

Celestina, a Tragic Music Comedy de Brad Bond: Creación y evolución de un musical de Broadway

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En 1999 una comedia musical en inglés basada en *La Celestina* titulada *Celestina, a Tragic Music Comedy* se representó durante tres semanas en un teatro de Broadway en Nueva York. Fueron en total 16 representaciones y, hasta hoy, de aquel evento los estudiosos de *La Celestina* sólo teníamos a nuestra disposición la breve pero encomiosa reseña en *Celestinesca* (Romero 1999), algunas fotografías publicitarias y el programa de mano¹. Gracias a la generosidad del autor de este musical, Brad Bond, recuperamos aquí el libreto y algunas interpretaciones de los números musicales de esta obra, que fue mucho más que una versión musical del texto de la *Tragicomedia*. Al transferir *La Celestina* a un formato tan diferente como es el musical de Broadway, Bond creó una muy original adaptación que debe ser considerada un miembro de pleno derecho de la familia celestinesca.

Publicamos aquí una edición del libreto en un formato conveniente para su lectura. Además, gracias a que *Celestinesca* se edita en línea, incluimos enlaces que hacen posible escuchar las canciones desde las páginas mismas de la publicación. La versión que editamos no es exactamente la que se estrenó en 1999 sino que incluye los arreglos y cambios que su autor ha ido introduciendo a lo largo de los casi veinte años desde su estreno. Esta versión mejorada y puesta al día se estrenó con una lectura en escena en Scottsdale, Arizona, en 2014 y ha continuado evolucionando. Igualmente, al habernos facilitado Brad Bond la historia de la gestación y evolución de la obra desde su versión inicial en los 80, tenemos acceso privilegiado a su historia textual. Como veremos en esta breve introducción, su historia textual está mediada por las reacciones y comentarios del público y críticos, que resultaron en la introducción de cambios. Este

1.– Agradezco a Joseph Snow haberme facilitado copias de los materiales que tenía de esta representación. Éstos, junto con otros materiales que Brad Bond me ha facilitado, están ahora disponibles en línea en *Celestina Visual*, <<http://celestinavisual.org/items/show/3041>>. Agradezco también a José Eduardo Villalobos Graillet el haberme ayudado a entrar en contacto con Brad Bond y a archivar estos materiales.

proceso recuerda a cómo, a partir del manuscrito incompleto que circulaba por la universidad de Salamanca a finales del xv, surgió la *Comedia* y luego se transformó en la *Tragicomedia*. De hecho, *Celestina*, a *Tragic Music Comedy* inició también su singladura en el mundo universitario, en este caso en la Universidad de Wyoming, donde Brad Bond estaba realizando su MA en literatura española en 1988. La realización de una adaptación teatral en inglés a la época moderna de *La Celestina* fue su trabajo de maestría, tarea a la que le animó su mentor, el profesor y celestinista Carlos Mellizo. Esta primera versión, que no era un musical, se tituló *Shades of Green*. Cuando se estrenó en un teatro de Wyoming, el Laramie Plains Civic Center, un espectador le comentó a Bond que su obra le había gustado pero que debería ser una ópera o un musical:

But that comment nagged at me. I started thinking, if the show were a musical, where would the songs be? There would have to be a *puta vieja* song. And a Sempronio misogyny song. And Calisto and Melibea meeting through the door. I became very intrigued by the idea of hearing all those famous passages I had been studying turned into musical numbers. (Bond, 2018)

Luego Bond se mudó a Nueva York y su interés por el género del musical le llevó a realizar la versión musical que se estrenaría, tras muchas peripecias para encontrar local y financiación, en una sala llamada The Producers Club, en Broadway —propriadamente dicho off-off-Broadway, denominación oficial del Actors' Equity Association de Broadway para salas generalmente más pequeñas y más aptas para incluir en su repertorio producciones más arriesgadas y experimentales.

La conversión de *La Celestina* en un musical al estilo de Broadway no es tarea fácil dadas las grandes diferencias entre una comedia humanística de finales del xv y el musical de Broadway de finales del xx. Como ya dijo Romero en su reseña de 1999, Bond logró una original traslación del asunto clásico al estilo de Broadway mediante una excelente síntesis de los aspectos más importantes del original (152). Parte de su método adaptativo fue potenciar aspectos que *La Celestina* comparte con el mundo del cabaret y del vodevil, un mundo que, a pesar de su aparente brillo, tiene un fondo oscuro que es adecuado para acomodar los aspectos más inquietantes de la obra de Rojas. Como bien es sabido, el público de un musical de Broadway demanda entretenerse y reírse con un melodrama que mezcle música, coreografía y diálogo vivaz. *La Celestina* es un buen punto de partida para colmar estas expectativas. Sin embargo, a pesar de intitularse «Tragicomedia», el aspecto trágico predomina y su comicidad es a veces difícil de percibir para la audiencia moderna. Por ello, sin desvirtuar lo trágico, Bond reforzó la comicidad en su ingenioso traslado a la época moderna de la acción y los diálogos. Sin salirse del argumento clásico, los

nuevos diálogos ponen en evidencia las contradicciones y absurdos del mundo actual. Esta modernización afecta no sólo a las situaciones y los diálogos sino también a los personajes. Especialmente notable es el caso del personaje de Celestina, que pasa a ser una mujer emprendedora de negocios tipo vendedora a domicilio de productos de belleza Avon. Toma su personaje al mismo tiempo rasgos de una «bag lady» o mujer pordiosera de edad que se ve con frecuencia vagando por las calles de las grandes ciudades americanas con una enorme bolsa. Y todo esto sin dejar de ser al mismo tiempo la alcahueta clásica y un poco hechicera de la *Tragicomedia*.

Uno de los rasgos vodevilescos más acertados en la obra es la inclusión de los Celestina Boys, cuatro personajes de tinte homoerótico que funcionan de coro de sus canciones y acciones. Obedientes como traviesos perritos falderos o diablillos que ella controla, enfatizan de manera amable las conexiones demoniacas de Celestina (ver fotos 1 y 2). Por lo demás, todos los personajes de esta adaptación son los del texto clásico de la *Tragicomedia*, aunque la madre de Melibea se ha suprimido por razones de economía textual. El padre de Melibea, Pleberio, se ve limitado a un papel muy corto con la canción *No More Words*, una nana de enternecedoras palabras que se entona en dos ocasiones. Con buen criterio, esta canción sustituye el monólogo final de Pleberio, demasiado largo y áspero para un musical de Broadway. En la misma línea, el aparato erudito, las *auctoritates* y la retórica del original son eliminados o muy reducidos, práctica común a todas las adaptaciones a las tablas de *La Celestina*. Esta reducción es compensada a menudo por la inclusión de elementos modernos en un poderoso ejercicio de síntesis. Un ejemplo se puede ver en el discurso misógino de Sempronio ante el enamorado Calisto. El discurso se convierte en la canción *Women Are Wicked*, en la que Helena de Troya es la única figura que queda de la mucho más larga lista del texto original. Sin embargo, se introduce la figura de Marilyn Monroe para acercar el viejo *topos* de la misoginia al mundo moderno. Igualmente, teléfonos, condones, barbacoas y demás objetos y actividades modernas se entremezclan a lo largo de toda la obra en la acción, que tiene lugar en una ciudad costera. Aunque no se especifica en el texto, la audiencia original probablemente se imaginó una ciudad cercana a Nueva York, como las de Long Island, en que las clases acomodadas neoyorquinas tienen sus residencias de verano.

A pesar de esta modernización del texto, la versión que se escenificó en 1999 conservaba un resabio del aspecto didáctico-erudito del original: la obra era introducida por la figura de un profesor. Éste se dirigía al público como a un grupo de estudiantes que no habían hecho su tarea de leer *La Celestina*, por lo que pasaba a narrársela en lo que era la representación en sí. Para ello, usaba además grabados antiguos de la obra, así como cua-

dros de Picasso y otros pintores (Romero 152).² En la versión actual, Bond ha eliminado al profesor-narrador. Ha decidido que la inclusión de este personaje que no estaba en el original, además de innecesaria, no resultaba adecuada para la estructura de la obra. La función del profesora-narrador de situar la obra en el pasado lejano para luego traerla al presente se hace en la nueva versión de manera menos intrusiva: la obra comienza con la escena del encuentro inicial de Calisto y Melibea. Esta escena está escrita en un inglés arcaico de resonancias shakesperianas para dar a entender al público que está presenciando una historia de antigua raigambre. Acto seguido, se salta al mundo moderno con la escena del diálogo entre Sempronio y Calisto en el elegante apartamento de este último.

Otro cambio capital entre el texto con el que se estrenó y la versión actual que aquí presentamos es la introducción de un epílogo. En la nueva versión, la obra termina aparentemente tras el suicidio de Melibea y el grito de Pleberio que la llama. Sin embargo, tras este falso final, Celestina sale de nuevo al escenario, que está en proceso de desmontaje y con los actores quitándose los disfraces. Se dirige entonces al público, espetándoles que, si quieren una moraleja de la historia, se la va dar. Lo hace en forma de un número musical tipo apoteosis, en que todos los actores participan. La letra implica una visión desgarrada de la existencia, que, con todos sus altibajos y sinsentidos, se presenta como la única realidad verdadera. Una de las razones para introducir este epílogo, según Brad Bond aduce, fue un consejo de productores y representantes teatrales. Éstos le sugirieron que, si quería que una actriz de prestigio aceptara interpretar a Celestina, tendría que darle más protagonismo al papel y no dejar que el personaje desapareciera del escenario tras su muerte a mitad de la representación. Esta nueva intervención de Celestina en el epílogo ayuda a contravenir su temprana desaparición de escena. Al mismo tiempo, el tono de este epílogo sirve para dar unidad temática a la obra. Contiene líneas que proceden del ausente monólogo de Pleberio, como «Why do the good have to die? Why does love end in pain? Is there a God up in the sky?». Repite también las palabras de Celestina durante el banquete que son un himno al *carpe diem*, con el estribillo «Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die», procedente de Eclesiastés 8:15 e Isaías 22:13. Esta máxima funciona como un leitmotiv en toda la obra pues su desgarrado vitalismo está presente en varios números musicales, como en la canción de Pleberio antes citada *No More Words*, que llama a olvidar las penas, en la de Elicia tras la muerte de Celestina titulada *Life Goes On*, y en la de Areúsa *Get Up*, canciones estas dos últimas que llaman a no rendirse ante las desgracias sino a seguir viviendo. Sin embargo, no es este vitalismo un baño de almíbar aplicado indiscriminadamente pues enfatiza la presencia

2.— Joseph Snow estuvo en contacto con Brad Bond durante el montaje de la obra en 1999 y le proporcionó copias de grabados celestinescos y otras imágenes.

ineludible de la muerte. Así, las últimas palabras con que se cierra esta producción son «for tomorrow we die». La primera parte de esta frase bíblica antes citada, «eat and drink and be merry», seguida de unos ominosos puntos suspensivos, se usó en su día en la tarjeta de lobby de la obra. Esta frase proverbial condensa también el espíritu del vodevil más puro, de sus luces y risas ante la sordidez del mundo real y el inevitable destino del ser humano. Estas palabras son igualmente una versión adaptada al nuevo género del *in hac lachrymarum valle* con que termina la *Tragicomedia*.

Estamos pues ante una adaptación de *La Celestina* que debe ser considerada como un peculiar e importante eslabón de la celestinesca ya que es tanto una adaptación del original a otro idioma y género como una obra nueva de pleno derecho. A pesar de las muchas diferencias con el texto original, conserva intacta su crudeza y pesimismo por más que el vitalismo y la ligereza del musical la estructuren. En este sentido, Brad Bond se confiesa admirador del musical *Chicago* y de otras producciones del famoso director, bailarín y coreógrafo Bob Fosse, director de la película *Cabaret*, musicales que muestran el lado oscuro de las bambalinas vodevilesas. Este mundo del cabaret, con sus estridencias y sus orígenes prostibularios y hampescos, es al fin y al cabo, heredero del mundo sórdido y egoísta en que se desarrolla *La Celestina*. Por ello no es de extrañar la presencia de ecos brechtianos en esta obra de Bond. No solo el extrañamiento por la ruptura de la ilusión escénica en el epílogo y los continuos guiños de complicidad al espectador son brechtianos, sino que también lo es el personaje de la Celestina, quien, por su afán lucrativo, recuerda a Madre Coraje.

Editamos aquí el texto en un formato apropiado para su lectura. Aunque lo hemos adaptado a las convenciones modernas de edición de textos dramáticos, conservamos la práctica común de los libretos de Broadway de poner en mayúscula las partes cantadas, por más que las mayúsculas resulten difíciles de leer. Hemos puesto en itálica y entre paréntesis las acotaciones que incluye el autor. El lector debe tener en cuenta que la información que nos dan estas didascalias no están pensadas para un lector genérico, sino que son instrucciones concretas para el director de escena y los actores de cómo representar la escena, montar el decorado, etc. Finalmente, hemos introducido algunas notas a pie de página que aclaran giros coloquiales del inglés y referencias concretas que pueden resultar difíciles para el lector no familiarizado con el mundo norteamericano implícito en la obra. Traducir todo el libreto al español hubiera sido una ardua tarea pues implicaría crear una nueva adaptación ya que está repleto de giros y juegos de palabras imposibles de traducir directamente sin hacerles perder su fuerza cómica y su expresividad.

Obras citadas

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Foto 1: Celestina y los Celestina Boys durante el número musical «The Celestina Show» de la representación de 1999. Celestina interpretada por Sharon Carlson y los Celestina Boys por Ryan Vaughan, Matt Dallmann, Michael Hurd y Jerry Sneec (Foto cortesía de Brad Bond).



Foto 2: Celestina y los Celestina Boys durante el número musical «Cookin'» en la representación de la obra en 1999 (Foto cortesía de Brad Bond).

CELESTINA, A TRAGIC MUSIC COMEDY

Music, Lyrics, and Book by Brad Bond
Adapted from Fernando de Rojas' *La Celestina*,

CHARACTERS

CALISTO: A handsome, wealthy young man in love with Melibea

MELIBEA: A beautiful, wealthy young woman

SEMPRONIO: A clever servant of Calisto

THE CELESTINA BOYS: Celestina's back-up singers

CELESTINA: An old slut

PARMENO: A young, innocent servant of Calisto

ELICIA: Sempronio's girlfriend, one of Celestina's «girls»

LUCRECIA: Melibea's little maid

AREUSA: One of Celestina's «girls»

PLEBERIO: Melibea's father, a wealthy, powerful business man

CENTURIO: An oafish thug-for-hire (*played by same actor as Calisto*)

VARIOUS TOWNSPEOPLE (*played by same actors as Parmeno, Elicia, Areusa, Lucrecia, Calisto, Melibea's Father*)

SOSIA: A servant of Calisto (*played by same actor as Parmeno*)

TRISTAN: A servant of Calisto (*played by same actor as Sempronio*)

BREAKDOWN OF SCENES AND MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT I

Prologue: A Spanish garden,

PROLOGUE—Calisto and Melibea

Scene 1: Calisto's House, The present

I LOVE HER—Calisto

[WOMEN ARE WICKED](#)—Sempronio

Scene 2: The Village Square, the same day

[THE CELESTINA SHOW](#)—Celestina and the Boys, Various townspeople

- Scene 3:** Calisto's House, later
[SHE'S AN OLD SLUT](#)—Parmeno
LET ME BE YOUR MOTHER NOW—Celestina
[I'LL PLAY](#)—Parmeno
- Scene 4:** Celestina's House, later
COOKIN'—Celestina and the Boys
THE INCANTATION—Celestina and the Boys
- Scene 5:** Melibea's House, later
OLD AGE IS HECK—Celestina
- Scene 6:** Areusa's Room, late that night
[LET A SR. CITIZEN WATCH](#)—Celestina and the Boys
- Scene 7:** Celestina's House, a week later, Evening
[EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY](#)—Celestina
I LOVE HER (*reprise*)—Calisto
MELIBEA, HONEY, EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY—Cel.,
Sem., Are., Parmeno, Elicia
PAIN—Melibea, Lucrecia, Celestina
FINALE ACT I—Cel. the Celestina Boys, Cal., Mel., Luc.,
Eli., Are., Sem., Par.

ACT II

- Scene 1:** Melibea's House (Front Yard and Interior) Same night
NOW THAT I KNOW—Calisto and Melibea
[NO MORE WORDS](#)—Pleberio
- Scene 2:** Celestina's House, early hours of the following day
PROMISES—Celestina, Sempronio, Parmeno
- Scene 3:** Celestina's House, the morning of the same day
[LIFE GOES ON](#)—Elicia
[GET UP](#)—Areusa and Elicia
JUST LIKE HIM—Areusa, Elicia, Sempronio, Parmeno
JUST LIKE HER—Areusa
[HOW YA WANT HIM TO DIE?](#)—Centurio
- Scene 4:** Melibea's Garden / The Foot of the Wall, Midnight
[HERE AM I](#)—Melibea
HELLO DOWN THERE—Lucrecia and Tristan (*Sempronio*)
NO MORE WORDS (*reprise*)—Melibea
- Epilogue:** The Bare Stage
THE MORAL—Celestina and the Full Cast

Act I—Prologue

(With a grand swell of overture music, reveal a Spanish garden in 1499. We see Calisto, a gallant young man professing his love to a beautiful young maiden Melibea)

(PROLOGUE, musical number)

CAL: OH, MELIBEA / METHINKS IN THEE I PERCEIVE GOD'S PERFECTION.

