

TIRSO DE MOLINA

The Playboy of Seville

or

Supper with a Statue

(1616?)

Translated by Adrienne Schizzano Mandel  
and Oscar Mandel

## TRANSLATORS' NOTE

*El Burlador*, like most Spanish and English plays of its epoch, moves its actors rapidly from place to place. The shifts from Naples to Tarragona, from Tarragona to Seville, from Seville to Dos Hermanas, as well as the shifts within Seville—a square, a street, another street, the palace, a church—are all made without interruption in the playing. The stage of city theatres was usually bare (a simple prop or two occasionally appeared), there was no curtain to separate it from the audience, and actors marked a change of scene by vanishing through one door and reappearing through another, or by informing the audience of their whereabouts in so many words. As in the English theatre, an inner room at the back of the stage, curtained off from the main platform, could be used for interior scenes. (It is there, no doubt, that the Statue of the Commander was revealed.) An upstairs gallery over the inner room was used for scenes requiring altitude. The female parts, incidentally, were performed by actresses, and not, as in England, by boy actors. For a full account, see Hugo A. Rennert, *The Spanish Stage in the Time of Lope de Vega* (New York: Hispanic Society of America, 1909).

## TEXTS

¿*Tan largo me lo fiáis?* in *Comedias de Tirso de Molina*, vol. II. Edited by Emilio Cotarelo y Mori. Madrid: Bailly-Baillere, 1907. *El Burlador de Sevilla y Convidado de piedra* in *Tirso de Molina: Obras*, vol. I. Edited by Américo Castro. Clásicos Castellanos. Madrid: Espasa-Calpe, 1932.

## Persons in the Play

|                                                                                                                |                                                  |             |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------|-------------|
| The King of Castile                                                                                            | Tirseo                                           | } fishermen |
| The King of Naples                                                                                             | Alfredo                                          |             |
| Don Diego Tenorio                                                                                              | Salucis                                          |             |
| Don Juan Tenorio, <i>his son</i>                                                                               | Coridon                                          |             |
| Don Pedro Tenorio, <i>brother of<br/>Don Diego; Spanish Ambassa-<br/>dor at the court of Naples</i>            | Belisa, <i>a rustic maiden</i>                   |             |
| Duke Octavio                                                                                                   | Arminta, <i>a shepherdess</i>                    |             |
| Duchess Isabela                                                                                                | Batricio, <i>her betrothed</i>                   |             |
| Marquis de la Mota                                                                                             | Gaceno, <i>her father</i>                        |             |
| Don Gonzalo de Ulloa, <i>Com-<br/>mander of the Order of Cala-<br/>trava</i>                                   | Catalinón, <i>servant to Don Juan</i>            |             |
| Doña Ana, <i>his daughter</i>                                                                                  | Ripio, <i>servant of Duke Octavio</i>            |             |
| Tisbea, <i>a fishergirl</i>                                                                                    | Fabio, <i>companion to Duchess Isa-<br/>bela</i> |             |
| Anfriso, <i>her admirer</i>                                                                                    | A Woman                                          |             |
| Fishermaids, fishermen, shepherds and shepherdesses, servants, musi-<br>cians, guards of the palace, courtiers |                                                  |             |

# *Synopsis of Scenes*

## Act I

1. A hall in the palace of the King of Naples.
2. Duke Octavio's palace, Naples.
3. A beach near Tarragona.
4. A room in the Alcázar, the palace of the King of Castile, Seville.
5. Near the cottage of Tisbea, Tarragona.

## Act II

1. A room in the Alcázar, Seville.
2. The city of Seville.
3. Near the village of Dos Hermanas.

## Act III

1. Gaceno's house, Dos Hermanas.
2. Near Tarragona.
3. Inside a church, Seville.
4. An inn, Seville.
5. A room in the Alcázar.
6. The Fortress of Triana.
7. Before the church.
8. A room in the Alcázar.

# ACT I

## Scene 1

*Night. A hall in the palace of the King of Naples. Enter DON JUAN TENORIO and the DUCHESS ISABELA. His face is hidden.*

ISABELA: Leave quietly, Duke Octavio.

DON JUAN: I'll be light as a feather.

ISABELA: Still—I'm afraid you'll be heard. You know it's a crime to enter the palace at night.

DON JUAN [*in the act of leaving*]: At another time, Duchess, I will express my gratitude for your favors.

ISABELA: You've given me your hand in marriage.

DON JUAN: The gainer is myself.

ISABELA: I ventured my honor because of your pledge to be my husband.

DON JUAN: I am your husband, and I give you my hand again.

ISABELA: Wait! Here is a light. I want to see my good fortune. Oh God!

DON JUAN: Put out that light!

ISABELA: I'm ruined. Who are you?

DON JUAN: A man who has enjoyed you.

ISABELA: You're not the Duke?

DON JUAN: No.

ISABELA: Who are you? Speak!

DON JUAN: A man.

ISABELA: Your name?

DON JUAN: I have no name.

ISABELA: A trickster has seduced me. Help! Help!

DON JUAN: Wait.

ISABELA: Take your hand away! Villain!

DON JUAN: Don't scream.

ISABELA: Help! Guards! Guards!

[*Enter KING OF NAPLES.*]

KING OF NAPLES: What is it?

ISABELA: The King! Everything is lost!

KING OF NAPLES: Who is there?

DON JUAN: Can't you see? A man and a woman.

KING OF NAPLES [*Aside.*]: This calls for caution. I'll try to smooth things over.

[*Enter DON PEDRO, the Spanish Ambassador, and SOLDIERS.*]

DON PEDRO: My lord, I heard voices. What is the matter?

KING OF NAPLES: Have these two arrested and punished.

DON PEDRO: Who are they?

KING OF NAPLES: It's better for me not to know. Don't arouse me. I'm trying to control myself, and I know their guilt as it is. Don Pedro Tenorio, I charge you to make the arrest. Find out who these two are, and see to everything else.

[*Exit KING OF NAPLES.*]

DON PEDRO: Give yourself up, sir.

DON JUAN: If anybody touches me, I'll kill him.

DON PEDRO [*to soldiers*]: Kill him!

DON JUAN: You're giving them poor advice. Tell them to put up their swords. If I have to die, I'll take all of you along for consolation. I warn you!

SOLDIER: Die, villain!

DON JUAN: Fool! I'm a gentleman.

DON PEDRO: This is too much!

DON JUAN: Stop! Leave me with the Spanish Ambassador. I'll surrender to him alone.

DON PEDRO: Now you're speaking sensibly. Leave, all of you, and take this woman along.

ISABELA [*Aside.*]: How can one man be so vicious! I have lost my honor and lost Octavio.

[*Exeunt ISABELA and soldiers.*]

DON PEDRO: Show your courage and strength now that we're alone.

DON JUAN: I have strength, Uncle, but I never used it against you.

DON PEDRO: Who are you?

DON JUAN: Don Juan.

DON PEDRO: Don Juan?

DON JUAN: Yes, my lord.

DON PEDRO: And you say it just like that?

DON JUAN: End my life and with it all my misery.

DON PEDRO: Traitor. A man without honor can't be my nephew. You with a woman in the King's palace? And you dare outrage my name with this crime?

DON JUAN: Uncle, I don't want you to delay—arrest me if you must. But remember, it was love that drove me to this. A man who loves is blind. I am young. You were young once.

DON PEDRO: Who is the lady?

DON JUAN: The lady is—

DON PEDRO: Who? Speak!

DON JUAN: Isabela.

DON PEDRO: The Queen's lady-in-waiting?

DON JUAN: I duped her by pretending to be Duke Octavio.

DON PEDRO: Worse! Your father sent you from Castile to Naples for committing the same crime against a noblewoman there. Italy gave you asylum, but still you continue your scandalous life, sparing neither single nor married women. And now, with a duchess, in the palace itself! I would have killed you on the spot. But you're the blood of my blood, and I must let you go. Where to now?

DON JUAN: Here is a balcony.

DON PEDRO: Climb over it and down.

DON JUAN: It's high but I'll use my cape.

DON PEDRO: Just don't startle the King again. I'll tell him you escaped through a window.

DON JUAN: It's almost day.

DON PEDRO: The only thing you can do is leave Naples and go back to Spain. If I can convince the King with my story, I'll try to marry you to Isabela and force you to wipe off this blot.

DON JUAN: Sir, you honor me.

DON PEDRO: You'll have letters from me about this sad affair.

DON JUAN [*Aside.*]: Not so sad for me.

DON PEDRO: Go now. But don't forget that punishment, death, and Hell await people like you.

DON JUAN: Plenty of time for that.

DON PEDRO: Still presumptuous. Come, over the balcony.

DON JUAN [*Aside.*]: I'm off for Spain—quite satisfied with myself.

[*Exeunt DON JUAN TENORIO and DON PEDRO TENORIO. Enter KING OF NAPLES.*]

KING OF NAPLES: Men envy the king's crown but they don't know its price. They know only how to complain about having to live under its law. But I envy simple cattle herders and tillers of the land. They live by their sweat but they don't suffer injustice nor do they rule nations. For let a king have a thousand eyes and still he must be all ears, must listen to complaints and avenge the wrongs of the country.

[*Enter DON PEDRO TENORIO.*]

DON PEDRO: My lord, while I was carrying out your orders, the man—

KING OF NAPLES: Died?

DON PEDRO: Escaped.

KING OF NAPLES: What?

DON PEDRO: Who would believe it? The guards and I attacked him. Like a desperate man, judging us weak, he began to strike back ferociously. I cried, "Kill him!" He tied his cape to the railing of the balcony and fell like Lucifer. I ran and saw him in the moonlight writhing like a snake on the ground. I cried for help, but by the time I had gone to the door he had vanished. I thought it best to pursue no further in order to prevent a scandal.

KING OF NAPLES: You're a wise man, Ambassador. But I am very sorry the man wasn't killed. Do you know who the lady is?

DON PEDRO: My lord, it is the Duchess Isabela.

KING OF NAPLES: What did you say?

DON PEDRO: What you heard.

KING OF NAPLES: Then the offence is more serious and the man of more importance. Send for her.

[Enter ISABELA.]

ISABELA [*Aside.*]: How can I look at the King?

KING OF NAPLES [*Aside.*]: I am ashamed to see her.

ISABELA [*Aside.*]: Love, give me courage.

KING OF NAPLES: Duchess!

ISABELA: My lord, I confess. Let my punishment be my shame in your presence. Yes, I violated your palace. After Duke Octavio had given me his hand in marriage, he gained admission to the palace, to my soul, and to my dearest possession. My chastity, my honesty are lost.

KING OF NAPLES: You're saying it was Duke Octavio?

ISABELA: Yes, my lord.

KING OF NAPLES: What good are guards, servants, walls, and fortifications against Love, which is a child and yet breaks through them all! Don Pedro, arrest the Duke—and this woman too.

ISABELA: My lord, turn your face to me.

KING OF NAPLES: You offended me when my back was turned. Justice demands that now I turn mine to you.

[Exit KING OF NAPLES.]

DON PEDRO: The King is justly offended with my lady.

ISABELA [*Aside.*]: The offence will be slight if Duke Octavio makes amends.

DON PEDRO: Come, my lady. [*Aside.*] If I can, I'll have the innocent Duke acquitted—and I'll see my nephew married to Isabela.

[Exeunt DON PEDRO and ISABELA.]



Scene 2

*Duke Octavio's palace in Naples. Morning. Enter DUKE OCTAVIO and RIPIO.*

RIPIO: Up so early, sir!

OCTAVIO: To a man in love, rest is impossible. Have you seen a wretch struggling among the waves until the foaming sea engulfs him? My bed is that sea. I drown under the cold sky, I suffer at night, and only daylight rescues me from my torment.

RIPIO: Forgive me. But I find your love impertinent.

OCTAVIO: You're a fool.

RIPIO: I think it's impertinent to love as you do. May I go on?

OCTAVIO: All right—continue.

RIPIO: Does Isabela love you?

OCTAVIO: How can you doubt it?

RIPIO: Just an academic question. You love her too?

OCTAVIO: I do!

