? You have a better needle, I know, and might make better work, if you had grace to use it.

LUCIO

Why, how dare you speak this before me, señor.

BOBADILLA

Ay, rather, why dare not you do what I speak? Though my Señora, your mother, for fear of Villalba and his faction, has brought you up like her daughter, and has kept you these twenty years a close prisoner behind doors— Yet since you are a man, and are as well provided as other men, methinks you should have the same motions of the flesh, as other Gallants of us are so inclined.

LUCIO

Indeed you have cause to love those wanton motions. They have helped you to an excellent whipping. I but remind you of the Indian slave, The Governor sent my mother from Mexico.

BOBADILLA

Why, I but taught her a Spanish trick in charity. That was more than a thousand such as you are ever like to do: I will tell you, (in my fatherly care of the Infant I speak of) if he live to your years, shall he spend his time in pinning, painting, purling, and perfuming as you do? No, he shall to the wars, use his Spanish Pike, though with the danger of the lash, as his father has done, and when he is provoked, as I am now, draw his Toledo desperately, as...

EUGENIA ENTERS.

LUCIO

You will not kill me? Ay

BOBADILLA

(aside) I knew this would silence him: how he hides his eyes? if he were a wench now, as he seems, what an advantage had I, drawing two Toledos, when one can do this? But oh me, my Señora: I must put up: Young Señor, I did but jest: O custom, what have you made of him?

EUGENIA

For doing this, be still. No more my servant.

BOBADILLA

What's the matter?

EUGENIA

I will kneel down here, Even here where I am happy to receive Assurance my Alvarez has returned. May those holy thoughts That now possess me wholly, make this place A temple to me, where I may give thanks For this unhopd for blessing Heaven's kind hand Has poured upon me.

LUCIO

Let my duty Señora, presume, if you have reason to celebrate, I may share in it.

BOBADILLA

(aside) 'Tis good, he has forgot how I frighted him.

EUGENIA

You shall: but first kneel with me Lucio, No longer a posthumous child, you have a Father, A Father living to take off that name which he bestowed upon you, And to which my too credulous fears believed— He was dead. You shall see him Lucio, And make him young again: you Who was a being in my Womb When he went from me: O my joys, So far transport me, that I must forget The ornaments of matrons, modesty And grave behavior; but let all forgive me If in the expression of my soul's best comfort Though old, I do a while forget my age, And play the wanton in the entertainment Of those delights I have so long despaired of.

LUCIO

Shall I then see my Father?

EUGENIA

This hour, Lucio;
Which reckon the beginning of your new life,
I mean that life, in which you shall appear
To be such as I brought you forth: a man, in
This womanish disguise, which I have
So long concealed you, you shalt now cast off,

LUCIO

Cast off?

EUGENIA

And change those qualities you learned from me.

LUCIO

But Mother...

EUGENIA

And for your masculine virtues,

LUCIO

Masculine virtues?

EUGENIA

for which you've sought no tutor,
Let your father's actions be your precepts;
as you assume your proper role as a man.

LUCIO

A MAN?!

EUGENIA

And for you Sancho, accept reward
For your true service.

BOBADILLA

Shall I? (aside) How else does one think I shall become the
Wine steward? Will not these slender haunches look fine with
a silver chain, and a night cap after supper when I do the
accounts?

LUCIO

But Mother, why such a transformation when petticoats suit my
frame most favorably?

EUGENIA

You shall make a fine man.

BOBADILLA

(aside) A mother's delusion. Petticoats to pantalones? Por
favor!

EUGENIA

Haste, and take down those black curtains, with which my
chamber has been like a widow, her sad Señora mourned.
And hang up in place of them, the rich Persian silk,
Used on my wedding night: for this to me
Shall be a second marriage: send for music,
And tell the cooks to use their best of cunning
To please the palate.

BOBADILLA

Will your Excelencia have a potato tortilla, 'tis a good
stirring dish for an old Señora, after a long Lent.

EUGENIA

Be gone, I say: why hombre, can't you go any faster?

BOBADILLA

I could Señora: but now I practice the Steward's
pace, that's the reward I seek: every man must fashion his
gait, according to his calling.

BOBADILLA BEGINS TO EXIT.

LUCIO

Pray, Señora, let the waistcoat I last wore
Be made up for my Father: Must I wear
A cap and boot hose suitable for it?

EUGENIA

Of that we'll discuss hereafter, Lucio: our thoughts now
Must have no object, but your Father's welcome,
(To Bobadilla) To which your help is needed.
So, speed it up hombre.

BOBADILLA

With humble gladness, Señora.

EUGENIA AND LUCIO EXIT.

ACT ONE

SCENE THREE

ALVAREZ ENTERS WITH CLARA, DRESSED AS A MAN.

ALVAREZ

Where did we lose Salcedo?

CLARA

He was seen entering the city by some gentlemen-
Kinsmen, as he said, with whom
For complement's sake
He was compelled to stay. Though I wonder
Why a man who has lead troops well
Can learn so suddenly to abuse his time
In such apish entertainment? For my part
I'd rather encounter ten enemies in a field
All sworn to cut off my head, than spend an hour with one of
these smooth city fools, or petty Cavaliers.

ALVAREZ

My beloved Clara
Your breeding
In the fields may explain your rough manners,
Though not your sex or the softness of your nature.
Fortune, (then a cruel stepdame to you),
Imposed upon your tender sweetness,
Burdens of hunger, cold, wounds, want, such as would crack
The sinews of any man not born a soldier.
You shall no more have need to use your sword;
Your beauty (which even English weather has not altered)
Shall be the stronger guard. And know this...

CLARA

Señor, I know only that
It is not my duty to contradict you,

ALVAREZ

Yes...

CLARA

In anything...

ALVAREZ

Yes...So, you must...and will put on
What fashion I think best..

CLARA

Though I do wish I were what I appear.

ALVAREZ

Endeavor rather

ALVAREZ (cont)

To be what you are, Clara...entering here
As you were born..a woman.

CLARA

A WOMAN?!

EUGENIA AND LUCIO, STILL DRESSED AS A WOMAN, ENTER. MUSIC
PLAYS.

EUGENIA

In the best voice that ever touched a human ear,
For joy has tied my tongue up, speak your welcome dear man.

ALVAREZ

My soul, (for thou givest new life to my spirit)
Myriad of joys, though short in number of
Thy virtues, fall on thee: Oh my Eugenia,
The assurance, that I do embrace thee, makes
My twenty years of sorrow but a dream,
And by the Nectar of the Honey Gods,
I feel my age restored,
And like old Aesop, grow young again.

EUGENIA

My Señor long wished for, welcome,
'Tis a sweet briefness, yet in that short word
All pleasures which I may call mine, begin,
And may they long increase, before they find
A second period: let my eyes now indulge
On this so wished for object, and my lips
Yet modestly pay back the parting kiss
You trusted with them, when you fled from Seville
With little Clara my sweet, sweet, daughter.
Lives she? Ay, I could chide myself for having you here
And for being so desirous of all joys at once:
My Señor, myself, my Clara, and Lucio,
Ay more than all the world.

ALVAREZ

As you, to me are.

EUGENIA

Sit down, and let me hear the story
Of your past dangers, now that you are here in safety.
It will give relish, and fresh appetite
To my delights, if such delights can satisfy.
Let me first yield you account of my life in your absence,
And make you acquainted how I have persevered
The jewel left locked in my womb,
When you, in being forced to leave your country,
Suffered a civil death.

ALVAREZ

Do my Eugenia,
'Tis that which I most desire to hear.

EUGENIA

But first, bring in the dancers.
We have reason to celebrate!

DANCERS EMERGE AND A CELEBRATION OCCURS.
SOON AFTER, CLASHING SWORDS ARE HEARD OFFSTAGE.

ALVAREZ

What voice is that?

SALCEDO
(offstage)

If you are noble enemies,
Oppress me not with odds, but kill me fairly.

VILLALBA
(offstage)

Stand off, I am too much for you.

BOBADILLA ENTERS.

BOBADILLA

Murder, murder, murder, your friend, my Señor, Don Salcedo is
set upon in the streets, by your enemies Villalba and his
faction: I was almost killed for looking on them. They hope
to kill you, my Lord.

ALVAREZ

I'll free him, or fall with him: draw your sword
And follow me.

HE EXITS.

CLARA

Fortune, I give thee thanks
For this occasion once more to use it.

SHE EXITS.

BOBADILLA

Nay, don't hold me Madam; if I cause any injury, hang me.

LUCIO

Oh I am dead with fear! Let's fly back into
the closet, Mother.

EUGENIA

No hour of my life
Free from danger? Heaven be merciful,
Or now at once dispatch me.

VILLALBA ENTERS, PURSUED BY ALVAREZ AND SALCEDO AND CLARA WHO
IS BEATING VILLALBA.

CLARA

(to Alvarez) Leave me to keep him off.

ALVAREZ

Assault my friend
So near my house?

VILLALBA

Nor in it will I spare you,
Though 'twere a Temple: and I'll make it one-
I, being the Priest, and you the sacrifice,
I'll offer to my uncle.

ALVAREZ

Make haste to him,
And say I sent you.

ALVAREZ AND SALCEDO ATTACK VILLALBA.

CLARA

(aside) 'Twas put bravely by!
And this: more comes on, and boldly rare:
In wars, where envy and example
Join to increase courage, and make
The danger less; valor, and true resolution
Never appeared so lovely: brave again:
Sure he is more than man, and if he fall,
The best of virtue, fortitude would die with him:
And can I suffer it? Forgive me Duty,
So I love Valor, as I will protect it
Against my father, and redeem it, though
'Tis forfeited by one I am to hate.

CLARA JOINS VILLALBA.

VILLALBA

(to Clara) Come on,
All is not lost yet: You shall buy me dearer
Before you have me: keep off.

CLARA

Fear me not,
Your worth has taken me and my sword Prisoner,
For this time knows you only for a friend,
And to all else I am changing sides.

SALCEDO

Defend your father's enemy? We do not love the enemy, dear
friend, we are to love each other!

ALVAREZ

Are you mad?

CLARA

(to Alvarez and Salcedo)

Are you men rather? Shall that Valor, which began your lawful honor in wars, Prove now the parent of an infamous bastard So foul, yet so long lived, as murder will Be to your shames? Have each of you, With your own dangers, purchased glory From multitudes of enemies, not allowing Those nearest to you, to have a part in it? And do you now join, and let mutual help Against a single opposite? Has the mercy Of the great King, but newly washed away The blood, that with the forfeit of your life Cleaved to your name, and family like an ulcer, In this again to set a deeper dye Upon your infamy?

ALVAREZ

(aside) I am pleased
With what I dare not give allowance to.

CLARA

You'll say he is your foe,
And by his rashness called on his ruin;
Remember yet, he was first wronged, and honor
Spurred him to what he did: and next the place
Where he now is, your house, which by the laws
Of hospitable duty should protect him;
Have you been twenty years a stranger to it,
To make your entrance now in blood? Or think you
Your countryman, a true born Spaniard will be
An offering fit to please the genius of it?
No, in this I'll presume to teach my Father,
And this first Act of disobedience shall
Confirm I am most dutiful.

ALVAREZ

(to Clara) Unnatural woman, what will you do?

CLARA

Set free a noble enemy:
Don't come towards me-
To get to Him, you must Pass through me: (To Villalba) The
way is open: Farewell: when next I meet you, do not look for
A friend, but a vowed foe; I see you worthy
And therefore now preserve you for the honor
Of my sword only.

VILLALBA

(aside) Were this man a friend,
How would he win me, that being my vowed foe
Deserves so well?
(to Clara) I thank you for my life;
But how shall I deserve it, give me leave
Hereafter to consider.

HE EXITS. EUGENIA, LUCIO, AND BOBADILLA ENTER.

ALVAREZ

(To Eugenia) Fear no longer,
All danger is blown over: I have letters
To the governor, in the king's name, to secure us,
From such attempts hereafter: yet we who have such strong
guards of our own, dread others;
And to increase thy comfort, know this young man
Whom with such fervent earnestness you eye,
Is not what he appears, but such a one
As thou with joy wilt bless, thy daughter Clara.

EUGENIA

Ay por Dios! A thousand blessings in that word.

ALVAREZ

The reason
Why I have bred her up as thus, at more leisure
I will import unto you: wonder not
At what you have seen her do, it being the least
Of many great and valiant undertakings
She hath made good with honor.

EUGENIA

I'll return
The joy I have in her, with one as great
To you my Alvarez: you, in a man
Have given to me a daughter: in a woman,
I give to you a son: this was my pledge
You left here with me, whom I have brought up
Different from what he was, as you did Clara,
And with the like success; as she appears
Altered by custom, more than woman, he
Transformed by his soft life, is less than man.