MEL: BLASPHEMY! HOW NOW, HERETICAL KNAVE? / GET THEE HENCE FROM ME / TO CHURCH AND PRAY THE LORD THY SOUL TO SAVE! *(Calisto is distraught and exits in despair).*³

Act I, Scene 1

(The scene shifts over music, and we flash forward five centuries to the present day. The location is the living room of Calisto's house, a stylish rich bachelor's home. Reveal Sempronio, Calisto's clever servant, lounging on the couch while Calisto paces)

SEM: Calisto. Calm down, buddy. It's not so bad. Calisto?

CAL: I finally find my one true love, and she rejects me. Utterly and completely. I wish I were dead.

SEM: Dead? Call me crazy, but you've been chatting for how long? It's not like you really «know» her. Exchanged a few IM's.⁴ Looked at some nice pictures.

CAL: This is the woman I'm supposed to be with. This is my destiny. And now I'm unfriended and blocked. Why, Sempronio? Why? Why would she do that?

SEM: *(a beat)* She's probably a dude *(Calisto begins a grand musical tirade. In the following number, Calisto tangos Sempronio about the stage).*

CAL: She is not a dude! *(music cue)*

(I LOVE HER, musical number)

I LOVE HER, AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO KNOW. / I NEED HER, ALTHOUGH I CAN'T TELL HER SO. / IT MAY BE OLD

3.— Este diálogo inicial está intencionalmente plagado de arcaísmos en inglés, como *methinks*, *kenave* o *thy*, que indican a la audiencia que la escena tiene lugar en una época remota.

4.— IM's: Internet Messages, similar a SMS (short message service).

FASHIONED / THIS DASHING YOUNG MAN FILLED WITH PASSION / WHY CAN'T I FLY TO HER SIDE AND THEN BASK IN / THOSE ARMS THAT I NEED TO KNOW?

SEM: (*aside*) Young, handsome, rich—and he's singing the blues!

CAL: What?

SEM: (*aloud*) Yeah, that's a bitch. Man, it sucks to be you.

CAL: I LOVE HER, AND YET I'M IN MISERY / HOW TRAGIC, SHE'LL NEVER KNOW LOVING ME. / I'M FAR BEYOND SAVING, / THE TASTE OF HER LIPS I AM CRAVING, / AS YOU CAN SEE BY THE WAY I'M BEHAVING, / I YEARN FOR HER SAVAGELY.

SEM: (*aside*) OH, SPARE ME.

CAL: What?

SEM: (*aloud to Calisto*) OH, SHARE WITH ME.

CAL: LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT IS RARE— / THIS IS SO. / BUT, WHEN IT'S RIGHT I SWEAR / YOU KNOW. / YOU SAY THIS LOVE IS STRANGE, IT SEEMS SO PREMATURE. / BUT, I TELL YOU THIS FIRE I FEEL INSIDE WILL EVER ENDURE / TILL THE DAY I DIE. / I LOVE HER, AS MUCH AS I LOVE THE LORD. / I SWEAR IT, BY THE HILT OF MY FATHER'S SWORD. / I'M FINISHED WITH PRAYIN' / I'M NOT A CHRISTIAN, I'M NOW MELIBEAN / ATTEND ME, AND HEAR WHAT I'M SAYIN' / THIS LOVE WILL NOT BE IGNORED!

SEM: All this drama over some damn woman?

CAL: Melibea is not «some damn woman!» She's a goddess.

SEM: A goddess. Uh huh (*music cue. Sempronio sits down and begins to change into tap shoes*).

(WOMEN ARE WICKED, musical number)

(Listen here <http://celestinavisual.org/storage/womenarewicked.m4a>)

PLEASE DON'T TRY TO TELL ME ABOUT HELEN OF TROY / OR THE STRANGE MYSTIQUE OF MARILYN MONROE. / IDOLIZING WOMEN IS SO DANGEROUS, MY BOY. / IT'S UNSETTLING JUST HOW FAR A MAN WILL GO. / I KNOW THAT YOU THINK HER SHIT DOESN'T STINK— / THIS PERFECT GODDESS YOU PICKED.

CAL: (*spoken*) Sempronio...

SEM: (*interrupting*) BUT THIS IS MY THEME—THEY'RE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM (*begin tap number*) / SO DON'T BE

TRICKED! / I'M TELLIN' YOU, / WOMEN ARE WICKED, SO
 YOU BEST BEWARE / OR YOU'LL WIND UP IN INTENSIVE
 CARE / WITH A GREAT BIG BLOODY HOLE IN YOUR
 CHEST / JUST LYIN' ON SOME CART / WITH A BUNCH OF
 DOCTORS POKIN' AROUND / LOOKIN' FOR YOUR HEART!
 / WOMEN ARE WICKED, TAKE IT FROM ME, / SO FLEE...

CAL: Sempronio...

SEM: FLEE!

CAL: Come back here.

SEM: FLEE! (*Sempronio performs tap solo over dialogue*).

CAL: What makes you such an expert on women?

SEM: Firsthand experience, my friend—firsthand experience.

«BAD HAIR DAY»⁵ MEANS SHE ALWAYS WINS. / YOU'RE
 SUPPOSED TO BE / GENTLE AND KIND, UNDERSTANDING,
 FORGIVING / OF ALL OF HER SINS. / AND WHEN HER
 HAIR MAKES YOU LATE, / AND YOU SAY, «HEY, BABE, IT
 LOOKS GREAT!» / DOES SHE THANK YOU? HA! / NO, SHE
 CALLS YOU A LIAR! / AND YOUR PANTS ARE ON FIRE!⁶ / IF
 YOU SAY SHE LOOKS FINE, / SHE'S BOUND TO MISTRUST
 / IF YOU SAY SHE LOOKS BAD, / YOUR EV'NING'S A BUST
 / SO YOU'RE DOWN TO THE LINE, / AND YOU KNOW
 THAT YOU JUST / CAN'T WIN. / 'CAUSE IT'S A BAD, BAD
 HAIR DAY (*Sempronio performs another tap solo over dialogue*).

CAL: What about Elicia? You've been faithful to her for years.

SEM: Do as I say, not as I do. WOMEN ARE WICKED WHEN
 THEY'RE ON THE RAG ⁷/ THEN YOUR HONEY TURNS
 INTO A HAG. / ALL OF A SUDDEN SHE'S EMOTIONAL,
 IRRATIONAL, / HER HORMONES HAVE GONE AWRY.
 / BUT, IF YOU POINT THAT OUT, SHE'LL SCREAM AND
 SHOUT / AND THEN SHE'LL START TO CRY, I'M TELLIN'
 YOU, / WOMEN ARE WICKED, / THEY'RE JUST LIKE A
 SHARP STICK IN THE EYE / SO FLY...

CAL: Okay, I get your point, but...

SEM: FLY...

CAL: That's about enough...

5.– *Bad hair day*: expresión coloquial que significa tener un mal día, comparable al español «levantarse con el pie izquierdo».

6.– *Your pants are on fire*: estribillo de la expresión coloquial para llamar a alguien mentiroso. Aquí toma, sin embargo, el doble sentido de excitación sexual.

7.– *To be on the rag*: eufemismo coloquial para la menstruación.

SEM: FLY! / OH, LISTEN TO ME, BROTHER, LET ME GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE! / NEVER DATE A WOMAN MORE THAN ONCE—OR TWICE. / IT'S BETTER JUST TO PET HER TILL YOU GET HER IN THE SACK! / AND NEVER...

CAL: I know where this is heading...

SEM: NEVER...

CAL: And the big finish...

SEM: CALL HER BACK! (*a moment as Sempronio looks to Calisto to see if he's broken through. Calisto breaks into sobs.*)

SEM: OK. So, you're not changing your mind on this one. Well, cheer up, buddy, I think I can help you.

CAL: I'm beyond help.

SEM: Not necessarily. My girlfriend Elicia? Her landlady is—are you ready for this? Celestina!

CAL: Who is that?

SEM: What rock have you been living under? Celestina! She is the most famous matchmaker in the business. She's huge. If you want, I can talk to her for you and set something up.

CAL: Do you think she'll take my case?

SEM: If I put in a good word she will. We're close personal friends.

CAL: Oh, my God. If this all works out, I swear I'm going to owe you big time.

SEM: (*seeing dollar signs*) Owe me?

CAL: Go! Go now! Talk to her. Hire her. I'll pay whatever she wants. Just make it happen.

SEM: I'm going (*from the door*). Don't worry, buddy. If anyone can work magic, it's Celestina (*exit Sempronio*).

Act I, Scene 2

(*The same day. A street scene in the village square. Various townspeople come and go, gossiping together. These roles may be played by other main characters in disguise.*)

VOICE OFF: Live from the village square, it's The Celestina Show! Brought to you by Cheetos, the cheese that goes «crunch» (*music cue*).

(THE CELESTINA SHOW, musical number)**(Listen here <http://celestinavisual.org/storage/thecelestinashow.m4a>)****NUN** (*LUC*): WHO'S THAT GAL WITH THE GIGANTIC BAG?**HUNCHBACK** (*PAR*): WHO'S THAT GAL WHO IS ONE SEXY HAG?⁸**FLOWERGIRL** (*MEL*): SHE NEVER GOES TO A PARTY STAG!⁹
/ IT'S— ALL CELESTINA!**PRIEST** (*PLEB*): Cele-who?!**LADY 1** (*ARE*): SHE'S A GAL WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT LOVE.**LADY 2** (*ELI*): SHE'S A GAL WHO WAS SENT FROM ABOVE.**LADY 1 & 2**: LOVE AND SEX ALWAYS GO HAND IN GLOVE,
/ JUST ASK...**ALL**: CELESTINA!**PRIEST** (*PLEB*): SHE'LL SELL YOU A BILL OF GOODS / THAT
REALLY WILL CHANGE YOUR LIFE.**BUTCHER** (*CAL*): PROVIDE YOU A GREAT BIG SWORD /
WHEN ALL YOU NEED IS A KNIFE.**HUNCHBACK & BUTCHER**: BEFORE YOU CAN TURN
AROUND / SHE'LL UP AND FIND YOU A WIFE! / SHE'S ...**ALL**: CELE- CELE-CELE-CELE-CELE...STINA!

(Celestina appears in her grand signature pose. She is a haggly old crone with an enormous purse, from which she produces all manner of goods for sale. She slinks through the crowd, hawking her wares and services and lecherously toying with the men and, occasionally, with the women. She is accompanied by her back-up singers, the Celestina Boys, four androgynous, vaguely demonic, Fosseesque ¹⁰chorus boys).

CEL: Come and get it! GET YOUR VACUUM HERE / SUCK
THAT DIRT AWAY. / GET YOUR REAR IN GEAR. / TRY
SOME EAU'D TOILAY. / I GOT THE STUFF / IF YOU'VE
GOT THE MONEY. / RIGHT OFF THE CUFF / IT MIGHT
SOUND FUNNY. / CAN'T EMPHASIZE ENOUGH / HOW
VITAL IT IS HONEY / TO GET IT / WHILE YOU'RE HOT!
/ ACUPUNCTURE. / MASSAGE THERAPY. / I GOT A
HUNCH THAT YOU / COULD TAKE CARE OF ME. / I GOT

8.— *Hag*: mujer vieja con aspecto de bruja. Llamarla sexy es un oxímoron cómico.

9.— *Stag party*: fiesta o despedida de soltero.

10.— *Fosseesque*: referencia a Bob Fosse, director de teatro, bailarín y coreógrafo famoso por su trabajo en musicales como *Cabaret* o *Chicago*.

THE TOUCH / IF YOU'VE GOT A DOLLAR. / LOSE THAT CRUTCH / IT'LL MAKE YOU LOOK TALLER. / WHEN YOU NEED IT / SO MUCH / JUST GIVE ME A HOLLER, / BUT GET IT / WHILE YOU'RE HOT!

CEL BOYS: VACUUM! / SUCK IT SUCK IT / SUCK IT SUCK IT! ¹¹/ GET IT IN GEAR. / EAU D' EAU D' / EAU D' TOILAY / YOU'VE GOT THE MONEY. / IT MIGHT SOUND FUNNY. / OH, HONEY, / GET IT GET IT GET IT GET IT! / HOT! HOT! / OOOH / AAAH / YOU YOU YOU / CARE OF ME, AH AH AH AH / TOUCH / A DOLLAR / LOSE THAT CRUTCH! / TALLER / YOU NEED IT! / YOO HOO! / GET IT GET IT GET IT GET IT / HOT HOT! / NOW THAT WE'RE HOT / SHOW US WHAT YOU'VE GOT!

CEL: *(from her giant purse, Celestina produces various retail objects and samples, which she distributes to each of the townspeople in turn)* SOAP ON A ROPE?¹² / STEEL SIDING? / HERE'S A NICE / FLY SWATTER / WATER PURIFIER? / SQUEEGEE? / OIJA? / HAT? / CAT? MEOW!

LADY 1: I CAN'T SAY NOPE.

PRIEST: THAT SOUNDS INVITING.

NUN: NOW WE'RE GETTIN' / EVEN HOTTER!

BUTCHER: NOW THE STAKES / ARE GETTIN' HIGHER!

FLOWERGIRL: SWEET!

HUNCHBACK: NEAT!

LADY 2: WOW!

CEL BOY 4: MEOW!

CEL BOY 1: MEOW!

CEL BOY 2: MEOW!

CEL BOY 3: MEOW!

ALL: GET IT GET IT GET IT / GET IT GET IT! / WHILE YOU'RE HOT.

(The Celestina Boys perform an erotic, slow-motion sales orgy dance with the townspeople who are titillated by all the goods they are buying. Enter Sempronio who approaches Celestina. They speak aside).

11.– *Suck it*: usado aquí con doble sentido. Por un lado, se refiere a la operación del aspirador que supuestamente vende Celestina y por otro al sexo oral.

12.– *Soap on a rope*, o jabón con cordón, creado en la década de 1940, y que comercializaban las vendedoras de Avon.

SEM: I've got a hot lead for you. My master, Calisto, has fallen in love with a girl, Melibea, but she wants nothing to do with him. I thought this would be right up your alley.

CEL: You have no idea what goes on up my alley.

SEM: So, what do you say? Can I tell him you'll take his case?

CEL: He's rich, right?

SEM: He's loaded!

CEL: And he's in love, right?

SEM: He thinks he is.

CEL: Momma's gonna clean house tonight! Now, I'll handle the lady. Melibea just needs a little finessing. Meanwhile, you make sure Calisto stays in the right frame of mind—depressed, obsessed, and ready to divest. If we play our cards right, we can milk these cash cows for all they're worth.

SEM: You said «we». You're going to share some of the profits, right? Finder's fee? Partners all the way?

CEL: Oh, don't you worry. Stick with me, kid! I am the world's oldest professional (*the music resumes original upbeat tempo and the townspeople and Celestina boys swirl to life*).

HUNCHBACK: THIS OLD GAL IS AN EXPERT ON SEX!

NUN: THIS OLD GAL SURE CAN CAST A MEAN HEX!

FLOWERGIRL: SHE MADE A VOODOO DOLL THAT CRIPPLED MY EX!

ALL: (*stage whisper*) WATCH OUT FOR... CELESTINA!

BUTCHER: SHE'LL FIND YOU A DATE THAT'S REALLY GREAT, / JUST TRY IT AND SEE.

PRIEST: OR HELP LOCATE YOUR PERFECT MATE, IT'S FELICITY.

LADY 1 & 2: OR EDUCATE YOU TO MASTURBATE FOR A NOMINAL FEE!

ALL: SHE'S CELE-CELE-CELE-CELE-CELE-STINA!

(*The number ends with Celestina in her grand signature pose*).

Act I, Scene 3

(*Calisto's House. Later the same day. Calisto and Parmeno, his earnest young servant, are revealed. Calisto is primping and getting ready to meet Celestina*).

PAR: Calisto, I am begging you! Do not get involved with this...
Celestina.

CAL: But why, Parmeno, why? (*music cue*).

(SHE'S AN OLD SLUT, musical number)

PAR: SHE'S AN OLD SLUT.

CAL: What?!

PAR: SHE'S AN OLD SLUT!

CAL: Parmeno!

PAR: SHE'S AN OLD SLUT OLD SLUT OLD SLUT OLD SLUT!

CAL: Stop it! Why do you keep saying that?

PAR: It's the only way to describe her.

PAR: SHE'S WALKIN' DOWN THE STREET, / A HUNDRED
WOMEN ALL ABOUT, / SOMEBODY SHE MEETS / IS LIABLE
TO SHOUT, / «THERE'S THE OLD SLUT OLD SLUT OLD
SLUT OLD SLUT!».

