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Fernando de Rojas Félix Alvarez SáenzAdaptación (5 – CALISTO CHARACTERS, waiter in love. MELIBEA, a silly that is wrapped in the Cobweb of Celestine. SEMPRONIO, a warned servant who hopes to take advantage of his master's affections. STOP me, another one, even if it starts with squeamish. CELESTINA, incomparable in everything, championing evils, old, witch and whore of a lifetime. LUCRECIA, melibea maid. ALISA, mother of Melibea.ARESA, child of sin. ELICIA, another who sins on the same side. CENTURIO, ruffian and manifero. TRISTAN, servant of Calisto.SOSIA, another servant of the same master. PLEBERIO, unhappy father of the unfortunate Melibea. [6] – 7 – CALISTO, who met MELIBEA in his garden, where his hawk took shelter a day earlier when he escaped, imagines in dreams of being in front of his beloved and falling in love with her. Both young men are in the same garden they met in. MELIBEA stands; CALISTO, given over to your plants. I see in this, Melibea, the greatness of God. What Calisto? CALISTO.- To give power to nature that she would give you such a perfect beauty and to do me the favor of seeing you in such a convenient place to discover my secret pain. I don't believe there is any greater reward for service, sacrifice, devotion and pious works than, by achieving that, I have offered God. Who saw in this body life as happy as mine is now? The blessed saints who delight in the divine vision do not enjoy what I have joy in your joy. But in this we unfortunately differ that they are not afraid to lose their salvation and I am satisfied with the suspicion of the great torment that your absence is to cause me. MELIBEA.- Well, an even bigger awards I have to give you, if you persevere. 8 – CALISTO.- Oh blessed ears of mine, which you heard unworthy! MELIBEA.- Unventured will be when you've just heard me, because the payment will be so fierce that it deserves your crazy daring. The attempt at your words, Calisto, was a man who intends to go out and get lost in the virtue of a woman like me. Go away, get out of there, you clumsy one, that my patience cannot tolerate the effort to achieve the joy of illegal love in me! I'll go like the one to whom the adverse fortune torments with cruel hatred. Both figures disappear and, thrown into his bed, CALISTO wakes up. He gets up and calls SEMPRONIO, his serve. CALISTO.- (Go back and forth on stage.) Sempronio, Sempronio! Where is it? Here, sir, take care of the horses. Where did you go? He dropped the ridged and I came to his alcandara straight. Open the windows and flip the bed! all of a sudden.) Better, close the windows again and let the darkness accompany the sadness and, to the unfortunate, blindness. O blessed death that, when desired, reaches the oppressed! What is it? 9 – CALISTO.- Get Out Of Here! Don't talk to me, so if you don't, maybe, before I die, I'll kill you. I'm going away, since you want to suffer alone. Go with the devil! I don't think the one with you stays with me. (He's starting to walk away and, as he does, reflect and doubt.) What happened to this man? What do I do now? If I'm going to leave him alone, he kills himself. If I go back, he'll kill me. Better die, the one who gets angry in life, than not me, who is happy with her. I have to take care of myself for my Elicia, but if he kills himself without another witness, I'll have to account for his life. Better get in. No, it better get a little out of focus, which, if I go in now, can be dangerous. Let him cry. If he kills himself, let him kill himself. Maybe I can keep something I can move bad hair with, even if bad for health waits in someone else's death. On the other hand, the sage says that it's good that those suffering find someone in whom they drop off cuitas. I don't know what to do. I'm perplexed. I'll go in, suffer it and comfort it because if it's possible to heal without art or rigging, it should be better to go through art. Sempronio! SEMPRONIO.- (Re-enroll.) Sir? Give me the laugh. SEMPRONIO.- Here it is. What pain can match mine? SEMPRONIO.- (Scratch the laute and comment.) Untimely is the last one. How – can you temper the untimely? How will the harmony feel who is so disingenerated by himself? Play and sing the saddest song you know. SEMPRONIO.- Watch Nero from Tarpeyaa Rome how it burned: screaming gives children and old and he didn't get hurt at all. CALISTO.- Bigger is my fire and less the pity of who I know. How can the fire that haunts a living man be greater than the one who has burned such a city and so many people? How? MELIBEA I am and melibea Adoro and in Melibea I believe and Melibea I love. I know which foot you're limping. I will heal you. CALISTO.- Impossible things you promise. SEMPRONIO.- Rather, easily, that the beginning of health is to know the ailment. What advice can rule that in itself has no order or advice? – 11 – SEMPRONIO.- (Laughs.) Ha ha ha! is calisto's fire? That, your grief? As if only against him will love his shots! O sovereign God, how high are your mysteries! Sempronio! Sir? Don't leave me. What do you think of my evil? That you love Melibea. CALISTO.- I love the one, which I'm so unworthy of, which I don't expect to achieve. What does she look like? CALISTO.- Because you find pleasure, I have to figure it out in parts and in length. I start with the hair. Do you know the thin golden divider spinning in Arabia? They are mower and shine no less. Green eyes, ripped; lashes, long; eyebrows, thin and raised; mouth, small; teeth, often and white; lips, red and rude; the torthouch of the face, slightly longer than round; chest, high; the roundabout and shape of the small breasts, what can it think? Let the man despair when he looks at her. The weeds, smooth, glamorous; his skin darkens the snow. Her color was mixed, just as she chose it for herself. The hands, small, were accompanied by sweet flesh. His fingers are long; nails, too, long and red, resembling rubles between pearls. Even if all of this is true, you are, as a man, more worthy. She is imperfect and, by such a lack, desires you and –12 – you and another less than you want. Haven't you read the philosopher who says that just as the case wants to form, so woman to man? And when will I see it between me and Melibea? I'll tell you. I've long known in this neighborhood an old bearded woman who is Celestine, magicians, towed, shrewd in how many evils there are. I understand that five thousand viros made and undated by their authority fit. The hard rocks will soften lust and provoke if you please. Can I talk to you? I'll bring her here. Prepare. Be funny about her. Be honest. Study as I left how you should tell her your grief so she finds the remedy. Get out of here! What takes you so long? I'm coming. God is staying with you. SEMPRONIO leaves and heads to CELESTINA's house. They both speak in the dark. Oh, my mom! I want you to know about me what you haven't heard of, and it's just that I never could, having put my faith in you, wish for a little good you didn't have a part of. CELESTINA.- Abbreviates and sees the fact that it is said in vain in many words that can be summarized in a few. 13 – SEMPRONIO.- That's right. Calisto burns in Melibea's affections. You and I need it. For together we need to be needed, together we will benefit, that knowing the time and opportunity makes people prosper. CELESTINA.