

The Walls Have Ears

(Las paredes oyen)

by Juan Ruiz de Alarcón

Translated by Dakin Matthews

The Walls Have Ears is a new American translation by Dakin Matthews of Ruiz de Alarcón's *Las paredes oyen*. (Dakin is an actor, playwright, director, and Emeritus English Professor; Smith and Kraus published his earlier verse translation of Moreto's *El desden con el desden*, called *Spite For Spite*.) Because this is a performance-oriented translation and because it is in rhyming verse echoing when possible the original rhyme schemes of the the Spanish, it is necessarily somewhat looser and more colloquial than a typical academic translation might be. At the same time, it is exactly as many lines long as the original and tries to maintain an approximate line for line correspondence between the English and the Spanish both in meaning and in verse form. This translation is copyrighted, and a more complete version with introduction, notes, and appendices is available from Andak Theatrical Services, 4916 Vineland Ave., North Hollywood, CA 91601 (818 506-5436). The text provided by Dakin Matthews was transcribed in HTML by Vern G. Williamsen in March 1998.

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ACT ONE

Scene One

Madrid. A Street, and then the house of Doña ANA.

Enter JUAN, a gallant, and BELTRÁN, his servant

JUAN: Beltrán, I'm in a desperate case,
There's such a huge disparity--
Though not in birth--between her and me,
But in our gifts and social place.
Her loveliness is past compare, 5
Her shape so graceful and refined,
It stirs sweet envy in Diana's mind,
And dares the Spring to be as fair.
Just take one look at her--how can
I even hope--a man like me-- 10
So poor, so plain--so totally
Without a face? How, Beltrán?
BELTRÁN: For a hundred years, a lovely lass
Resisted the advances of
Her gorgeous wooer, then fell in love 15
At last, wrapped in the arms of an ass.
The classical authors, I think, were right
To give us these tales; and we should trust
The lessons they teach (I may be just
A servant, but I can read and write)-- 20
And what they say is that Love is blind;
The Empress Faustina, says one narrator,
Fell in love with a gladiator--
So to be in love's to be out of your mind.
Or think of Hippia, a lady well-bred 25
And beautiful, who driven mad
By a thousand base desires, had
Ugly commoners brought to her bed!
JUAN: How you can match women like these--
More full of lust than loveliness-- 30
With Doña Ana I cannot guess--
No more such comparisons, please!
It would be madness to expect
Of her that kind of waywardness,
Her beauty may be miraculous, 35
But even more so's her self-respect.

BELTRÁN: You're a Mendoza, are you not?
In marrying you, where would there be
A loss for her?

JUAN: The fortune she
Enjoys so far exceeds my lot 40
In life, the little that I bring
Would make me feel inferior.

BELTRÁN: And that, you think, would injure her!
So now you've named the real thing
That's troubling you. But don't you see? 45
If Lady Luck comes to assist you,
It's really because she can't resist you
When you're in this state of "disparity."

Fortune goes along for the ride
When Cupid shoots his shafts of love; 50
There's a Temple in Greece that I've heard of
Where the two were worshiped side by side.
If love's your aim, and money won't make
It happen, and good looks can't ensnare it,
Then I'd trade centuries of merit 55
For just a single lucky break.

JUAN: But that's the thing that disheartens me--
I've never been a fortunate man.

BELTRÁN: You can still be lucky in love--you can!
Just keep both eyes open and both hands free. 60

JUAN: But if she gives Don Mendo that glance
Of favor, what hope is there for me?

BELTRÁN: All that should do is make you see
That love is purely a matter of chance.
They all love him--it's just a game: 65

Doña Ana and Dorothea;
Doña Lucrecia wants to be a
Slave to his love; at the sound of his name
They drop down dead--they all adore him! 70

JUAN: He's rich, he's gorgeous, he's a real swell!

BELTRÁN: So was Apollo--and a god as well--
But Daphne managed to ignore him.
And though she had no knowledge of
Another man whose quality
Could equal his, does that mean she, 75
In rejecting him, was deficient in love?

JUAN: Why are you carping at me like this?

BELTRÁN: I'm only saying what's on my mind.

JUAN: Not every thought need be refined
Into a full-blown analysis. 80

BELTRÁN: But saying something--

JUAN: Don't talk to me!

And remember this--above everything:

A man who's always nattering

Holds in his mouth an enemy!

BELTRÁN: Well, be as desperate as you want, 85

You're going to her house. A love

This deep can make a mockery of

Your hopes. You won't give up--you can't!

In a desert waste one still would roar

To the sands for help; in the midst of the sea, 90

And death by drowning a certainty,

A man still paddles for the shore.

JUAN: What takes an eternity to do,

Love can accomplish in just one day--

And all resistance melts away.

BELTRÁN: I know exactly what's happening to you-- 95

I knew a gambler once who when

He was losing bet after bet after bet,

Would always say, "I'm not that upset"--

Over and over and over again.

You tell me you're in complete despair; 100

And in the midst of that hopelessness,

You keep on trying nonetheless;

What more would you do if hope were there?

What exactly do you think hope is?

Some kind of exotic marzipan 105

That we're importing from Japan?

I'll tell you what hope is--it's simply this:

It's thinking that you might actually

Get hold of something that appeals to you;

When a man behaves as if something were true, 110

He actually thinks it might well be.

He takes out a letter

JUAN: In this note I have all confessed;

If there's no change in her disdain,

Although my hopes may live again,

All my attempts I lay to rest. 115

BELTRÁN: A greedy merchant owned a ship,

And every time he put to sea
 He always swore that this would be
 His absolutely final trip.
 Like you. At last you admit defeat-- 120
 I think!--you've seen the light--but no!
 With renewed vigor there you go,
 Marching down the middle of the street!
 So tell me something--what in the world
 Made you write down this confession of love? 125
 When you could pay a member of
 Her household to do it? A servant girl'd
 Be only too glad to speak for you;
 Why do it yourself? it doesn't make sense.
 JUAN: I don't want to risk giving offense 130
 To the lady that I'm trying to woo.
 It's a delicate thing, one's reputation--
 A woman can even lose her honor
 If it's known some man has designs upon her,
 And she's the object of solicitation. 135
 I mean to protect my honor and hers--
 And whether I fare well or ill,
 And whether she's pliant or stubborn still--
 From the wagging tongues of slanderers.
 I would have kept what I intend 140
 Even from you, my dear Beltrán,
 But I don't really think of you as my man,
 I think of you as my good friend.
 BELTRÁN: Good Lord, is this the house she's got?
 One little widow lives in here? 145
 JUAN: She has six thousand ducats a year;
 If she can afford a palace, why not?
 BELTRÁN: Here comes Celia--

CELIA enters

CELIA: Your servant, sir.
 JUAN: Celia, my dear, if you would be
 So kind as to allow me to see 150
 Your mistress--I'd like to tender her
 My most profound respects.
 CELIA: I know
 That won't be possible, señor,
 Since Doña Ana's preparing for

A trip to Alcalá. We go 155
To make a novena there--tomorrow.
JUAN: You mean she's leaving the court! But this
Is the time of festival. She'll miss
The feast of San Juan.

CELIA: In this time of sorrow
There won't be any celebration. 160
JUAN: But this is important! I'll only be
A minute, Celia. It's vital for me
To give her this--communication--
The packet just arrived today--
And the man who sent it said to me 165
That I was the only one that he
Could trust with the job.

CELIA: I'm on my way.

Exit CELIA

BELTRÁN: You can't get any respect when you're poor;
Now if you were rich, and a scoundrel--I swear--
She'd never have left you standing there, 170
You would have been hustled right through that door.

JUAN: Well, I accept her explanation,
If she's really on the verge of leaving.

BELTRÁN: And I say seeing is believing--

JUAN: A typically nasty interpretation.

BELTRÁN: Has she ever seen you when you came? 175

JUAN: A man who attempts a difficult deed,
Shouldn't be hurt when he doesn't succeed.

She's very courteous, all the same.

BELTRÁN: So now what are we supposed to do,
While she goes off to the shrine to pray? 180

JUAN: I'll spend the whole time she's away
Waiting for her--and suffering, too.

BELTRÁN: Going with her would be better for you.

JUAN: If I were the kind of man who could,
I'd have to go--I really would-- 185
If I could get her to ask me to.

But I can't do that--try as I might,

And she's not likely to encourage me,

Because of the scandal there could be

If the event ever came to light. 190

BELTRÁN: And here she comes!

JUAN: Oh, look, Beltrán!
She is Aurora, lovely and bright!

Enter Doña ANA, a widow, with CELIA

ANA: (My God, Celia, what a horrible sight! **Aside**
Look at the face on that Don Juan!)

JUAN: Señora, Celia made it very clear 195
How busy you were with your preparation--
So now I have less justification
For daring to interrupt you here--
Except--

He gives her the letter

what's written down inside
Is a matter of such urgency 200
I must be excused.

ANA: I can never be,
My dear Don Juan, too occupied
When a friend drops in, or better,
When a noble gentleman comes by.

JUAN: Madam, I'm yours--I await your reply. 205
Please--don't mind me--read the letter.

ANA: What kind of hostess would you make of me?

JUAN: Read it. It's a matter of life and death;
Some poor soul breathes his final breath,
Unless you supply a remedy. 210

ANA: If there is anything I can do,
You have no reason to worry or fear.

JUAN: It's serious--they needn't hear--
Tell them to leave me alone with you;
These matters deserve your full attention, 215
And they require secrecy.

ANA: Leave us, go.

BELTRÁN: (So love, I see, **Aside**
Is the real mother of invention.

BELTRÁN and CELIA leave

JUAN: So now at last we are alone!
If my discretion you would see,

She starts to read the letter; he stops her

Don't read the letter, listen to me-- 220
I am that letter, blood and bone!
Let not my boldness earn your scorn,
We are alone here, you and I,
And a charge, without a witness by,
Dies in the cradle where 'tis born. 225
Since the first time I saw you here,
Dazzling as the sky so bright,
The sun has twice bestowed his light
Upon the signs that round his sphere.
And like Hippolytus, who stole 230
Jove's lightning and was struck down dead,
And after ages in an earthy bed,
Was suddenly made alive and whole,
Or like that other Greek, who tried
To look upon the Gorgon's face, 235
And found himself frozen in place,
And his whole being petrified,
That's how I felt when first I saw
Your face--all wonder, admiration,
Ecstasy and fascination-- 240
Beyond desire--perfect awe;
Ah, such beauties I was seeing,
And shown glories so amazing,
In an instant they were blazing
Through my eyes to seize my being. 245
ANA: Hold there, Don Juan. All this, it's go-
ing to end with saying you're in love?
JUAN: Ah, no, that would be wasteful of
Your time, señora--you already know.
ANA: That you would die for me? 250
JUAN: No way.
Who could resign himself to death
When love gives him both life and breath,
As your love gives my soul today?
ANA: To ask me then to love you?
JUAN: By
No means, Señora, I would not dare 255
Come here for that. What merit is there
In such a worthless thing as I?
ANA: Then tell me what you want of me.

JUAN: I want--I only know it's you
 I want--I don't want you to do 260
 Anything for me. That wouldn't be
 What you deserve. As a sickly man,
 Exhausted on his bed of pain,
 Tosses and turns and turns again,
 Only to find the familiar an- 265
 guish whichever side he lies upon,
 And yet he'll toss and turn and try
 To end the pain which seems to lie
 On every side, and on and on,
 So I in my affliction come 270
 To you, my mistress dear. And why?
 Not drawn by hope but driven by
 Despair and pain, not seeking some
 Relief in speaking out, although
 Not speaking would be death for sure-- 275
 Impossible to find the cure,
 Impossible the pain, and so--
 Be not offended by what I do,
 Or at the boldness of my profession,
 For joined to it comes my confession 280
 That I could never be worthy of you.
 ANA: Is there anything more?
 JUAN: What more could I
 Impart to you? You know what's true:
 It all comes down to "I love you."
 ANA: Well then, Señor Don Juan, good-bye. 285
 JUAN: No, wait, will you not answer me?
 You will not leave me in this plight?
 ANA: You already said you loved me, right?
 JUAN: That's what I said, that's what you see!
 ANA: And you also said you had no intent 290
 Of asking me to love you back--
 Since that would be too bold an attack.
 JUAN: It's what I said and what I meant.
 ANA: And I believe I heard you say
 You had no hope of winning me. 295
 JUAN: I did.
 ANA: And that you'd never be
 Equal to me in any way,
 I think your tongue affirmed that, too--
 JUAN: Yes, I spoke in exactly that way.

ANA: So if you've said all you came to say, 300
What's left for me to say to you?

ANA leaves

JUAN: Come, death, O come and end this life,
So cursed, so full of misery,
That only thy sword can offer me
Relief from pain and endless strife. 305
What have I done, how can it be
A sin to love you, O heartless beast?
Please God-- But no, God is not pleased--
For I love you more than I love me.

Enter CELIA and BELTRÁN

CELIA: Alas, poor miserable Don Juan! 310
BELTRÁN: Give him some help.
CELIA: Then say a prayer
That my help gets him anywhere.

CELIA leaves

BELTRÁN: So how are we doing?
JUAN: The truth, Beltrán?
I begged of hope to keep desire alive in me
And fed myself on lies. The goal I struggle for 315
Is all unreachable, I see, like to the shore
For one adrift, without a bark, upon the sea.
On love's best wing did I sail forth, only to be
Now not a foot further, and should I strive for more,
I can but lose all I hold dear, for 'tis a war 320
In which surrender is my only victory.
And thus victorious in my desperation,
I starve desire, by telling it no lies, and so
I live to breathe again when my desire dies.
How sad, that losing hope becomes my one salvation, 325
And keeping hope alive but fortifies my foe,
And all my victory is in desire's demise.
BELTRÁN: How sad, that all I get with you is exercise,
And all my victory is finding food to go,
And dinner's just a memory--of long ago! 330

They go out

Scene Two

A room in the COUNT's house.

Enter the COUNT, Don MENDO, and ORTIZ, a page

MENDO: Here is a little note, Ortiz

For Doña Lucrecia--take it to her.

ORTIZ: God be with you.

He leaves

MENDO: I tell you, sir,
With a foolish woman there is no peace.

COUNT: How so? 335

MENDO: Lucrecia's just perverse,
She's mad with love and jealousy.

COUNT: With reason, Don Mendo?

MENDO: Well, certainly--
But that just makes her fault the worse.
Ana's making me blind with desire,
Which Lucrecia thinks to remedy 340
By getting jealous and scolding me--
Which just adds fuel to the fire.

COUNT: (Lucrecia, if God's will it be, **Aside**
May his change work a change in you!
And may my lost hopes thrive anew, 345
Brought back to life by jealousy!)

So how do you respond to her?

MENDO: Deny it all! What harm can that do?

