Los Novios Aburridos
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Translated by Elena Echavarria in 2022

People:
Don Plácido, father of
Isabel, beloved of
Don Carlos, son of
Don Anselmo.
Doña Anastasia, sister of Plácido.
Jacinta, Isabel’s maid
Lucas, Isabel’s servant
Golondrino, Carlos’ servant
Ciriaco, Anselmo’s brother

The scene takes place in a country home.

*The setting is a pleasant vegetable garden, Jacinta enters from the left calling Lucas, who follows in course.*

Jacinta: Lucas? Lucas? Come running! We’ve lost our jobs! Lucas? Lucas?

Lucas: What do you want me for?

Jacinta: Have you talked to Don Carlos?

Lucas: I haven’t seen him since last night, but I am waiting to tell him what’s going on with the lady. Is there anything good? Tell me.

Jacinta: There’s a lot to say to him, Lucas, but it’s all bad.

Lucas: What are you saying?

Jacinta: Last night I heard my master and his sister quarreling.

Lucas: They’re always bickering and scolding.

Jacinta: And they were trying to marry off the lady! The aunt has picked one man, and the father has gotten attached to another, with such luck, Lucas, that they strongly disagreed.

Lucas: Damn it all to hell!

Jacinta: What are we to do? Let's see. What is it you want now?
Lucas: That you and I keep serving her well, Jacinta.

Jacinta: Shush, Carlos is approaching this place with his servant.

Lucas: Then let us both bluff.

Golondrino enters suspiciously dressed as a peasant and speaks to the wings

Golondrino: Can we get there without coming back with our sides bent and our heads bashed into our regret?

Jacinta: Don’t stop. What are you afraid of?

Golondrino: A lot of blows if Don Plácido finds we’re here disguised.

Lucas: And how will he know?

Golondrino: Without knowing how, or when, since niquil ocultum est; but it’s better to leave him be, because us wise men must only talk like this among the wise.

Jacinta: Tell your master to come here.

Golondrino: I’ll tell my master to come here. Hey! Here comes the young rabbit from the burrow.

Carlos enters as a peasant

Carlos: Jacinta, can I expect good news?

Golondrino: Speak clearly and quickly.

Jacinta: My Mistress Doña Isabel is fond of you-

Carlos (surprised): What have I heard!

Jacinta: -and she accepts the hand you offer as her husband.

Carlos (with joy): Oh how much I celebrate!

Jacinta: But she says you must first address the matter with her father because she is obedient to his commands and will only do what he commands; she’s a good daughter, as shown here.
Lucas: That is reasonable and necessary to confess.

Carlos: But how will her father agree to it if he doesn’t know who I am?

Lucas: By bringing the marriage license from your father, everything will run smoothly.

Carlos (Sighing): Golondrino…

Golondrino (with sadness): I’m out of options, let's return without a marriage.

Jacinta: There is no way unless your father consents to the wedding, since my master, though he lives in isolation in this country house, is a well-known noble, and quite rich.

Golondrino: That is not the obstacle.

Jacinta and Lucas: Then what is?

Golondrino: My lord, the senior, is older than my master.

Jacinta: Precisely.

Golondrino: I mean, that he doesn’t have the free disposition to spend like the young, and only lives thinking about accumulating money when he had locked away some funds, treating them like slaves, in a dark dungeon strongly buried. *cries*

Jacinta: Poor money!

Golondrino: Well, we took the money out of prison- at the cost of a great deal of labor- and we covered various lands, where we spread it around so the poor could trade with the human: because of this the old man would be stubbornly against us, and the two of us are lost if he finds out where we are.

Jacinta: The house fell over.

Lucas: And it crushed everyone under it.

Jacinta: Was it a lot of money?

Golondrino: No, a trifle.
Jacinta: How much might it be?

Golondrino: A misery that is a shame to remember: a thousand doubloons.

Jacinta: Fire!

Lucas: Whew!

Jacinta: I am amazed to hear it!

Carlos: Jacinta, Lucas, what will I do?

Jacinta: That’s a tough spot!

Lucas: And a tight one!

Jacinta: The only way to mend it is for you to introduce yourself in the house, and that you tell all this to my master Don Plácido in good time. You ask him for Isabelita’s hand, and then it's done.

Carlos: Golondrino-

*Carlos speaks to him, and he doesn’t answer, staring at the air, as if observing some bird fly.*

Golondrino: It took flight.

Carlos: Golondrino-

Golondrino: Flying real high.

Carlos: Golondrino- Golondrino

Golondrino: Why are you still harping on, sir, if I don’t want to hear you? I am always wary, because every time I have served you the fruits of my labor there have been many kicks, with a whole lot of blows.