ALVAREZ

This gives ample satisfaction
For all sorrows past.

LUCIO

Greetings, my dearest Sister.

CLARA

Kind brother.

THEY EMBRACE.

ALVAREZ

Now our mutual care must be
Employed to help nature recover
Her in either of them, lost by custom: To you I give Clara,
and receive Lucio to my charge. Know you a fine swordsman?

EUGENIA

There is one called Pineda.

ALVAREZ

(To Bobadilla)

Find this Don Pineda. Inform him I wish to borrow his
services, and will pay gold for his care.
Then, we'll contend with zealous activity, who sooner can
Turn this man into woman, or this woman into man.

EUGENIA

ALL EXIT. END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

FERNANDA, THE COBBLER AND LAZARILLO, HER SERVANT, ENTER.

FERNANDA

My cloak, and rapier; it fits not a lady
of my rank, to walk the streets like this.

LAZARILLO

Ay, you are a high rank lady. Señora Pacheco, I am very
hungry. They tell me here in Seville, I look like a lowly
worm, with a man's head: and your neighbor the Blacksmith
here hard by, would have borrowed me the other day, to have
fished with me, because he lost his fishing rod.

FERNANDA

Oh happy Lazarillo (being the cause of other men's wits) as
in mine own: live lean, and witty still: oppress not your
stomach too much: gross feeders, great sleepers: great
sleepers, fat bodies: fat bodies, lean brains: No Lazarillo,
I will make you immortal, change your humanity into
Godliness. I will teach you to live upon...nothing.

LAZARILLO

Faith, please, I am immortal already, or very near it, for I
do live upon little or nothing: that's the reason the poets
are said to be immortal, for some of them live upon their
wits, which is indeed as good as little or nothing: But good
lady, let me be mortal still, and let's go to supper.

FERNANDA

Be abstinent; show not the corruption of your generation: he
that feeds, shall die, he that feeds not, shall live.

LAZARILLO

I; but how long shall we live? There's the question.

FERNANDA

As long as you can withhold feeding: didn't you read of the
miraculous maid in England?

LAZARILLO

(aside) No, nor of any other maid; for the miracle of
virginity nowadays ceases, unless the virgin can give lessons
on virginity.

FERNANDA

She that lived three years without any sustenance other than
the smell of a rose.

LAZARILLO

I heard of her; but they say her guts shrunk all into harp strings, and her nether parts clung together like a Serpent's tail, so that though she continued a woman still above the girdle, beneath she was a monster.

FERNANDA

So are most of us. Believe it.

LAZARILLO

Nay some women can live only upon the smell of a rose. But not I.

FERNANDA

No part of the history is more fabulous.

LAZARILLO

I think rather no part of the fable is more historical: but for all this, my rebellious stomach will not let me be immortal: I will be as immortal, as mortal hunger will suffer: allow but a red herring a day.

FERNANDA

Ay por Dios, aren't you gluttonous in your delicacies?

LAZARILLO

He that eats nothing but a red herring a day, shall ne're be broiled for the devil's bacon: a pitcher, lady, a sardine, an olive, that I may be a philosopher first, and immortal after.

FERNANDA

Patience, Lazarillo: let contemplation be your food a while.

ZORAYA, THE BARMAID, AND MERCEDES, THE COOK, ENTER.

ZORAYA

Greetings, Fernanda, my most ingenious cobbler of Seville, buenas noches to you.

FERNANDA

Señora Mercedes, my most famous cook, and female lover of food, I return your courtesy ten fold, and do humble my bonnet for your labors: the likes to you Señorita Zoraya Montoya, my most exquisite wench!

LAZARILLO

(aside) Here's a greeting betwixt a Cobbler, a Cook and a Barmaid: they all belong to the stomach, which makes them stand in good stead.

MERCEDES

Greetings Lazarillo.

LAZARILLO

(aside) This cook looks as if she were bread-baked, a little butter now, and I could eat her like an oat cake: Have mercy, Mercedes Mendoza, have you any confections for an avid admirer of your culinary skill?

VILLALBA AND ALGUACIL ENTER DOWNSTAGE.

FERNANDA

(apart) Who's this? Oh our Constable: as errant a knave as ever wore one head under two offices: he is one sided. Alguacil-

ZORAYA

(apart) The other side Sergeant.

MERCEDES

(apart) That's both sides which are corrupt flesh I'm sure.

FERNANDA

(apart) This is he who apprehends whores in the way of justice, and lodges them in his own house, in the way of profit: he with him walks the Grand Don Villalba, who possesses mortal hatred for Eduardo Alvarez: Villalba is bawdy and at this present time Alguacil does lodge a famous señorita for him, come lately from Madrid.

VILLALBA

Let her want nothing, Señor, she can ask: What loss, or injury you may sustain I will repair, and recompense your love: Only that fellows visit I dislike, And did forewarn her of them: bear her this With my best love, at night I'll visit her.

ALGUACIL

I'll rest your Excelencia's servant.

VILLALBA

Buenas noches, Amigo.

(apart) Oh Alvarez, you have brought a son with you Both brightens and obscures our Nation, Whose pure strong beams on us, shoots like the sun on baser fires: I would to heaven since my blood Had never stained your bold unfortunate hand, That with mine honor I might emulate and Not persecute such virtue: I will see him Though with the hazard of my life: no rest In my contentious spirits can I find Till I have gratified him in like kind.

VILLALBA EXITS.

ALGUACIL

I know you not: what are ye? Go hence ye scurrilous scoundrels.

FERNANDA

Señor Alguacil, do "ye" not know us? Why, we are your honest neighbors, the Cobbler, Cook and Barmaid, that have so often sat snoring cheek by jowl with your Señora in rug at midnight.

LAZARILLO

Nay, good Señor, be not angry: you must understand, Pussies and Officers see best in the dark.

ZORAYA

(aside) By this hand, I could find in my heart to serve her ten blows to the head.

FERNANDA

Why then we know you Señor. Your Beadle, or public whipper, procreated at midnight, at the goal gate, with the fisherman's wife. Aren't you he that was whipped out of Toledo for perjury?

MERCEDES

Next condemned to the gallows for stealing.

ZORAYA

And after called to the Inquisition for deserting your principles and faith?

FERNANDA

Are not you he who rather than dared go on an industrious voyage being constrained to the Islands, hiding till the fleet was gone, earned ten pesetas a day by gathering up punks and fair punklings (aside) that's female for punks, fellow brutes dear to my heart.

LAZARILLO

Are you not Portuguese born, descended of the North African Moors, and came hither to Seville with your Master, an errant tailor, in your red bonnet, and your lousy blue jacket: though now your block head be covered with the Spanish block, and your lashed shoulders with a velvet "P"?

FERNANDA

Are not you he, that have had thirty vocations, yet never one was lawful? that being a Candle maker first, professed sincerity, and would sell no man Mustard to his beef, yet sold hypocrisy all your life time?

MERCEDES

Are you not he, that were since a surgeon to the stews and undertook to cure what the Church itself could not, idling

MERCEDES (cont)

strumpets? That rise to your Office by being a great Don's gigolo.

LAZARILLO

That commit poor men nightly, offenseless, for the gain of four pesetas a Prisoner, which your Beadle seems to put up, when you share three pesetas?

MERCEDES

Are not you he, that is a kisser of men, in drunkenness, and a betrayer in sobriety?

ALGUACIL

(aside) Ay diablo: they'll rail me into the gallows again.

FERNANDA

Yes Señor, you are he we speak of all this while: but be wise therefore, you child of the night! be friends and shake hands, you are a proper man even, if your beard were redder: remember your worshipful function, a Constable, though you turn days into night, and nights into day, what of that? Watch less, and pray more: invest more bear's skin into your loins, take your staff in your hand, and go forth at midnight: Let not your mitten beat down your dignity, but grip theft and whoredom, wheresoever you meet them: bear them away like a tempest, and lodge them safely in your house.

LAZARILLO

Would you have strumpets and thieves lodged in such a house?

FERNANDA

They ever do so: I have found a thief, or a whore there, when the whole suburbs could not furnish such.

LAZARILLO

But why do they lodge there?

FERNANDA

That they may be safe, and forth coming: for in the morning usually the thief is sent to the Jail, and the whore prostrates herself to the Justice.

MERCEDES

Admirable Fernanda Pacheco.

ZORAYA

Thou Cobbler of Christendom.

ALGUACIL

(aside) There is no railing with these womanish rogues: I will join with them, 'til I can cry a payment of some kind. (to women) Why fine ladies, and my honest neighbors, will you impute that I neglect my friends, which is an imperfection in me? I have been partly blinded from my infancy: to make amends, you shall sup with me.

LAZARILLO

Shall we sup with "ye" sir?
(aside) Oh my conscience, they have wronged the gentleman extremely.

ALGUACIL

And after supper, I have a project to employ you. It shall make you drink, and eat merrily this month: I am a little knavish: why and do not I know all you to be rogues?

FERNANDA

I grant you, we are all rogues, and will be your knaves: But oh, while you live, take heed of being a proud knave.

ALGUACIL

On then pass: I will bear out my staff, and my staff shall bear out me.

LAZARILLO

Oh Lazarillo, you are going to supper!

ALL EXIT.

ACT TWOSCENE TWO

LUCIO, IN MAN'S ATTIRE, ENTERS WITH BOBADILLA.

LUCIO

Pray do not be angry.

BOBADILLA

I am angry, and I will be angry: Ay diablo! What should you do in the kitchen, cannot the cooks lick their fingers without your overseeing? nor the maids make pottage, except your dog's head be in the pot? Don Lucio, Don Queen, Don Spinster, wear a petticoat still, and put on your smock on Monday: I will have a bodice made for it, like a great girl: ay, if you will need your ruffs starched, and sowing of stockings, I will of a mild and loving Tutor, become a Tyrant! Your father has committed you to my charge, and I will make a man, or a mouse of you yet.

LUCIO

What would you have me do? This scurvy sword
So galls my thigh: I would it were burnt: pish, look
This cloak will never stay on: these boots too hidebound and
narrow. They make me walk stiff, as if my legs were frozen,
And my spurs jingle, like a moorish dancer:
Lord, how my head aches with this roquish hat;
This masculine attire, is most uneasy,
I am bound up in it: I had rather walk
In folio, again, loose, like a woman.

BOBADILLA

In folio, had you not?
You mock to heaven, and nature, and your Parents-
Their tender Leg of Lamb.
(aside) Oh how he walks
As if he had pissed on himself, and flees!
Is this a gait for a young Cavalier,
Don Lucio, son and heir to Alvarez?
Has he corns? Or does he walk on conscience?
He treads so gingerly?
Come on your ways,
You are the great Pineda.
Suppose me now your father's foe, Villalba,
And spying you in the street, thus I advance,
I twist my beard, and then I draw my sword.

LUCIO

Alas.

BOBADILLA

Accost me. "Traitorous brat,
How dare you thus confront me? Impious twig
Of that old stock, dewed with kinsman's blood,
Draw, for I'll quarter you in four."

LUCIO

Ay, prithee Bobadilla, leave me looking like a fool,
Put up my sword? I will not meddle with you;
I care not: I'll not draw,
Pray, be still.

BOBADILLA

Do you here? Answer me, as you would do Don Villalba,
Or I'll be so bold as to lay the pummel of my sword
over the hilts of your head:
"My name's Villalba, and I'll have the wall."

LUCIO

"Why then, I'll have the gutter...
How confusing you are.
Señor, what happened between my Sire and your
Kinsman, was long before I saw the world,
No fault of mine, nor will I justify
My father's crimes: forget sir, and forgive-
'Tis Christianity: I pray put up your sword,
I'll give you satisfaction
That may become a gentleman; however
I hope you are bred to more humanity
Than to revenge my father's wrongs on me
That crave your love and peace."
Tell me, Sancho,
Would not this quiet you, were you ten Villalbas?

HE CHARGES TOWARDS HIM AND TOPPLES HIM.

BOBADILLA

Oh craven chicken of a Cock o' the game: well, what
remedy? Did your father see this? Oh my conscience, he would
cut off your masculine gender, crop your ears, gauge out your
eyes and set you in one of the pear trees for a scarecrow.

THEY BEGIN TO TUSSLE AS BOBADILLA SPEAKS.

BOBADILLA

As I am Villalba, I am satisfied; but as I am Sancho
Bobadilla, Steward of the house, and your father's servant, I
could find it in my heart to lop off the hinder part of your
face, or to beat all your teeth into your mouth: Oh you whey-
blooded-milk-sop, I'll wait upon you no longer, you shall not
wait upon me: come your ways, sir, I shall take little else
pains with you.

CLARA, IN WOMAN'S ATTIRE, ENTERS.