CAL: That is no way to talk.

PAR: Oh, no, she's proud of it. SHE JUST TURNS, SMILES, AND
SAYS, «HI!» / THAT'S THE NAME SHE GOES BY. / 'CAUSE
SHE'S JUST AN OLD SLUT. / SHE'S AN OLD SLUT. / SHE'S
AN OLD SLUT OLD SLUT OLD SLUT OLD SLUT!

CAL: She can't be all that bad.

PAR: Oh, yes she is! I've known her for years. SHE'D DO
ANYTHING FOR A DOLLAR OR TWO; / SHE HELD
SEANCES, SHE READ TEA LEAVES AND TAROT. / SHE
WASHED CLOTHES AND SEWED, / BUT WHAT SHE REALLY
WOULD DO / WAS TO GET FOLKS TO STRAY FROM THE
STRAIGHT AND THE NARROW. / SHE HAD ALL SORTS
OF LADIES SHE EMPLOYED; / THERE WERE GIRLS TO
HELP OUT / WITH THE LAUNDRY AND SEWING, / BUT,
DOMESTIC WORK WASN'T WHAT THEY ENJOYED— /
IT WAS OFF TO THE BEDROOMS THEY REALLY WERE
GOING. / IT WAS A HOUSE OF ILL REPUTE— / THOSE
GIRLS WERE PROSTITUTES!

CAL: So?

PAR: SO, SHE'S AN OLD SLUT / JUST AN OLD SLUT / SHE'S
AN OLD SLUT OLD SLUT OLD SLUT OLD SLUT!

CAL: How do you know all this?

PAR: My mother and I lived with her. SHE USED TO LIVE IN
THIS SCARY OLD PLACE. / IT WAS LIKE A MUSEUM OF
THE WEIRD AND DEMENTED. / SHE HAD STUFF IN THERE

PROB'LY FROM OUTER SPACE. / I KNOW, BECAUSE ONE OF HER ROOMS WE RENTED. / SHE HAD ALL KINDS OF REALLY NASTY THINGS, / LIKE POTIONS IN TINY LITTLE BOTTLES, / AND AS SHE MIXES THEM SHE SINGS / AS ALL 'ROUND THE PENTAGRAM SHE WADDLES. / AND THEN SHE'D (I'M ON THE LEVEL)¹³ / SHE TRIED TO CONJURE THE DEVIL. She thinks she's a witch. BUT SHE'S JUST AN OLD SLUT. / YEP! SHE'S AN OLD SLUT. / SHE'S AN OLD SLUT OLD SLUT OLD SLUT OLD SLUT OLD SLUT.

CAL: She's not a witch.

PAR: Oh, yes she is! SHE HAD POTIONS, LOTIONS, PUNGENT UNGUENTS / BATH BEADS, RAG WEEDS, / EYE OF NEWT¹⁴, POISONED FRUIT, / VOO DOO DOLLS, POODLE BALLS, / DONKEY BRAINS, AND BADGER FEET... (*music stops*).

CAL: Stop it! It's too late. Sempronio has gone to pick her up. They'll be here any minute. So pull yourself together. And be nice to her.

PAR: May I just say one more thing?

CAL: Be brief (*music resumes*).

PAR: I KNOW THIS SOUNDS REDUNDANT / AND YOU THINK I'M IN A RUT, / BUT SHE'S AN OLD...

CAL: Parmeno...

PAR: OLD...

CAL: You are warned!

PAR: OLD...

CAL: Oh, for God's sake, say it.

PAR: YOU KNOW WHAT! (*enter Sempronio with Celestina, dressed as a tattered old beggar woman. Parmeno hides. Calisto goes to door to meet her*).

SEM: Celestina, may I introduce my master, Calisto (*Calisto takes her hand. To Calisto*). Celestina knows all about your situation, and she is going to go speak to Melibea on your behalf.

CAL: I've heard so much about you. I only pray you can help me.

CEL: I only pray they will receive me at Melibea's lovely home—dressed so poorly as I am in such beggar's rags as I'm able to cobble together on a widow's meager savings (*sigh*).

13.—*I am on the level*: expresión que significa que una persona es honesta.

14.—*Bath beads*: bolas aromáticas para el baño. *Rag weed*, normalmente escrito como una sola palabra, es una hierba usada para aliviar las molestias menstruales. *Eye of newt* es un ingrediente usado en el famoso conjuro de las tres brujas en *Macbeth*.

CAL: Money is no object. Go shopping. Get a whole new wardrobe.

In fact, I want to give you a stunning gold chain that belonged to my grandmother. It will look beautiful on you. Where do I have that? Sempronio, come help me look in the vault (*they start to exit; as an afterthought*). Keep our guest company while we're gone, Parmeno (*exit Calisto and Sempronio; Parmeno pops into view, startling Celestina*).

CEL: Good Christ! Parmeno! Is that you? It's been so long.

PAR: Not long enough, you nasty old harpy.

CEL: Now is that any way to speak to your dear old Auntie Celestina? Come here, sweetie pie, so I can give you a big kiss like the old days.

PAR: Your days of kissing me are over. And your days in this house are numbered as well. I know what you're up to. I've seen this routine a hundred times. And I am going to make sure that Calisto sees you for what you are too—a money grubbing, cheating, lying, old slut (*music cue*).

CEL: Why are you behaving this way? Think of your mother.

PAR: My mother?

CEL: I was there with her when she crossed over. And her last words were about you.

PAR: (*skeptical*) Oh really. What did she say?

CEL: She took my hand and she said...

(LET ME BE YOUR MOTHER NOW, musical number)

«YOU MUST BE HIS MOTHER NOW— / HE WILL NEED A GUIDING HAND. / IF BY CHANCE HE FEELS DEPRESSED, / HOLD HIM TO YOU MOTHER'S BREAST». / And then she said, / «WHEN I REACH THE OTHER SHORE, / LOOKING DOWN UPON MY SON, / WATCHING HELPLESS FROM ABOVE, / PROMISE ME YOU'LL BE THERE GIVING HIM MY LOVE». / I know you and your mother had your differences. But she did truly love you. And she wanted you to be happy. I want you to be happy. And you will be, if you'll only... *LET ME BE YOUR MOTHER NOW*. / DIGNIFY HER LAST REQUEST. / COME TO ME MY ORPHAN CHILD / 'THOUGH THE WORLD IS ROUGH AND WILD. / AS SHE THOUGHT OF YOU SHE SMILED... Now you smile (*he pulls away*). No? / LISTEN TO YOUR MOTHER NOW, / I KNOW BETTER WHAT IS BEST. / DEEP WITHIN MY

EYES YOU'LL SEE / YEARS UPON YEARS OF EXPERIENCE / WISDOM BEYOND ALL COMMON SENSE. / SOON THE LIGHT WILL DAWN, / AND I WILL BE YOUR MOTHER / FROM NOW ON (*Calisto and Sempronio enter, Sempronio with a jewel chest and Calisto holding a big gold chain*).

CAL: I found it! (*he puts the chain around Celestina's neck*). I want you to have this. It's been in my family for generations. And there are some other nice pieces in the chest here for you.

CEL: Such generosity! I could never ask for so grand a compensation for my humble services, which are a joy to me anyway. Helping lovely deserving young people is its own reward.

PAR: (*crossing to Sempronio and grabbing the chest—they wrestle with it*) Well, then I'll just take this back to the vault...

CEL: But of course I would never be so rude as to insult the kindest of gift givers by rejecting such a meaningful and thoughtful gesture (*to Sempronio*). Put that in the car for me, dear heart. I needn't take up any more of your master's valuable time. And I have much to do to prepare to woo his beloved (*exit Sempronio with the chest*).

CAL: Please do your best to win her over for me.

CEL: If anyone has that power—I do. Trust me.

CAL: I do. Thank you.

CEL: Be strong. Be patient. All will be well (*to Parmeno*). Good-bye my sweet boy. Don't forget our little talk. Momma loves you!¹⁵ (*she exits; Parmeno approaches Calisto*).

CAL: God, this is great!

PAR: No, it isn't. It's a nightmare. I'm begging you not to get mixed up with that evil witch.

CAL: Dammit, Parmeno, that's enough. I've had it with your pissing and moaning and getting in the way of everything. You're a kid. You don't know anything. I know you mean well, but Sempronio is my go-to guy on this one. He's had a lot more experience. You've said your piece. Now suck it up. And from now on keep your opinions to yourself (*exit Calisto; music cue*).

(I'LL PLAY, musical number)

(Listen here <http://celestinavisual.org/storage/illplay.m4a>)

15.— *Momma loves you*: frase usada típicamente por las madres para calmar a los niños pequeños.

PAR: I ALWAYS THOUGHT / THAT THE THINGS I WAS
TAUGHT / WERE THE WAY LIFE IS FOR REAL. / PEOPLE
SHOULD ACT / BASED ON THINGS THAT ARE FACT /
NOT ON THINGS THEY ONLY FEEL. / EVERYONE KNOWS
/ YOU SHOULD STAND BY YOUR FRIENDS, / BUT WHAT
AM I SUPPOSED TO DO / WHEN YOUR VERY BEST FRIEND
/ WHO YOU LOVE TO THE END / WON'T STAND BY YOU?
/ MAYBE I AM PARANOID / BUT, BUDDY, YOU'RE NOT
SIGMUND FREUD, / AND NO, I CAN'T EXPLAIN JUST WHAT
I FEAR. / BUT, IF I CAN SURVIVE THE SHAME / I GUESS I'LL
HAVE TO PLAY THE GAME / OF TELLING YOU JUST WHAT
YOU WANT TO HEAR. / I'LL PLAY. / IF YOU WANT TO
CHOP YOUR RIGHT HAND OFF / THEN I'LL SAY, / «WHAT
A GOOD IDEA!» I COULDN'T STOP YOU ANYWAY. / IF
YOU WANT TO WRECK YOUR CAR / OR TAKE A BATH IN
BURNING TAR, / I WILL USE THE FLAME TO LIGHT UP MY
CIGAR. / 'CAUSE IF YOU DON'T WANT AN HONEST ALLY
/ MAYBE I SHOULD LEAVE, OR SHALL I / STAY RIGHT HERE
BUT JOIN THE OTHER SIDE? / YOU'RE THE MAN! / YOU
MAKE THE RULES! / BUT WHAT YOU DON'T REALIZE / IS
SHE'S THE CAPTAIN ON THIS SHIP OF FOOLS. / BUT, I'LL
PLAY. / IF THAT'S THE GAME, OL' BUDDY, / HAVE IT YOUR
WAY. / I WILL STAND HERE SMILING «YESSING» / UNTIL
DOOMSDAY. / WHEN THAT EARTHQUAKE COMES TO
TOWN, / AND YOUR WORLD COMES CRASHING DOWN,
/ WHEN YOU'RE WONDERING WHERE WAS YOUR
WARNING? / THINK BACK TO THIS FATEFUL MORNING /
WHEN YOU PUSHED YOUR FRIEND AWAY / WHEN THAT
FRIEND HAD TRIED TO SAY / THAT THIS PATH YOU'RE ON
IS LEADING YOU ASTRAY. / I KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'LL
DO, / YOU'LL SAY NO ONE EVER TOLD YOU. / I TRIED TO
/ I TRIED TO / I TRIED!

Act I, Scene 4

(Celestina's house. Later the same day. Enter Celestina and Sempronio, carrying the jewel chest. Celestina still wears the gold chain).

CEL: Elicia! I'm home! Where is that fat little thing? *(enter Elicia, a still lovely but somewhat over-processed courtesan; she is not fat; to Elicia, referencing Sempronio)* Look what I found wandering the

- streets (to *Sempronio*) Gimme that! (*Celestina takes the trunk from him and exits*)
- SEM:** Hey, babe (*trying to kiss her; she brushes him off*).
- ELI:** I'm not speaking to you.
- SEM:** What?!
- ELI:** I haven't seen you for days.
- SEM:** Day. You haven't seen me for «day». «A» day.
- ELI:** Whatever. I am going to find a new lover who is more attentive.
- SEM:** Good luck with that.
- ELI:** Who needs luck when you've got these? (*referencing her chest*).
- SEM:** Those are nice...
- ELI:** Remember them fondly, you won't be seeing them for a while (*Celestina enters with Areusa, a lovely young prostitute who also lives with her. They are carrying a large, heavy steamer trunk.¹⁶ They heft it onto the table*).
- SEM:** What's this about?
- CEL:** Old Cellie has work to do. Calisto is good and hot, so I need to work fast before the fire cools.
- SEM:** What about Parmeno? He's throwing water on the flames as we speak.
- CEL:** The trick is to find his weakness. He's much too sweet, loyal, and virtuous.
- SEM:** He's so damn uptight. I think he just needs to get laid.
- CEL:** Why didn't I see that? He's a virgin, isn't he?
- SEM:** Of course.
- CEL:** Areusa, honey, I'm going to have a little job for you.
- ARE:** A virgin. Yum! I'll see if I have any availability (*looking at her smart phone*).
- CEL:** Clear your schedule. There's a big fish at stake, and I'm not about to lose a whale because of some do-gooder guppy. Now, go bait your hook!
- ARE:** Relax, Grandma. This isn't my first fish fry.
- CEL:** Now, out! Everybody out! (*exit Sempronio, Elicia, Areusa; once alone, Celestina says*)
- Yoo hoo! Boys! (*the Celestina Boys appear. During the number they dress her in an apron emblazoned with the slogan, «Born to Bar-B-Q!»*)

16.– *Steamer trunk*: baúl usado antiguamente para viajes transatlánticos en barco.

She also dawns a pair of yellow rubber «living gloves»¹⁷ and protective goggles. During the number, she pulls out sundry test tubes and beakers and a wide variety of demonic ingredients which she mixes together).

CEL: Let's do it! (*music cue*).

(COOKIN', musical number)

I'M GONNA / COOK COOK COOK / IN MY KITCHY KITCHY KITCHEN.

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) COOK COOK COOK / KITCHY KITCHY KITCHEN

CEL: I'M GONNA / COOK COOK COOK / TILL THE CATTLE / COME HOME!¹⁸ / OH, I'M ALWAYS COOKIN' / IN MY KITCHEN / TILL THE CATTLE / COME HOME.

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) COOK COOK COOK COOK / HOME HOME HOME HOME / COOKIN' HMMM YEAH / KITCHEN, OH BOY / HOME, COME ON HOME.

CEL: WELL, A PINCH AND A DAB / AND A SHAKE IT UP / I DON'T NEED NO MEASURIN' CUP, / 'CAUSE I'M COOKIN' / IN MY KITCHEN / TILL THE CATTLE / COME HOME!

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) DOO WOPPA DOO / DOO WOPPA DOO WA DOOP / WAH DOW! / COOKIN' HMMM YEAH / KITCHEN, OH BOY. (*spoken*) Come on home!

CEL: BUBBLE, BOIL AND BUBBLE / I'M A'COOKIN' / UP SOME TROUBLE / FOR LITTLE MELLI! / LOVE FROM CELLI!

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) BUBBLE BUBBLE BUBBLE / SHE'S A COOKIN', / BIG TROUBLE / WOOO, LOOK OUT MELLI! / WAH, HERE COMES CELLI!

CEL: THREE DROPS OF BLOOD / AND SOME ANCIENT RUNES / I DON'T NEED NO MEASURIN' SPOONS. / THEN TOSS A COUPLE / GOAT HAIRS / INTO THE STEW— / THIS AINT MY FIRST BARBECUE! / BECAUSE I'M COOKIN' / OH, LORDY, / HOW I'M COOKIN' / I MEAN I'M SHAKIN' / AND BAKIN' / AND HEARTS'LL / BE BREAKIN' / 'CAUSE I'M COOKIN' / TILL THE CATTLE / COME HOME!

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) DOO WOPPA DOO / DOO WA DOOP / WAH DOW / DOO WOPPA DOO / DOO / WA DOOP / BARBEQUE / BECAUSE SHE'S COOKIN' / COOKIN'

17.— *Living gloves*: guantes de goma.

18.— *Till the cattle come home*: expresión coloquial que indica hasta muy tarde o la mañana siguiente.

OH BOY, OH BOY / SHAKIN', / BAKIN' / DOO WAH /
 COOKIN' COOKIN' COOKIN' / AH— / HOME, BRING IT
 ON HOME!

CEL: (*Celestina tastes the mixture*) Perfect!

(There is a brief musical intro, and the atmosphere becomes dark and creepy [go fog machine!] as the boys begin to chant the eerie a capella «ha ha ha» of the incantation. The Celestina Boys help Celestina remove her protective cookin' gear. Celestina produces a large braid of thread, which she dunks in the brew. Note: As to Celestina's actual demonic powers, it is best to leave it ambiguous as to whether she is actually able to cast a magic spell, or whether the eventual transformation of Melibea's hate into love is just a natural progression. Of course, Celestina should have great faith in her own powers, but the audience should be left to wonder whether there is dark magic afoot or not).

