

FUENTE OVEJUNA

Characters

ESTEBAN, *Mayor of Fuente Ovejuna*
ALONSO, *an Alderman of Fuente Ovejuna*
JUAN ROJO, *a councillor of Fuente Ovejuna*
FRONDOSO, *a young peasant boy, son of Juan Rojo*
MENGO, *a shepherd*
BARRILDO, *a peasant boy, friend of Frondoso*
LEONELO, *a student from Salamanca University*
FIRST ALDERMAN of *Ciudad Real*
SECOND ALDERMAN of *Ciudad Real*
KING FERDINAND OF ARAGON
JUDGE, *an official of the court of Ferdinand*
DON MANRIQUE, *Grand Master of the Order of Santiago*
DON RODRIGO TÉLLEZ GIRÓN, *Grand Master of the*
Order of Calatrava (MASTER)
DON FERNÁN GÓMEZ DE GUZMÁN, *Chief Commander*
of the Order of Calatrava (COMMANDER)
FLORES, *his Captain*
ORTUÑO, *his Sergeant*
CIMBRANOS, *one of his troops*

LAURENCIA, *a young peasant girl, daughter of Esteban*
PASCUALA, *a young peasant girl, friend of Laurencia*
JACINTA, *a young peasant girl, friend of Laurencia and Pascuala*
QUEEN ISABELLA OF CASTILE

SOLDIERS
MUSICIANS
CITIZENS of *Fuente Ovejuna*
COURTIERS

ACT ONE

Scene One

Almagro. Spring, 1476. The residence of the GRAND MASTER, the Order of Calatrava.

COMMANDER.

Are you sure the Master knows I'm
In Almagro?

FLORES.

Sir, he knows!

ORTUÑO.

Old enough now to keep you waiting.

COMMANDER.

Does he know the man who's waiting
Is Fernán Gómez de Guzmán?

FLORES.

He's nineteen, sir, don't be surprised.

COMMANDER.

He may have forgotten my name
But I'm still his Chief Commander
And that title demands respect.

ORTUÑO.

He's surrounded by advisors
Saying, 'Go on, keep him waiting.'

COMMANDER.

He'll win few friends playing that game.
 When you treat a man with respect
 You build a bridge into his heart
 When you treat a man with contempt
 You make an enemy for life.

ORTUÑO.

If the discourteous man knew
 How all his colleagues despise him
 And dream of a thousand ways of
 Making him grovel in the dirt
 Wouldn't he rather end his days
 Than go on living such a life?

FLORES.

A man like that's a total bore!
 A vile, tedious waste of time!
 When you treat an equal badly
 You show the world you're a fool
 You treat those beneath you badly
 You show the heart of a tyrant.
 But in this case there's no offence
 Just a boy who has yet to learn
 The importance of courtesy.

COMMANDER.

The day they pinned the sacred cross
 Of our crusade on his young breast
 He swore an oath compelling him
 To treat all men with courtesy.

FLORES.

Well, if he's been briefed against you
 Now's your chance to change his thinking.

ORTUÑO.

Look sharp, I can see him coming.

COMMANDER.

Time to find out what he's made of.

Enter the GRAND MASTER, accompanied.

MASTER.

Don Fernán Gómez de Guzmán
 I humbly beg your forgiveness
 I have only just been informed
 Of your presence in Almagro.

COMMANDER.

I have good reason to feel wronged.
 I had hoped my loyalty and my
 Years of service would teach you
 To treat me with respect: as you're
 The Grand Master of Calatrava
 And I, your High Commander,
 Am your servant and your slave.

MASTER.

I was not informed of your arrival,
 Accept my apology, once more:
 Accept my embrace.

COMMANDER.

You honour me

As you should, how often have I
 Risked my life on your behalf
 In these dangerous times?
 And who intervened with His Holiness
 When the question of your youth
 Put your succession in doubt?

MASTER.

You did and I swear, by the cross
Which graces both our breasts, I am
Grateful for your loyal service
I honour you as a father.

COMMANDER.

My humble thanks, I am content.

MASTER.

Now, what news of the war?

COMMANDER.

Let me
Show you where the path of duty lies.

MASTER.

Speak, I am ready to listen.

COMMANDER.

Don Rodrigo Téllez Girón,
Grand Master of Calatrava:
I remember the day your father
Gave up that title and proposed
That you should succeed him.
I remember an eight-year-old boy
Swearing a vow of allegiance,
His election confirmed on oath
By a host of High Commanders,
Six anointed Kings, and Pius
The Holy Father of Rome.
I remember a boy of sixteen
Weeping as he buried his uncle,
His loyal regent, Juan Pacheco,
Grand Master of Santiago.

I watched that boy take up
The heavy burden of power
And today I address the youth
Who must make a man's decision.
Since the death of King Enrique
One question has echoed through our land:
'Who should sit on the throne of Castile?'
Ferdinand, Great King of Aragon,
Makes his claim through his marriage
To Isabel, Enrique's sister.
But your family support Alfonso,
King of Portugal, and his claim
Through his wife Princess Juanna,
Enrique's only natural child;
Blood and honour demand that you
Support your cousin Alfonso's cause,
And to that end I have come here
To urge you, Master, to assemble
All the Knights of Calatrava
And take Ciudad Real: a place of
Vital strategic significance
Forming as it does a gateway
Between Andalusia and Castile!
Minimal force will be required,
The city is defended by a handful
Of civilians and a collection
Of minor nobility: Master,
It's time to silence those who claim
That the crimson cross you wear
Is too heavy for your young shoulders.
Remember the counts of Uruena,
From whom you draw most noble blood,

And let their triumphs drive you on
 To heights of even greater glory!
 Remember the Lords of Villena
 And all the brave generals of that line,
 Whose many victories are almost
 Too numerous to be carried aloft,
 Even on the wings of Fame herself!
 It's time for you to go to war
 And dip your, as yet, untried sword
 In the blood of your enemies!
 Let its blade match the cross on your breast
 For how can I truly call you
 Master of the Holy Cross when
 One is crimson and the other white?
 It's time, Rodrigo, for you to write
 Your own burning page in the proud history
 Of your illustrious kinsmen!

MASTER.

Commander, you may be sure
 I know where my duty lies:
 I will support my cousin's claim,
 For I can see his cause is just.
 I will lay siege to Ciudad Real,
 And you will see me breach its walls
 Like a bolt of fire from Heaven!
 I'll silence those who dare to say
 That I buried my courage
 The day I buried my uncle.
 I will unsheathe my sword and its
 White blade will shine as red as this
 Proud cross on my breast when it drips
 With the blood of our enemies!

How many troops can you supply
 To support me in this conflict?

COMMANDER.

Very few. I've an elite group of men
 Who will fight for you like lions.
 I live in Fuente Ovejuna,
 A little town in the mountains,
 The peasant inhabitants of which
 Are happy digging muddy fields,
 But are hardly qualified
 To march with you to battle.

MASTER.

And you live in that place?

COMMANDER.

In these
 Turbulent times, it's a safe place
 In which to build a stronghold.

MASTER.

Let your men prepare for battle.

COMMANDER.

Not one of them will shirk your call.

MASTER.

I'll mount my horse and lift my lance:
 We march on Ciudad Real, today!

Exit all.

Scene Two

Beside the well, on the outskirts of Fuente Ovejuna.

Enter LAURENCIA and PASCUALA.

LAURENCIA.

Well, I hope he never comes back!

PASCUALA.

Well, I'm surprised, I imagined
When I told you he'd gone off to fight,
You'd be disappointed, distressed.

LAURENCIA.

I wish Fuente Ovejuna
Had never seen that man's face.

PASCUALA.

Laurencia, I've known girls as
Fierce as you, indeed some fiercer,
Who tried to resist his advances,
But whose hearts melted like butter.

LAURENCIA.

Pascuala, do you know other girls
Whose hearts are as hard as oak?

PASCUALA.

Oh, please, which of us can say, 'Not me,'
You never know what might happen!

LAURENCIA.

It will never happen to me!
No matter what anyone thinks.

If I gave our Commander what
He's after: Would he marry me?

PASCUALA.

No!

LAURENCIA.

So, there is nothing to discuss!
This town is full of women who
Believed his promises and woke
To find their reputations ruined
And their pillows wet with tears.

PASCUALA.

My friend, you'll need a miracle
To escape that monster's claws.

LAURENCIA.

It's not so hard: he's been chasing
Me for a month now and when
I see him coming I turn away
Or cast my eyes into the dirt.
His pimp, Captain Flores, and the
Sly old fox, Sergeant Ortuño,
Tried to tempt me with expensive gifts,
A necklace, a pair of shoes, a dress;
They pushed me against a tree and
Whispered such tales of their master,
That I confess, I was afraid.
But all this attention won't change
My resolution, I don't want him!

PASCUALA.

Where did they catch up with you?

LAURENCIA.

By the river. Six days ago.

PASCUALA.

They'll persuade you in the end.

LAURENCIA.

Me?

PASCUALA.

Well, I didn't mean the parish priest!

LAURENCIA.

This is one war Guzmán won't win.
 I prefer to talk of more important
 Things, like breakfast, a sweet slice
 Of bacon roasted on the fire
 Slipped inside a fistful of bread
 Torn from a loaf I baked myself
 Washed down with a cup of cold wine
 Stolen from my mother's old jar.
 At lunchtime, I like to watch
 Hunks of rabbit changing dancing
 Partners in the bubbling gravy,
 And when I stumble home at night
 Exhausted and a little peckish
 I like to arrange the marriage
 Of a finely chopped aubergine
 And an eligible slice of ham:
 Then as I'm preparing supper
 I like to pluck a handful of grapes –
 Please God protect the vine from hail –
 And graze on them before we dine,
 On a mountain of suckling pig

With red peppers soaked in olive oil:
 And when I finally climb the stairs
 I like to get down on my knees
 And speak to my maker, 'Dear Lord,
 Lead me not into temptation.'
 You see, I prefer all this, my life,
 To the lies and flattery spoken
 With such persistence by those thugs.
 And what's all this pursuit about,
 What do men actually want from us?
 To lay us naked on a sheet
 And when they're done to run away
 With exactly the same haste
 With which they tried to seduce us.

PASCUALA.

Laurencia, it's true! When men
 Fall out of love with us they behave
 Like the ungrateful house sparrows
 Towards the farmer's wife in the spring:
 In winter when the fields are white,
 The cold little creatures fly down
 From the rooftops, hungry for food,
 So ravenous they'll eat the crumbs
 Directly from her big old hands
 But when the winter packs its bags
 And the fields don their suits of green
 The birds forget their winter friend.
 She no longer hears them singing
 'Give me, give me, give me food.' No!
 When they can find things to eat elsewhere,
 From the roof she hears them taunting:
 'Silly, silly, silly, old fool.'

And men are the same: when they want us
 They stare into our eyes and say:
 'You're the one, my love, my life: You,
 My divine, radiant goddess!
 But when the fires of passion cool
 We no longer hear them singing,
 'Baby, baby, cheep, cheep, please.' No!
 Then it's: 'Easy, easy! Cheap! Please.'

LAURENCIA.

Men! Don't believe a thing they say.

PASCUALA.

No. I don't. Not a single word!

Enter BARRILDO, MENGO and FRONDOSO.

FRONDOSO.

Barrildo, it's a discussion.
 Please, keep a sense of proportion.

BARRILDO.

Look, I see someone who'll help us,
 Let's ask them to make a judgement.

MENGO.

Before you go and speak to them
 Can we negotiate a deal?
 So when they decide in my favour
 You both give me some money,
 My reward for being right.

BARRILDO.

Sure, Mengo, we'd be delighted:
 But if you lose, what do we get?

MENGO.

Equal shares in my box fiddle:
 It's worth more than a barn full of grain,
 Yeah, well, it's worth that much to me!

BARRILDO.

Fine. Deal.

FRONDOSO.

I'll talk to the judges.

Cordial greetings, fair ladies.

LAURENCIA.

Ladies, Frondoso, why call us ladies?

FRONDOSO.

I'm following the city fashion.
 In the city everything's upside down:
 Important people are never rude,
 They're just overworked or busy,
 Their arrogance is confidence,
 Their cynicism is gritty,
 Their bald heads are distinguished and
 Their big feet are firm foundations.
 They tell lies and it's pragmatic,
 And when they're vain, it's rather charming.
 A duke who's drinking himself to death
 Is awfully good company,
 A lord who abuses women
 Is something of a ladies' man,
 A marquis who gets the pox
 Is said to have a minor rash,
 And a count who catches the plague
 Has acquired a summer cold.
 So, when I called you ladies

I was talking in this fashion,
Of which, I think we've had enough.
Though I could go on for ever.

LAURENCIA.

That's how they talk in the city
When it suits them to be polite,
But they use another language
When they don't have to hide what they mean.

FRONDOSO.

Are we going to hear a sample?

LAURENCIA.