Carlos: Now it won’t be this way. I will offer you a gift if you accomplish this undertaking.

Golondrino: Well-
Jacinta: Scared, here come my masters. Lucas, sneak away.

Golondrino: Let’s get the hell out of here.

The four go their separate ways, and Golondrino trips, falls, and he comes in rolling. Don Plácido and Doña Anastasia enter as nobles and arrive disputing.

Don Plácido: There’s no need to go back to the table. I have made my decision, and it must be.

Anastasia: It will not be. I am set on it, and it must be to my liking.

Don Plácido: To marry off my daughter is my duty through paternal right, not yours.

Anastasia: Don Ciriaco will be Isabel’s husband.

Don Plácido: Even though they are brothers Don Anselmo is the better one, and enjoys the right of primogeniture. Anastasia, don’t fight it.

Anastasia: Plácido, you are insisting in vain.

Don Plácido: Well, I have sent to call on Don Anselmo and am expecting him today, and when he comes, the other one will find them already married. Laughing

Anastasia: He won’t find them. I have also called Don Ciriaco and he is coming today. Laughing

Don Plácido: What have you done, sister of the devil himself? Angry The two rivals here, where there is compulsion such that, having become angry, these jealous brothers may kill each other like brothers-in-law. Mad woman!

Two or three shots ring out from inside, shouting breaks out, and Don Plácido is unsettled.

[inside] Carlos: Heaven! Please!

[inside] Golondrino: Follow them all!

[inside] Voices: Let’s escape!

Don Plácido: What misfortune, what misfortune! Pacing furiously. Without a doubt the two of them have found each other: and both, without any kind of remedy, strangled each other!
Anastasia: What an unexpected accident!

Enter Isabel: Father, what is that noise?

Enter Jacinta: What a fright, sir.

Enter Lucas: What is this racket?

_Golondrino enters dressed in a frock, making gestures of great pain._

Golondrino: Masters, if you are human, aid this misfortune.

Isabel: Jacinta.

_Both of them aside._

Jacinta: I’m up to date

Golondrino: Quick, sirs!

Don Plácido: What is it? Confused

Golondrino: Oh my poor master!

Isabel: What is this? surprised.

Plácido: But what happened?

Golondrino: Dead in the bloom of your youth. Cries loudly.

Isabel: What am I hearing?

Golondrino: Didn’t you hear two shots?

Plácido: Yes.

Golondrino: Well, those two threw to the master of my heart three thieves to rob us! And if he isn’t dead, he must be on death's door. Please, sir.
Plácido: Yes.. yes.. afraid Let all of my servants come out, get him in the house right now, and bring the local surgeon. Let nothing be lacking in his aid, and no benefit either.

Golondrino: God bless you. I will go to see if he has already died.

Leaves.

Isabel faints into Jacinta’s arms and Anastasia and Plácido are startled

Isabel: Oh woe is me!

Jacinta: My mistress!

Isabel: My father!

Plácido: Go flying, Jacinta, and make his bed. I am charging you to his care.

Jacinta: I’ll do it with utmost care.

Exits.

Lucas: And I, who have been certainly upset by such misfortune. Oh, poor don Carlos!

aside and leaves.

Plácido: If he dies, I am obliged as a Christian and a gentleman to pay for his funeral immediately, but it is true that these days they are cheap.

Scene changes to the salon, and Lucas and Jacinta enter:

Jacinta: They haven't even brought him up?

Lucas: No.

Jacinta: Who would have imagined such bad luck?

Lucas: Yes, there are a thousand thieves. The other day they robbed the butcher-

Enter Plácido.

Plácido: Have you brought in the injured man?

Jacinta: He has not arrived yet-

Enter Anastasia.

-but they're bringing him now.
A couple of servants bring out Carlos like he’s fainted and dressed in a military uniform, and Golondrino in the front making exclamations.

Golondrino: Sirs! He’s bleeding out. Where should we put him?

Jacinta: There, now everything is set up.

Golondrino: God bless you. Let’s go!

Plácido: This young man has caused me such pity!

They bring him to the place Jacinta pointed out, with Golondrino leading the way.

Anastasia: Let’s go to my room while they treat him.

Plácido: Right you are, it melts my heart to look at him.

Jacinta: How might Isabelita be doing? I’ll see if the servant is coming out to bring her the news.

Isabel Enters.

Isabel: Jacinta, I’ve been looking for you to rest with you. I’m so unhappy! Cries

Jacinta: Cheer up.