(THE INCANTATION, musical number)

CEL: OH, / GREAT MEPHISTOPHILES, / LORD / OF THE
 INFERNAL DEEP, / COMMANDER OF / ALL OF THE ARMIES
 / OF FALLEN ANGELS, / I CONJURE THEE!

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) HA HA HA HA (*etc.*) /
 MEPHISTOPHILES / INFIERNOS TAN PROFUNDOS / ALMAS
 DECAÍDAS / LA PUTA TE CONJURA!¹⁹

CEL: I, CELESTINA / YOUR BEST KNOWN AND / HIGHLY
 RESPECTED PRACTITIONER, / DO SUMMON THEE /
 BY THE POWER OF THIS CONTRACT / WRITTEN AND
 SEALED IN THE LIFEBLOOD / OF AN EBONY / BIRD OF
 THE NIGHT! / I CALL UPON THEE / TO COME TO ME /
 AND OBEY MY WILL.

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) CELESTINA! / BRUJA
 PODEROSA / QUE SUBA SUBA! / AI AI AI (*etc.*) / QUE SUBA
 SUBA! / QUE VENGA VENGA! / OH!

CEL: ENDOW THIS SACRED POTION / WITH THE POWER OF
 CONFOUNDED PERCEPTION. / AND LET THIS LENGTH
 OF THREAD HERE / ANNOINTED WITH THIS MIXTURE /
 BE A CATALYST / FOR DECEPTION.

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) AY! AY! / QUE SUBA / QUE
 VENG (*etc.*) / MMMMMM.

19.— El uso del español en el conjuro, lengua que la audiencia no entiende, tiene un efecto similar al uso de palabras en latín u otras lenguas arcaicas en los conjuros.

CEL: LET LOVELY MELIBEA / BE WOUNDED WITH DESIRE
/ FOR CALISTO! / LET LOVELY MELIBEA / BE WOUNDED
WITH DESIRE / FOR CALISTO! / LET LOVELY MELIBEA / BE
WOUNDED WITH DESIRE / DESIRE, DESIRE— / AH HA HA
HA HA!

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) QUE MELIBEA SUFRA
/ DEL DESEO / CALISTO CALISTO (*etc.*) / OH, MELIBEA
BELLA / OH, CALISTO LISTO / QUE SUFRAN, QUE SUFRAN
/ AH HA HA HA HA!

Act I, Scene 5

(*Melibea's house. We find Melibea and her little maid, Lucrecia, who is a frighteningly perky young girl. The doorbell rings. Lucrecia opens the door to reveal Celestina in her peddler outfit, smiling broadly.*)

CEL: Hello, and who have we here?

LUC: I'm Lucrecia! (*loudly to Melibea*) Melibea! The old slut is here!

CEL: (*to Lucrecia*) Well, aren't you precious?

MEL: (*crossing to the door*) Lucrecia, what's the matter with you?
(*to Celestina*) May I help you?

CEL: Hello, my name is Celestina, and I was wondering if you'd be interested in buying this lovely thread (*Lucrecia reaches for it and Celestina slaps her hand*). Not you! It's meant for the hands of only the most delicate of ladies (*Melibea reaches for the thread, almost taking it. Then she changes her mind*).

MEL: I don't think so. But thank you for coming (*she attempts to escort Celestina to the door*).

LUC: Hey! Didn't you used to be our Avon lady?

CEL: Why, yes! I was!

MEL: I remember you now. You haven't been here for a very long time.

CEL: I'm afraid I don't have the strength to keep up with my old Avon route any more.

(*music cue*) Ya see...

(*OLD AGE IS HECK, musical number*)

OLD AGE IS HECK! / I CAN'T EVEN WEAR OPEN-TOED SHOES. / IT'S A PAIN IN MY NECK, / 'CAUSE I GOT THOSE

BUNION BLUES. / I USED TO SWING 'ROUND THOSE JAZZY
BACK ROOMS. / THE ONLY THING I GOT LEFT TO SWING
ARE MY BAZOOMS,²⁰ / BECAUSE, OLD AGE, OLD AGE IS... /
(*spoken*) Thread?

MEL: No thank you (*Melibebe starts to rise, but Celestina pushes her
down again*).

CEL: I sell make-up. One of my products is this super moisturizer
called «Agua d' vivre». It's from France! (*this is a very big deal*)
The other day, I'm over to Mrs. McCrummen's, and I pull out
the Agua d' vivre, and I go to demonstrate²¹. Now, I don't like to
think of myself as old, but when you put moisturizer on your
face, it shouldn't go (*Celestina makes horrible slurping sound. She
turns to Melibebe*). Thread?

MEL: Really, no thank you.

CEL: OLD AGE IS THE PITS! / IT AINT ALWAYS EASY TO
KEEP FROM GETTIN' DEPRESSED. / FIRST THING IN
THE MORNING I READ THE OBITS— / IF MY NAME'S
NOT THERE, I GO AHEAD AND GET DRESSED. / TIME
MARCHES ON, AND IT'S SUCH A DISGRACE— / YOU
WAKE TO FIND THAT FATHER TIME'S / BEEN MARCHIN'
ACROSS YOUR FACE, I TELL YA, / OLD AGE, OLD AGE IS...
(*spoken*) Thread?

MEL: No!

CEL: IT AINT NO PICNIC!²² / OLD AGE, OLD AGE IS... I love
bingo. I was down at the church basement just the other day,
and I'm sitting next to my hair dresser, Ruby. Now, in case you
don't know her, Ruby does great hair, but she's not real bright
(*to Lucrecia*) You'd love her (*to Melibebe*). Anyhoo, she asks me if
I've done all my Christmas shopping yet. I say to her, «Ruby,
it's January». «I know», she says, «but that's when you should
do all your Christmas shopping. It's so much cheaper, and that
way, you're all ready for next year!» «YA BUY YOUR CARDS,
YOUR WRAPPING, YOUR DECORATIONS, / AND ALL
YOUR LITTLE SANTAS!» / I SAID, «NEXT YEAR?! I DON'T
EVEN BUY GREEN BANANAS!»²³ / 'CAUSE OLD AGE, OLD

20.— *Bazooms*: vulgar por pechos muy grandes.

21.— *Demonstrate*: mostrar un producto comercial, su uso y aplicación.

22.— *It ain't no picnic*: expresión coloquial para indicar que algo no es fácil ni divertido de hacer.

23.— *Not to buy green bananas*: expresión coloquial que significa que no conviene hacer planes a largo plazo.

AGE IS HECK! (*offers Melibea thread, then pulls it back; spoken*)
Nowadays, my back goes out more than I do! OLD AGE, OLD
AGE IS HECK! / (*offers Melibea thread, then pulls it back; spoken*)
All the names in my little black book end in «M.D». / OLD AGE,
OLD AGE IS... The other day I went to pull up my stockings—
and I wasn't wearing any! / OLD AGE, OLD AGE IS... (*kneels*
to offer Melibea thread. She reaches out slowly and finally takes it.
Celestina does a victory dance) HECK!

MEL: Well, thanks for coming. I'm sure you must have a busy
schedule... (*attempting to escort Celestina to the door*).

CEL: Oh, it does my heart good to see such a lovely young lady
take an interest in an old woman and her troubles. I haven't
met such a nice, sweet, kind, generous young person since, oh
my, what was his name? Oh yes! Calisto! (*she adds a little spooky*
magicky flavor to his name for good effect).

MEL: (*suddenly furious*) What?! How dare you speak his name to
me? Is that what this is about? You've come here on his behalf?
Why, you sneaky old harlot. Get out! Lucrecia, call the police!

CEL: Well, my goodness, I had no idea you had such passionate
opinions about poor—Calisto! (*again with the magic flavor. Maybe*
a hand gesture too).

MEL: Passionate? He approached me in a disgusting and
inappropriate manner. I want nothing to do with him. Or with
you, for that matter. Lucrecia, are you dialing? (*Lucrecia gets out*
her cell phone).

CEL: I'm shocked that you would be so cruel, given his condition.

MEL: What condition?

CEL: Well, he's seriously ill. Yes. He's been to all the doctors, and
they can do nothing for him. Oh, the torture, the torment. He's
suffering terribly.

LUC: I'll bet.

CEL: But, never mind. I'll be going (*aside to Lucrecia with the*
cellphone). Stop that!

(*starting to leave*). If modern medicine is powerless, why should I
have thought that you might be able to help him?

MEL: Me? How could I help him?

CEL: How indeed?

LUC: Yes, how indeed?

CEL: (*aside to Lucrecia*) Here, have some taffy (*pokes candy into her*
mouth; aloud to Melibea). Oh, it's sad, sad, sad, sad, sad. Just pray,

- my dear. Pray for healing. For deep, complete release from his torment. Every night, before you go to sleep, close your eyes and pray as hard as you can for—Calisto! (*Again with the spooky voice*).
- MEL:** Oh, I will. I had no idea. And I'm sorry I got so upset with you. I just thought...
- CEL:** Good heavens, child, don't worry about me. I only live to serve others. Well, I'm off.
- Please call me if you ever need anything. I'm here for you.
- MEL:** Come back any time. And do let me know how he's doing (*she crosses away*).
- LUC:** Don't worry. She will.
- CEL:** (*in doorway aside to Lucrecia*) Listen, honey. I have some lovely pimple cream that could do wonders for that complexion of yours. It's straight from France and goes for a hundred dollars a bottle, but I give it to my close friends for free. We're close friends, right?
- LUC:** Sure. Why not?
- CEL:** Good. Let's keep it that way. OK?
- LUC:** 'Kay. Bye! (*Lucrecia shuts the door*). Hey, let's try out the new thread! (*reaching for it*).
- MEL:** (*pulling the thread away and heading off*) No, I'm going to work alone in my room for a while. You stay behind and do the mending. I'll call you when I need you (*Melibeia exits*).
- LUC:** I'll stay behind and do the mending. She'll call me when she needs me. Sheesh!

Act I, Scene 6

(*Areusa's bedroom. Celestina and Parmeno are standing next to Areusa, who is in a large bed with the covers pulled up around her. She is doing a good job of appearing modest and demure. Parmeno is awkward and shy*).

- CEL:** Areusa, this is Parmeno. Parmeno—Areusa!
- ARE:** (*Shyly*) Hello, Parmeno.
- PAR:** (*Shyly*) Hello, Areusa.
- CEL:** Okey dokey! (*Celestina boosts Parmeno onto the bed, virtually on top of Areusa. The young people are not sure what to do next*). Have at it, kids! (*She watches eagerly—hawklike. Parmeno, a virgin, is particularly nervous, while Areusa, although certainly not a virgin, still likes to maintain the illusion of chastity. Parmeno and Areusa just look*

at *Celestina*). What's the matter? Oh! I get it. I didn't just fall off the turnip truck.²⁴ You're ashamed to «do it» with an old lady present (*music cue*). Well, let me tell you

(The Celestina Boys appear from under and around the bed and help Celestina exhort the young couple to fornicate. The choreography should be reminiscent of a Marilyn Monroe-style number in which the back-up boys attempt to do «lifts» with her toward the end).

(LET A SENIOR CITIZEN WATCH, musical number)

(Listen here <http://celestinavisual.org/storage/letaseniorm4a>)

CEL: IN MY MANY MANY MANY MANY YEARS OF LIFE / I'VE HAD MANY MANY MANY MANY LOVERS / AND IN THOSE / MANY MANY MANY MANY YEARS OF LIFE / I'VE HAD LOTS AND LOTS OF FUN UNDER THE COVERS.

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) OOOOOO (*etc.*). AAAAAH

CEL: I GUESS YOU COULD SAY / MY BEDPOST / HAS RACKED UP A NOTCH OR TWO²⁵ / BUT IN ALL THOSE MANY YEARS / I NEVER HAVE DENIED / A TRUSTED ELDER / THE CHANCE TO WATCH— / WHY DON'T YOU?

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) OOOH / AAAH / A NOTCH / OR TWO / THOSE MANY / YEARS / SHE NEVER DENIED / WHY DON'T YOU? WOO.

CEL: LET A SR. CITIZEN WATCH! / GO AHEAD AND GRAB HIM BY HIS CROTCH. / DON'T BE AFRAID / THAT YOU'RE GONNA BOTCH IT. / (I'M HERE TO GIVE YOU POINTERS).

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) OH, LET HER WATCH! / HIS CROTCH / OH, NO! / BOTCH IT WAH OOO.

CEL: LET A SR. CITIZEN SPY! / WHY DON'T YA TICKLE HER / INNER THIGH? / NEVER MIND ME, / I'LL ONLY LOOK WITH ONE EYE. / GIVE IT A TRY!

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) OH, LET HER SPY! / JUST LOOK AT THAT / THIGH. / HI! / GIVE IT A TRY!

CEL: I MAY BE OLD, / I MAY BE GREY, / BUT THOSE SEXUAL FEELINGS NEVER GO AWAY.

24.— *To fall off a turnip truck*: ser un novato, paleta o persona sin experiencia.

25.— *Rack up a notch or two*: hacer marcas en el cabezal o poste de la cama para llevar cuenta del número de amantes.

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) SO OLD, / SO GREY / SEX!
SEX! SEX!

CEL: WHAT I'M TOO OLD TO DO, / I STILL LIKE TO SEE / IF NOT
FOR YOURSELVES, THEN DO IT FOR ME! / IT'S THE KINDEST
MOST UNSELFISH DEED TO DO. / WHY DON'T YOU?

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) TOO OLD / SHE LIKES TO
SEE / OOO / DO IT DO IT DO IT DO IT / DOOO DOOO /
WHY DON'T YOU?

CEL: LET A SR. CITIZEN PEEK! / GO AHEAD AND TURN THE
OTHER CHEEK ²⁶/ A TOUCH OF VOYEURISM / ISN'T ANY
SIGN / YOU'RE A FREAK / (IT'S PERFECTLY NORMAL!)

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) / LET A SR. CITIZEN PEEK!
/ LET'S SEE THAT CHEEK! / NO!

CEL: GIVE AN OLD LADY / ONE LAST THRILL, / BEFORE THEY
BURY ME / ON THE HILL. / DO THIS FOR ME / YOU'LL BE
IN MY WILL / WILL / WILL YOU PLEASE?

CEL BOYS: (*echoing Celestina's words*) GIVE AN OLD LADY /
ONE LAST THRILL. / OH AH / OH, PLEASE! / YOU / YOU /
WILL YOU PLEASE? / LET A SR. CITIZEN WATCH! / LET A
SR. CITIZEN WATCH! / LET A SR. CITIZEN WATCH!

CEL: DO IT FOR GRANDMA! / WHERE'S MY DIGITALIS?²⁷ /
OH, MY GOITER!

(The number ends with the Celestina Boys holding Celestina lying on her side with her head nearest the bed. All eyes are focused on the couple. Unable to argue with Celestina's logic, Parmeno and Areusa kiss. Celestina reacts with lecherous glee. The lovers become progressively more passionate, while Celestina has increasingly passionate reactions. Finally, overcome by her own emotions, Celestina excuses herself).

CEL: Hoo boy, I may be old, but I'm not dead, for Christsakes (*she shoos the Celestina Boys out*). Out, out, out (*the Celestina Boys exit. She follows them to the door, but turns back in the doorway and digs in her bag. She tosses a condom onto the night table*). You'll want to use that (*Parmeno and Areusa stop their love making to look to Celestina*). It's from France!²⁸ (*Celestina exits*).

26.— *Turn the other cheek*: además del sentido bíblico, la expresión toma en este contexto un sentido obsceno ya que «cheek» se usa coloquialmente por nalgas.

27.— *Digitalis*: medicina para aliviar las palpitaciones de corazón.

28.— *It's from France*: Francia y lo francés tiene a menudo en inglés una connotación sexual y escandalosa.

Act I, Scene 7

(Celestina's drawing room. Reveal the two young couples, Parmeno and Areusa, and Sempronio and Elicia, sitting at the dinner table on either side of Celestina. They have just completed a big meal).

CEL: Oh, how I love wine! Three glasses a day—never a drop more. Unless it's a special occasion, like tonight.

PAR: I was reading where it's healthy for the average person to have one drink per day.

CEL: Well, I value my health three times as much as the average person!

(EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY, musical number)

[\(Listen to the whole Scene 7 here\)](#)

EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY, FOR TOMORROW WE DIE. / SO, RAISE A GLASS, HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE. / STOP THINKIN' THAT THE GRASS IS GREENER / UNDER SOMEONE ELSE'S RUNNING SHOES. / NOBODY WANTS TO PARTY WITH SOMEBODY BENT ON / MOANIN' THE BLUES. / EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY, / LET US DO JUST WHAT THE GOOD LORD SAID. / WE BETTER HAVE SOME FUN TODAY, / 'CAUSE TOMORROW WE MIGHT BE DEAD! *(takes a drink of wine)*. Ahhh! That's good medicine! /EV'RYTHING IN MODERATION— / THOSE ARE THE WORDS THAT I LIVE BY. / IT AINT THE SMOKIN' AND THE DRINKIN' AND THE DRUGS / THAT'LL KILL YA— / IT'S THE NAIL-BITING HAIR-PULLING WORRYING WONDERING / JUST WHAT MIGHT BE WRONG INSIDE. / KICK BACK AND RELAX—LIVE A LITTLE— / YES, THAT'S THE KEY / TO GROW TO BE ALMOST AS OLD AND AS WISE / AND AS HAPPY AS LITTLE OLD ME! *(music continues under)*. By the way, how is Calisto getting along?