- It's enough for me to move my eye. I say I'm happy about this like the surgeons of the decalabrados. And because that damage hurts in principle and makes the promise of health more important, so I understand what we can do with Calisto. I will extend the certainty of the middle, because, as they say, long love afflicts the heart and, when he loses it, then we will promise it to him. You know what I mean! SEMPRONIO.- Let's shut, we're at the door and hear the walls. CALISTO and PÁRMENO, your servant, in the room of the first. Listen to sounds of someone calling at the door. CALISTO.- (Address your servant impatiently.) Open up now, you deaf bastard! Run! (Come out and come back.) Sir, Sempronio and an old whore with dyed hair were the ones who called. Stay silent, you evil girl, who is my aunt. Open! Do you think it's vituperous in that name with whom I called her? Don't believe it, he's so proud to be told you're called a right-handed gentleman. With that title, it's – 14 – and familiar. If it goes between a hundred women and someone says Old whore! without a week, turn your head and smile. If you pass near your dogs to Old whore! sounds your barking; if close to the birds, something else they sing no different from Old Bitch! not. The cattle proclaim it, the animals babbling says Old whore! and frogs in puddles usually didn't lie about anything else. If you go between the blacksmiths, that's what their hammers say, and among the carpenters, shooting carriages, blacksmiths, kettles and arcades there's no tool that doesn't form their name in the air, that, if one stone stumbles on another, you'll hear right away. Old bitch! Oh what a big roast egg eater your husband was! How do you know? Do you know her? Give me my mom as a servant, although she doesn't know me for the short time I served her and what I changed with age. What did you use it? Stop it all. I helped her in those men my vein age was enough of. She has the old six trades: seams, perfumes, master of making razors and dissolving virgoes, pimps and a little magicians. Under the first trade, the other is hiding. She is friends with students and decriminals, waiters and abbotte. Many undercover were seen entering their home and, behind them, men in their backs in unclued underpants who would mourn their sins. Don't tell me anymore, that what matters now is my health. Open! (PASSING ME DOES NOT OPEN the door and enterS CELESTINA and SEMPRONIO.) I can see that! I am well! I am alive! What a reverend person! What an in agreement! Oh virtish age! Oh aging virtue! I want to – 15 – kiss hopeful hands. (Get out of bed, get down on your knees in front of CELESTINA and take your hands to kiss them.) CELESTINA.- God beautiful sir. I bring me medicine for your sick. Calisto is off. On the ground he worships the eldest of the, the one who scruaned her back in all the boards! It was undies. He was defeated. Cases are. They are CELESTINA and PÁRMENO alone in the room of CALISTO. PÁRMENO.- (Brom.) Skinny old bitch! CELESTINA.- (Facing it.) living days, you little bellaquillo! How dare you? Because I know you. Who are you?? Alberto's son, your compad. I was with you when you live on the river banks, beside them, you would have had them. Are you Pármeno, Claudina's son? Yes! Well, bad fire burns you, how old a bitch your mom was like I was! Come up to me, come here, I gave you a thousand spans in this world and so many other kisses. Tell yourself, son Pármeno, that your master loves me – 16 – it seems like everything is waiting for mercedes with nothing in return. Now comes the case that we all benefit and that you are remedies. You'll take advantage of yourself as Sempronio's friend. I tremble when I hear you. I have it as a mother, but on the other hand Calisto is my master. I want wealth, but I don't want poorly earned goods. CELESTINA.- Well, I do. To one-eye or right-hand, our house to the ceiling. Well, I wouldn't live happily, and I have the honest poverty for the honest thing. They say there can be no prudence, but in the old, and you're still a waiter. Look at Sempronio. If you're satisfied, you can both make a lot of profit and pleasure, that in the age of playing, dressing, spotting, eating, drinking and doing love business. Sempronio loves Elicia, Areusa's cousin. From Areusa, Elisha's daughter? CELESTINA.- Same Areusa. PÁRMENO.- (Enphatic and onslaught.) Wonderful thing is. Well, if you want the salvation, here's what it can give you. I believe you, but I dare not. Forgive me, Mother. Peace should not be denied, that blessed are the peaceful. Love should not be shyed away. Forgive me. Tell me. Give me your advice. Command me, that my permission is being humbled on your command. 17 – CELESTINA.- From men is to err and from animals, to be trusted. Alégreome, Pármeno, that you have finally cleaned the murky fabrics out of your eyes. You look like your dad. Sometimes, like you, he would defend harsh purposes, but then he'd turn right. Oh, what a person! What a venerable face! Stop seeing him. But let's look up, calisto and your new friend Sempronio is coming. (CALISTO and SEMPRONIO enter.) CALISTO.- Doubts brought, Mother, to find you alive because so big are my accidents. Even more wonderful is that I arrive, as I arrive, alive. Receive the poor devil from the one who presents you with her, a leather bag with coins.) CELESTINA.- As in fine gold, carved by the subtle craftsman's hand, the work transcends the matter of which it is made, so, sir, your magnificent reward the grace and shape of your sweet liberality benefit. PÁRMENO.- (TO SEMPRONIO, in confidence.) What did you give him, Sempronio? SEMPRONIO.- One hundred gold coins. (With laughter.) Ji, ji, ji! Did the mother talk to you? Stay silent, yes. And how are we? Whatever you want, though I confess I'm afraid. 18 – SEMPRONIO.- Well, I'll let you slip twice as much. Now go, Mother, and comfort your home. And then comes comfort mine. Do it soon. CELESTINA.- God is with you. And let him keep you. CELESTINA alone in your home. CELESTINA.- together, sad Pluto, lord of hellish death, emperor of the damaged court, excellent captain of the doomed angels, lord of the sulfur fires that command the cooking, ethnic mountains, governor and battles of tormentors and tormentors of the sinners and souls, ruler of the three furies, Tesifone, Megera and Aleto, administrator of all the black things, - from Stygie and Dite, with all its lagoons and hellish shadows and litigious chaos, sustained from the harpy ruffles, with all the other company of scary and terrible hydra. I, Celestina, your most famous clientela, judge you by the virtue and strength of these beautiful letters, through the blood of that nightly bird with which they were written, by the gravity of aquestos names and signs contained in this paper, by the rough poison of the vipers that made this oil, with which this thread will be made: come without delay in obeying my will and in it you become forgotten and with it you are not separated for a moment until Melibea, with paired opportunity that there is, buy it and with it in such a way gets emaciated, that the more I look at it, the more his heart softenes to grant my request, and it opens up and hurts from the crude and strong love of Calisto, so much so that, all honesty has lost, –19 – me, and rewards my steps and message; and it did, ask, and demands of mine to thy will. If you don't do it with a quick movement, you'll have me as a hostile capital; I will hurt your hurts and dark prisons with light; I will brutally accuse your ongoing lies; I will press with my harsh words your terrible name. And again and again I judge you; and so, trust my greatest strength, I go with my thread, where I wear you already wrapped. [20] – 21 – CELESTINA arrive at MELIBEA's house and knock on the door. Open LUCRECIA, a maid. CELESTINA.