Isabel: How can I cheer up while seeing my beloved Carlos in such a miserable state! Heaven! I am drowning in sorrow!

Golondrino and the servants who moved Carlos enter

Golondrino: Gentlemen, thank you very much, I owe you one, fare thee well.

He accompanies them to the door.

Jacinta: Golondrino, tell me, how is your master doing?

Golondrino: Nothing pains him.

Isabel: That! Unsettled Is to say, (Shocking sadness!) He’s already dead!

Golondrino: Justly-
Isabel: Oh woe is me! *Cries bitterly*

Golondrino: It is the opposite of what you think. He’s alive and well.

Isabel: How?

Jacinta: What is it you are saying?

Golondrino: That everything *very happy* is a trick that I have devised to ingratiate us here, as we have finally pulled it off without any kind of risk.

Jacinta: You dog! And you gave us such a fright that my mistress fainted. *She runs after him.* I should wring your neck!

Golondrino: Are you a fury from hell?

Isabel: Leave her.

Jacinta: Why, evil one, did you not warn us before, and you could have spared my mistress such grief?

Golondrino: There was no time to warn you. That’s what you get! Let the other servants learn from me!

Isabel: And I in congratulations, because my Carlos isn’t hurt, give to you this band.

Golondrino: Slip it flying on your finger again, *with seriousness* I have chosen my side and it shall be this, sir, *goes to the wings and calls him*, exit without being startled, you as sentinel there, and I, at this side.

*Each person takes their place beside him and Carlos enters*

Isabel: My Carlos!

Carlos: My Isabel! I’m elated, now that I have managed to accomplish what I really wished for.

Jacinta: What a great fright it has caused us!

Isabel: Carlos, what sorrow it gave me, when I thought that your disaster was effectively true.
Golondrino: And I am the one who’s paid for it.

Carlos: I am so sorry, my dear, and seeing that I now find myself introduced into your household-

Golondrino: Thanks to this one, your servant: enter Lucas. Lady, no doubt that a man that just arrived is one of your suitors.

Carlos: What do I hear!

Golondrino: We’re good. Wait- do you have them in bunches?

Carlos: What is this, Isabel?

Isabel: Me, Carlos?

Jacinta. This is because her father, without any notice, has tried to marry her to one man; at the same time her aunt has thought to marry her to another, and I in my mind am adamant that she not marry either: So rest assured that my lady will be yours.

Isabel: And in proof of that, this is my hand, dear Carlos.

Carlos: I will admit her, beloved master, with all my heart…

Golondrino. Now I cannot leave you; now it is time for a new scam.

Jacinta: They are coming.

Isabel: Withdraw.

Carlos: When will my sorrows end? *Leaves*

Isabel: When will I be free of worries?

Golondrino: And when will I not be a stubborn liar? *exits*

Jacinta: I’ll disguise, then, who I am: she puts on a manteleta that is over a chair; you in due course disguise yourself as a maid, and in time you will come in with two documents. You, Lucas, Isabel *leaves*, stay still.
Lucas: I expect to have a very good time.

Jacinta: The groom won’t be in favor. *Don Ciriaco comes out slyly.*

Ciriaco: Is this Doña Isabel?

Lucas: Yes, sir.

Ciriaco: How fortunate, fairest Isabel, how fortunate I am to be your happy destined husband.

Jacinta: I am the joyous one, since, *she courtesies pleasantly,* without knowing how I find myself your wife. What fortune!

Ciriaco: Let's go see your aunt immediately.

*Inside* Anselmo: Isn't there an Ariadne who can spirit this armor-plated Theseus away from this labyrinth safe and sound?

Ciriaco: What is this?

*Don Anselmo comes out in black clothes.*

Anselmo: Around here…What is it I see? Ciriaco?

Ciriaco: Brother Anselmo, why are you here? Well, how have you left Loja?

Anselmo: In Granada you have a letter in which I explain, brother, but for what reason are you here?

Ciriaco: Because I'm marrying Isabel, this one here.

Anselmo: What are you saying? Are you being fatuous? Since I am coming to marry her.

Ciriaco: You are delirious! That is my wife!

Anselmo: She is my spouse!

Lucas: *aside* Do we need to tie them up?

Anselmo: She must be mine!
Ciriaco: She’ll be mine!

Jacinta: And if she isn't, I'll be both of yours, go, make up your minds.

Ciriaco: Damn it! I have discussed it with her aunt!

Anselmo: But hell! I have delineated it with her father!

Ciriaco: I am stupid!

Anselmo: And I am bewildered!

Ciriaco: Well, I won’t give in!

