

**FUENTE OVEJUNA,
OR LIKE SHEEP TO
WATER...**

BY **FÉLIX LOPE DE
VEGA Y CARPIO**

TRANSLATED BY **CURT
COLUMBUS**



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The world premiere of *Fuenteovejuna, or Like Sheep to Water...* was produced by Trinity Repertory Company (Curt Columbus, Artistic Director; Tom Parrish, Executive Director), opening on May 11, 2017. It was directed by Mark Valdez, the set design was by Michael McGarty, the costume design was by Garry Lennon, the wig design was by Emily Christoffersen, the lighting design was by Karin Olson, the sound design was by Peter Sasha Hurowitz, the music direction was by Jerediah “Big Scythe” Gonzales, the fight choreography was by Craig Handel, the dramaturg was Patricia Ybarra, and the production stage manager was Kristen Gibbs. The cast was as follows:

COMMANDER FERNÁN GÓMEZ	Fred Sullivan, Jr.
FLORES	Timothy Crowe
ORTUÑO/DON MANRIQUE	Benjamin Grills
THE GRAND MASTER OF CALATRAVA	Marcel Mascaro
LAURENCIA	Octavia Chavez-Richmond
PASCUALA	Anita Castillo-Halvorsen
FRONDOSO	Orlando Hernandez
BARRILDO/CIMBRANOS	Jonathan Olivera
MENGO	Stephen Berenson
ESTEBAN	Joe Wilson, Jr.
ALONSO/KING FERDINAND	Daniel Duque-Estrada
JUANA ROJA	Janice Duclos
JACINTA	Angela Brazil
QUEEN ISABELLA	Rachael Warren
VILLAGERS AND MUSICIANS	Angelique Dina, Kafui Glover, Wenricka Griffith, Valearie Kane, Yanasia Tarr, Casey Belisle, Jerediah “Big Scythe” Gonzalez, Jake Menendez, Evan Carley, Bedros Kevorkian

Dramatis Personae

COMMANDER FERNÁN GÓMEZ

FLORES, his lieutenant

ORTUÑO, his second lieutenant

THE GRAND MASTER OF CALATRAVA

LAURENCIA, a village girl

PASCUALA, her friend

FRONDOSO, a village boy

BARRILDO, his friend

MENGO, a villager

ESTEBAN, mayor of Fuenteovejuna and Laurencia's father

ALONSO, a town councilor

JUANA ROJA, Laurencia's aunt

JACINTA, a villager

QUEEN ISABELLA of Castile and Spain

KING FERDINAND of Aragon and Spain

DON MANRIQUE, councilor to the king and queen

CIMBRANOS, a soldier in the Order of Calatrava

1ST COUNCILOR from the town of Ciudad Real

2ND COUNCILOR from the town of Ciudad Real

VILLAGERS: WOMAN, BOY, and others as needed

MUSICIANS

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ACT ONE

Scene 1

*The home of the grand master of Calatrava in Almagro.
Enter the commander, Flores, and Ortuño.*

COMMANDER. Does the grand master know
That I am here?

FLORES. He knows.

ORTUÑO. He's very serious, he's all grown up.

COMMANDER. And does he know that it is Commander Fernán
Gómez

That he is keeping waiting?

FLORES. He's a boy, don't let it bother you.

COMMANDER. Surely he knows I'm one of his commanders,
Even if he can't recall my name.

ORTUÑO. His advisors may be counseling him
To drive away his good manners.

COMMANDER. Respect will win our devotion.
Courtesy is the key to unlock goodwill.
This rudeness will be repaid with animosity.

ORTUÑO. If men like him knew how
This kind of behavior makes us hate them—
Even those that grovel at his feet—
They would probably shrivel up and die.

FLORES. Men like him make me sick!

Rude and annoying!
It's bad enough to be surly to your peers,
But to treat his soldiers this way is tyranny.
Don't let it concern you, he's young,
He doesn't know how important
The devotion of his people can be.

COMMANDER. The obligation of the sword of Calatrava,
Which hangs around his waist and
The cross of our order which hangs about his neck,
Should have taught him some respect.

FLORES. If he's turned against you, you'll soon know it.

ORTUÑO. Let's leave now, if you have any doubts.

COMMANDER. No. I want to see what stuff he's made of.

Enter the grand master of Calatrava and his attendants.

GRAND MASTER. I humbly beg your pardon, by my life,
Fernán Gómez de Guzmán; they only gave me the news
Just now, that you were here, in town.

COMMANDER. I would have every right to complain.
I expected my love and who I was to your father
Would have gotten me a warm welcome upon my arrival,
Since you are the master of my order, of the Knights of Calatrava,
And I am one of your faithful servants.

GRAND MASTER. And I expected a warm welcome from you,
Fernán. Come here, embrace me.

COMMANDER. I have risked my life for you, many times,
Even before I petitioned the pope to agree you had come of age.
You owe me some thanks, at least.

GRAND MASTER. How true.
And by the holy sign of the Order of the Cross,
On your breast and mine, I pay you all my respect,
As if you were my own father.

COMMANDER. Then I am satisfied.

GRAND MASTER. What's the news from the front?