- (Greetings.) Peace be in this house. LUCRECIA.- Mother Celestina, be welcome. bring you through these neighborhoods? CELESTINA.- Daughter, my love, the desire of all of you, to have you entrust yourself to Elicia and to see your ladies, the old lady and the waitress. Is this why you left your home? I marvel, it's not your habit, and you usually don't take a step that doesn't make you profit. The more profit do you want, are you fooling, than the one fulfilling my wishes? Our old women are never short of needs and, since I have to keep other people's daughters, I come to sell some thread. ALISA.- (From inside the house.) Are you talking to, Lucretia? LUCRECIA.- With the old woman of the knife living next to the, they would, the one who becomes perfume and makes solimans and has about thirty -22 – of trades. He knows a lot about herbs, cures kids and some call him the old lapidary. Tell me his name, if you know. I'm embarrassed. Come on, stupid, say it. Celestine, speaking with reverence, is her name. I remember her. Good piece! Something comes to ask me. Tell him to come in. CELESTINA.- (Enter.) Good lady, God's grace is against you and your noble daughter. My akagues prevented me from visiting your home, but God knows me clean intrail and the love I have for you. With the adverse fortune, a small guard of money came to me, and since I know no better remedy than to sell some wire, I came to your house because I knew from your maid that you had any need for it. ALISA.- Honest neighbor, I appreciate what you said. If the wire is good, you'll be well paid. CELESTINA.- (Praise his thread, he shows it.) White like the snowflake, spun everything through these thumbs. Here you see it in skeins. Three coins hit me for us yesterday. ALISA.- (Go to MELIBEA, which is on your side.) Daughter Melibea, stay this honest woman with you, I'm late to visit my sister and she's coming to call me because her illness is complicated a while ago. (TO CELESTINA.) And you, Mother, forgive me, that we'll have another day a chance to see each other more. (Exit ALISA.) 23 – CELESTINA.- God is forgiven, what good companionship I have forsaken. God makes her enjoy her noble youth and florid mucus, which is the time when greater pleasure and more pleasant joys are achieved. (Complaining.) Age is a bed of sickness, inn of mind, friend of strife, continual grief, incurable hurt, neighbor of death, but without branches dripping everywhere, falling from wicker bending with little burden. Well, if so, you'll be very sorry for the age you lost. Do you want to go back to the first one? CELESTINA.- Crazy is, ma'am, the walker who, angry at the work of the day, wants to start the day again to return to that place. MELIBEA.- Even for life it's good to want what I'm saying. No one is so old that he can't live a year, or so attractive that he can't die today. So in this little advantage you take us. I'm afraid of what you say. Tell me, Mother, are you Celestina, the one who lived in the would they can fit the river? Ma'am, until God is willing. I wouldn't have met you for the face signal. I remember you being beautiful. Another one you look like. You've been changed like that. LUCRECIA.- (For yes.) Ji, ji, ji! Pretty was with that scar going through her face! I'm early and I look older than I am. 24 – MELIBEA.- Celestina, friend, I really enjoyed your visit. Take your money and go to God, which I don't think you should have eaten. Oh angelic image! Oh precious pearl! Joy watch you talk. Don't you know that by the divine mouth we are said not only about bread we will live? Not only do eating hold, especially those that, like me, usually negotiate other people's entrustments. If you give me leave, I'll tell you the cause of my coming, which we'll all lose if I'm gone without you knowing. SAY, Mother, your needs, that if I can fix them, I'd love to do it. Mine, ma'am? Before, strangers, I enter mine from my door, without being felt by earth, eating when I can and drinking when I have. MELIBEA.- Ask whatever you want, whoever it is. Funny, high-ranking maid! Your gentle speech, your cheerful gesture and the liberality you show with this old lady give me enough boldness to tell you. I leave a sick man at the gates of death who, with a single word, faith out of your mouth that he will heal. MELIBEA.- Honest old lady, I don't understand you, if you don't file your lawsuit. On one hand, you upset me and angered me; On the other hand, you move me to compassion. Blessed am I, if there is a need for the health of a Christian of my word. So don't stop your request for a week or a fear. I've lost fear of looking at you, ma'am, your beauty. You'll find out well, ma'am, of a mancebo knight, a gentleman of bright blood, what they call Calisto. –25 – MELIBEA.- (Change.) Now, now, now! Good old lady, don't tell me anymore, don't carry on. Is it the mourner you've come to seek health, shameless beard? Madness will be his evil. Do you burn, pimple, fake, magicians, enemy of honesty! Jesus! Get her out of my eyes, I die! You think I don't understand your message? Answer me, traitor, how dare you so much? CELESTINA.- (Yes.) I dawned on some brave ones. No storm lasts long. What are you muttering about, enemy? Do you have any excuse to satisfy my anger and excuse your son-in-fall and boldness? What do you want that man who wouldn't dishonor my honor? CELESTINA.- A prayer, ma'am, that he was told you knew about St. Apollonia for toothache. Likewise, your cordon, which is boast that touched all the remnants that are in Rome and Jerusalem. Is that what you wanted? Why didn't you tell me right away? Why didn't you tell me in the same words? Because my clean motive made me believe, ma'am, that you wouldn't be suspicious. If the right attachment was lacking, it was because the truth doesn't need to abound in many colors. I have been praised so much by your false ways that I don't know or believe you're asking me for a prayer. There were two things in your speech enough to get me out of my ass: to call that gentleman who dared to speak with me and ask me for a word without further cause. But since everything comes from a great deal, there is forgiveness from the past. It is a pity and holy work to heal the passionate and sick. 26 – CELESTINA.- And so sick, ma'am! How long have you been sick? Eight days, ma'am. How much does my lack of patience weigh on me! In payment of your suffering, I want to give you my cord later and, because to write the prayer, there will be no time until my mother comes, if that is not enough, tomorrow comes very secretly to her. LUCRECIA.- (For yes.) Lost is my mistress! He wants Celestina to come into secret! There is fraud: you should want more than you said! I'll go, if you give me leave. MELIBEA.