CLARA

Brother Lucio, where are you? Oh, I shall no more see those
golden days, these clothes will never fit me: ay, oh, this
pathetic petticoat, this horrible hoop (To Bobadilla) Why are
women's hips only limited, confined, hooped in, as it were
with this absolutely atrocious attire.

BOBADILLA

Because women's hips not hooped distract with their display.

CLARA

(To Lucio) Bobadilla, rogue, ten pesos, I'll hit the cover of
your cod-piece.

LUCIO

Hold, if you love my life, sister: I am not Sancho Bobadilla,
I am your brother Lucio: what a fright you have put me in!

CLARA

Brother? and wherefore thus?

LUCIO

Why, Master Steward here, Señor Sancho, made me change: he
does nothing but misuse me, and call me coward, and swears I
shall wait upon him.

BOBADILLA

Well, I do no more than I have authority for:
(aside) Would I wish I could leave though: for she's as much
too mannish, as he too womanish: I dare not meddle with her,
yet I must set a good face on't (if I had it.)
(To Clara) I have like charge of you, Señorita,
I am as well to mollify you, as to qualify him: what have you
to do with armors and pistols, and javelins, and swords, and
such tools? Remember Señorita: nature has given you a sheath
only, to signify women are to put up men's weapons, not to
draw them: look you now, is this fit movement for a
gentlewoman? You shall see the court ladies move like
goddesses, as if they trod air. Do they love to ride great
horses, as you do? No, they love to ride great asses: faith,
I know not what to say to you both: Custom has confused
nature in you.

CLARA

Ay but Señor Steward...

BOBADILLA

You cannot trot so fast, since he ambles as slowly.

CLARA
Señor Sancho, will you hear me?

BOBADILLA
He that shall come to bestride your virginity, had better be
afoot over the Dragon.

CLARA
Very well.

BOBADILLA
Did ever a Spanish señorita pace so?

CLARA
Hold these a little.

LUCIO
I'll not touch them...I?

CLARA
I will smash your nose into your head,
You Dog-skin-faced rogue,
Which I will beat to Stock-fish.

CLARA BEATS HIM.

LUCIO
Sister.

BOBADILLA
Señorita.

CLARA
You guitar-head, who have you talked to, hah?
You nasty, stinking, and ill-countenanced Dog.

BOBADILLA
By this hand, I'll bang your brother for this, when I get him
alone.

CLARA
How shall you bang him? Kick him Lucio. Shall he kick you?
Spit on his nose. Kick him, I say or I will cut your head
off.

BOBADILLA
(aside to Lucio) Softly you had best.

LUCIO KICKS BOBADILLA.

CLARA
Now, you lean, dried, and ominous-visaged knave,
You false and bold Steward, pray,

CLARA (cont)
For I will tie you up in your own chain.

LUCIO
Good sister, do not choke him.

BOBADILLA
Murder, murder. Help me. I've been beaten by a soldier
señorita.

BOBADILLA EXITS.

CLARA
(to Bobadilla) Until we meet again! (to Lucio) Lucio, who
bought this for you? It's a reasonably good one; but here
hangs one of Spain's champions never used truer: with this
staff Old Alvarez has led men so close,
They could almost spit in a canon's mouth.
While I'm with it, and it well-mounted, has scurried
A horse-troop through, and through, like swift desire,
And seen poor rogues retire, all gored, and gashed
Like bleeding bait....

LUCIO
Pish! Horrible! Bless us, Sister Clara,
How desperately you talk. What do you call
This gun?

CLARA
I'll give it to you: a French Firearm.
I bet you never saw my Barbary horse, the Infanta
Bestowed upon me, as yet Lucio,
Walk down, and see it.

LUCIO
What into the stables?
Not I, the stallions will kick me: the poor groom there
was almost toppled the other day.

CLARA
Fie! Fie on you,
Before your mother you will scarcely be a man.

CLARA
When will you become a man?

LUCIO
You a woman?

CLARA
Put on pantelones?

LUCIO
Prance in petticoats?

CLARA
Coddle a cod-piece?

LUCIO
Caress a corset.

CLARA
Be a soldier?

LUCIO
Be a señorita?

Would I were none.
Yet, nature's privy seal assures me the decision done.

CLARA AND LUCIO BICKER UPSTAGE. ALVAREZ AND BOBADILLA ENTER.

ALVAREZ
You anger me! Can strong habitual custom
Work with such magic on the mind, and manners
In spite of sex and nature? Find out hombre,
Some skillful fighter you are!

BOBADILLA
Si señor.

ALVAREZ
I will rectify and redeem either's proper inclination,
Or bray 'em in a mortar and new mold 'em. Where is this Don
Pineda?

BOBADILLA
He's searched for sir. I promise. Believe your eyes sir;
I'll tell you.

BOBADILLA EXITS.

CLARA
I'll cut it off for a thousand pesetas.

ALVAREZ
How now, Clara, Lucio?
Your breeches on still? and your petticoat
Not yet off Lucio? Art not you Clara, turn'd a man indeed
Beneath the girdle? And you a woman?
We must have these things mended: come, go in.

ALVAREZ EXITS. VILLALBA AND BOBADILLA ENTER.

BOBADILLA
With Lucio say you? There is for you.

BOBADILLA POINTS TO LUCIO.

VILLALBA
And there he is.

VILLALBA GIVES MONEY TO BOBADILLA.

BOBADILLA
I thank you: you have now bought a little advice from me: if
you chance to have conference with that lady there, be very
civil, or look to your head: she has ten nails, and you but
two eyes: If any foolish hot motions should chance to rise in
the horizon under your equinoxial there, qualify it as well
as you can, for I fear the elevation of your pole will not
agree with the horoscope of her constitution: She is Doña
Dragon, I assure you.

BOBADILLA EXITS.

VILLALBA
Are you the Lucio, Señor, that saved Villalba?

LUCIO
Not I indeed sir;
There walks that Lucio, metamorphosed.

VILLALBA
Do you mock me?

LUCIO EXITS.

CLARA
No, he does not. I am that
Supposed Lucio that was, but Clara
That is, and daughter unto Alvarez.

VILLALBA
Amazement daunts me; would my life were riddles,
So you were still my fair Expositor:
Protected by a Señorita from my death.
Oh I shall wear an everlasting blush
Upon my cheek from this discovery:
Oh you the fairest soldier, I ever saw;
Each of whose eyes, like a bright beamy shield
Conquers, without blows, the contentious ones.

CLARA
Señor, guard yourself, you are in your enemy's house,
And may be injured.

VILLALBA
Nay, 'tis impossible:
Foe, nor oppressing odds dares prove Villalba,
If Clara takes his side, and calls him friend;
I would the difference of our bloods, were such

VILLALBA (cont)

That might with any shift be wiped away:
 Or would to Heaven yourself were all in your name;
 That having lost blood by you, I might hope
 To raise blood from you. But my black-winged fate
 Hovers adversely over that fond hope:
 And he, whose tongue thus gratifies the daughter,
 And sister of his enemy, wears a sword
 To rip the father and the brother up.
 Thus you, that saved this wretched life of mine,
 Have saved it to the ruin of your friends.
 That my affections should promiscuously
 Dart love and hate and once, both worthily!
 Pray, let me kiss your hand.

CLARA

You are treacherous,
 And come to do me mischief.

VILLALBA

Speak on still:
 Your words are falser (fair) than my intents,
 And each sweet accent far more treacherous; for
 Though you speak ill of me, you speak so well,
 I do desire to hear you.

CLARA

Pray be gone:
 Or kill me, if you please.

VILLALBA

Oh, neither can:
 For to be gone were to destroy my life;
 And to kill you, were to destroy my soul:
 (aside) I am in love, yet must not be in love:
 I'll make my way apace.

HE BEGINS TO EXIT.

Yet valiant Señorita,
 Such gratitude to honor I do owe,
 And such obedience to your memory,
 That if you will bestow something, that I
 May wear about me, it shall bind all wrath,
 My most inveterate wrath, from all attempts,
 Till you and I meet next.

CLARA

A favor señor?
 Why I will give you good counsel.

VILLALBA

That already
 You have bestowed: a ribbon, or a glove.

CLARA

Nay those are tokens for a waiting maid
 To trim the butler with.

VILLALBA

Your feather.

CLARA

Ay; The barmaids give them to their serving men.

VILLALBA

That little ring.

CLARA

It will hold you only by the finger;
 And I would have you faster.

VILLALBA

Any thing
 That I may wear, and but remember you.

CLARA

This smile: my good opinion of myself.
 But that it seems you like not.

VILLALBA

Yes, so well,
 When any smiles, I will remember yours;
 Your good opinion shall in weight poise me
 Against a thousand ills: Lastly, your self,
 My curious eye now figures in my heart,
 Where I will wear you, until the mirror cracks.
 So, sweetest Angels guard you.

CLARA

Stay señor, I
 Have fitly thought to give, what you as fitly
 May not disdain to wear.

VILLALBA

What's that?

CLARA

This sword.
 (aside) I never heard a man speak thus 'til this hour.
 His words are golden chains, and now I fear
 The Lioness has made me tamer:
 Fie, how this tongue chimes:
 What am I saying?
 Oh, this favor I bequeath you, which I tie
 In a love-knot, fast, never to hurt my friends;
 I have kept it long,
 And value it, next to my virginity:

VILLALBA (cont)

But good, return it, for I now remember
I vow'd, who purchased it, should have me too.

VILLALBA

Would that were possible: but alas it is not;
Yet assure yourself, most honored Clara,
I'll not violate one article of breath
My vow has offered to you: nor from this gift
While it has edge, or point, or I a heart.

VILLALBA EXITS.

CLARA

Oh leave me living. What new exercise
Is crept into my breast, that metamorphoses
My former nature? I begin to find
I am a woman, and must learn to fight
A swifter, sweeter battle, than with swords.
I am sick, I think, but the disease I feel
Pleases, and punishes:

CLARA BEGINS TO EXIT.

I warrant love
Is very like this, that women talk of so;
I know not what it is, yet sure even here,
Even in my heart, I sensibly perceive
It glows, and rises like a glimmering flame,
But know not yet the essence of it, nor a name.

CLARA EXITS. END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

SCENE ONE

PINEDA AND BOBADILLA ENTER WITH LETTERS.

PINEDA

To say señor, I will wait upon your Lord,
Is not to understand my self.

BOBADILLA

To say señor
You will do anything but wait upon him,
Is not to understand my Lord.

PINEDA

I'll meet him
Some half hour hence, and render
His son a man again: the cure is easy,
I have done so several times.

BOBADILLA

Women do ye mean, señor?

PINEDA

Cures I do mean señor: if there be but one spark
Of fire remaining in him,
With my discourse, I'll fan the flame;
I have had one so full of childish fear,
He dared not draw a knife to cut his meat.

BOBADILLA

And how señor, did you help him?

PINEDA

I kept him for
Seven days in a dark room by candle light
And purged him with crude rudities.
In all that time, he drank my Aqua fortis
And nothing else but...

BOBADILLA

Aqua vite, Señor,
For Aqua fortis poisons.

PINEDA

Aqua fortis
I say again: what's one man's poison, Señor,
Is another man's pleasure.

BOBADILLA

Your patience señor;
By your good patience, had a huge cold appetite.

PINEDA
I got rid of it: and gave him then three sweets
In the Artillery yard, drilled him for three days,
And now he'll shoot a Gun, draw a Sword,
And fight with any man in Christendom.

BOBADILLA
A receipt for a coward: I'll be bold señor
To write your good prescription.

PINEDA
Señor, you shall -
Is you chain right?

BOBADILLA
Tis both right and just señor:
For though I am a wine Steward, I did get it
Without stealing or harming another man.
And see this key, señor, it gets us plenty of drink.

PINEDA
Perhaps another less formal meeting.

BOBADILLA
So, so...
Could you not cure one señor, of being too rash
And over-daring? This is my disease:
Fool-hardy as they say, for this is what
I am.

PINEDA
Most easily.

BOBADILLA
How?

PINEDA
To make you drunk señor,
With beer once a day, beat you twice,
Till you bruise all over: if that doesn't help,
Knock out your brains.

BOBADILLA
This is strong remedy for a disease, Señor.
It will never agree with my weak body:
So weak - so tired and weak.
(aside) I find the medicine worse than the malady.
Therefore I will remain fool-hardy still:
You'll come señor?

PINEDA
As I am a gentleman.

BOBADILLA
A man of the sword should never break his word.

PINEDA
I'll overtake you: I have to make
A courtesy visit
To a Mistress lodged hereby.

BOBADILLA
A Señorita?

PINEDA
Sí, hombre.

BOBADILLA
Fair and comely?

PINEDA
Mi hombre, the paragon, paramount
of Seville, the most wealthy señorita of Spain,
For beauty, and perfection.