It's not flattery: In the city
A serious man is a bore,
An outspoken man is a fool,
A kindly man is a weakling,
A generous man wants something,
A humble man is a pushover,
And a good, honest soul is a peasant.
Be loyal and you are stubborn,
Be concerned and you're nosy,
Be patient and you're a coward,
Be polite, you're up to something.
If you're talented, you just got lucky,
If you're unlucky, you had it coming.
A woman who says 'No' is frigid,
With an opinion, she's a shrew,
She wants to look good, she's a tart,
She wants to live an honest life:
You know, I think I've said enough.

MENGO.

The devil's in you, young lady!

BARRILDO.

That was an amazing outburst.

MENGO.

She's a tongue like a butcher's knife.

LAURENCIA.

Weren't you arguing about something?
Didn't you want us to sort it out?

FRONDOSO.

Yes, that's right, we do.

LAURENCIA.

So, speak!

FRONDOSO.

Laurencia, listen closely.

LAURENCIA.

I'm listening, with both ears.

FRONDOSO.

We're counting on your common sense.

LAURENCIA.

Good, who was arguing with whom?

FRONDOSO.

Barrildo and me against Mengo.

LAURENCIA.

And what is Mengo's problem?

BARRILDO.

He denies something that cannot
Be denied, but still he denies it.

MENGO.

I deny it, because I know I'm right.

LAURENCIA.

What does he deny?

BARRILDO.

That love exists.

LAURENCIA.

Well, that's an extreme position.

BARRILDO.

Yes, extremely stupid. Listen:
Love is the basis of everything,
The world wouldn't work without it.

MENGO.

I'm not a skilled philosopher,
In fact, I can't actually read,
But if the stuff we are made of —
Blood, phlegm, choler, melancholy —
Are elements always at war,
Doesn't that tell you something?

BARRILDO.

The world above us and the world
Here below are bound together
In the purest love, in concord,
Which is the harmony of love.

MENGO.

At this point I'd like to make clear
I don't deny the existence
Of divine love, Barrildo.
However, there is something else,

A force inside each one of us,
Which reveals what we truly are:
My hand will deflect any blow
Aimed at my sweet, handsome face.
My feet will run me out of harm's way.
My eyelid will snap shut at the
First hint of danger to my eye.
This is a selfish, human love,
Which is something I don't deny.

PASCUALA.

So, what are you trying to prove?

MENGO.

That love between people is selfish.
That people look out for themselves.

PASCUALA.

I don't agree, what of the love
Which binds a man and woman?
Are you telling us that all that
Is nothing but selfishness?

MENGO.

It is selfish love, not selfless.
What is this love you describe?

LAURENCIA.

A desire for beauty.

MENGO.

I see.

And why does love desire beauty?

LAURENCIA.

To enjoy it.

MENGO.

To enjoy it.
So, love seeks beauty because it
Takes pleasure from that beauty?

LAURENCIA.

Yes.

MENGO.

So love pursues its own self-interest
Seeking out what will give it pleasure?

LAURENCIA.

Yes, it does.

MENGO.

So, there we have it!
The love of human beings is selfish,
Self-absorbed and self-regarding:
We hunt beauty for our own ends.

BARRILDO.

Last Sunday in his sermon
Father Pedro quoted Plato:
'The lover should devote himself
To the virtue and soul of the
Beloved': that made sense to me.

PASCUALA.

I think we're out of our depth here!
This conversation would have all
The smartest professors in Spain
Scratching their heads for an answer.

LAURENCIA.

Pascuala's right, so stop wasting time

Wrestling with Mengo's nonsense.
And Mengo, you'd better thank God
That He didn't make you for love.

MENGO.

Are you in love?

LAURENCIA.

With my honour.

FRONDOSO.

May your heart ache with jealousy.

BARRILDO.

So, who wins?

PASCUALA.

Best talk to the priest,
Or the sexton, he'll sort this out:
Laurencia just told you she's not
In love, and I know nothing of it,
So how can we make a judgement?

FRONDOSO.

Her contempt is my judgement.

Enter FLORES.

FLORES.

May God protect you, good people.

LAURENCIA.

Where have you flown in from, Captain?

FLORES.

Doesn't my armour give a clue?

LAURENCIA.

Is the Commander coming home?

FLORES.

The battle cost a lot of blood
And the lives of some dear comrades:
But we're home now, the fighting's done.

FRONDOSO.

Captain, tell us what happened?

FLORES.

These eyes were witness to it all,
So, who can report it better?
To storm the city of Ciudad Real
Our bold young Master summoned
Seven thousand proud men-at-arms
From among his loyal subjects,
And six hundred knights on horseback
From among his holy brothers:
For the Order of Calatrava
Demands military service
Of all who wear its crimson cross
And share its holy mission:
To drive the Moors out of our land!
Our handsome leader rode out
In a surcoat of emerald green,
Decorated with embroidered monograms
And at the elbow bracelets hung,
Linked with frogs wrought in gold.
He sat astride a mighty stallion,
High-spirited and dapple-grey,
Who'd grown up drinking the clear water
Of the Guadalquivir, and eating
The lush green grass that grows upon
Its fertile banks: White silk ribbons

Plaited his frosty mane and strips
Of doeskin knit his pallid tail,
Which seemed to match the snowdrifts
Of his fetlocks and flanks: Beside him
Rode your lord, Fernán Gómez,
On a giant, honey-coloured steed
With jet-black hooves and tail
And a lower lip of white.
Over a suit of Turkish chain mail
Were buckled gleaming breastplates and
An orange surcoat trimmed with pearls:
Above all this his helmet was crowned
With a spray of white plumes, which seemed
The blossom to the orange of his coat.
In his strong arms, which were tied with
White rosettes, he carried a mighty lance,
As large as the trunk of the giant ash,
From which it had been hewn, the sight
Of which makes Granada shake with fear.
The city armed itself, swore its loyalty
To Ferdinand and Isabella,
Declared that they would give their lives
To remain their subjects: they offered
Brave and sustained resistance:
But to no avail. The Master rode
Into the city, victorious,
And ordered the beheading of
All noblemen who'd slandered his name,
While prisoners of lesser rank
Were gagged and then whipped through the streets,
An example to their fellow citizens.
Rodrigo is Master now in Ciudad Real,

Loved and feared in equal measure,
 And those who talk of such things predict
 A golden future for a young man who can
 Conquer and punish with such force:
 They say many a blue crescent moon
 Will fall before the power of his
 Crimson cross: He gave so generously
 To all who'd fought beside him, not least
 His Commander and his Captain,
 It seemed he was giving from his own purse,
 Not sacking some fallen city.
 That song celebrates your lord's return.
 Go and cheer him home, for the love
 Of the common people, is the
 Fairest laurel to grace the victor's brow!

Exit all.

Scene Three

The town square in Fuente Ovejuna.

Enter COMMANDER, SOLDIERS, ESTEBAN,
 ALONSO, MUSICIANS and CITIZENS of Fuente Ovejuna.

MUSICIANS (*singing*).

So welcome home
 Our great Commander,
 From the conquering of lands
 And the killing of men.
Vivan los Guzmánes!
Vivan los Girónes!

He's gentle in peacetime
 When soft are his words.
 But when he is fighting
 Beware of his sword.
 From Ciudad Real
 He comes home a hero,
 With blood-spattered armour
 And bags full of plunder.
Viva muchos años,
Viva Fernán Gómez!

COMMANDER.

My good people, I am duty bound to thank you
 For the love you have shown me with this welcome.

ALONSO.

We show only a part of what we truly feel.
 Commander, can you be surprised at such a welcome?
 It is what you deserve.

ESTEBAN.

On behalf of our community
 And its councillors whom you honour with your presence
 We ask, indeed, we beg you, to accept the tributes
 Which burden the carts and crates that stand before you:
 We make this offering with some shame because, though
 These gifts are given from the heart, they are home-made.
 First, two baskets full of earthenware crockery.
 A flock of geese, who it seems would like to prolong
 The choral tribute, which was sung for your welcome.
 Over here a brace of salted pigs, mighty beasts,
 And a fine selection of offal and cured ham,
 The scent of which is as sweet to us as any glove

Perfumed in amber: in these crates a hundred pairs
 Of capons and hens, the recruitment of which has
 Left the roosters of many villages and hamlets
 Hereabout helpless, heartbroken, and alone.
 They have no weapons to give you, no warhorses
 Draped in cloth of embroidered gold: they have only
 The love that lives in their hearts, which is gold, pure gold.
 Talking of purity, my lord, I give you my word
 That in these dozen wineskins is liquor so strong
 That should your soldiers drink it they will find themselves
 Happy to do guard duty completely naked
 On the coldest January night, they will need
 No swords, this firewater will so steel their souls.
 Of the cheeses, goat and sheep, and all the other
 Local specialties: scented honey, flan,
 Rabbit pie, blood sausage and cake, I'll say no more.
 These gifts are tokens of the love of your people:
 May you and your household enjoy them, every one.

COMMANDER.

Mayor, town councillors, my people:
 I'm very grateful. And farewell.

ALONSO.

My lord, you must be exhausted.
 Do go inside and take your rest.
 As you go, please note, we've covered
 The path to your door with fresh reeds
 And bulrushes; if the budget
 Had stretched to it you can be sure
 We would have emblazoned your gates
 With emeralds and pearls – you deserve
 As much and more, so very much more.

COMMANDER.

I'm sure that's true. I'm very pleased.
 Farewell.

ESTEBAN.

Singers, take a deep breath.
 Let's hear that stirring song once more.

MUSICIANS (*singing*).

So welcome home
 Our great Commander
 From the conquering of lands
 And the killing of men.

Vivan los Guzmánes,

Vivan los Girónes,

Viva muchos años,

Viva Fernán Gómez!

Exit all but COMMANDER, LAURENCIA, PASCUALA,
 FLORES *and* ORTUÑO.

COMMANDER.

Hold it. You two. I want a word.

LAURENCIA.

What is your lordship's command?

COMMANDER.

Last week, I passed you in the street:
 I smiled, you looked the other way.

LAURENCIA.

Pascuala, that was rude of you.

PASCUALA.

Me? Rude to the Commander? No.

COMMANDER.

I was talking to you, proud one.
Do you not belong to me?
And your friend there, the milkmaid.
Are you not my property?

PASCUALA.

We are, but
Perhaps not in the way you'd like.

COMMANDER.

Come inside, there's nothing to fear.
There are many men in my house.

LAURENCIA.

If the Mayor had been invited,
As he is my father, I'd be
Happy to come inside.

COMMANDER.

Flores!

FLORES.

Sir!

COMMANDER.

How dare they disobey me?

FLORES.

Get inside!

LAURENCIA.

Get your hands off me!

FLORES.

Come in. Think about it!

PASCUALA.

I did!

We go inside. You lock the door.

FLORES.

Calm down. He just wants to show you
Some of the presents he's brought home.

COMMANDER (*aside*).

Ortuño, if you get them inside,
Lock the door.

ORTUÑO (*aside*).

Of course I will.

LAURENCIA.

Captain Flores, out of my way.

ORTUÑO.

Think of yourself as a tribute,
Like a peach, or a lump of cheese.

PASCUALA.

Let me get past you or I'll bite.

FLORES.

Forget it! They're a pair of snakes.

LAURENCIA.

Hasn't he had enough today?
His house is full of meat.

ORTUÑO.

But it's

Your sweet morsel he'd like to chew!

LAURENCIA.

I hope he eats until he bursts.

Exit LAURENCIA and PASCUALA.

FLORES.

We didn't quite fulfil our brief.
I don't want to go back in there:
When we turn up empty-handed
You know how he'll chew our heads off.

ORTUÑO.

That's how life is for a servant.
If you want to survive it, Captain,
Keep your head down and keep smiling.
Can't handle it? Do something else!

Exit all.

Scene Four

The Royal Court in Toledo.

KING FERDINAND *and* QUEEN ISABELLA *with* DON
MANRIQUE, *Master of Santiago, and* COURTIERs.

ISABELLA.

We must take decisive action.
King Alfonso has gathered
A significant body of troops
On our Portuguese border.
If we strike now we will gain the
Initiative, if we delay we
Leave ourselves open to attack.

FERDINAND.

We can rely on solid support
From Navarre and Aragon and

When we've resolved the conflict here,
In Castile, we can move forward
With all confidence and speed.

ISABELLA.

Indeed, my lord, all our plans depend
On securing peace in Castile.

MANRIQUE.

Two aldermen from Ciudad Real
Would like to speak with you.
My lord, what shall I say to them?

FERDINAND.

We will not deny them our presence.

Enter two ALDERMEN of Ciudad Real.

ALDERMAN 1.

Ferdinand, great Catholic King,
Sent by the grace of Heaven
From Aragon to be our guide
And our salvation in Castile:
We come in all humility
In the name of Ciudad Real
To beg your royal protection.
We were proud and happy to live
Under your jurisdiction but
A cruel fate has stripped us
Of that precious privilege.
Don Rodrigo Téllez Girón,
The Master of Calatrava,
Who has earned himself a name
As a strong and powerful leader,
Keen perhaps to add more honour

To the reputation of his order,
 Has laid siege to our city.
 Our troops offered brave resistance
 Fighting with such determination
 That the gutters of our streets
 Flowed with the blood of the fallen.
 Rodrigo prevailed: his victory
 Could not have been achieved without
 The leadership and advice of
 Don Fernán Gómez de Guzmán.
 Rodrigo now governs our city
 And we must be his subjects,
 Unless you can take measures
 To reverse this situation.