COUNT: But wouldn't her knowing be better for you--
If you're determined to love elsewhere? 350

MENDO: Too dangerous for me to do!
Dear Count, you loved her once, which set
My heart on fire; there may be yet,
I fear, a little spark or two.
And old flames never quite grow cold; 355
A man must cultivate the skill
Of starting new ones while he still

Avoids abandoning the old.
 For Cupid's just a child at play;
 A thousand times you see a boy, 360
 Grown weary with his newest toy,
 Go seek the one he tossed away.
 COUNT: You're quite the greedy lover, sir.
 MENDO: But it's Ana's love I mostly prize.
 COUNT: And she loves you? 365
 MENDO: For now, I surmise
 That I have earned some favor with her.
 COUNT: And Dorothea?
 MENDO: She's a fool--
 She wants to make a husband of me!
 There's a better chance my family
 Was born and bred in Istanbul. 370
 COUNT: No woman, surely, would behave
 Like that--unless of course she's mad--
 To kill what little affection she's had
 And make herself a life-long slave!
 MENDO: Exactly! Marriage just spoils the mood! 375
 I get a serious case of cold feet,
 And she becomes all mushy and sweet,
 Which only makes me nasty and rude!
 But take away that one condition,
 And the girl has a wonderful time with me! 380
 COUNT: Mendo, you're lucky in love, I see.
 MENDO: The planets were in the right position;
 I'm a Leo, and Venus and Mars
 Were in conjunction at my birth;
 I'm lovable. If Astrology's worth 385
 Anything still, blame the stars!
 Good-bye for now; I go to her!
 There's still a little daylight yet,
 And Ana's sun tonight will set
 In Alcalá. 390
 COUNT: God keep you, sir.

The COUNT leaves. LEONARDO enters and speaks to Don
MENDO

LEONARDO: Master, the coach and horses await,
 I think it's time for them to go.
 MENDO: Fetch me the public coach, you know,

The one that stands at Alcalá Gate,
 And have my steward leave right away, 395
 And for God's sake, tell him to look alive,
 I want dinner ready when we arrive
 At Viveros Inn by the end of the day.
 And do it so Doña Ana can see
 In my thoughtfulness, my love for her. 400
 LEONARDO: I speak for the whole household, sir,
 We live for your felicity.

They go out

Scene Three

Madrid. A room in Doña ANA's house

Enter Doña ANA, in traveling clothes, and CELIA

ANA: Now why are you so sad? And why
 Are all my women moping about?
 Tell me your troubles--talk them out. 405
 CELIA: Since you insist, I must comply;
 MADAM, HERE IS MY TRUE REPORT:
 All your women are dearly hoping
 To get married, and they're moping
 Because all their lovers are at court,
 And here we are, six days away 410
 From the Eve of St. John--from Midsummer Night,
 When lovers woo with all their might
 And make their intentions known that day,
 And your women are sad to think that when
 Their men are in court, they'll all be out! 415
 ANA: O Celia, there's nothing to worry about--
 They'll all be back in town by then;
 They can take the coach, together with me;
 I won't deny them their delight,
 We'll all rush back for St. John's Night, 420
 And I'll honor the feast day secretly,
 Then return to the shrine with the rays of the sun,
 To finish my novena there.
 CELIA: May the Heavens guard you from every care!

But wouldn't your plan be a better one, 425
 If you just put off your departure a bit?
 ANA: Suppose you knew that I was dying
 To wed Don Mendo, and the one thing lying
 Right in my way to hinder it--
 Was a little promise made by me 430
 To make a novena at St. James' Shrine--
 Should I still delay--since the case is mine--
 My heartache's only remedy?
 For once I pay these final dues,
 I put away my widow's weeds. 435
 CELIA: May Heaven bless you in all your deeds!
 I'm going to tell the girls the news.
 ANA: No, as I hope for happiness,
 Don't breathe a word.
 CELIA: As you advise;
 Don Mendo's here. 440

CELIA goes out

ANA: May our good-byes
 Give me good omen of success.

Enter Don MENDO, brightly dressed, to ANA

MENDO: The fields of Alcalá no longer sue
 To have from Flora's hand their coloring,
 And Summer they eschew
 And all his beauties, for they have their Spring 445
 Now, in the blessed hope that they possess
 Of seeing you in all your loveliness.
 The streams, eager to be the glasses where
 Those two celestial suns, your eyes, might see
 Their own reflections fair, 450
 Transform to crystal their fluidity;
 And water, for one kiss from them so sweet,
 Builds silver bridges for your snow-white feet.
 And in the verdant branches of the trees,
 The birds lift up their voices to the air, 455
 And blend their harmonies
 Like choirs, to greet the rising of your sun;
 The glory of this day they all profess,
 And sing melodious songs of thankfulness.

She leaves--a new Europa!--and amorous Jove 460
 Entreats the winds to charm the seas before
 Her craft--a treasure-trove
 Of all the riches from the Indian shore;
 For all its glories Spain does now transfer
 From Manzanar to Alcalá in her. 465
 She leaves--prime mover of my heart's devotion!
 And I speed after, though not recklessly,
 In following her motion,
 For 'tis my center that I chase in thee--
 That I, dear glory, may deserve to play 470
 The morning-star to this your coming day.
 ANA: For colors strewn by hope on every field,
 Or for the birds' enchanting harmonies,
 Or crystal that's congealed,
 Or for the charming sweetness of the breeze, 475
 I nothing care, nor wish a morning star
 Beyond what runs before Apollo's car.
 However much the heart desires it,
 Love dare not give you such acknowledgement;
 My honor won't permit, 480
 Nor will my state in life give its consent.
 MENDO: Your presence like a magnet draws my gaze.
 ANA: The truest test of love is how it obeys.
 MENDO: Would you deprive me of yourself?
 ANA: I go
 Without you, sir. 485
 MENDO: Alas, how can you be
 So cool, and leave me so
 On fire?
 ANA: I also burn, but would be free
 Of harm!
 MENDO: Don't let your fear keep us apart.
 ANA: I have a longing, but a cautious, heart.
 MENDO: Did you not say I was your lord? 490
 ANA: My eyes
 Disclose my deepest soul--you know it's true.
 MENDO: Who is it terrifies
 You then? I love and I am loved by you.
 ANA: Until you say "I do"--I fear. The sea
 Of love is tossed with changeability; 495
 And even as I share with family
 My blest decision to accept your hand,

And pray religiously
In Alcalá that God grant my demand
That my decision cause me no regret, 500
Even as I repay my sacred debt
With this novena, your love may lose
Its ardor, and I thereby my reputation;
People are quick to accuse,
And give our acts the worst interpretation. 505
MENDO: You think I'll change!

ANA: These are the fears of love.

MENDO: The tricks inconstancy is guilty of!
If you're already bored with your new beau,
Then why pretend it's fear or modesty?
You hate me--tell me so! 510
It's not the disappointment but the inconstancy
That hurts me. Fine--be safe! I'll fill each day
With jealousy and weep my nights away.
ANA: If you mistrust, you impugn my loyalty;
But if you would be cured of your mistake, 515
Put secret spies on me,
And test my faith; my truth you cannot shake.
MENDO: I trust you; what I lack is patience, dear,
To bear the torture of your leaving here.

CELIA comes in

CELIA: Doña Lucrecia's here for a brief
Visit with you, señora. 520
ANA: Who?
CELIA: Your cousin. . . .
MENDO: (She comes upon her cue, **Aside**
To thwart my good and bring me grief!

Enter LUCRECIA, veiled, and ORTIZ

LUCRECIA: Cousin, I didn't want to miss
The chance to see you off today.
ANA: My dear, I'd never go away 525
Without first stopping off to vis-
it you at home--not when the sight
Of that sweet face as I depart
Would be such an auspicious start
To the trip I have to make tonight. 530

LUCRECIA speaks aside to MENDO

LUCRECIA: Traitor, deny it if you dare--

The ugly truth that I see here!

ANA: What are you whispering in Don Mendo's ear?

LUCRECIA: I simply wondered why he would wear

Such fancy clothes to visit you--

535

To keep you company as you go?

The time and place suggest it's so--

It's the sort of thing a suitor would do.

ANA: It would not suit my modesty--

An honor so magnificent!

540

And far from being a compliment,

The thought does me an injury.

Besides, my dear, it seems to me

If he had any plans to go,

Since I'm in black from head to toe,

545

He wouldn't have dressed so colorfully.

CELIA: Madam, it's time for you to go--

The coaches are already here.

ANA: I pray you, don't forget me, dear.

LUCRECIA: I'll write you every hour or so.

ANA: Good-bye, Don Mendo.

550

MENDO: Let me bring

You to your coach, Señora.

ANA: No.

If anyone should see us go,

They would suspect the very thing

My cousin just accused us of.

MENDO speaks aside to ANA

MENDO: Don't leave just yet, make some delay.

555

Aloud

I am your servant, and I obey,

But my soul follows, slave to your love.

*ANA and CELIA go out. LUCRECIA produces a note, which she
shows to Don MENDO*

LUCRECIA: This note--do you know what it is?
MENDO: I wrote the thing, Lucrecia dear.
LUCRECIA: Then tell me how your being here 560
Agrees with what you say in this!
Deceiver! traitor! hypocrite!
Liar! And do you bear the name
Guzmán? and do you dare proclaim
Yourself a gentleman? Is it 565
Possible noble blood can flow
Within a traitorous heart, or can
It be an honorable feat for a man
To abuse and cheat a woman so?
MENDO: Señora, listen-- 570
LUCRECIA: Spare me, please,
Those venomous lips, which but produce
Another fanciful excuse
To deal me further injuries.
MENDO: What do you want? Would you condemn
Me then unheard? and with suspicion 575
Damn all my deeds on supposition?
LUCRECIA: What can you say to pardon them?
You dare to call it supposition,
Clear proof of your inconstancy--
You traitor!--and of my injury? 580
MENDO: That on which you base your suspicion
Shall be as well my vindication.
Your page spoke to you, didn't he?
And asked if you would meet with me
That I might find a fit occasion 585
To acquit myself and unburden you
Of these misgivings that were so
Consuming you? They let me know--
You servants--that you were going to
Visit your cousin, so I came too, 590
To wait for you--as fast as I could--
Before you came--so no one would
Suspect that I was following you.
And that's what you would damn me for!
LUCRECIA: And that is how you would explain-- 595
Which only aggravates my pain
And multiplies your sins the more!
Ana's the cause of all this wrong--
And finding you in conversation

Is supposed to give me consolation? 600

MENDO: Her presence here would be the strongest way to prove how wrong you were!

LUCRECIA: What proof? You didn't say a thing!

MENDO: Because you hid your suffering;
I couldn't speak in front of her 605

And risk offending you. But be

Surer than surety, have done

With jealousy, the sun and moon

May change their course, but never me!

For I am yours. 610

LUCRECIA: It's what you do
That I'll believe.

MENDO: At once! Just get
Your family's consent--I'll let
My passion prove its truth to you.

The COUNT comes in

COUNT: (Where there is jealousy can there **Aside**
Be sanity?) Lucrecia dear! 615
Don Mendo!

MENDO: Fortune brought you here,
I know, in answer to my prayer!
Dear Count, Lucrecia needs to know
From you what we today spoke of
Between ourselves--about her love? 620

COUNT: I'll be your witness then.

MENDO: I'll go;
And you two talk alone. I see
By staying I might pressure you.

MENDO leaves

LUCRECIA: (Oh, please! Some witness! All you'll do
Is plead for your own cause to me!) 625

COUNT: So--shall I tell you truthfully?

LUCRECIA: Isn't that why you chose to stay?

COUNT: Just hear me out, and then repay--
Or don't repay--my loyalty.
And to protect yourself from grief, 630
If you perhaps mistrust my word,
Then keep it secret what you've heard,

And test if it is worth belief
 Yourself. For since he ordered me
 To tell you just what he expressed, 635
 If I should honor his request,
 I can't be charged with treachery.
 And even though he really meant
 For me to back him in his lies,
 I'm not obliged to compromise 640
 Myself, by serving his intent.
 You know that note he gave Ortiz
 Today? He'd barely passed it off
 When with a spiteful and a scoff-
 ing tone he said, "There is no peace 645
 With a foolish woman, Count. I had
 Just pledged to Ana my devotion,
 When Lucrecia, jealous and emotion-
 ally unstable, goes quite mad!"
 "Then wouldn't it be best," said I, 650
 "To stop deceiving her?" Says he,
 "So often love has a tendency
 To seek again what it tossed by;
 And fearing this might happen to me,
 I've nothing to lose by keeping a spare." 655
 LUCRECIA: Be quiet! So that's the kind of snare
 You'd set for me! Do you think he
 Would talk like that? You're hoping to
 Oblige me with your thoughtfulness;
 And if I hate Don Mendo, you guess 660
 I'd have to fall in love with you!
 COUNT: But listen--
 LUCRECIA: No! No more! Be still!
 COUNT: Test it yourself, now that you know.
 And if I'm wrong, punish me so;
 If right, reward me how you will. 665
 And if, because I'm so in love
 With you, you doubt my honesty,
 Then don't take this as proof, but see
 For yourself what it's a symptom of:
 He's going to follow her, you know, 670
 To Alcalá--that should be strong
 Enough to prove to you you're wrong--
 But order someone else to go,
 Someone disinterested, and smart

Enough to follow secretly, 675
 And then, if you're obliged to me,
 You can repay a loyal heart.
 For what an awful thing to do--
 If you should favor with your love
 A man who's proven guilty of 680
 Deceit, over one whose love is true.
 LUCRECIA: You're telling me the truth, I know,
 And if I still deny it's true,
 It's not that I don't trust in you,
 It's that your words have hurt me so. 685
 O liar! O gentleman low-bred!
 I pray to God, as deep in love
 As disillusion, that you prove
 This viciousness that strikes me dead!
 I pray to God upon his throne, 690
 That just this once the power of
 Completely altering one's love
 Resides in one's free will alone;
 For, if it's true what you have said,
 Be certain, Count, that what my love 695
 Would hold from you, the power of
 My will will surely give instead.
 COUNT: That boon is all I hope to get.
 LUCRECIA: The greater you oblige me to,
 The more I'll force myself to do 700
 Whatever will repay that debt.

They go out

Scene Four

The Calle Mayor in Madrid, and on it, Doña ANA's house. [Six days later.]

Enter Don JUAN and BELTRÁN, in evening clothes

BELTRÁN: If you can do it without reproach,
 Tonight it might be best for you,
 To avoid the Duke.

JUAN: Why? what will he do?

BELTRÁN: He'll make you join him in his coach! 705

He'll strap you down on a hard wooden seat
 To keep you from having any fun,
 While words and deeds unfettered run
 Amok though every city street.
 On Midsummer Night, it seems to me, 710
 One footsoldier with a talent for
 The sneak attack can win far more
 Than thirty mounted cavalry.
 There are some women out there, I hear,
 With tricks they've prepared just for tonight, 715
 Who mean to unleash for sheer delight
 The passions they've hoarded up all year.
 A man could get in a coach packed tight
 With heavenly angels in all their array,
 And though he's only a lackey by day, 720
 They'll receive him like a marquis all night;
 Or unawares find himself waylaid
 By a woman decked out in widow's weeds,
 Who satisfies her conjugal needs
 With this matrimonial masquerade. 725
 Or he could get lucky and happen to meet
 A string of girls with beautiful hands,
 Encircled all with silver bands,
 And one by one knock them off their feet.
 Or he might fall in with a rowdier faction, 730
 With ladies whose boyfriends are busy with booze,
 Oh, there are a thousand moves he could use
 To cut himself in on a piece of that action.

