

# **BORGIA: A PERIOD PLAY**

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Borgia: a period play by Michael Field

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**MICHAEL FIELD**

**BORGIA: A  
PERIOD PLAY**



## PERSONS

POPE ALEXANDER VI . . . . .	<i>formerly Cardinal Rodrigo Borgia</i>
CARDINAL CESARÉ BORGIA . . . . .	<i>afterwards Duc de Valentinois and Duke of Romagna, the Pope's son</i>
DON JOFFRÉ . . . . .	<i>Duke of Squillace, the Pope's younger son</i>
LOUIS XII . . . . .	<i>King of France</i>
DON JUAN . . . . .	<i>King of Navarre</i>
CARDINAL FRANCESCO BORGIA . . . . .	<i>cousin to the Pope</i>
CARDINAL IPPOLITO D'ESTE . . . . .	<i>son of the Duke of Ferrara</i>
CARDINAL GIULIANO DELLA ROVERE . . . . .	<i>afterwards Pope Julius II and other Cardinals,</i>
PRINCE DON ALFONSO . . . . .	<i>Duke of Bisceglia, a natural son of the King of Naples, husband to Lucrezia Borgia, after her divorce from Giovanni Sforza</i>
PRINCE DJEM . . . . .	<i>the Sultan's brother and the Pope's hostage</i>
THE BISHOP OF VENOSA . . . . .	<i>the Pope's Private Physician</i>
MONSIGNORE BONAFEDE . . . . .	<i>Bishop of Chiusi</i>
MONSIGNORE BURCHARD . . . . .	<i>Master of the Ceremonies</i>
MONSIGNORE GASPARE POTO . . . . .	<i>the Pope's Private Chamberlain</i>
MONSIGNORE GASPARRE TORELLA . . . . .	<i>Cesare Borgia's Physician</i>
CAVALIERE VINCENZO CALMETA . . . . .	<i>a poet</i>
DON PEDRO DE TORPÍA . . . . .	<i>Cesare Borgia's Spanish jailer</i>
DON MICHELOTTO CORELLA . . . . .	<i>one of Cesare Borgia's captains</i>
DON FEDERICO ALTIERI . . . . .	<i>a young Roman gentleman</i>
DON GARCILASO DE LA VEGA . . . . .	<i>Spanish Ambassador</i>
MESSER NICCOLO MACCHIAVELLI . . . . .	<i>Florentine Envoy</i>

MESSER BERNARDINO BETTI (PINTORICCHIO)	a painter
MESSER ERCOLE	a goldsmith and metal-worker
MESSER CRISTOFERO	Lucrezia Borgia's Secretary
MESSER AGAPITO DA AMALIA	Cesare Borgia's Secretary
MESSER PINCIONE	an apothecary
JUANITO GRASICA	Cesare Borgia's page
GARCIA DE MAGONA	a Spanish boy
GIORGIO	a waterman
DONNA LUCREZIA BORGIA	the Pope's daughter
DONNA ADRIANA BORGIA	the Pope's cousin
DONNA ANGELA BORGIA	} Maids of Honour to Lucrezia
DONNA HIERONYMA BORGIA	
DONNA SANCIA D'ARAGON	sister to Don Alfonzo and wife to Don Joffrè Borgia
MADAMOISELLE CHARLOTTE D'ALBRET	afterwards wife to Cesare Borgia
DONNA VANOTTA DE' CATANEI	once the Pope's mistress, and the mother of Cesare and Lucrezia Borgia
DONNA GIULIA FARNESE (LA BELLA)	the Pope's young mistress
DONNA FIAMMETTA	A Roman woman, Cesare Borgia's mistress
DONNA CATILENA DE VA- LENCE	Maid of Honour to Lucrezia
SUOR LUCIA	an Anchoress
CLARICE	Maid to Lucrezia
<i>A Mute, Shepherds, Citizens of Rome, Attendants, Bargemen, Girls and Women</i>	



# BORGIA

A PERIOD PLAY

LONDON  
A. H. BULLEN

1905





# BORGIA

## ACT I

### SCENE I

*An apartment of the Vatican : at the further end the door of the Treasury by which the LORD CARDINAL CASANOVA is seated. The LORD ALEXANDER VI. and an ENVOY from Naples. The POPE is seated : from time to time he plunges his hands into a coffer of pearls, letting the pearls stream through his fingers.*

ALEXANDER.