FERDINAND.

Where is Fernán Gómez now?

ALDERMAN 1.

We believe, in Fuente Ovejuna,
 A small town in the foothills
 Of the mountains of Morena.
 He has a home and stronghold there.
 He treats the people of that town
 In ways that decency forbids us
 To describe, depriving them
 Of all happiness and justice.

FERDINAND.

Where are your leaders?

ALDERMAN 2.

My lord,
 We have no leaders: few of our

Men survived this attack; they were
 Imprisoned, or wounded, or killed.

ISABELLA.

We must act without delay,
 We cannot allow the momentum
 Of victory to inspire
 The young Master to deeds of
 Even greater audacity. My lord,
 The loss of Ciudad Real gives
 King Alfonso a gateway into
 The very heart of our territory.

FERDINAND.

Don Manrique, you will take
 Two battalions of infantry
 And put down this rebellion
 With all speed and without mercy.
 The Count of Cabra, Don Diego
 De Córdoba, will ride with you,
 A soldier known to all the world
 For his fortitude and courage.
 This would seem to be the most
 Effective use of our resources.

MANRIQUE.

Your Majesty, this bold response
 Shows customary strength and vision.
 I'll curb this young man's arrogance
 Or I will die in the attempt.

ISABELLA.

With our enterprise in your hands
 We are confident of success.

Exit all.

Scene Five

A wooded glade on the side of a mountain, outside Fuente Ovejuna.

Enter LAURENCIA and FRONDOSO.

LAURENCIA.

I left my washing by the stream,
 Only half wrung out, because I need
 To speak to you, here, in private;
 Frondoso, you have gone too far!
 The way you were looking at me
 Down there was enough to get every
 Tongue in the village whispering:
 He fancies her, she fancies him.
 Everything will be debated!
 And as you're not a bad-looking boy
 With some kind of style and spirit,
 Who dresses perhaps a little
 Better than some of the others,
 There isn't a maid churning butter
 Or a boy out tending his goats
 Who hasn't assumed the right
 To discuss the date of our wedding!
 They behave as if the priest had
 Already called the banns, given us
 His bassoon solo, blessed the rings
 And asked us both to say 'I do'.
 Well, good luck to them I say,
 I hope that when harvest comes around
 Their barns will be full of wheat and
 Their vats will be full of new wine, and
 They don't regret wasting their time
 In idle speculation and gossip!

But it means nothing to me, nothing.
 I'm not bothered. I don't give a damn!

FRONDOSO.

Loving a woman as cruel and
 As beautiful as you isn't easy.
 I shake when I see you coming,
 I tremble when I hear your voice.
 I have one hope, to marry you:
 Is this a reasonable response
 To my honest love and devotion?

LAURENCIA.

It's the only response I've got!

FRONDOSO.

Every minute I think of you,
 I close my eyes and I see you,
 I try to sleep and I dream of you.
 I can't eat, or drink, or find rest.
 And when those angelic eyes
 Look on me with indifference:
 Help, Heaven! I'm losing my mind!

LAURENCIA.

Then get yourself to a doctor!

FRONDOSO.

You are my doctor, my sickness
 And my cure: imagine us as
 A pair of doves, perched on a branch,
 Beak in feather, feather in beak,
 Singing together in bliss after
 The priest has made us man and wife.

LAURENCIA.

Fronoso, speak to my uncle:
I'm not in love but I might be
Acquiring some of the symptoms.

FRONDOSO.

Look over there! The Commander!

LAURENCIA.

Out hunting deer in the forest.
Go and hide behind those bushes.

FRONDOSO.

How will I hide my jealous heart?

Enter the COMMANDER, with crossbow.

COMMANDER.

My lucky day! On the trail of
A timid buck, I come across
A most attractive young doe.

LAURENCIA.

Sir, I was doing my washing
By the stream, I came here to rest.
And now, with your permission, sir,
I'll go back and finish my work.

COMMANDER.

My beautiful Laurencia,
This crude response is an insult
To the grace with which Heaven has
Blessed you, it distorts your features,
Makes you seem like a monster.
Until today you've avoided
My loving entreaties, but here,

These silent, sheltering trees
Will tell no tales: why should you be
The only girl in the village
Too proud to return my smile?
You know, young Sebastiana,
The wife of Pedro Redondo,
She returned my smile and more, much
More, and your good friend Innes,
She found her way to my bed two days
After she'd sworn her vows in church.

LAURENCIA.

Sir, with respect, if those women
Found the way to give you pleasure,
It is perhaps because they'd walked
That path so many times before
And with so many other men.
May Heaven bless your sport and please
Leave me alone. Stop hunting me!
If it weren't for the cross on your chest,
Sir, I'd take you for the devil!

COMMANDER.

What an infuriating response.
I'll put my crossbow on the ground,
And let's see if these hands can't melt
That proud, frigid heart.

LAURENCIA.

What's this!

My lord! Remember who you are!

COMMANDER.

Come! Don't resist me!

FRONDOSO (*aside*).

 If I raise
This crossbow from the ground, I swear
I will use it if I have to.

COMMANDER.

Stop. Don't fight.

LAURENCIA.

 Heaven, help me!

COMMANDER.

 We're alone here, don't be afraid.

FRONDOSO.

 Noble lord! If you don't release
That innocent girl, I swear my
Rage will overcome my respect
For that holy cross on your breast
And this bolt will splinter your heart.

COMMANDER.

 Peasant, dog!

FRONDOSO.

 Peasant, yes! Dog, no!
 Laurencia. Run.

LAURENCIA.

 Frondoso!
 Be careful. You must. Take care.

FRONDOSO.

 Go!

Exit LAURENCIA.

COMMANDER (*aside*).

 The man is a fool who leaves home
Without buckling on his sword!
 Ironic: I didn't wear it
 Lest I'd frighten off my prey.

FRONDOSO.

 My lord, if I release this bolt:
 You'll fall like a stricken deer.

COMMANDER.

 Peasant lout, the girl has gone now,
Put down my crossbow. Put it down!
Do you hear me, boy?

FRONDOSO.

 No, my lord!
 A man in love is deaf to all insults.
 And I'd be a fool to put this down:
 You'd just pick it up and kill me.

COMMANDER.

 Do you think a man of my rank
Could turn his back and walk away,
Retreat before a peasant child?
Stand fast and shoot me through the heart.
I won't break my oath of chivalry!

FRONDOSO.

 I don't ask that, I understand
The obligation of your rank.
But I've my own obligations:
One of which is to stay alive,
So, I'll take your crossbow and leave.

Exit FRONDOSO.

COMMANDER.

I'll have revenge on that peasant
 For his insult and his intrusion!
 But why didn't I wrestle him
 To the ground and break his neck?
 What's this? What's this? I'm burning with shame.

Exit COMMANDER.

End of Act One.

ACT TWO

Scene One

The town square in Fuente Ovejuna.

Enter ESTEBAN and ALONSO.

ESTEBAN.

It's obvious! The weather's not been good this year
 And doesn't look like improving any time soon,
 So we stop depleting our reserve stocks of grain
 Or we'll have nothing left when winter comes around:
 Why isn't this clear to all our council members?

ALONSO.

In my time on the committee, prudent planning
 Has always proved to be the best way to govern.

ESTEBAN.

Well, we'll have to take this up with the Commander.
 Can I tell you what makes me really angry?
 Astrologers: who, though they know less than nothing,
 Claim, in long and incoherent dissertations,
 To have access to secrets known only to God!
 They speak with the authority of archbishops
 About what has and what shall soon come to pass, but
 When you want an answer to a simple question
 You find that the best of them is worse than useless!
 Are their libraries full of moons and spinning planets?

It would appear their skulls are full of fluffy clouds.
 How can they really know what's going on up there?
 And how dare they alarm us with their speculations
 And their oh-so-precise instructions, regarding
 Which crop to sow, how and when, wheat here, barley
 there,
 No to mustard, yes to cucumbers and pumpkins?
 There are pumpkins in my garden with bigger brains!
 They foretell the death of an important person
 And lo, a king drops dead in Transylvania.
 They say there will be lots of beer in Germany,
 It will almost definitely rain in England,
 You can be sure of bright sunshine in Morocco,
 But do beware of biting frost in Russia!
 Let me give you a prediction: if we plant now
 Or never, the year will still end in December.

Enter LEONELO and BARRILDO.

LEONELO.

It looks like someone beat us to our favourite spot.
 So, where are we going to sit and have a chat?

BARRILDO.

How was university?

LEONELO.

That's a long story.

BARRILDO.

You'll soon be a lawyer and make lots of money!

LEONELO.

Let's see. I'll end up making less than the barber.
 What we were just discussing is common knowledge.

BARRILDO.

You've come home with a brain bulging with ideas.

LEONELO.

I studied the subjects that seemed most important.

BARRILDO.

So many books are published these days that every
 Village square is full of self-proclaimed professors.

LEONELO.

Yes, but has printing expanded or shrunk the sea
 Of human knowledge? You know, I think the latter.
 Ideas were once condensed in handy summaries
 Today so much hot air is published, people get lost.
 Try to keep abreast of everything that's printed
 You get brain ache from information overload.
 Only fools would deny that amongst all the dross,
 Printing has made known the work of some great minds,
 Preserved their thoughts against the ravages of time,
 Spread their benevolent influence round the world:
 But some poor souls, whose work was thought important,
 Have had their reputations destroyed by publication:
 And some dishonest hacks have borrowed the name
 Of our best playwright to get their work into print:
 Whilst a few malicious souls have deliberately
 Written rubbish and sent it out into the world
 In the name of an enemy they seek to destroy!
 Printing is not only a force for good, my friend.

BARRILDO.

My friend, I disagree . . .

LEONELO.

Is it right that spiteful fools

Can damage the reputations of learned men?

BARRILDO.

But surely printing represents some kind of progress?

LEONELO.

Hundreds of years have passed happily without it!
Has this age of books thrown up an Aristotle?
Has a profusion of print produced a new Plato?

BARRILDO.

I've clearly trodden on a corn with this, my friend.
Perhaps we should talk about something else. A seat!

Enter JUAN ROJO and PEASANT.

JUAN.

Yes, people who know nothing about the subject
May gossip and cry 'Miser', but I can tell you:
These days, you need to sell your farm and livestock
Before you can give a girl a proper dowry!

PEASANT.

What news of the Commander? I'm sorry! What's wrong?

JUAN.

Didn't you hear how he treated Laurencia?

PEASANT.

The world never knew a more lecherous monster.
I'd like to see him hang from an olive tree.

Enter COMMANDER, FLORES and ORTUÑO.

COMMANDER.

My good people, God be with you.

ALONSO.

Good, my lord!

COMMANDER.

I'd like you all to sit down.

ALONSO.

Will it please you, my lord, to sit
In your accustomed place? We are
Happy to stand, that's as it should be.

COMMANDER.

I would like you all to sit down.

ESTEBAN.

And we would like to stand, my lord:
A sign of honour and respect,
Honour is given to good men:
Those without it can't give it.

COMMANDER.

Sit down! We have things to discuss.

ESTEBAN.

My lord, have you seen the greyhound
We sent to your home?

COMMANDER.

No, Mayor,

But my men were most impressed.
They tell me he runs like the wind.

ESTEBAN.

He is an outstanding creature.
I swear that beast can run faster
Than a criminal from the law,
Or a coward from a battle.

COMMANDER.

In this particular instance
I'd like you to set this hound to
Catch me a hare, one that is
Constantly avoiding my grasp.

ESTEBAN.

Where will I seek this creature, sir?

COMMANDER.

At home. I speak of your daughter.

ESTEBAN.

My daughter?

COMMANDER.

Yes.

ESTEBAN.

But, good my lord,

Is it right to hunt my daughter?

COMMANDER.

Mayor, give the girl some guidance.

ESTEBAN.

Why?

COMMANDER.

She seems determined to resist me.
To think there's a man in this square
Whose wife, at my very first glance,
Beat a path to my door.

ESTEBAN.

Then she did wrong.

And you do wrong, my lord, to speak
Of such matters with such licence!

COMMANDER.

An eloquent peasant! Flores,
Go to my study and bring us
Aristotle's *The Politics*.
I think the Mayor should read it.

ESTEBAN.

This town is happy to live under
Your honourable protection.
Remember, there are people of
Consequence in Fuente Ovejuna!

LEONELO (*aside*).

How dare he treat us with such contempt?

COMMANDER.

You, Deputy Mayor of the dunghill,
Did I say something to upset you?

ALONSO.

Your behavior is unreasonable,
What you have said here is unjust.
You should not insult our honour!

COMMANDER.

Do farmers claim to have honour?
Are you Knights of Calatrava?

ALONSO.

There may be those who wear the cross,
Whose blood is less pure than ours.

COMMANDER.

Are you suggesting that your blood
Would be sullied if mixed with mine?

ALONSO.

