



# THE HUNCHBACK OF SEVILLE

BY  
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DRAMATISTS  
PLAY SERVICE  
INC.



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THE HUNCHBACK OF SEVILLE was originally produced in June 2014 by Washington Ensemble Theatre. It was directed by Jen Wineman, the scenic designers were Antoinette Bianco and Cameron Irwin, the costume designer was Desiree Jones, the sound designer was James Schreck, the lighting designer was Marnie Cummings, the props designer was David Rodriguez-Jenkins, and the stage manager was Joceline Wynn. The cast was as follows:

MAXIMA TERRIBLÉ SEGUNDA ..... Samie Detzer  
HRH QUEEN ISABELLA ..... Maria Knox  
INFANTA JUANA ..... Libby Barnard  
ESPANTA ..... Rose Cano  
TALIB FUROZH ..... Ali el-Gasseir  
ABDUL HASEEB ..... Benito Vasquez  
MAID ..... Leah Salcido Pfenning  
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS/  
DEPUTY GOVERNOR OF HISPANOLA ..... Devin Bannon

THE HUNCHBACK OF SEVILLE was developed at the Brown/Trinity Playwrights Repertory Theatre 2013 season under the artistic direction of Kenneth Prestininzi. It was directed by Taibi Magar.

## CHARACTERS

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

*Christopher Columbus*

ONE

*a native of the Americas whose name was lost to history*

TWO

*a native of the Americas whose name was lost to history*

ESPANTA

*an old serving woman*

MAID

*a wretched, timid little creature serving as a maid in the house of Maxima Terriblé Segunda*

MAXIMA TERRIBLÉ SEGUNDA

*twin sister of Queen Isabella; aunt of Infanta Juana; second in line to the Spanish Throne; a master cartographer; the Hunchback of Seville*

ABDUL HASEEB

*an old serving man; a Moor*

INFANTA JUANA

*twenty-four-year-old princess of Spain; daughter of HRH Queen Isabella; will go on to become Queen Juana the Mad*

TALIB FUROZH

*Maxima Terriblé Segunda's algebra tutor and lover; a Moor*

HRH QUEEN ISABELLA

*of Spain*

DEPUTY GOVERNOR OF HISPANIOLA

*the Deputy Governor of Hispaniola*

## TIME AND PLACE

The year is 1504.

- Which was twelve years after Christopher Columbus' fateful voyage to the landmass now known as North America. And also the last year of Queen Isabella's life.

All the action of the play (except the prologue) takes place over the course of twenty-four freakishly cold November hours in Seville.

- The average November temperature in Seville is 68° Fahrenheit.

All the action in the play takes place in the opulent bedchamber of Maxima Terriblé Segunda.

- The back wall is a gigantic map of the known world in 1504. With all the territorial divisions and names from back then. Small, handwritten notes are scribbled all over this map. Plastered all over the rest of the walls are other, smaller maps detailing specific regions of the world. There are towering, dusty stacks of books all over the room as well.
- The stage right wall has a large wooden door that leads to a hallway.
- The stage left wall has a large wooden door that leads to Maxima Terriblé Segunda's personal toilette. This contains a marble bath, which we can see.
- In the center of the room is a large mahogany four-poster canopy bed with many luxurious linens. Above her bed is an elaborate mobile of stars.
- Stage right there is a large mirrored armoire. Stage left there is a large table covered with many maps, a silken divan, and a trapdoor.

*Take up the White Man's burden—  
Send forth the best ye breed—  
Go send your sons to exile  
To serve your captives' need.  
To wait in heavy harness  
On fluttered folk and wild—  
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,  
Half devil and half child.*

—Rudyard Kipling, 1899

*“God then called me to run for the United States Congress. And I thought, What in the world would that be for? And my husband said, ‘You need to do this.’ And I wasn’t so sure. And we took three days, and we fasted and we prayed. And we said ‘Lord, is this what You want? Is this Your will?’ And after—along about the afternoon of day two—He made that calling sure. Who in their right mind would spend two years to run for a job that lasts for two years? You’d have to be absolutely a fool to do that. You are now looking at a fool for Christ. This is a fool for Christ.”*

—Michele Bachmann, 2006

*“If this is going to be a Christian nation that doesn’t help the poor, either we’ve got to pretend that Jesus was just as selfish as we are, or we’ve got to acknowledge that he commanded us to love the poor and serve the needy without condition—and then admit that we just don’t want to do it.”*

—Stephen Colbert, 2011

# THE HUNCHBACK OF SEVILLE

## Prologue: The New Effing World

*October 12, 1492. 3 A.M. Christopher Columbus lands on the shore of the Bahamas, Spanish flag in hand. Christopher Columbus speaks in an affected European manner.*

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. My name is Christopher Columbus

And I claim this whole entire land-place that you all people see here before you and which we can legally term

“The West Indies”

Since we obviously did our goal and got to India

In the name of Spain and all its subsequent domicilios, provinces and corporations.

