

On one side is a rugged mountain, and on the other  
 a lower wide ground floor serves as a prison for Segismundo  
 The door which faces the audience is partially open. The  
 action begins as night falls.

SCENE 1

(ROSAURA, dressed as a man, appears on the rocky heights and descends  
 to ground level. Behind her is CLARIN) en lo alto de la peña

ROSAURA

Violent hippogriff who ran side by side with the wind. Where, lighting  
 without flame, bird without matrix, fish without scales, brute without instinct  
 in the entangled labyrinth of these naked peaks, you come in heading plunge  
 through twisting trails barren brinks brute beast brute natural instinct  
 of desperos. Remain in this mountain, where the brute may have their  
 upon this crag beasts

Faustine  
 Phaëthon. For I, with no other course than the one laid out by the  
 force of destiny, blind and desperate, will descend the steep slope  
empire, of this eminent mountain which marks the sun  
 its brow. You receive Poland badly that wrinkles to the sun  
~~under his~~ Poland, you receive a stranger badly, with blood you  
 night his entrance in your sands, and in pain he arrives when  
 he hardly enters. My fate ordains it so. But where did a wretched  
~~one~~ find pity?

CLARIN

Say two in wool: include me in thy plaint. For if a two we left our land in search  
 Say two and don't leave me in the URM when you complain; I of two we  
 have been who have left our country to in search of adventure.  
 two, the ones who between misfortune and madness, here have  
 arrived, and two the ones who from the mountain have rolled  
 down. I feel it isn't right to be put in the pain and not in the count  
~~I don't~~ not the count? being put in the pain and

ROSAURA

I don't want to give you a part <sup>share</sup> in my complaints, Clarin, so as not to take away with my tears ~~you~~.

with my crying for your pains, the right that you have to consolation. So much pleasure there was in complaining, ~~a~~ philosopher used to say, that in exchange for complaining, misfortune should be sought.

CLARIN

The philosopher was a bearded drunk: Oh! who would give him more than one thousand blows! Let him complain after that, as well given. But, what shall we do, Madam, on foot, alone, lost ~~and~~ and at this time on a deserts mountain when the sun leaves for another horizon.

ROSURA

Who has seen such strange events! But if my sight doesn't ~~deceive~~ itself suffer from ~~deception~~ made by fantasy. ~~at the~~ Under the (shy) medusa light, the day still has, I think I see a building. (begin to make out)

CLARIN

Either my desire lies or if my longing doesn't lie I think I finish making it out.

ROSAURAS

A rustic palace appears among the naked peaks <sup>so</sup> small, IT hardly dares to look at the sun, so roughly ~~it~~ is crafted the architecture of its building. <sup>as if</sup> the architecture of its construction is roughly crafted, that it looks like ~~the foot~~ of the peaks so many rocks and deep the peaks that the sun touches its cumbres. <sup>peaks</sup>

CLARIN

and since it stands at the foot of so many rocks and so many peaks that the sun touches the ~~cumbres~~ <sup>peaks</sup> it looks like a rock that has fallen from the ~~cumbre~~ <sup>cumbre</sup> ~~as a boulder tumbled to the ground~~ <sup>as a boulder tumbled to the ground</sup>.

CLARIN

Let's start getting closer. This is too much looking, madam, when it would be much better ~~if~~ the people who live in it <sup>we have looked enough</sup> could generously

write us in

ROSAURA

The door (or better, the <sup>flap</sup> ~~junction~~ mouth) is open and from  
it is center the night is born, since it is engendered inside  
(chains sound inside) engendered in that gloom

CLARIN

What do I hear, heaven!

ROSAURA

I am a motionless bundle of fire and ice.  
~~I stand transfixed, a mass of fire and steel.~~

CLARIN

Is there a little chain that sounds? Kill me if it is not <sup>a convict's</sup> ~~gloft~~ <sup>gloft</sup>  
~~For that fine clanking, or a chime,~~ that's what my <sup>heart</sup> tells me

SCENE 2

SEGISMUNDO in the tower Rosaura, Clarin

SEGISMUNDO

(From Inside)

Ah Misero me! Ah infelice  
oh wretched me. alas unhappy me.