Bad actions leave a stain, my lord.

COMMANDER.

Someone had better tell your wives:
They have no fear of mingling blood.

ALONSO.

Your words insult our women.
Your actions are unforgivable!

COMMANDER.

What a dreary bunch of peasants.
Oh, thank God for the big cities
Where a man of taste and style
Can enjoy himself without censure.
Where husbands are pleased, even proud,
When a wife finds a guest for her bed.

ESTEBAN.

I don't believe that to be true.
You're trying to put us off our guard.
God's commandments still exist,
Even in big cities, as does
Jealousy and retribution!

COMMANDER.

Go home!

ALONSO.

Sir, I would like to say:
I agree with everything he said.

COMMANDER.

You. Peasants. It's time to go home.
All of you. Move! Clear the square. Now!

ESTEBAN.

We're leaving.

COMMANDER.

Yes! But not in gangs!

FLORES.

Take it easy, sir, please, calm down!

COMMANDER.

They are walking off in huddles.
To hatch their plots behind closed doors!

ORTUÑO.

You might show a bit of patience.

COMMANDER.

I have shown too much already!
You. Rustic scum! Leave the square. Now!
Go back to your homes. One by one!

ESTEBAN.

I'm leaving. In this direction.

LEONELO (*aside*).

Heaven, will you let this happen?

Exit all but COMMANDER, FLORES *and* ORTUÑO.

COMMANDER.

What do you think of these people?

ORTUÑO.

You don't do much to hide the fact
You don't give a damn about them,
Their feelings, or their complaints.

COMMANDER.

They seem to think they're my equals.

FLORES.

I'm not sure that's the problem, sir.

COMMANDER.

And that lout who stole my crossbow,
Is he to remain unpunished?

FLORES.

Last night, I saw a man I thought
Was him, loitering right outside
Laurencia's front door, he was
Wearing the same kind of short cloak,
So I put a smile across his neck:
Slashed him from ear to ear: He fell,
I turned him over and, my God,
Turns out it wasn't him at all.

COMMANDER.

Where is this Frondoso hiding?

FLORES.

Rumour has it he's still hereabouts.

COMMANDER.

The scum who tried to kill me dares
To remain in my territory?

FLORES.

Don't worry, sir, we'll catch him soon,
Like an innocent bird in a snare
Or a gullible fish on a hook.

COMMANDER.

They say that when I raise my sword
The kingdom of Granada shakes,
Yet this peasant boy dares to point
My bow, directly at my heart.
Flores, what's happening to this world?

FLORES.

It's the power of love, sir.
And you're still here, alive and well.
I think that shows he respects you.

COMMANDER.

I've not yet shown what I feel.
If I had, within an hour of that
Incident, I'd have driven my sword
Deep into the heart of this dull
Peasant town: I'm waiting, and when
The moment comes; I'll strike, 'til then
I'm cooling my rage with reason.
What news of Pascuala?

FLORES.

She said:

As she got engaged last week a date
Might be hard to arrange right now.

COMMANDER.

Trying to fob me off on credit?

FLORES.

Sending you to another till,
Where you might get paid in cash.

COMMANDER.

And Marcella?

ORTUÑO.

She makes me laugh.

What a woman!

COMMANDER.

And what a tongue!

What's her excuse?

ORTUÑO.

She just got married

And as her hubby found your love note

On his pillow on their wedding night,

And as you keep standing under

Her balcony singing love songs:

The little tyrant's getting jealous.

COMMANDER.

On my sacred oath of Knighthood:

That little man misses nothing.

ORTUÑO.

Misses nothing, loves his missus.

When he calms down she'll let you in,

As she's done so many times before.

COMMANDER.

And Innes?

FLORES.

Which Innes?

COMMANDER.

Anton's wife.

FLORES.

She is happy to receive you

Whenever you want to see her.

We talked last night at her back door,

Which is your way in she tells me.

COMMANDER.

Easy women, don't you love them?

Use them often, pay them nothing.

Thank God the poor creatures don't know

How valuable they are to us.

FLORES.

There's nothing more disappointing

Than a girl who yields without a fight.

A quick surrender deprives us of

The pleasure of anticipation.

I know some women need a man

Like a desert needs rain but, come on,

I prefer some kind of challenge.

COMMANDER.

The man who is crazed with desire

Is delighted to have his passion

Quickly and easily fulfilled,

Although he then despises

The object of his affection:

The most romantic lover soon forgets

The women who cost him nothing!

Enter CIMBRANOS, a soldier.

CIMBRANOS.

Is Commander Gómez with you?

ORTUÑO.

Why ask? He's sitting over there.

CIMBRANOS.

Fernán Gómez, our fearless leader:
 Swap your soft cloak for shining armour
 And exchange your green hunting cap
 For the white-plumed helmet of war.
 In the name of Ferdinand and Isabel,
 The Grand Master of Santiago
 And the valiant count of Cabra
 Have laid siege to Ciudad Real.
 Don Rodrigo calls out to you for support.
 Come now, or what Calatrava won
 At the cost of so much toil and blood
 Will be retaken by our enemies.
 I stood on the high battlement at dawn
 And by the light of the beacons I saw
 The massed forces of Castile and Leon:
 As strong as castles and as brave as lions.
 And though the King of Portugal has heaped
 All kinds of honours on his young shoulders
 I believe Rodrigo will be lucky
 To return to Almagro with his life.
 My lord, you must mount your horse and ride out
 The merest glimpse of you will be enough
 To put new heart into our men and send
 Our enemies running home to Castile.

COMMANDER.

Cimbranos. Enough. Get ready.
 Ortuño, call the bugler:
 Order him to summon the men.
 How many do I have?

ORTUÑO.

Fifty-three, sir.

COMMANDER.

Tell them to prepare for battle.

CIMBRANOS.

If you don't leave now, I'm afraid
 Ferdinand will retake the city.

COMMANDER.

He won't. That won't happen, soldier.

Exit all.

Scene Two

A wooded glade outside Fuente Ovejuna.

Enter MENGO, LAURENCIA and PASCUALA, running, with torches.

PASCUALA.

Mengo, you can't leave us alone!

MENGO.

Surely you're not frightened out here?

LAURENCIA.

Please, stay with us until we're home.
 We don't walk in town now unless
 We're in a group or with a man:
 We're afraid of meeting him alone.

MENGO.

He's the devil and he's ripping
 The heart out of our little world!

LAURENCIA.

Day or night I never feel safe.

MENGO.

In my prayers I ask God to send
A firebolt to kill that madman!

LAURENCIA.

More a monster than a madman
Crushing the soul out of our village.

MENGO.

People say that in the forest here
Fronoso picked up his crossbow
And aimed a bolt straight at his heart
So that you could escape unharmed.

LAURENCIA.

Before that, Mengo, I didn't
Think much of men, but Fronoso
Was prepared to give his life to
Save mine, and since then, well,
I have to say, I've changed my mind.
But, if the Commander's men catch him
They will kill him for his kindness.

MENGO.

If you see him tell him to run
A thousand miles away from here.

LAURENCIA.

I do see him, and though it hurts,
I give him exactly that advice —
Which makes him laugh in my face
Then shout at me and curse me hard —

Although he knows full well Guzmán
Has sworn to hang him from a tree.

PASCUALA.

I wish Guzmán a painful death!

MENGO.

An old-style stoning would be best.
Look, you see this simple sling?
I use it to protect my sheep.
Well, I swear before God above
If I could get one good shot at him
They'd hear his skull crack wide open
All the way down to the coast, y'know
That vicious Roman general
Lucius Julius Brutilicus?

LAURENCIA.

I'm sorry, Mengo, do you mean:
Lucius Junius Brutus?
The founder of Rome?

MENGO.

Well, I'm not
A trained historian, in fact
I'm not sure what day of the week
It is, but yeah, well, you know:
Lucius, jumping jack, brutal boy,
The Roman guy, he had nothing
On Guzmán; come on, did nature
Ever make a monster like him?

PASCUALA.

No: he has the soul of a tigress!

Enter JACINTA.

JACINTA.

In the name of Heaven, help me,
Help me, please, help, my dear friends.

LAURENCIA.

Jacinta, we'll help you, what's wrong?

PASCUALA.

We are your friends; we're here to help.

JACINTA.

Guzmán is leaving town tonight
Marching to defend Ciudad Real.
Two of his men knocked on my door
Armed, not with honest courage
But with brutal lust, and tried to
Drag me away with him to war.

LAURENCIA.

Jacinta, Heaven must help you,
I can't. If he'll treat you like this
Think what he's planning for me!

Exit LAURENCIA.

PASCUALA.

Jacinta, friend, what use am I?
You need a man to protect you.

Exit PASCUALA.

MENGO.

Oh no, it's all down to me then.
A man, well, that's what they call me.
Cousin, come on, I'll protect you.

JACINTA.

Do you have a weapon?

MENGO.

Of course!

The first weapon!

JACINTA.

What do you mean?

MENGO.

A stone, look, a stone and a sling.

Enter FLORES and ORTUÑO.

FLORES.

Trying to run away, pretty one?

JACINTA.

Mengo, this is it!

MENGO.

Gentlemen!

Why do you hunt such humble game?

ORTUÑO.

Are you man enough to defend
This little damsel in distress?

MENGO.

First, I'll protect her with a plea:
My masters, please, don't harm this girl.
She's my cousin, I must defend her.

FLORES.

Kill him; we don't have time for this.

MENGO.

By God, don't make me lose my temper.
If I take this sling from my belt
You'll be sorry you provoked me.

Enter the COMMANDER, CIMBRANOS and other SOLDIERS.

COMMANDER.

What is going on here? Do I
Have to dismount to deal with this?

FLORES.

The people of this ugly town,
Which you should burn to the ground
As they give you nothing but grief,
Are once again defying your orders.

MENGO.

Lord, if pity lives in your heart
Or a sense of what's right and just,
You will punish these two men who
Have tried to abduct this woman
From her husband and her parents.
Let me escort this poor girl home.
I beg you, give me permission.

COMMANDER.

I'd rather give them permission
To cut out your yapping tongue.
Drop that weapon, peasant.

MENGO.

My lord!

COMMANDER.

Flores, Ortuño, Cimbranos.
Grab him and bind his hands with his sling.

MENGO.

Is this how you defend her honour?

COMMANDER.

And who do the rustic rabble of
Fuente Ovejuna think I am?

MENGO.

Listen, sir, how have I, how has our
Community offended you?

FLORES.

Shall I kill him?

COMMANDER.

Don't stain your blade.
You are soon to honour it in
Another more important place.

ORTUÑO.

What shall we do with him?

COMMANDER.

Whip him.

MENGO.

Mercy! As you are a man of honour.

COMMANDER.

Strip his dirty rags, bind his hands,
Tie him to a tree and whip him
Until the buckles of your belts
Turn his backside black and blue.

MENGO.

Heaven, you see what they're doing?
When will you punish these crimes?

Exit MENGO, FLORES and ORTUÑO.

COMMANDER.

My little one, why run away?
Do you reject an aristocrat
In favor of a boorish peasant?

JACINTA.

Your men tried to take my honour,
Is this how you punish their crime,
By stealing it yourself?

COMMANDER.

Stealing?

JACINTA.

Sir, be careful, I have a father
Who, though not a man of your rank,
Lives a good, simple, honest life,
A man who would die defending
His daughter's honour.

COMMANDER.

Do you think
Boring me with this dreary blather
Is the way to cool my desire?
Come here, my girl.

JACINTA.

Why would I?

COMMANDER.

To be closer.

JACINTA.

Think what you're doing.

COMMANDER.

I've thought and you'll wish I hadn't.

I won't have you, ungrateful slut
You'll be the battalion's whore!

JACINTA.

While I can still take my own life
No man has power over me.

COMMANDER.

Get moving, we're in a hurry.

JACINTA.

Sir, show mercy.

COMMANDER.

I have none.

JACINTA.

Heaven watches all our actions.
Soon you will suffer its judgement!

JACINTA is seized and dragged away.

Exit all.

Scene Three

Outside the home of ESTEBAN.

Enter FRONDOSO and LAURENCIA.

LAURENCIA.

Fronoso: you are such a fool!
Why come into town?

FRONDOSO.

To help you
Appreciate how much and how

Hopelessly you're in love with me!
 From the hills I saw Guzmán leave
 Which banished all my fears and
 Expecting the warmest welcome
 I ran down here to be with you.
 I hope that madman never returns
 From his battle!

LAURENCIA.

Don't curse him!
 Remember what the old folk say:
 Those we most wish dead live longest.

FRONDOSO.

If that's what they say, I wish him
 A thousand happy years and pray
 That my good wishes end his days.
 Laurencia, I've come here to know
 If your resistance has melted.
 The whole town sees us as one,
 The whole town is surprised that we
 Haven't yet walked up the aisle.
 Can you swallow your pride and say
 What it is to be, yes or no?

LAURENCIA.

I'll tell you, as I'll tell the town:
 Yes. I accept your proposal.

FRONDOSO.

Let me kiss your beautiful feet
 For the gift you have given me.
 Laurencia, what can I say?
 You've given me my life again.