RIPIO: Well, wouldn't I be a fool to lose my senses for a woman who loves me and whom I love in return? Now if she did not love you, it would be reasonable to persist, adore her and shower her with gifts and wait patiently for her surrender. But if you love each other equally, what prevents you two from marrying?

OCTAVIO: Fool! You expect me to marry like a lackey or a washerwoman?

RIPIO: What's wrong with a washerwoman? She scrubs and gossips and jokes as she spreads her wash out to dry. As for giving—she is very generous. And if Isabela doesn't feel like giving, see if she will take.  
[Enter SECOND SERVANT.]

SECOND SERVANT: The Spanish Ambassador has just arrived, accompanied by the King's guard. He is asking with rough words to speak to you, as though he had come to arrest you.

OCTAVIO: Arrest me? For what? I have nothing to fear. Show him in.  
[Enter DON PEDRO and others.]

DON PEDRO: Only an innocent man can sleep so late.

OCTAVIO: Your visit honors me, Your Excellency. My crime is not to have met a gentleman like you at the door.

DON PEDRO: I was forced to come.

OCTAVIO: I know that only force would prevail upon a man of your

rank to enter this house. But humble as it is, I place it at your disposal.

DON PEDRO: After kissing your hand, my lord, I should like to speak with you alone about a certain affair.

OCTAVIO [*to Servants*]: Leave us alone.

RIPIO: Yes, sir.

OCTAVIO: Clear out the room.

SECOND SERVANT [*to Ripio*]: This means prison.

RIPIO [*to Second Servant*]: I think you're right.

SECOND SERVANT: Envy's at the bottom of this.

[*Exeunt RIPIO and SECOND SERVANT.*]

OCTAVIO: We're alone.

DON PEDRO: Excellency, look at this paper.

OCTAVIO [*reads*]: "Arrest Duke Octavio, and if he resists, let him die. The King." Arrest! What have I done?

DON PEDRO: You know better than I. Last night there was a scandalous disturbance at the palace, offensive to the King and to the people. As the shadows of the night folded their tents and, stumbling against each other, fled before the coming of dawn, I was discussing with His Majesty certain problems of state (great matters are enemies of the sun). Suddenly we heard a woman's cries echo through the dark halls: "Help, help!" The King rushed out with a light—bold as always—and in the great hall he saw the cause of the uproar. I joined him with the Captain of the Guards and other gentlemen. "Arrest this man and this woman," said the King, and left us. The man blew out the light before we could recognize him. We threw ourselves on him, but he escaped from us like a Libyan tiger and fled over a balcony. We decided not to pursue him for fear of alarming the court. We reported to the King. The lady, whose name is Isabela—I say it to confound you—was brought into the presence of the King and confessed with tears and sobs that Duke Octavio had enjoyed her as her husband. The King ordered her arrest and yours. Listen to me. I am your friend: run away or hide in a safe place.

OCTAVIO: Either you're jesting or I'm dreaming. A man with Isabela in the Palace? I'll go mad. Before I believe that Isabela deceived me, salamanders will inhabit the lowest depths of the stormy seas and fish will seek fire instead of water. I am ashamed to listen to you. A man with Isabela in the Palace? I have gone mad.

DON PEDRO: As there are birds in the wind; fish in the sea; four ele-

ments for all creatures to share, and saints in heaven; as there is loyalty in a good friend, deceit in the enemy, darkness at night, light in the day—so what I have told you is true.

OCTAVIO: Enough! Tell me no evil against Isabela. And yet if her love was a lie, you are right to speak out. Speak, speak! Your tongue draws my blood, but this is a gentle death, a blessing for my grief. With another man and not with me? But why wait?—Let me kill my enemy. What am I saying? This is madness. But what consolation is sanity to me? My friend, a man with Isabela in the palace? I have gone mad. Nothing astonishes me. The most faithful of women is, after all, only a woman. The affront is clear and I want to know no more.

DON PEDRO: You seem both prudent and wise. Choose the best way out.

OCTAVIO: I'll leave.

DON PEDRO: But quickly, Duke Octavio.

OCTAVIO: I'll sail for Spain to end all my troubles.

DON PEDRO: I suggest the door of the garden.

OCTAVIO: Oh weathervane! A feeble reed that bends before the softest wind! Come, I'm pouring oil on my fire. Away from this nest of deceit to another land. Farewell, my country! A man with Isabela? I have gone mad!

### Scene 3

*A beach near Tarragona. A young woman, TISBEA, enters with a fishing pole.*

TISBEA: Of all the girls whose rosy feet the waves kiss on these shores, I alone am not ruled by love. I sail in my little boat with my companions. I like to catch the little fish lashed by the waves. I wander free from the prisons which love fills with fools. My only pleasure is to give the fish my baited line. Others suffer and mourn, but I spend my youth without a care. I let the silly fish leap into my net, and I alone do not fall into the snares of love. Meantime Anfriso is my slave, a fisherman, the most generous and gentle man in the land. All the women would die for him; I instead kill him with disdain. This is the game of love: to love those who hate you, and to despise those who adore you. In the cold night Anfriso keeps watch about my hut, and every morning, even in cold weather, my threshold is adorned with fresh boughs which he has cut from the elms. He sere-

nades me sweetly with flute or guitar. But nothing impresses me because I live beyond the reach of love. But all this silly talk is taking me away from my favorite pastime and my one desire—to cast my line to the wind and waves. Look! A boat foundering in the sea! And two men leaping off! It struck the reef and now it's sinking! [*Voice off stage: "Help, I'm drowning!"*]

A man is carrying the one who screamed. He is carrying his friend on his back and bravely saving him as Aeneas saved Anchises. But there's no one on the beach to help. Anfriso, Tirseo, Alfredo, help! I see some fishermen looking at me—I hope they hear me. What a miracle! They've touched shore! And now the man who was swimming is out of breath and the one who cried out has gained strength. [*Enter CATALINÓN, carrying DON JUAN in his arms. Both are wet.*]

CATALINÓN: Ugh! So much salt in that sea! Near the beach a man can swim and save himself, but farther out it's deathly dangerous. How could God put together so much water and not add a little wine? And if he had to fill the sea with water, why all that salt? That's too much for somebody like me who doesn't even fish. If fresh water is bad for a man's health, imagine what all that salt will do to me! I really need a bit of wine now.

If I survive all the water I drank today, I make a vow to abstain from it forever; I'll even refrain from looking at the holy water. Master, you're cold and stiff! Are you dead? The sea is responsible but they'll naturally blame me for it. Cursed be the man who first sowed pine trees in the sea and the man who first sailed in the fragility of wood. And curses on Jason and Tiphys! He's dead. Unbelievable! Catalinón, Catalinón, where can you go now?

TISBEA: What's the matter, my good man?

CATALINÓN: Ah, fishermaid, much evil and little good. My master died trying to save me. Look for yourself. What shall I do?

TISBEA: You're wrong. He's still breathing.

CATALINÓN: Where? Here?

TISBEA: Naturally; where else?

CATALINÓN: He might be breathing out in another place.

TISBEA: Fool.

CATALINÓN: I want to kiss your snowy hands.

TISBEA: Why don't you call the fishermen in that hut over there?

CATALINÓN: Will they come if I call?

TISBEA: Of course. Who is this gentleman?

CATALINÓN: He is the son of the King's Chamberlain. He's going to

make me count as soon as we get to Seville—if the King agrees, that is.

TISBEA: What's his name?

CATALINÓN: Don Juan Tenorio.

TISBEA: Go and call my people.

CATALINÓN: Right away.

[Exit CATALINÓN. TISBEA places DON JUAN's head in her lap.]

TISBEA: Wake up, handsomest of all men, and be yourself again.

DON JUAN: Where am I?

TISBEA: In the arms of a woman.

DON JUAN: If the sea gives me death, you give me life. But the sea really saved me only to be killed by you. Oh the sea tosses me from one torment to the other, for I no sooner pulled myself from the water than I met its siren—yourself. Why fill my ears with woe, since you kill me with your eyes? I was dying in the sea, but from today I shall die of love.

TISBEA: You have abundant breath for a man who almost drowned. You suffered much, but who knows what suffering you are preparing for me? Perhaps you're my Trojan horse, come out of the sea. I found you at my feet all water, and now you are all fire. If you burn when you are so wet, what will you do when you're dry again? You promise a scorching flame; I hope to God you're not lying.

DON JUAN: Dear girl, God should have drowned me before I could be charred by you. Perhaps love was wise to drench me before I felt your scalding touch. But your fire is such that even in water I burn.

TISBEA: So cold and yet burning?

DON JUAN: So much fire is in you.

TISBEA: How well you talk!

DON JUAN: How well you understand!

TISBEA: I hope to God you're not lying.

[Enter four fishermen—ANFRISO, TIRSEO, ALFREDO, and SALUCIO and CATALINÓN.]

CATALINÓN: They've come.

TISBEA: Your master is alive.

DON JUAN: Your presence has given me the life I lost.

ANFRISO: What do you want, Tisbea? You have only to speak. Those who worship you are ready to satisfy your least desire: We are ready to furrow the earth, plow the sea, tread the fire, and arrest the wind.

TISBEA [Aside.]: Only yesterday these tender words sounded ridiculous to me, but today I understand that they may be true. [Aloud.]

Friends, I was fishing here when I saw a ship sink and these two men swim clear. I called for help but no one heard me. One of them lay lifeless on the sand. It was this gentleman whom his servant had carried out of the water. I was distressed and called for your help.

TIRSEO: We are all at your command.

TISBEA: Take them to my cottage. There we'll dry their clothes and look after them. Our kindness will please my father.

CATALINÓN [*to Don Juan*]: She is a marvelous woman.

DON JUAN [*to Catalinón*]: Listen to me.

CATALINÓN: Yes.

DON JUAN: If she asks my name, tell her you don't know me.

CATALINÓN: Are you trying to tell me what to do?

DON JUAN: I'm dying with love for her. I must enjoy her tonight.

CATALINÓN: How?

DON JUAN: Just follow me and listen. . . . [DON JUAN *draws* CATALINÓN *aside*.]

ALFREDO: Salucio, the dancing must begin within the hour.

SALUCIO: Tonight we'll dance and sing till we drop.

[*Exeunt* ANFRISO and other fishermen.]

DON JUAN: I'm dying.

TISBEA: But you're walking.

DON JUAN: You can see how painful it is.

TISBEA: How well you talk!

DON JUAN: How well you understand!

TISBEA: I hope to God you're not lying.

[*Exeunt*.]

#### Scene 4

*A room in the Alcázar, the palace of the King of Castile, Seville.*  
The KING OF CASTILE enters with DON GONZALO DE ULLOA.

KING OF CASTILE: Was your embassy successful, Don Gonzalo?

DON GONZALO: In Lisbon I found your cousin preparing thirty vessels to leave for Goa. He received me well indeed.

KING OF CASTILE: He fears the sword in the brave hand of an Ulloa. Your strength has threatened the Moor many times. Did you like Lisbon?

DON GONZALO: It's the eighth marvel of the world. Indeed, sir, it deserves to be your capital.

KING OF CASTILE: Is it larger than Seville?

DON GONZALO: No city can equal Seville.

KING OF CASTILE: Don Gonzalo, do you have children?

DON GONZALO: One daughter, my lord, whose beauty comforts my old age and encourages my efforts.

KING OF CASTILE: I intend to marry her well.

DON GONZALO: Who can possibly deserve her?

KING OF CASTILE: I know of a young gentleman in Italy of noble blood and reputation. He is the son of Don Diego, my Chamberlain, the brother of the famous Don Pedro, who represents me so well at the Neapolitan court. Your son-in-law shall be Count of Lebrija, a city his father subdued for me. I know your daughter deserves even better, but now your mind can be at ease. When we are old, peace of mind has the power to slow the galloping horse of time.

DON GONZALO: You honor me too much, my lord.

KING OF CASTILE: Go and let the good news be known.

DON GONZALO: May your life never touch the gates of oblivion.

KING OF CASTILE: Notable merit deserves an equal reward.

DON GONZALO: All Seville will know my happiness.

KING OF CASTILE: Return to me later.

DON GONZALO: Enjoy your immortal Kingdom.