- Go with God, that not your message has brought me a profit, nor can your departure come any harm to me. CALISTO and PÁRMENO in the room of the first. Stop looking out the window. Sir, sir! What do you want, man? After Sempronio and Celestina, I see coming. They stop from time to time and, when they stand, they make stripes on the ground with the sword. I don't know what that means. 27 – CALISTO.- Look your eyes negligent. Do you see them coming? Then come down and open the door for them. (OUT OF PÁRMENO.) What new ones will they bring? Celestina brings the middle or grief of my heart into her mouth. Oh, if you were to spend in dreams this short time until you see the beginning and end of what you have to tell me! I am certainly more disturbing for the perpetrator to expect the raw and capital sentence than the act of death. Stop me, dead hands, how slow you are! Take away the enjoosa aladba and leave that honest lady in whose tongue my life is now! SEMPRONIO and CELESTINA enter, accompanied by PÁRMENO. My Lord Calisto, how are you? New amador of the very beautiful Melibea, and quite rightly so! What are you going to pay this old lady who puts her life on the board in your service today? (A Medrar wants the old lady. Pay attention, Sempronio, and you'll see how he doesn't want to ask for money, so he doesn't split it with us. SEMPRONIO.- (A PÁRMENO.) Stay silent, desperate man, calisto will kill you, if he hears you. CALISTO.- (TO PASS ME.) Shorten your reasons, Mother, or take this sword and kill me. Sword? Bad sword kills your enemies and whoever evil loves you! I want to give you life with the good hope I bring of the one you love most. Tell me, for God's sake, ma'am, what did he do? How did you go into his house? What dress was he wearing? What sight did he show you at first? 28 – CELESTINA.- The one that brave bulls usually show against those who throw the sharp arrows at them in the square, which puts the bears against the dogs that ester them. And you call these health signs? Well, what will the deaths be? If you don't want. Queen and my lady, for my soul to be condemned, briefly certify to me whether your glorious question had a good ending or not. CELESTINA.- All the rigour of Melibea I bring has turned into honey, its anger in meekness, its acceleration in siege. For what did you think old Celestina went there, which you rewarded so magnificently, but to soften her sdaid, to suffer her misfortune, to be the shield of your absence, to in my mantle the blows, the tours, the contemporaries and the dens that show those in the principles of their requirements of love, so that later their surrender will be valued? You need to know that everything was very good. How did you go into his house? CELESTINA.- Sold wire. So I hunted more than thirty of his condition. At the start of the sale, there was his mother leaving, called by a sister of his, and left Melibea instead to attend the deal. Tell him, then, my embassy and how you grieved over a word of his that relieved so much great pain. She was suspenseful, thinking who could be the one who was grieving like that for a word out of her mouth. As I listened to your name, I thought a big knock on the forehead and ordered me to shut up, if I didn't want to make his servants executors of my aftermath. He called me a magician, pimp, old, fake, bearded, evil and many other ominous names with whose titles are puzzled lullabies. Wounded by that golden arrow, which from the sound of your name touched him, turned so he seemed to clap his hands – 29 – gazing everywhere with his eyes and boiling the hard ground. I, for all this, cornered, snug and quiet, but joyful of his cruelty because I knew that the closer he would be to surrender. Tell her that your grief was toothache and that the word she wanted from her was a prayer she knew, very committed, for your health. Oh wonderful tower! Oh singular in his trade! (To their servants.) What do you think, waiters? Is there an equal woman in the whole world? (TO CELESTINA.) What responded to the question of prayer? CELESTINA.- That I'll pray it to a good degree. Good grade? Oh God, what a high gift! Well, I asked him more. What, my honest old lady? CELESTINA.- A cord she usually brings. Tell him it would be beneficial for your evil because he touched many remnants. And what did he say? Give me albricias! I'm going to tell you. Oh, my God, take this whole house and what's in it and tell me! Order what you want! CELESTINA.- Mr. Calisto, you are spacious enough with a skinny old woman like me and in pay to such high liberality I restore your lost health, the heart you are missing, the brain that has been changed. Melibea – 30 – for you more than you are for her, Melibea loves you and wants to see you. Melibea thinks more hours of you than hers. Melibea is called yours and it has as a title of freedom and with this it loves fire, which more than burns it to you. She made the appointment at her home around twelve hours. You'll find her through the gates. Waiters, am I here? Waiters, do I hear that? Is it day or is it night? Oh Lord God, heavenly Father, make sure it's not a dream! God is going with you, my mom. I want to sleep and rest for a while to satisfy the past few nights and meet the one to come. PÁRMENO and CELESTINA try to enter Areusa's room. CELESTINA.- Come on, step. Do you see his door here? Let's go in, don't let your neighbors feel us. Who's there? CELESTINA.- (Enter with stealth.) Who doesn't love you badly, by the way. Who doesn't take a step without thinking about your advantage. Who remembers you more than herself. One in love with you, albeit old. Take the devil to this old lady who comes as a ghost at such an hour! Aunt, ma'am, what's so late for? I was already undimeted to go to sleep. With the chickens, daughter? That's how you're going to do your farm! I'm going to get dressed again, it's cold. 31 – CELESTINA.- Don't do it. Get into bed so we can talk. You're so fresh! Bless you! What skins and what a quilt! What a pillow! What whiteness! Let me look at your will, which pleases me. Let's leave it, which is late, and tell me what you came here for. Stop me, you complain that you still don't want to see him. Love is never paid, but with pure love and works, with works. You know the kinship that exists between you and Elicia, and that Elicia Sempronio has in my house. Stop me and he's companions, serve that gentleman you know and who you can have so please. Don't deny what it costs you so little to do. paedient; they, fellas. See how it's best measured as we like. Here he is with me. You'll say if you want me to come in. What if he heard us? I've always been ashamed of him. Here I have to take it down. PÁRMENO.- (Entering.) Ma'am, God save your funny presence. BESÁ.- Gentleman, good be your coming. Come over here, donkey. Where are you going to sit in the corner? STOP ME.- (TO CELESTINA.) I die of love in his eyes. Offer him how much my dad left me. Tell him I'll give him how much I have. Hey, tell him, I don't think he wants to look at me! What does that gentleman say to you about? It won't be so rude that I go into the starter without a license. In courtesies and licenses are you? I'm not waiting here anymore. 