SEM: All he can think about is—Melibea.

PAR: And we keep eggin' him on. Don't worry, we're keeping our part of the bargain.

SEM: He's a lovesick mess *(Calisto appears in an isolated circle of light to one side of the stage)*.

(I LOVE HER, musical number, reprise)

CAL: I LOVE HER, AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO KNOW.
 / I NEED HER, ALTHOUGH I CAN'T TELL HER SO. / IT
 MAY BE OLD FASHIONED— / THIS DASHING YOUNG
 MAN FILLED WITH PASSION. / I'LL FLY TO HER SIDE AND
 THEN BASK IN / THOSE ARMS THAT I NEED— / I NEED
 HER LOVE. / I NEED HER UNTIL THE DAY I DIE! (*music
 continues. Calisto's light dims, but he remains on stage out of focus to
 the side. The dinner scene continues.*)

SEM: Yep, the poor idiot has completely lost his head over
 Melibea. But who can blame him? She is beautiful.

ELI: What do you mean, she's prettier than me?!

SEM: That's not what I said...

**(MELIBEA, HONEY, EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY,
 musical number)**

ELI: MELIBEA MELIBEA / SHE'S SUCH A PERFECT CREATURE!
 (*add Areusa*)

ELI, ARE: MELIBEA MELIBEA! / WE LOVE HER / EV'RY
 FEATURE! / SO MUCH MORE / LOVELY THAN ME— / A
 PARAGON I'LL NEVER BE.

ELI: WHAT CLASS!

ARE: WHAT GRACE!

ELI: HER ASS!

ARE: HER FACE!

ELI, ARE: WOO!

ELI, ARE: MELIBEA MELIBEA! SHE BETTER / WATCH
 HER SHIT, / 'CAUSE IF I CATCH THAT BITCH ALONE, /
 SOMEBODY IS / GONNA GET HIT!

SEM: (*sung overlapping with Sempronio*) I didn't say she was
 prettier than you, but admit it—she is beautiful.

ELI, ARE: MELIBEA MELIBEA! / SHE'S SUCH A / PERFECT
 CREATURE! / MELIBEA MELIBEA! / HE-WE LOVE(S) HER /
 EV'RY FEATURE! / SO MUCH MORE / LOVELY THAN ME / A
 PARAGON I'LL NEVER BE. / WHAT CLASS! / WHAT GRACE!
 / HER ASS! / HER FACE! / WOO! / MELIBEA MELIBEA / SHE
 BETTER / WATCH HER SHIT, / 'CAUSE IF I CATCH THAT /
 BITCH ALONE, / SOMEBODY IS / GONNA GET HIT!

SEM: HONEY, / I NEVER SAID SHE WAS A PERFECT CREATURE. / SWEETY, BABY, / YOU KNOW I LOVE YOUR / EV'RY FEATURE. / HONEY, YOU KNOW NOBODY / HOLDS A CANDLE TO YOU. / NOW, POOPY / DON'T DO THIS. / I MEAN IT. / THAT'S ENOUGH NOW! / HONEY, YOU'VE GOT TO / LEARN TO COOL THIS / JEALOUS SHIT, / 'CAUSE IF THIS GOES ON / ONE SECOND MORE / I SWEAR TO GOD / I'M GONNA SPLIT!

ARE: *(to Parmeno)* What do you think of Melibea?

PAR: *(a moment, then—)* EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY / FOR TOMORROW WE DIE *(Celestina, joins in, trying to lighten the mood).*

CEL: THOSE ARE THE WORDS THAT / I LIVE BY!

PAR: *(sung overlapping with Celestina)* STOP THINKIN' THAT THE GRASS IS GREENER / UNDER SOMEONE ELSE'S RUNNING SHOES. / NOBODY WANTS TO / PARTY WITH / SOMEBODY BENT ON MOANIN' THE BLUES! / EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY, / LET US DO JUST WHAT THE GOOD LORD SAID. / WE BETTER HAVE SOME FUN TODAY, / 'CAUSE TOMORROW WE MIGHT BE DEAD!

CEL: IT AIN'T THE / SMOKIN' AND THE DRINKIN' / AND THE DRUGS / THAT'LL KILL YA— / IT'S THE NAIL-BITING / HAIR-PULLING / WORRYING WONDERING / JUST WHAT MIGHT BE / WRONG INSIDE / KICK BACK AND RELAX / (LIVE A LITTLE) / YES, THAT'S THE KEY / TO GROW TO BE ALMOST AS / OLD AND AS WISE / AND AS HAPPY AS / LITTLE OLD ME! *(full stop, music out).*

CEL: There! That's settled *(a pause as they settle down).* Besides, you can't help it if Melibea is prettier than you.

SEM: Oh, God...

*(Music cue, the following 3 groups sing concurrently
—It's a musical melee)*

CEL, PARM: EAT DRINK / AND BE MERRY FOR TOMORROW WE DIE SO, RAISE A GLASS, / HERE'S MUD / IN YOUR EYE. / STOP THINKIN' THAT THE GRASS IS GREENER UNDER SOMEONE ELSE'S / RUNNING SHOES. / NOBODY WANTS TO PARTY WITH SOMEBODY BENT ON / MOANIN' THE BLUES. / EAT DRINK / AND BE MERRY— / LET US DO JUST WHAT THE / GOOD LORD SAID. / WE BETTER HAVE SOME FUN TODAY, / 'CAUSE TOMORROW / WE MIGHT BE...

ELI, ARE: MELIBEA MELIBEA! / SHE'S SUCH A / PERFECT CREATURE / MELIBEA MELIBEA / HE LOVES HER / EV'RY FEATURE! / SO MUCH MORE / LOVELY THAN ME— / A PARAGON / I'LL NEVER BE. / WHAT STYLE! / WHAT GRACE! / HER ASS! / HER FACE! / WOOO! / MELIBEA / MELIBEA! / SHE BETTER / WATCH HER SHIT, 'CAUSE / IF I CATCH THAT BITCH ALONE, / SOMEBODY IS / GONNA GET...

SEM: HONEY, I NEVER / SAID SHE WAS A / PERFECT CREATURE. / SWEETIE, BABY, YOU KNOW I LOVE YOUR / EV'RY FEATURE. / HONEY, / YOU KNOW / NOBODY HOLDS A / CANDLE TO YOU. / NOW, POOPY, / DON'T DO THIS. / I MEAN IT, / THAT'S ENOUGH NOW! / HONEY, / YOU'VE GOT TO / LEARN TO COOL / THIS JEALOUS SHIT, / 'CAUSE / IF THIS GOES ON / ONE SECOND MORE, / I SWEAR TO GOD / I'M GONNA...

*(Celestina's telephone rings, interrupting the argument.
Music continues under).*

CEL: *(hugely relieved for the interruption of the quarrel).* I'll get it!

(Celestina answers the phone. Melibea and Lucrecia appear in a pool of light on the opposite side of the stage from Calisto's area. Lucrecia is on the phone. Melibea is distraught).

CEL: Hello?

LUC: Celestina, it's Lucrecia. Melibea is sick. I don't know what to do.

CEL: What's the matter?

LUC: *(to Melibea).* What's the matter?

(PAIN, musical number)

MEL: I'M IN PAIN!

LUC: SHE'S IN PAIN!

MEL: A THOUSAND TINY SERPENTS / STRIKING MY HEART.

LUC: SHE'S GOT SOME SNAKES.

MEL: I CAN'T EXPLAIN

LUC: SHE DOESN'T KNOW.

MEL: THE REASON WHY THIS / MADNESS SET IN

LUC: SHE'S CRAZY.

MEL: AND MY WORLD FELL APART.

LUC: HER LIFE SUCKS!

MEL: IN MY BRAIN

LUC: IN HER BRAIN—

MEL: MY THOUGHTS ARE SPINNING

LUC: SPINNING

MEL: AND MY BREAST IS AFLAME.

LUC: HER BOOBS ARE ON FIRE!²⁹

MEL: AND IF I CANNOT BREAK FREE / I KNOW I'LL NEVER
BE / THE SAME.

LUC: SHE CAN'T BREAK FREE. / SHE'LL NEVER BE / THE
SAME.

CEL: WHAT ARE YOUR SYMPTOMS, DEAR?

LUC: WHAT ARE YOUR / SYMPTOMS, DEAR?

MEL: I CAN'T EAT.

LUC: SHE CAN'T EAT.

CEL: SHE CAN'T EAT—HMM. / ANYTHING ELSE THAT'S
QUEER?

LUC: ARE YOU GAY?!³⁰

MEL: I CAN'T SLEEP.

LUC: SHE CAN'T SLEEP.

CEL: SHE CAN'T SLEEP—HUH!

MEL: THIS AGONY FIERCELY / IMPINGING THAT'S /
PIERCING ME / SINGEING ME /

LUC: AGONY AGONY / AGONY AGONY /

MEL: I CANNOT ENDURE.

LUC: SHE CAN'T ENDURE.

MEL: AND I'M TERRIFIED / THAT I

LUC: SHE'S SCARED

MEL: WILL NOT

LUC: SHE WON'T / SURVIVE

MEL: SURVIVE IF I DON'T / FIND THE CURE

LUC: WHERE IS THAT CURE? /

MEL: BEFORE I DIE——

LUC: BEFORE SHE DIES——

CEL: Put Melibea on the phone (*Melibea takes the phone from
Lucrecia*). I know what your problem is.

MEL: What is it?

29.— *Boobs*: vulgarismo por pechos. Aquí con efecto cómico ya que Lucrecia no entiende el sentido metafórico de las palabras de Melibea «My breast is aflame».

30.— *Gay*: como en el caso anterior, Lucrecia no entiende la palabra «queer» en su significado original de «extraño» usada por Melibea.

CEL: This is very serious.

MEL: What is it?!

CEL: It's love!

MEL: This isn't love!

CEL: (*overlapping with Celestina*) YOU LOVE HIM / AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS / TO KNOW. / YOU NEED HIM, / AND NOW YOU MUST TELL HIM SO. / YOUR FOOLISH BRAIN WON'T / ADMIT WHAT YOUR / HEART KNOWS. / YOUR BREAST IS AFLAME WITH LOVE. / YOU CAN'T BREAK FREE, / BECAUSE THIS IS TRUE LOVE! / YOU'LL NEVER BE THE SAME, BECAUSE THIS IS TRUE LOVE! / I SAY THIS IS TRUE LOVE! / THIS IS LOVE! / THIS IS LOVE, I SAY IT'S / LOVE LOVE LOVE LOVE.

MEL: I'M IN PAIN! / A THOUSAND TINY SERPENTS / STRIKING MY HEART. / I CAN'T EXPLAIN / THE REASON WHY THIS MADNESS SET IN, / AND MY WORLD FELL APART. / IN MY BRAIN / MY THOUGHTS ARE SPINNING / AND MY BREAST IS AFLAME. / AND IF I CANNOT BREAK FREE / I KNOW I'LL NEVER BE... / AND IF I CANNOT BREAK FREE / I KNOW I'LL NEVER BE... / IT'S NOT LOVE, IT'S PAIN! / THIS IS PAIN! / THIS IS PAIN! / THIS PAIN, I SAY IT'S / PAIN PAIN PAIN PAIN PAIN.

MEL: (*Melibea has a huge epiphany! Perhaps Celestina reaches across into Melibea's «bubble of light» and slaps her?*) All right! It's true! All right! It's true!

MEL: (*overlapping with Celestina*) I LOVE HIM, / AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS / TO KNOW. / I NEED HIM / AND NOW I MUST TELL HIM SO! / IT MAY BE OLD FASHIONED— / THIS FOOLISH YOUNG GIRL / FILLED WITH PASSION. / I'LL FLY TO HIS SIDE / AND THEN BASK IN / THOSE ARMS THAT I NEED— / I NEED HIS LOVE! / I NEED HIM / UNTIL THE DAY I DIE!!!

CEL: I KNOW, I KNEW IT / ALL THE TIME. / OF COURSE YOU DO, MY DEAR. / TELL HIM, TELL HIM SO! / OH IT IS, BUT IT'S / WONDERFUL MAGICAL / PASSION. / YES, FLY TO HIS SIDE! / OH, YES, MY DOVE, / YOU NEED HIS LOVE! / YOU NEED HIM. / AMEN!

CEL: Can ya hang on, sweetie? I got another call comin' through

(Music continues under. Calisto appears again in his pool of light opposite from Melibea's pool. He is on the phone as well. The Celestina Boys appear and go to a formation upstage behind the dinner guest couples).

CAL: Celestina?

CEL: *(to the dinner guests at table center stage)* It's Calisto!

PAR, SEM: HE LOVES HER!

CEL: *(into the phone to Calisto)* You'll never guess who's on the other line!

CAL: Who?

CEL: Melibea!

ARE, ELI: MELIBEA MELIBEA!

CAL: How is she?

CEL: Well, she's fine now that she knows.

CAL: Now that she knows what?

CEL: That she loves you.

CAL: She loves me?!

SEM, PAR, ELI, ARE: SHE LOVES HIM!

CEL: Hang on *(she pushes a button on the phone to switch to Melibea)*.

Listen, Mel, I got Cal on the other line.

MEL: Calisto? Can I talk to him?

CEL: I don't have conference capabilities. Why don't you meet him?

MEL: Ask him if he can come over tonight at midnight.

CEL: Hang on, Mel *(switching lines to Calisto)*. She wants to meet.

How's tonight at midnight? Her place.

CAL: I'll be there!

CEL: *(switches to Melibea)* He'll be there.

MEL: Thank you!

CEL: Don't mention it. Listen, Mel, cheer up, huh? EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY!

SEM, PAR, ELI, ARE: EAT DRINK, EAT DRINK!

(Melibea hangs up. But her area remains lit).

CEL: *(switches to Calisto)* Cal, baby, it's a date!

CAL: Thank you!

CEL: Aint doin' nothin' but my job!

CEL BOYS: SHE'LL FIND YOU A DATE THAT'S REALLY GREAT!

CEL: Oh, and Calisto, honey, do me favor.

CAL: Name it!

CEL: Lighten up!

CEL: EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY

CEL BOYS: EAT DRINK, EAT DRINK (*etc. Continues under dialogue, and through end of Act 1*).

CEL: (*she hangs up. To the dinner guests*) It's all set. Tonight at midnight (*the dinner guests cheer*). Here we go!

(Lights go to full. Each group of characters sings together, but in their own respective worlds).

CEL, LUC, PAR, SEM: EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY FOR TOMORROW WE DIE / SO, RAISE A GLASS / HERE'S MUD IN / YOUR EYE! / STOP / THINKIN' THAT THE / GRASS IS GREENER UNDER SOMEONE ELSE'S RUNNING SHOES / NOBODY WANTS TO PARTY WITH SOMEBODY BENT ON / MOANIN' THE BLUES. / EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY LET US / DO JUST WHAT THE / GOOD LORD SAID. / WE BETTER HAVE SOME FUN TODAY / WE BETTER HAVE SOME FUN TODAY / WE BETTER HAVE SOME FUN! / WE BETTER HAVE SOME FUN! / FOR TOMORROW / FOR TOMORROW / TOMORROW TOMORROW TOMORROW / TOMORROW.

ELI, ARE: MELIBEA / MELIBEA! / HOW WE / LOVE HER / STOP / THINKIN' OF HER ASS! / WHAT STYLE! / WHAT GRACE! / HER ASS! / HER FACE! / WOOO! / WE BETTER HAVE SOME FUN TODAY / WE BETTER HAVE SOME FUN TODAY / WE BETTER HAVE SOME FUN! / WE BETTER HAVE SOME FUN! / FOR TOMORROW / FOR TOMORROW / TOMORROW / TOMORROW / TOMORROW / TOMORROW.

CAL: ME-LI-BE-A / HOW I / LOVE HER! / TILL THE DAY I / DIE. / I'LL FLY / TO HER SIDE, / TO HER ARMS, / AND THEN / BASK IN / LOVE! / MELIBEA'S / LOVE / I LOVE HER! / I LOVE HER! / EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY / EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY / TOMORROW / WE MAY DIE!

MEL: NO MORE PAIN! / I'LL FLY / TO HIS SIDE, / TO HIS ARMS, / AND THEN / BASK IN / LOVE! / AHHHH / I LOVE HIM! / I LOVE HIM! / EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY / EAT DRINK AND BE MERRY / TOMORROW / WE MAY DIE!

CEL: For tomorrow we may die!

(The action freezes in a grand tableau on stage) (End of Act I).