LAURENCIA.

Let's not waste time with compliments.
 And before we go any further
 You have to talk to my father.
 I won't marry without his consent.
 Look, he's coming with my uncle:
 Frondoso, chin up, get his blessing
 And I will be your wife.

FRONDOSO.

Please, God.

LAURENCIA *conceals herself.*

Enter ESTEBAN and ALONSO.

ESTEBAN.

No one in that square tonight
 Could believe what was happening.
 His behaviour was irrational,
 Quite beyond the bounds of reason.
 The town is in a state of shock,
 Terrified of what he'll do next.
 And what about poor Jacinta:
 Do you think we'll see her again?

ALONSO.

One day all the people of Spain
 Will live under the jurisdiction
 Of Ferdinand and Isabella.
 They'll establish the rule of law.
 My heart goes out to her family;
 She was a good wife and daughter.

ESTEBAN.

And Mengo whipped?

ALONSO.

As he tried
To protect her: he was beaten
Every shade of black and blue.

ESTEBAN.

My friend, don't tell me any more.
It makes me shake with rage to hear
Of these terrible crimes while I
Hold this ancient staff of office,
Powerless to help my people.

ALONSO.

He's gone now, soon to be defeated.

ESTEBAN.

There have been other outrages.
Pedro Redondo spoke to me:
A week ago at the far end
Of the meadow, Guzmán ambushed
His wife and after he'd abused her
He handed her on to his men.

ALONSO.

Stand back. Who's there?

FRONDOSO.

Only me.
Waiting for permission to speak.

ESTEBAN.

Fronoso, outside my house
You don't need permission to speak.
Your dear father gave you life
But you've been like a son to me.

I've watched you grow from child to man.
No one could love you more than I.

FRONDOSO.

Knowing that love, I have come here,
To ask for a special favour.
Trusting in the love that you
Have always shown to me,
And sure of Laurencia's love,
I've come to ask for her hand.
I know, perhaps, I've spoken too soon.
Because this is so important
I think, my words got ahead of me.
Perhaps someone else should have asked.

ESTEBAN.

My boy, your request is timely.
You've given me another ten years
Of life and cured an ache in my heart
That I thought might never be eased.
I thank you for this proposal.
You bring honour to my house.
I thank God for your honest love.
But it wouldn't be right to proceed
Without your father's consent, so
Let us say I approve, pending
Your father's acceptance. I will
Be the luckiest man alive
If we can make this marriage work.

ALONSO.

You'd better get the girl's consent
Before you speak to his father.

ESTEBAN.

Laurencia must have agreed:
He wouldn't ask unless she had.
These days they arrange it all
Themselves; fathers, the last to know.
Son, I wonder if you're concerned
About the dowry; if so, stop.
I want to give you a good start.

FRONDOSO.

I really don't need a dowry.
Keep your money in your pocket.

ALONSO.

He will take her as God made her.
You ought to thank your lucky stars.

ESTEBAN.

Let's not assume Laurencia
Will agree with this. Shall I ask?

FRONDOSO.

Assumption is the mother of
Many mistakes, sir. Please, ask her.

ESTEBAN.

Laurencia! Daughter!

LAURENCIA.

Father.

ESTEBAN.

I call and she comes in a flash:
I told you she was in on this.
My daughter, dear Laurencia,
I must have a word, in private.

Would you step this way with me?
It's time Frondoso was married.
He's an honourable young man.
What would you say if he was
Married to your best friend, Blanca?

LAURENCIA.

What does Blanca say?

ESTEBAN.

She's a good catch,
A worthy match for him I think.

LAURENCIA.

I agree. Let them be married.

ESTEBAN.

Yes, but don't be hasty daughter.
Isn't she a little ugly?
Shouldn't he be asking for you?

LAURENCIA.

Please, stop playing these awful jokes.

ESTEBAN.

Do you love him?

LAURENCIA.

He has feelings:
I have feelings. It's what we want.

ESTEBAN.

You want me to give my blessing?

LAURENCIA.

Yes, but only if you approve.

ESTEBAN.

Me, what have I to do with this?
Gentlemen, we are both agreed.
But we must talk to your father.
Shall we go and knock on his door?

ALONSO.

Come along. It's late!

ESTEBAN.

Fronoso.

Son. The dowry. What would you say
If I was to offer your father
Four thousand maravedis?

FRONDOSO.

With respect, don't ask the question.
I won't take any money from you.

ESTEBAN.

You say that now and you mean it
But those feelings won't last for ever.
One morning you'll wake up wondering:
'Why didn't I take the dowry?'

Exit ALONSO and ESTEBAN.

LAURENCIA.

Fronoso, are you happy now?

FRONDOSO.

I don't know why my heart hasn't
Burst with pride and why my head
Is still sitting on my shoulders:
That's how happy you've made me.
And these tears, are tears of joy

I am laughing through my eyes,
It's so hard to believe you're mine.

Exit all.

Scene Four

Outside the walls of Ciudad Real.

Enter COMMANDER, MASTER, FLORES, ORTUÑO,
CIMBRANOS *and* SOLDIERS.

COMMANDER.

Master! Retreat! Quickly! Run! Escape! Run! This way!

MASTER.

The wall of the city was weak! It just collapsed.
King Ferdinand's forces were too strong for us.

COMMANDER.

They lost a lot of men. That battle cost them blood.

MASTER.

But they can't boast they got their hands on our colours.
They will never take the cross of Calatrava.

COMMANDER.

Master, all your dreams of glory have been destroyed.

MASTER.

What could I have done? Fortune is a cruel goddess
One day she lifts us, the next she casts us in the dirt.

SHOUTS (*off*).

All hail the victors, Ferdinand and Isabella.
All hail the victors, the monarchs of Castile.

MASTER.

They're crowning each battlement with a flaming torch.
Draping banners from the windows of every tower.

COMMANDER.

The blood of their dead is dripping from those banners.
This is a moment for grief not celebration.

MASTER.

Fernán Gómez, I will return to Almagro.

COMMANDER.

And I to Fuente Ovejuna. You will have to decide
Whether to continue to support your kinsman
Or transfer your allegiance to the Catholic Kings.

MASTER.

I will write to you when I've made up my mind.

COMMANDER.

Time will show you the true path.

MASTER.

I'm sure it will!

When we're green, what do we know? Nothing! I'll learn!

Exit all.

Scene Five

The town square in Fuente Ovejuna.

*Enter LAURENCIA, FRONDOSO and the CITIZENS of
Fuente Ovejuna, in wedding attire.*

SONG: 'Viva Laurencia'

Viva Laurencia!

Viva Frondoso!

Vivan muchos años,

Los desposados.

Vivan muchos años!

Viva Laurencia!

Viva Frondoso!

A good life and a long life!

She's gonna make a good wife!

Vivan muchos años.

Viva Laurencia!

Viva Frondoso!

A good life and a long life!

She's gonna make a good wife!

Vivan muchos años!

Vivan muchos años!

MENGO.

You didn't lose a lot of sleep

Making up the words to that one!

BARRILDO.

I suppose you could do better?

FRONDOSO.

Mengo has taken a good whipping

But can he whip words into lyrics?

MENGO.

There was a man in a meadow

Who picked up a Commander's bow.

BARRILDO.

Don't name that murdering tyrant.

That monster dishonours us all.

MENGO.

And think what his men did to me.
 One shepherd and his sling against
 A hundred mercenary killers.
 I was lucky, think of the poor guy
 Who was given an enema!
 I won't mention his name but he's known
 To all here as an honourable man,
 An enema of ink and gravel!
 How could anyone stand for that?

BARRILDO.

Perhaps Gómez found it amusing.

MENGO.

Enemas might keep you healthy
 But since when were they amusing?

ALONSO.

Time to listen to Barrildo's dedication.

BARRILDO.

Let angels bless this man and wife,
 Their days be free of rows and strife,
 Their barns be full of golden wheat,
 A dozen children grace their feet.
 And on the day they pass away,
 I hope that they can truly say:
 'I'm glad I took this precious ring,
 I wouldn't change a single thing.'

ALL.

Laurencia and Frondoso!

MENGO.

Well, that put the dog in doggerel.

BARRILDO.

It was written rather quickly!

MENGO.

Here's something I made up last night.
 This puts poets in their places.

SONG: 'The Poet in His Study'

Have you seen a doughnut maker
 Working at his pastry dough?
 Chucking lumps in boiling oil
 'Til his pan is full to go?

Most come out all fat and soggy.
 And a few fry up just fine,
 Most are burnt and so misshapen,
 Cooking was a waste of time.

It's like the poet in his study
 As he sits and has a go,
 Tugging at his sticky verses,
 Like the baker and his dough.

The poet puts his verse on paper:
 And the paper is his plate,
 He dusts it all in rhyming sugar,
 To hide mistakes but much too late.

It's like the poet in his study
 As he sits and has a go,
 Tugging at his sticky verses,
 Like the baker and his dough.

Both men travel off to market,
 Selling poems and doughnuts,
 No surprise, when they sell nothing,
 And both of them get swollen guts.

Cos the poet eats his unsold verses,
He's nothing left as market shuts,
And as the baker's starving hungry,
He must sup on stale doughnuts.

BARRILDO.

Songwriters all over the world
Are grinding their teeth into dust.

ALONSO.

Now it's time to bless the bride and groom.

LAURENCIA.

Father-in-law, will you bless us?

JUAN ROJO.

Laurencia, you ask my blessing?
You should first ask for your father's,
After all he's done for you both.

ESTEBAN.

Friend, I hope Heaven blesses them
And offers them a helping hand.

FRONDOSO.

Father-in-law, Father, why don't
You do the blessing together?

BLESSING (*sung*).

*Ave Maria, gratia plena
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus
Nunc et in hora mortis nostrae.*

BARRILDO.

Now the blessings are over,
Laurencia and Frondoso,

With your permission, we give you:
'The Tale of the Fair Young Maiden.'
Musicians, ready? Actors begin!

A dumb show with music and song

MUSICIANS (*singing*).

Through the forest runs
The maid with golden hair.
Chased by a man on whose breast,
A cross of crimson burns there.

She seeks a hiding place,
Ashamed and confused.
Sheltering in a bush,
Courage she must use.

'Oh, why do you run away?
And, maid, where will you go?
For I am a man in love,
And I will never say no!'

The knight, he comes so close,
The maid, she's afraid to breathe,
Shaking in her shelter,
Of branches, thorns and leaves.

'Maid, you will never escape me,
For I'll climb every hill
And I'll cut down every tree,
Hide wherever you will.'

'Oh, why do you run away?
And, maid, where will you go?
For I am a man in love,
And I will never say no!'

Enter COMMANDER, FLORES, ORTUÑO,
CIMBRANOS *and* SOLDIERS.

COMMANDER.

What's here? A wedding. In your seats!
Calm down, there will be no trouble.

JUAN ROJO.

This is a sacred day, my lord!
Perhaps you would care to join us?
May I offer you a seat, a drink?
Why come here dressed for battle?
I assume you were victorious?
Oh, perhaps I said something wrong?

FRONDOSO (*aside*).

Help, Heaven! I'm as good as dead.

LAURENCIA (*aside*).

Fronadoso! Run!

COMMANDER.

Stop him! Hold him!

Bind his hands!

JUAN ROJO.

Son, let them arrest you!

FRONDOSO.

But Father, they will kill me!

JUAN ROJO.

What crime have you committed?

COMMANDER.

Only the most brutal tyrant
Would condemn a man to death

Without giving him a fair trial.
And were I that kind of monster
My men would have murdered this man
A long time ago: Flores,
Arrest him, take him to prison.
His own father will be his judge
When he stands trial for his crimes.

PASCUALA.

My lord, this is his wedding day.

COMMANDER.

That is no concern of the law.
The village is full of young men,
Let the bride choose another.

PASCUALA.

Sir!

If he's offended, forgive him,
Show the world your compassion.

COMMANDER.

Pascuala, I'm not offended.
His deeds have sullied the honour
Of the Order of Calatrava.
He's offended the Grand Master
Rodrigo Girón, God protect him,
And he must pay, justice must be
Seen to be done. Not to deal with
This crime might inspire other
Insurgents to rebellion:
He stole a crossbow and aimed it
At the heart of a High Commander.
Can such an insult be ignored?

ESTEBAN.

Sir, as the boy's father-in-law,
 May I offer up an excuse?
 He's a young man and he's in love.
 In the circumstances, can we
 Be surprised at his behaviour?
 Sir, he saw you attempting to
 Deprive him of his young wife,
 Is it not natural for him
 To try and defend his sweetheart?

COMMANDER.

Mayor, you're not making sense.

ESTEBAN.

I appeal to your better self.

COMMANDER.

How could I deprive him of his wife?
 The boy's only just got married.

ESTEBAN.

You know what happened! That's enough.
 There are monarchs in Castile
 Who'll establish the rule of law
 And wipe away this anarchy.
 When they have some respite from war
 They will do well to rid their towns
 And villages of men like you,
 Who terrorise the people and who
 Seem to believe they can behave
 With impunity because they wear
 A holy red cross on their chest.
 Only a king should bear that mark,
 It's an emblem for a royal breast.