JUAN: Go looking for action in that kind of joint,
 You're bound to crap out on the very next throw.

BELTRÁN: Now, that's not necessarily so, 735
 Some women won't quit till you've made your point.
 Is that what you're afraid of then--
 Some woman who'll ask too much of you?
 Wherever you live, that's what people do:
 They want things--women as well as men. 740
 You hear a linen merchant cry,
 "Linen, linen" the livelong day,
 Well, he's not giving it away,
 He's saying, "I'll sell it, if you buy."
 Without a word, when merchants flaunt 745
 Their wares, they're saying very clearly,
 "Take out your money and pay me dearly,

And you can have whatever you want."
 The way I look at it today,
 You've got to sell to stay alive, 750
 You buy and sell just to survive,
 Each one of us in his own way.
 The sexton sells the cross retail,
 The priest, his prayers and magic charms,
 The workman sells his legs and arms, 755
 The hunchback's got his hump for sale.
 Writers auction off their books,
 Policemen barter with their sticks,
 Officials with their politics,
 And lovely ladies with their looks. 760
 Now women always ask the most--
 And they're justified in doing so;
 They pay the highest price, although
 They rarely can afford the cost.
 And when (alas!) the quid pro quo 765
 Becomes a burden for the likes of me--
 For women want habitually--
 I have a habit of just saying no.
 From the day they're born, it seems to me,
 Women have asked and wanted and sought; 770
 So now they do it without a thought,
 They're begging for it unconsciously.
 So turning them down is as easy as pie.
 It's a fair deduction, you have to admit,
 Since they don't know that they're selling it, 775
 They don't really notice when you don't buy.
 JUAN: Come up with all the reasons you can,
 You still won't rid me of my fear--
 Not that the cost may be too dear,
 But that I don't have it in me, Beltrán. 780
 More so, if the woman that I adore
 Should deign to take what I have to give.
 BELTRÁN: I see those feelings are still alive,
 JUAN: Her coldness makes me burn the more.
 BELTRÁN: Here comes the Duke. 785

Enter the DUKE and Don MENDO, in evening clothes

DUKE: Well, well, Don Juan.

JUAN: I'm at your service, Excellency.

DUKE: I feared you were avoiding me
 Just now. If Don Mendo de Guzmán,
 Whose good sense blazes like the sun,
 Deigns to be at our side, how can 790
 We be avoided by a man,
 Who shines forth in comparison
 Not quite so bright as a single star?
 MENDO: Your Excellency's too kind to me.
 DUKE: It is a miracle of courtesy, 795
 That you are friends, as I know you are.
 JUAN: I pray you, what is your intention
 In summoning us here like this?
 MENDO: We both owe you our services.
 DUKE: Then pay me close attention. 800

 A man who's newly come to court
 With his inheritance, a neophyte,
 A ship just venturing from port,
 A fledgling on its maiden flight,
 A man who in the eyes of the King, 805
 And in the eyes of the people, too,
 Dare not seem weak in anything,
 Nor yet can hide himself from view,
 A man unused to sail, depends
 On guides experienced at sea, 810
 Who care for him like his own friends,
 Are bound to him like family;
 This is the trust I place in each
 Of you, the bond that binds you two,
 My seasoned captains both, to teach 815
 This raw recruit what he should do.
 The two of you stay close to me,
 And tell me what I need to know,
 The name, estate, and quality,
 Of all I meet, wherever I go. 820
 And in the matter of courtesy,
 You are my first and last resort;
 I'd shun all impropriety,
 With anyone who's of the court.
 A gentleman is always so, 825
 Just as the sun is ever the sun,
 Though in mean lodgings he should go
 To shed his beams on everyone.

A kindly face, a courtly ease,
 A gracious tongue, a noble heart-- 830
 Why, any man may master these
 To serve his turn and take his part;
 Show me the reefs and sandbars, where
 Another man might meet his end;
 Which is the traitor Sinon there? 835
 And which the trusty Trojan friend?
 And keep me safe from flattering,
 That poison in a golden cup;
 When in my ears the sirens sing,
 Then teach me how to stop them up. 840
 For finally, you must be the thread
 To lead me through this monstrous maze,
 The Court. When I turn wrong instead
 Of right, you two must guide my ways.
 MENDO: My light's too weak, I must confess, 845
 To be the North Star in your sky,
 But what I lack in lustiness,
 My good intentions will supply.
 JUAN: 'Tis my unhappy destiny
 To be no Roman conqueror, 850
 But what I am, obediently
 I place at your disposal, sir.
 DUKE: Assured of this, in God's own name,
 I launch my bark upon the sea.
 Let's walk the streets, and I will frame 855
 My questions, and you'll enlighten me.
 MENDO: This street, sir, is the Calle Mayor.
 JUAN: Our "El Dorado," of world-wide fame.
 MENDO: If El Dorado can make you poor,
 Then El Dorado's a perfect name. 860
 JUAN: A purveyor of pleasure and of passion,
 MENDO: And of commercial piracy.
 JUAN: Where ladies come to shop for fashion.
 MENDO: And drive us all to bankruptcy.
 DUKE: Who lives in that house? 865
 JUAN: A young grandee,
 Don Lope de Lara, a man of some
 Wealth, but of greater nobility.
 MENDO: But not half as noble as he is dumb.
 DUKE: Wait, listen--they're dancing up there.
 JUAN: St. John's is a sacred feast for all. 870

MENDO: I'd say it's less a time for prayer,
And more an excuse for having a ball.

DUKE: And who lives there?

JUAN: A widow, sir,
Whose honor and beauty none can deny.

MENDO: And since no one's propositioned her, 875
She's chaste--but she's got a roving eye.

BELTRÁN: (And he's got the nicest mouth in town!) **Aside**
Good Lord alive, the man's a clown!

JUAN: That lovely shrine was put up there 880
By a pilgrim who came from out of town.

MENDO: And every time he said a prayer
God turned the wretched sinner down.

JUAN: That councilman lives there, you see,
That built that hospital for the poor.

MENDO: Once he'd reduced them to poverty. 885

BELTRÁN: (My God, with him no one's secure!) **Aside**

Enter Doña ANA and CELIA at the window

ANA: O Celia, three years has it been
Since my husband--this very night--
Ended his days and my delight, 890
And made my miseries begin.

CELIA: The only reason that you had
For leaving Alcalá was to
Enjoy the pleasures awaiting you
In Madrid today--so why be sad? 895
Why try to use this memory,

Señora, to wage a war that's so
Unfair, against the joy you owe
To a night of such festivity.
And even if your mourning grief 900
Keeps you from leaving home today,

When modesty itself may stray
A little, in search of some relief;
Even if you feel an obligation
To stay inside, although tonight 905
Visiting altars is the right

Of maidens of highest reputation,
At least distract yourself a bit
From your misfortunes with the view
Of people passing by--here, through

These blinds, which shield and yet admit. 910
 It's midnight, lady, the hour of
 Foretelling. Listen, and you shall hear
 The sound of your next husband dear.
 ANA: It is Don Mendo that I love.
 MENDO: Don Juan de Mendoza? 915
 ANA: O my God!
 Was that Don Mendo's voice I heard?
 CELIA: Yes, but "Don Juan" was the magic word.
 ANA: Between those two, it would be too odd
 To think Don Mendo's not the one
 Who's here foretold to marry me; 920
 I heard Don Mendo's voice, you see,
 Before I heard the name "Don Juan."
 CELIA: But what if eternal destiny
 Has pre-ordained your sweet white hand
 To be preserved, by sovereign command, 925
 Just for Don Juan? How would that be?
 ANA: Oh hush, you fool! Whoever thought
 Such eminent absurdity?
 And what do I care what destiny
 Might want--if I should want it not! 930
 The stars indeed may influence me,
 The yes or no remains mine still;
 For in the matter of free will
 Fate has no final authority.
 How could I love a fellow so 935
 Deformed in face and figure, one
 Who's painful just to look upon?
 CELIA: Love can make it happen, though!
 ANA: Celia, my death's the only thing
 That could deprive Don Mendo of 940
 My hand. The date is near, my love
 Is strong, my will unwavering.
 DUKE: That terraced house--the owner's name?
 JUAN: It's Doña Ana de Contreras.
 The sun that blazes from those terrace 945
 Windows can set one's heart aflame.
 ANA: They're talking of me now--do you hear?
 DUKE: Fair as the widow Dido?
 JUAN: Yes, sir.
 DUKE: I'd like to catch a glimpse of her.
 MENDO: She isn't there today, I fear. 950

(I'm not quite here myself, away **Aside**
From her.)

DUKE: Where is she?

MENDO: In Alcalá--
Keeping the holy vigil.

DUKE: Ah.

She's quite the beauty--or so they say.

JUAN: Yet in my heart I know, dear sir, 955

No image that her reputation
Has drawn in your imagination
In any way could equal her.

For she in beauty, grace, delight, 960
In virtue and in modesty,

Exceeds the power of fantasy
As brightest day surpasses night.

MENDO: (Now God forbid this praise should drive **Aside**
The Duke to fall in love with her;

With him as my competitor 965
My hopes in her would never thrive.

I'll run her down a bit, and try
To throw some water on the flame.)

She's not so grand as you proclaim; 970
Are you the blind man here, or I?

Her outside's not too bad when seen
From far away; at closer view,

I'm not so easily fooled as you--
The woman's ugly, sir; I've been 975
Inside the house.

DUKE: You go to see
Her then?

MENDO: Oh, once in a while, sir;
We're sort of cousins; avoiding her
Would be the sin of snobbery.

ANA: The traitor!

MENDO: But every time she tries 980
To mouthe her mediocre wit,

The barren emptiness of it
Freezes her very breath to ice.

BELTRÁN: (Give me a break! **Aside**

To BELTRÁN

JUAN: Do gentlemen do

Such cruel things to those they love?
BELTRÁN: And this is his lady he's speaking of-- 985
Imagine what he says of you!
MENDO: Her skin has a kind of healthy glow,
But her years can't keep up the charade--
ANA: You wretched liar! He just made
Fun of my age! 990

To CELIA

Don't you think so?
MENDO: For her complexion comes and goes
With her cleansing jars and cosmetics trays.
DUKE: Then why is Don Juan so full of praise?
MENDO: Between the two of us, I suppose 995
He's a good man--and if I contend
He's just a little short--of wit,
It does no harm to mention it;
He is your kinsman and my friend,
And it's not exactly slanderous.
JUAN: Why would you want to find offense 1000
In a woman of such elegance?
MENDO: Even the rose most beauteous
May hide a prickly thorn inside.
JUAN: In matters of taste, to each his own;
But either my wits are overthrown, 1005
Or she is beauty deified.
MENDO: You don't know women--not a bit.

To the DUKE

JUAN: You shall see her yourself one day,
And this hard opinion will crumble away
When you see she's quite the opposite. 1010
MENDO: (This Don Juan's trying to murder me! **Aside**
The very thing that I have said
To keep the Duke uninterested
Is going to cause me injury!)

To ANA

CELIA: How are you doing? 1015
ANA: Mad as can be.

CELIA: Do you still love him all the same?

ANA: My heart is bursting into flame;

I'm breathing fire! Oh, how can he

Have said such things! To slander me

Who love him so? Is this the way

1020

You treat someone you love?

CELIA: I'd say,

That men who speak so cruelly

Are not in love. He's tricked you.

ANA: I know.

We can be in Alcalá by dawn

If we leave tonight, Celia. Go on--

1025

Tell them to get a coach. Let's go.

I never finished with my prayer,

And what I heard tonight was sent

By heaven to be my punishment

For breaking my novena there.

1030

CELIA: Before you knew he was so cruel,

You said you'd come here for the day.

ANA: And that's what stole my life away.

I was better off when I was a fool.

The women go out. There are sounds of swordplay off

MENDO: Oh, listen--there's a brawl towards.

1035

DUKE: I say it's better if we chased

The ladies.

The DUKE leaves

MENDO: Ah-ha, I see his taste

Runs more to women than to swords.

Don MENDO leaves

JUAN: With his best friend, he can't control

His carping tongue! Beltrán, take note!

1040

BELTRÁN: His tongue is, as the Poet wrote,

"That which spareth no living soul."

They go out

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Scene One

The DUKE's Lodgings in Alcalá de Henares

Enter the DUKE, Don JUAN, and BELTRÁN, all brightly dressed

DUKE: How did you like the bullfights?

JUAN: Watch-
ing them without you there made me
A little restless and skittery. 1045
How did you like the tennis match?
A bullfight's too uneven a test
For me.

DUKE: I thought the players played
A bit too much to the crowd. It made
Me bored, so I lost interest-- 1050
Along with my bet.

JUAN: And so you missed
The fun, the money, and the bulls.
BELTRÁN: Have they got any brains, do you think, these fools
Who hate to relax and who insist
On chasing a little horsehide and hair 1055
(That people call a ball) with such
Seriousness and sweat? How much
Better it is to sit in a chair
And watch vicariously those arms
And legs flailing about. If the hide 1060
Were filled with wine, then, surely I'd
Appreciate the obvious charms
Of wearing oneself completely out
In pursuit of it, but to waste one's strength
Chasing the thing the breadth and length 1065
Of the court, and grunting and limping about
On a broken leg, a poor player
Fretting and watching and wincing in pain
Each time it bounces back again,
When all it is, is a skin full of air! 1070

JUAN: Yes, but your arm never feels so good,
 As when you nail a passing shot.

BELTRÁN: Seneca wrote somewhere, did he not,
 That the ball should really be understood
 As a stand-in for a pompous ass-- 1075
 Which doubtless explains, this comparison,
 The game's appeal; for what's more fun
 Than smashing some windbag full of gas?

AND HERE'S ANOTHER THING: compare
 The joy of a tennis player to
 A hunter's--who lets his falcon do 1080
 The dirty work to some crow in mid-air--
 What pleasure is there in watching a chase
 That's over in a second, and
 The prey--if you ever get it in hand--
 Not worth the keeping? Yet he'll race 1085
 His horses so fast, you'll swear it true
 Their flying hooves never touch the grass!
 God save me from such hunters! Alas,
 What did the poor little crow ever do?

DUKE: You know, you could say much the same thing 1090
 About war--it's the same analogy--
 The planning and the strategy,
 The attack, the chase, the capturing--
 It's just a pleasant form of play.
 BELTRÁN: A thousand to one against a crow? 1095
 You're right--that's the way it is, you know,
 With these scrimmages they fight today.