*The crew kind of cheers. Christopher Columbus does a Zack Morris “time out.”*

These are the true feelings I carried within my heart-breast on this most momentous moment in world universal history:

My name is Cristoforo Colombo and I claim this whole entire land-place

THE NEW FUCKING WORLD

In the name of me me me Cristoforo Colombo!!

And I hereby wish my máma was here to see this because she would be really proud of me and also let it hereby be known that although the repercussions and enormity of this discovery are yet unbeknownst to my conscious mind, deep in the eaves of my brain I know, oh bambino do I ever know that I have found something here on these virginish shores which will prove even more alluring



than, indeed, all the perfumes and spices of Araby.

And to every small person in Genoa who looked at me and said: 'Ooooo! Cristoforo Colombo is a pooppy little kid who works at his daddy's cheese stand and is largely self-educated and misinterpreted much of what he read as modern historians have pointed out from the notes he made in the margins of his copy of *The Travels of Marco Polo* and also he poops his pants!'

And to everybody back in Europe who dares to think in private or utter in public: "I think privately and say publicly that there is a compelling body of evidence that Christopher Columbus did not actually reach India like he said he did because according to widely accepted calculations of how big the actual Earth is, there is no way that a boat during our times could go so fast that it would reach India without them running out of provisions and starving to death..."

And to everybody in the modern days who's like:

"You are a backwards imperialist douchebag with an overinflated ego and also you are responsible largely for one of history's most horrible genocides"

I say:

"Do YOU have a holiday named after you in the United States of America 505 years after your death?"

Okay, so guess who is famous and guess who is not.

*Zack Morris "time in." The Spaniards begin to play a patriotic tune on their drum and fife and do an elaborate ceremony where they stick the flag in the ground, bless the flag, talk about how awesome they are for getting to India. This goes on in pantomime as the next bit of dialogue happens.*

*Two Native People appear in the shadows with weapons. They whisper. Supertitles are projected somewhere onstage.*

ONE. Our language is largely lost to history.

TWO. Largely, it is.

And so we will make use of translators and have people pretend we are speaking our native language.

ONE. Also, our names are lost to history and so alas

Even politically liberal playwrights in (*Year of performance.*)

Have no idea what would even be appropriate names for us to have...

TWO. Or what to wear.

ONE. This is sadly true.  
We shall thusly be named by number only.  
I am One.

TWO. And I am thusly Two.

*A moment of sadness.*

Hey One,

Do you think we should ambush those people in the big boats?  
Because clearly if we wanted to we could, you know,  
Use our extensive knowledge of these islands to ambush and kill them.

ONE. Yeah Two, we probably could.

Actually it makes sense that we most definitely could.

Just as the actual people who spied on Columbus and his men from  
the mangrove trees when they first landed in the Bahamas that fateful  
moonlight night could definitely have chosen to do.

TWO. Yeah they could have.

But based on the fact that Christopher Columbus lived to tell the  
tale of October 13, 1492, they did not make that choice.

*They ponder this for a moment.*

So hey let's not be jerks.

Let's try using...

Diplomacy.

'Cause probably like if we treat them with respect they'll do the  
same to us, right?

ONE. Probably...

*They lower their weapons and disappear into the shadows.  
The volume gets turned up on the Spaniards singing a rousing  
chorus of a song like "We Are the Champions"\* in thick Spanish  
accents. Lights fade out.*

\* See special note on songs and recordings on copyright page.