BOBADILLA
Is this so?
Could a man entreat a courtesy,
To walk along with you, Señor, to peruse
This dainty señorita, though not to dig in it, of course
Señor? Ay, I hope you'll not deny me, being a stranger;
Though I am a steward, I am flesh and blood,
And weak as other men.

PINEDA
Señor, blow your nose:
I dare not for the world: no, she is kept
By a great Don, Villalba.

BOBADILLA
How?

PINEDA
'Tis true.

BOBADILLA
For matters turn murky: this Don Villalba
I am to find now, to deliver some letters
from my young señorita, Clara, and I tell you,
Because you are a stranger,
And my special friend, I suspect there is
A little foolish love betwixt the parties,
Unknownst to my Don Alvarez.

PINEDA
(aside) Happy discovery:

PINEDA (cont)

My fruit begins to ripen.
Hark you hombre, I would wish you not give those letters now:
But go home, and give this to Señorita Clara to open,
Which when I come, I'll justify, and relate
More amply and particularly.

BOBADILLA

I'll do as you say, my friend, and trust you: bajo los manos.

PINEDA

Your servant excellent, Steward.

BOBADILLA EXITS.

PINEDA

Would all the Dons in Spain had no more brains.

PINEDA EXITS.

ACT THREE

SCENE TWO

MATILDA AND ALGUACIL ENTER.

MATILDA

He must not, nor he shall not? Who shall let him?
You? Politic Diego, with your face of wisdom;
Don-blurt, the "blank" of all truths,
Your grave, and sagging, sage Ale physiognomy:
Do I not know you for the Alguacil of
Whose garbage heap all the Parish scavengers
could never get rid? You are a fool to men,
Whose serious folly is a butt for all
To shoot their wits at; while you have not wit,
Nor heart, to answer, or be angry.

ALGUACIL

Señorita.

MATILDA

Peace, peace, you rotten rogue, supported by
A staff of even rottener officers; dare you check
Anyone's admittance, whom I wish to see?
Pineda is my friend and visits me
In a lawful way to espouse me as his wife;
And who will hinder, or cross, our meetings
And keep us from marriage?
You know me, hombre, for no chambermaid,
One who lets fall her waistcoat to reveal her belly;
You think your Constableness is great: hardly,
I am ten times greater than you: I, your house,
your house and office are supported by me
and my particular trade.

ALGUACIL

My house and office are maintained in the garden:
Go too, I know you,
You are a delinquent, but I have contrived
To ruin you and your friend:
I like his manner: he's a proper man,
Of good discourse, fine conversation,
Valiant, and a great carrier of business,
Sweet breasted as the Nightingale, a man of song:
Yet I must tell you, you're forgetting yourself;
Señor Villalba's love, and support
Deserves no other Jack in the Box, but he:
Admit, he first gathered your golden fruit,
And blew your pig's coat up into a blister,
When you waited upon his mother at court;
Has he not provided well for you, Señorita Strumpet,
Since making you a whore?

VILLALBA (cont)

Besides, what profits do I reap from Pineda?
If you will have me serve your pleasure, Señorita,
Your pleasure must accommodate my service;
Remember, I am the King's vice sergeant;
His right Lieutenant in this precinct.

MATILDA

(aside) He is a right rascal in all men's precincts;
Look, Constable, we are friends; there's gold in this for you
too. Please grant me to have Pineda just this once,
And keep it from my Don;
I will make you richer than you are wise:
You shall be my Bawd, my gigolo, and my officer:
Your children shall never starve, my good night owl,
And your old, ornery wife will dance at the Villalba's court,
And be appreciated by the Dons there.
Nay, let me this once, you red-haired devil,
And gold shall be your daily sacrifice,
Wrought from a fertile island of mine own,
Which I will offer, like an Indian Princess.

ALGUACIL

Then I will be your devil, you my flesh,
With which I will colonize the world.

MATILDA

Fill some tobacco,
And bring it in: if Pineda come
Before my Don, admit him; if my Don
Before my Love...lead him in...

ALGUACIL

I will my dear flesh: first come, first served. Well said.

MATILDA EXITS.

ALGUACIL

O equal Heaven, how well you arrange your
Gifts? One's born a great, rich fool,
For the subordinate knave to work upon.
Another's poor, with many wits and talents,
Which well or ill used, builds a living up.
What have I then to do with it? My free will
Left me by Heaven, makes me good and ill:
Now since vice gets more in this vicious world
Then piety, and my stars enforce my disposition to affect
A profit gain, and a rich name. My chief felicity
Is wealth, the nurse of sensuality:
And he who mainly labors to be rich,
Must scratch great scabs, and pleasingly
Claw a strumpet's itch.

ACT THREE

SCENE THREE

PINEDA ENTERS.

PINEDA

Here is the Alguacil.
Dios le guarda, Señor
Is my prima stirring yet?

ALGUACIL

Your prima (good cousin)?
A whore is like a fool, akin to all
The gallants in town: Your prima, good Señor,
Is gone abroad señor, with her other cousin,
My Señor Villalba: and since then there have been
Some dozen cousins here to inquire for her.

PINEDA

She's greatly allied señor.

ALGUACIL

Marriageable is she señor?
She is of a lusty kindred. The truth is
I must contrive no more: no more admittance
Must I consent to: my good Señor has threatened me,
And you must pardon.

PINEDA

Throwing me out are you hombre?
Turned honest at your age when there's one foot in the grave?
You should not lie so, not for a million..

ALGUACIL

A million?

PINEDA

Look, you three headed dog (well, in wit I say),
Here is one peseta, and two, and three,
For every "say-so" a bit.

PINEDA GIVES ALGUACIL MONEY.

ALGUACIL

I Marry señor!!
Well, the poor heart loves you but too well.
We have been talking of your faith this hour:
Where, what I said...go too: she loves your valor-
Oh, and your music and song most abominably:
She is within señor, and alone: what will you do with her?

PINEDA

That is your Sergeant's side, I accept it señor;
But I endure your Constable's much better;
There is less danger in it: This one you know
Is a tame, harmless monster in the light-
The Sergeant salvages both day and night.

ALGUACIL

I'll call her to you for that.

PINEDA

No, I will charm her.

MATILDA ENTERS.

ALGUACIL

Here, she's come.

PINEDA

My Spirit.

MATILDA

Oh my sweet,
Leap heart to lips, and in our kisses meet.

PINEDA

(singing)
Turn, turn your beautiful face away,
How pale and sickly looks the day,
In emulation of your brighter beams!
Oh envious light, fly, fly be gone,
Come night, and piece two breasts as one;
When what love does, we will repeat in dreams.
Yet (your eyes open) who can day thus fright,
Let but our lids fall, and it will be night.

ALGUACIL

Well, I will leave you in your fortitude;
And you to your chastity: ah, you pretty pair,
It was a sin to separate you. Lovers, being alone
Make one of two, and day and night all one.
But fall not out, I charge you, keep the peace;
(To Matilda) Remember, you know my place.

ALGUACIL EXITS.

PINEDA

My treasured trollop, (he sings) my love...

MATILDA

I know we can not marry:
You are a courtier, and can sing (my Love)
And deserve no Mistresses: I am a strumpet,

MATILDA (cont)

But I do not care-
I'll love you still; and when I am dead for you,
You will believe my true love too.

PINEDA

You kill me dearly.
This is my lesson that you speak: have I
In any circumstance deserved this doubt?
I am not like your false and perjured Don
Who here maintains you, and has vowed his faith,
Yet attempts in the way of marriage
To a señorita not far off.

MATILDA

How's that?

PINEDA

'Tis so:
Therefore Señorita, I have taken care of it -
The time has come, you may demand his promise;
But, I swear to marry you with speed.

MATILDA

And with that gold
Which Don Villalba gives, you'll walk some voyage
And leave me to my trade; and laugh, and brag,
How you o'er reached a whore, and tricked a Señor.

PINEDA

Dare you doubt? I have mastered the matter of Villalba...
What should I say to be believed? Expose me
To any hazard; or like jealous Juno
(The incensed mother of Hercules)
Design me labors most impossible-
I'll do them, or die in them; so at last
You will believe me.

MATILDA

Taken care of Villalba -
It pains to ask. Forgive me my love.
I am thine, come, walk in.

PINEDA

Faith Señorita.

MATILDA

I have
Some gold you, for my servant, my slave.

PINEDA

And I a sweeter surprise
for my Señorita from her knave.

THEY EXIT.

ACT THREE

SCENE FOUR

VILLALBA ENTERS. ALGUACIL FOLLOWS CLOSE BEHIND.

VILLALBA

Where's Alguacil, where?

ALGUACIL

(aside) I'm Undone - Wit now or forever hold my peace: my Master will cut my throat, I am a dead Constable... The party, Señor, is here.

VILLALBA

What?

ALGUACIL

He was here-
I cry your Excelencia mercy...but I rattled him...
I told him here was no place
For such debauched and poor conditioned hombres.

VILLALBA

T'was well done.

ALGUACIL

If it please your honor,
Swore three or four great oaths she was removed,
Which I did in good conscience,
Being for your Excelencia.

VILLALBA

What became of him?

ALGUACIL

Faith, Señor, he went away with a flea in his ear,
Like a sick dog, clapping his tiny tail
Betwixt his legs - barking ruff-ruff, ruff-ruff, ruff-ruff-
wretched dog-
Now, look's my luck.

PINEDA AND MATILDA ENTER. SHE CARRIES A SMALL CANVAS.
ALGUACIL STANDS ASIDE, HIDING.

MATILDA

(to PINEDA) 'Tis he, do as I told you.

PINEDA STANDS ASIDE, HIDING.

MATILDA

(to VILLALBA) Oh, my dear Señor.

VILLALBA

Matilda, what alone?

MATILDA

Never alone, always accompanied
With noble thoughts of mi Señor.

VILLALBA

Pretty niña.

MATILDA

Oh my good Señor, did you miss me?

PINEDA

(aside) Excellent woman, like a sly serpent.

PINEDA EXITS.

ALGUACIL

(aside) No longer dead!

ALGUACIL EXITS. VILLALBA TAKES CANVAS FROM MATILDA.

VILLALBA

'Tis wondrous,
That Art cannot counterfeit
What Nature makes.

MATILDA

(aside) All's clear: another trap I'll fix.
(to Villalba) Villalba, you are
A most perfidious and perjured man,
As ever did usurp Nobility.

VILLALBA

What do you say, Matilda?

MATILDA

Leave your betraying smiles,
And change the tunes of your inciting tongue
To repent; for I am in great labor, even with anger, big with
the burden of woman's rage, even greater than when my womb
Was bursting by you: let me be the last wretch
Dishonored by you: Do not touch me again! I loathe
My very heart: would I had honestly been matched to you, some
poor country swine, who now knows the vanity
Of court. You base dog you! I am at peace with being a whore
unto my dying day.

MATILDA PRETENDS TO CRY.

VILLALBA

(aside) Oh the uncomfortable ways of women,
Their different speech and meaning, never assurance

VILLALBA (cont)

In what they say or do...
(to Matilda) What ails you?
(aside) Oh, these strong desires are beginning to triumph...Her tears...Ay! Por favor, weep not; Oh those tears, if they were true and rightly spent, would raise a sudden spring in the worst of winter: From this passion; why all this?

MATILDA

Do you ask?
You are marrying, And who of all the world but the daughter of the shrew, your great arch foe.
You having made me unfit
For any men: you leave me fit for all:
But on: I care not, this poor rush: it will breed
An excellent comedy: ha, ha, it makes me laugh:
Have hell on your side, señor.

VILLALBA

(aside) Why how the devil does she know I saw This Señorita? Are all whores part sorceress?
I will be merry.
(to Matilda) 'Faith, 'tis true, sweet heart,
I am to marry!

MATILDA

Are you? You base Señor.
Why, I'll pistol you.

MATILDA CHARGES FOR VILLALBA WITH HER SHOE.

VILLALBA

A roaring whore?
Take heed, madwoman.
You have learned this from your swordsman, whom I warned you of. I never promised you marriage, only said I loved you, as long as you remained the woman I expected, or you swore, a whore and how you have failed at that.
I'll keep no more faith with an infidel.

MATILDA

Nor I my bosom for a rogue, do you hear?
Go, and let the devil take me, if I ever
See you again. I was too true.

VILLALBA

Madness transports you: I confess I cared for you:
He who told you I was marrying lied. It was but in thought:
Do you slave me to your tyranny so cruelly that I cannot dare look or speak to other women?
Come, calm down. Let's be friends:
Look, here's a jewel, I will come

VILLALBA (cont)

At night , and...

MATILDA

You shall not señor.

VILLALBA

Truthfully, I will.

MATILDA

Half drunk, to make a noise and rail?

