

## Call Back Side for LEANDRO and CRISPÍN

Crispín:                   What sadness, what dejection is this? I thought I'd find you much happier!

Leandro:                 Before now I didn't see myself as lost; before now I couldn't care less about being lost. Let's flee, Crispín; let's flee this city before anyone can catch us and find out what we are.

Crispín:                 If we fled, that's when everyone would find out and when a good number would take chase and stop us and force us back against our will, for it doesn't look good absenting ourselves so rudely, without bidding farewell to such attentive people.

Leandro:                 Don't joke about this, Crispín, I'm desperate.

Crispín:                 So you are! When our hopes are on a better path.

Leandro:                 What can I hope for? You wanted me to feign love and I will feign it badly.

Crispín:                 Why?

Leandro:                 Because I love, I truly love and with all my soul.

Crispín:                 Silvia? And that's what you're lamenting?

Leandro:                 I never thought I could love in this way! I never thought I could love! In my life as a wanderer, I wasn't the one that passes by, but the one that flees; enemy of the earth, enemy of men, enemy of the light of the sun. The fruit of the byways, stolen, not offered, left barely a taste of love on my lips, and sometimes, after many hazardous days, in the calm repose of a night, the serenity of the sky made me

dream about having something in my life like that night sky bringing to my soul the interlude of its serenity. And so, tonight, in the enchantment of the party ... it felt like a calm repose in my life ... and I dreamt ... I have dreamt! But tomorrow will bring yet another hazardous escape, pursued by the police, and I don't want to be found here, where she is, where she can be ashamed of having set eyes on me.

Crispín: I thought you were very well received ... I wasn't the only one to notice. Doña Sirena and our good friends the Capitán and the Poet praised you most highly. To Señora Polichinela, her excellent mother, who only wishes to be related to a nobleman, you looked like the son-in-law of her dreams. And as for Señor Polichinela...

Leandro: He suspects us ... He knows us ...

Crispín: Yes, it's not as easy to deceive Señor Polichinela as a common man. An old fox like him has to be deceived with loyalty. That's why I thought it better to warn him about everything.

Leandro: What?

Crispín: Yes, he knows me of old ... When I told him that you are my master, he supposed, rightly, that the master would be worthy of the servant. And I, repaying his trust, warned him that he absolutely should not allow you to talk to his daughter.

Leandro: You did that! Then what can I hope for?

Crispín: You're a fool! That Señor Polichinela does all he can to keep you from seeing his daughter.

Leandro: I don't understand!

Crispín:                   And in that way he will be our best ally, because he only has to object, for his wife to contradict him and his daughter to fall madly in love with you. You don't know what a young woman, the daughter of a rich father, brought up in the greatest luxury, is like when for the first time in her life she sees an obstacle to her wishes. I'm sure that this very night, before the party's finished, she'll manage to outwit her father's vigilance to talk to you.

Leandro:                   But, don't you see that I don't care about Señor Polichinela, or about the whole world? That it is to her and only to her that I don't want to seem unworthy and despicable ... it is to her that I don't want to lie.

Crispín:                   Bah! Stop this madness! It's impossible to retreat. Think of the fate that awaits us if we halt our advance. You've fallen in love? That true love will serve us better than if it were pretence. Maybe otherwise you would have wanted to go too fast; and if daring and insolence work for everything else, in love some timidity suits men. Man's timidity makes women bolder. And if you're in doubt, here's innocent Silvia, coming this with way the greatest caution, and she's only waiting for me to go or hide to approach you.

Leandro:                   Silvia you say?

Crispín:                   Shhh! She might be frightened off! And when she's at your side, be discreet ... very few words ... Adore her, look at her, admire her, and let the enchantment of this blue night, perfect for love, talk for you, and that music, whose sound is muffled by the bower, and reaches us as if saddened by the gaiety of the party.

Leandro:                   Don't mock, Crispín; don't mock this love, which will be my death.

Crispín:                    Why should I mock? I know very well that it's not always good to duck and dive. Sometimes you have to fly in the sky to master the earth. It's your turn to fly; I will carry on dragging myself through the undergrowth. The world will be ours!

*Crispín exits by the second left.*