32 – As it is a bearded man, I understand that in three nights he will not drop his crest. It commanded me to eat in my day the doctors of my country, when I had better teeth. Oh, my lord, raised, out of court, that I'm not one to sell their bodies for money. What is it, Areusa? What are these oddities, these novelties? Oh sorry, Mother, if I missed there's forgiveness and he'll do whatever he wants, that I want you lucky most, if not me, and first I'll break my eye as getting you down. I have no anger anymore. Stay with God, I leave alone because you give me dentera with your kisses and frolicking. God with you. Mother, have you come with you? God, I'm old and I'm no longer afraid of being forced into the street. SEMPRONIO and PÁRMENO arrive at CELESTINA's house. CELESTINA sits at a table. ELICIA and ARESA are in a different room. Sit down, my kids, what a good place is there for everyone. Girls, come on, there are two men here who want to force me! – 33 – ELICIA.- (Angry.) My cousin was here three hours. This laziness of Sempronio will have been the cause of tardiness, which has no eyes on seeing me. Calla, my lady, my life, my love, that whoever serves another is not free. Let's sit down and eat. ELICIA.- (She's still angry.) That's right! To sit down and eat, very diligent. To table set with your hands washed and little shame. Then we'll fight. Now let's eat. Sit down, Mother Celestina. Let's eat and talk, that there will then be no time to understand in the affections of our master and the funny and gentle Melibea. ELICIA.- Bad profit will do to you what you eat. How disgusting to hear you call those ones! To whom, soft? Gently, soft is Melibea? That beauty for a coin is bought in the store. By the way, I know on the street where his four daughters-in-law live where God more grace than in Melibea. If there's anything wrong with him, it's because of the good attirs he brings. I'm not saying that to praise me, but I think I'm more beautiful than your Melibea. (He gets up off the table.) I don't know what Calisto says. CELESTINA.- For my life, those reasons stop for anger. And you, Elicia, sit down and eat. Should I eat with this evil man who has porfied in my face for me that his andrajo of Melibea is softer than I am? Shut up, my life, that you compared it. Every comparison is hateful. It's your fault and not me. 34 – ARESA.- Come, sister, to eat. Don't like these crazy people. ELICIA.- (TO SEMPRONIO.) You think you beat me so much! Well, I let you know that you haven't turned your head when it's home, another one I love most, funnier than you, and that I don't look around for how to get angry. CELESTINA.- (TO SEMPRONIO.) Boy, let her say, you delightful. The more you hear about this, the more it is confirmed in your love. She's jealous because you praised Melibea. Enjoy your fresh mercedes. Bless god, how you laugh and leave, you, loquillos, naughty! Mom, knocking on the door. Behold, daughter, who she is. Either the voice deceives me or she's my cousin Lucretia. Open him up and let him in. (ELICIA rises and returns with LUCRECIA. ELICIA returns to sit at the table.) LUCRECIA.- Good pro do you, aunt, and company. God bless so many people and so honestly. So much, daughter? How much do you have this one? You can see you didn't know me in my prosperity, twenty years ago. I saw, my love, at this table, where now your aated cousins, nine waiters of your days, that the oldest had not gone past eighteen years and none were under fourteen. 35 – LUCRECIA.- Work you had, mom, with so many waiters, that it's very distressing cattle to keep. Daughter Lucretia, tell me what your coming is all about. LUCRECIA.- My coming, ma'am, is why you'll know: to ask you for the snugness and, in addition, to tell you that my lady is begging you to visit her and soon because she feels very tired with faint and hearty pain. CELESTINA.- Of those little pains, more is the noise than the nuts. Mother, let's get ready and give me the cord. CELESTINA.- (Get up.) Come on, I'll take it! CALISTO, SEMPRONIO and PÁRMENO in the room of the first. This one is in his bed. Ten hours ring on the clock in the tower of a nearby church. Waiters, what time does the clock give? SEMPRONIO.- Ten hours. Oh how disgruntled I forget the waiters! SEMPRONIO.- My master wants to fight and doesn't know how. It would be better, sir, for this remaining hour to be spent on dressing weapons than seeking lawsuits. –36 – CALISTO.- Come back. Stop me, my armor and arm yourselves and we'll go safe. Here you are, sir. Help me dress them up. Look at you, Sempronio, if someone comes down the street. Nobody shows up, sir. They leave the house and walk to the MELIBEA home with many precautions in the street. They approach the house. SEMPRONIO.- (A PÁRMENO.) Melibea should have come out. Listen, they talk like you. I'm afraid it's not her, but one that takes her voice. SEMPRONIO.- God frees us from traitors. They didn't take us down the street where we should run, otherwise I'm not afraid. They come to the door of the house, where MELIBEA and LUCRECIA, their maid, are waiting for them. My lady! That's Calisto's voice. Who's out? CALISTO.- The one that comes to fulfill your mandate. (Rethyping.) I've been deceived. It wasn't Melibea talking. 37 – MELIBEA.- Go away, Lucretia, and lie down. (TO CALISTO.) Sir! What is your name? Who sent you here? CALISTO.- The one that deserves to send everyone, the one I don't deserve to serve. The sweet sound of your speech, which never falls from my ears, certifies me that you are my Lady Melibea. I'm your servant Calisto. The leftover boldness of your messages forced me to speak, Mr. Calisto. My coming is for the sole purpose of firing you. Don't want to put my fame on the scales of cursing tongues. Oh blessed Calisto! How do your servants make fun of you! Oh misguided wife Celestina! You would have let me die rather than stoke my hopes. Didn't you tell me my lady was favorable to me? Who will I find faith? Who gave me such a hard hope of doom? Quit, my lord, your grievances, that neither can my heart suffer nor hide my eyes from them. You cry with sadness and judge me cruelly; I cry with pleasure and see you so faithfully. Oh my lord and my good everything! Clean, sir, your eyes. Order me on your will. Oh my lady, hope for my glory, rest and relief from my grief, joy of my heart! MELIBEA.- Mr Calisto, your great deserving, your extreme thanks and your high birth have made that, once I've heard of you, you haven't departed from my heart at any time. The gates hinder our joy and I curse them and curse their strong bolts and my few strengths, which, if not, you wouldn't complain, nor am I unhappy. How – to my lady, can a stick impede our joy? Let me call on my servants to break it. STOP US.- (TO SEMPRONIO.) Do you hear, Sempronio? At a bad point, I think these loves begin. I'm not waiting here anymore. SEMPRONIO.- Locked up, locked up and listened, that she didn't let's go there. Do you want to lose my love, my fame, and damage my fame? Answering to get through the walls of my orchard tomorrow at this hour, that if you broke the cruel doors now, even if we weren't senses, the terrible suspicion of my son-in-man would dawn at my father's house. Lord, come out of presto, many people come with axes and you'll be recognized because there's nowhere you can hide! Oh little man, and how I'm obliged, ma'am, to share with you! Fear of death doesn't force me as hard as your honor. May the angels stay with you. My coming will be, as you ordered, through the orchard. Let it be so and God goes with you. Vanse CALISTO and his servants and make their way home. PÁRMENO and SEMPRONIO speak. Where are we going, Sempronio? Going to bed or the kitchen to uncover the pots? 39 – SEMPRONIO.