[*Exeunt KING OF CASTILE and DON GONZALO in different directions.*]

## Scene 5

*Near the cottage of Tisbea, Tarragona. DON JUAN enters with CATALINÓN.*

DON JUAN: Saddle the two mares while the fishermen are having their feast. When I'm in trouble I rely on flying hooves.

CATALINÓN: You've decided to seduce Tisbea?

DON JUAN: You don't think I've reformed?

CATALINÓN: I know you're the scourge of women.

DON JUAN: She's a lovely girl and I'll die without her.

CATALINÓN: You're the perfect guest.

DON JUAN: Fool! I'm as good a guest as Aeneas was to the Queen of Carthage.

CATALINÓN: You and the others like you who cheat and seduce women will pay for your pleasure with your lives.

DON JUAN: Plenty of time for that.

CATALINÓN: Here comes the lamb.

DON JUAN: Go quickly and saddle the mares.

CATALINÓN: Poor girl! You're about to be repaid for your generosity.

[Exit CATALINÓN. Enter TISBEA.]

TISBEA: I can't stay away from you.

DON JUAN: If only I could believe your words.

TISBEA: Why not?

DON JUAN: Because if you loved me, you would be kind to me.

TISBEA: I'm yours.

DON JUAN: But if that's so—why wait? Why doubt? Why hesitate?

TISBEA: Because I think that my love for you is a punishment for my indifference of old.

DON JUAN: So is mine. For I have loved none other than you. But now I give you my word, and the hand of a husband.

TISBEA: You're a nobleman.

DON JUAN: Don't speak of such things, Tisbea. I am in your house, and I had rather be a humble fisherman here, enjoying the favors of your beautiful person, than possess all the treasures of the world.

TISBEA: I would like to believe you, but you men are all deception.

DON JUAN: Look into my eyes. Come into my arms. Kiss me, and give me your soul in that kiss.

TISBEA: I surrender to you. You are now my husband.

DON JUAN: By your beautiful and fatal eyes! I swear!

TISBEA: Remember, my love, there is hell and death.

DON JUAN [*Aside.*]: Plenty of time for that! [*Aloud.*] While I live, I am your slave.

TISBEA: Take my hand.

DON JUAN: And here is mine to set your mind at rest.

TISBEA: Our wedding bed is prepared in my cottage. Wait for me among the reeds till the time comes.

DON JUAN: And how do I enter?

TISBEA: I'll show you the way.

DON JUAN [*Aside.*]: She is blind—but satisfied.

TISBEA: May my love bind yours. If not, may God punish you.

DON JUAN [*Aside.*]: Plenty of time for that.

[*Exeunt DON JUAN and TISBEA. Enter CORIDON, ANFRISO, BELISA and musicians.*]

CORIDON: Call Tisbea and the others so the guests can enjoy our performance.

ANFRISO: She must be very busy with them. They're lucky men!

CORIDON: Everybody is envious of Tisbea. Here's her house.



BELISA: This spot is better for dancing. Let's call her and the others from here: Tisbea, Lucinda, Antandra.

ALL [*singing*]: A girl went out to sea,  
She cast her net so wide  
She found, instead of fish,  
My dying soul inside.

[*Enter TISBEA.*]

TISBEA: Fire! Fire! And madness! I'm burning! My hut is burning! Sound the alarm my friends, for my soul is on fire. My own house, an instrument of my dishonor! Fire! Burning stars have kindled my tresses and winds have fanned the flames. I laughed at other girls for falling in love and now love is laughing at me. A man deceived me with a promise of marriage and violated my honesty and my bed. He enjoyed me, and I even supplied the mares for his escape to cap his joke and my disgrace. He came like a cloud from the sea to drown me. But I believed his words—and I deserve nothing better. Friends, follow him. No, I'll ask vengeance from the King. I'll go to him myself. Fire! Fire! Water! Water! Have mercy, love, my heart is in flames!

[*Exit TISBEA.*]

CORIDON: Follow her; she is so desperate she might fling herself into the sea.

BELISA: Her pride ruined her.

ANFRISO: To this her blind confidence brought her. She's running to the sea! Tisbea, wait! Listen!

BELISA: She is coming back. Hold her, don't let her run away. Hold her tight.

[*Enter TISBEA.*]

TISBEA: Fire! Fire! Have mercy, love, my heart is in flames!

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II

### Scene 1

*A room in the Alcázar, Seville. Enter KING OF CASTILE and DON DIEGO TENORIO.*

KING OF CASTILE: What are you saying?

DON DIEGO: It's true, my lord. My brother, your Ambassador, wrote it in this letter. They found my son in the King's palace with a beautiful lady. She, however, accused Duke Octavio of the crime.

KING OF CASTILE: Who is she? A lady of rank?

DON DIEGO: Duchess Isabela.

KING OF CASTILE: Isabela? The audacity! And where is your son now?

DON DIEGO: I don't want to conceal the truth from Your Majesty. He arrived in Seville last night with a servant.

KING OF CASTILE: Tenorio, you know my great esteem for you. I will send a letter immediately to the King of Naples, marry the young scamp to Isabela, and pacify the innocent Duke Octavio. But I want Don Juan banished from here at once.

DON DIEGO: Where to, my lord?

KING OF CASTILE: He must leave Seville for Lebrija tonight. I am making the sentence light only out of consideration for your merits, Don Diego. But what shall we tell Gonzalo de Ulloa? I promised your son to his daughter. How can we solve that problem?

DON DIEGO: My lord, I am ready to do whatever is called for. Don Gonzalo's high distinction—

KING OF CASTILE: I see one way of appeasing his anger: I'll make him majordomo of the palace.

[*Enter a Servant.*]

SERVANT: A gentleman is here from abroad. My lord, he says he is the Duke Octavio.

KING OF CASTILE: Duke Octavio?

SERVANT: Yes, my lord.

KING OF CASTILE: I wonder if he discovered your son's impudent trick. If so, no doubt he'll ask permission to challenge him.

DON DIEGO: My life is in your hands, Your Highness, for my real life is that of my disobedient son. Young as he is, he is already strong and courageous. Indeed, his friends call him the Hector of Seville because of his many heroic actions. Your Highness, reason with Octavio; prevent a duel.

KING OF CASTILE: Enough, Tenorio. A father's honor—

[*To Servant*] Show the Duke in.

DON DIEGO: Allow me to kiss your feet. How can I repay your favors?

[*Enter OCTAVIO in traveling clothes.*]

OCTAVIO: My lord, I come before you as a wretched exile and wanderer. Let me embrace your feet. Your presence mends all the miseries of my journey.

KING OF CASTILE: Duke Octavio. . . .

OCTAVIO: I have fled the rank frivolity of a woman and the unintentional injustice of a king; though I should not say so, for the law shines clear in the mirror of kings. A woman lightly deceived the King, accusing me of seduction in the palace. But I trust in time to disabuse him and to make my innocence clear.

KING OF CASTILE: Duke, I know you are innocent. I will ask the King of Naples to restore your possessions and to make amends for the losses you are suffering during your absence. Moreover, I will marry you in Seville if you wish, and if the King of Naples agrees. Though Isabela may seem an angel of beauty, she is ugly beside the wife I shall be giving you. She is the daughter of Don Gonzalo de Ulloa, Grand Commander of Calatrava, the terror of the Moors. Her virtue, which is second only to her beauty, would be a sufficient dowry in itself. And this sun among the stars of Castile shall be your wife.

OCTAVIO: My lord, you have made my journey my happiness. Your wish is my command.

KING OF CASTILE [*to Don Diego*]: Lodge the Duke comfortably.

OCTAVIO: The man who trusts in you, my lord, is well rewarded. Though you are Alfonso the Eleventh, you are truly the first Alfonso.  
[*Exeunt all.*]

## Scene 2

*The City of Seville.* DUKE OCTAVIO and his servant RIPIO enter from different sides.

RIPIO: Well, what happened?

OCTAVIO: I am too happy to speak.

RIPIO: Any success?

OCTAVIO: Much gained and little lost. His Highness received me with the most loving condescension. His favors have ended my troubles. He asks me to remain in Seville, and I am madly anxious to please him.

RIPIO: And did he find you a wife?

OCTAVIO: Yes, my friend; a native of Seville. You are surprised, but Seville produces not only the strongest and liveliest men, but also the most graceful women. In short, you see me perfectly consoled.

RIPIO: I take it Isabela no longer keeps you awake.

OCTAVIO: Right.

[*Enter DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.*]

CATALINÓN: Wait. The Duke. Isabela's Sagittarius—or rather her Capricorn.\*

DON JUAN: Don't give us away.

CATALINÓN [*Aside.*]: He'll flatter him after stabbing him in the back.

DON JUAN [*to Octavio*]: Octavio! Forgive me for not taking leave of you. I was called away from Naples suddenly on business of the King.

OCTAVIO: And you find me here, my friend, for the same reason.

DON JUAN: Who would have thought we'd meet again in Seville? And that you'd leave the lovely coast of Naples?

OCTAVIO: Naples is beautiful, but Seville is a fair match for it.

DON JUAN: When did you arrive?

OCTAVIO: Yesterday.

DON JUAN: Splendid! I want you to savor all the beauties of Seville. Twelve gates, ramparts with magnificent views over the countryside, a river—the Guadalquivir—next to which your Tiber is a teardrop—and alongside the river charming sirens no one stops his ears against. One look at our Alcázar would have made the Trojans forget Troy and the Babylonians their hanging gardens. The Hall of the Kings is so rich you'd think Jupiter held court there in his shower of gold. Its fifty-four pillars grunt under the weight. Did I say pillars? I should have said towers, and even towers are like twigs compared to them. As for the cathedral, it is so huge that only a lynx can see from one portal to another. Every day two hundred masses are sung at its two famous altars. Where is Heaven served more majestically? Neither in Rome nor in Toledo, if Toledo will forgive my saying so. Its tower is surmounted by a bronze weathervane representing Faith. We call it La Giralda—that is to say, "The Fickle Woman." During Holy Week you will see the most astounding processions—sixty of them—pouring rubies over God like floods of blood. Seville also has more than a hundred convents, two of them so large they are cities in themselves, and twelve hospitals for the poor. A genuine Ribera hangs in one of them.

In the streets the traders scramble and compete, major guilds, minor guilds—a perpetual come-and-go. Ships that have seen the boundary of dawn and the kingdom of night unload their pearls, coral, amethysts, embroideries, brocades, the finest fabrics—and everything the sun, the earth, and the sea engender for man to enjoy and squander. Besides this, the women are handsome, spirited, and

\*Octavio, who was once Isabela's protector (in the Zodiac, Sagittarius is the Archer), has become a cuckold (Capricorn is the Goat). [*Translator's note.*]

proud—sorceresses when they talk, but constant, chaste, and firm in their actions—except when they are riding in their closed carriages. Curses on Pharaoh who invented them! . . . Well, such is Seville, and believe me I have been too brief in my praises.\*

OCTAVIO: If I had heard your description in Naples before I came here, I would have laughed at you. But now that I see it, I must confess I don't think any praise of Seville exaggerated. But who is the man coming this way?

DON JUAN: The Marquis de la Mota.

OCTAVIO: Well, allow me to take my leave.

DON JUAN: If you need me, my sword is at your command.

CATALINÓN [*Aside.*]: And he'll take your name if he needs it to seduce another woman, like the scoundrel he is.

OCTAVIO: I am obliged to you.

[*Exit OCTAVIO.*]

CATALINÓN [*to Ripio*]: If I can be of any use to you, you'll always find me ready for you.

RIPIO: Where are you staying?

CATALINÓN: At the Sign of the Sparrow—a tavernacle of wine, my friend.

[*Exit RIPIO. Enter MARQUIS DE LA MOTA accompanied by his SERVANT.*]

MARQUIS [*to Don Juan*]: I have been looking for you all day without finding you. Don Juan! You are in Seville, and here's your friend pining away in your absence.

\*A kind of guided tour of Seville, more than 650 lines long, is condensed in this speech, which replaces Ulloa's equally long and even more extraneous description of Lisbon in *El Burlador*.