## ACT ONE

### Scene 1

*It's 7 A.M. on a freakishly cold morning in Seville. We half-see the figure of a woman in a bathtub, in her personal toilette. She's balding; her scalp is sort of patchy and scabby. She wears really thick glasses. She is Maxima Terriblé Segunda, the Hunchback of Seville. There are at least a couple of real live cats in the bathroom with her. She is reading The Compendious Book of Calculation by Completion and Balancing to them in the original Persian. Suddenly, the servant Espanta bursts in the door of the bedchamber, out of breath.*

ESPANTA. That is what you *get* Maxima!!!!  
That's what you get—  
For ignoring not one  
Or two or two and a half  
But THREE  
Summons from Her Royal Highness Queen Isabella of Spain.  
We just received word that she's on her way.  
She'll be here any moment now.

*No response. Espanta shivers. To audience:*

Oh hello, I had not seen you there.  
Hello gentle spectators.  
Welcome to our play.  
As you can see, there is a big problem underway.  
An unplanned visit from the most powerful woman in the world,  
At seven A.M. on the coldest morning Seville has ever seen.  
Maxima Terriblé Segunda?  
I know that you are in your personal toilette for I hear your splashes  
in the tub-basin.

*From behind the great wooden door.*

MAXIMA. Go away, for I am not here.

ESPANTA. You are here!  
For your speaking confirms it.

MAXIMA. It's too cold.

ESPANTA. I grant you that today it is freakishly cold for November in Seville but that does not supersede the fact that Her Royal Highness Queen Isabella of Spain and her daughter Infanta Juana, Princess of Spain, will be here in mere minutes and it is not fit you should receive them from your commode.

*Espanta flies around tidying up the room. A Maid enters, timidly, with a feather duster. The Maid's back is slightly hunched; she walks with a bit of a limp. The Maid stares at the room and its maps, slack-jawed and slightly mystified.*

Hey you!

Gawk less and dust harder.

MAID. Of course, Your Ladyship.

ESPANTA. (*Points to the bathroom.*) In *there's* the lady.

This ancient pile of bone is Espanta and that's that.

And you are?

MAID. New! My name is Innocenzia. Today is my first day...

Lady... Espanta... Ma'm...

ESPANTA. Well Innocenzia, you'll be out on your heels before the sun sets if you don't help me get this heap looking presentable. Presently.

*The Maid starts dusting the maps, slows down and stares at them. Espanta notices this and glares at her.*

MAID. Forgive me Espanta ma'm but I've just never seen such strange drawings before in my life. They're... beautiful.

ESPANTA. They're the pustous runoff of an overdeveloped feminine mind.

*To the audience:*

Let this demented scrawling be a cautionary tale to young ladies everywhere about the dangers of excessive education.

MAXIMA. They're maps, you sordid troll. They're called maps.

ESPANTA. Go bang on the door again my girl.

Bang hard.

*The Maid goes to the door and knocks politely.*

MAID. Ahm... excuse me for disturbing you in your personal toilette madam but well you see it seems that um well the Queen—

# THE HUNCHBACK OF SEVILLE

by Charise Castro Smith

3M, 5W (doubling)

At the turn of the 16th century, Christopher Columbus has just returned from the New World with gold in his pockets and blood on his hands. Maxima Terriblé Segunda, the brilliant adopted sister of dying Her Royal Highness Queen Isabella, is living out her life locked away in a tower... until it is decided that the future of the country is in her nerdy, reclusive hands. In a biting funny and madcap take on Spanish history and colonialism, Maxima weaves her way through mountains of prejudice, politics, religion, and the horrors of history.

*"THE HUNCHBACK OF SEVILLE is like 16th-century Spanish history as written by Quentin Tarantino... big, careening fun..."*  
—**The Stranger (Seattle)**

*"... an incredibly clever look at colonialism and religion... a bawdy funfest... a fun, frothy romp that doesn't take itself too seriously, and isn't afraid of blue language and skewering history with some modern twists."*  
—**BroadwayWorld.com**

*"... [a] mashup of historical critique and rambunctious snark... [a] gleefully revisionist riff on rampaging colonialism..."*  
—**The Seattle Times**

*"The representative background event behind THE HUNCHBACK OF SEVILLE... pulsing like a diseased heartbeat, is Spain's slaughter of millions of Arawak Indians at the turn of the 16th century. With that madness established as ordinary, the rest of this madcap play can proceed with logical absurdity, the excesses of imperialistic mindsets roaring forward full-throttle."*  
—**The Phoenix (Providence, RI)**

**Also by Charise Castro Smith**  
FEATHERS AND TEETH

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