- You go where you want, that I come before the day, want to go to Celestina's house to raise my stake, which is an old whore. I don't want to give him time to wreak some ruin he shuts us out with. You say well. I forgot. Let's go both and, if you're going to fool us, let's scare him so much he's wedding it out, that there's no friendship about money. –[40] –41 – AND SEMPRONIO at the foot of the CELESTINA window. It's nighttime, as in the scene before. SEMPRONIO.- (A PÁRMENO.) Stay quiet, sleep at this window! (Call with knuckles.) Mrs Celestina, opens up. Who's calling? Open up, they're your kids. I don't have kids walking down the street at that hour. Open to Pármeno and Sempronio, we're here for lunch with you. Spend the CELESTINA and bring the two servants to the house. Naughty Mad Men! Come in, come in! What did you do? What happened to you? Did Calisto's hopes be fired or are you still living with her? 42 – SEMPRONIO.- If it wasn't for us, your soul walks in search of an inn forever, that your estate is not enough to fulfill what is obligated to us. Jesus! Is this so much the danger of each other in? Tell me, for God's sake. You ask him, as we were upset and tired of the anger we had. You better do to make lunch for us, so maybe we'll be somewhat chest-rated for the change we brought. My glory now would be to find in whom to give the anger I couldn't in those who caused it to us because I escaped. Well, what happened to you? SEMPRONIO.- I bring, ma'am, all the weapons torn apart, the broquel without hoop, the sword like a saw, the poems cap in the chapel. They agreed to meet you in the orchard tonight. How am I going to buy a new one? I don't have a CElestINA.- Ask him, son, your master, because in his service he broke down. SEMPRONIO.- Also bring your weapons lost. At this rate, in arms, his estate will leave. How do you want me to be so inopportune to ask him for more than he does, of his own degree, do, what's already a lot? Give us the hundred coin and give us, then, the chain. Let's be happy with reasonable, not that by wanting more, we lose everything, which contains very, little pressure. Funny is the donkey! Are you in your seso, Sempronio? What does your award have to do with my salary, welded you with my mercedes? Am I compelled to weld your weapons, to fulfill your mistakes? To be killed if you don't welcome a shovel that was – 43 – I told you the other day coming down the street that all I had was yours and that as much as I could with my few strengths would never be lacking. You know, Sempronio, the words of good love don't force. This isn't the first time I've said that greed prevails in old people. When poor, generous; when rich, greedy. Oh God, and how necessity grows with abundance! When she thought the benefit would be scarce, the old lady told me to take everything and now she sees it grown, she doesn't want to give anything to fulfill the saying of the kids who say, From the small, small; of the very, nothing. Give you what he promised you or let's take it all. Harto told you who this old lady was. CELESTINA.- The anger you bring with you or your master or with your weapons doesn't unload it on me. I know which foot you're limping. You believe that I should bound you and captive you all your life to Elicia and Areusa without wanting to look for you others. Stay quiet, whoever they knew how to catch you will give you ten more. Don't mix your insults in our lawsuit. Give us both parts in mind how much of Calisto you received, don't want us to figure out who you are. Others with those compliments, old lady. Who am I, Sempronio? Are you going to take me out of the store? Shut your tongue and don't insult my grayness, which I'm old as God has made me, not worse. I live out of my trade, like every officer of yours, very clean. And you, Pármeno, don't think I'm your prisoner to know my secrets and my past life and the cases that came to me and your mother's miserable. Don't swell my nose with those memories. If not, I'll send you to her so you can complain more on your own devices. – 44 – CELESTINA.- (Scream.) Elicia, Elicia! Get up. What is it? What do those threats mean in my home? With a meek sheep do you dare? With a chicken tied up? Having a sixty-year-old girl? Signal is from great cowardice to minors and those who can undertake little. You greedy old man's throat, thirsty throat for money! No satisfied with a third of what you deserved? Which third part? Get out of my house! Don't get me out of this. You don't want Calisto's stuff and yours to come out in the square. Give voices or shouts, that you will fulfill what you promised or end your days today. CELESTINA.- (Scream.) Righteousness, neighbors, righteousness, killing me in my house this thump! WAIT, Mrs. Wag. Magicians, I'll let you go to hell with letters. CELESTINA.- (With the breast perched by a dagger.) Confession, confession! Give it to me, hit him! Finish her! Die, die! Of the enemies, least. Confession! 45 – enter ELICIA. ELICIA.- (Tilt over CELESTINA, already dead.) O cruel enemies, in bad power you see yours! And who you had hands for! Death is my mom and my good everything! Run away, run. Stop me, a lot of people are coming! Keep it, the sheriff's coming! Oh sinner of mine, I don't know where to escape because the door is taken away! Let's jump out the windows. Let's not die in the posses of righteousness. Jump in, I'll follow you. Areusa is with CENTURIO, a ruffian, with whom he argues. ELICIA is at the door listening. ELICIA.- (With the ear on the door.) Why does my cousin say so much? You need to know the sad news I bring you by now. Let him cry because there are no such people in every corner. I like that she's sorry and that she sings, as I did, her hair. The more I love her for the great feeling she shows. AREUSA.- (TO CENTURIO, furious.) Get out of my house, bellaco, liar, spotter, you bring me cheating with your vain offers and your flattery. I gave you, bellaco, sayo and garment, sword and torrent, I have your weapons and -46 – horse and I put you with a lord you didn't deserve. Now that I'm asking you for one unimportant thing, you're making out a thousand excuses not to do it. Send me to kill with ten men for your service and not let a league run. Why did you play your horse? If it wasn't for me, you'd be hanged by now. Three times I delivered you from righteousness. Why am I doing this? Am I crazy? Why do I have faith in this coward? What's so good about it? Crespos hair, stabbed face, one-handed maniac and thirty women in the store. Come out, don't let him see you anymore except for the mother who gave birth to me, that I'll make you a thousand clubs on that miller's back. If I get in the way, some of them will cry. I'd rather go than suffer you. I don't know who's coming in. Don't listen to us. I want to come in, they don't make threats cry well. (Enter.) ARESA.- (Leave his anger.) Is it you, Elicia? What is it? Why are you sad? You scare me, my sister. What is going on? ELICIA.- More is what I feel and find what I'm showing. I bring more black my heart than the mantle. Oh sister, sister, I can't talk! I can't get my voice out of my chest. Tell me, don't scratch or abuse yourself. Is it both evil? Is this my turn? Oh, my cousin! Sempronio and Pármeno no longer live. Their souls cleanse their son-in-falling off. What are you talking about? Quietly, for God's sake, I will fall dead. 47 – ELICIA.