ACT II

Act II, Scene 1

(The curtain rises to reveal the dark front yard of Melibea's house. The main feature should be an imposing door. Calisto, Sempronio and Parmeno enter. They are dressed as burglars, with dark clothing and lots of «gear». Sempronio might have a coil of thick rope slung over his shoulder, and Parmeno should be carrying lots of loud, clanking metal, perhaps a shield, sword, and canteen. Parmeno is shaking and clanking softly).

CAL: What's the matter, Parmeno?

PAR: Nothing, I'm only concerned for your safety.

CAL: We made it over the wall and past the guard. What else is there to fear?

PAR: Dogs.

SEM: Dogs?! I'd say dogs are the least of our worries.

PAR: Really. What're you afraid of?

SEM: I'd just like to point out that we are now criminals. This could get ugly. We could go to jail.

PAR: Jail?

SEM: That's right. But don't worry, you'd be very popular.

PAR: I don't think jail would be so bad. It'd be like having a free gym membership.

SEM: Oh, you'd get a work out!

PAR: There's only one thing that scares me.

SEM: What's that?

PAR: Dogs.

CAL: There aren't any damn dogs! Melibea didn't mention anything about dogs.

PAR: Oh, sure, she didn't mention any, but what does she know? She doesn't even have a key to her own front door!

CAL: Shut up!!!

(The interior of Melibea's house is revealed. The front door is now in profile, with Lucrecia listening from the interior, and Melibea pacing nervously. There are blankets and pillows on the couch and the floor, as the girls have been «camping out»³¹ in the living room. From outside, Calisto creeps to the door and taps softly).

LUC: What's the password?

31.– *Camping out*: hacer una excursión, picnic o fiesta, especialmente los jóvenes.

CAL: What?

LUC: *(to Melibea)* It's him! Get over here *(music cue. Melibea takes Lucrecia's place at the door. The two lovers are now side by side, separated by the door).*

MEL: Calisto? Is that you?

CAL: Yes!

MEL: Thank you for coming.

CAL: Nothing could have stopped me from being here tonight.

(NOW THAT I KNOW, musical number)

FROM THE VERY FIRST MOMENT I SAW YOU— / FROM THAT VERY FIRST MOMENT I KNEW / THAT YOU WERE THE ONE I WOULD LOVE FOREVER.

MEL: I didn't know I loved you at first. I guess I was pretty horrible. I'm sorry.

CAL: It doesn't matter now.

MEL: Nothing matters now. NOW THAT I KNOW THAT I LOVE YOU / AND THAT YOU LOVE ME TOO, / I DON'T WANT TO THINK OF A FUTURE WITHOUT YOU. / IF IT WEREN'T FOR THIS DOOR...

CAL: WHAT'S A DOOR, JUST A DOOR, IT'S A PIECE OF WOOD! / WE CAN BREAK IT DOWN, KNOCK IT DOWN...

MEL: YOU HAVEN'T UNDERSTOOD! / THE POLICE WOULD COME, DAD WOULD COME— / THAT WOULD BE THE END. / LISTEN TO ME, I HAVE A PLAN, / IF YOU ARE BRAVE, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN. / THERE'S A SECLUDED GARDEN / WHERE YOU COULD BE WITH ME / A GARDEN THAT OVERLOOKS THE SEA. If you come around the beach road behind the house, at the top of the cliff you'll see the wall around our back garden. You can climb the cliff pretty easily— Lucrecia and I used to play around there. Once you reach the top of the cliff, you'll need a tall ladder to get over the wall into the garden. Do you think you can do that?

CAL: *(overlapping with Melibea)* I WILL BE THERE / IN YOUR GARDEN. / THERE YOU CAN BE / WITH ME. / SIDE BY SIDE / WE WILL STAND. / AND THE SCENT / OF YOUR HAIR, / ON THE WINGS OF THE NIGHT! / YOU KNOW / I LOVE YOU. / AND THAT YOU LOVE ME TOO / I DON'T WANT TO THINK / OF A FUTURE WITHOUT YOU. / I CAN'T GO

ON / WITHOUT YOU! / LIVE ANOTHER / LIVE ANOTHER
DAY / I LOVE YOU / FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE / FOREVER!
MEL: WITH THE MOON SHINING DOWN! / YOU'LL BE / WITH
ME. / AND THERE, HAND IN HAND / AND THE TOUCH
OF YOUR SKIN, / AND OUR LOVE / WILL TAKE FLIGHT /
ON THE WINGS OF THE NIGHT! / NOW THAT I KNOW /
THAT I LOVE YOU, / I LOVE YOU TOO. / I DON'T WANT
TO THINK / OF A FUTURE WITHOUT YOU! / WITHOUT
YOU / I CAN'T LIVE ANOTHER DAY! / LIVE ANOTHER DAY
/ I LOVE YOU / FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE / FOREVER!

(We hear dogs barking. Parmeno reacts in terror. Music cue).

PAR: Holy shit! *(Parmeno makes a run for it, his metal gear clanking and banging as he runs into the night).*

SEM: Parmeno, wait! Shit! Calisto! Come on! *(Sempronio exits).*

CAL: *(to Melibea)* Listen, I've gotta go. Something's going on!

MEL: What's the matter?! *(Lucrecia screams. To Lucrecia)* Shut up! *(to Calisto)* Go! Go! Tomorrow night. Midnight.

CAL: Tomorrow night. I love you! *(exit Calisto).*

MEL: I love you too *(enter Melibea's father, Pleberio).*

PLE: Melibea! What is going on in here?

MEL: Hi, Daddy. Did we wake you? We were having a camp-out-sleep-over in the living room. Lucrecia got up for a glass of water, and then she thought she saw a spider *(Lucrecia does a mea culpa creepy spider gesture).*

PLE: Well, it's very late, and this is no time to be up rattling around. Let's get you two back to sleep.

(The girls settle into their blankets as Pleberio tucks them in and sings).

(NO MORE WORDS, musical number)

(Listen here <http://celestinavisual.org/storage/nomorewords.m4a>)

NO MORE WORDS / AND NO MORE CRYING. / LAY YOUR
WEARY HEART TO REST. / WHEN YOU WAKE THE SUN'LL
BE SHINING, / AND YOUR FEARS WILL ALL BE PAST. / SO DO
NOT CLING / TO ALL YOUR WORRIES— / OH, LET THEM FLY
/ AWAY FROM VIEW. / IF YOU FALL ASLEEP / WHILE YOU ARE
SMILING, / THEN YOUR DREAMS WILL ALL COME TRUE.
Good night, Melli *(lights fade out).*

Act II, Scene 2

(Celestina's house. It is dark and empty. In the half light we here a pounding on the door. A pause. And then more pounding. Enter Celestina in her nightgown. She should be very old and fragile looking—perhaps missing her wig—disheveled and groggy. She turns on the light and goes to the door).

CEL: Who's there?

SEM: *(from offstage).* It's us. Let us in *(Celestina opens the door. Enter Parmeno and Sempronio, still in their burglar outfits, and very disheveled. They are smoking cigarettes, and Sempronio carries a half-empty bottle of whiskey. They are keyed up, angry, aggressive).*

CEL: Good God! Do you have any idea what time it is?

SEM: Yes. It's time to pay up.

CEL: I beg your pardon *(music cue).*

PAR: We risked our lives tonight for your little scam.

SEM: We want our two-thirds!

CEL: Sempronio, you're drunk.

SEM: Maybe I am, but we're not leaving until we get our fair share.

CEL: I have no idea what you're talking about.

SEM: You know Goddamn well what we're talking about!

(PROMISES, musical number)

CEL: *(overlapping with Sempronio and Parmeno)* IF YOU WANT MONEY / THEN GO SEE CALISTO / THIS IS HIS FAULT / IT WAS ALL HIS IDEA. / WHADDYA THINK, / I INHERITED / PILES OF GOLD? / I'VE NO PENSION NO 401K! / IT'S A LIVING.

SEM: YOUR PROMISES / ARE NOTHING BUT WIND / AND LIES! / YOU TAKE, / BUT DON'T GIVE. / YOU'RE A SNAKE, / AND YOU LIVE / IN DISGUISE!

PAR: PROMISES / WIND / AND LIES! / OLD SLUT OLD SLUT / OLD SLUT / OLD SLUT OLD SLUT / IT'S ALL / BECAUSE / YOU'RE AN OLD SLUT / OLD SLUT OLD SLUT OLD SLUT OLD SLUT.

CEL: *(spoken)* This is how I put bread on the table. YOU DON'T HAVE JOBS, / YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. / LOOK AT YOU! / STAGGERING IN HERE / LIKE A COUPLE OF SLOBS / WITH SMOKE ON YOUR BREATH / AND BOOZE IN YOUR HAND!

SEM: THAT'S NOT THE POINT!

CEL: WHAT'S THE POINT? /

SEM: (*overlapping with Parmeno and Celestina*) YOU MADE US
PROMISES PROMISES / BUT YOU THINK YOU'RE FAR /
TOO SLICK. / YOU MAKE ME SICK. / DON'T YOU DARE /
PLAY THAT TRICK, / YOU OLD FOOL! /

PAR: PROMISES PROMISES / YOU CAN'T DENY / YOU'VE
MADE CERTAIN COMMITMENTS. / YOU OLD HAG! /
YOU OLD BAG!

CEL: I NEVER PROMISED! / THEN WHAT YOU WERE
HEARING / WAS NOT WHAT I SAID / THIS IS ALL IN /
YOUR HEAD.

PAR, SEM YOU OLD SLUT!

CEL: (*a huge realization!*) OH! / GIRLS! YOU ARE OBVIOUSLY
TIRED OF / THE TWO I ARRANGED FOR YOU— / IT'S
NOT ALL THAT STRANGE FOR YOU / TO WANT A
CHANGE. / LET'S REARRANGE. / GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS,
GIRLS! / I GOT GIRLS BY THE SCORE! / SOME ARE
VIRTUOUS, / OR DO YOU WANT A WHORE? / I'LL FIND
YOU ONE THAT'S TAILOR MADE / TO GET YOU LAID!

SEM: The girls we have are just fine. Stop trying to change the
subject.

CEL: What are you saying?

SEM: (*overlapping Parmeno and Celestina*) I'M SAYING / YOUR
PROMISES / ARE / JUST A / PILE OF / SHIT!

PAR: PROMISES / I SAY WE DON'T ASK / WE / TAKE!

CEL: DON'T GIVE ME THAT! / IT'S RIDICULOUS! / WHY
ARE YOU / DOING THIS? / STOP IT!

I've had just about enough of this. HOW DARE YOU / COME
IN HERE CURSING AND / SMOKING AND DRINKING
AND / ACTING LIKE HOODLUMS AND / BEING ABUSIVE?
/ I'M CUTTING THIS SHORT! / I'll take you to court!

SEM: Oh, that's a good one!

PAR: She'll take us to court?

CEL: (*overlapping Sempronio and Parmeno*) THERE'S NOT A /
JURY ALIVE / THAT WOULD / EVER CONVICT ME— /
A POOR / HELPLESS WOMAN / ATTACKED IN / HER
HOME! / I'M ALL ALONE! / AND PLEASE / DON'T THINK
/ YOU CAN / BRING UP MY / CHECKERED PAST, / JUST
BECAUSE YOU / KNOW IT / SO WELL / I KNOW EXACTLY

/ WHAT YOU'D SAY. / YOU'D SAY, / «SHE'S A / LYIN'
 OLD CHEATIN' OLD SLUT WE OUGHT TO / HANG HER
 TODAY!» / HA!

SEM: OLD SLUT OLD SLUT / YOU'RE AN / OLD SLUT! /
 WHERE'S THE / MONEY? / OLD SLUT OLD SLUT / OLD
 SLUT OLD SLUT / OLD SLUT OLD SLUT / OLD SLUT OLD
 SLUT / OLD SLUT OLD SLUT / GIVE US THE MONEY! /
 OLD SLUT OLD SLUT / OLD SLUT.

PAR: SHE'S A / CRAZY OLD / WHORE! / ALL ALONE / WITH
 THE / MONEY YOU / STOLE! / OLD SLUT OLD SLUT /
 OLD SLUT OLD SLUT / I KNOW YOU'RE AN / OLD SLUT
 OLD SLUT / OLD SLUT OLD SLUT / OLD SLUT OLD SLUT
 / WHERE'S THE MONEY? / YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU / OLD
 SLUT OLD SLUT / OLD SLUT / YES WE SHOULD!

CEL: (*to Parmeno, cruelly*) THAT'S JUST THE KIND OF TRICK /
 YOUR SAINTED MOTHER WOULD PLAY.

PAR: DON'T YOU EVER THROW HER UP TO ME AGAIN! /
 DO YOU HEAR ME? / NEVER SPEAK HER NAME TO ME
 AGAIN, / OR I SWEAR TO GOD I'LL KILL YOU!!

CEL: Elicia! Help! Call the police!

SEM: Shut up and listen!

CEL: I'm going to scream.

SEM: Go ahead, scream. We're not leaving until we get our two-
 thirds.

CEL: TWO THIRDS OF WHAT? /

PAR: (*all three overlapping*) TWO THIRDS OF THAT CHAIN /
 AND THE JEWELS / AND THE MONEY!

SEM: AND THE GOLD / AND THE CLOTHES / AND THE
 MONEY!

CEL: PROMISES / PROMISES / PROMISES / PROMISES /
 PROMISES / PROMISES

Never! (*music continues under dialogue*).

SEM: You'd rather die than part with a little money? (*Sempronio
 pulls a knife and holds it to Celestina's throat*).

CEL: Go ahead, Do it. You don't have the balls. You little faggot!
 (*Sempronio stabs her*).

SEM: Oh, my God.

CEL: Somebody help me! (*she looks to Parmeno. Musical phrase
 from «LET ME BE YOUR MOTHER NOW» is heard sung by a
 chorus of eerie offstage voices*).

PAR: Finish her off! Kill her, dammit, kill her! (*Sempronio twists the knife, and Celestina goes limp, just as Elicia enters*).

ELI: Nooo! (*sirens are heard*).

PAR: Oh shit, what do we do?

SEM: I'm not going to jail.

(*music cue. Sempronio tosses the bloody knife to Parmeno and pulls out a pistol. They run out the door, armed and dangerous. Elicia runs to the door. Gun shots are heard*).

ELI: Sempronio!

Act II, Scene 3

(*Celestina's house. The following morning. The lights come up on a crying Elicia with Areusa consoling her*).

ELI: They're gone. Just like that. Why did I call the police? And why did they get here so quickly? But she was screaming. And they were dressed like burglars. It all happened so fast. And now they're all gone. Everyone I cared about is dead (*Elicia breaks down*).

ARE: Oh, honey, don't cry. Things will get better. Life goes on (*music cue*).

ELI: Yes, it does. It certainly does.

(LIFE GOES ON, musical number)

(Listen here <http://celestinavisual.org/storage/lifegoeson.m4a>)

LIFE GOES ON / EVEN AFTER THE PERSON THAT YOU'VE
BEEN / LIVING FOR IS GONE. / EV'RY TIME THE PHONE
RINGS, I THINK IT MIGHT BE HIM. / AND THEN, I JUST /
LET IT RING. I CAN ANSWER BY MACHINE. / MY VOICE
SOUNDS JUST FINE— / CAN'T YOU HEAR ME ON THE LINE?
/ «THIS IS ME, BUT I'M NOT HOME. / BUT IF YOU'LL LEAVE
YOUR NAME / I WILL TRY TO RESPOND TO YOU. / I'LL BE
IN TOUCH WHEN I GET HOME». / WHEN YOU'RE GONE, /
AINT IT FUNNY HOW QUICKLY THE WORLD JUST / SHRUGS
ONCE—AND THEN MOVES ON? / MAYBE I'M NAIVE, / BUT
IT SEEMS TO ME THE SHIFTING SANDS OF TIME / OUGHT
TO SHOW AT LEAST THE SMALLEST LITTLE TRACE / OF
WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE. / AND YET IT SEEMS ALL SIGN
OF HIM HAS BEEN ERASED. / I'LL MOVE ON, / JUST AS SOON

AS THAT GHOST IN THE WINDOW / SHIMMERS AND IS GONE. / WHEN I PULL THE SHADE BACK / I ALMOST SEE HIS FACE IN SPACE. / BUT I BLINK MY EYES— / BELIEVE WHAT MY HEART DENIES. / HE WAS CLOSE ENOUGH TO TOUCH. / GOD, I MISS THAT FACE SO MUCH. / THIS IS ME BUT I'M NOT HOME. / AND IF YOU'LL LEAVE YOUR NAME, THEN I WILL / TRY TO RESPOND TO YOU. / I'LL BE IN TOUCH / WHEN I GET HOME. / IF I GET HOME.

ARE: I know how you feel. I lost somebody too (*snapping suddenly out of her sorrow*). But, I'm not going to take this sitting down (*music cue*). If there's one thing I've learned in life, it's never give up. The minute you throw in the towel, it's all over. I know you feel hopeless, but crying is not the answer.