All are for her! Each an epitome  
Of her—the very skin of them her own,  
Our Pearl above all others. So your monarch  
Will mate his nephew with her?

ENVOY.

He consents, Holiness,  
Having o'erlooked the letter  
Giovanni, lord of Pesaro, has written  
In affirmation of her virgin state—  
The fault being his.

ALEXANDER.

This sorry Milanese!  
He raves with spite and proves himself a man  
By foul detraction of her family.  
We chuckle at the weakling. He may boot!  
Your Don Alfonso is a noble lad,  
A girl's new phoenix. . . .

But your master pauses  
To give his only daughter to my son?

ENVOY.

A cardinal!

ALEXANDER.

A cardinal, we cannot yet release him  
From vows—your ear!—he holds detestable.  
My second son, where were his livelihood  
Without the Church's revenue? All prudence  
Must hold him to the priesthood for a while.  
Betroth him to the daughter of your king—  
Your king and I, at leisure, will provide  
Some principality for Cesare  
To match his sees and yielded cardinalate.

ENVOY.

Make it God's law your Cardinal may wed,  
And then, his scarlet hat within his hand,  
My lord the king would take him as a son.  
Now, the proposals of your Holiness  
Are but—poetic.

ALEXANDER.

No, no! The royal princess  
Carlotta—is her bent our way?

ENVOY.

She flat refuses the lord Cardinal.

ALEXANDER.

She has not seen him, blond and beautiful,  
A churchman! You may look with candlelight  
To find his tonsure. Even my dear Giovanni  
Is only half a prince, his brother by,  
Although a rare one in his splendid right.  
And as for mode and elegance all know  
Our youthful Cardinal is just a gallant  
Most Frenchified in form.

Well, well, well! I am dreaming:  
Poetry, you call my dreams. . . .

This pleasant marriage  
Of Don Alfonso and my Donna Lucrece

Will make us jaunty in the Vatican.  
 My pearls!—  
 You watch them through my fingers—lucent lumps;  
 This pear-shaped ovule heavy with its light;  
 The pearls and pearllets dropping  
 With patters loud and soft together—listen!  
 My daughter will have more and lovelier pearls  
 Than any woman in the greedy world.  
 Would you have sight of one large coffer filled,  
 This emulates?

[*Rising*]. There is the treasury door,  
 There the Lord Casanova, full of winks  
 At voices from the cave.

*Enter* MONSIGNORE GASPARE POTO.

POTO.

Your Holiness,  
 I sought his Excellence the Duke Giovanni  
 In his apartments, but he is not there.

ALEXANDER.

[*To the ENVOY.*] So strange! My son the Duke of Gandia,  
 fails me

To-day with greeting, and to-day we fix  
 The hour when I review his armaments  
 Under our blessed gonfalon. 'Tis strange.

[*To POTO.*] Go to Madonna de' Catanei's house;  
 His mother made a supper, I was told,  
 For him and for his brother.

[*Exit POTO.*

[*To the ENVOY.*] You conduct  
 Don Cesare when, next month, as our Legate,  
 He goes to crown your king?

ENVOY.

My hope!

ALEXANDER.

And now the pearls!

Open, Lord Casanova.

[*The treasurer unfolds the door and discovers DONNA GIULIA FARNESE and DONNA LUCREZIA BORGIA in Neapolitan dressing-gowns of white silk, their golden hair untressed, choosing jewels for their nets.*