In a private communication, Professor Gerald E. Wade refers to the *Cuadros viejos* of Julio Monreal for an explanation of the passage concerning the carriage: "The Spanish thought that the carriage was invented by the Germans, and hence it was for a time looked upon as a foreign thing and a sort of Lutheran devil, a *vicio infernal* that caused men to loll at their decadent ease rather than ride on horseback as he-men should, and that caused women to lose their chastity. The *coche* was accused of being a frequent place for love-trysts, much like the automobile today. Tirso cracks in *Desde Toledo a Madrid*

que hay hembra que una noche  
no se acostó, por solo andar en coche—

there was a woman who couldn't go to bed one night, she was too sore from lying down in a coach. The *coche* became a status symbol of great importance, and when the owner's means permitted—was decorated in every extravagant way possible, something like a deluxe convertible with us. The traffic problem in the center of cities became acute. . . ." [*Translator's note.*]

DON JUAN: By God, my friend, you do me great honor.

CATALINÓN [*Aside.*]: If it doesn't concern women or anything that interests him, you can trust him to act like a gentleman.

DON JUAN: What's new in Seville?

MARQUIS: Things have changed at court.

DON JUAN: And the women?

MARQUIS: The women too.

DON JUAN: What about Inès?

MARQUIS: Going to Vejel.

DON JUAN: Good resort for a great lady like her.

MARQUIS: The years are driving her there.

DON JUAN: To die. And her sister?

MARQUIS: She's a sorry sight: her head and brows completely bald. But she still thinks everybody admires her, and affects to mistake even an insult for a compliment.

DON JUAN: And Theodora?

MARQUIS: This summer she cured herself of the French disease by sweating it out. And now she is so affectionate that day before yesterday she pulled a tooth of mine—whispering gentle words all the time.

DON JUAN: And Julia of Candle Street?

MARQUIS: Fights on, armed with her cosmetic box.

DON JUAN: Still thinks of herself as caviar?

MARQUIS: No; just plain cod by now.

DON JUAN: And the Catarranas district: still crowded?

MARQUIS: Yes. With harpies.

DON JUAN: Are those two sisters still alive?

MARQUIS: Yes, also that monkey of Tolù and their mother Celestina, who teaches them all her tricks.

DON JUAN: The old witch! What about the older daughter?

MARQUIS: Blanca? Penniless. But she found a saint for whom she can fast.

DON JUAN: Vigils and all?

MARQUIS: Oh, she's a holy woman now.

DON JUAN: And the other?

MARQUIS: More practical; she doesn't reject any rubbish.

DON JUAN: Like a good builder. Tell me, Marquis, have you played any tricks lately?

MARQUIS: Last night Esquivel and I made terrors of ourselves. For tonight we've got two little adventures planned.

DON JUAN: I'll come along. However, I also want to visit a little nest

where I left a few eggs hatching for us. But what about your love affairs?

MARQUIS: I've forgotten all about them. I have higher cares these days.

DON JUAN: How so?

MARQUIS: I desire the impossible.

DON JUAN: Ah. She's not interested.

MARQUIS: That's not it. She loves me.

DON JUAN: Who is she?

MARQUIS: My cousin Doña Ana, who arrived recently in Seville.

DON JUAN: From where?

MARQUIS: Lisbon. Her father is the Ambassador.

DON JUAN: Is she beautiful?

MARQUIS: Extremely. Nature excelled itself in creating Doña Ana.

DON JUAN: That beautiful! By God, I must see her.

MARQUIS: You will see the greatest beauty under the sun.

DON JUAN: Marry her, if she is so beautiful.

MARQUIS: The King has given her away already, nobody knows to whom.

DON JUAN: Does she love you?

MARQUIS: She writes to me. . . .

CATALINÓN [*Aside.*]: Say no more—the greatest scoundrel of Spain is about to trick you.

DON JUAN: Why be miserable if you are completely satisfied with her? Bring her out, woo her, write to her, seduce her, and the consequences be damned!

MARQUIS: I am waiting to hear her final resolution now.

DON JUAN: Don't waste more time—find out—I'll look for you here later.

MARQUIS: Good-bye then.

CATALINÓN [*to the Marquis' servant*]: Master Square, or rather Round, farewell.

SERVANT: Good-bye.

[*Exeunt MARQUIS DE LA MOTA and servant.*]

DON JUAN [*to Catalinón*]: Follow the Marquis.

CATALINÓN: He has just entered the Alcázar.

DON JUAN: Follow him.

[*Exit CATALINÓN. A WOMAN speaks behind a barred window.*]

WOMAN: Pst!

DON JUAN: Who's there?

WOMAN: If you are discreet, courteous, and a friend of the Marquis,

give him this letter immediately. A lady's happiness depends on it.  
DON JUAN: I'll give it to him. I am his friend and servant.

WOMAN: Farewell, stranger.

[*The WOMAN disappears.*]

DON JUAN: The voice is gone. Isn't this a fairy tale? The wind was my courier for this letter. Could it be a message from the woman the Marquis was sighing over just now? The playboy of Seville is in luck again! Playboy of Seville! That is what all Spain calls me. The man whose greatest pleasure is to play a woman for a fool and abscond with her honor. By God, now that I've walked away from the square I'll open this! Can she be another Isabela? How delightful! The letter is open. It's hers! Signed, "Doña Ana, your cousin." [*Reads the letter.*] "My cruel father tells me that he has given me away, but not to you. Now as you have given me your pledge of marriage, I entrust myself to you. Come tonight at eleven. You will find a door open. Wear a colored cape. Leonora and my other two servants will let you in, my love. Farewell." Poor lover! Did anyone ever see the likes of this? [*Laughing.*] What a joke. By God, I'll enjoy her through the same lie I used on Isabela in Naples.

[*Enter CATALINÓN.*]

CATALINÓN: The Marquis is coming.

DON JUAN: We have business tonight.

CATALINÓN: A new trick?

DON JUAN: The best!

CATALINÓN: I don't approve. We can't go on like this. One of these days you'll be tricked by your own tricks.

DON JUAN: You've become a preacher, have you?

CATALINÓN: Right makes me valiant.

DON JUAN: Fear will make you a coward. Since when does a servant have a will of his own? Your duty is to act and keep your mouth shut. And that's my last warning to you.

CATALINÓN: From now on I'll do as I am told. Say the word and I'll tame a tiger or an elephant.

DON JUAN: Quiet, the Marquis is coming.

CATALINÓN: To be tamed?

[*Enter MARQUIS DE LA MOTA.*]

DON JUAN: Marquis, I was entrusted with a charming message for you through a grill. I couldn't see anyone, but by the voice I understood it was a woman. You are to appear at a certain door at midnight.



The door will be open and all your amorous hopes will be rewarded. But you must wear a colored cape in order to be recognized by little Leonora, the maid.

MARQUIS: What are you saying?

DON JUAN: That I received this message from a window—without seeing a soul.

MARQUIS: Beautiful message! My friend, I owe heaven to you. Let me kiss your feet.

DON JUAN: Remember, I am not your cousin! [*Aside.*] I'm going to make love to her, and you're kissing my feet!

MARQUIS: I'm so happy I've lost my wits. Sun, rush me to her arms!

DON JUAN: It's getting dark already.

MARQUIS: I'm going home at once to get dressed for tonight. I'm absolutely wild.

DON JUAN: Just wait. You'll be even wilder at midnight.

MARQUIS: Best of all cousins—you want to reward my faith and love!

CATALINÓN [*Aside.*]: Christ be my witness, I wouldn't give a penny for his cousin.

[*Exit MARQUIS DE LA MOTA. Enter DON DIEGO TENORIO.*]

DON DIEGO: Don Juan.

CATALINÓN: Your father is calling you.

DON JUAN: My lord, what can I do for you?

DON DIEGO: You can become more settled, wiser, and more honorable. Why are you trying to kill me?

DON JUAN: Why do you come to me this way?

DON DIEGO: Because of your behavior, your madness. The King has ordered me to throw you out of the city because of one of your pranks. You concealed it from me, but the King has been informed. Your crime is so serious I hardly dare talk about it. To betray a friend in the royal palace! May God punish you according to your deserts. You fancy that He winks at your crimes, but I say your punishment is at hand. Profaner of God's name, God will be a terrible judge on the day of your death.

DON JUAN: The day of my death? Plenty of time for that. It's a long journey till then.

DON DIEGO: It will seem very short to you then.

DON JUAN: But the journey His Highness requires of me right now, is that a long one too?

DON DIEGO: The King sends you to Lebrija for your treachery—not

punishment enough, in my opinion. You will remain there until Duke Octavio is satisfied and the talk in Naples about Isabela has subsided.

CATALINÓN [*Aside.*]: If the old man knew about the poor fishergirl, he'd really foam at the mouth.

DON DIEGO: Since I can't chastize you, say or do what I will, I leave you in the hands of God.

[*Exit DON DIEGO TENORIO.*]

CATALINÓN: The old man was almost crying.

DON JUAN: That's how old people are. Come, it's dark already; let's call on the Marquis.

CATALINÓN: If we must. You've made up your mind to seduce his woman?

DON JUAN: This trick will go down in history.

CATALINÓN: I hope we survive it!

DON JUAN: You're a coward.

CATALINÓN: And you're a regular bluebeard. When you arrive in a town a sign should be posted: "Beware of the great deceiver of women, the playboy of Spain."

DON JUAN: "The playboy of Spain." I like that name.

[*Enter the MARQUIS DE LA MOTA and MUSICIANS, singing. It is evening.*]

MUSICIAN: Oh what is Love's delight? To hurt each where  
He cares not whom, with darts of deep desire:  
With watchful jealousy, with hope, with fear,  
With nipping cold, and secret flames of fire.\*

DON JUAN: What's this?

CATALINÓN: A serenade.

MARQUIS: The words of this song seem meant for me.

DON JUAN: Who is there?

MARQUIS: A friend. Don Juan?

DON JUAN: Is it you, Marquis?

MARQUIS: Who else?

DON JUAN: As soon as I saw your cape I knew it was you.

MARQUIS: Sing, Don Juan is here.

[*The MUSICIANS repeat the song.*]

DON JUAN: What's the house you're gazing at?

\*From Thomas Watson's "The Shepherd's Solace," in *England's Helicon* (1600).  
[*Translator's note.*]

MARQUIS: That of Don Gonzalo de Ulloa.

DON JUAN: Well, it's early yet.\* Where shall we go?

MARQUIS: To Lisbon.

DON JUAN: But we're in Seville!

MARQUIS: Didn't you know that half the whores of Lisbon live in the best part of Seville?

DON JUAN: Where do they live?

MARQUIS: In Serpent Alley, where the Portuguese Eves tempt our Adams with apples that cost a great deal of money.

CATALINÓN: I don't like the idea of wandering through that street. It's honey in the day but dirt at night. And what Portuguese dirt is like I experienced once when it was slopped over me from a window.

DON JUAN: While you're going to Serpent Alley, I'll have some fun on my side.

MARQUIS: Actually, I've another enterprise waiting for me nearby.

DON JUAN: Why don't you leave that one to me? I'll take care of it for you.

MARQUIS: Good idea. Put on my cape and take my place.

DON JUAN: Excellent. Show me the house.

MARQUIS: Change your voice and accent while you're about it. Do you see that lattice?

DON JUAN: Yes.

MARQUIS: Go up to it, call "Beatrice," and go in.

DON JUAN: What is she like?

MARQUIS: Fresh and plump.

CATALINÓN: Like a water jar.

MARQUIS: We'll meet later by the church.

DON JUAN: Goodbye, Marquis.

[Exit MARQUIS DE LA MOTA.]

CATALINÓN: Where to now?

DON JUAN: To my trick.

CATALINÓN: Nobody gets away from you.

DON JUAN: I love these disguises!

CATALINÓN: You threw a cape at the bull.

DON JUAN: No, the poor bull threw it at me!

[Exeunt DON JUAN and CATALINÓN. Reenter MARQUIS DE LA MOTA, his SERVANT, and Musicians.]

\*This sentence, not in the original, has been supplied for the sake of clarity.  
[Translator's note.]