(*GET UP, musical number*)

(Listen here <http://celestinavisual.org/storage/getup.m4a>)

YA GOTTA GET UP, GET BUSY, / AND GET RIGHT BACK INTO LIFE! / DON'T THROW A CONNIPTION, / DON'T HAVE A TIZZY. / YOU'VE GOTTA STOP TURNIN' THE KNIFE.³² / YOU GOTTA GET UP, BRUSH OFF, / TAKE HOLD OF THE REINS, / AND GET RIGHT BACK ON THE HORSE. / THAT BASTARD DID THE LEAVIN', / SO STOP BEREAVIN', / AND START BELIEVIN' / IN WHAT YOU'RE ACHIEVIN', / AND GET RIGHT BACK INTO LIFE.

ELI: But he's dead.

ARE: Yes, he is. But you're still alive! Just imagine if it were the other way around. YOU KNOW THAT IF / THE SHOE WERE ON THE OTHER FOOT³³, / AND YOU HAD DIED INSTEAD OF HIM, / THOUGH YOUR GRAVE WAS STILL FRESH / AND YOUR BODY WAS BARELY COLD, / HE'D BE OUT SCREWING SOME OTHER BIMBO. / WHEN A MAN IS GONE / LIFE DOES GO ON / AND THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO— / YA GOTTA GET UP, GET BUSY, / AND GET RIGHT BACK INTO YOU! (*music continues under dialogue*).

ELI: You know what? You're probably right.

ARE: Of course I'm right.

ELI: Here I am, crying my eyes out, when he was the idiot that went out and got himself killed.

32.— *Turn the knife (in the wound)*: seguir ahondando la herida.

33.— *If the shoe were on the other foot*: si ella hubiera sido la que murió y no Sempronio.

ARE: Now you're talkin'!

ELI: I GOTTA GET UP, GET BUSY / AND GET RIGHT BACK INTO LIFE! / I MAY BE A BIMBO, / I MIGHT BE DIZZY, / BUT IT'S NOT LIKE I WAS HIS WIFE. / I GOTTA WAKE UP, STAND UP, / TAKE CHARGE OF MY LIFE, / AND GET RIGHT BACK ON COURSE. / I'M HEARIN' WHAT YOU'RE SAYIN', / THERE'S NO DELAYIN', / AND NOW I'M PRAYIN' / THAT IT'S NOT BETRAYIN'... / I GOTTA GET / I BETTER GET / I BETTER GET RIGHT BACK / INTO LIFE! / (*spoken together*) GET BACK!

ARE: (*spoken*) OH, YEAH! / NO WAY! / UH HUH? (*sung*) / YA GOTTA GET / YOU BETTER GET / YOU BETTER GET RIGHT BACK / INTO LIFE! (*spoken together*) GET BACK!

ARE: The past is the past. What's done is done. The question is—what to do next.

ELI: Do? What can we do?

ARE: Somebody has to pay for what's happened. And I'll tell you who. Calisto and Melibea. This is all their fault. They think the world revolves around them and their perfect gilded lives. Selfish! They are selfish, spoiled, egomaniacs. In their world the rest of us exist only to serve them and their petty schemes and desires. We don't count. We're expendable. I called Calisto this morning—to give him a piece of my mind. And you know what? He's replaced them.

ELI: Who?

ARE: Parmeno and Sempronio. He's replaced them already. He has two new servants working for him now—Sosia and Tristan.

ELI: No!

ARE: Yes! When I called the house, Sosia answered the phone. So, you know what I did?

ELI: What?

ARE: I invited them over.

ELI: Who?

ARE: Sosia and Tristan! Try to keep up. Our plan is in motion.

ELI: Our plan? (*the doorbell rings*).

ARE: Here they are now (*crossing to the door*). Follow my lead.

(*Areusa opens the door. Enter Tristan and Sosia, who are the same actors that have been playing Sempronio and Parmeno. They should be thinly disguised as the new characters, but the audience should also be fully aware that these are the same two actors*).

ARE: Come in (*music cue*). Thanks for coming on such short notice.

SOS (*PARMENO*): Well, you sounded so upset—which is normal. I mean, after what’s happened.

ARE: I was surprised to hear your voice when I called to offer Calisto my condolences. I guess you’re working for him now?

TRI (*SEMPRONIO*): Yes. He didn’t want to be alone.

ARE: It is terrible to be alone. I just miss Parmeno so much (*to Sosia*). My God, you’re so much like him.

(As Areusa sings, she uses the words of the song to flirt with Sosia. Elicia awkwardly tries to mimic her, echoing her words and actions with Tristan).

(JUST LIKE HIM, musical number)

ARE: JUST LIKE HIM, / YOUR HANDS ARE / SOFT AND STRONG. / JUST LIKE HIM, / YOUR EYES ARE BLUE / JUST LIKE HIM, / I CAN’T RESIST / YOUR KIND AFFECTION, / WATCHING ME, TOUCHING ME— / EMOTIONALLY PHYSICALLY / JUST LIKE HIM, I LOVE... / TO BE HERE / RIGHT BESIDE YOU, / JUST LIKE HIM ARE YOU.

ELI: JUST LIKE HIM / YOUR EYES ARE BLUE-ISH. / LIKE HIM / I CAN’T RESIST / YOU. / WATCHING, TOUCHING / AH HH / JUST LIKE HIM / JUST LIKE HIM ARE YOU (*music continues under the following*).

ARE: It’s just so ironic how much alike you are. But that’s what worries me. Calisto’s into some very dangerous things. I’ve already lost Parmeno; I just couldn’t bear it if you put yourself in danger... (*fishing for information*). Sneaking over to Melibea’s... Next Tuesday...?

SOS: Next Tuesday? It’s tonight!

TRI: Sosia!

(Areusa begins to cry dramatically. Elicia follows her lead and cries as well. Tristan consoles Elicia, and Sosia, taking his cues from Tristan, tries to comfort Areusa).

JUST LIKE HIM, / I CAN’T BEAR TO SEE YOU CRY. / IF HE WERE HERE, / HE’D TAKE YOUR HAND. / CLOSE YOUR EYES / AND KNOW THAT / SOMEONE IS HERE NOW. / TAKE A BREATH, / CALM YOUR MIND, / AND LET YOUR HEART BEAT / MORE SLOWLY. / I WILL BE YOUR...

SOS: IF HE WERE HERE / HE’D TAKE YOUR HAND. / CLOSE YOUR EYES. / AH HH / I’M HERE. / I WILL BE YOUR...

ARE: (*interrupting. To Sosia*) Oh, you are just so dear to me! I can't stand it that you're going over there tonight (*fishing again*).

How will you ever get in? There's a wall and a guard.

SOS: We're going up the back way with a ladder on the beach road.

TRI: Sosia!

ARE: What time?!

SOS: Midnight. (*To Tristan*) It's okay, we can trust her.

ARE: Of course you can!

ARE: JUST LIKE HIM, / WITH YOU I FEEL AT EASE. / WHEN YOU'RE HERE, / THEN I AM HOME. / IN YOUR ARMS / MY TROUBLES FADE / AND VANISH / HOLDING YOU, TRUSTING YOU— / IT'S SUCH A / WELCOME VACATION. / THANK YOU, GOD, I LOVE...

ELI, TRI, SOS: AHFFF / IN YOUR ARMS / OOOO / HOLDING, TRUSTING / OH— / I LOVE...

ARE: (*snapping suddenly out of the romantic mood and into a business tone*) OOOH, LOOK AT THE TIME! / I'VE GOT ANOTHER APPOINTMENT. / I'M OUT OF MY MIND, / WHAT WITH THE CALLS, CARDS AND CASSEROLES³⁴. / THANKS SO MUCH FOR STOPPING BY. / COME BACK WHEN YOU CAN STAY LONGER. / THANKS AGAIN, THERE YOU GO.

(*exit Tristan and Sosia. Areusa slams the door behind them. The music continues, but changes to an upbeat rhythm*).

ARE: Woo! That was so easy! I've discovered a whole new world of possibilities. Celestina, eat your heart out!

(JUST LIKE HER, musical number)

JUST LIKE HER, / I GOT 'EM EATIN' OUTA THE PALM OF MY HAND!

ELI: Areusa...

ARE: JUST LIKE HER, / I WAS BORN WITH A NATURAL KNACK / FOR GIVIN' 'EM FLACK³⁵ AND WATCHIN' MY BACK / WHILE I PLAN AN ATTACK! / JUST LIKE HER / I CANNOT STAND FOR A MAN TO ESCAPE FROM MY PLAN. / I FLEX MY WILL—THEY DON'T SUSPECT. / I DON'T EVEN HAVE

34.— *Calls, cards and casseroles*: las llamadas y cartas de condolencia y el envío de comida para aliviar la pena tras una muerte.

35.— *Give flack*: coloquial por disparar o atacar.

TO SEND A BILL TO COLLECT! / JUST LIKE CELESTINA, /
I'M GONNA BE BIGGER THAN YOU'VE EVER SEEN HER!

ELI: You're scaring me...

ARE: I'M ON A ROLL! / THEY'RE GONNA PAY MY TOLL! /
I'VE GOTTA SAY, / I'M GONNA HAVE MY WAY! /
THEY'RE GONNA SEE / THERE WILL NEVER BE / ANYONE,
ANYWHERE, ANYTIME / JUST LIKE ME!

ARE: The plan is unfolding perfectly. We have now successfully
completed step one.

ELI: This is all happening so fast.

(The doorbell rings).

ARE: And that will be step two.

ELI: What—or who—is step two?

ARE: Remember Centurio, that goon who has been chasing me
for years?

ELI: Eeew!

ARE: Yes, «eeew»³⁶. As in «eeeewsful» (*meaning «useful»*). *She crosses
to the door.*

ELI: You're not going to sleep with him!

ARE: You know that, and I know that, but let's let him dream a
little, shall we?

(She opens the door to reveal Centurio. He is a large, thick, less-than-athletic hulk. He smells. To Centurio)

Right on time.

CEN: I don't keep classy women like you waiting. I bought you
these *(he hands her a bouquet of cheap grocery store flowers in
cellophane)*.

ARE: Mm hmm *(she hands the flowers to Elicia without a glance
at them)*. Wipe your feet *(he does so, but not necessarily on the
doormat—perhaps just on the floor wherever he is)*.

CEN: I can't believe you finally called me back after all this time. I
was starting to think we might never hook up.

ARE: Is that what you think this is? A «hook up?»

CEN: Fuck no!

ARE: Language!

CEN: Sorry—fudge no!

ARE: Let's keep this on a business level for the time being. As I told
you on the phone, I am in need of your professional services.

36.—Eeew: expletivo de disgusto o asco.

CEN: I would do anything to service you, m'lady.

ARE: (*handing him a photo*) Here's a picture of your target—Calisto.
The address he'll be at is on the back.

CEN: Got it.

ARE: Do you think you're up to the job? (*music cue*).

(HOW YA WANT HIM TO DIE?, musical number)

(<http://celestinavisual.org/storage/howyouwanthimtodie.m4a>)

CEN: I'M A BLACK BELT (WAH!) / I WAS ON A SUICIDE SQUAD IN 'NAM.³⁷ I'M A KILLER (AND I'VE KILLED A LOT). / I CAN EVEN MAKE A HOME-MADE PIPE BOMB. / DAMN, I MEAN DANG, / SHIT, I MEAN POOP,³⁸ / I'LL WRING HIS NECK LIKE A CHICKEN / AND BURN DOWN HIS COOP / I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, AREUSA, / WITHOUT EVEN ASKIN' «WHY?» / JUST TELL ME ONE LITTLE THING, PRETTY MAMA— / HOW YA WANT HIM TO DIE?

ELI: Well, we don't want him «killed» exactly.

ARE: Let's let Centurio do what he thinks is best.

CEN: I GOT WEAPONS (I MEAN, A WHOLE COLLECTION) / OF EV'RY SHAPE AND SIZE / I GOT DEVICES (BATTERIES NOT INCLUDED) / THAT'LL REALLY DAZZLE YOUR EYES! / DAMN, I MEAN DANG! / HELL, I MEAN HECK! / I'LL RIP OFF HIS HEAD AND CRAP DOWN HIS NECK. / I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, AREUSA, / YOU KNOW I'M THAT KINDA GUY. / JUST GIMME ONE LITTLE BITTY PIECE OF INFORMATION— / HOW YA WANT HIM TO DIE? / I GOT NUNCHUCKS, THROWIN' STARS, SAMURAI SWORD, / HANG HIM UP BY HIS NECK WITH A BUNGEE CORD, / OR I COULD RUN THE SUM'BITCH OVER / WITH MY SIXTY-SEVEN FORD!³⁹ / HOW YA WANT HIM TO... / Or, I could kill him with my bare hands! / I COULD CRUSH HIS SOLAR PLEXUS / OR RIP OUT HIS JUG'LAR VEIN. / I COULD SNAP HIS NECK REAL SUDDEN, / BUT THAT WOULDN'T CAUSE MUCH PAIN, / OR I COULD TAKE MY FIST AND

37.— *Nam*: Coloquial por la Guerra de Vietnam.

38.— *Shit, poop*: Centurio intenta moderar sus juramentos usando expresiones más suaves, con efecto cómico, como «poop» (caca), expresión de uso infantil.

39.— *Sixty seven Ford*: modelo de auto anticuado y demasiado grande para la época, señal de mal gusto.

BASH HIS NOSE / RIGHT UP INTO HIS BRAIN! (I'M GONNA EAT HIS LUNCH).⁴⁰ / I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, AREUSA, / IN THE 'LECTRIC CHAIR I'D FRY. / I'M YOUR OWN PERS'NAL PRIVATE HOMICIDAL MANIAC. / HOW YOU WANT HIM TO DIE?

ARE: I'll leave the details up to you. Just be at Melibea's house on the old beach road at twelve o'clock midnight. That's when Calisto will be arriving with his two men.

CEN: Two men? You mean, he's gonna have two other guys with him?

ARE: That's what I said.

CEN: I'M KINDA BUSY (WOH, LOOK AT THE TIME!) / I THINK I BETTER BE HITTIN' THE ROAD. / TO TAKE ON THREE GUYS / (I'M USED TO FIGHTIN' WHOLE GANGS) / WOULD SORTA BE AGAINST MY CODE. / DAMN, I MEAN DANG! / SHIT, I MEAN SHOOT! / YOU CAN GET SOMEONE ELSE 'CAUSE YOU'RE REAL REAL CUTE. / I WOULD DO ANYTHING FOR YOU, AREUSA...

ARE: WELL, I HOPE THAT'S NOT A LIE. / BUT, IF YOU DON'T THINK YOU'RE MAN ENOUGH TO DO IT...

CEN: HOW YOU WANT HIM TO D - Y - E,⁴¹ DIE?

Act II, Scene 4

(Melibea's garden. A few minutes before midnight. Melibea and Lucrecia are at the balcony overlooking the sea. They both wear night gowns. There are roses. And a full moon).

LUC: It's a beautiful night.

MEL: Yes, it is. We've been out here so many times, but it's different tonight. Everything seems so... clear *(a pause)*.

LUC: *(reverently)* Are you going to «do it?»

MEL: Yes.

LUC: *(squealing with delight)* Oh, my God!!

MEL: Shhh!

LUC: Do you think he's really coming?

MEL: He said he would. And I said I would. And I will *(music cue)*.

40.– *Eat his lunch*: coloquial por derrotar.

41.– D-Y-E: al deletrear la palabra *die* para enfatizarla, Centurio comete un cómico error y usa «y» en vez de «i».

(HERE AM I, musical number)

(Listen here <http://celestinavisual.org/storage/hereami.mp3>)

HERE I AM. / THE NIGHT FLOWS THROUGH MY HAIR. / AND THE STARS FILL MY MIND WITH A THOUSAND DREAMS / THEIR FIERY BEAMS INSPIRE. / AGELESS MOON, PULLING AT THE SEA / LIKE THE TIDE INSIDE ME LONGS TO BE SET FREE / AND CARRY ME TO HIS SIDE. / HERE AM I, / AS I HAVE BEEN HERE OH, SO MANY TIMES BEFORE TONIGHT. / BUT, TONIGHT / THE STARS ARE BRIGHTER AND MY HEART IS LIGHTER / WAITING FOR THE SIGHT / OF HIM WHO'LL BE MY LOVE TONIGHT. / HERE AM I. / DISTANT WIND, WHISP'RING IN MY EAR / TELLS A TALE OF SECRET PLACES. / SHARE WITH ME / MYSTERIES OF DESIRE. / VIRGIN ROSE, WAITING TO UNFOLD / DROPS OF DEW, THE TEARS OF MORNING. / PLEASE DON'T CRY, / FOR SOON THE SKY / YOU'LL BEHOLD. / HERE AM I / AS I HAVE BEEN HERE, OH SO MANY TIMES BEFORE TONIGHT. / BUT, TONIGHT THE STARS ARE BRIGHTER, / AND MY HEART IS LIGHTER / WAITING FOR THE SIGHT / OF HIM WHO'LL BE MY LOVE TONIGHT. / HERE AM I, HERE AM I, HERE AM I!