Anselmo: Nor I! Because *omnia vincit amor*.

Ciriaco: I am the older brother and am first on the case.


Ciriaco: Heaven is always enraged.

Anselmo: You rogue! Don't sully the collar since it's a terrible affront!

Ciriaco: This is the best means, Anselmo.

Jacinta: Sirs, what have we decided?

Ciriaco: You pick between us.

Jacinta: I’m not marrying either one of you because I love you, but because this way I escape the subjugation I was raised in.

Ciriaco: Terrible!

Anselmo: *Pesimus*!

Lucas: She’s right, confessing it is necessary.
Ciriaco: Shut up.

Jacinta: Our daily meal will consist of sixty courses, all exquisite, all complete and delicate, and we will always be accompanied by twenty guests.

Ciriaco: Whew!

Anselmo: Fire!

Jacinta: It isn’t much.

Anselmo: Enough, man!

Jacinta: And, of course, we must have a good carriage.

Anselmo: Yes, yes, look at the costs increasing, this type of woman would ruin me.

Ciriaco: If it were up to me you wouldn’t even have a pot to piss in.

Lucas: That is fair.

Anselmo: Do you want to shut up?

Jacinta: I have been restrained, so when I get married I have to catch up because day and night there shall not be joke or huddle in which I’m not in and out, carriage up and carriage down.

Anselmo: She's a big flirt!

Ciriaco: She's on her high horse!

Lucas: The poor girl thinks straight.

Ciriaco: He couldn't have raised a chattier girl!

Jacinta: And finally-

Ciriaco: Not even firstly.

Anselmo: This is, *malus mala, malum*. Isabel *comes out dressed as a servant*. 
Isabel: They sent you these letters.

Jacinta: Well, let's see. *Isabel gives them to her, she receives them and reads them by herself.*

Anselmo: I don’t know where I'm standing!

Ciriaco: I confess, I am bewildered.

Lucas: *Aside, laughing* Just by hearing her the suitors are flustered.

Jacinta: This one is from a friend of mine who asks me to pay back two thousand pesos I owe her, and it is imperative to pay her back. This one is from a silversmith from whom I've bought a set of diamond jewels. Go, Jacinta, to tell them to tell their masters that in four days I surely will be married, and that my husband will pay them back in cash.

Ciriaco: Watch out.

Anselmo: Yikes!

Isabel: So I will. *Leaves.*

Jacinta: Well, who wants my hand in marriage?

Anselmo: All things considered, brother, we should not quarrel over a woman and thus I relinquish her to you.

Ciriaco: I am not trying to take her and so I give her up to you voluntarily.

Anselmo: You are the older brother, and are first on the case.

Ciriaco: My age doesn’t figure into this dispute we are in.

Anselmo: I won’t take her.

Ciriaco: Neither will I.

Anselmo: Well, she’ll be a mourning bride between us.

Ciriaco: I bow to you!
Anselmo: And I bow to you.

Jacinta: Stop! What is this?

Ciriaco: I’m not waiting.

Anselmo: I’m not holding back.

Ciriaco: After running away from you, I'm off to live amidst fierce indians.

Anselmo: And I shall live more peacefully among Mamluks.

Lucas: Bon voyage, gentlemen!

Jacinta: Oh well, wow, have I misbehaved? Isabel enters look at how quickly two suitors rebuffed you.

Lucas: *Laughing* Look at them go!

Jacinta: Now we can meet the demands of Don Carlos.

Isabel: Dear Carlos.

Jacinta: Come out, don’t be such a pain. 

*Golondrino and Carlos come out.*

Carlos: I’m coming, dear Isabel.

Golondrino: Let me ask, have you gotten married?

Isabel: No.

Golondrino: To no one?

Isabel: Never in my life.

Golondrino: There are usually so many deceptions in this.

Jacinta: Here comes your father afraid your aunt, and the evil suitors are coming.
Lucas: Well, the five of us must sneak out together.

They leave. Carlos and Golondrino leave from where they came. Isabel, Jacinta and Lucas leave through the right. Plácido, Anastasia, Ciriaco and Alselmo enter through the right.

Anselmo: I’m telling you I don’t want her: the contract is void. To Plácido

Ciriaco: I say to you the same thing to Anastasia we don’t have to get married.

Plácido: What an insult!

Anastasia: What an outrage!

Plácido: Against the distinguished crests of my lineage.

Anastasia: Against the accumulated privileges of my most ancient and illustrious family.

Ciriaco: To Plácido You offered Isabel to my brother, let him be the fortunate one, let him marry her.

Anselmo: Numquam. You offered Isabel’s hand to Ciriaco, so let them get married ipso facto.