COMMANDER.

Ortuño. Give me the Mayor's staff.

ESTEBAN.

My lord, please take it and welcome.

COMMANDER.

I will break this across your back
 As if you were a stubborn old donkey.

ESTEBAN.

You are my master. I must obey.

PASCUALA.

You'll beat an innocent old man?

LAURENCIA.

You're beating him to punish me.
 And what crime have I committed?

COMMANDER.

Seize her! Bind her! And lock her up!
 I want her guarded by ten men.

Exit COMMANDER and SOLDIERS, with LAURENCIA
 and FRONDOSO.

ESTEBAN.

Heaven, we await your justice.

Exit ESTEBAN.

PASCUALA.

It was a wedding, now it's a wake.

Exit PASCUALA.

BARRILDO.

Friends, who'll make a stand with me?

MENGO.

I stood up and I got knocked down.
Oppose him and he'll have you whipped.

JUAN ROJO.

We must meet up and talk.

MENGO.

Not me!

If you want my advice, go home.
Keep your heads down and say nothing.
His men beat me so hard, my arse
Looks like a pair of raw salmon steaks.

Exit all.

End of Act Two.

ACT THREE

Scene One

A meeting room in the town hall in Fuente Ovejuna.

ESTEBAN.

Can we begin?

BARRILDO.

We're still waiting on some people.

ESTEBAN.

Every minute we lose moves us closer to disaster.

BARRILDO.

Everyone's been told the last few are on their way.

ESTEBAN.

Fronoso arrested and facing execution,
Laurencia abducted, facing God knows what.
Merciful Heaven! You have to find a way to . . .

Enter JUAN ROJO and a COUNCILLOR.

JUAN ROJO.

Esteban. Stop shouting. You can be heard outside.
This meeting must be secret. We all depend on that.

ESTEBAN.

It's a miracle I don't shout any louder.

Enter MENGO.

MENGO.

I decided to come, let the meeting begin.

ESTEBAN.

Honourable farmers and friends, I stand before you
 An old man whose white beard is wet with tears,
 To ask what funeral rites can be spoken
 Over the rotting corpse of our once dear town?
 Such sacred words demand an honourable voice
 And who amongst us can still lay claim to that?
 Is there a man in this room whose dignity has
 Escaped unscathed? Look around you, council members.
 There is no one here that man has not disgraced.
 We share the same suffering, the same enemy.
 We have endured enough: what have we left to fear?

JUAN ROJO.

We have endured the worst crimes imaginable.
 However, I've received news that Ferdinand and
 Isabella, having secured peace in Castile,
 Are making their way south: I propose that we send
 Two council members to meet them in Córdoba
 To fall at their feet and to beg them for justice!

BARRILDO.

But Ferdinand and Isabella are fighting
 Many battles on many fronts; they won't have time
 To deal with our troubles. With the greatest respect,
 I think we should try to find another solution.

LEONELO.

If anyone would like to hear my opinion
 I vote that we evacuate the town. Tonight!

JUAN ROJO.

Not practical! Evacuation would take days!

MENGO.

If the Commander finds out we're up to something
 Like that, he will kill every last man in this room.

ALONSO.

My friends, the mast of our little ship is broken
 And we are sailing in a dangerous sea
 Beyond thoughts of tolerance, restraint or fear.
 With brutal violence he abducted the daughter
 Of the good man who governs our community,
 And across his honest back with no sense of shame
 We saw him break the ancient staff of office!
 What slave was ever treated with such vile contempt?

JUAN ROJO.

But what do you advise? What can the people do?

ALONSO.

We lie down and die or kill those who abuse us.
 There are so few of them and so many of us.

BARRILDO.

You mean take up arms against our sovereign lord?

ESTEBAN.

In the eyes of God only the King is sovereign.
 We owe no loyalty to men who behave like
 Wild animals, and if Heaven supports our cause
 What have we to fear?

MENGO.

Gentlemen, it's important
 We proceed from here with all possible caution.
 I represent the peasants, perhaps the poorest
 Members of our community, who I fear would
 Suffer the most should we follow your proposal.

JUAN ROJO.

What is left to fear? Our lives are being destroyed!
His men are burning down our homes and our vineyards!
He is a tyrant! It is time to take revenge.

Enter LAURENCIA, dishevelled.

LAURENCIA.

Let me in, open the door.
I want to address this meeting,
Though I'm not allowed to vote here,
I have the right to plead my case.
Do you recognise me?

ESTEBAN.

God, help us!

Is that my daughter?

JUAN ROJO.

There she is.

Laurencia!

LAURENCIA.

Yes, it's me:

In such a state that you don't know me.

ESTEBAN.

Daughter!

LAURENCIA.

No! Don't call me that!

Not 'daughter'.

ESTEBAN.

Why, my precious one?

Why not that?

LAURENCIA.

I have my reasons.

Let's begin with the obvious.
You stood and watched as I was snatched,
Abducted on my wedding day,
Watched, without lifting a finger,
When protecting me was clearly
Your responsibility: your job
To fight for me, you failed: your job
To take revenge, you let me down.
Before the wedding night it's the
Father, not the husband, who should
Protect the women of his house:
When you buy a diamond ring
You're not liable for its safety,
Not for you to fight off criminals
Not until it's safe at home.
You watched his thugs seize me and
Drag me to his lair like a
Frightened shepherd watches a wolf
Run off with a lamb in its jaws.
They held their weapons to my throat,
Whispered obscenities in my ears,
Used every kind of cunning trick
To make me yield my body up
To his vile, insatiable lust!
Does my hair tell you a story?
The scratches on my neck and chest?
The bruises on my thighs? The blood?
And you call yourselves good fathers?
And you call yourselves decent men?
Your hearts should burst wide open

To see one of your own like this!
 Fuente Ovejuna! That's us.
 The spring of fresh water for sheep,
 And how appropriate the name
 When timid lambs live here, not men!
 You blocks of stone, cold-hearted as
 The tigress: no, not the tigress,
 For she ferociously chases down
 The hunters who steal her children,
 Killing them without mercy before
 Throwing herself into the sea:
 So, not tigresses, no, but rabbits!
 Hiding in your little holes: you
 Roosters strutting on a dunghill
 While other men violate your wives.
 Why do those swords hang at your sides?
 Why don't I lend you my knitting
 Needles to stick into your belts!
 Then you can watch us do the job.
 Women! We'll wipe away the stain,
 Drink the blood of the abusers:
 Then we will stone you in the streets,
 You cowards! You eunuchs! You traitors!
 We'll parade you about the town
 Dressed in our Sunday best, a nice
 Headscarf, a smart skirt, a dab of
 Perfume and a smudge of rouge, so:
 Listen. Up there, the Commander
 Is going to hang Frondoso
 Without any kind of charge,
 Without any kind of trial,
 Hang him from a tree in his yard

Then he'll come for you and I'll rejoice
 As he empties this village of its
 Gutless and impotent failures,
 And we will replace you, a tribe
 Of brave Amazonian women
 Will restore dignity to this town
 And our deeds will stagger the world.

ESTEBAN.

My daughter, I am not sitting here
 To be called any more vile names.
 It's time to fight and I'm going,
 I'll go alone if I have to.
 No matter what's decided here.

JUAN ROJO.

I'm with you! It is time to fight,
 However strong our enemy.

ALONSO.

We fight as one! We die as one!

BARRILDO.

We march together, heads held high.

JUAN ROJO.

In what order shall we march?

MENGO.

We go now and kill him without
 Thinking about marching order,
 We're united, with one desire:
 Yes? To kill those who abuse us!

ESTEBAN.

Arm yourselves with knives and daggers,
 Swords and sickles, pikes and hammers!

MENGO.

Long live the King and Queen!

ALL.

Our true masters!

MENGO.

And death to those who abuse us!

ALL.

Those who abuse us must die!

Exit all but LAURENCIA.

LAURENCIA.

Go! Now! Fight! Heaven protect them.

Women of Fuente Ovejuna.

Hear me! Come! Come here! Come now!

Come and reclaim your dignity.

Enter PASCUALA, JACINTA and other WOMEN.

PASCUALA.

Laurencia, what's going on?!

LAURENCIA.

Come! Come and see our men running

To destroy Guzmán and his thugs!

Look, there, young men, old men and boys.

Running to do what must be done.

Now, let me ask you, is it right

That only our men should enjoy

The glory of this night? The abuse

We've endured is no less than theirs.

JACINTA.

What do you suggest we do?

LAURENCIA.

Form ourselves into an army

And do such things that the world

Will never forget our names: Jacinta!

The awful things you've suffered

Will be our inspiration.

You lead our brigade of women!

JACINTA.

But they hurt you as much as me.

LAURENCIA.

Pascuala! You be our standard bearer!

PASCUALA.

I'll find a banner and a staff

And carry our colours with pride.

LAURENCIA.

Hoist a headscarf on a broomstick,

No time for digging out banners,

Fortune is smiling on us now,

Let's grasp the moment while it's ours!

PASCUALA.

Who'll be our Cid, our Rodomonte!

LAURENCIA.

No one! Because when I'm on fire

We need no hero from the past

To lead us screaming into battle!

Exit all.

Scene Two

The residence of the COMMANDER.

Enter FRONDOSO, bound, COMMANDER, FLORES, ORTUÑO and CIMBRANOS.

COMMANDER.

It's time to take him into the yard and hang him.
You can use the rope left over from binding his hands.
And disembowel him before you string him up.

FRONDOSO.

My lord, how will history judge your actions?

COMMANDER.

Hang him from the almond tree next to the wall.

FRONDOSO.

Sir, I never intended to fire that bolt.
I wasn't trying to kill you!

FLORES.

Stop! Listen.

COMMANDER.

What?

FLORES.

An angry mob are marching up here, coming
To stop the execution.

ORTUÑO.

They're ramming the gates!

COMMANDER.

This is a residence of the sacred order!
How dare they touch my gates?

FLORES.

The whole town's out there.

JUAN ROJO (*off*).

Knock them down! Tear them down! Smash! Destroy!
And burn!

ORTUÑO.

When a mob's fired up like that it's hard to contain.

COMMANDER.

My people, rise up against me?

FLORES.

They're on fire!

They've broken down your gates and they're running this
way.

COMMANDER.

You. Quickly. Untie his hands. And you.
Fronoso. Go and calm them. Talk to the Mayor.

FRONDOSO.

My lord, it is love that inspires them to do this.

Exit FRONDOSO.

MENGO (*off*).

Long live Ferdinand and Isabella, and death
To the traitors!

FLORES.

Sir, please, I am begging you!

Don't let that mob find you here.

COMMANDER.

There are soldiers out there.

If they try to enter this room they'll encounter
Very stern resistance.

FLORES.

When a mob is raging
With such an insane passion it won't stop until
It gets what it came for, sir: that's blood and revenge!

COMMANDER.

Draw your swords. This threshold will be our portcullis.
We will cut out this ugly passion with our steel.

FRONDOSO (*off*).

Justice! For Fuente Ovejuna!

COMMANDER.

The lout's turned, Captain!
I'll go and smash those words back down his peasant throat.

FLORES.

Your reckless words are filling me with terror, sir!

ESTEBAN (*off*).

Fuente Ovejuna! Kill Guzmán and his thugs!
Fuente Ovejuna! Now we kill the traitors!

Enter the MEN of Fuente Ovejuna, armed.

COMMANDER.

My people! Listen. Wait!

ALL.

Our revenge cannot wait!

COMMANDER.

Let me hear every complaint against me. I swear
On my honour, I will resolve every grievance.

ALL.

Fuente Ovejuna! Long live King Ferdinand!
Death to the evil one! The traitors must die!

COMMANDER.

You will listen to me! You will let me say my piece!
I am your lord and master!

ALL.

Our true masters
Are King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!

COMMANDER.

Wait!

ALL.

Fuente Ovejuna! Death to the Commander!

Exit all.

Scene Three

Outside the COMMANDER's residence.

Enter the WOMEN of Fuente Ovejuna, armed.

LAURENCIA.

Stop here, women, soldiers, hungry for justice.
Here is the place where our dreams will be fulfilled.

PASCUALA.

Tyrant! Quake!

PEASANT WOMAN.

Women have come to take revenge!

PASCUALA.

Let him come out here. Watch me spill his evil blood.

JACINTA.

Throw him from the window. We'll catch him on our spears.

PASCUALA.

Come, throw him down, our spikes are hungry for his flesh.

ESTEBAN (*off*).

Die! Commander! Tyrant! Abuser! Die!

COMMANDER (*off*).

I'm dead.

May God forgive me and have mercy on my soul.

BARRILDO (*off*).

Here comes that pimp Flores.

MENGO (*off*).

Let me at that bastard.

That vicious monster turned my backside black and blue.

FRONDOSO (*off*).

I want him. I'm going to rip out his rotten soul.

LAURENCIA.

Why are we holding back? Let's go inside!

PASCUALA.

But surely:

We should stay out here and guard the doors.

BARRILDO (*off*).

No mercy. None.

Now it's your turn to be afraid. Your turn to weep.