LUC: (*Lucrecia spots the party of young men approaching*) Oh my God! There they are! (*she peers down through the darkness, giving a play-by-play of their progress*). Yep! They've got the ladder. And here it comes! (*we see the top of the ladder appear over the edge of the wall*). He's climbing up.

MEL: I can't watch! (*she moves away from the wall*).

LUC: He's doing fine. And his guys are holding the ladder from the bottom. Don't worry. He's almost up. And... Here he is! (*Calisto climbs over the edge of the wall and into the garden. Melibea and Calisto stand transfixed for a moment, drinking in the sight of each other. Finally, they rush into each other's arms and begin to kiss passionately*).

MEL: (*pulling away*). Wait! We can't. Lucrecia is here. She's just a little girl.

LUC: Don't mind me. We get cable.⁴²

MEL: Come with me.

42.— *We get cable*: referencia cómica a que tienen contratado servicio de televisión por cable para entretenerse.

(*Melibea takes Calisto's hand and leads him into the bushes and out of sight. Lucrecia is left alone. She sighs. Looking over the wall, her attention is drawn to the sentry below. The lights and / or scene shifts to reveal Tristan (Sempronio) relaxing against the wall at the base of the ladder. Maybe he is smoking? We now have a split-stage effect with Lucrecia up in the garden and Tristan at the base of the wall.*)

LUC: Pssst! (*no response. She tries making a bird sound*). Koo koo KOOOO! (*no response*) Hello!

TRI: Hello? (*music Cue. Note: Tristan is much too old for little Lucrecia. He has no intention of «sleeping» with her, and is only playing along to humor her adolescent crush.*)

(HELLO DOWN THERE, musical number)

LUC: HELLO DOWN THERE! / LOOKY, HERE'S ANOTHER CUTIE! / DESERT YOUR POST, FORGET YOUR DUTY. / MY COUSIN DOESN'T HAVE A CORNER ON VIRGINITY. / I KNOW THAT IT'S COLD DOWN THERE. / WHY DON'T YOU COME UP, AND LET ME WARM YA? / YOU BE THE CASTLE, AND LET ME STORM YA! / IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF RUNGS, / BUT I HAVE TO WARN YOU—NO TONGUES! / I SAY, HELLO DOWN THERE! / It's your turn.

TRI: I know (*clears throat*). HELLO UP THERE. / I WOULD LOVE / TO GET TO GREET YA— / TAKE THE PLUNGE AND / CLIMB UP AND MEET YA, / BUT IT'S PROBABLY NOT / WORTH GETTING KILLED / FOR MY «FANTASY» TO BE / FULFILLED. / SO, FOR NOW, HELLO / UP / THERE.

LUC: HELLO / HELLO DOWN / THERE.

LUC: I'M YOUNG AND / RIPE FOR THE PICKIN'!

TRI: I KNOW THAT YOU ARE.

LUC: I THINK YOU'RE / JUST A BIG CHICKEN. / LET'S GO NECK A WHILE / IN YOUR CAR!

TRI: DON'T THINK / THAT I'M NOT GAME, / BUT I DON'T EVEN / KNOW YOUR NAME.

LUC: (*very proudly*) It's Lucrecia!

TRI: (*appalled*) Lucrecia?!

LUC: IS IT SO AWFUL / FOR A CHICK TO / JUST WANT TO / LET DOWN HER HAIR?

TRI: IT ISN'T LAWFUL, / WE BETTER STICK TO / HELLO / UP THERE!

LUC: HELLO / HELLO DOWN THERE! /
FINE, STAY ALL ALONE / DOWN THERE. / YOU'LL NEVER
KNOW / JUST WHAT YOU'RE MISSIN'.

TRI: YEAH, FIVE TO TEN,⁴³ / AND THAT'S JUST FOR KISSIN'! /
IN A COUPLE OF YEARS / WE'LL TALK AGAIN.

LUC: IT AINT' THE TALK I'M INT'RESTED IN!

TRI: (*overlapping*) I KNOW I KNOW. / THAT'S AS FAR AS WE
GO. / UP THERE! /

LUC: I KNOW YOU KNOW. / YOU CAN GO BLOW YOUR
NOSE! / DOWN THERE! (*from somewhere nearby we hear sounds of
a scuffle—shouting. Tristan reacts—looking offstage toward the sound.*)

TRI: (*calling up to the garden from the base of the ladder*). Calisto!
Somebody's coming. Get down here!

(*Tristan leaves the ladder and runs off, exiting toward the sound of the
melee. Lights fade on the base of the wall, and the scene shifts to the one-
set location of the garden. Calisto emerges from the bushes—half dressed
and carrying some of his clothes. Melibea follows, also disheveled. Calisto
hurries to climb over the wall onto the ladder.*)

MEL: Wait, my love, be careful. You're not dressed. (*Calisto
disappears over the edge of the wall. Melibea and Lucrecia watch him
descending. Suddenly they both react in horror and we hear him cry
out. The top of the ladder tilts back and disappears. He is falling.*)
Nooooo!!

LUC: (*giving a play-by-play of what she sees below*). It's ok. Here
come the guys. He'll be okay (*we hear sounds of the men trying to
rouse Calisto*).

MEL: He's not moving. He's not moving! Where are you taking
him? Don't you take him! Bring him back to me, damn you!
(*she is climbing onto the wall in her frantic desire to be near him. The
sounds of the men fade. We hear a car speeding away.*)

LUC: Melli, no! Come down from there. He's gone. Be careful!
(*she tries to pull Melibea back to the ground and off the wall.*)

MEL: Don't you touch me!

LUC: I'm going to go get your dad (*exit Lucrecia. All alone, Melibea
stands precariously contemplating the dark void below. Enter Pleberio*).

PLE: Melli! (*he rushes toward her, but she stops him with a gesture*).

MEL: No, Daddy. Not one word. If you say one word, or take one
more step, I'll jump. I have some things I need to tell you (*a beat*).

43.— *Five to ten*: referencia a la condena de años de prisión por abuso de menores.

I lost my virginity tonight. I'm sorry. I know how disappointed you are. (*he reacts*) No, just listen. I loved this man more than I ever dreamed I could love another person (*she smiles*). After you, I mean. But he's gone. And I have to go too. I need to be with him. But I want you to know that I love you. And I'll miss you. And I want you to go on with your life. And be happy (*music cue*). You'll be fine. Don't worry.

(NO MORE WORDS, musical number, reprise)

NO MORE WORDS, / AND NO MORE CRYING. / LAY YOUR WEARY HEART TO REST. / WHEN YOU WAKE THE SUN'LL BE SHINING, / AND YOUR FEARS WILL ALL BE PAST. / SO DO NOT CLING / TO ALL YOUR WORRIES. / OH, LET THEM FLY / AWAY FROM VIEW. / IF YOU FALL ASLEEP / WHILE YOU ARE SMILING, / THEN YOUR DREAMS / WILL ALL COME TRUE. Good night, Daddy! (*she jumps*).

PLE: Melli! (*he rushes to the wall, but too late. She is gone. Grand chords of music play as the lights fade out on the grief stricken father. The curtain falls*).

Epilogue

(*After the applause, there is a pause when normally one would expect bows. Or at least music. Something. Finally, there is movement. Perhaps someone is poking around behind the curtain looking for the opening. The actress who plays Celestina sticks her head out and addresses the audience directly*).

CEL: What are you all still doing here? That's it! Everyone's dead. Well, the most important people are dead anyway. What are you waiting around for? This hasn't been enough for you? What do you want—a moral? Huh?

(*The actress is free to ad lib a little through the rest of the show—playing with the audience, conductor, orchestra, and / or other actors. She yells off-stage*)

Could I have everybody out here, please?

(*The curtain goes up to reveal an empty stage or at least a partially disassembled set. We may see the workings of the scenery—as in*

the back of flats⁴⁴ or bits of stagecraft showing. The actors straggle on, somewhat confused. They are in various stages of undress—some with partial costumes still on. A couple may have a towel as they seem to be taking off make-up).

Moral, huh? (to the pianist:) Gimme an A flat.

(THE MORAL, musical number)

YOU WANT A MORAL? / WHO NEEDS MORALS? / I TELL YA, HONEY, / THAT MORALS ARE OOOOVER RATED (to the cast members). Back me up here, people (the other performers collect into a more organized formation across the stage behind *Celestina* and begin to sing with her—»Ooohs, aaahs, etc.»). THE SHOW IS OVER, / EXCEPT THE SINGINN' / You kids are great! YOU'VE SEEN A SLICE OF LIFE— / IT AIN'T BEEN SILVER PLATED. / BUT I SUPPOSE YOU'RE / DYIN' TO KNOW / THE REASON, THE MEANING, / THE CRUX OF THE SHOW. / YOU WANNA TAKE / SOMETHING AWAY, / YES, THAT WOULD BE NICE. / I'D HATE FOR YOU / TO LEAVE THIS JOINT / THINKIN', «I PAID / FOR MY TICKET, / NOW WHAT WAS THE POINT?» (to an audience member) I know a comp when I see one. THE LEAST I CAN DO IS / GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE!

CHORUS: HERE'S HER ADVICE!

CEL: Hang on to your hats,⁴⁵ folks, this could get pithy. / YOU GOTTA / LIVE LIVE LIVE LIVE / TILL YA DIE! / YOU GOTTA / LAUGH LAUGH LAUGH LAUGH TILL YOU CRY! / AND IF YOU CAN'T HAVE / EVERYTHING, / AH WELL, IT'S BETTER THAN A SHARP STICK IN THE EYE. / SO JUST LAUGH LOVE / LIVE DANCE / TILL YA DIE!

CHORUS: (echoing) LIVE LIVE LIVE LIVE / TILL YA DIE / LAUGH LAUGH LAUGH / CAN'T HAVE / BA DOO DOW / DOOT DOOT DOOT / STICK IN THE EYE / LAUGH LOVE / LIVE / LAUGH LOVE LIVE DANCE DIE!

CEL: What?! You were expecting, maybe Nietzsche? I know what you're thinking. WHAT ABOUT ART? / WHAT ABOUT THE DENOUMENT? / WHAT'S WITH THIS CHOPPED LIVER ENDING A LA CARTE— / WHERE'S THE FILET MIGNON?

44.— *Flats*: paneles pintados usados como decorado escénico en los teatros.

45.— *Hang on to your hats*: expresión coloquial para indicar que algo importante va a ocurrir.

CHORUS: (*Echoing Celestina*) YEAH, ART! / CHOPPED LIVER! /
DOOT DO DOOT, / DOOT DO DOOT / DOOT DO DOOT
/ DO DO DO DOOT / DO DO DOOT DOOT / DOOT DO
DOOT DO DOOT

CEL: WELL, HERE'S A / RED HOT NEWS FLASH, / AND I HOPE /
THIS AIN'T SHOCKIN' YA, / BUT REAL LIFE DOESN'T END /
WITH A / DEUS EX MACHINA! (*there is a mini «Deus ex Machina»
performed in dance on stage. Perhaps one of the Celestina Boys is flown
in—or carried in—with godly regalia and appropriate pomp*).

CHORUS: AAAAHHHHH OH

CEL: I KNOW YOU'RE / OUT THERE SNIFFLING / AND
REACHING / FOR YOUR TISSUES. / YOU'RE CRYING OUT /
FOR ANSWERS TO / PROFOUND ETERNAL ISSUES, LIKE—

ALL: WHY DO THE GOOD / HAVE TO DIE? / WHY DOES
LOVE END IN PAIN? / IS THERE A GOD / UP IN THE SKY? /

CEL: NOBODY CAN SAY TILL YA / PASS AWAY, / IN THE
MEANTIME / CLING TO THIS REFRAIN: I'M GONNA LIVE
LIVE / LIVE LIVE TILL I DIE! / I'M GONNA LAUGH LAUGH /
LAUGH LAUGH TILL I CRY!

CHORUS: (*echoing*) NOBODY / PASS AWAY / PLEASE CLING
TO / THIS REFRAIN: LIVE LIVE / LIVE LIVE TILL I DIE / KEEP
A'LIVIN' / WAIT TO DIE / UNTIL YOU DIE / LAUGH LAUGH
/ LAUGH TILL I— / HA HA / LIFE IS A SCREAM

CEL: IF AT THE OLD LAST SUPPER I'M / STUCK WITH THE
CHECK, / AH WELL, AT LEAST I GOT MY / PIECE OF THE
PIE. /

CHORUS: (*echoing*) OOO WAH OO / OOO WAH / MMM PIE!

CEL: SO I'LL—

ELI: CRY

PAR: CARE

SEM: TRY

LUC: SHARE

ARE: HATE

CAL: NEED

PLEB: WAIT

CEN: BLEED

CEL BOY4: SEX

CEL BOY3: SEX

CEL BOY2: SEX

CEL BOY1: SEX

MEL: LOVE!

CEL: HE LOVED HER; / SHE LOVED HIM, / AND IT DIDN'T
WORK OUT!

ALL: OH, LIFE IS A CIRCLE OF LOVE

CHORUS: AND SEX AND GREED AND DEATH

CEL: EV'RY WOMAN AND MAN / STAND HAND IN HAND /
BEGGIN' FOR BLESSINGS / FROM ABOVE.

CHORUS: (*echoing*) WOMAN MAN / HAND IN HAND / OH
PLEASE, PLEASE / FROM ABOVE

CEL: WE WANDER ON / THROUGH THIS / WORLD ALL
UNAWARES. / SOME DAY WE'LL KNOCK / AT THE PEARLY
GATES ⁴⁶

CHORUS: KNOCK KNOCK!⁴⁷

CEL: WHO'S THERE?

CHORUS: WHO KNOWS?

CEL: WHO CARES?

ALL: 'CUZ⁴⁸ LIFE IS LOUSY WITH LOVE / AND SEX AND
GREED AND DEATH

CEL: ONE PEARL OF WISDOM / I CAN GIVE: STOP LIVIN' TO
LEARN, / AND LEARN HOW TO LIVE!

CHORUS: (*echoing*) STOP LIVIN' TO LEARN TO LIVE / LIVIN'
TO LEARN HOW TO LIVE!

ALL: SO, STAY UP LATE, YOU CAN SLEEP WHEN YOU'RE
DEAD, / AND DANCE ALL NIGHT AND RAISE HELL
INSTEAD! / YOU GOTTA LAUGH, LOVE, LIVE, DANCE /
TILL YOU....

CEL: FOR TOMORROW WE MAY DIE!

(*Black out!*) (*Bows*)

46.– *Pearly gates*: las puertas del cielo

47.– *Knock, Knock! Who 's there?*: Forma tradicional de comenzar un tipo de chistes llamados «knock knock jokes».

48.– *'Cuz*: pronunciación vulgar de «because».

FERNÁNDEZ, Enrique, «*Celestina, a Tragic Music Comedy* de Brad Bond: Creación y evolución de un musical de Broadway», *Celestinesca*, 42 (2018), pp. 83-142.

RESUMEN

Editamos aquí el libreto de la adaptación de *La Celestina* que, con el título de *Celestina, a Tragic Music Comedy*, Brad Bond escribió para luego estrenarla en una sala de Broadway en 1999. Incluimos una breve historia textual de esta obra desde sus inicios, cuando su autor era un estudiante universitario, hasta su estreno en Broadway y la evolución que ha sufrido desde entonces. Aunque esta adaptación musical respeta el argumento y los personajes del original, es más que una mera versión musicada: es una recreación en que la acción ocurre en el mundo moderno, en una ciudad costera de Estados Unidos, y los diálogos están llenos de referencias a personajes y objetos modernos (Sigmund Freud, condones, barbacoas). También, en consonancia con las convenciones del género de los musicales de Broadway, se introdujeron personajes como los Celestina Boys, un coro de maliciosos súcubos que acompaña a Celestina. Además de poder acceder al texto, el lector puede escuchar alguno de los números musicales al estar el texto conectado con enlaces de internet a sus grabaciones en línea. Se añaden también algunas notas que clarifican las expresiones coloquiales inglesas usadas en los diálogos.

PALABRAS CLAVE: *La Celestina* adaptación musical.

ABSTRACT

We edit here the libretto of the adaptation of *La Celestina* that, with the title *Celestina, a Tragic Music Comedy*, Brad Bond authored and staged in Broadway in 1999. A brief history of the text, since its inception during the university years of Bond, up to its premiere and its later evolution is included. Although his musical adaptation respects the plot and characters of the original, it is more than a mere musical version and it should be considered a member of the celestinesca family on its own. *Celestina, a Tragic Music Comedy* is a recreation whose action takes place in today's world, in a coastal city of the US. The dialogues contain many references to modern characters and objects (Sigmund Freud, condoms, barbecues). Also, as demanded by the conventions of Broadway musicals, some characters were introduced, such as a chorus of naughty Celestina Boys. Besides having access to the text we edit here, the readers can listen to some of the musical numbers connected as hyperlinks to their online recordings. Also, footnotes are added to explain some of the English colloquial expressions and idioms used in the text.

KEY WORDS: *La Celestina*, musical adaptation.