- I'll tell you now. Celestina, the one I had as a mother, the one who gave me and covered me, the one with whom I honored myself, for whom I was known throughout the city, is already realizing her works. In my lap, they killed her. Irreparable loss! Tell me how it happened so cruelly. You know, sister, the loves of Calisto and the crazy melibea. Calisto gave my aunt's unfortunate a gold chain. She would not give her share to Sempronio or Pármeno, as they agreed. They asked Celestina for his part of the chain. She denied them their promise. So they argued with her, very angry, long. Finally, seeing her so greedy, they threw hands on her swords and gave her a thousand salads. What about them, what do you say? What did they stop after? ELICIA.- For flight justice, they jumped out the windows. Right there, they ignited them and, without further detail, slipped their throats. Oh my Suit me! How much pain his death causes me! Where am I going, losing mom, coat and coat, losing friend and losing husband? Celestina, how many mistakes you've covered me with your good knowledge! You worked, I'm lazy; too hast gone out, I was shut up; you broken, I clothed; you came in like a bee at home, I destroyed. Calisto and Melibea, which cause so many deaths, let's end your affections. May the delicious herbs turn you into snakes, that the raging trees of the orchard dry with your eyesight and that their stinking flowers turn black. Shut up, sister. Try your tears. A lot of things can even get, and that's theirs. 48 – ELICIA.- What I feel most is seeing Melibea ufana through the blood poured out at his service. Areusa. If true, who better can you retalage? I know, my friend, a companion of Pármeno, horse boy, named Sosiah. I want to get all the secrets out of him. It will be a great way for what you say. Send me to Sosia. I'll flatter you and say a thousand flattering and offerings, until I leave in your body a thing of what you do and to do. Then I'll bring him and his master back the pleasure I eat. And you, Elicia, my soul, don't get sorry. Come to my house, that grief is a friend of loneliness. With a new love, you will forget the old ones. I feel more sorry for your fatigue than those who put it on you. Oh cousin, how do I know, when I get ugly, stir these sites, though I'm a waitress. From Calisto, Centurion will take my revenge. What you tell me to come to your house, I thank a lot, and God will help you and joy in your needs. I think it's time to go. God is staying with you, I'm erring. CALISTO wakes up and despairs, stretches out his arms, onto his bed. TRISTAN, a servant, sleeps at his feet. I slept so well! Oh lady and my love, Melibea! What do you think now? Are you sleeping or are you awake? Do you think of me or someone else? Are you up or are you lying down? Oh bly and well-and-run Calisto, if it wasn't really a dream of the past Dream it or not? I wasn't alone. My servants accompanied me. There were two of them. I will call you to confirm my joy. Tristian! Waiters! Tristian! Get up from there! –49 – TRISTAN.- (Get up.) Sir, I'm up. Run, call me sempronio and Pármeno. TRISTAN.- Tristan. I'm coming, sir. (TRISTAN exits.) CALISTO.- (Sing.) Sleep and rest, sad, from agora because your lady loves you to your degree. Beat pleasure in care and don't see him because he made you his private Melibea. (TRISTAN returns.) Sir, there's no waiter at home. Well, close the



windows and let me sleep until it's time to eat.     TRISTAN leaves and, at the door of the house, meetSIA, another CALISTO servant, who complains.     What a great loss! What a bad day it is morning! You miserable mancebos! What is going on? What are you complaining about? Why are you killing yourself? What's wrong with this one?     — 50 →.     SOSIA.- Sempronio and Pármeno... What do you say?     SOSIA.- Our companions, our brothers... Are you drunk? What about these waiters?     SOSIA.- They're slits in the square. Oh our bad luck, if that's true! Do you dress them or did they tell you?     SOSIA.- They were already meaningless, but one, as he felt he looked at him with great sadness, raised his hands to heaven as if he wanted to thank God and, in a sign of sad farewell, abandoned his head, implying he should no longer see me until the day of great judgment.     TRISTAN.- For so clear signs you bring from this cruel pain, we quickly go with the sad news to our master.     CALISTO with its two servants, SOSIA and TRISTAN, arrives at the home of MELIBEA.     SOSIA.- Climbing the ladder, Tristan, it's the best place. Come on up, sir. I'll go with you. Stay crazy, I'll go in alone. Oh my lord, don't jump so high, I'll die to see you!     51 →.     CALISTO.- Angels image, precious pearl for which the world is ugly, my lady, my glory!     (He hugs her.)     I have you in my hands and I don't think so.     MELIBEA.- Enjoy the joys of that I have joy, that it is to see you and reach your person, and not ask or take what, once it is taken, is not in your power to return. Be careful, sir, to damage what is not restored with all the treasures in the world.     Mrs. CALISTO.- Ma'am, if by getting this mercy all my life I've spent, how can I, when you offer it to me, throw it away? Don't ask me for cowardly. Swimming for this fire of your desire all my life, don't you want me to come to the sweet harbour to rest from my previous job?     MELIBEA.- It remains, my lord, that the good shepherd is proper to hire his sheep and his cattle, but not to destroy and strato.     CALISTO.- Forgive me, ma'am, to my shameless hands, who never thought of touching your clothes with their indignation and small merits and now they hope to reach your soft body and enjoy your beautiful and delicate flesh.     MELIBEA.- (TO LUCRECIA, your maid, who is present.)     Get away there, Lucretia. Why, my lady? I'm glad you are such witnesses to my glory. I don't want them from my son-in-the-box.     CALISTO.- (Naked with finesse.)     Oh my love! The gates of heaven have been opened to me, and in my hands I feel the eternal joy of the saints throwing.     —52→.     MELIBEA.- (Tolerate it.)     If I had known what you were going to do, I wouldn't have trusted your cruel conversation.     CALISTO.- The ethnic mountains of your chest, my life, burst into cooking lava and my lips don't tire to drink the nectar that flows out of them with the freshness of spring. Oh my life, O my lord! How did you want me to lose my virgin's name and crown out of such a short joy? My poor mom! Oh my honest father! How come I didn't even come to the great son-in-waste who followed from your entrance, the great danger that awaited me!     CALISTO.- Let's stay that way, eternal side by side, melted and confused in one being. My lord, is this a dream? Can salvation confuse us in such a way? Live? Are we dead? Isn't that the promised glory?     CALISTO.- (Get dressed.)     He wants sunrise. I don't think we've been here for an hour, and it's already three.     MELIBEA.- Lord, since you can't deny my love, doesn't deny me your eyesight day and night. Always be your coming for this secret place at the same time, which I will always wait for you to be noted the joy I live with. Now, go with God, it's not dawn yet.     Waiters, setting up the ladder.     MELIBEA.- (Get dressed.)     