LAURENCIA.

Pascuala, I'm going in. I can't wait any longer,
I can't keep this sword sleeping in its scabbard.

Exit LAURENCIA.

BARRILDO (*off*).

Who's that? Here comes Ortuño.

FRONDOSO (*off*).

Slash his ugly face!

Enter FLORES *with* MENGO, *chasing*

FLORES.

Mengo, have mercy. I was following orders.

MENGO.

You were the tyrant's pimp, for that you deserve to die!
But then you whipped me! That's a second death
sentence!

PASCUALA.

Mengo, give him to us. Let us women have him.
Lay off him, let him go!

MENGO.

Pascuala, you're right, he's your prize.

Who could punish him better? Take him and kill him.

PASCUALA.

We'll avenge your beating!

JACINTA.

Enough talk. Let's do it.

FLORES.

Murdered by the hands of women?

JACINTA.

But isn't that fitting?

PASCUALA.

Women's hands not good enough?

JACINTA.

You organised his evil pleasures. Now you suffer.

PASCUALA.

Pimp, prepare to die.

FLORES.

Mercy. Ladies. Forgive me.

Enter ORTUÑO, fleeing LAURENCIA.

ORTUÑO.

Please! I swear! It wasn't me!

LAURENCIA.

I know who you are!

Women, time to go inside and dip your weapons
In the tyrant's blood!

PASCUALA.

I'll gorge on that until I burst!

ALL.

Fuente Ovejuna! Long live the Catholic Kings!

Exit all.

Scene Four

The Court of the Catholic Kings in Toledo.

Enter DON MANRIQUE, KING FERDINAND, QUEEN ISABELLA and COURTIERS.

MANRIQUE.

Your Majesty, all went to plan.
Our strategy proved effective
And our objectives were fulfilled
Efficiently, with few losses.
The forces of Calatrava
Offered little resistance
But had they offered more, our troops
Would have risen to the challenge.
The Count of Cabra has remained
In the city as a precaution
Against any counterattack
Rodrigo might launch against us.

FERDINAND.

A very prudent decision.
We'll send Cabra reinforcements.
He can supervise the rebuilding
And maintain control of the pass.
With a stronghold in Ciudad Real
We've no reason to fear Portugal's
Troops on our border. We can
Block any advance from the west:
I am sure the Count will govern
The city with his customary
Bravery and skill, defending
Our victory and securing us
Against future attack.

He'll be a vigilant watchman,
A sentinel for his country's good.

Enter FLORES, wounded.

FLORES.

Ferdinand, great Catholic King,
To whom Heaven in its wisdom
Has given the Crown of Castile:
I come to report the worst crime
Ever witnessed by the eyes of man
In any land visited by the sun!

FERDINAND.

Soldier. Calm yourself.

FLORES.

My lord

I'm wounded and my time is short,
Let me report what has happened
Quickly: while I can still draw breath.
I come from Fuente Ovejuna
Where the mutinous subjects
Of that rebellious town have,
Without right and without mercy,
Murdered their feudal lord.
Fernán Gómez is dead, slaughtered
In his own home by a savage mob.
Serfs who have a mind to feel wronged
Revolt with little provocation.
They called him tyrant and with that
Harsh and unproven accusation
Their only justification,
They committed their hideous crime.

They smashed down his gates, he swore
On his sacred honour as a knight
To listen to all their complaints
But they were deaf to all his words
And a multitude of cruel blades
Carved holes in the cross on his breast.
His corpse was thrown from a window
Onto the points of spikes and spears
Held by a mob of women below,
Who dragged his body to a barn
Where, crying with rage and delight,
They fought each other for the right
To rip the beard clean off his face.
They smashed his teeth with the pommel
Of his own sword, and they hacked
At his corpse with such bestial
Spite that the largest parts of him
That remained were his ears.
His coat of arms was stamped in the
Dirt and they bellowed allegiance
To you and your Queen, promising
To raise your flag, announcing that
All these deeds were done in your name.
They ransacked his home as if
Plundering some fallen city,
Sharing jokes as they debated
Who should take the richest pickings.
I saw all this from the hiding place
Where malevolent fate decreed
I should watch but not share my master's
Tragic exit from this harsh world.
I lay in that ditch all day, waiting

For darkness so I might escape
 And come here to give you an honest
 Account of these terrible events.
 Your Majesty, you're a good king.
 Let the world now witness your justice.
 My master's blood cries out for revenge,
 Let these cruel monsters feel the full force
 Of a just king's retribution!

FERDINAND.

Captain, you may rest assured
 These crimes will not go unpunished.
 What you have told us is without
 Precedent and I am amazed.
 We will send a magistrate to
 Confirm this soldier's report
 And arrest all guilty parties.
 This crime must be seen to receive
 The punishment that it deserves.
 We'll send a captain with the judge,
 The town might still be dangerous.
 Let this soldier's wounds be looked to.

Exit all.

Scene Five

The town square in Fuente Ovejuna.

*The head of the COMMANDER is fixed on a pole. Enter
 CITIZENS of Fuente Ovejuna, bloodsoaked and singing.*

CITIZENS (*singing*).

Victory to our King and Queen

*Isabel y Fernando,
 And death to the abusers.
 Muchos años vivan
 Isabel y Fernando,
 Y mueran los tiranos!*

BARRILDO.

Your turn, Frondoso.

FRONDOSO.

Here we go.

Anyone who doesn't like it,
 Will he please keep his mouth shut.

(*Singing*) To Isabel I sing,
 And Ferdinand, her King,
 Who love and rule as one.
 On the day that they are done,
 God take them by the hand,
 Unto the Promised Land.
 Victory to our King and Queen,
 And death to the abusers!

CITIZENS (*singing*).

Victory to our King and Queen,
Isabel y Fernando,
 And death to the abusers!

LAURENCIA.

Barrildo, your turn.

BARRILDO.

I'm ready.

But singing is not my strong point.

PASCUALA.

Take a deep breath, and sing it loud.
We'll all clap and say you were great!

BARRILDO (*singing*).

Here's to our Catholic Kings,
Doing such wonderful things.
Bringing justice to our land.
They hold our future in their hands.
Let's hope they always shall
Defeat the King of Portugal.
Victory to our King and Queen,
And death to the abusers!

CITIZENS (*singing*).

Victory to our King and Queen,
Isabel y Fernando,
And death to the abusers!

LAURENCIA.

It's Mengo time!

FRONDOSO.

Ready, Mengo?

MENGO.

As a poet I'm but a novice.

PASCUALA.

Though as a whipping post, your butt
Has seen some action! Sing it.

MENGO (*singing*).

One night my skin was torn,
They left my bum forlorn.
They beat it hard and made it sore,

Oh, it still drips with blood and gore.
Now Guzmán's gone, a pile of bone,
Bastard should have left my arse alone!
Victory to our King and Queen,
And death to the abusers!

CITIZENS (*singing*).

Victory to our King and Queen,
Isabel y Fernando,
And death to the abusers!
Muchos años vivan
Isabel y Fernando,
Y mueran los tiranos!

Enter ESTEBAN and JUAN ROJO, carrying a new coat of arms.

ESTEBAN.

Will someone take that figure down?

MENGO.

It's like a ghost haunting the square.

The head and the pole are removed.

ESTEBAN.

Here comes the new escutcheon.

FRONDOSO.

Show us our new coat of arms.

JUAN ROJO.

Where would you like me to display this?

ESTEBAN.

There. On the doors of the town hall.

LEONELO.

It makes me proud.

BARRILDO.

It's beautiful.

FRONDOSO.

Our dark times are almost over.

The sun is beginning to rise.

ESTEBAN.

Let us salute the proud colours
Of Aragon and Old Castile.

And may this town never again

Live under tyranny's darkness.

Now, Fuente Ovejuna, will you
Listen to some words of advice?

You know, I think it never hurts
To pay attention to the old folk.

What's happened here can't be ignored,
There'll be an investigation.

The King and Queen might get involved,

We're on the route they're taking south.

We must know what we're going to say.

FRONDOSO.

What do you suggest?

ESTEBAN.

We stick together!

And when the interrogator asks,

We speak these words and nothing else:

'Fuente Ovejuna did it.'

FRONDOSO.

That's a good answer. And it's true.

Fuente Ovejuna did it.

ESTEBAN.

Is everyone happy with this?

ALL.

We are.

ESTEBAN.

Now, let's rehearse what might happen

So we're ready when trouble comes.

I'll play the interrogator,

And you, Mengo, you'll play yourself

On the rack.

MENGO.

But shouldn't you use

Someone more likely to confess?

ESTEBAN.

But you're the best actor!

MENGO.

Let's do it.

ESTEBAN.

Peasant! Who killed the Commander?

MENGO.

Fuente Ovejuna did it.

ESTEBAN.

Rustic scum, you'll die on this rack.

MENGO.

Kill me! I am saying nothing.

ESTEBAN.

Criminal! Confess!

MENGO.

Stop! Enough!

ESTEBAN.

Who killed him?

MENGO.

Fuente Ovejuna!

ESTEBAN.

The people of Fuente Ovejuna
Shit on this investigation.

Enter ALONSO.

ALONSO.

Laughing? You haven't heard the news.

FRONDOSO.

Alonso, what's happened? Speak out.

ALONSO.

King Ferdinand has sent a judge.

ESTEBAN.

Everyone go directly home.

ALONSO.

He's come with a battalion of troops.

ESTEBAN.

Let him come with an army of devils!
We all know what we have to say.

ALONSO.

They're smashing down people's doors, and
Arresting children in the street.

ESTEBAN.

Friends, there's no need to be afraid.
Mengo, please, remind us all:
Who killed the Commander!

MENGO.

We did. Fuente Ovejuna.

*Exit all.***Scene Six**

*The residence of the GRAND MASTER of Calatrava, Almagro.
Enter the GRAND MASTER of Calatrava and CIMBRANOS.*

MASTER.

You're sure! This actually happened?
It's obscene! What a way to die!
And you, slave, deserve to die for
Bringing me such terrible news.

CIMBRANOS.

My lord, I am the messenger.
I have no desire to distress you.

MASTER.

The whole town rose against him?
Murdered him, and looted his home?
I'll visit this remote, lawless place
With five hundred troops and I will
Wipe it off the face of the earth!
No one will remember their names!

CIMBRANOS.

Sire, you must proceed with caution.

The people have sworn allegiance
To Ferdinand and Isabella;
Don't provoke the Catholic Kings.

MASTER.

How can they change their allegiance,
They are subjects of Calatrava?

CIMBRANOS.

You must negotiate that with
King Ferdinand, but it wouldn't be wise
To take military action.

MASTER.

If the town has pledged itself
To Ferdinand and Isabel
I'll never regain sovereignty.
My only course now is to accept
The victory of the Catholic Kings.
It's time to swallow my anger
And my pride and sue for peace.
Though I've grievously offended,
My youth is some kind of excuse,
I will go and beg forgiveness.
This is the true path and I will
Not shirk the way of honour.

Exit both.

Scene Seven

In the street, outside LAURENCIA's front door, Fuente Ovejuna.

Enter LAURENCIA.

LAURENCIA.

When danger threatens the lives of those we cherish
A new pain is added to the lover's sphere,
For fear generates a fresh and brutal anguish
When the peril that surrounds our loved ones is severe.
And even if our hearts are without blemish,
They are quickly swayed when overrun by fear,
It is hard to face the loss of all we relish,
And watch anxiety destroy all we hold most dear.
I love my husband: think only of his good
But to be sure of his survival he can't stay here,
That he is still alive is an act of God:
But how will I live without him always near?
He stays, my heart is torn with constant fears.
He goes, I cry a sea of bitter tears.

FRONDOSO.

Laurencia!

LAURENCIA.

Fronodoso. Husband.

This is reckless! You have to go!

FRONDOSO.

Concern for you brings me here,
Is 'Go away' my only welcome?!

LAURENCIA.

My love, I am thinking of you.
It's dangerous and I'm frightened.

FRONDOSO.

Dear Heaven, keep me from breeding
Fear in this brave woman's heart.

LAURENCIA.

You know all our neighbours have been
Arrested and are soon to be
Interrogated and tortured:
Don't you fear the judge's anger?
My love, try to avoid danger,
Not seek it out. Save your life! Run!

FRONDOSO.

Do you think I could run away?
Abandon my friends and family?
Stop seeing this beautiful face?
Stop looking into these beautiful eyes?
Never. Don't ask me. It's not right.
How could I live with myself if
To save my own selfish skin
I turned my back on all I cherish,
All that makes me who I am?

A cry, off.

I heard a cry.

LAURENCIA.

The interrogation.

JUDGE *and* PRISONERS *speak, off.*

LAURENCIA *and* FRONDOSO *listen on stage.*

JUDGE.

Speak, old fool, tell me the truth.

FRONDOSO.

Laurencia, they're torturing
An old man.

LAURENCIA.

Without mercy!

ESTEBAN.

Enough, I've had enough!

JUDGE.

Release him!

So, who killed Commander Guzmán?

ESTEBAN.

Who? Fuente Ovejuna!

LAURENCIA.