COMMANDER. Listen to what I have to say,
You'll know what you must do.

Grand Master of Calatrava, Don Rodrigo Téllez Girón,
You owe your rank and position to the valorous labors of your
brilliant father,

Who, when you were eight years old, renounced his title in
favor of you.

Now, it is time to make a name for yourself.

You have heard of Ciudad Real?

The walled city that sits at the vital pass

Between Andalusia and Castile,

Looking out on both. You know that

King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella claim this land,

But they have no right to make such a claim.

My advice is to assemble your army of Calatrava

And take Ciudad Real by storm.

You won't need many men, it's only guarded

By local militia, along with some minor nobles

Who are loyal to Ferdinand and Isabella.

You must do this now and join with King Alfonso of Portugal

Who has made his rightful claim to all of Castile.

He is a much more powerful ally for you,

And he will soon defeat Ferdinand and Isabella

And reward you for your loyalty in taking the city.

Won't they all be amazed, all those who think

You are too young and weak to bear the great cross of Calatrava?

Remember your father, and all those in your great line.

Join their noble company, take up your virgin sword

And stain it with the blood of your enemies!

Make it as red as the cross of our order,

And take your rightful place in the ranks of those who have
come before you.

GRAND MASTER. Fernán Gómez, rest assured that I will pay my
debt to my kinsmen,

For this cause is just. You will see how I take Ciudad Real

Like a bolt of lightning, turning its walls to rubble.

I may be young, but my spirit is strong.

My bright, white blade will turn the color of the cross

When it is bathed in blood.

Do you have many soldiers at hand?

COMMANDER. Very few, but I've picked them all myself;
When called to serve, they can fight like lions.
As for my townspeople, they will be no use.
The villagers in Fuenteovejuna are simple folk.
There, the only squadrons they form
Are when they're plowing the fields.

GRAND MASTER. That's where you live? In Fuenteovejuna?

COMMANDER. I was granted that town to govern.
I choose to live there, in these turbulent times.
Now, call forth your army. No soldier will dare disobey.

GRAND MASTER. I shall ride forth, with my sharpened spear
Pointed at the heart of poor Ciudad Real.

They exit.

Scene 2

The main square of Fuenteovejuna.

Enter Pascuala and Laurencia.

LAURENCIA. I hope he never comes back here! The "commander"!

PASCUALA. It seemed like
You couldn't control yourself,
That you were heartbroken that he left!

LAURENCIA. Spare me. Oh God, don't ever let him
Come back to Fuenteovejuna!

PASCUALA. I've seen plenty of women as fiery as you,
Laurencia, even more hotheaded,
And their hearts still melt like warm butter
When the right man comes along.

LAURENCIA. Tell me what stone is as hard
As my heart is to him?

PASCUALA. I don't know, but it's impossible to say
"I'll never drink that water, even though I'm dying of thirst."

LAURENCIA. I'll swear it by the sun, I never will,
Or else don't let me live on this earth.
And what would I do anyway
If I ended up with Commander Fernán?
It's not like he would marry me!

PASCUALA. No.

LAURENCIA. His reputation precedes him.
So many girls in town
Put their trust in the hands of the commander,
Only to end up much worse for the wear!

PASCUALA. I'm just amazed that you
Have never fallen into his clutches.

LAURENCIA. He's chased me for a month,
Pascuala, and he's gotten nowhere.
That Flores, his pimp,
And that sneaky Ortuño,
Both showed me dresses,
And a necklace, and a hat.
They said all these things were for me
From Fernán Gómez, their boss.
But nothing they have can persuade me
To change my mind.

PASCUALA. Where did this happen?

LAURENCIA. Down by the stream
Six days ago.

PASCUALA. I wouldn't be surprised if
They got what they were after, Laurencia.

LAURENCIA. From me?

PASCUALA. No, from the village priest.

LAURENCIA. I'm a much tougher bird
Than he might want to try to eat.
My God, I'd much rather sit
In the gray, morning light
With a warm piece of bread
That I made for myself
And then steal a sip of wine



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14 men, 5 women (doubling, flexible casting)

The year is 1476. Famine and unrest haunt the countryside. Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand have joined their kingdoms to become the newly unified country of Spain. But the forces of King Alfonso of Portugal are threatening their new nation. Now, the Order of the Knights of Calatrava is questioning its allegiance to the new king and queen, bringing the young country to the brink of civil war...

"[FUENTEOVEJUNA] reminds us that we have the power to stand up to evil, even when we seemingly have little with which to fight."
—*The Sun Chronicle (Attleboro, MA)*

"Violent and humorous, [FUENTEOVEJUNA] is the best kind of theater... this Shakespeare-era play has been cut up and added to with considerable grace by [Columbus]. ...it is so well done, so true to the way the world turns, that anyone who loves theater ought to see it."
—*Rhode Island Public Radio*

"[FUENTEOVEJUNA] keep[s] the audience on its toes with fast-paced, engaging dialogue, thanks...to Curt Columbus' new translation..."
—*The Theatre Times.com*

Also by Curt Columbus
CHERRY ORCHARD
SEAGULL
UNCLE VANYA
and others

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