JUAN: Why you're a satirist!

BELTRÁN: My lord,
 What man with any brains at all
 Is not somewhat satirical? 1100

JUAN: Live by the sword, die by the sword.

BELTRÁN: There's a critics circle back in Madrid
 So nasty they'd unleash their scorn
 On the very father of whom they were born;
 I found myself right in the mid- 1105
 dle once. They'd form a ring and when
 Anyone left, all those who stayed
 Behind immediately said
 Worse things of him--those vicious men!--
 Than he had said before. I was on 1110
 To them--and dreaded every tongue--

So what did I do? I simply hung
 Around till the very last man was gone.
 Well, I'm afraid my strategy
 Failed me--it seems they were wandering 1115
 Off to reform a second ring
 For the sole purpose of attacking me!
 A man who has an analytic
 Mind--if he saw the risk he ran--
 He'd pluck an eye out sooner than 1120
 He'd let himself become a critic!
 JUAN: Is that really how bad it is?
 BELTRÁN: A critic's word is worth at least
 A hundred sermons from a priest.
 I'm surprised you're not aware of this! 1125
 I once knew a man who in spite of Lent,
 And sermons, and very good advice
 From friends who were both old and wise,
 Could never manage to repent
 And change his ways--not for a very 1130
 Long time--and then one day he heard
 A critic say one nasty word--
 He's now in a trappist monastery!
 DUKE: I say, this servant you've got's no fool!
 Rather amusing fella, Don Juan! 1135
 JUAN: Oh yes, he's quite the wit--is Beltrán--
 And spent a couple of years in school.
 DUKE: What's up with Doña Ana, my friend?
 JUAN: Tonight she leaves for Madrid, no doubt.
 DUKE: Let's get our little plan worked out. 1140
 JUAN: She'll take her own coach back, and send
 Her people in a hired one.
 DUKE: That's good for us.
 JUAN: I hope it is.
 DUKE: And her driver, is he in on this?
 JUAN: Oh yes, señor--that deal's been done. 1145
 DUKE: And is she still at the bullfights, then?
 JUAN: I didn't see her, but I know
 That every time she used to go
 She never sat in the stands or has been
 In one of the window seats. For she 1150
 Likes not to be known; she doesn't forget,
 In the midst of a feast, to pay the debt
 She owes her family's dignity.

DUKE: How many fights did you stay for?
 JUAN: Just three--and then Don Mendo, astride 1155
 A pure white stallion, rode inside,
 And nobody cared for the fights any more.
 He stole away their collective breath
 In a livery so green and bright
 That even the bull at the end of the fight 1160
 Paid him the homage of his death.
 DUKE: He's that impressive--this Guzmán?
 JUAN: Don Mendo's a man who's excellent
 At everything.
 DUKE: (And how different **Aside**
 The way he talks of you, Don Juan!) 1165
 I'm a little tired.
 JUAN: Then take a nap,
 And in the interim, señor,
 The Night will spread her mantle for
 A cloak to hide our little trap.
 DUKE: You'll wake me when it's time to go? 1170
 Now that's an order!
 JUAN: I'll take care.

The DUKE goes out

BELTRÁN: Um--sir--in your little story there,
 You forgot the picadors, you know,
 And the passes and the bull. You put those in,
 Along with a bald-headed joke or two, 1175
 You've got yourself a play, and you
 Could make a decent living in
 The theatre--I'm sure they'd pay
 At least six hundred for every one.
 JUAN: All right--suppose that I have done 1180
 What you suggest--for my first play--
 What do I say in the second one?
 A playwright can't afford to just
 Repeat himself; the next play must
 Be fresh. That's how success is won. 1185
 BELTRÁN: When you serve the same dishes, you've got to
 disguise 'em
 So here's what you do--you say the sun
 Bakes the bald heads in the earlier one,
 And in the later one, it fries 'em.

But seriously, señor, 1190
 Let's both get back to our conversation;
 Won't you give me some explanation
 Of what these fantasies are for?
 And what are these things all about--
 These two big ugly cloaks--and her 1195
 Coachman--what's he involved in, sir?
 JUAN: Just listen, and maybe you'll find out.

 Ever since that joyous night
 Which celebrates the Great Forerun-
 ner of Christ the Lord, and hails the bright 1200
 Uprising of Salvation's Sun--
 That night Don Mendo squabbled with me
 About the Lady Ana, because
 Where I saw a thousand graces, he
 Professed to see a thousand flaws-- 1205
 Since then, the Duke has felt arise
 Within his heart an absolute
 Determination to make his eyes
 The arbiter of our dispute.
 The Duke explained to Mendo this 1210
 Idea, and asked him if he were
 Agreeable to serve him as his
 Ally, to catch a glimpse of her.
 Mendo begged off, and anxiously
 Tried to persuade the Duke away 1215
 From this--either for jealousy
 Or fear that I might win the day.
 That only made the yearning of
 The young Duke grow. He made this scheme--
 Suspicious now of Mendo's love 1220
 For Doña Ana--his constant theme.
 The Duke told me of his intent,
 And I agreed to help him out,
 Full of hope and confident,
 Where Mendo had found fear and doubt. 1225
 Since Doña Ana was here at St. James,
 On her novena the last few nights,
 We went to the bullring for the games,
 More to see her than to watch the fights.
 And since I knew that she would leave 1230
 Tonight--sweet mistress of my being--

All Alcalá begins to grieve,
 And weeping craves the joy of seeing
 More of your face, and hearing you
 Express your wit--which all extoll 1235
 As your greatest grace--for the soul of beau-
 ty is the beauty of the soul--
 We both decided we would try
 To go along as drivers--seated
 On her coach, like Phaëtons of the sky-- 1240
 As bold, though not quite so conceited.
 And that alone is the extent
 Of our agreement with the folks
 Who drive her coach--and our intent
 In wearing these big ugly cloaks. 1245
 Because of the lady's modesty
 I felt obliged to use this plan,
 And the young Duke's curiosity,
 And--yes--my own desires, Beltrán.
 BELTRÁN: Yes--most of that is pretty clear. 1250
 That last part I'm not certain of:
 Just what is your advantage here
 In helping the Duke to fall in love?
 JUAN: As long as Mendo had no real
 Competition for her love, 1255
 Her love for him was strong as steel;
 I never found a method of
 Altering that. The Duke's the kind
 Of man whose strength and whose appeal
 Could make the lady change her mind. 1260
 I'll try to help him out, so he'll
 Succeed with her. For then love's course is
 Changed, and she's pulled in two directions;
 And caught between opposing forces,
 She's vulnerable to my affections. 1265
 BELTRÁN: Why, that's the trick taught by that fen-
 cing master Don Luis--who wrote,
 "The sword is at its weakest when
 It's moving!" That's a direct quote.
 JUAN: For then, it's easiest to subdue-- 1270
 You see what a wonderful lesson that is?
 BELTRÁN: But tell me, sir, and tell me true--
 Are you really going through with this?
 Aren't you the one who said to me,

"If I don't win her with this try, 1275
 However alive my hopes may be,"
 (I quote) "I'll let my efforts die."
 JUAN: My love is like Antaeus, Son
 Of the Earth! Each time he was subdued
 And thrown upon the ground, thereon 1280
 He found his life and strength renewed.
 BELTRÁN: I thought you'd given up forever,
 And hoped to cure it by letting it die.
 Because although your plan is clever,
 I fear in the end it'll go awry. 1285
 The duke is far above your station--
 He'll win her sure.
 JUAN: That may well be.
 At least I'll have this consolation,
 It was a Duke that bested me.
 If not, there's comfort still in that-- 1290
 To know that what I couldn't do,
 A Duke was also a failure at!
 BELTRÁN: With comfort like that, you've managed to
 Cut off your own hopes totally!
 Don't you see, sir, all you've done, 1295
 Is trade a doubtful misery
 For an absolutely certain one?
 You hope that Ana will desert
 Don Mendo for the Duke, you're sure
 That by exchanging hurt for hurt, 1300
 You've found yourself a remedy.
 An epigram that Martial wrote
 On Fannius is a perfect fit.
 JUAN: What did he say?
 BELTRÁN: Well, I won't quote
 The Latin, but I'll translate it: 1305
 "Fannius, while running away
 From his foes, committed suicide.
 Now that was crazy, wouldn't you say?
 To save himself from death, he died!"
 JUAN: A very witty epigram-- 1310
 But what does it have to do with me?
 You're much more certain than I am
 That the Duke will win the victory.
 In the Court of Spain, he's a powerful man;
 But Mendo is the object of 1315

The lady's passion--a fact that can
 Make him as great in the Court of Love.
 BELTRÁN: They're both great rivals, I admit;
 And you, sir, are a little. . . less.
 But still, if Fortune favors it,
 I think you can achieve success.
 There once were two great highwaymen
 Who squabbled over what they stole,
 Neither would take a portion, when
 Each thought that he deserved the whole.
 And while they squabbled there came by
 A ratty little sneak, and he
 Snatched all the booty.
 JUAN: God grant that I
 May have that kind of victory.

1320

1325

They go out

Scene Two

Alcalá. A gallery in the house where Doña ANA is lodged.

Enter Doña ANA and Doña LUCRECIA, passing through

ANA: How were the bullfights--did you have fun?
 LUCRECIA: When one's heart aches so painfully,
 One finds the usual remedy
 Of little benefit to one.
 For such a frantic worrying
 Touches my soul so very near,
 That though I watched the bullfights, dear,
 I never really saw a thing.
 ANA: I'll bet there's love involved in this!
 LUCRECIA: Nothing I do can increase my pain,
 And so I might as well explain
 Just what my cause of suffering is.
 Twelve months of light Lord Phoebus gave
 Unto his sister Moon, since I,
 Sweet cousin Ana, infected by
 Love's dart, became Boy Cupid's slave.
 He won no easy victory,

1330

1335

1340

1345

This man I love--for he was made
 To pay the most that could be paid
 For the least sign of love from me.
 Till now I haven't told you this, 1350
 For any woman who needlessly
 Reveals a love affair--why, she
 But shows the world how loose she is.
 But now my love trembles to think
 My silence may do an injury; 1355
 For passion is a dangerous sea,
 In which one's honor is sure to sink.
 It is Don Mendo, then, who is
 The cause of my too fatal love--
 No lesser love could be guilty of 1360
 So ruthless an effect as this!
 He used to stare at you, I know,
 At your unrivaled loveliness;
 Only such beauty as you possess
 Could make him to forget me so. 1365
 To soothe my jealousy, he tried
 To absolve himself of any blame,
 And though he dampened down the flame,
 A little spark was left inside.
 I knew that he and all his witty 1370
 Friends and their servants were coming here--
 For whose sake, do you think, my dear,
 Since I was staying in the city?
 I asked my father for permission
 To come to Alcalá today, 1375
 He gave me leave to go away,
 Since you were here--on that condition.
 But it's not for the bullfights that I went,
 It's to shield us both from injury--
 You from his further lies, and me 1380
 From further disillusionment.
 And here I offer proof of these
 Truths I have said; look at this letter,
 And in it you will find still better
 Evidence of his treacheries. 1385
 Here--satisfy your jealousy
 With proof of what I tell you now--
 See how he speaks of you, and how
 He acts when he is with you. See!

She gives a letter to Doña ANA who reads it

ANA: "You but increase your agony 1390
When you refuse to hear me plead.
If you find fault where there's no need,
You needs must suffer equally.
If your own worth you could but see,
Then would you see how violence 1395
Has clouded your intelligence,
How in your madness you strike out,
Wronging your beauty with your doubt,
And with your jealousy, your sense.
"Between Lucrecia and Doña Ana 1400
Who knows not the difference?
It is the day's pre-eminence
To night. Or life's to death. What, can a
Star be mistaken for Diana,
Chaste Goddess of the Moon? No fur- 1405
ther be my unjust slanderer,
And calm your fears--for I have eyes,
And a soul as well, to recognize
Which lady is the lovelier."
LUCRECIA: What do you say about this note? 1410
ANA: What do you want me to say, my dear?
You know what he says of me in here--
Since you've already read what he wrote.
This letter is the antidote
To the poison of your jealousy. 1415
How I am treated surely you see--
You know for certain now what's true--
Love is the source of his praise for you,
And hate, of his cruelty to me.
But you must be tired, I would guess-- 1420
Come in, and rest a bit if you can.
We can talk about that wretched man
Of yours on the road.
LUCRECIA: Well, thank you, yes--
My jealousy and my distress
Have hardly let me sleep. 1425
ANA: You know,
At twelve o'clock we have to go.
LUCRECIA: Are you going to rest a moment, too?

ANA: There's a thousand things I have to do
Before we leave, Lucrecia--so, no.

LUCRECIA: Can I be of help?

1430

ANA: Just leave me be--
If you want to help that's the only way.
LUCRECIA: If you put it like that, I have to obey.

LUCRECIA leaves

ANA: (Just like you had to murder me! **Aside**
Celia! Come here--immediately--

CELIA comes in

And lend your voice to my lament--
For in my cruel predicament
One breath is far too weak to sustain,
One mouth too tiny to contain
The passionate cries that I must vent!
CELIA: What happened?

1435

1440

ANA: Another injury---
That's all--from that disgusting Men-
do, who now confirms with his own pen
What his own lips have said of me.
CELIA: Sometimes the wisest course can be
To admit your mistake and change your mind.
Your eyes and ears have helped you find
The danger--just when you needed to!
At this point, there's no loss for you--
Be grateful you're no longer blind!
A man who's sweet when you're nearby
And badmouths you when you're away
Is either so wanton that he will say
Anything--or else his love's a lie!
When a man like that says that he'll try
To keep his promise and marry you--
Men talk like that when they come to woo--
But it's neither likely nor necessary,
Since men like him don't tend to marry--
When he repents, what will he do?