MARQUIS: Beatrice will think it's I calling on her!

SERVANT: Very clever of you.

MARQUIS: I love these errors!

SERVANT: Everything in this world is error.

MARQUIS: My heart beats with the clock. Each quarter of the hour is a step to supreme fulfillment. Oh, it's a cold and frightening night! Come soon, midnight, but after that, let it never be day!

SERVANT: Where is the next party?

MARQUIS: In Serpent Alley.

MUSICIAN: And what shall we sing?

MARQUIS: Anything to flatter my hopes.

MUSICIANS: No sweeter life I try  
Than in her love to die.

[*Exeunt all.*]

DOÑA ANA [*from within*]: Traitor, you are not the Marquis! I'm deceived!

DON JUAN: But I am the Marquis!

DOÑA ANA: Enemy! You lie! You lie!

[*Enter DON GONZALO, half-dressed, sword in hand.*]

DON GONZALO: Ana's voice!

DOÑA ANA: Help! Somebody—kill this traitor—he killed my honor!

DON GONZALO: Who could dare? Killed her honor! My God! And her tongue tolling it to the world!

DOÑA ANA: Kill him!

[*Enter DON JUAN, sword in hand, and CATALINÓN.*]

DON JUAN: What's here?

DON GONZALO: A gate to the tower of honor, closing in your face.

DON JUAN: Let me pass!

DON GONZALO: First through my sword!

DON JUAN: Listen to me!

DON GONZALO: Don't waste your breath.

DON JUAN: Listen, I say!

DON GONZALO: The cries I heard told me enough.

DON JUAN: I am your nephew!

DON GONZALO: You're lying. The Marquis de la Mota is no traitor. Villain! Your death for my honor!

DON JUAN: I tell you I am the Marquis!

DON GONZALO: And if you are, the offence is all the greater. Traitor, die!

DON JUAN: This is how I die!

[*They fight.*]

CATALINÓN: If I survive this time, no more tricks for me.

DON GONZALO: Oh! You've killed me.

DON JUAN: Blame yourself.

DON GONZALO: What good is life without honor?

DON JUAN [*to Catalinón*]: On our way.

[*Exeunt DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.*]

DON GONZALO: Wait! This blood lends me strength. No, he needn't wait. My wrath will follow him. Villainous coward!

[*DON GONZALO is carried off. Enter MARQUIS DE LA MOTA, his Servant, and Musicians.*]

MARQUIS: Midnight will be striking soon. It seems to me that Don Juan is taking uncommonly long with Beatrice. Oh the torments of impatience!

[*Reenter DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.*]

DON JUAN: Marquis?

MARQUIS: Don Juan?

DON JUAN: Yes. Take back your cape.

MARQUIS: How was the game?

DON JUAN: Sad. Somebody died.

CATALINÓN: And we'd better run away from him.

MARQUIS: But did you trick her?

DON JUAN: Yes, I did.

CATALINÓN [*Aside.*]: And you too, into the bargain.

DON JUAN: But it was a costly joke.

MARQUIS: I'll pay for it, Don Juan, because the woman will blame me for it.

DON JUAN: It's almost twelve.

MARQUIS: May this night last forever the moment I am in Anna's arms.

DON JUAN: Goodbye, Marquis.

CATALINÓN [*Aside.*]: The poor man's due for a surprise.

DON JUAN [*to Catalinón*]: Let's go.

CATALINÓN: I'll be quicker than an eagle.

[*Exeunt DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.*]

MARQUIS: You can all go home. I have to proceed alone now.

SERVANT: Night was made for sleep.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

VOICES [*Within.*]: Unheard of! Horrible! A calamity!

MARQUIS: God help me! Voices from the Alcázar. At this time? What can it be? I seem to be looking at another burning Troy. Torches like giants of flames. The lights are coming near! Why are they burning like the sun and dividing into squadrons? I must find out before—

[Enter DON DIEGO TENORIO and the Guard.]

DON DIEGO: Who is there?

MARQUIS: Somebody who wants to know the reason for all this clamor.

DON DIEGO: This is the cape the Commander spoke about in his last words. Arrest him.

MARQUIS: Arrest me? How dare you! I am the Marquis de la Mota!  
[Draws his sword.]

DON DIEGO: Put up your sword. You can show your courage without using it. The King has ordered your arrest.

MARQUIS: God in heaven!

[Enter KING OF CASTILE, attended.]

DON DIEGO: My lord, here is the Marquis.

MARQUIS: Your Highness has ordered my arrest?

KING OF CASTILE: Take him and remove him from my presence. I want to see his head on a stake. What! You dare look at me?

MARQUIS: Your highness—my innocence—

KING OF CASTILE: Enough. To the dungeon!

MARQUIS: Oh the tyrannical glories of love, so quick in passing and yet so long in coming. "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," says the wise proverb. But why is the King offended? Why am I being arrested?

DON DIEGO: Who knows the answer to that better than you, my lord?

MARQUIS: Than I?

DON DIEGO: Let's go.

MARQUIS: Strange confusion.

KING OF CASTILE: Try the Marquis at once, and off with his head in the morning. As for the Commander's burial, it must be conducted with all the solemnity and dignity he deserves. At my own expense he will be given a tomb and a statue of bronze and matching stone. An inscription in gothic letters will cry out for vengeance. But where did Doña Ana go?

DON DIEGO: To the Queen, my lord, for sanctuary.

KING OF CASTILE: Castile and the rest of the kingdom will mourn this loss; Calatrava will weep the death of a great Commander.

[Exeunt all.]

### Scene 3

*A wedding feast near the village of Dos Hermanas. Enter BATRICIO and ARMINTA, GACENO, BELISA, other SHEPHERDS and MUSICIANS.*

MUSICIANS [*singing*]:

O who can sing her beauties best,  
or what remains unsung?  
Do thou Apollo tune the rest,  
unworthy is my tongue.  
To gaze on her, is to be blest,  
so wondrous fair her face is;  
Her fairness cannot be exprest  
in Goddesses nor Graces.\*

GACENO: Batricio, in giving you my Arminta, I am giving you my soul and my being.

BATRICIO: The meadow puts on its brightest colors for us. I won her with my desires. I deserved her by my labors.

MUSICIANS: A thousand years of union for such a wife and such a husband!

[*They repeat the song.*]

GACENO: Well sung. The Kyrie never sounded better.

BATRICIO: The sun that rises in the east does not rise like the sun of my soul. There is no sun like the sun of her eyes and her brow. My sun shines brighter than the noontide sun. Sing therefore to my sun thousands of sweet melodies.

[*The Musicians repeat the song.*]

ARMINTA: Batricio, I am grateful but you are quite a flatterer. From now on you will be my sun and I will be your moon, and grow by your light alone.

[*Enter a SHEPHERD.*]

SHEPHERD: Gentlemen, you are about to have guests at your wedding feast.

GACENO: Let the whole world participate in our joy.

BATRICIO: Who's coming?

SHEPHERD: Don Juan Tenorio.

BATRICIO: It's an ill wind when a gentleman appears at a feast. I foresee spoiled pleasure and jealousy. How did he hear of my wedding?

SHEPHERD: Traveling on the road to Lebrija.

\*From "Theorello: A Shepherd's Idyll" in *England's Helicon*. [*Translator's note.*]

BATRICIO: The devil must have sent him. But why should I worry? Everybody can join us who will. And yet—a gentleman at my wedding—an ill wind for me.

GACENO: Let the whole court of Alfonso the Eleventh come, along with the Colossus of Rhodes, the Pope, and Prester John. They'll find royal entertainment with Gaceno. We have mountains of bread, Guadalquivirs of wine, Babylons of bacon, and larders bursting with birds and doves and basted hens. The presence of this great nobleman among us will be an honor bestowed on my grey head.

SHEPHERD [to Batricio]: Careful. He is the son of the Chamberlain.

BATRICIO: An ill wind for me. They must seat him next to my bride. My pleasure is spoiled and I am jealous already. I'll have to love, suffer, and be still.

[Enter DON JUAN and CATALINÓN in traveling clothes.]

DON JUAN: I heard on the highway of a wedding here. I should like to join in your festivities, since I was fortunate enough to hear about them.

GACENO: You have come to honor and magnify them.

BATRICIO [Aside.]: I am in charge here and I still say you've come in an evil hour.

GACENO: Give the gentleman a seat.

DON JUAN: If you allow me, I'll sit here.

[He sits next to ARMINTA.]

BATRICIO: But if you sit before me, sir, you'll be taking the bridegroom's place.

DON JUAN: That doesn't sound too bad.

GACENO: He is the bridegroom, sir.

DON JUAN: Forgive my error and ignorance.

BATRICIO [Aside.]: Why must I always be the loser?

CATALINÓN [Aside.]: Poor fellow, he's fallen into Lucifer's hands.

DON JUAN [to Arminta]: Is it possible, madam, that I should be so fortunate? I really envy your husband.

ARMINTA: You seem to be a flatterer.

BATRICIO [Aside.]: I was right. Nobility at a wedding is an ill wind that blows no good.

DON JUAN: Your hands are too delicate to grant to a peasant.

CATALINÓN [Aside.]: Give him your hand in game and you'll lose your hand in earnest.

BATRICIO [Aside.]: Jealousy will kill me.

GACENO: Let's eat now to give our new friend a chance to rest.



DON JUAN [*to Arminta*]: Why do you hide your hand?

ARMINTA: It doesn't belong to me.

GACENO: Sing, everybody!

DON JUAN [*to Catalinón*]: What do you think of all this?

CATALINÓN [*to Don Juan*]: These bumpkins may massacre us yet.

DON JUAN: Beautiful eyes and delicate hands—they have set me on fire.

CATALINÓN: Time to brand another lamb. This makes four.

DON JUAN: Come, they're watching me.

BATRICIO [*Aside.*]: Didn't I say it was an ill wind?

GACENO: Sing! Sing!

BATRICIO [*Aside.*]: I'm dying!

CATALINÓN: Sing now, cry later.

[*The Musicians repeat the song.*]

## ACT III

### Scene I

*Gaceno's house in the village of Dos Hermanas. Enter BATRICIO, deep in thought.*

BATRICIO: Oh Jealousy, my death and my hell, spare me! I am worn out with rage and grief. And he, the great man, why does he torment me? What does he want? I was right when I cried, "It's an ill wind" after seeing him. Not only must he sit next to my wife, but he wouldn't allow me to dip a finger into my own plate! He brushed my hand aside every time I tried to taste a dish. "Tut, tut, such bad manners!" he said. And he stuck so close to Arminta that people began to think he was her husband, and I his best man. When I wanted to speak with my own bride, he growled, "Such bad manners" again and shoved me aside. And when I appealed to the others they just smiled and answered, "You have no reason to complain. It really is nothing. What are you afraid of? Keep quiet, it must be a custom at court." Custom devil! It may have been a custom in Sodom for a stranger to eat of the bridal dish while the bridegroom went hungry! And the other rascal, each time I got my hands on something to eat, he'd say, "You don't like this? You really have no taste for finer things," and suddenly take it away from me. I'm simply furious! Is this a wedding or a practical joke? Am I among Christians? Now that supper is over, I suppose he will follow us to

bed too. And when I hug my wife, he'll say, "Tut, tut, such bad manners!" Here he comes. What shall I do? I can't stand it—I'll hide. Too late—he saw me.

[Enter DON JUAN.]

DON JUAN: Batricio.

BATRICIO: At your service, sir.

DON JUAN: When love rages in the soul, Batricio, it will speak out. I must tell you—

BATRICIO [*Aside.*]: Another calamity for me?

DON JUAN: Some time ago I gave my heart to Arminta, and I enjoyed . . .

BATRICIO: Her honor?

DON JUAN: Yes.

BATRICIO [*Aside.*]: This confirms what my own eyes have seen. If Arminta didn't love him she would never have allowed me to be insulted so.

DON JUAN: I have been her promised husband, and have enjoyed her favors, these six months. I tell you this because I see no other way out. But I speak the truth, Batricio. Our engagement and our friendship were kept secret because of the King and my father. But neither reason nor law can keep two loving souls apart. Don't stand in the way of our marriage, my friend. Either I must be satisfied, or else, by God, I'll kill whoever has given me trouble.