Lord, I am the one who rejoices, I am the one who won; you, sir, the one who makes me favor with your incomparable visitation.     (Listen to a litter roar in the street.)     — 53 →.     SOSIA.- (Scream.)     So, beauty, ruffles, have you come to surprise those who don't fear you? I swear if you wait for me, I'll let you go as you deserve.     Mrs Sosia is the one who Let me go defend him, don't let him get killed. Give me cape.     MELIBEA.- Lucretia, coming here quickly, that Calisto went to a brawl. Let's throw away his shells, they stay here.     Tithing, sir, don't come down, you're gone.     CALISTO.- (Falls.)     Let me go, St. Mary!! I'm dead! Confession! Sir, sir! He's as dead as my grandfather! Oh great snack!     LUCRECIA knocks on the door of PLEBERIO's room.     PLEBERIO.- (Peek out the door.) What do you want, Lucretia?     LUCRECIA.- (Very hectic.) Sir, hurry up, if you want to see her alive, I no longer know her how mutilated she is.     PLEBERIO.- Let's get ready. (They find MELIBEA in tow, in a trance of throwing themselves into the void.) Oh, my pain! What pain can be greater than the pain I have when I see you like that, my child? Your mother was left unused when she found you —54 →.     Live your heart and come with me to visit it. Tell me, my soul, the cause of your feeling. He was aboutished hopelessly!     PLEBERIO.- Well-loved daughter, don't give up. If you tell me your evil, we'll find a remedy that there's no shortage of doctors, no medicine, no servants to seek your health.     MELIBEA.- It's not the same as the other evils. It's a deadly sore in the middle of my heart that won't let me speak. Menester must take her out to heal her, which is most secret from him.     PLEBERIO.- . My daughter Melibea, what do you do alone? What do you want to tell me? Do you want me to come up?     MELIBEA.- My Father, don't strive to go up because you'll hinder what I want to say to you. You will be briefly hurt by the death of your only daughter. My end has come. Arrival is my rest and your passion, my relief and your grief, my time and the time of your loneliness. You won't need, honest Father, instruments to quell my pain, but bells to bury me. If you hear me without tears, you'll know the cause of my forced and joyful departure. Don't interrupt me with tears or words because if you do, you'll be more sorry to ignore why I'm killing myself than painful to see myself dead. Nothing you ask me or answer, but whatever I want to say to you. Hey, Father, my last words, and if you get it the way I hope, don't blame me. You see and hear well the sad and painful feeling the whole city makes, the cry of bells, the longing of men, the weeping of the likOs, the great shudder of arms. I was the cause of it all. I covered most of the cavalry burger in mourning and jargon. I left many servants without a lord, removing rations and alms from the poor and shameful. I was — 55 →, the opportunity for the dead to have the company today of the most completed man born in grace. I've taken away from living the decay of their kindness, their gallants their embroidery and attire, their speech, their walk, their them and his virtue. I was the cause of the earth without time enjoying the noddest body and the freshest youth created in our age. Since you will be alarmed by my crimes, I want to explain the facts. It's been a while since I was sorry for my love for a gentleman named Calisto, who you knew well. You also knew his parents and his clear lineup, his virtues and his goodness, which were revealed to everyone. So much was his grief of love and so little the place to talk to me, that he discovered his passion for a shrewd and shrewd woman they called Celestina. This one pulled my secret love out of my chest. I discovered to her what my dear mother was hiding from her, so she arranged our affections. Overcome her love, tell her entry into your home. He cut the walls of your garden, broke my goal and lost my virginity. He came in tonight and, as the walls were high, the night darkness, the scale thin, the servants uneven and he was under pressure to hear a noise, not see the footsteps well, put his foot in the void and fell. Of the saddest falls, his most hidden cysticos were scattered across the stones and walls. They cut off their wires, cut off his life without confession, cut off my hopes, cut off my glory, cut off my company. What cruelty would it be, my father, if he died erratically, that I lived in grief? His death invited mine. Invite me and it is forced to be quick, without dilation. Tell my face and dear mother: long know about you the sad reason I'm dying. Great pleasure I have of not seeing her now! Take, my father, the gifts of your age, who suffer sadness in long days. Get the arras of your ancient senectud. Great pain I wear from me, bigger than you and even bigger than my old mother. God is staying with you and her. To him, I present my soul. You put this body in control down there.     (He throws himself out of the tower.)     56 →.     PLEBERIO enters his room crying, carrying the lifeless body of MELIBEA in his arms.     What is it, Mr. Trump? Why do you give such a mood? Tell me the cause of your complaints. Why are you cursing your honest age? Why do you pull off your gray hair? Why do you hurt your face? What happened to Melibea? For God's sake, tell me, because if she grieves, I don't want to live anymore.     (PLEBERIO deposits MELIBEA's body to the ground with great care. ALISA throws herself at him crying.)     PLEBERIO.- Pleberio. Oh, oh, noblewoman! Our joy in a pit. Our good is all lost. We don't want to live anymore! For what? See here that you will beg Parisians and I, torn to pieces. Oh my daughter and my good everything! Cruelty would be for me to live on you. More worthy of the funeral was my sixty years than your twenties. Oh my grey, linger to know the pain! You'd better enjoy the land of your blonde hair. Wife! Get up and, if any life suits you, deserve it with me on sad moaning. Now I'll lose with you, my unhappy daughter, the fears that every day scared me. Your single death makes me sure of suspicion. What am I going to do when I come into your room and find it empty? What will I do when you don't answer me, if I call you? Who can cover the guilt you make me, the emptiness you leave me? No one lost what I lost today. Who forced my daughter to die, but the strong power of love? Oh love, love, I didn't think you had the power or power to kill those subject to you! Hurt was my youth to you and through your coals I passed. How did you let me down, to charge me for my escape in my age? I thought he got me out of your arms. I didn't think you'd get revenge on your kids.     57 →.     Who gave you such strength? Who gave you a name that didn't suit you? Sweet name has given you but performed bitter facts. Blessed are the ones you didn't know or didn't care. Enemy of all reason, to those who serve you, gives the least greater gifts. Enemy of friends, friend of enemies, why do you rule without order or concert? I complain about the world. Oh my good companion, Oh my daughter torn apart! Why didn't you feel sorry for your dear, beloved mother? Why were you so cruel to your old father? Why did you forsake me when I left you? Why have you pity me? Why did you leave my sadness and alone in hac lachrymarum valley?     PLEBERIO and ALISA, hugging, kneel on the ground next to their daughter's body, while slowly dropping the