1445

1450

1455

ANA: O Celia, my poor heart is not
An angel in its apprehension,
Of instant grasp and full retention,

1460

That never loses a single thought.
 Nor is my heart a thing that's wrought
 Of bronze, in which remain fore'er 1465
 The images ensculpted there.
 My love can change--and if that can be,
 What better opportunity
 For it can we find anywhere?
 Don't think that monstrous love that he 1470
 Enslaved me with could now survive
 As strong, as whole, and as alive
 In me as it was initially.
 Since the night I heard him slander me,
 I've spent the time--day in, day out-- 1475
 Remembering all he talked about,
 The whole insulting little scene;
 And who would win the war between
 My love and hurt was still in doubt.
 But now this latest injury 1480
 Has hit me like a powerful flood,
 And love has given up for good,
 Surrendering to revenge in me.
 CELIA: You're sure you've changed now--permanently?
 ANA: If not, let Heaven increase my woe! 1485
 CELIA: But Heaven makes your fortunes grow--
 And you make me so happy, too,
 By seeing at last that he's not for you--
 The foul-mouthed wretch!--and letting him go.
 He once called me a witch because 1490
 When he was staring up at you,
 I closed the shutters. He never knew
 I heard him. Well, whatever my flaws,
 I wouldn't love him even if he was
 The very last male living on 1495
 This earth!
 ANA: You think you're put upon!
 He called my tray of blushes and bases
 The ship that launched a thousand faces.
 CELIA: How totally different is this Don Juan!
 When you're cool to him or discourteous, 1500
 He responds by being positive;
 But no matter what lavish praise you give
 That poisonous snake--he's scurrilous!
 One time I heard Don Juan speak thus

To himself, asking quite desperately, 1505
 "Is it a sin for me to be
 In love with you? O heartless beast!
 Please God-- But no, God is not pleased--
 Since I love you more than I love me!"
 If you had seen the courtesy 1510
 With which he spoke to me that day
 He asked to be allowed to pay
 A visit--and the humility!
 Or seen how he defended me
 Before his man, although I had 1515
 Discouraged him! He didn't get mad;
 Each time he was rebuffed, he tried
 Again, and when he was denied,
 How crestfallen he was--how sad!
 If you had seen-- But what can you 1520
 Have seen to equal what you heard
 When he disputed every word
 That traitor said, and spoke you true!
 You could have melted into a dew,
 Though you were made of flinty rock. 1525
 ANA: And what gives you the right to mock
 My taste in men? Are you so smart?
 CELIA: I have a soft spot in my heart
 For men who praise me when they talk.
 But apart from that, I have to do 1530
 What I think reasonable and right.
 ANA: If only the man weren't such a fright!
 If his face and figure were straight and true!
 CELIA: So what? A clever woman like you
 Can learn to remedy that kind 1535
 Of thing. In men, where do you find
 Their real loveliness and grace?
 They're in the heart, not in the face;
 Not in the figure, but in the mind.
 When the outside's fair--like a treasure chest-- 1540
 Inside, the brains are dull as lead.
 There's precious little in a young man's head;
 They're jackasses dipped in gold--at best.
 The gaudiest house is the emptiest.
 Now here's a truth--though outward grace 1545
 First catches the eye, that soon gives place
 To habit. Our taste for beauty wears out,

And we grow to care much less about
 Having a sweet or sour face.
 ANA: I don't deny that since that night 1550
 I heard Don Juan defending me,
 I've thought of him more pleasantly
 Than I did before. It's only right
 A natural obligation might
 Result from his benevolence. 1555
 And since a cruel indifference
 No longer hardens my poor heart,
 Perhaps a better love could start
 Where a bad one once took residence.
 It won't be easy to forget 1560
 A love I've grown accustomed to--
 Although my heart is now recu-
 perating from the attack it met.
 One image, rooted out, may let
 Another image find the space 1565
 To grow. For once I start to erase
 Don Mendo from my memory,
 Then time, as you have promised me,
 Will help Don Juan to take his place.
 CELIA: May I see the letter that he wrote? 1570
 ANA: Go fetch a lamp, for the dark of night
 Will keep you from having a proper sight
 Of the wrongs he does me in this note.

*CELIA goes in for a moment to give the order, then returns. A
 Page enters with lamps*

CELIA: Here are the lamps.
 ANA: Here is the letter.
 CELIA: Also, I had a request from two 1575
 Of the drivers, to come and talk with you.
 ANA: Then show them in.
 CELIA: Come in.

Don JUAN and the DUKE come in, wrapped in cloaks

JUAN: (It's better **Aside**
 If I keep quiet, for if I spoke,
 She'd know me. But you, she's never seen--

It's safe for you to talk. I'll screen 1580
 Myself in the shadows of my cloak.
 DUKE: The heavens guard you and keep you in grace!
 ANA: Welcome.
 DUKE: Your coachman sent us here;
 He can't come in today, I fear;
 So we're to serve you in his place. 1585
 He's down with a terrible illness, ma'am.
 What time would you like us to arrive?
 He isn't able to make the drive
 Today, señora, but I am.
 ANA: How sick is he? 1590
 DUKE: Enough that he must
 Stay home for the day, at least.
 ANA: I'm sorry
 To hear that.
 DUKE: Señora, not to worry--
 I'm a person no less worthy of trust.
 ANA: At midnight, then, the coach should be here
 Ready and waiting outside the door. 1595
 DUKE: That's something no one's seen before--
 Sunrise at midnight--when you appear!
 ANA: What do you mean?
 DUKE I mean what I meant.
 ANA: Are you smitten with me? 1600
 DUKE: Is there anything
 Illegal in that? Though I'm no king
 I have a soul--and though I've spent
 My life in this profession, I've not
 Escaped love's pains--and but for those
 I swear, señora, I would lose 1605
 This cloak and cover without a thought!
 ANA: Is that so? Is this the mask you wear
 When you court some girl you're trying to woo?
 DUKE: Could be.
 ANA: Well, what's the world coming to?
 (This driver's in good spirits, I swear.) **Aside** 1610
 CELIA: Don Mendo's coming.
 ANA: I'll look for you
 At midnight then. Good-bye--godspeed.
 DUKE: But for my comrade's sake I need
 To do some other business, too.
 It's his coach that's going to take 1615

Your people. Now you already know
 How much that costs--and still there's no
 Agreement yet. We hoped to make
 A deal before we end this visit--
 You're not offended, God forbid! 1620
 ANA: Just get me safely to Madrid--
 It's not worth haggling over, is it?
 DUKE: As long as we reach an agreement, ma'am--
 Like one big happy family.

*The DUKE and Don JUAN withdraw, but remain eavesdropping
 behind one door. Don MENDO enters, with LEONARDO*

MENDO: Those bullfights went on interminably! 1625
 I'm back in port--thank God I am!

Aside to Don JUAN

DUKE: I'm going to listen in to see
 If Doña Ana's still in love
 With him.
 JUAN: What's your opinion of
 The lady? 1630
 DUKE: One glance has demolished me!

*Dona LUCRECIA and ORTIZ appear at another door, and stay
 there, eavesdropping*

LUCRECIA: (O good Heavens--Don Mendo's with her!) **Aside**
 ORTIZ: Does he know you're here?
 LUCRECIA: And soon she'll rue
 The day!
 ORTIZ: For this is the day when you
 Find out how true your jealousies were.
 Or not. 1635
 MENDO: My lovely Ana--my dear--
 What's this? You do not answer me?
 What's this? And who so suddenly
 Has altered my good fortunes here?
 Señora, how can you be so grim,
 So unresponsive now to me? 1640
 Who placed me in such jeopardy?
 Who spoke me ill? Reveal him--

Or her! What's wrong?

ANA: How could I worry about your love, for you "have eyes

And a soul as well, to recognize

1645

Which lady is the lovelier"?

MENDO: (That's from the letter that I sent **Aside**

To keep Lucrecia from finding out!)

I know what this is all about--

That fool Lucrecia is so intent

1650

On winning me, she'll slander me

To do it! What is she thinking of?

Come back with me to the court, my love;

I'll show her just how wrong she can be!

LUCRECIA: (The wretch!) **Aside**

1655

MENDO: I have so little regard

For Lucrecia's favor, all it would take

Is a single word from you to make

Me end it--though she might take it hard.

ANA: One word? from a lady who, when "she tries

To mouthe her mediocre wit,

1660

The barren emptiness of it

Freezes her very breath to ice"?

MENDO: (Don Juan must have told her about that night, **Aside**

And the whole story of our little brawl;

And now it going to take me all

1665

The wit I have to set things right.

If I confess the truth, I fear

The Duke with all his power and love--

She is a woman--will rob me of

My hopes, and leave me with nothing here.)

1670

Face me, that I may see the true

Heaven of love that's captured there.

ANA: Really, Don Mendo, would that repair

A face that's "ugly at closer view"?

MENDO: I see that eyesore named Don Juan

1675

De Mendoza has told you everything--

How he and I were quarreling

Back on the Vigil of St. John.

And his very words I recognize--

When that idiot spoke of you that way;

1680

Because I defended you that day--

I praised your beauty to the skies!

JUAN: (You traitor!) **Aside**

To Don JUAN

DUKE: Calm down, and don't let on!

MENDO: But it would have been better for him to say

Nothing, for then it's possible that I may

1685

Have forgiven the folly of Don Juan.

But now that you have reason to

Be angry with me--as it turns out--

Because I spared the life of a lout

Who dared so to revile you,

1690

Don't blame me, for the presence of

The Duke Urbino made me restrain

Myself, and forced me to contain

The burning fury of my love.

CELIA and Doña Ana speak aside

CELIA: (What an imposter!)

1695

ANA: (What a cheat!)

CELIA: (And this is the man you were going to wed!)

MENDO: If for this you think I've forfeited

Your heavenly beauty, that face so sweet,

Return with me, and you shall view

How that vile tongue is silenced and

1700

Cut off at once with my own hand.

ANA: Then you should protect yourself--from you.

MENDO: Myself from me? Then you think I

Have offended you?

ANA: O I think so--

Who else could it be?

1705

MENDO: I just don't know

How it could be that this rotten ly-

ing, all-toadying imbecile,

Under the guise of telling you true,

Convinced you, just to flatter you,

That he spoke well and I spoke ill!

1710

But shortly will you see with those

Dear eyes of yours, my mistress fair,

How I shall punish that villain there.

ANA: "Between the two of us, I suppose

He's a good man, and if I contend

1715

He's just a little short--of wit,
 It does no harm to mention it;
 He is your kinsman and my friend."
 DUKE: I only said this to the Duke
 In private, who was quite amazed 1720
 To hear a woman I just praised
 So slandered in Don Juan's rebuke.
 ANA: He said it was the opposite.
 MENDO: He said? Ah-ha! So now I see
 Who it must have been that slandered me-- 1725
 It was the Duke--no doubt of it!
 He hasn't even been to court,
 And he's up to his ears in treachery
 Already? What, does he think that he
 Is in his village? He's not so import- 1730
 ant here! He can't depend upon
 His title and birth with me--and that
 Is what I'll teach the little brat!
 DUKE: (You traitor!) **Aside**

To the DUKE

JUAN: Calm down--and don't let on.
 ANA: What good are all these lame excuses, 1735
 These fabrications and these flights
 Of fancy--when the simple truth
 Alone your filthy tongue indicts?
 It didn't bother you at all
 To speak of me so maliciously, 1740
 And now you're bothered that someone else
 Reported your insults back to me?
 What's hurting you is just the truth
 Of your own faults--which stick to you.
 If you have sinned, and I found out, 1745
 What does it matter how I knew?
 No one told me what you said
 Of me that night--and that's the truth,
 So help me God--or let me die
 Cruelly cut off in the bloom of youth. 1750
 And since it's true, surely you know
 What you just heard--and you heard me right--
 Were the very same words and sentences

You said of me on St. John's Night.
And since I know, perhaps you ought
To give up hope--and dry your tears--
And as a rule, keep a civil tongue
In your head--for even the walls have ears.

1755

ANA goes out

MENDO: Come back, sweet mistress, hear me out!
My faith will answer your unbelief;
And since even the walls have ears
Use yours to hear my cry of grief.
LUCRECIA: (I'd sooner see you die of grief!) **Aside**

1760

Dona LUCRECIA and ORTIZ go out

CELIA: (I hope it takes a thousand years!) **Aside**

The DUKE and Don JUAN speak aside

DUKE: (But where can she have heard the things
We said that night--for it appears
She knows them all?)
JUAN: (I didn't tell her.)
DUKE: (Neither did I.)
JUAN: (The walls have ears.)

1765

The DUKE and Don JUAN go out

MENDO: Hear me, Celia, as you hope to enjoy
The prime of your still blooming years.
CELIA: Before, I was dried up like a witch--
And now I'm a blooming, it appears.
MENDO: Who ever said I called you a witch,
Celia?
CELIA: Don Mendo--the walls have ears.

1770

CELIA goes out

MENDO: What's this--is Fortune now my foe?
Can circumstances so unsure
Truly effect such a total change
In a heart where I felt so secure?

1775

This from a heart which freely gave
 The dearest favors it held to me-- 1780
 Now soft as wax to receive my charge,
 But hard as bronze to reject my plea.
 To rivals now do you give ear,
 Give vicious gossips audience,
 And yet refuse to hear my voice, 1785
 And hide from me your countenance?
 LEONARDO: You can't debate with passion, sir.
 Is it possible that you're not aware
 That reactions that extravagant
 Need a bigger cause than you gave her there? 1790
 It's not for the faults she talked about,
 That there's been a change of love in her;
 Before she ever made the change,
 She already knew what your faults were.
 If all the distress that you just saw 1795
 Were caused by the insults she heard about,
 She wouldn't have been so resolute
 In refusing even to hear you out.
 Suppose the faults of someone you love
 Are troubling you, what's your reaction? 1800
 When you start bringing up their faults,
 What you're looking for is satisfaction.
 Now Ana wouldn't listen to you,
 So I'm surprised you're not aware
 That she needs your faults, since she's trying to 1805
 Avoid any satisfaction there.
 And people who go looking for faults,
 Are really hiding their true intent;
 They need an excuse, and so they use
 Your errors and their punishment. 1810
 MENDO: I think you've figured it out.
 LEONARDO: Señor,
 I'm afraid you're blind--you never knew
 How little she cared while she was gone,
 Or how her delay was deceiving you.
 Delay a marriage in order to make 1815
 A novena? You were the victim of
 A ruse. No woman would prefer
 Making novenas to making love.
 Her double-dealing was secretly
 Pursuing quite a different goal; 1820

As long as she hadn't reached it yet,
 She kept your love under her control.
 But now she's got it, she's dumping you,
 And hearing no arguments on your part;
 She needs your faults to justify 1825
 Her totally unjust change of heart.
 MENDO: That's a very sharp analysis--
 But by every star that shines so bright,
 I swear I'll take revenge on her
 For the cruelty she showed tonight. 1830
 LEONARDO: You have the power to do your will.
 MENDO: Two men just left here, did you see?
 LEONARDO: They're Doña Ana's drivers, sir.
 MENDO: Then Fortune's still assisting me!

The DUKE and Don JUAN enter, still as coachmen

DUKE: I never saw a lovelier, 1835
 Nor heard a woman of better wit.
 JUAN: So Mendo will get the worst of it?
 DUKE: You'll have to ask that question of her.
 Heavens! I'm mad to love her so!
 JUAN: (My plan is working perfectly!) **Aside** 1840
 DUKE: She'll be my wife!
 JUAN: Your wife?
 DUKE: She'll be!
 JUAN: (Not too fast now--and not too slow!) **Aside**
 MENDO: The Lord protect you, gentlemen.
 DUKE: And who comes here?
 MENDO: Don Mendo de
 Guzmán. 1845
 DUKE: (Don Juan, what do you say **Aside**
 We punish him right here?)
 JUAN: (Not when **Aside**
 We're right by Doña Ana's door.)
 DUKE: What can we do for you, dear sir?
 MENDO: Since you're the ones who are driving her,
 Tell me what hour she's chosen for 1850
 Her departure.
 DUKE: It's at midnight, sir.
 MENDO: Well then, there's something you could do
 That would make me very grateful to you.
 DUKE: Say it.