VILLALBA

No, no,
Sober and sane. I am yours and proclaim myself
a changed man.

MATILDA

No more, señor. For now, the night though shall be mine.

MATILDA BEGINS TO EXIT.

VILLALBA

While after thee I pine.

VILLALBA EXITS IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

ACT THREE

SCENE FIVE

CLARA AND BOBADILLA ENTER WITH LETTERS.

CLARA

What did he say, hombre?

BOBADILLA

Little or nothing: I did not see him,
Nor will I: he loves a strumpet, Señorita,
Keeps her spitefully, under the Constable's nose...
It can be confirmed by the gentleman,
Your brother's teacher, now within
and practicing: Here are your letters: come
You shall not cast yourself away, while I live,
Nor will I venture my right worshipful place to let you do
so. Here's your Mother: sit down:
And another who loves you: or so I wish.
If you have any grace-

CLARA

Well rogue, you guitar-head.

CLARA SITS DOWN AND SEWS.

BOBADILLA

I'll go in, to see how Don Lucio is managing: he'll soon make
A pretty piece of flesh; I promise you,
He already handles his weapon with such grace.

EUGENIA AND SALCEDO ENTER.

EUGENIA

She knows your love señor, and the full allowance
Her Father and myself approve with,
And I must tell you, I much hope it has
Wrought some impression by her alteration;
She sighs, and says "forsooth", and cries "heigh ho".
She'll say ill words to the Steward, and the servants,
Yet answer affably, and modestly as she should-
Things señor are, not usual with her: there she is,
Have a word.

SALCEDO

Señora, I am bound to you. With grace, I thank you.

EUGENIA

With my honor.

EUGENIA STANDS ASIDE.

SALCEDO

How now, fair Señorita, working?

CLARA

Yes, indeed,
Learning to live as a woman.

SALCEDO

You need not.

CLARA

No indeed, I do-
We do not know what this idling may come to.

EUGENIA

(aside) 'Tis strange.

SALCEDO

Come, I have asked for you to come and play.

CLARA

Indeed 'tis ill for a fair Señorita to be idle.

SALCEDO

Indeed, she had better be well busied. Shall I sit by you?
Do you feel sadness, Clara?

CLARA

If you be weary, señor, you had best be gone;

SALCEDO

If I be so, I would not sit by you.

CLARA

Do what you will, but beware of me.

SALCEDO

Shall we kiss?

CLARA

Oh no, indeed, señor, You, to kiss a soldier in a gown?

A PAUSE. SALCEDO PROCEEDS TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT.

SALCEDO

Being so fair, my Clara,
What do you delight in darkness?

CLARA

The fairest Señoritas like the darkest men:
I ever loved the shade.

SALCEDO

Why, I do love
A dark thing too: and the most beauteous faces

SALCEDO (cont)

Have often been the best of them: as in the darkest eyes,
Jet-arched brows. May I kiss your hand?

CLARA

Señor, 'Twill hinder my work. And my mother
Will scold me, if I do not do my task.

SALCEDO

Your mother, nor your father shall scold: you
might have a prettier task, would you be ruled
And look with open eyes.

SALCEDO

And look with open eyes.
Pray, wear this jewel.

CLARA

Neither you, nor jewels,
For you are a trifle boring, wear it yourself, señor-
Out with you,
And offer no more jewels this way.

SALCEDO STANDS TO LEAVE.

SALCEDO

You misunderstand me: I will not wake, not delight,
Nor fast, nor die for you.

CLARA

Por favor, be not deceived-
I cannot like, nor love, not live with you-
Nor fast, nor watch, nor pray for you.

EUGENIA

(aside) Her old fit.

SALCEDO

(aside) Sure, this is not the way of a señorita.
(to CLARA) Clara, let me break your melancholy.

CLARA

I shall break your head then,
Away, you sanguine scabbard...you dragon...you dog.

EUGENIA

I can not see this-
This is breaking my heart.

SALCEDO

She's not yet tame...a man she still is by no other name.

ALVAREZ, PINEDA, LUCIO AND BOBADILLA ENTER. PINEDA AND
BOBADILLA ARE FENCING.

CLARA

Fencing, por favor, Father?

ALVAREZ

Not now Clara, on señor, put home: or I shall goad you here
With this old Fox of mine, that will bite better.
Oh, the brave age is gone; in my young days
A Don would stock a needles point
Three times together: shall I give you new garters?

BOBADILLA

Calm old Master.
There's little hope. The linen he was born in was light and
dank: he's so faint and cold.
Bear you up Lucio, jab at him. More, more. Oh base.

PINEDA

Fie: you are the most inapt Scholar: bear
Your body gracefully: what posture's this?
You lie too open breasted.

LUCIO

Oh!

PINEDA

You'll never make a good Statesman.

LUCIO

Pray, no more.
I hope to breathe in peace.

ALVAREZ

Fie: what despair.
Eugenia, we must acquire a new heir.

EUGENIA

I by my troth, your daughter's manners equally aglare.

ALVAREZ

(To Lucio) I will break you bone by bone, and bury you,
Before I'll have such a sorry son to inherit:
(To PINEDA) Knock him good; see how that will work.

PINEDA

Now, for your life, Señor.

LUCIO

Oh: alas, I am killed
My eye is out: look Father: Sancho:
I'll play the fool no more thus, that I will not. Help
Clara!

CLARA
Take heart: never a rogue in Spain shall wrong my brother
While I can still swing a sword.

CLARA TURNS ON PINEDA.

PINEDA
Hold, Señorita, Señorita.

ALVAREZ
Clara.

EUGENIA
Daughter.

BOBADILLA
Señorita.

PINEDA
Por favor.
Hold, hold I pray.

CLARA AND PINEDA SEPARATE.

ALVAREZ
The devil's in her.
(To PINEDA) My desperate apology for my children. There's
gold for you. (To Eugenia) Will no cure help? Let us face on
final test, and if that fail, I'll hang him. This will put
an end to it. And her? Fie!
Come you along with me: and you señor.

EUGENIA
What will you do, Señor? Do not harm my son, please my love,
For the sake of Christianity.

BOBADILLA
(To Lucio) Now you have done it. Time to drown, you stinking
stock-fish.

ALVAREZ, EUGENIA, LUCIO AND BOBADILLA EXIT.

SALCEDO
I'll come along with you! She's too great a lady
for me, and does prove more than my match.

SALCEDO EXITS.

CLARA
Good! Be gone!
(To Pineda) Are you he who sent letters and spoke of Villalba
to the steward?

PINEDA
Yes, and I thank you for roughing me up for it. Is it your
Custom to thank señors in such a way?

CLARA
Of course! Do you swear you have not wronged him by saying he
visits a strumpet kept under the constable's nose?

PINEDA
Swear? So sure that if you desire to witness it yourself
I'll show you them together,
And you shall hear them coo, and then carouse.

CLARA
Will you? Then Señor,
You shall endear me ever. Oh, and I desire
Your forgiveness.

PINEDA
A rather boisterous woman you were.

CLARA
Here's gold to make amends: and for your pains,
I'll gratify you further, I'll mask myself
and walk along with you: Faith, let's make a night of it!

THEY EXIT.

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ACT THREE

SCENE SIX

ALGUACIL, FERNANDA, MERCEDES, ZORAYA, LAZARILLO. ALL ARE DRUNK.

ALGUACIL

Steal well tonight,
And you shall feed tomorrow; so, now you are
Yourselves again, I'll raise another watch
To free you from suspicion: set on any
You meet with boldly: I'll not be far off,
To assist you, and protect you.
Come on my brave water spaniels: you that hunt hombres in the
night: and hide more knavery under your gowns than your
better halves (your twins): Follow my instructions, at that
corner I will leave you; if drunkards molest the street, and
fall down brabbling, knock you down, and take you up their
cloaks and hats, bring them to me: they are lawful prisoners,
and must be ransomed to receive their liberty: you know the
rest, therefore I abbreviate my lecture...

ZORAYA

We are wise enough...

LAZARILLO

And warm enough.

MERCEDES

Vice-Sergeant, this night shall be apprehended.

FERNANDA

The terror of ruffians shall be known: and our bills will
free us after we settle up.

LAZARILLO

I will do anything to eat and I'll say anything.

FERNANDA

Lazarillo, we will waste no more; now we are getting rich, we
will live better: let us follow our calling faithfully.

ALGUACIL

Away, then protect the Commonwealth:
(To Pacheco and Lazarillo) And, the Commonwealth is our
mistress. And who would serve a common mistress, but to gain
her?

ALL EXIT.

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ACT FOUR

SCENE ONE

VILLALBA, LOZANO AND LEONORA ENTER.

LOZANO

I pray you hurry to her, my señor Villalba.
'Tis early night yet.

LEONORA

O if it be so late, take me along:
I do not dare walk home unaccompanied tonight.

VILLALBA

'Tis true. You will be spared this, Sister,
Knowing with whom I leave you: one that is your servant,
And may my council and persuasion work,
A husband for you speedily.

LEONORA

But, I do not desire a husband. I have told you a thousand
Times, Brother...

VILLALBA

(To LOZANO) For your entertainment
I thank you; I will pay you dearly for your services.

LEONORA

(In a whisper to Villalba) My Señor - I wish to see the
Strumpet.

VILLALBA

As you respect me, without further trouble take this,
Go, and taste the delicacies prepared by the eating
establishment not far off,
And leave me to my pleasures.

LEONORA

Your pleasures? But, señor, I'm hungry for more than food.

VILLALBA EXITS.

LOZANO

Come señorita: As you please señor.

LEONORA

Faith, we shall.

LEONORA & LOZANO EXIT.

ACT FOUR

SCENE TWO

MATILDA

Be off you rogue,
Is it not enough
To have your staff or a bolt to bar the door
Where a Don enters, but that you'll presume
To be his taster?

ALGUACIL

Is no more respect
Due to this rod of justice?

MATILDA

Do you dispute?
Good Doctor of the Dungeon, not a word more,
If you do, My Don Villalba knows it.

ALGUACIL

Why I am big enough to answer him
Or any man.

MATILDA

'Tis well.

VILLALBA
(off-stage)

Matilda.

ALGUACIL

How now?

MATILDA

You know the voice, and now crouch like a dog
protecting sheep: I now could have you guilded
For a bawd standing eagerly on his hind legs: but on this
submission for once I'll spare you.

ALGUACIL

I will be revenged.

VILLALBA ENTERS.

ALGUACIL

My honorable Señor.

VILLALBA

Here's for your care.

VILLALBA GIVES ALGUACIL MONEY.

ALGUACIL

(aside) I am a mad, stark man: proud Pagan scorn her host?
I would I were but valiant enough to kick her, wretched hen.

MATILDA

What's that?

ALGUACIL

I am gone.

ALGUACIL EXITS. MATILDA AND VILLALBA TALK ASIDE.

PINEDA AND CLARA ENTER ABOVE.

PINEDA

You see, I have kept my word.

CLARA

But in seeing this,
Hardly deserve my thanks.

PINEDA

Is there anything else
You ask of me?

CLARA

Only your sword
Which I must have: nay, willingly; I know how
To use it.

PINEDA

'Tis yours Lady.

CLARA

I ask nothing further.

PINEDA

If so, I leave you. (aside) I pray this plan
To win Matilda success.

PINEDA EXITS, HIDING IN THE BACKGROUND.

MATILDA

By this, you shall not.

VILLALBA

By this,
I must and will, Matilda: What do you make-
A stranger of me?

MATILDA

I'll do so and
You shall accept it.

VILLALBA

Why, you shame women,
Whose folly, or whose impudence is greater and more
Doubtful to determine. We know you have long been a whore.

MATILDA

And you made me one-
Remember that.

VILLALBA

Why, should I but grow wise
And tie your bounty up, which discretion
Nor honor could give way to; within a month, you would be
Nothing more than a barefoot, lousy and sickly strumpet.

CLARA

(aside) For me
He never spoke so well, nor one as she.

VILLALBA

I have maintained you as
The envy of great fortunes, made you shine
As if your name were glorious: stuck you full
Of jewels, as the firmament of stars.
And thus you repay me?

MATILDA

You are still my debtor;
I have lived private to you,
And but for you, had never known what lust was.

VILLALBA

'Tis false.

MATILDA

'Tis true,
But how you returned this: my whole life being your
One continued act of lust, and shipwreck
Of women's chastities.

VILLALBA

I should admire your tempting me.

MATILDA

Touch me not:
You know I have a throat, if you do
I will cry out rape.

VILLALBA

My blood commands my reason: (aside) I must take
Some milder way.

VILLALBA (cont)

Come this need not be,
You know how much I desire you.

CLARA
(aside)

Lost again.

VILLALBA

That any sigh of yours, would command a pardon from me,
For wronging you, which all mankind
Should kneel in vain for.