Father, your name will live for ever!

FRONDOSO.

Esteban, you did it!

JUDGE.

Little boy.

You know the name of the killer!
Not going to speak? Pull harder there!
Who killed Commander Guzmán?
In the King's name, peasants, I swear
I will kill you all with my bare hands:
Boy, who killed Commander Guzmán?

BOY.

Fuente Ovejuna did it.

FRONDOSO.

They put a child on the rack
And even he won't be broken.

LAURENCIA.

Our people are brave!

FRONDOSO.

Brave and strong!

JUDGE.

Bring the girl here, that one, quickly!
Tie her down and tighten the screws.
Pull that rope. Harder! Fool! Scum!

LAURENCIA.

He's blind with rage.

JUDGE.

Listen, woman!

I don't care if you die on this rack!
Tell me, who killed the Commander?

PASCUALA.

Fuente Ovejuna did it!

JUDGE.

Harder! Pull!

FRONDOSO.

He's wasting his time!

LAURENCIA.

That's Pascuala. She's being so strong!

FRONDOSO.

How can you be surprised when
Even the children won't confess!

JUDGE.

Tighter there!

PASCUALA.

God in Heaven, help me!

JUDGE.

Tighter! Tighter! Give me a name!

PASCUALA.

Fuente Ovejuna!

JUDGE.

Get rid of her!

Bring me the fat peasant. Yes! Him!
That's right. Rip the shirt off his back!

LAURENCIA.

Now it's Mengo's turn to be brave.

FRONDOSO.

I'm afraid that Mengo might break.

MENGO.

Ah!

JUDGE.

Will you tighten those screws!

MENGO.

Ah! Ah!

JUDGE.

You there! Help him. Pull!

MENGO.

Ah! Ah! Ah!

JUDGE.

So, now, are you ready to speak?
Who killed the Commander? Tell me!

MENGO.

I'll speak, I'll speak, I'll tell you who.

JUDGE.

You, put some slack in that rope there.

FRONDOSO.

He's broken. He's going to speak.

JUDGE.

Now, do you want another stretch?
Or are you ready to confess?

MENGO.

I've had enough pain, I'll confess.

JUDGE.

So, who killed Commander Guzmán?

MENGO (*laughing*).

The folk who dig fields and tend sheep!
Fuente Ovejuna! We did it!

JUDGE.

A conspiracy of rogues and cheats
Who laugh in the face of torture!
The man I most expected to break
Offered the greatest resistance:
Untie his hands. I'm tired of this.

FRONDOSO.

May Heaven bless you, Mengo.
I feared you'd break but your courage
Proved much stronger than my faith.

Enter the CITIZENS of Fuente Ovejuna.

BARRILDO.

Mengo! You did it!

FRONDOSO.

You didn't break!

BARRILDO.

Mengo! You're a hero!

FRONDOSO.

You did it!

MENGO.

Ah. Ah.

BARRILDO.

Take this, my friend, and drink.
Something to eat?

MENGO.

What?

BARRILDO.

Rice pudding.

MENGO.

Uh! Uh.

FRONDOSO.

Have some wine.

BARRILDO.

There we go.

FRONDOSO.

He's gulping that down, he'll live.

LAURENCIA.

You must give him something to eat.

MENGO.

Uh. Uh.

BARRILDO.

Empty this bottle for me.

LAURENCIA.

Nothing wrong with his throat it seems.

FRONDOSO.

Being tortured is thirsty work.

BARRILDO.

Another bottle?

MENGO.

Ah! Ah! Ah!

FRONDOSO.

Drink. You deserve every mouthful!

LAURENCIA.

A glug for every turn of the screw.

FRONDOSO.

Cover his shoulders, he's shaking.

BARRILDO.

More?

MENGO.

Yes! More! Another bottle!

FRONDOSO.

I think he'd like some more.

BARRILDO.

Mengo, down as much as you like.

The hero of the rack can drink

As much as he needs. What's wrong?

MENGO.

Tastes like vinegar. Oh, oh dear.

Take me in, I'm feeling shaky.

FRONDOSO.

Take him in. Put him to bed. And

Mengo, who killed the Commander?

MENGO.

Peasant louts and drunken shepherds.

Fuente Ovejuna. We did it.

Exit all but FRONDOSO and LAURENCIA.

FRONDOSO.

And now, my love, tell me the truth:

Who killed Commander Guzmán?

LAURENCIA.

Fuente Ovejuna.

FRONDOSO.

You can tell me:

Who actually killed him?

LAURENCIA.

I told you!

Fuente Ovejuna!

FRONDOSO.

And you:

How did I ever conquer you?

LAURENCIA.

With love, with loving me so much.

Exit both.

Scene Eight*Córdoba.**Enter FERDINAND and ISABELLA.*

ISABELLA.

My lord, I'm surprised and pleased
To see you here in Córdoba.

FERDINAND.

The joy of seeing you, my lady,
Brings new light to my eyes.
I was on my way to Portugal
And couldn't resist a detour.

ISABELLA.

I hope, my lord, you will
Never resist such diversions.

FERDINAND.

How did you leave Castile?

ISABELLA.

At peace.

Order and unity restored.

FERDINAND.

I'm pleased but not surprised, my lady,
As you've worked so hard for peace.

Enter DON MANRIQUE.

MANRIQUE.

The Master of Calatrava
Is outside and requests an
Audience with Your Majesties.

ISABELLA.

I've looked forward to this meeting.

MANRIQUE.

I would ask you to remember
That though he is young and reckless
He is a courageous soldier.

Enter the GRAND MASTER of Calatrava.

MASTER.

Don Rodrigo Téllez Girón,
Grand Master of Calatrava,
Comes here in all humility
To beg forgiveness for the wrong,
The very great wrong, he's done you.
I gave heed to the bad advice
Of Fernán Gómez de Guzmán,
Who spoke to my vanity and pride,
False councillors both, and now
On my knees I ask your pardon:
If you consider me worthy
Of mercy, a mercy I withheld
From others, I will happily
Pledge my life to your service,
Giving all that I have to support
Your campaign in Granada,
Where I will show my true worth
Wielding this sword in your cause,
Putting your enemies to flight,
Hanging red-crossed banners from
The highest battlements of the Moor.
I place at your disposal
An army of five hundred men,

And I promise never again
To cause you anger or distress.

FERDINAND.

Rise, young Master, from the ground.
Such sincerity will always
Find a welcome in these arms.

MASTER.

You bring comfort to the penitent.

ISABELLA.

You have shown grace and wisdom
In all your words and actions here.

MASTER.

My lady, as beautiful as Esther.
My lord, as merciful as Xerxes.

MANRIQUE.

Your Majesty, the magistrate
You sent to Fuente Ovejuna
Has returned and wishes to present
His report: will you receive him?

FERDINAND.

Will you judge these assassins?

MASTER.

Were it in my power, my lord,
I'd punish this town severely.
They murdered the High Commander
Of the Order of Calatrava.

FERDINAND.

That duty is no longer yours.

ISABELLA.

Rodrigo, we'll hear the evidence,
Make our judgement and then place
Their punishment in your hands.

Enter JUDGE.

JUDGE.

I visited, as you instructed,
The town of Fuente Ovejuna
And with due care and diligence
Conducted an investigation:
At the conclusion of which I
Must report I've not managed to
Record one word of evidence,
Or, indeed, the name of a single
Guilty party, as the people
Of the town when asked, answered
Every one of my enquiries
With a fearless resilience:
'Fuente Ovejuna did it.'
I tortured three hundred souls
With the utmost severity
And can assure Your Majesties
They would utter nothing else:
Boys of ten were stretched on the rack
Every kind of strategy from
Brutality to flattery
Was employed but to no avail.
As it has proved impossible
To gain any hard evidence,
I believe you have two options:
You must either pardon them all

Or you must execute them all.
They're outside and beg permission
To plead their case in person and
Give you a chance to question them.

FERDINAND.

We will hear their plea, let them in.

Enter the CITIZENS of Fuente Ovejuna.

ISABELLA.

Are these the brutal assassins?

ESTEBAN.

Your Majesty, before you kneels
Fuente Ovejuna: we come here
Today, in all humility:
Your loyal and faithful subjects.
The cruel tyranny of the late
Commander was the cause of
The devastation in our town.
He abused us and our property,
He terrorised our womenfolk.
He was a stranger to mercy.

FRONDOSO.

This woman, whom Heaven in its
Kindness has given to me as wife,
Making me the luckiest of men,
He snatched on our wedding day,
Made her a prisoner in his house.
She fought him like a lioness,
And were she not the strongest, most
Honourable of women, it's plain
What he would have done to her.

MENGO.

I think it's time I said my piece.
Great King, mighty Queen, I warn you
The story I'm about to tell
May surprise and even shock you:
When I tried to keep this woman
Out of the clutches of his men,
Who were at that moment trying
To abduct her, that man, who was
As cruel and perverse as Nero,
Gave orders that his soldiers should
Treat me in a way that's left my
Bottom looking exactly like
Two slices of fresh-cut salmon.
Three strong and muscular soldiers
Set about my backside with such
Violence, vigour and persistence,
I fear the scars may never heal:
In an attempt to make my buttocks
Whole again I've purchased so many
Oils, plasters, bandages and cream,
I've been forced to sell most of my flock.

ESTEBAN.

Your Majesty, we wish to live
Under your jurisdiction: we
Believe you're our true master.
We have hung your coat of arms
On the doors of our town hall.
We appeal to your mercy.

FERDINAND.

This was a terrible crime: but
As there's no evidence to prove

Who is responsible, I believe
 We've no choice but to pardon you.
 And as you've sworn allegiance to us,
 We will rule your town directly
 Until a Commander can be found
 Worthy to govern such a people.

FRONDOSO.

Your Majesties, we thank you
 For your wisdom and mercy.

LAURENCIA.

And here, my respected friends,
 Our play, *Fuente Ovejuna*, ends.

The End.

Pronunciation Guide to Proper Names in the Text

Today, in almost all of Spain except Andalusia and the Canary Islands, the letter *c*, when written before *i* or *e*, and the letter *z* are pronounced *th* as is *south* or *three*. Elsewhere in the Spanish-speaking world, these letters are pronounced in the same way as the letter *s*, as in *sock* or *soon*. The use of the *th* pronunciation developed in Spain at some point in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, around about the time when *Fuente Ovejuna* was written, and would not have existed in the time of the historical events on which the play is based. However, given the common practice in modern Spanish theatre, the *th* option is used here.

In Spanish, the *r* is tapped, and the letter *j* is normally pronounced *ch*, as in the Scottish *loch*. For the purposes of an English-language production, the substitution of *h* as in *hair* is suggested.

The letter *a* is always pronounced as in *cat*, *o* as in *hot*, and *e* as in *bet*.

The letter *i* is pronounced somewhere between *i* as in *bit* and *ea* as in *beat*.

The letter *u* is pronounced somewhere between *u* as in *put* and *oo* as in *soon*.

Alfonso – al-FON-so
 Almagro – al-MAH-gro
 Alonso – al-ON-so
 Barrildo – bar-EEL-do
 Blanca – BLAN-ka
 Cabra – KAH-bra
 Calatrava – ka-la-TRAH-va
 Cid – theed
 Cimbranos – thim-BRAH-noss
 Ciudad Real – thi-oo-DAD re-AL
 Don Diego de Córdoba – don dee-EH-go de KOR-do-ba
 Don Rodrigo Téllez Girón – don rod-REE-go TEL-yeth
 hee-RON
 Enrique – en-REE-ke
 Esteban – es-TEH-ban
 Fernán Gómez de Guzmán – fer-NAN GOH-meth de
 gooth-MAN
 Flores – FLO-ress
 Frondoso – fron-DOH-so
 Fuente Ovejuna – foo-EN-te o-ve-HOO-na
 Granada – gra-NAH-da
 Guadalquivir – goo-ad-al-kee-VEER
 Jacinta – ha-THEEN-ta
 Juan Pacheco – hoo-AN pa-CHEH-ko
 Juan Rojo – hoo-AN ROH-ho
 Juana – hoo-AH-na
 Laurencia – la-oo-REN-thee-ya
 Leonelo – le-on-EH-lo
 Los desposados – los des-pos-AH-dos
 Manrique – man-REE-ke
 Maravedi – ma-ra-ve-DEE
 Marcella – mar-THEH-la

Mengo – MEN-go
 Morena – mor-EH-na
 Ortuño – or-TOON-yo
 Pascuala – pas-koo-AH-la
 Pedro – PED-ro
 Pedro Redondo – PED-ro re-DON-do
 Rodomonte – ro-do-MON-te
 Santiago – san-tee-AH-go
 Sebastiana – se-bas-tee-AH-na
 Toledo – to-LEH-do
 Uruena – oo-roo-EN-a
 Villena – veel-YEN-a
 Viva muchos años – VEE-va MOO-choss AHN-yoss
 Vivan los Girónes – VEE-van los hee-ROH-nes
 Vivan los Guzmánés – VEE-van los gooth-MAH-nes
 Y mueran los tiranos – ee moo-ER-an los tee-RAH-nos