MENDO: Could you arrange for her
Carriage to fall behind, and keep 1855
A ways apart. You two could say
In your defense you lost your way
In the dark, or that you fell asleep.
DUKE: What for?

MENDO: I only want to say
A word to her, my friends, in pri- 1860
vate, and without a witness by.

DUKE: And if someone tries to make us pay
For what we've done?

MENDO: You need not fear,
With my support, a reprimand;
This chain I'm holding in my hand 1865
Will make what I owe you very clear,
And both of you will be let go.
DUKE: I think not, sir.

MENDO: But you have to!

MENDO gives a chain to the DUKE

DUKE: Then there's one thing you have to do
If you want us to serve you so. 1870
MENDO: Then tell me.

DUKE: On this foray, it'll be
Just you and that friend of yours who'll go;
For every witness, as you know,
Is a potential enemy.

MENDO: All right, I give you my solemn word-- 1875
We'll go alone then, just we two.

DUKE: Then we will be of service to you.

MENDO: And I'll be right behind you.

DUKE Lord!
Look at the hour--it's time to leave! 1880

Don JUAN and the DUKE speak aside

JUAN: (My lord, what's your intent in this?)

DUKE: (Quite soon, Don Juan, you'll see what it is.)

The DUKE goes out, followed by Don JUAN

MENDO: Then, Leonardo, tell them we've

Got need of a couple of real race-
 horses to run this wild beast 1885
 To ground. Today's the day we feast
 On the sweetest spoils of the chase.
 LEONARDO: And there's no room for any doubt--
 Not with the driver supporting you.
 MENDO: That goes to show what money can do. 1890
 LEONARDO: Yes, but when he helps you out,
 He doesn't do what his lady pleases.
 MENDO: He won't be the first one to betray
 His mistress like that. What he does today
 Is just what Judas did to Jesus. 1895

They go out

Scene Three

*A field next to the highway from Alcalá to Madrid, about a quarter
 of a league from the city*

Four MULETEERS and a WOMAN enter singing

1 MULETEER: "On a beautiful location There sits old Viveros
 Inn Where the keeper's a good Christian, And the wine's as
 strong as sin. What a lovely place it's in! Though the keeper's a
 good Christian, Still the wine is strong as sin!"
 2 MULETEER: "With my donkey and my saddle I don't envy any
 bloke, 'Cause a donkey and a saddle's Like a coach to one's
 who's broke."
 WOMAN: "Oh I love to watch the bullfights And I go to see
 them fight, And there's not a single moment I don't keep them in
 my sight."
 3 MULETEER: "I've got eyes I'm very fond of And I keep them
 in my pack; Did you never see a fella With his eyes upon his
 back?"
 4 MULETEER: Was that a song, or a growl or a yell? 1900
 3 MULETEER: I use it to scare my troubles away.
 4 MULETEER: I see--so we're your troubles today?
 'Cause you're scarin' us away as well.
 Shut it--and take the advice I give:
 Or you'll frighten the mules all the way to Madrid. 1905

3 MULETEER: You came to see the bulls?

I did.

4 MULETEER: They don't have mirrors where you live?

2 MULETEER: Hey, look at that coach! They're not goin' right.

Where do they think they're headin' for?

1 MULETEER: The driver must be takin' a snore-- 1910

Or maybe they're just campin' out for the night.

2 MULETEER: The king of coachman! Where'd they find 'im?

He's completely lost. He's headin' this way.

1 MULETEER: Yeah, he's takin' a shortcut through the hay!

2 MULETEER: With two guys on horseback right behind 'im. 1915

1 MULETEER: They're leaving some scandal behind--that's why

People come out to the desert to stay.

2 MULETEER: I doubt they're coming here to pray,

I don't see a hermitage nearby.

1 MULETEER: Gee-yup, you pagan mule! Hoo-oo! 1920

This beast is makin' fun of me!

Francisco, smack 'er!

2 MULETEER: Git! Hee-ee!

1 MULETEER: Gee-yup! What the devil's wrong with you!

They leave. From within come more voices

MENDO: Coachman, stand to! Ho! 1925

ANA: Who are you?

MENDO: I am Don Mendo.

ANA: Keep going!

MENDO: Ho!

Don MENDO, Doña ANA, Doña LUCRECIA, and LEONARDO

enter

ANA: Who else would ever dare to show

Such insolence to me--but you?

MENDO: If I'm too bold or free--my defense is

That your own inconstancy's to blame! 1930

ANA: My just revenge--that's its true name--

And wisely coming to my senses!

MENDO: Who did this to me?

ANA: Your treacheries!

MENDO: Deceiver! Do you think to make

Me a fool? Must my offenses take 1935

The blame, and excuse your cruelties?

You won't accomplish your intent!

Don MENDO starts to struggle with Doña ANA; Doña LUCRECIA starts to help her, and LEONARDO to restrain Doña LUCRECIA

ANA: What are you doing?

MENDO: I'm punishing you

For your inconstancy!

ANA: And do

You dare be so rude and impudent?

1940

LUCRECIA: Justice, O God!

LEONARDO: And you hold still!

ANA: This is outrageous! This is too much!

MENDO: In spite of all your lies and such,

I will have my desires--I will!

The DUKE and Don JUAN, as coachmen, enter and draw their swords on Don MENDO and LEONARDO, who then let go of Doña ANA and Doña LUCRECIA

DUKE: (Vengeance is calling--let us be bold!) **To Don JUAN**

1945

ANA: Where are my pages? Where can they be?

My coachmen have played false with me!

DUKE: We are your coachmen, and here we hold

Our lives, senora, but as your pawn.

MENDO: I am Don Mendo! How dare you approach

1950

Me thus, you wretches!

LEONARDO: Get back to the coach!

This is Don Mendo de Guzmán!

What are you doing? Are you so bold!

Don MENDO and LEONARDO draw their swords. They fight

MENDO: (They fight like furies from the fiery abyss!) **Aside**

LUCRECIA: What a disaster!

1955

ANA: What a mess this is!

Don MENDO and LEONARDO retire, the DUKE and Don JUAN go after them

Coachmen! Coachmen, hold! Hold!

The women go off

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

Scene One

Madrid. A room in Doña ANA's house. Dawn is breaking; there is little light in the room.

Doña ANA and CELIA enter, with the DUKE and Don JUAN, still dressed as coachmen, Don JUAN hiding behind the DUKE

ANA: But don't you see what you have done?

How can you be so calm?

DUKE: Please,

Put your lovely heart at ease,

No need to fear for us now--none! 1960

That gentleman won't make a fuss;

Once we provide the evidence

That he intended violence--

I'm sure the verdict will favor us.

Besides it might be better for 1965

His reputation not to speak.

Don't think a gentleman must seek

For satisfaction when there's more

At stake than justice. Don't you see

How badly it would sound if such 1970

A glorious lord--who owns so much

And can command so many--would be

Forced to confess to the world that he

Was wounded by the arm--most base!--

Of a lowly coachman? In such a case, 1975

Silence is the safest remedy.

ANA: I feel so deeply in your debt

For your uncommon bravery,

The fear that you're in jeopardy

From him has made me quite upset. 1980

DUKE: Don't be.

ANA: A heart that's true must be
Prepared to suffer.

DUKE: But if a man
Has wounded Mendo once, he can
Defend himself quite easily.

CELIA: (Their deeds are of such gallantry, **To ANA**
Their speech so courteous and judicious
That I begin to be suspicious
Of these coachmen.)

1985

ANA: (Then try to see **To CELIA**
Their hands. Their hands will tell us true.)

CELIA: Indeed, señora, surely you know
You must repay the debt you owe
Them for their loyalty to you.

1990

Your fate was in these hands, and there
Your honor was defended and
Kept safe.

1995

(Upon my life, that hand, **To ANA**
Señora, was smooth as silk, I swear!
And I could tell when I was near,
How sweetly both of them did smell.)
ANA: (Sweet odors and sweet hands as well-- **To CELIA**
I think the evidence is clear.
But don't let on.)

2000

CELIA: (The other one **To ANA**

Just hides inside his cloak and stares--
I'll try to catch him unawares.
Here comes the sun--it's almost dawn
And bright enough to see his face.)

2005

ANA: My friends, you've risked so much for me,
Though not obliged to do it--be
My guests--all my estate I place
At your disposal. My house it at
Your service.

2010

DUKE: I'm honored to have been
Your servant--but I can't come in.
Besides, you're wrong in thinking that
We weren't obliged. It is the duty
Of all the world--in a way--
To honor, worship, and obey
Your extraordinary beauty.
You give to him who comes to see
Your face such joy, that though he pay

2015

You with his life, yet must he stay
 Your debtor in perpetuity. 2020
 CELIA: (And you there, coachman--nothing to say? **To JUAN**
 Why be so sad? Get over it!
 Come on, cheer up--and learn a bit
 Of courage from your partner today!
 A man who fought so fearlessly-- 2025
 Are you now too weak to fight your fear?)
 DUKE: You're wasting your time with this one here--
 The man's a mute.
 CELIA: (He may well be-- **Aside**
 But now I think I recognize
 Don Juan de Mendoza--absolutely! 2030
 Poor thing--he'd rather stand there mutely
 Than lose the pleasure his disguise
 Allows him to enjoy like this!)
 (Who do you think that this might be, **To ANA**
 Señora--the quiet one? 2035
 ANA: You tell me.
 CELIA: No, really, who do you think it is?
 ANA: I have no idea.
 CELIA: I wonder who--
 Who'd stoop to be a coachman, though
 He's nobly born and bred, just so
 He might get one good look at you? 2040
 Who'd fight with so much bravery
 In such a dangerous escapade,
 Baring his breast unto the blade
 Just to preserve your honesty?
 Who'd joy in suffering for your love? 2045
 Who'd seek the scorn he dotes upon?
 Who could it be? Who but Don Juan
 De Mendoza could we be speaking of?
 ANA: You're right--of course. Who else would go
 To such extremes of courtesy? 2050
 CELIA: Which earns a reward--it seems to me.
 ANA: He won't be disappointed, you know.
 DUKE: The sun now rises in the sky;
 Since you who were so kind to be
 The whole world's shining sun while he 2055
 Reposed, now take your rest. Good-bye.
 And may the gracious heavens deign
 To give you length of life, as they

Have given you loveliness; and may
Don Mendo's wounds cause you no pain. 2060

The DUKE withdraws

ANA: After he tried to dishonor me,
I cannot suffer the slightest pains,
Since now not even a spark remains
Of the love I felt for him formerly.
(Detain Don Juan, I want to talk **To CELIA** 2065
With him.)

CELIA: (Señora, as you say.)

ANA: (And while I'm here with him, you may
Take his companion for a walk.)

Don JUAN starts to withdraw with the DUKE

CELIA: Excuse me, Mister Make-believe
Coachman? My mistress calls--hold on. 2070

JUAN: Um.

CELIA: No 'ums' about it. Don Juan,
We know who you are--don't you dare leave!

JUAN: Well, this must be my lucky day.

CELIA leaves, taking the DUKE with her in conversation

ANA: So what's all this, Don Juan? 2075

JUAN: It's love.

ANA: It's madness, rather, you're speaking of.

JUAN: And when is love not madness, pray?

ANA: Ah, yes. But still may I inquire
What this disguise of yours is for?

JUAN: It's how I serve whom I adore; 2080
It's how I see whom I desire.

ANA: I think not, sir--dissimulation
Is but a mask to hide your treasons.

JUAN: You misconstrue our real reasons--
To free yourself of obligation. 2085

ANA: I'll prove what I said--and easily, too,
If you will hear.

JUAN: I'm listening then.

ANA: Who was that other gentleman,
And why did he come along with you?

To bring some man to speak love in my ear, 2090
 And then to eavesdrop in disguise--
 How could you not characterize
 Such plots as treasons--plain and clear?
 JUAN: Clear wide of the mark is what you'd be,
 If you would brand the finest deed 2095
 Of courtesy that love could breed
 As treason or as treachery!
 ANA: Then name it, sir, and teach me how
 To thank, if not reward, you--pray.
 JUAN: I'll speak then only to obey, 2100
 Not to obligate you now.
 Caught between my adoration
 And the sense of my unworth,
 My poor laboring thoughts gave birth
 To true and total desperation. 2105
 But then love found a way for me,
 In my misfortune and my grief,
 To give my illness some relief,
 Though not, of course, a remedy:
 You should be loved by someone who 2110
 Deserves to have you. I love you so,
 And the effect of that, you know,
 Is that I wish the best for you.
 I gave the Duke, to this intent,
 A full account of all your charms-- 2115
 As easily hold the sea in one's arms,
 Or count the stars in the firmament!
 And moved by this report of you,
 And bound to honor your reserve,
 He chose this guise that it might serve 2120
 To help him see and hear you, too.
 And would to God, now that he knows
 The simple perfectness of you,
 That he might take your hand to woo,
 And thus achieve what I propose; 2125
 That I, by seeing you attain
 A station equal your desert,
 May find, if not a cure for hurt,
 At least some freedom from my pain.
 But this alone was all I meant; 2130
 And if I listened in, disguised,
 It's just that being recognized,

I feared, might spoil out intent.
 Now judge me, pray, from what you've seen,
 Was it a sin or sample of 2135
 The purest form of selfless love,
 That I became your go-between?
 ANA: I thank you for your wish for me,
 But of your plot I can't approve;
 You do me harm to make me move 2140
 Higher than I deserve to be.
 The Duke's estate and eminence
 Is more than I am worthy of;
 I'm not deceived by my self-love,
 Where there's so great a difference. 2145
 My father was, in his own age,
 A gentleman of note; yet he,
 I'm sure, would think that it would be
 An honor to serve this Duke as a page.
 And so I can't be lured at all 2150
 Into such crazy fantasies--
 Certainly not by flatteries;
 I know pride goeth before a fall.
 JUAN: You do yourself an injury;
 Even apart from your noble name, 2155
 Your loveliness alone lays claim
 To more, much more, than this would be!
 No man deserves a joy so great!
 No Duke, no King, no Emp-
 ANA: Enough!
 The burning fever of your love 2160
 Is making you hallucinate.
 You brain's so love-besotted, you can't
 Help giving me more than is my due!
 Teach but the Duke to love like you,
 I might well give him what you want! 2165
 JUAN: But how could anyone love you less,
 Once he has seen your dear perfection?
 ANA: In short, you're using your heart's affection
 To judge some stranger's tenderness.
 Everyone knows how that error starts: 2170
 Just because you're dying of love,
 You forget that Cupid's got plenty of
 Different arrows for different hearts.
 What if his love were true--what he

Desires, Don Juan, is just a fling; 2175
 Rather than mistress to a King--
 I'd wive some farmer honorably.
 However advantageous life
 Could be with him, I know for sure
 I'm grand enough for a paramour, 2180
 But much too paltry for a wife.
 JUAN: No man could have so little care,
 To offend your nobleness this way!
 ANA: Take my advice, no longer play
 The middle man in this affair; 2185
 For in the end, to be quite plain,
 Far greater hope may that man take
 Who dares to speak for his own sake
 Than one who seeks another's gain.