BATRICIO: Since you're allowing me to choose, my lord, I'll do as you like. Gossip is the ruin of honor and women. A woman's reputation is like a bell; one crack in it, and it's broken for good. Enjoy her, my lord, enjoy her a thousand years. I'd rather die with the truth than live with a lie.

[Exit BATRICIO.]

DON JUAN: I vanquished him by appealing to honor. These peasants are always consulting their honor, as though they carried it in their hands. And no wonder. After so many deceptions, honor has fled from the city to the countryside. So then: I twisted him around my little finger, and now I can enjoy the girl without fear. Night is falling, and I have yet to hoodwink her father. Stars in the sky, look down upon me and, if I am not to be punished till the day of my death, grant me luck in this hoax!

[Exit DON JUAN. Enter ARMINTA and BELISA.]

BELISA: Arminta, your bridegroom is coming. Time to go into the house and get undressed.

ARMINTA: Belisa, I don't know what to think of this unhappy wedding. Who is this gentleman who deprives me of my joy? My poor Batricio was drowning in melancholy all day; I saw him jealous and perplexed. So much misfortune! I hate the man who separates me from my love. Shameless impudence has become a mark of nobility in Spain. Leave me now, Belisa; I don't know what to think. I feel lost. Go now. I hate the man who separates me from my love. . .

BELISA: Go in; I think I hear Batricio coming. It couldn't be anyone else in the house of newlyweds.

ARMINTA: Good night, my dear Belisa.

BELISA: Comfort him in your arms.

ARMINTA: God, turn my sighs into words of love, my tears into caresses.

[*Exeunt BELISA and ARMINTA. Enter DON JUAN, GACENO and CATALINÓN.*]

DON JUAN: God be with you, Gaceno.

GACENO: I'd like to come with you to inform my daughter of her good fortune.

DON JUAN: That can wait till tomorrow.

GACENO: You're right. In giving you my daughter, Don Juan, I am giving my soul away.

DON JUAN: Your daughter is now my wife.

[*Exit GACENO.*]

DON JUAN: Saddle the mares, Catalinón.

CATALINÓN: When do we leave?

DON JUAN: At dawn, and dying with laughter after this trick.

CATALINÓN: Master, another wedding is waiting for us in Lebrija, so hurry with this one.

DON JUAN: This is going to be my most refined hoax.

CATALINÓN: Excellent; but see we don't get hoaxed right back, and that we come out of this merrymaking alive.

DON JUAN: What are you afraid of? Isn't my father the Chief Justice, and isn't he the King's favorite?

CATALINÓN: God punishes favorites too when they wink at evil-doing. And at the gambling table it can happen that those who just look on also get hurt. God knows I've looked on at your games, but I don't care to be reduced to cinders by a bolt from heaven, not me!

DON JUAN: Enough—saddle the mares. Tomorrow we'll sleep in Seville.

CATALINÓN: In Seville?

DON JUAN: Yes.

CATALINÓN: You're joking! Think of what you did in Seville! Remem-

ber there's only a little step from the longest life to death, and from death to hell.

DON JUAN: If you give me that much time, come, deceits, come, pranks!

CATALINÓN: Sir . . . !

DON JUAN: Go on, your cowardice bores me.

[Exit CATALINÓN.]

DON JUAN: Night spreads out its dark silence, and the Pleiades tread the highest pole among clusters of stars. Now is the time for adventure. Love, whom no man can resist, be my guide to her bed. Arminta!

ARMINTA: Who's calling me? My Batricio?

DON JUAN: I am not Batricio.

ARMINTA: Then who is it?

DON JUAN: Look carefully, Arminta.

ARMINTA: My God, I am ruined! In my room at this hour!

DON JUAN: This hour is mine, Arminta.

ARMINTA: Leave at once, or I'll shout for help. You owe Batricio some courtesy. We too in our village have our Emilias and our Lucretias.

DON JUAN: Arminta, two words! Listen to me and conceal your warm, your precious blush in your heart.

ARMINTA: Leave me, my husband is coming.

DON JUAN: I am your husband. Are you surprised?

ARMINTA: Since when?

DON JUAN: Since now.

ARMINTA: Who settled this?

DON JUAN: My good fortune.

ARMINTA: Does Batricio know?

DON JUAN: Yes; he has forgotten you.

ARMINTA: Forgotten me?

DON JUAN: Yes, because I adore you.

ARMINTA: Adore me?

DON JUAN: In these two arms.

ARMINTA: Leave!

DON JUAN: How can I? I would die without you.

ARMINTA: You lie!

DON JUAN: Arminta, listen to the truth—for are not women friends of truth? I am a nobleman, heir to the ancient family of the Tenorios, the conquerors of Seville. After the King, my father is the most powerful and considered man at court. His lips hold power of life and death. By chance I happened on this road and saw you. Love some-

times behaves in a manner that surprises even himself. I saw you, adored you, and love burns in me so, that I must marry you. Let the King disapprove, my father forbid and threaten, and the whole kingdom murmur, yet I will be your husband. Batricio has foregone his rights, and your father has sent me here to give you my hand in marriage. Speak to me now, Arminta.

ARMINTA: I don't know if what you're saying is truth or lying rhetoric. I am married to Batricio, everybody knows it. How can the marriage be annulled, even if he abandons me?

DON JUAN: When the marriage is not consummated, whether by malice or deceit, it can be annulled.

ARMINTA: You are right. But, God help me, won't you desert me the moment you have separated me from my husband? With Batricio all was simple truth.

DON JUAN: Come! Give me your hand and confirm your pledge to me.

ARMINTA: You're not deceiving me?

DON JUAN: To deceive you would be to deceive myself.

ARMINTA: Then swear that you will carry out your promise.

DON JUAN: By your white hand: I swear.

ARMINTA: Call on God to damn you if you are untrue.

DON JUAN: If I do not keep my word, let God send a man to ensnare and kill me. [*Aside.*] A dead man, of course. God forbid he should be alive.

ARMINTA: With this oath, I am your wife.

DON JUAN: My soul is yours.

ARMINTA: Yours are my soul and my life.

DON JUAN: Arminta, light of my eyes, tomorrow your beautiful feet will slip into polished silver slippers with buttons of the purest gold. And your alabaster throat will be imprisoned in beautiful necklaces; on your fingers, rings set with amethysts will shine like stars, and from your ears will dangle oriental pearls.

ARMINTA: I am yours.

DON JUAN [*Aside.*]: Little you know the playboy of Seville!  
[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene 2

*Near Tarragona. Enter DUCHESS ISABELA and FABIO, her companion.*

FABIO: Isabela, what good is sadness? It is true that love is a deceiver; he attacks those who were laughing at him; and presently they weep.

His gifts are torment, fear, suffering, and scorn. And when you left Naples, your suffering was understandable. But now you can exchange grief for joy. A new day is breaking for you. You lost Octavio, but Don Juan awaits you to take your beautiful hand, and your happiness will not be long delayed. Hold back your tears and your complaints—his house is one of the best of Castile.

ISABELA: I do not grieve because I am to marry Don Juan. The whole world knows his rank. What I weep, and must weep forever, is my lost reputation, the tale of which has spread wherever I go.

FABIO: Soon you'll be in his arms, tenderly entwined, like the ivy and the elm.

ISABELA: Even in my bridal bed I will remember my honor lost and my reputation ruined.

FABIO: Isabela, look at that fishergirl. She is sitting on a rock, gazing at the sea, crying softly and addressing her complaints to the sky. Listen! She is asking for vengeance; she is mourning the loss of something precious, and of hope. I'll ask her to keep you company while I look after the rest of our escort. Tell her your griefs. Take ease together with sweet laments.

*[He leaves.]*

ISABELA: A traitor robbed me of my beloved master and my dearest treasure. Oh bitter night, mask of the sun and mask of truth!

*[Enter TISBEA.]*

TISBEA: Violent Spanish sea—torrents of water and flying waves, carrying to the coast now innocent shells, now bitter deceit. You know my lament, for you bore my miseries. I cry into your deaf ears. You destroyed my honor—the honor of Tisbea, known for her cruelty to men!

ISABELA: Beautiful fishermaid, why do you complain so bitterly of the sea?

TISBEA: It nursed my ruin. You who are fortunate can look on it and smile.

ISABELA: I, too, weep because of the sea.

TISBEA: Why? Has a ravisher forced you with him across it, like a second Europa?

ISABELA: They are taking me to Seville to be married against my wishes.

TISBEA: Then you will understand my plight and pity my tears. Listen. The waters washed ashore a man named Don Juan Tenorio; victim of a shipwreck, and dying. I nursed him back to health and made him a guest in my house. But the guest turned viper in my nest, lied

to me, deceived me, gave me his pledge of marriage, and with sweet false words robbed me of my honor, and left me after enjoying me.

ISABELA: Enough! Cursed woman! Out of my sight! Oh, you have killed me. No, wait, if it was grief that moved you, you are not to blame. Continue. Is it all true?

TISBEA: True as life and death.

ISABELA: Evil strike the woman who believes the words of a man! It was God who brought me to this hut. You have revived my determination to seek revenge. Evil strike the woman who believes the words of a man!

TISBEA: I beg you to take me with you, my lady, and my poor old father as well. He wants to ask the King for justice and satisfaction. And Anfriso, the man I should have married and loved forever, and who wants me even now, let him come with us too.

ISABELA: You may all come with me.

TISBEA: Evil strike the woman who believes the words of a man!

[*Exeunt.*]

### Scene 3

*Inside a church in Seville. Enter DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.*

CATALINÓN: Everything is going wrong.

DON JUAN: Why?

CATALINÓN: Octavio has found out about the matter in Italy. The Marquis is complaining to the King that you fooled him with a false message from his cousin and that you borrowed his cape to ruin him.

They say that Isabela is coming over to be your wife. They say—

DON JUAN [*cuffing him*]: Enough!

CATALINÓN: You broke one of my teeth!

DON JUAN: Tattler! Who told you all this nonsense?

CATALINÓN: Nonsense?

DON JUAN: Yes, nonsense.

CATALINÓN: It's all true.

DON JUAN: I don't care. Let Octavio try to kill me. Am I dead? Don't I have two good hands? Come, where did you find us a room?

CATALINÓN: In a secluded street.

DON JUAN: Fine.

CATALINÓN: Meantime this church can be your sanctuary.

DON JUAN: Why don't you tell me next they'll kill me here in broad daylight? Come—did you see the bridegroom of Dos Hermanas?

CATALINÓN: Yes. Full of anguish, too.

DON JUAN: Arminta won't discover our hoax for two weeks.

CATALINÓN: She is so blind to it that she calls herself Doña Arminta.

DON JUAN: This is going to be delicious.

CATALINÓN: Of course. But she'll cry for it.

[*They see the tomb of Don Gonzalo de Ulloa.*]

DON JUAN: Whose tomb is this?

CATALINÓN: Don Gonzalo's.

DON JUAN: The man I killed! Quite a tomb!

CATALINÓN: That's how the King ordered it. What does the inscription say?

DON JUAN [*reading*]: "Here the most loyal of knights expects God's vengeance on a traitor." [*He laughs. To the Statue*] So you want vengeance, old boy, stone-beard!

[*DON JUAN pulls the Statue's beard.*]

CATALINÓN: You can't pluck it—he has a powerful beard.

DON JUAN [*to the Statue*]: Join me tonight for supper at my inn. We can fight it out there and then, if you're still hungry for vengeance. Of course, I can't promise you a good scuffle if you carry a stone sword in your hand.

CATALINÓN: Well, if he's coming to dine with us, let's go order a meal.

DON JUAN [*to the Statue*]: You've been waiting a long time for this vengeance. If you still want it, you'd better wake from your sleep. Or are you waiting for me to die? If you are, give up hoping, because I've plenty of time till then, plenty of time.

[*Exeunt DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.*]

#### Scene 4

*An inn in Seville. Enter two SERVANTS. They set a table.*

FIRST SERVANT: Let's prepare supper. Don Juan should be coming soon.