MATILDA

I pardon you and pray you pardon those
That need your favor, or desire it.

VILLALBA

Prithee,
Be better tempered: I'll pay as a forfeit
For my rash anger, take this purse filled with Gold.
You will have servants, gowns, attires.
Only continue mine.

MATILDA
(aside)

'Twas this I was fishing for.

VILLALBA

Look on me, and receive it.

MATILDA

Well, you know
My gentle nature,
This kiss confirms it.

CLARA
(aside)

With my ruin.

PINEDA

And mine!

MATILDA

I'll have this diamond, and this pearl.

VILLALBA

They are yours.

MATILDA

But will you not, when you have what you came for,
Take them from me tomorrow? 'Tis a fashion

MATILDA (cont)
You Señors of late have used.

VILLALBA
But I'll not follow.

CLARA
(aside)
That any man at such a rate as this
Should pay for his repentance. What a dragon is he.

VILLALBA
Shall we to bed now?

MATILDA
Instantly, sweet: yet, now I think on't, better
To see more jewels.

THEY TALK ASIDE.

CLARA
I'll find a way to break this match,
Or make it stronger with my blood.

CLARA DESCENDS. ALGUACIL ENTERS. PINEDA APPROACHES HIM.

ALGUACIL
Your luck today! I am yours,
A Don's not privileged here more than yourself,
Win her and wear her.

PINEDA
Have you a priest ready?

ALGUACIL
I have him for you, niño. (aside) And when I have married
this scornful whore to this poor gallant, it will be a joy
To bring this high prized wench to her knees. Adios, niño.

ALGUACIL EXITS.

VILLALBA
Who's that?

PINEDA
I, Don Pineda.

MATILDA
My Pineda, welcome, welcome:
Faith had you not come when you did, my Señor would
Have done I know not what to me.

VILLALBA
(aside) I am gulled,

VILLALBA (cont)
First cheated of my jewels, and then laughed at.
(To Pineda) Señor, what brings you here?

PINEDA
A business brings me,
More lawful than your own.

VILLALBA
How's that, you slave?

MATILDA
He's such, yet you would continue her a whore
Whom he would make a wife of.

VILLALBA
I'll tread upon
The face you dote on, strumpet.

PINEDA
I have no fear.

VILLALBA
A plot upon my life too?

MATILDA
Down with him.

CLARA ENTERS WITH A SWORD. CLARA
Learn from a woman and show your old valor.
One eagle soars mightily against
A flock of crows.

THEY FIGHT. PINEDA
Get you off, you maddening creature.
(To Matilda) Get you gone.
I'll follow instantly.
(aside) I have struck fortune!

PINEDA AND MATILDA EXIT.
CLARA BEGINS TO EXIT.

VILLALBA
(aside) Loss of my gold, and jewels, and the woman too
Afflicts me not so much, as having Clara witness my weakness.
May I never prosper if I know how to thank her.

VILLALBA FOLLOWS CLARA AS THEY TALK UPSTAGE. FERNANDA,
LAZARILLO, ZORAYA AND MERCEDES ENTER.

LAZARILLO

I say, I am bored protecting this Commonwealth. Is there not a richer Commonwealth to serve.

FERNANDA

Fie, Lazarillo. Patience. We will find some rogues and drunkards yet.

MERCEDES

'Tis a calm night. The taverns still full.

ZORAYA

No action, my friend. Let's to another corner.

MERCEDES

Si, si, may this night be apprehended.

LAZARILLO

Pacheco, I am yet becoming hungry.

FERNANDA

I can no longer stomach you, flea. Onwards, amigos.

THEY EXIT.

CLARA

Señor, your pardon
for pressing beyond a virgin's bounds
into your privacies: let my being
Like to a man, as you are, be the excuse.
Señor, if you will,
Prevent me from a further boldness, which I could
Proceed in, if you prove me not merciful-
I would enter upon the loss of blushes, and my good name.

VILLALBA

Señorita, I know your will, and would be thankful
If it were possible I could so affect
The daughter of an enemy.

CLARA

That fair false one
Whom with fond dotage you have long pursued
Had such a father: she to whom you pay
Dearer for your dishonor.

VILLALBA

'Tis truth.

CLARA

Yet, with her, as a friend, you still exchange
Health for diseases, and to your disgrace
Nourish your rival for your present pleasures.

CLARA (cont)

You use her as property to safeguard her lust for him,
Yet share nothing but the shame of it.

VILLALBA

Grant all this be so, but to take you for a wife
Would be a greater hazard, for should I offend you
(As 'tis not easy still to please a woman)
You are of so great a spirit, that I must learn
To wear your petticoat, since you could have
My britches from me.

CLARA

Rather from this hour
I here relinquish the role of a man,
And will esteem it pleasure from you
To exist as a woman: love, true love
Hath made me search within, and expelled
All but my natural essence, and made ready
That which my parents' care could not begin.
I desire to love you, and in that will
Grow every day more able.

VILLALBA

(aside) Could this be? I find
A kind of yielding; and no reason why
I should hold longer out: she's young and fair
And chaste for sure. (to CLARA) Señorita, though you have
A soldier's arm, your lips appear as if
They were a señorita's.

CLARA

They dare, Señor, for you
To endure a trial.

VILLALBA KISSES HER.

VILLALBA

Ay, once more I pray you.

VILLALBA KISSES HER.

VILLALBA

(aside) The best I ever tasted; and 'tis said
I have proved many, 'tis not safe I fear
To ask for the rest now: well, I will leave gallivanting,
And luck heaven send me with her.
(to CLARA) Worthiest Señorita,
I'll wait upon your home, and by the way
(If ever I marry, as I'll not swear falsely to it)
I will tell you, you are my wife.

CLARA
Which if by fortune 'tis true,
All mankind's women,
Will learn from Clara how to woo.

THEY EXIT.

ACT FOUR

SCENE THREE

FERNANDA, ZORAYA, MERCEDES AND LAZARILLO ENTER.

ZORAYA

Where does The Constable, our brave officer, reside?

FERNANDA

Would every ward had one so great as he,
We would always watch for rugs and gowns of velvet
From which to steal.

LAZARILLO

Fernanda Pacheco, my stomach has been robbed and lies
Empty handed on the street!

FERNANDA

And there it must wait
'Til we meet our fate!

ALVAREZ, LUCIO AND BOBADILLA ENTER.

MERCEDES

Stand close: a prize.

ZORAYA

Satin and silver, hombres.

THEY STAND ASIDE.

ALVAREZ

Why do you hang upon me?

LUCIO

'Tis so dark
I dare not see my way: for mercy sake, father
Let us return home.

BOBADILLA

No, even here we'll leave you
As we flee, ay my Señor.

LUCIO

Oh alas.

ALVAREZ

You have angered me: I will alter you,
Beat you dead and new mold you,
Then bray you in a mortar.

BOBADILLA

'Twill never be:
He has been three days practicing to drink,
Yet still he sips, like to a waiting woman,
And looks as he were murdered by a bully
Among wild English louts.

LUCIO

I still have
Your good word, Sancho. Father, please.

ALVAREZ

You milk-sop coward;
No house of mine receives you: I disclaim you:
Your mother on her knees shall not entreat me
Hereafter to acknowledge you.

LUCIO

Pray you speak for me.

BOBADILLA

I would; but now I cannot.

ALVAREZ

There's only one course remaining which may redeem you-
Strike the next man you meet,
And if we chance to come upon a woman,
Take her away, and love her like a man.
Or I will cut off your cod-piece.

FERNANDA

(aside) This works for us.
(To Montoya) Go call on the Constable and request
He Bring the Governor. Rapido!

ALVAREZ

Why are you kneeling now?

LUCIO

Señor, I am saying my prayers;
For undertaking what you would have me,
I know I cannot live.

LEONORA AND LOZANO ENTER WITH LIGHTS.

LOZANO

Señorita, I fear
You'll wish you had traveled by coach: your brother's house
Is yet a good distance.

LEONORA

This walk
Will help digestion after a great supper,
Of which I fed largely.

ALVAREZ

(to LUCIO) To your task,
Or else to your torture.

ALVAREZ AND BOBABILLA HIDE.

LUCIO

(aside) I am dying:
Now Señor have mercy on me:
By your favor Señor,
I must strike you.

LOZANO

For what cause?

LUCIO

I know not:
And I must likewise talk with this young Señorita
An hour in private.

LOZANO

What you must do is doubtful,
But I am certain, Señor, I should beat you,
You fish breath.

LOZANO BEATS HIM.

LUCIO

Help, help.

ALVAREZ AND BOBADILLA COME FORWARD.

ALVAREZ

Not strike again? Do Lucio, do!

LUCIO

Help!

LOZANO

How, Alvarez? This for my Señor Villalba's love.

LOZANO STRIKES ALVAREZ.

LUCIO

Though I want courage,
I have a son's duty in me, and
Compassion of a father's danger, which
Wholly possesses me. I am afraid.

LOZANO FIGHTS WITH LUCIO WHO RETURNS HIS BLOWS FEEBLY.

Fighting for a companion

** Changing the subject*

bring fight down

ALVAREZ

Lucio,
This is beyond hope. Think of the great Piñeda.
What then has he ever taught you?

ALVAREZ JOINS IN THE FIGHTING.

LEONORA

Men, men, if you be men...cease this battle!

FERNANDA

Break out,
And like true thieves, work both sides,
But seem to help the stronger.

BOBADILLA

Oh, my Lord,
He is beating him to his knees. Stop him.

FERNANDA AND LAZARILLO JOIN THE FIGHTING AS MERCEDES
INADVERTENTLY PICKS POCKETS.

BOBADILLA

Thieves, thieves. Make way my Lord.

LOZANO

Defer our own contention: and down with them.

LUCIO

For sure, Señor.

BOBADILLA

Now he plays the Devil.

ALVAREZ

Back you Bandittos.

LEONORA

This place is not for the likes of me.
Danger looms large here.

LEONORA EXITS.

LUCIO

I'll follow her-
Half of my penance is paid.

ALGUACIL AND THE GOVERNOR ENTER. ZORAYA FOLLOWS.

ALGUACIL

What noise?
What tumult there? Keep the king's peace I charge you.

FERNANDA

(To Montoya) Good work, Montoya.
I am glad he's finally come.

ALVAREZ

Oh, you keep good guard
Upon the city, when men of our rank
Are set upon in the streets.

LOZANO

The governor shall hear of it.
Be assured you will be put in jail for this.
Take these outlaws in, Vice-Sergeant.

ALGUACIL

Patience, good señors:
Let me survey the rascals: Oh, I know them,
And thank you for them: they are pilfering rogues
Of Andalucia, who have spent time in
All prisons in Castille: I dare not trust
Them in the dungeon: no, I'll take them home
To my house.

FERNANDA

We had rather go to prison.

ALGUACIL

Would you now, dog-bolts? Yes, I know you would:
You would use your cunning fingers on
Simple locks you would: but I'll prevent you.

LOZANO

My Señorita lost? Good night.
Until we chance meet again, Don Alvarez.

LOZANO EXITS.

BOBADILLA

Your son's gone too,
What should become of him?

ALVAREZ

Come of him what will:
If he dares fight, I care not: I'll to bed:
Look to your prisoners Alguacil.

ALVAREZ AND BOBADILLA EXIT.

ALGUACIL

All's cleared:
We survived one disaster: let us hug,
And triumph in our knaveries.

GOVERNOR

(aside) This confirms
What was reported of him.

THE GOVERNOR EXITS.

ZORAYA

'Twas done bravely.

MERCEDES REVEALS THE STOLEN GOODS.

ALGUACIL

I must Revel in a little glory for the means
We officers have, to play the knaves and safely.

FERNANDA

But suppose
The governor should know about it?

ALGUACIL

He? Good knaves, hah!
The pillage of the night
Is only mine, mine free and simple;
Which you tenants will willingly
Not pay rent for it.

FERNANDA

Admirable landlord.

ALGUACIL

Now we'll go have a merry drink with what we have
Stolen from these silly wretches. Come, amigas.
To the taverns we go.

THE GOVERNOR ENTERS CARRYING SHACKLES.

GOVERNOR

And we will
See you safe lodged, most worthy Alguacil,
With all of your compadres.

ZORAYA

'Tis the Governor.

ALGUACIL

We are betrayed?

GOVERNOR

I will bind you fast:

Your crimes deserve punishment, which shall fall upon you
So speedily, and severely, it shall

GOVERNOR (cont)

Fright others by example and confirm
How corrupt officers disgrace
Themselves: 'tis not in them to wrong their place.
Let us away.

ALGUACIL

We'll suffer nobly
And like Spanish gallants shall remain tall.

FERNANDA

And we'll hang so.