Doña ANA leaves

JUAN: My ears are hardly worthy of 2190
 The joyous news that they just heard!
 How blest the sufferings I've incurred!
 How sweet the victory of love!
 For at the end, she was quite plain:
 "Far greater hope may that man take 2195
 Who dares to speak for his own sake
 Than one who seeks another's gain!"
 To my love, sure, she did allude--
 My heart is not deceiving me!
 And a woman who consents to be 2200
 Beloved is willing to be wooed.

BELTRÁN enters

BELTRÁN: Señor, the Duke is waiting for you;
 I'm afraid the sun's not doing the same.
 In fact he's about to expose your whole game,
 By racing his cart through the heavenly blue. 2205
 JUAN: I could spend a year where my true love was,
 And it would feel like a moment, I think.
 BELTRÁN: Whoever said you needed a drink
 To give yourself a nice warm buzz?
 JUAN: You understand me then? 2210
 BELTRÁN: Your eyes

Are sloshing over with happiness.
JUAN: They're celebrating their success.
BELTRÁN: So perseverance wins the prize!

CELIA enters

JUAN: My dearest Celia, may God bless you!
CELIA: And give you all you hope for, sir. 2215
JUAN: And since you helped in winning her,
May fortune grant your wishes, too.
CELIA: If it were in my power to give,
Your happiness would have been mine.
But persevere, sir, toe the line, 2220
That your love may not be lost, but live.

JUAN goes out

BELTRÁN: Would you give the same advice to me?
Do you have a line for these poor toes?
CELIA: Are you in love?
BELTRÁN: Oh, I suppose--
But just to keep him company. 2225

Doña ANA comes in

ANA: (Oh, Celia's with his servant there, **Aside**
That's Don Juan's man, and I can't rest
Until I talk to him! My breast
Still burns with what it did declare.)
CELIA: My lady! **To BELTRÁN** 2230
BELTRÁN: I'm going then.
ANA: O, sir!
Come back here. What's your name?
BELTRÁN: Beltrán.
I'm Don Juan de Mendoza's man,
Señora.
ANA: What did you want with her?
BELTRÁN: I was just saying how eagerly
I look forward to serving you; 2235
You see, I think I'm in love, too--
But just to keep him company.
ANA: Are you being sarcastic?
BELTRÁN: That wouldn't be smart.

That's a profession that's only fit
 For those with nothing to lose from it, 2240
 Or those who claim to be pure of heart.
 But as for me, why ever would I
 Want to give sermons when I'm no saint?
 Or about some speck, lodge a loud complaint
 When I've got a beam stuck in my own eye? 2245
 ANA: Well, that's a very clever excuse,
 But it does no credit to your taste.
 For conversation is a waste,
 When the sauce of wit's not put to use.

BELTRÁN: If wit's a sauce, it's very pricey. 2250
 Sarcasm, señora, rarely wins;
 It's the least productive of all the sins,
 And of all the faults it's the most dicey.
 After a slanderer has his say,
 Those in the best position to hear him 2255
 Now have the surest reason to fear him;
 What good can ever come his way?
 For each man to himself must say,
 After he's heard such scurrility,
 "Why, this is how he'll speak of me 2260
 The instant that I walk away!"
 And if the man of whom he's said
 Such things finds out--as he surely must--
 How can he dine without distrust,
 Or sleep securely in his bed? 2265
 There are thousands of sinners on this earth
 That people put up with without a care,
 But once they see a slanderer,
 They all give him a very wide berth.
 When a hardened criminal comes to grief, 2270
 We sometimes feel a touch of pity;
 But a man who's cruel when he thinks he's witty,
 We'd send to hell with a sigh of relief.
 At court there's this one gentleman
 I've listened to quite frequently-- 2275
 (Now here's a perfect place to see **Aside**
 Whether her love's completely gone--)
 This man's so vicious and so cruel,
 And such a nasty vilifier,
 That if he were to catch on fire, 2280

The entire court would throw on fuel.
His name's Don Mendo de Guzmán,
D'you know him, ma'am?

ANA: That's enough from you;
In attacking slander as you do,
You're slanderous yourself, Beltrán! 2285
The man's above your ridicule--
Are you so glib a moralizer?
BELTRÁN: To criticize a criticizer
I think's the exception to the rule.
A man who robs a thief, they say, 2290
May be forgiven for that crime.
ANA: Then they are wrong. Go, in good time.
BELTRÁN: Forgive my ignorance, I pray,
If I have caused you any pain.
(A lover makes an awful liar.) **Aside** 2295

BELTRÁN leaves

CELIA: (I think perhaps she's quenched the fire, **Aside**
But plenty of embers still remain.)
If you're offended by his spite,
It's obvious that love has not
Erased the memory from your thought 2300
Of what you suffered through last night.
ANA: Stop there, Celia, hold your tongue.
You do my honor great offense
To think my heart has lost the sense
To know how deeply it was stung. 2305
I've not forgotten a single word
That foul-mouthed Mendo said of me;
That filth he planned I almost see,
As if tonight it had occurred.
And even more clearly do I see 2310
How little I must mean to him,
That just to satisfy his whim
He'd plot so to dishonor me.
So much so now that I have not
Just doused the flames of burning love, 2315
But built as hot a bonfire of
Hatred for him, here in my thought.
But let no servant think that that
Gives him the slightest liberty

To criticize in front of me 2320
 A man who's an aristocrat.
 As it would be a great disgrace
 If noble rivals locked in hate
 Forgot each other's high estate--
 No servant should forget his place. 2325
 This only, Celia, is why I thought
 I had to reprimand Beltrán,
 And certainly not because Don Juan
 Is absent from my heart--he's not.
 CELIA: His faith made you a convert then? 2330
 ANA: Last night Don Mendo fell from grace,
 And Don Juan rose to take his place,
 And the wheel of love has turned again.
 CELIA: So did you tell him of your love?
 ANA: What--would you have me speak so free? 2335
 Wasn't it quite enough for me
 To show him all the radiance of
 My favor?
 CELIA: Oh, you call that free?
 For two whole years, or thereabout,
 Your love has turned him inside out! 2340
 It's very clear you didn't see
 That play about the Princess of France
 And what she did.
 ANA: What? What?
 CELIA: She fell in love
 At first sight, and then regardless of
 Scandal or danger, she took a chance! 2345
 She chased her man, she changed their clothes,
 And serving her lord as a lowly page,
 Exposed her legs to the winter's rage
 Clad only in her doublet and hose!
 And she was a princess! And you are just 2350
 A lady--but a lady he
 Has loved so long and loyally
 You ought to pay him back. You must
 Find out some honorable way
 To speak your mind, with care and skill, 2355
 And without the fear some writer will
 Lampoon you in a scandalous play.
 ANA: But isn't it better, bit by bit?
 CELIA: D'you love him?

ANA: Celia--of course I do!

CELIA: And are you certain he loves you? 2360

ANA: I know he does--I'm sure of it!

CELIA: Well, if you're really sure about
The truth in such a case, I'd say
It far more cruel to delay
Than it is forward to speak out. 2365

Now is the time to speak your love,
Now is the time to make it known;
It would be foolish to postpone,
Because there's nothing more to prove.

ANA: O Celia, you are much too smart-- 2370

Whatever you say I have to do!

CELIA: It's no great feat persuading you
To follow the dictates of your heart.

They go out

Scene Two

Madrid. A room in Don Mendo's house.

*Enter Don MENDO, bandaged and swordless; with him, the
COUNT*

MENDO: "My coachmen have played false with me!"

No sooner had she spoke these words-- 2375

My dearest enemy--but they exchanged
Their reins and whips for knives and swords,
And like some savage, speechless beasts--
How well their rage is thus expressed,
As if the power denied the tongue 2380

Appeared redoubled in the breast--
They set upon us, two on two,
With such a force and violence,
That I thought, seeing such a storm
Of courage and of puissance, 2385

That Jove himself and been transformed
Into a coachman for her sake,
And with his flaming thunderbolts
His vengeance for her wrongs did take--

So many and so valiant were 2390
 The blows they struck--so fast, so quick--
 Not even in Vulcan's stithy had
 There rained down hammerblows so thick!
 At last, dear coz--to whom alone
 I dare confess my deep disgrace-- 2395
 The sword of one of these base men
 Managed to wound me in the face,
 And so much blood came gushing out,
 Although it was a glancing blow,
 My eyes were thereby blinded, and 2400
 He stopped the fight and let me go.
 So I went back to Alcalá--
 A mile away--to seek relief,
 Not so much from the physical pain
 As from my fury and my grief. 2405
 This had to be on Ana's side
 A groundless cause to pick a fight--
 And this is the thanks that I receive
 For praising her on Midsummer Night!
 COUNT: An unexpected consequence! 2410
 And did you ever figure out
 Who those courageous coachmen were?
 MENDO: I'm trying to be cautious about
 The whole affair, to keep it mum,
 You know, for the sake my position. 2415
 So that might be hard to ascertain--
 Although I do have one suspicion:
 You know how these young widows are,
 They're hypocrites and plaster saints,
 They take their servants as their lovers, 2420
 Since no one knows, there are no complaints.
 That kind of courage in a coachman
 Is only born of jealousy;
 Base men don't ever risk their lives
 From any sense of loyalty. 2425
 Look, these things happen--it's the way of the world
 If it weren't true, would I say so?
 I'm not a man who pokes his nose
 In other people's lives, you know.
 COUNT: (And long live you to think so, sir!) **Aside** 2430
 Well, I can't believe what you suggest.
 Your anger's driving you to act

Against your own best interest.
And it's not right to speak that way
About someone who still might be
Your wife. 2435

MENDO: I've lost my patience and
My hopes with her. She's not for me.
COUNT: So soon?

MENDO: I'm going back to my
Lucrecia--I can count on her.
COUNT: (God grant you only bad news there!) **Aside** 2440
You're showing signs of weakness, sir.

If Doña Ana's got it wrong,
Then you can make her see it right.
MENDO: But she won't give my voice a hearing.

COUNT: Go in and make her listen--fight! 2445
For once you've had the upper hand,
You never lose that liberty.

And in the meantime don't assume
That's she's changed irretrievably.
When she's annoyed, she blames you, but 2450
She might not want to part with you.
Or write down your excuses in
A note to her.

MENDO: That's what I'd do,
If I thought she'd accept the thing.
COUNT: I guarantee she'll read it, sir. 2455

MENDO: But how?

COUNT: Just give the note to me.
And I will hand it right to her.
MENDO: I'll go and write it right away.

MENDO goes out

COUNT: And I'll go ask Lucrecia to
Fulfill her promises to me; 2460
She must have seen the crimes that you

Recounted--she was in the coach
With Doña Ana when they went
From Alcalá--she saw it all--
To her own disillusionment. 2465

She'll also have to see your note,
I won't have anything retracted;
And then I'll make up some excuse,

When Mendo finds out how I've acted.
 If I achieve what I intend, 2470
 Whatever happens--let it be!
 No man sees every twist and turn
 When love makes him as blind as me!

Scene Three

Madrid. A room in the DUKE's house.

Don JUAN and BELTRÁN come in

BELTRÁN: It's a good time, now, isn't it, sir?
 JUAN: It's time to end my cares. 2475
 BELTRÁN: Then praise
 Be to God I'm living in the days
 When miracles can still occur!
 So you've put Ana in misery?
 And is poor old Don Adonis de
 Guzmán forgot? This is the day 2480
 That Jeremiah longed to see!
 I've heard the same thing said, I guess,
 About each year that comes along,
 But this one's really starting strong--
 With an unparalleled success! 2485
 She loves you then?
 JUAN: Undoubtedly!
 She told me so, Beltrán, and I
 Am sure that angels never lie!
 BELTRÁN: The world's turned upside down, I see.
 With any luck I may discover 2490
 That bald is beautiful someday.
 The times are a-changin'. What did it say
 In that old song of the captive lover?
 "Was it, oh, was it the month of May,
 When the sun burned bright and the day was hot, 2495
 And every amorous suitor brought
 His lovely lady a bouquet?"
 But now it's hot the whole way through
 September--and beyond. Señor?
 Somehow I get the feeling you're 2500
 Still going through some changes, too.

How in the world have you changed so fast
And gotten so totally depressed?
Lovers are gamblers at best,
Whose happiness can never last. 2505
This is just weakness, don't you see--
JUAN: Leave me alone, Beltrán, with my woe!
BELTRÁN: Is this part of the scenario?
Sir, this plays more like a tragedy!
JUAN: My mood has changed, Beltrán, it's true-- 2510
It's turned totally inside out;
Because the thing I was happy about
Has been completely altered, too.
The Duke has fallen so in love
With her that I'm afraid that he 2515
Might even give up his liberty
To gain what he's desirous of.
BELTRÁN: He'd marry her?
JUAN: The Duke might well!
BELTRÁN: If your beloved should ever see
That that's a possibility, 2520
No need to ask for whom the bell
Tolls now! What woman wouldn't do
The same, to be called Your Excellency?
JUAN: That's why I feel I have to free
Myself of hope--and patience, too. 2525
BELTRÁN: Or find yourself a remedy, sir.
JUAN: If you can see one, tell it to me!
BELTRÁN: Well, if he's in love, it wouldn't be
To confide in him that you love her.
But if your lady's declared her love 2530
To you already--then surely, sir,
What you have to do is marry her
Before the Duke can make his move.
JUAN: But how can I manage to pin her down
On such short notice? 2535
BELTRÁN: You can pretend
That the injury you gave Don Mend-
o is common knowledge all over town--
And with the news, that people are now
Gossiping about her reputation;
From there it's a simple calculation, 2540
I think, to figure the best way how
TO STOP THEIR MOUTHS: she has to say

After the fact, that earlier she
 Had always intended that she would be
 Your wife. And meanwhile, you display
 How confused and uncertain you are inside-- 2545
 How you're not sure that she is true--
 Why then she'll have to marry you
 Just to make sure you're satisfied.
 For since she's clearly been implying
 That she loves you--and you love her-- 2550
 She either does what you prefer,
 Or else confesses that she's been lying.
 JUAN: She's going to the Gardens today;
 I'll get a chance to talk to her,
 And follow your advice. 2555
 BELTRÁN: And sir--
 You can only win if you don't run away.
 Here comes the Duke.