SECOND SERVANT: The table is ready. But what made him order an early supper? He usually comes in at dawn.

FIRST SERVANT: I suppose he wants more time for his gallivanting to-night.

[*Enter DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.*]

DON JUAN [*to Catalinón*]: Did you lock the door?

CATALINÓN: Just as you ordered.

DON JUAN [*to the Servants*]: Quick! Fetch my dinner!

SECOND SERVANT: It is here already.

DON JUAN: Catalinón, sit down!



CATALINÓN: I really prefer to eat alone.

DON JUAN: I told you: sit down.

CATALINÓN: I am sitting.

FIRST SERVANT [*Aside.*]: He must think he's on the road, to eat with his valet.

[*A knock.*]

CATALINÓN: Quite a knock!

DON JUAN: See who's at the door.

FIRST SERVANT: I'll open.

CATALINÓN: It could be the constables, master.

DON JUAN: Let them come; no reason to worry.

[*The FIRST SERVANT runs back in fright.*]

FIRST SERVANT: My God, what I've seen!

DON JUAN [*to First Servant*]: Speak, what happened? What did you see?

CATALINÓN: He looks a little scared.

DON JUAN: Did you see a devil or what? I'm getting angry.

[*More knocks.*]

CATALINÓN: They're knocking again!

DON JUAN [*to Catalinón*]: You'd better go see who it is.

CATALINÓN: Who? Me?

DON JUAN: Yes, you. Move!

CATALINÓN: Listen, master. My grandmother was found hanging like a bunch of grapes—and since then they say she wanders over the earth like a soul in pain. That's why I don't like all this knocking.

DON JUAN: Enough!

CATALINÓN: Master, you know I am a coward.

DON JUAN: The door!

CATALINÓN: I'm sick.

DON JUAN: Still standing?

CATALINÓN: Who has the keys?

SECOND SERVANT: The door is only bolted.

DON JUAN: What's wrong? Why don't you go?

CATALINÓN: This marks the end of Catalinón. The seduced women have come to take their revenge on the two of us.

[*CATALINÓN goes to the door and comes running back.*]

DON JUAN: What now?

CATALINÓN: God help me! They're killing me; they caught me!

DON JUAN: Who's caught you? And who's killing you? What did you see?

CATALINÓN: Master, when I . . . got there . . . I saw . . . I ran back . . .

Who grabbed me? Who pulled me? I arrived . . . I was blinded . . . When I saw him . . . I swear to God! He spoke and said, "Who are you? . . ." he answered . . . and I answered . . . and then . . . I ran into and saw . . .

DON JUAN: Saw what?

CATALINÓN: I don't know.

DON JUAN: Is this what wine does to you? Give me the light, chicken, and I'll see for myself.

[DON JUAN takes the candle and moves toward the door. The STATUE OF DON GONZALO comes to meet him. DON JUAN falls back, dismayed, his hand on his sword. Slowly, the STATUE comes closer to DON JUAN, who retreats until the two are standing face to face at the center of the stage.]

DON JUAN: Who are you?

THE STATUE: It is I.

DON JUAN: Who?

THE STATUE: The man you invited to dinner.

DON JUAN: To dinner, then! And if you brought friends they'll find plenty to eat too. The table is set. Sit down.

CATALINÓN: Angels protect me!

DON JUAN: Catalinón, sit next to the dead man.

CATALINÓN: I already had supper. You go ahead with your guest. I don't think I can eat a thing just now.

DON JUAN: You're a fool. Are you afraid of a dead man? What would you do if he were alive? Base and stupid fear!

CATALINÓN: I am really bloated.

DON JUAN: I'll get angry, watch out!

CATALINÓN: Excuse me, sir, but I smell bad.

DON JUAN: Sit down! I'm waiting for you.

CATALINÓN: I can't. My—uh—posterior has died on me.

DON JUAN [to the Servants]: And you fools, why do you stand there trembling?

CATALINÓN: I never liked to eat with foreigners. And now you force me to eat with a guest made out of stone.

DON JUAN: What can a man of stone do to you?

CATALINÓN: Break my head, for instance.

DON JUAN: Why don't you speak to him? Politely, now.

CATALINÓN [to the Statue]: How are you? Are you well lodged—in the great beyond? Does it have many mountains or is it flat? Do they appreciate poetry there?

FIRST SERVANT: He nods to everything.

CATALINÓN: Are there many taverns? There must be, if Noah lives there.

DON JUAN [*to the Servants*]: You there, something to drink!

CATALINÓN: Sir Dead Man, in this country of yours, do they mix their drinks with ice? [*The STATUE nods.*] With ice. Good country.

DON JUAN [*to the Statue*]: If you'd like some singing, they'll sing. [*The STATUE nods.*]

SECOND SERVANT: He said yes!

DON JUAN: Sing!

CATALINÓN: Sir Deadly has good taste. He is a nobleman, and fond of merriment.

[*Singing within.*]

Lady, take me as I am,  
A man of rich desires.  
Youth is mine, and I shall live  
To light a thousand fires.

CATALINÓN: This Sir Corpse isn't eating much. It's either the summer weather or simply that he is a man with a small appetite. I can't keep my hands from shaking. They must drink little over there— but I'll drink for two. [*He drinks.*] A toast to stone! By God, I feel better already.

[*Singing within.*]

Lady, take me as I am,  
A man of rich desires.  
Youth is mine, and I shall live  
To light a thousand fires.  
Do not speak of death to me,  
Lady, I shall never learn.  
Life is long, my credit sound,  
I must love before I burn.

CATALINÓN: Which one of your seduced ladies are they singing about, master?

DON JUAN: Tonight I laugh at them all. Back in Naples, Isabella—

CATALINÓN: That one isn't really cheated now, master, since she is to be your wife, as is right. But you cheated the fishergirl who saved you from the sea, and paid her with counterfeit coin for her hospitality. Next you seduced Doña Ana—

DON JUAN: Quiet! Here's her would-be avenger who suffered for her.

CATALINÓN: Of course, he is a very brave man. And he is made of stone,

and you of flesh and blood. Not a pleasant situation.

[*The STATUE signals that it wants to be alone with DON JUAN.*]

DON JUAN: You two, clear the table! He wants to remain alone with me.

CATALINÓN: Bad sign! Don't stay with him. Dead people can often kill a giant with a single bite.

DON JUAN: Out, all of you! I'm not Catalinón! Go, he is coming closer to me.

[*Exeunt SERVANTS and CATALINÓN.*]

DON JUAN: The door is shut. I'm waiting. What do you want, oh shadow, phantom, or vision? If you walk in torment or if you are seeking satisfaction, tell me, and I give you my word that I shall do whatever you command. Do you enjoy God's grace, or is your soul damned? Did I kill you in a state of mortal sin? Speak, I am anxious to hear you.

THE STATUE [*speaking slowly as if from another world*]: Will you keep your word as a gentleman?

DON JUAN: I am a man of honor and I keep my word.

THE STATUE: Give me your hand, then. Don't be afraid.

DON JUAN: What? I afraid? Were you Hell itself, I would give you my hand.

THE STATUE: I have your hand and your word. I shall look for you tomorrow night. I will offer you supper at ten o'clock. Will you come?

DON JUAN: I expected something more challenging. Tomorrow I'll be your guest. Where do we meet?

THE STATUE: In my chapel.

DON JUAN: Shall I come alone?

THE STATUE: No, both of you come. But keep your word as I have kept mine.

DON JUAN: I will keep it. I am a Tenorio.

THE STATUE: And I, Ulloa.

DON JUAN: I shan't fail.

THE STATUE: I believe you. Adieu.

[*It moves toward the door.*]

DON JUAN: Wait, I'll give you a light.

THE STATUE: I need no light. I am in grace.

[*The STATUE leaves very slowly, watching DON JUAN. DON JUAN remains alone and shaken.*]

DON JUAN: God help me! My body is soaked with sweat and my heart is frozen in my body. When he took my hand, he burnt it with a hell-

ish heat unlike any living warmth. And as he spoke, his breath blew like an infernal wind. Pah! I must be imagining all this: fear of the dead is the basest of all fears. If I don't cower before the noblest men alive, powerful men, reasonable and endowed with souls, why should I tremble before a dead body? Tomorrow I shall be his guest in the chapel. All Seville will be terrified and astounded by my courage.  
[Exit DON JUAN.]

## Scene 5

*A room in the Alcázar in Seville. Enter the KING OF CASTILE and DON DIEGO TENORIO.*

KING OF CASTILE: Has Isabela arrived?

DON DIEGO: Yes, but dissatisfied.

KING OF CASTILE: Isn't she happy about this marriage?

DON DIEGO: Her reputation is ruined.

KING OF CASTILE: But her anguish stems from something else, surely. Where is she?

DON DIEGO: At the convent of the Carmelites.

KING OF CASTILE: Let her leave the convent at once. I want her here at the palace. She will wait on the Queen.

DON DIEGO: If she is to marry Don Juan, Your Highness should command his presence at court.

KING OF CASTILE: Let him come. I want the news of their marriage to be spread to the whole world. Tomorrow Don Juan will be Count of Lebrija. He will own it and rule it. Isabela loved and lost a duke but gained a count.

DON DIEGO: We all acknowledge your bounty.

KING OF CASTILE: I owe you so many favors that even with this I remain behind in my payments. Don Diego, what do you think of marrying Doña Ana today as well?

DON DIEGO: To Octavio?

KING OF CASTILE: No, Duke Octavio cannot be the one to undo the wrong. Doña Ana has pleaded with me by intermediary of the Queen to forgive the Marquis. Now that her father is dead she wants a husband. In the Marquis she will find both a husband and a father. Don Diego, go quietly with a few people to speak with him at the Fortress of Triana, and inform him that I pardon him for the welfare and security of his cousin.

DON DIEGO: Again, I see my wishes fulfilled.

KING OF CASTILE: You can tell him they will be married tonight.

DON DIEGO: All ends well. It will be easy to persuade the Marquis—he is devoted to his cousin.

KING OF CASTILE: You should also inform Octavio. The Duke has no luck with women. Poor man, they are only interested in appearances and talk. By the way, I hear that he is very angry with your son.

DON DIEGO: I daresay he found out that he owes his misfortunes to Don Juan. Look—here he is.

KING OF CASTILE: Don't leave my side. Your son's crime touches you too. [*Enter OCTAVIO.*]

OCTAVIO: Unconquerable King, allow me to kiss your feet.

KING OF CASTILE: Rise, Duke, and cover your head. What is your wish?

OCTAVIO: I have come to kneel at your feet with a just suit, worthy of being granted.

KING OF CASTILE: Duke, if it is just, I give you my word: it will be granted. Speak!

OCTAVIO: My lord, you have learned by letters from your Ambassador, and the rumor has reached everyone, that one night in Naples—an evil night for me—Don Juan Tenorio used my name with Spanish arrogance to violate the honor of a lady.

KING OF CASTILE: Enough! I know your disgrace. What is it exactly you want?

OCTAVIO: Permission to prove him a traitor in the field.

DON DIEGO: You will not! His blood is noble—

KING OF CASTILE: Don Diego!

DON DIEGO: My lord.

OCTAVIO: Who are you to speak like this to the King?

DON DIEGO: One who keeps silent at the King's command. Or I would answer you with this sword.

OCTAVIO: You're old.

DON DIEGO: In Italy I was young once—as you Italians found out to your sorrow. My sword was familiar to Naples and Milan.

OCTAVIO: But now your blood is frozen. *Is* is what matters, not *was*.

DON DIEGO: *I was* and *I am*.

KING OF CASTILE: Stop! Enough! Be still, Don Diego! You are showing little respect for my person. And you, Duke Octavio, you will be able to speak at your leisure after the weddings. Don Juan is a gentleman of my house, and of my making, and [*pointing to DON DIEGO*] he is a branch of that venerable trunk. Respect him as such.

OCTAVIO: My lord, I will do as you say.

KING OF CASTILE: Follow me, Don Diego.

DON DIEGO [*Aside.*]: Oh, my son! How poorly you have repaid the love I have given you.\*

[*Exeunt KING OF CASTILE and DON DIEGO.*]

OCTAVIO: Is there a man as wretched as I in this world? I trusted in a treacherous friend. I was accused in his place by Isabela because she had lost her dearest jewel, her reputation. But if the King will not avenge her, I, Octavio, will.