Plácido: You have thrown it away.

Anastasia: You are the one who messed it up.

Plácido: You are inept.

Anastasia: And you are stupid.

Plácido: Let's bring legal action against them both.

Anastasia: And let them comply right away!

Ciriaco: This is bad.

Anselmo: Exi foras.  

Golondrino comes out without realizing the suitors were there.

Golondrino: My master begs you-
Ciriaco: Catch the thief!

Golondrino: What do I see? I’m running away!

Plácido: This path is closed!

_Golondrino wants to escape from Don Plácido, who hits him in the head with a stick. Golondrino falls to the ground screaming. Carlos comes out and Ciriaco grabs his neck, threatening him, and Carlos kneels._

Golondrino: They have killed me, I must confess!

Plácido: They have killed you, and you’re still talking?

Carlos: With what motive?

Ciriaco: Oh! rogue! _He grabs him and you've finally fallen into my hands._

Carlos: Sir.

Plácido: What tangle do you have with them?

Golondrino: Those four are taking me to be buried.

Anastasia: I’m perplexed.

Plácido: Confess!

Anastasia: Spit it out!

Ciriaco: Bad son.

Anselmo: Bad nephew.

Ciriaco: And you, traitor. _To Golondrino._

Anselmo: You, evil servant.

Golondrino: Confession!
Plácido: What scheme is this?

Ciriaco: I’ll tell you but more slowly.

Plácido: Well good, let’s return to our business. One man or the other must marry my daughter!

Carl: What have I heard! My uncle and father are the suitors!

Golondrino: Now they have dealt me another death blow!

Plácido: Damn, but no one has approached you, what are you saying? To the suitors.

Ciriaco: I have already found a way to get out of this mess, now you see, to Carlos, for I am rightfully angry about what you have done.

Golondrino: Yes, sir, the four thousand that you had hoarded.

Ciriaco: Shut up, villain!

Golondrino: I am dying!

Carlos: I’m on my knees begging for forgiveness!

Ciriaco: With authority. I forgive you, on condition that you don’t refuse me and that you marry Isabel.

Carlos: Would her father and aunt approve of it?

Plácido: Yes, for I am marrying her off to a young man, and she herself ought to celebrate it, since a young man is more likable than a centenarian.

Car: And you and my uncle, who had thought about marrying her, will you consent?

Ciriaco: I agree.

Anselmo: I will go along with it.

Carlos: Do you accept it as done?
Echavarria

Anselmo: *Etiam*

Golondrino: Well, gentleman, I am now healthy enough to dance in the wedding.  
*He stands up and jumps.*

Carlos: And I am rejoicing for Isabel.  
*He leaves.*

Ciriaco: What are you saying to me? Have I arranged it well, brother?

Anselmo: *Utique.*

Ciriaco: Thank God that I have freed myself from Isabel!

Anselmo: I would not have married her even if I had been chopped into pieces!

Plácido: Wasn’t your master hurt?

Golondrino: No, sir. He just fainted from shock.

Plácido: It’s better that way.

*Carlos comes out leading Isabel by the hand, and they kneel in front of Plácido, and upon seeing him Anselmo and Ciriaco are surprised.*

Isabel: At your feet, dear father.

Plácido: Why might you be so happy, girl?

Ciriaco: What have I seen?

Ciriaco: What have I seen?

Both: Who is Isabel?

*Lucas and Jacinta come out.*

Jacinta: This is Don Carlos’ Isabel, and I am yours.

Anselmo: How can I not tear you to pieces?
Echavarria

Ciriaco: How can I not turn you into mincemeat?

Anselmo: No, sir. There is a trick here! Isabel must be mine.  

Ciriaco: That is a rash attempt; she alone has to be mine.  

Anselmo: Let go, brother!

Ciriaco: Let go, brother!

Plácido: Isabel, this is the main part: say clearly which one of the two you want.

Isabel: Neither one.

Plácido: Well! Step aside both of you, and who do you want to be your husband?

Isabel: Carlos.

Plácido: Kid, approach the bride, you two have fulfilled your role with courtesy. *He bows.* I’ll send you to the changing room.

Anselmo: *Threatening Jacinta,* I will take my vengeance on you for this mockery!

Ciriaco: Pay for your terrible deception!

Jacinta: Please, sir. *Hides behind Plácido.*

Plácido: What is this?

Jacinta: Nothing more than I tricked them by pretending to be my mistress.

Anselmo: I am embarrassed and aghast that a lay woman can trick a lawyer!

All: Well, for her, her crime is forgiven.