ROSAURA

What a sad voice I hear. <sup>With new pain and dolor I struggle,</sup>  
what doleful voice is that I <sup>overhear.</sup> <sup>I must start to fight.</sup>

CLARIN

I with new fears and I begin to struggle with new bright.

CLARIN

Clarín...

Sinora...

ROSAURA

Let's flee the <sup>rigors</sup> ~~fears~~ of this <sup>haunted</sup> ~~unhappy~~ tower

CLARIN

I do not have strength to run (or even try) when I try to:

ROSAURA

It is not that brief <sup>scanty glow</sup> light or <sup>dimly</sup> ~~expiring~~ <sup>breath</sup> ~~exhalation~~, <sup>a pallid</sup> ~~pale~~ <sup>slay</sup> that in <sup>lament flickering</sup> ~~trembling~~  
faints, <sup>(that tremulously flanking, pulsating ardors and healing rays,</sup> makes more  
tenebrous, <sup>the dark room with doubtful light.</sup> Is, since, from its reflections  
I can discern (make out, discern) even from (here) <sup>from</sup> a distance, a  
<sup>gloomy</sup> ~~dark~~ prison which is <sup>for</sup> a living <sup>dead</sup> ~~corpse~~ a coffin, and to see even  
more <sup>merged</sup> ~~in~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~coat~~ of a <sup>man</sup> ~~man~~ dressed <sup>loaded</sup> with  
<sup>chains</sup> ~~purple~~ and only by one light accompanied <sup>troubles</sup> ~~troubles~~ <sup>we cannot run</sup>  
away let us from here listen to his <sup>voice</sup> ~~voice~~; <sup>let us know what he says.</sup> <sup>and to what he says give ear.</sup>

(The ~~door~~ <sup>wing</sup> of the door open. and SEGISMUNDO appears chained and dazed in furs. There is a high in the tower)

Oh ~~wretched~~ <sup>alas, unhappy</sup> SEGISMUNDO  
Oh ~~misery~~ <sup>unhappy</sup> man!

since you treat me like this, what crime did I commit against you by being born. even if I was born, I already understand what crime I committed: Your justice and rigor had enough reason since the greatest sin of man is having been born. I only wish to know to

(leaving aside, heaven, the sin of being born, ~~how~~ how else could I have offended you to punish me more. weren't the others born? Since the others were born, what privilege did they have which I never enjoyed. Birds are

born, and with the gales which give them supreme beauty, it is

hardly a feather flower or a winged bouquet. (bouquet of wings) takes the chambers of ether it cuts with velocity,

rejecting the pity of the <sup>air</sup> ~~air~~ it ~~sees~~ <sup>sees</sup> leaves. and I being having more soul I have less freedom? The fruit is born,

and with the skin that draws by beautiful spots, it is hardly a sign of stars thanks to the skillful brush.

When dancing and cruel the human necessity teaches it to be cruel, monster of its labyrinth. and I, with better instruct. have less freedom.

The fish is born, not breathing, an abortion of ocean y Camas and hardly bagel of scales looking at himself on the waves, who everywhere he turns, measuring the universality of 20 much capacity, how he The cold center. and

I with more albedrio, have less freedom >

The book is born, make who among flowers ~~de~~ <sup>desata</sup> y apenas serpe of plates among the flowers it breaks, when musician it celebrate up the flowers the pity which he gets from the weight of the open, full when he runs away (flees). and I ~~in~~ <sup>lost</sup>, have

less freedom. Amongst all this passion, ~~a volcano, an Etna~~ ~~I would~~  
~~like~~ turned into a volcano, an Etna, I would like  
to take from my heart pieces from my heart