[*Enter GACENO and ARMINTA.*]

GACENO: This gentleman will tell us where to find Don Juan Tenorio.

[*To Octavio*] Sir, could you tell us where to find a Don Juan whose name, I am sure, is well known at court?

OCTAVIO: I suppose you mean Don Juan Tenorio?

ARMINTA: Yes, that's the one.

OCTAVIO: He is here. Do you want to see him?

ARMINTA: I do. He is my husband.

OCTAVIO: What?

ARMINTA: You haven't heard about it here at the Alcázar?

OCTAVIO: Don Juan hasn't said anything to me.

GACENO: Is that possible?

OCTAVIO: I assure you.

GACENO: Doña Arminta is an honorable woman. We are an old family, Christian to the bones. Besides, she is the sole heir to our farm, better than a count or a marquis. Don Juan promised to marry her, and took her away from Batricio.

ARMINTA: Tell him I was a virgin when Don Juan took me.

GACENO: That's beside the point.

OCTAVIO [*Aside.*]: Here is another of Don Juan's pranks. And I'll be able to use what they've told me for my vengeance. [*Aloud.*] What can I do for you?

GACENO: Well, the days are going by, and I would like the ceremony to be performed. If not, I'll take the matter to the King.

OCTAVIO: Your demands are just.

GACENO: Also reasonable and lawful.

OCTAVIO [*Aside.*]: This couldn't have fallen out better! [*Aloud.*] A wedding is being prepared in the Alcázar just now.

\*Three lines are omitted here, in which the King promises Octavio that his marriage will take place tomorrow. As Ana has been promised to the Marquis, and Isabela to Don Juan, either the King is soothing Octavio with a regal lie, or—more likely—Tirso slipped. [*Translator's note.*]

ARMINTA: Maybe it's mine!

OCTAVIO [*Aside.*]: A little stratagem is called for at this point. [*Aloud.*]

Come, my lady. You shall be dressed as befits a lady of the court, and then I myself shall lead you into the King's apartment.

ARMINTA: And take me by the hand to Don Juan, too.

OCTAVIO: A cunning idea.

GACENO: I like your plan, sir.

OCTAVIO [*Aside.*]: With these two, my revenge is set. Isabela, you shall be satisfied.

[*Exeunt all.*]

## Scene 6

*The Fortress of Triana. Enter DON DIEGO TENORIO and MARQUIS DE LA MOTA.*

DON DIEGO [*to a Guard*]: Release the Marquis.

MARQUIS: If I am going to my death, I wish to thank you.

DON DIEGO: The King has ordered your release.

MARQUIS: Does he know my innocence? Has he recognized the man who is really guilty—and whose name I refrain from speaking for your sake?

DON DIEGO: For my sake! First you kill your uncle and then you blame me!

MARQUIS: I blame you for accusing me. Your son killed him. I gave Don Juan my cape. False villain! I was about to die for nothing.

DON DIEGO: What are you saying?

MARQUIS: Nothing but the truth. Don Juan took a message from my cousin, addressed to me. It was an invitation—to enjoy her at eleven o'clock that night. But the villain told me midnight, and at eleven he entered her room in my place. I mourn for my uncle, but oh, the greater misery is that Don Juan took my cousin from me, and held her in his arms!

[*Exeunt.*]

## Scene 7

*Before the church. Enter DON JUAN and CATALINÓN.*

CATALINÓN: How did the King receive you?

DON JUAN: More affectionately than my father.

CATALINÓN: Did you see Isabela?



DON JUAN: Yes.

CATALINÓN: How is she?

DON JUAN: Like an angel.

CATALINÓN: Did she receive you well?

DON JUAN: She turned pale, and then she blushed—like a rose bursting out of its petals at dawn.

CATALINÓN: Is the wedding set for tonight?

DON JUAN: Without fail.

CATALINÓN: Had you married before, master, you wouldn't have had time to seduce so many women. As it is, you're taking a wife with troubles on all sides.

DON JUAN: Again talking like a fool?

CATALINÓN: Why can't you get married tomorrow? Today is a bad day.

DON JUAN: Why?

CATALINÓN: It's Tuesday.\*

DON JUAN: Fool. The only bad day for me is when I'm short of cash. Everything else is nonsense.

CATALINÓN: Come sir, you have to get dressed. It's late and they'll be waiting for you.

DON JUAN: First we have another business to settle.

CATALINÓN: Like what?

DON JUAN: Dining with the dead man.

CATALINÓN: Folly of all follies!

DON JUAN: I gave my word.

CATALINÓN: What if you break it! I don't see what recourse a man of stone has.

DON JUAN: He could slander me.

CATALINÓN: The church is closed anyway.

DON JUAN: Knock.

CATALINÓN: I don't see why. Who's going to open? The sacristans are asleep.

DON JUAN: Knock at this little door.

CATALINÓN: It's open!

DON JUAN: Well, go in.

CATALINÓN: Let a monk sprinkle the place first with holy water.

DON JUAN: Be quiet and follow me.

CATALINÓN: I should be quiet?

\*Tuesdays and Fridays were considered bad days for traveling or getting married.  
[Translator's note.]

DON JUAN: Yes.

CATALINÓN: God deliver me from these dinners.

[*They enter through a door.*]

CATALINÓN: How dark the church is and yet so large! Oh God! Master, hold me, somebody is pulling me by the cape!

[*Enter the STATUE OF DON GONZALO.*]

DON JUAN: Who is there?

THE STATUE: It is I.

CATALINÓN: Now I'm done for.

THE STATUE: I am the dead man; don't be afraid. I did not think you would keep your word, Don Juan—since you make a joke of everything.

DON JUAN: You consider me a coward?

THE STATUE: Yes, I do, for on a certain night you fled after killing me.

DON JUAN: Only because I didn't want to be recognized. But now I am here. What do you want?

THE STATUE: I want to invite you to supper.

CATALINÓN: You must excuse us. We have no taste for cold dishes, and I don't even see a kitchen.

DON JUAN: I accept.

THE STATUE: But first you must lift the lid of this tomb.

DON JUAN: I will lift these pillars too, if you like.

THE STATUE: You are very brave.

DON JUAN: I'm full of life and strength.

CATALINÓN: A black table! Don't you have anyone to wash it?

THE STATUE: Sit down.

DON JUAN: Where?

CATALINÓN: Here come two black servants with stools.

[*Enter two Figures in black carrying stools. They set the table.*]

THE STATUE [*to Catalinón*]: Sit down, too.

CATALINÓN: Excuse me, sir, I have already eaten. Dine with your guest.

DON JUAN: Stop your chatter.

CATALINÓN: I stop. God, help me out of this broil. What kind of dish is this?

THE STATUE: Vipers and scorpions.

CATALINÓN: Such delicacies!

THE STATUE: These are our specialties. [*To Don Juan*] Aren't you eating?

DON JUAN: I would eat if you fed me all the vipers of hell.

CATALINÓN: What kind of wine do you drink in the hereafter?

THE STATUE: Try some!

CATALINÓN: Pah! Gall and vinegar!

THE STATUE: Such is the wine from our cellars. Now listen to a song.

VOICES: Fool, think not that Heaven  
Can forget a crime.  
God exacts full payment  
In his own due time.  
There shall no sinner boast,  
While mocking God's command,  
"Life is long, there's time to pay."  
Sinner, judgment is at hand!

CATALINÓN: A foul song, by Jesus! Did you hear it, master? It was meant for you.

DON JUAN: My blood is freezing up.

CATALINÓN: Try a little of this ragout.

DON JUAN: I have eaten. Tell them to take away the table.

THE STATUE: Give me your hand. Never fear; give me your hand.

DON JUAN: Fear? Take it! . . . Ai, I'm burning alive! Burning, burning!

THE STATUE: This is little compared to the fire you were looking for.  
The wonders of God, Don Juan, are unfathomable. His justice demands that a dead man exact the payment of your crimes. As a man sows, so shall he reap.

DON JUAN: I'm burning, let my hand go! [DON JUAN *draws his dagger with his free hand.*] I'll stab you to death. . . . Useless! I'm stabbing the empty air!

THE STATUE: Don Juan! You are paying for the women you cheated.

DON JUAN: I didn't harm your daughter! She saw the hoax in time.

THE STATUE: No matter! Your intention condemns you.

DON JUAN: Let me send for a priest at least; I want to confess and be absolved!

THE STATUE: It cannot be. You thought of that too late.

DON JUAN: I'm burning, burning! I'm dying!

[DON JUAN *dies.*]

CATALINÓN: No escaping. I see I'm going to die too for following you about.

THE STATUE: This is the justice of God. As a man sows, so shall he reap.

[*A great noise. The tomb sinks with DON JUAN and STATUE of DON GONZALO. CATALINÓN crawls on the ground.*]

CATALINÓN: God in heaven! What's happening? The whole chapel is

burning; and I'm left here for the wake. If I can crawl out of here I'll tell his father. Saint George, Saint Agnus Dei, get me out into the street alive!

## Scene 8

*A room in the Alcázar in Seville. Enter KING OF CASTILE, DON DIEGO, and courtiers.*

DON DIEGO: My lord, the Marquis wishes to kiss your royal feet.

KING OF CASTILE: Let him come in, and go notify Don Juan that he need wait no longer.

[Enter BATRICIO and GACENO.]

BATRICIO: My lord, why are such enormities allowed? Your own servants outrage the poor people of the land.

KING OF CASTILE: What are you saying?

BATRICIO: Don Juan Tenorio, detestable traitor that he is, stole my wife from me the night of my marriage, before its consummation. I have brought witnesses with me.

[Enter TISBEA and ISABELA.]

TISBEA: If Your Highness does not bring Don Juan to justice, I will complain to God and to men as long as I live. The sea cast him adrift; I gave him life and hospitality; and to reward my kindness he lied to me with the name of husband.

KING OF CASTILE: What are you saying?

ISABELA: She is telling the truth.

[Enter ARMINTA and OCTAVIO.]

ARMINTA: Where is my husband?

KING OF CASTILE: Whom do you mean?

ARMINTA: Don't you know? My husband is Don Juan Tenorio. I am here to be married to him. So he swore to me. He is a nobleman and cannot forswear. My lord, give orders for my wedding.

[Enter MARQUIS DE LA MOTA.]

MARQUIS: It is time, my lord, to bring the truth to light. Know that Don Juan Tenorio is guilty of the crime imputed to me. Though he was my friend, he brutally deceived me. I have two witnesses to bear me out.

KING OF CASTILE: Is this shamelessness possible? Don Juan must be arrested and executed.

DON DIEGO: Yes, let him be arrested and punished. I ask it as a reward for my services to the crown, lest heaven punish me for the wickedness of my son.

KING OF CASTILE: This is how my favorites behave!

[Enter CATALINÓN.]

CATALINÓN: Gentlemen, listen to the strangest event the world has ever witnessed. Listen! and kill me afterward if you wish. Don Juan was mocking the statue of the Commander the day before yesterday. To insult the dead man, he pulled the Statue's beard and invited him to supper. Fool that he was! The Statue came, and returned the invitation. We went to the church, and there, when supper was over, after a thousand horrible signs, the Statue grasped his hand and squeezed it till he died, and said, "God commands me to kill you thus in punishment for your crimes. As a man sows, so shall he reap."

KING OF CASTILE: What are you saying?

CATALINÓN: It's the truth. And before he died, my master cried out that he had not touched Doña Ana's honor, because she recognized him in time.

MARQUIS: I could kiss you for this news!

KING OF CASTILE: Heaven is just! Now then, Don Juan is dead: there is no impediment to a marriage between Isabela and Duke Octavio.

OCTAVIO: I receive her with gratitude, my lord, now that she is a widow.

MARQUIS: And I shall marry my cousin.

BATRICIO: And we'll marry our own girls in order to bring the true story of the guest of stone to an end.

KING OF CASTILE: And let the tomb be carried to the church of St. Francis in Madrid where it will be revered as it deserves.