LAZARILLO

I have no stomach for this.

ALL EXIT.

ACT FOUR

SCENE FOUR

LUCIO AND LEONORA ENTER.

LEONORA
Nay you are rude; pray you leave me, you offer now
More than any well-bred gentleman
Can provide.

LUCIO
I beg your pardon. 'Twas to kiss you,
And do not think I was to receive it for the favor
Enjoyed me for my penance, Señorita.

LEONORA
You are a gentle confessor, and so for once, for this
So then you will rest satisfied. I excuse it.

LEONORA KISSES HIS CHEEK

LUCIO
Rest satisfied with a kiss? Why, can a man
Desire more from a woman? Is there any
pleasure beyond this? May I never live
Beyond tomorrow to learn what it is.

LEONORA
(aside) Sweet innocence.

THEY KISS.

LUCIO
What strange motions I feel! (aside) I felt this
Years before upon seeing mother in the wash house.
Now, my veins burn with an unknown fire: in every part
I suffer alteration: I am poisoned,
Yet languish with desire again to taste it,
So sweetly it works on me.

LEONORA
(aside)
I never saw a man
So lovely, 'til now.

LUCIO
How can this be?
She is a woman, as my mother is,
And she I have kissed often, and come away
Unscorched.
Your lips are more lovely, Señorita,
And so should be less hurtful: pray you use

LUCIO (cont)
Your hands to stop the rising heat of your lips-
Perhaps that may restore me.

LEONORA
Willingly.

LUCIO
The flame increases: if to touch you,
What would a more strict embrace do?
I know, yet I think if I were to die, I would ascend
To Heaven, first stopping through Paradise.

LEONORA
(aside) I am morally wounded as well,
Though modesty forbids I speak
What ignorance makes him bold in.
(to LUCIO) Why do you fix
Your eyes strangely upon me?

LUCIO
Pray you, stand still,
There is nothing else, that is worthy to look on:
I could adore you forever, Señorita.

LEONORA
Can you love me?

LUCIO
To wait on you, in your chamber, and but touch
What you, by wearing it, have made divine,
Would be such happiness. I am resolved-
I'll sell my liberty to you for these gloves,
And write myself your noble servant.

LOZANO ENTERS, RUNNING.

LOZANO
Señorita, god speed, you are safe.

LEONORA GIVES LUCIO HER GLOVES.

LEONORA
On easier terms,
Receive them as a friend.

LOZANO
How! Giving favor!
I'll have it along with his heart.

LOZANO TAKES A GLOVE FROM LUCIO.

X Glove = Token of her heart

LEONORA

What will you do?

LUCIO

As you are merciful, I'd rather take my life.

LUCIO PUTS ON THE OTHER GLOVE.

LEONORA

Will you leave with it so?

LUCIO

Does that grieve you?

LEONORA

Until now, you appeared valiant.

LUCIO

'Twas to preserve my father: in his cause
I would be so again and again.

LEONORA

Why kneeling to your rival and your enemy?
Away you unworthy creature, I beginning to collect
Myself, for having given entrance to
A good opinion of you: For your torment,
If my poor beauty be of any power,
May you dote on it desperately: but never
Presume to hope for grace, until you recover
And wear the other favor that was ravished from you.

LOZANO

He'll wear my head then, too.

LOZANO EXITS. *Going after her*

LEONORA

Poor fools: adios.

LEONORA EXITS. LUCIO STANDS

LUCIO

Oh glove, please hold me fast
As in my chest burns a love to last.

HE EXITS.

Bigger & Bolder

ACT FIVE

SCENE ONE

LOZANO ENTERS WITH LEONORA'S GLOVES IN HIS HAT.

LUCIO

My womanish soul, which until now has governed
My cowardly flesh, I feel lessening in me;
And, by her beauty, I feel a different, masculine one
Inspire me; Instruct what's fit to do; powerful love
Has a loud, and pleasing thunder rousing a sleeping
Manhood in me - I'm a new, bolder creature.
Perfect my work so I may make known
How nature will have her own.

LOZANO *this time*

(aside) Can it be possible, that in ~~six~~ short hours
The subject still the same, could have
So many habits removed? This new Lucio, he who
This night was baffled and disgraced,
Thanked me, the man who disgraced him,
Then kneeled and blubbered to mi niña like a woman.
(To Lucio) How should you now dare, on terms of honor, seek
reparation for what you are not?

LUCIO *Not her Man.*

Good evening, Lozano.

LOZANO *To make fierce & eager for combat*

For favor, go away:
Had I my page, or foot-man here to flesh you out,
I'd dare the better do so.

LUCIO

This scorn needs not:
And offer such- No more.

LOZANO

Why do you say I should, } *Tauntingly*
You'll not be angry?

LUCIO

Indeed I think I shall.
Would you vouchsafe yourself to be a Captain,
And lead a little further, to some place
~~There's~~ less frequented?

LOZANO

He looks pale.

LUCIO

If not, make use of this.

*I'd
challenge
the better
man to do
so*

LUCIO DRAWS HIS SWORD.

LOZANO
There's anger in his eyes too:
His gesture, voice, behavior, all new fashioned;
Well, if it does endure in act the trial
Of what in show it promises to make good,
Write down that Lucio, the coward Lucio,
The womanish Lucio, fought.

LUCIO
And Lozano,
The still employed great duelist, Lozano,
Took his life from him.

LOZANO
It will not come to that I'm sure:
I think the drawing of my sword
Would only fright your confidence.

LUCIO
It confirms it rather.
To make good, know you stand now opposed
By one that is your rival, and prove
To me the glove which you there wear,
To my dishonor, which I must force from you,
Were dearer to you than your life.

LOZANO
You'll find
It is, and so I'll guard it.

LUCIO
To help in your valor,
Know I may die,
Or win in this one single opposition,
My mistress, and such honor as I may will
Enrich my father's arms.

LOZANO
'Tis said nobly;
My life, I fear, is at stake then.

LUCIO
Take up your arms and fight.

LOZANO TAKES OUT HIS SWORD AND PUTS IT ON THE GROUND.

LOZANO
She's yours: this, and my life to, follow your fortune,

LOZANO GIVES HIS HAT WITH THE GLOVE.

Because he respects Bravery.

OK, I've lost, now step down
and give her back to me.

LOZANO
And vow to give back that part the loser
Scorns to accept.

LUCIO
What's that? I take back
No more from you, than what you forced from me.

LOZANO
My life.
Having dispoiled me of my Señorita's grace,
And all else that made it worth keeping,
Leave me, and as further torment to myself,
I shall admit she does not love me.

LUCIO
Not so, Lozano.
This new courage,
Or call it fortune, if you please, that is
Conferred upon me by the only sight
Of fair Leonora, was not bestowed on me
For bloody purposes: nor did her command
Deprive me of the happiness to see her again
Until I redeemed her favor from you;
But, it asked me to rejoice in it,
And share it with you.

LOZANO
This courtesy
Wounds deeper than your sword can, or mine own;
Pray you make use of either, and dispatch of me.

LUCIO
Judge better on me:
I have not the tongue to trumpet my own praise
Of your dishonor: 'tis a bastard courage
That seeks a name out that way: Take what I
Leave you in exchange for your pain, mine own.

LUCIO GIVES HIS OWN HAT AND SWORD.

LUCIO
With the desire of being a friend; which if
You will not grant me but on further trial
Win them again, and wear them: so good morrow.

LUCIO EXITS WITH LOZANO'S HAT AND SWORD.

LOZANO
I ne'er knew what true valor was 'till now;

LOZANO PUTS ON LUCIO'S HAT AND SWORD AS,
VILLALBA ENTERS.

I accept his friendship

No Self.
P.t./j Think
What I
Want him
to feel.

My life is not worth
living w/out her.

he being able to love
w/ me.

Snip out of it

Stick into it

VILLALBA

Lozano.

LOZANO

Mi Señor.

VILLALBA

I've been searching for you.

LOZANO

And unwillingly

Until now, you never found me: your pleasure, Señor?

VILLALBA

That which will please you amigo: your vowed love to me
Shall now be put to action: means is offered
To use your good sword for me; that one there,
Which you wear, as if it were a part of you.
Where is it?

LOZANO

I changed it for one more fortunate—
Pray you, do not inquire how.

VILLALBA

Why never I thought
There was magic in it, but only ascribed
The fortune of it to the arm...

LOZANO

Which has
grown weaker too. I am not (in a word)
Worthy of your friendship: I am one new vanquished,
Yet shame to tell by whom.

VILLALBA

Look
~~But~~ I'll tell you

'Gainst whom you art to fight, and there redeem
Your honor lost, if there truly be such:
The King, by my long suit, at length is pleased
That Alvarez and myself,
Shall end the difference between our houses,
Which he has accepted. I have chosen you;
And where you speak of a disgrace, the means
To blot it out, by such a public trial
Will revive thy ancient courage. If you embrace it, do;
If not, I'll seek some other.

LOZANO

Ay Dios! As I am
You may command me.

Favored by good luck

Conquered

by Leonora

VILLALBA
Spoken like that true friend
who loves not only for his private end.

THEY EXIT.

ACT FIVE

SCENE TWO

LEONORA ENTERS CARRYING A LETTER. BOBADILLA ENTERS AS WELL.

LEONORA
This from Señorita Clara?

BOBADILLA
Yes, and't please you.

LEONORA
The daughter of Alvarez?

BOBADILLA
The same, Señorita.

LEONORA
She,
That saved my brother's life?

BOBADILLA
You are still in the right,
She wished me to wait for your evening walking: knowing
How necessary a discreet wise man
Was needed in such a business, she pleas'd
To think on me: I am what I am;
Thought's free: and think what you please.

LEONORA
'Tis strange and good,

BOBADILLA
That I should be wise, Señorita?

LEONORA
No, You are so;
There's for thy pains

LEONORA LOOKS AT THE LETTER, THEN GIVES BOBADILLA MONEY.

LEONORA
And prithee tell your Señorita
I will not fail to meet her.
Farewell, farewell, I say, now you are wise.

BOBADILLA
How wise I am!

BOBADILLA EXITS.

LEONORA
She writes here she wishes to meet me...
To tell me she hath something to impart...
That may concern my brother's life! I know not,
But general fame does give her out so worthy,
That I dare not suspect of her. I wish Lucio
Were master of her mind: but fie, why care?
Why do I think on him? Because she did not wish for me?

LUCIO ENTERS.

LEONORA
See, I am punished for it,
In his unlooked presence: Now I must
Endure another tedious piece of courtship.

LUCIO
Buenos dias, gracious Señorita.

LUCIO KNEELS.

LUCIO
The sorrow paid for your recent anger towards me
Arising from my weaknesses, I presume
You will not give an easy pardon.

LEONORA
(aside)
He speaks sense: oh strange.

LUCIO
And yet believe, that no desire of mine,
Though all are too strong in me, had the power
To force me to infringe what you commanded-
It being in your power to lessen your great rigor
When you please, and mine to suffer with a humble patience
What you'll impose upon me.

LEONORA
(aside)
Courtly too.

LUCIO
Yet has the poor, and condemned Lucio, Señorita,
Recovered from what violence, not justice,
Was taken from him: and here at your feet

LUCIO PUTS DOWN LOZANO'S HAT AND SWORD.

LUCIO
For rudely touching that, which as a relic
I ever would have worshipped, since it once was yours.

LEONORA
(aside)

Valiant, and every thing a Señorita would wish in an hombre.

LUCIO KNEELS.

LUCIO

All that's good in me, let heaven love.

LEONORA
(aside)

I am gone to far now to dissemble.
(to Lucio) Rise, else I must kneel with you too:
Let this one kiss speak the rest for me:
And yet, if chastity would, I could wish for more.

LUCIO

In overjoying me, you have grown sad;
What is it Señorita?

LEONORA

If you break
Your oath again, you lose me. Yet so well
I love you, and yet forget it. There are eyes
May be upon us: 'till the differences
Between our friends are ended, I would not
Be seen in private with you.

LUCIO

I'll follow your desires
although I am not sure what could transpire.

LEONORA

Let me hear often from you, and remember
I am Villalba's sister.

LUCIO

What's that, Señorita?

LEONORA

Ay nothing.

LUCIO

Adios. Now, I must seek my father.

LUCIO EXITS.

LEONORA

And now, to seek Clara.
Oh, and God,
If ever I feel love's fire,
Let me ask the means to desire.

LEONORA EXITS.

ACT FIVE

SCENE THREE

ALVAREZ, SALCEDO WITH VILLALBA, AND LOZANO ENTER.

SALCEDO

Don Alvarez, Villalba, gentlemen,
No town in Spain, from our metropolis
Is as great as your assured valors.
Well done Señors. The King shall rejoice when
He hears the news a duel was averted and a truce ensued.