The DUKE and FABIO come in

JUAN: Señor.
 DUKE: My dear
 Don Juan, I'm dying.
 JUAN: Dying? What of?
 DUKE: Of the savage war being waged by love,
 Disdain, and jealousy--in here! 2560
 To that ungrateful wretch I love--
 Beautiful angel though she be--
 I've written today a letter--
 JUAN: (Ay, me!) **Aside**
 DUKE: Which she has taken no notice of!
 JUAN: (My soul just hopped right back in there!) **Aside** 2565
 How can she be so hard of heart?
 DUKE: Such cruel disfavor on her part
 Can only mean she loves elsewhere.
 JUAN: It's being loved that I suspect
 Is behind her show of cruelty. 2570
 DUKE: Well, either way, it's killing me--
 Let's not fight over cause and effect.
 What's certain is, I'm dying of this!
 Don Juan, give me some consolation.
 JUAN: I don't foresee any alteration 2575
 When her resolve's as firm as it is;

So my advice is to let it go,
Before your love gets any stronger.
DUKE: It can't get stronger--
JUAN: Well, then, the longer
You love, the more your pain will grow.

2580

MARCELO comes in

MARCELO: Can I talk to you?
DUKE: Marcelo--yes.
MARCELO: Reward me first, sir.
DUKE: This delay
Is killing me.
MARCELO: You've found today
Safe haven for your happiness.
Today your cruel mistress, sir,
Goes to the Gardens, and her page--
Money's got such leverage--
Will let you in to speak with her.
DUKE: Embrace me then.

2585

MARCELO: (How about my dough?) **Aside**
DUKE: Don Juan, won't you accompany me?
JUAN: The sweetest opportunity
Comes when a man's alone--you go.
DUKE: Well said, but look for me all the same--
After the golden sun has set--
To know what fortune I have met.

2590

2595

The DUKE leaves, and his Servants with him

JUAN: You can't get honor or a good name,
By taking advantage of one another--
That kind of vicious self-serving is curst!
BELTRÁN: What the Bible says is, get there first
And steal the blessing from your brother!

2600

They go out

Scene Four

Madrid. The Gardens.

The COUNT and Doña LUCRECIA come in

COUNT: But surely you will not deny,

My lady, what you said to me!

LUCRECIA: I don't deny it.

COUNT: You had to see

The ugly truth behind the lie,

The night that Doña Ana came

2605

From Alcalá.

LUCRECIA: I don't deny

That either--the fire is out, yet I

Still feel the burning from its flame.

COUNT: Well then, that you may rid your poor heart of

The embers that still smolder there,

2610

Look at this letter which I bear

From Mendo, of his frantic love,

Written to melt the stubborn will

Of Doña Ana de Contreras.

If you permit him to embarrass

2615

You further, you're not in love--you're ill!

He gives her the letter, which she reads

LUCRECIA: "If you without a hearing could

Condemn me, with a hearing I know

You might condemn me, too--and so

What remedy is any good

2620

To cure this pain? But if Heaven would,

Will you hear me--just a moment or two?

If guiltily I ask this, do

Your worst, inflict more pain--

Unless it hurts to hear me explain

2625

That I have never offended you."

COUNT: You recognize the style?

LUCRECIA: I do.

COUNT: You see how you're betrayed?

LUCRECIA: I see,

Dear Count, and I will remedy

The pain that I have put you through.

2630

For such a steadfast loyal heart

Must be rewarded; it's not just right--

It will give my father such delight

Who in this always took your part.
I pray you, hide in the garden--do! 2635
I would not have my cousin see
You here.

COUNT: My soul seeks but to be
Glorified by obeying you.

He hides

Doña ANA comes in, and CELIA speaking to her

CELIA: So how does it feel, may I inquire?
ANA: Oh--once my love had been expressed, 2640
The more I tried to be self-possessed
And cool, the more I caught on fire!
And I am sure that if anyone
Were behind that tree, he could see how bright
The flames are now. 2645

CELIA: "What a horrible sight!
Look at the face on that Don Juan!"
Now do you see the value of
Honest dealing and a good disposition?
So much so, that I make this admission:
There's no Adonis that can match my love! 2650

They draw near to LUCRECIA

What are you reading, cousin?
LUCRECIA: It's just
A letter from Don Mendo to me;
I'd like to show it to you--to see
If you think he's worthy of trust.
CELIA: I don't believe one word--not one-- 2655
Or even listen--I promise you.
LUCRECIA: I only pray that God will do
Unto him as I would have him done;
All I intend is for you to see
From it what Mendo thinks of you. 2660
(I'll do him all the harm I can do-- **Aside**
The letter's my opportunity.)

Don JUAN enters and stands alongside Doña ANA

CELIA: (Boldly he enters, and right on cue!) **Aside**
 JUAN: (She's reading something--it's a note-- **Aside**
 Some letter than Don Mendo wrote!) 2665
 May a jealous man beg leave of you--
 A man that you have called your lord--
 To read that letter? May I see?
 ANA: If this concern or jealousy,
 Don Juan, is caused by any word 2670
 That's written here, what you must do
 Is ask my cousin's leave--and you may.
 JUAN: Then will you give me leave to say
 To her as well that I love you?
 ANA: It's the perfect opportunity-- 2675
 Since I love you with all my heart.
 JUAN: Dear lady, I beg you take my part--
 Out of my love or jealousy--
 And give me leave to read this note.
 LUCRECIA: My pleasure rests in Ana's care. 2680
 ANA: So now you know--that letter there--
 It was to her that Mendo wrote.
 JUAN: Don Mendo to Lucrecia?
 ANA: It is--
 My cousin can tell you that it's true.
 JUAN: If he so highly values you, 2685
 He'll surely say much more than this.
 But let the note have the final word,
 It's the best witness there can be.
 LUCRECIA: In it he tries to make up with me,
 And begs permission to be heard. 2690

She give him the letter which he reads

JUAN: "If you without a hearing could
 Condemn me, with a hearing I know
 You might condemn me, too--and so
 What remedy is any good
 To cure this pain? But if Heaven would, 2695
 Will you hear me--just a moment or two?
 If guiltily I ask this, do
 Your worst, inflict more pain--
 Unless it hurts to hear me explain
 That I have never offended you." 2700

Oh, Doña Ana, what's driving you
To treat me so deceitfully?
How little you must care for me--
A man unloved and now lied to!
These pleas in here are meant for you-- 2705
You are the subject of what I've read.
It's very clear from what is said--
The event that he's referring to.
ANA: If I am the one he wrote it to,
Does he thank me, or does he complain 2710
Rather of my cold disdain?
By letting you read it, I'm doing you
A favor.

JUAN: A better one would be
For you not to have read the thing.
It's hard to keep from pardoning 2715
An offender once you hear his plea.
Will you accept a communication
From another man, and yet confess
That you are mine? Which do you value less--
Myself, or your own reputation? 2720
I now know that it's best for me
To live unloved, the object of
Your scorn, than to enjoy your love
And be subject to injury.
I'll never go where your love may 2725
Once more turn me into a fool
And flout at me.

ANA: Are you so cruel
To murder me?

JUAN: You're shameless!

ANA: Stay--
And hear me out. Dear cousin, give me
Your hand, help me to hold him tight! 2730
JUAN: Let go! Let go!

It's just not right--
You've lost all sense of propriety!
CELIA: Don Mendo's in the shrubbery.
ANA: Don Mendo?

CELIA: He forced his way in.

ANA: I'm
So glad. He's come at a perfect time 2735
For me to end your jealousy.

The two of you, hide in that grove,
 Go on! And hidden there, your eyes
 And ears will make you realize
 Just who it is I really love. 2740
 JUAN: Give me your hand, for that alone
 Is the satisfaction I require.
 ANA: Sir, you are my heart's desire.
 There just a little job to be done.

*JUAN and LUCRECIA hide themselves, and CELIA moves back
 near them. Don MENDO enters*

MENDO: It's not for pardon that I beg, 2745
 It's not for favor that I pray.
 If I should ask for either of these,
 Then shut your ears to what I say.
 I only wish that you will hear,
 Dear Doña Ana, my heartfelt plea-- 2750
 Only to let me make my case
 Not to accuse your inconstancy.
 For if one night I told the Duke
 You had a little fault or two,
 It was because I feared your fame 2755
 Would make him fall in love with you.
 It was because Don Juan was so
 Outspoken in his praise of you--
 A young man's like a powder keg,
 Even a little spark will do. 2760
 For your sake did I write your cousin,
 Insulting her right to her face,
 To disabuse her of her love
 And magnify your every grace.
 If she has told you otherwise, 2765
 You'll see how you have been misled;
 I have a copy of my letter--

HEAR EXACTLY WHAT I SAID:

"You but increase your agony
 When you refuse to hear me plead.
 If you find fault where there's no need, 2770
 You needs must suffer equally.
 If your own worth you could but see,
 Then would you see how violence
 Has clouded your intelligence,

How in your madness you strike out, 2775
 Wronging your beauty with your doubt,
 And with your jealousy, your sense.
 "Between Lucrecia and Doña Ana
 Who knows not the difference?
 It is the day's pre-eminence 2780
 To night. Or life's to death. What, can a
 Star be mistaken for Diana,
 Chaste Goddess of the Moon? No fur-
 ther be my unjust slanderer,
 And calm your fears--for I have eyes, 2785
 And a soul as well, to recognize
 Which lady is the lovelier."

 How can I have made it clearer?
 What more have done to make her see?
 If she has got it backwards, then 2790
 The fault is surely not in me.
 Then why use force out in the fields,
 You'll say--but that is so unfair!
 You were the woman I meant to marry,
 Not some stranger I ambushed there. 2795
 It was a peccadillo, perhaps,
 A rural folly, and I protest
 I paid the penalty in advance
 With Cupid's arrows in my breast.
 These are your charges, these are my faults; 2800
 Then calm your fury, and from that face,
 That heaven on earth, banish the cloud
 Of your disapproval and disgrace,
 For heaven, and air, and earth itself
 Will witness my unhappiness; 2805
 And there is none who doubts my truth,
 Save you, the source of my distress.
 Here is my hand, a husband's hand--
 And here so clear my not-guilty plea,
 You must believe in my good faith, 2810
 Or confess your own inconstancy.
 LUCRECIA: (No doubt she'll marry him right here. **To JUAN**
 JUAN: (She'll marry him right here--no doubt!) **Aside**
 (Should I leave now?) **To CELIA**
 CELIA: (Don't let her down,
 When you're supposed to help her out.) 2815

The DUKE enters with a PAGE, and the two hide behind the curtain

PAGE: From here you'll have a perfect view
Of what Don Mendo's trying to do.

The PAGE leaves

ANA: My dear Don Mendo, I must confess
You've made a very forthright plea;
And offering your hand to me 2820
Could well conclude this business.
But your appeal will not reduce
Your sentence. The case is closed, the ver-
dict's in, you've lost already, sir,
And it's too late for your excuse. 2825
I even accept your explanation--
That when you spoke so ill of me
To the Duke, it was to keep me free
Of any possible infatuation.
But, sir, you spoke it publicly-- 2830
However private your intent;
You're judged on the record, not what you meant,
So don't you dare complain to me.
And now at last I hope you see
How evil slander is, for though 2835
The end be good, the reasons so,
It always does you injury.
And so is good intent found guilty
through evil means. It is all one.
An evil deed, though it be done 2840
For good, is never good, but ill.
It is your tongue that does condemn
You now, and not my scorn. Go then,
Speak kindly of your fellow men--
That way you cannot injure them. 2845
If you do this--and if you're smart--
You might be able to change your ways.
MENDO: The case is closed--was that your phrase?
ANA: The case is closed--as is my heart.
MENDO: You realize what you're saying to me? 2850
ANA: I'm saying it's useless now to act
Further--for what this is, is fact,

Don Mendo, not some penalty.

MENDO: So what people are saying seems to be

Something I can believe in then:

2855

That you have degraded taste in men--

That would explain why you can't stand me.

That fighting coachmen that took your part,

It's him they mean; I suppose it's true--

He gets his spirit from the favors you

2860

Bestow, not from his base-born heart.

ANA: Don't speak to me again, sir! No!

I'll brook no further injury.

In trying to force yourself on me,

You free me of any debt I owe.

2865

That coachman of mine that wounded you,

I'd like for you to meet him now.

Coachman, come out and take a bow.

*Don JUAN and LUCRECIA come out from one side, the DUKE
from the other. Later, BELTRÁN and the COUNT come out as
well*

JUAN: I am that coachman, sir.

DUKE: Me, too.

The four gentlemen all draw their swords

ANA: Gentlemen, please, put up your swords--

2870

For I must suffer for what you do.

DUKE: It is enough that you tell us to.

JUAN: I only live to obey your words.

ANA: These are the coachmen here, you see,

By whom you'd ruin my good name;

2875

And now to deprive the voice of shame

Of any chance to slander me,

I give my hand in marriage to

Don Juan.

JUAN: And I, dear heart, give mine.

They take hands

CELIA: Happy New Year!

2880

BELTRÁN: Break out the wine!

The DUKE draws on Don JUAN

DUKE: Don Juan, is this the way that you
Deceive a friend? For shame!

JUAN: Hold, sir!

I never betrayed you, never lied.
It was not deceit, but prudence to hide
The feelings that I had for her. 2885

If you will be so kind as to
Remember--I helped you only to view her,
But, sir, when you began to woo her,
I then declined to accompany you.

ANA: This hand was mine, to keep or lose, 2890

You know--I had the final voice;
So arguing about my choice
Is vain, unless you let me choose.

Don Juan has won this hand of me,
For by defending me that day, 2895

He earned what Mendo threw away
By speaking of me slanderously.
This is my choice, though 'tis Heaven's will,
Which God has done--He moves in such
Mysterious ways--to show how much 2900
He values those who speak no ill.

MENDO: I know now why I could never see
The value of your cousin's love--
Because the senseless cruelty of
Your frigid heart was blinding me! 2905

But in these tears of my conversion,
And in these joys her hand brings me,
I end all my dishonesty,
Your vengeful spite, and her aspersion.

LUCRECIA: Who was it told you that I still 2910
Remember you at all today
Here in my heart?

BELTRÁN: (He tried to pay **Aside**

Before the hostess totalled the bill.)

LUCRECIA: In wooing Ana, it appears,
That you spoke very ill of me. 2915

MENDO: Spoke ill of you? to Ana?

LUCRECIA: You see,
My dear Don Mendo, the walls have ears.
But since you have the audacity

To want to be the husband of
A woman like me that you don't love 2920
And that you speak of scurrilously--
I don't think I'm that big a fool
To want to make myself the wife
Of a man who'd spend his married life
With a woman he'd only ridicule. 2925
And lest you hope your penalty
Might be reduced, I here confess
The joys you lost through faithlessness
The Count shall gain for his loyalty.

She give her hand to the COUNT

I'm yours. 2930
MENDO: And I've lost everything!
Why live, when life's a living hell?
COUNT: And you could lose your life as well,
If you don't stop your chattering.
BELTRÁN: With this example clearly in mind,
Ladies and gentlemen here today, 2935
Remember the wall have ears, I pray;
So when you speak of us, be kind.

THE END

. "The Walls Have Ears." Association for Hispanic Classical Theater, 2026.
<https://www.comedias.org/obras/the-walls-have-ears/>