VILLALBA

I hope not
If justice steer me right: but my God,
You know, if argument, or time, or love,
Could reconcile, we could have long since shook hands;
Alvarez, I dare protest, your breath cooled not a vein
In any one of us, but blew fire
Which mutual blood could not put out.

ALVAREZ

Villalba, you say this bravely, and I say rightly,
I will kill you for this, and love you too.

LUCIO ENTERS.

ALVAREZ

Lucio!

LUCIO

Greetings, father.

VILLALBA

Lucio!
I say to your father: upon my death I'll build
A story (with this arm) for your old wife
To tell to your daughter, Clara, some years from now,
As she sits mourning by a winter's fire,
How there was such a time when Villalba slew her husband
With the same sword his daughter gave to him-

LUCIO

Clara, gave you her sword. Father, what is this?

ALVAREZ

'Tis well, Lucio, our houses are united.

VILLALBA

And, so they are. Come Lozano, your turn - Redeem yourself.

Leonora

LOZANO

Lucio, you and Leonora
Shall on this sword receive my bleeding heart.

LUCIO

You talk well, Lozano, but what of you and Villalba?
Are you his kindred?

LOZANO

No, Lucio, I, his friend for life, hence my
Former love for his sister, Leonora.

Leonora

VILLALBA

Former love...what do you say? Did she not take you?

LOZANO

No, Amigo, that's not it at all. Lucio, here, confessed
His love for her and I saw no place for me.

LUCIO

Sister, did you say? Ay, ay, ay.

ALVAREZ

Oh niño:
Thy father's true son:
Beat the drums-

LUCIO

(aside) Father, I am trying to be a man,
And embrace our Spain as men are men.

ALVAREZ

-and so good morrow to you and your Excelencia.

SALCEDO

Brave resolutions.
Brave, and Spanish. Que sí!

EUGENIA, CLARA AND LEONORA ENTER ABOVE.

CLARA

Villalba.

EUGENIA

Alvarez.

LEONORA

Lucio.

ALVAREZ

(sarcastic) How the devil
Did these angels find us? My goddess as well?

EUGENIA

Listen to us.

LEONORA

You must hear us.

CLARA

Villalba, I am outstretching my arms to you
Imploring your compassion...

THE MEN BEGIN TO RAIL THE WOMEN. *Sestiny*

(aside) Heavens, how sternly
They dart their envious eyes, as if each were scorned
Behind the other in a look!
Villalba, why will you fight? Why does an uncle's death
of twenty years, exceed your love of twenty days for me?
You did unweave Custom, which wrought so cunningly on nature,
In me, that I forgot my sex, and knew not
Whether my body were female, or male.
You had the power to call forth
A new creation in me, whereupon I chose
To relinquish the deeds I once did perpetuate-

VILLALBA

(in jest) I must forget you Clara, 'til I have
Redeemed my uncle's blood, that brands my face
Like a festering sore: I am blind
To what you do: deaf to your words: and unmoved
By all impulsive exhortations.
When on this point, I have pierced your father's soul,
I'll tender you this bloody hand
Drawn forth from the bowels of that murderer:
If you can love me then, I'll marry you

CLARA

Yet Villalba...

SALCEDO

(in jest) Most barbarous, savage, irreligious.
Do forget him, Clara. He is not for you.

LEONORA

Lucio!
Be more merciful.
You are recently weaned from the soft effeminacy,
Of a maiden's heart which is still neighbor's to thee:
Please, do not Proceed in this combat.

LUCIO

(aside) Combat? I struggle to give way to my masculine ways,
yet my confused love for a matronly life guides me.
(in jest) Señorita, you know I do not have a vein

LUCIO (cont)

I would not open for you. Life's but a word, a shadow, a
Melting dream, compared to the essential and
Eternal honor of battle.
Why would you have me value life beyond
Your brother? If I first cast down my sword
May all my body here, be made one wound,
And my soul not find heaven through it.

LEONORA

'Tis wrong, Lucio and your death I fear.

ALVAREZ

(aside to Eugenia) You would be pleading as well? But peace,
Go, get you home, we are all exceedingly merry and gay.

EUGENIA

(aside to Alvarez) Gay and merry? Why...Alvarez, you mustn't
Confuse these niñas. They came to me moments ago,
In a frenzy for fear of war.
And here I find you tricking them-
Alvarez, you scoffer, cease this madness
And let honesty rule.

ALVAREZ

(aside to Eugenia) Where anger ruled, now jest reigns
Let humor prove the test
Of our children now transformed.

EUGENIA

(aside to Alvarez) I loved you some twenty years for your
wit, and, everyday since am reaffirmed
Why I do it!

ALVAREZ

(in jest) Lucio, you and I will rule over all
The proud Villalbas that do live in Spain.

VILLALBA

(in jest) Shall you, Señor? We shall see on it!

LUCIO

(in jest to Villalba) How your sister burns my heart!
I could kill you for it.

LEONORA

Villalba, brother
Even for father's soul, and our uncle's blood,
As you do love my life, respect your own honor and fame,
Throw down your sword, and respect the Alvarez house.
They are most valiant.

VILLALBA

(in jest) Peace, you fool. We shall remain separate.

LEONORA

Lozano.
You have often sworn you'll be commanded by me.
Peace, instruct Villalba to embrace Alvarez.

LOZANO

(in jest) No longer. That's for him to decide.

LUCIO

(in jest) Never to this: put up your sword, Villalba.
Your spite and scorn,
Has gained all power in me.

SALCEDO

(in jest to Clara) What strange stubbornness.

ALVAREZ

(in jest) We'll stay no longer.

VILLALBA, LUCIO, LOZANO

(in jest) Yes, we'll stay no longer!

ALVAREZ

(in jest) To war!

THE MEN PRETEND TO EXIT.

CLARA

Then by my oath Villalba,
My dreadful oath, I command-
You must return my sword.
Give it to me, now,
This instant; I demand it.

LEONORA

By my vow,
Dreadful Lucio, obey my will-
I charge you not to strike a stroke.

SALCEDO

Excelentes Señora y Señoritas.

VILLALBA

(aside to Lucio) Ay, we do tyrannize.

LUCIO

(aside to Villalba) We did equivocate.
We've won them with duplicity!

ALVAREZ

Onward, hombres.

EUGENIA

(aside to Alvarez) Alvarez, you must not encourage such.
(aside to Clara and Leonora) Sancho's finally arrived. We'll present our challenge too.

BOBADILLA ENTERS WITH TWO SWORDS AND A PISTOL.

EUGENIA

(To Clara and Leonora) Now speak your resolutions.

EUGENIA HANDS CLARA AND LEONORA EACH A SWORD.

VILLALBA

Not so, señoritas, not so!

CLARA

These they are-
(To Leonora) The first blow given below,
Will sheathe these swords into each of our chests above.

EUGENIA

And hombres, look
You at that instant, I do discharge this Pistol
Into my breast: if you start back, or quake,
I'll stick you like a pig.

ALVAREZ

Wait. You are mad.

CLARA

This we said.

LEONORA

And by our hope of bliss
This we will do.

CLARA

Speak your intents.

CLARA, LEONORA

Strike.

EUGENIA

Shoot.

ALVAREZ

Wait!

LOZANO

Wait!

VILLALBA

Stop! We acted in jest.

LUCIO

We have already surrendered to friendship.

CLARA

You hombres already surrendered?
So Lucio, so well I love my husband, for he will be so,
I pray his vengeful sword will fall successfully
Upon your head for falsehood to me and his sister.

LEONORA

I likewise pray, Villalba, that Lucio, my friend,
Will call his sword to find your false heart,
And gag it dead!

LUCIO

Your friend? But Leonora...

ALVAREZ

Thus with our jest
Love's cure put to the test
My children's former ways do rest
And our warring houses now are blessed.

SALCEDO

And will be
A welcome present to our King Felipe
Just returned from the New World.

CLARA

Father, your blessing...

ALVAREZ

Si, Si, Si...Bring
Between you, children, who will join our families in blood
And find new worlds
And win them too.

VILLALBA

(To Lucio) New brother. Take then my sister.
Long divided streams
Mix now at length, by fate.

LUCIO

I would, dear brother. But, I fear your sister
Cares not for me.

VILLALBA

'Tis so, Leonora?

LEONORA

'Tis true, brother. My heart, my soul does not bleed
For him as a man, but wishes to find another.

LUCIO
Leonora, you will be my sister in love
And my friend in life.

THEY HUG.

CLARA, VILLALBA, LUCIO, LEONORA TALK APART
WITH SALCEDO AND LOZANO.

BOBADILLA
I am not regarded: I was the careful steward that
Provided these instruments of peace, I put the shorter weapon
in your Señora's hand, Señor.
And for my part, I could have discharged it: this Pistol is
no ordinary pistol, it has two ramming bullets; but thought
I, why should I shoot my two bullets into my old Señora? If
they had gone, I would not have stayed long after: I would
even have died too: hung myself with mine own chain, and
there would have been a story of Sancho Bobadilla, for all
the ages to lament: ay, I perceive I am not only not
regarded, but also not rewarded.

ALVAREZ
Por favor, peace: Thou shalt have a new silver key, next
fiesta of San Jose, and new silver chains.

BOBADILLA
I am satisfied: let virtue have her due.

ENTER ALGUACIL, FERNANDA, ZORAYA, MERCEDES, LAZARILLO,
PINEDA, MATILDA, AND GOVERNOR. PINEDA JOINS ALVAREZ AND
EUGENIA.

GOVERNOR
Matilda, come forth.

LEONORA
Matilda? Are you Villalba's Matilda?
I have hoped to meet you. I have heard
Him speak of you behind the doors of his chamber.
Are you well?

MATILDA
Keeping well, thank you.

VILLALBA
Good evening, Matilda.

PINEDA JOINS THEM.

VILLALBA
Pineda.

MATILDA
Villalba.

PINEDA
Villalba.

LEONORA
Why do you arrive with the Governor and these scoundrels?

MATILDA
The Governor has asked me to speak
In front of Alvarez against the cheat, Alguacil.

LEONORA
After you do, perhaps we can talk alone.
I have words I'd like to share.

PINEDA
Alone? Without a Chaperone? What ho?

VILLALBA
Alone? What ho, Leonora? Matilda, cheat Alguacil?
What ho, Governor?

ALL GATHER NEAR THE GOVERNOR.

GOVERNOR
Alguacil, the Ringleader of these
Poor fellows, has degraded his office
And encouraged these Bandittos to steal.
(To Alguacil) Alguacil, you must restore
All stolen goods you received,
And work for twelve months without pay:
If you fail, all your goods will be confiscated
And, you will be whipped and sent to the slave galleys.

ALGUACIL
I like all...but restoring? that Catholic doctrine
I do dislike: Learn all you officers
By this to live uprightly, if you can.

ALGUACIL EXITS.

GOVERNOR
You Cobbler, to translate your manners new,
Are doomed to the Monastery of Mendicants,
With this, your friend, the barmaid, there for nothing
To cobble. Heel hose for the poor friars,
'Til they allow your penance sufficient,
Then you shall be freed, and may set up once again.

FERNANDA
Montoya, come.
Our souls have trod awry in all men's sight,
We'll underlay 'em, 'til they go upright.

FERNANDA AND MERCEDES EXIT.

GOVERNOR

Mendoza, in those shackles, you for your hard heart
Must lie for a year with the nuns.

ZORAYA

I will obey, señor, and live my life a bore.

ZORAYA EXITS.

GOVERNOR

Away: for you, my hungry white-loafed face,
You must to the galleys, where you shall be sure
To have no more bits, than you shall have blows.

LAZARILLO

Well, though red herrings want, instead I shall make foes.

LAZARILLO EXITS.

PINEDA STEPS FORWARD.

GOVERNOR

Señor, and you...what do you wish?

PINEDA

My Lord, 'tis better, to marry an honest woman.
Know you one?

VILLALBA

Matilda 'tis a handsome wife: and you can have her.

PINEDA

I think she no longer wishes to marry me.

LEONORA

Perhaps, Señor, perhaps not!

MATILDA

Pineda, her brother is my foe, and she is my friend.
You can be my friend for now as well, if you will have me.

CLARA

Behold the power of love: lo, nature has here retrieved
To her own custom, made her blush to see
Plenty a metamorphoses.

LUCIO

And know the truth of what we feel,
Since our love confused seem real.

CLARA

Our Authors fear there are some rebel hearts,

LUCIO

Whose dullness does oppose love's piercing darts.

CLARA

Yet if you, a Señor

LUCIO

Or Señorita

CLARA

Or love's friend,

LUCIO

Are liked with this smooth play

CLARA & LUCIO

Thus it must end.

LIGHTS FADE. BLACKOUT. END OF PLAY.