



SHAKESPEARE  
*Carnival*

A NSW STATEWIDE COMPETITION



# HIGH SCHOOL CARNIVAL

## DUOLOGUES



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# A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

## ACT 2, SC 1 – HELENA & DEMETRIUS

### COMEDY

*Helena is in love with Demetrius, but he only has eyes for her friend Hermia – who is eloping with her boyfriend Lysander. Demetrius chases Hermia into the forest and Helena chases him. What extremes of language and body can you explore in taking the commitment of these characters to their objectives as far as you can?*

*Enter DEMETRIUS, HELENA following him.*

#### DEMETRIUS

I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.  
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?  
The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.  
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;  
And here am I, and wode within this wood  
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.  
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

#### HELENA

You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant –  
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart  
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,  
And I shall have no power to follow you.

#### DEMETRIUS

Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?  
Or rather do I not in plainest truth  
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

#### HELENA

And even for that do I love you the more.  
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,  
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.  
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
What worser place can I beg in your love –  
And yet a place of high respect with me –  
Than to be used as you use your dog?



**DEMETRIUS**

Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit;  
For I am sick when I do look on thee.

**HELENA**

And I am sick when I look not on you.

**DEMETRIUS**

You do impeach your modesty too much  
To leave the city and commit yourself  
Into the hands of one that loves you not,  
To trust the opportunity of night  
And the ill counsel of a desert place  
With the rich worth of your virginity.

**HELENA**

Your virtue is my privilege: for that  
It is not night when I do see your face,  
Therefore I think I am not in the night;  
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,  
For you, in my respect are all the world;  
Then how can it be said I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on me?

**DEMETRIUS**

I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,  
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.

**HELENA**

The wildest hath not such a heart as you.  
Run when you will; the story shall be changed:  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;  
The dove pursues the griffin, the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,  
When cowardice pursues and valour flies!

**DEMETRIUS**

I will not stay thy questions; let me go,  
Or if thou follow me, do not believe  
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.

**HELENA**

Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,  
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!  
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
We should be woo'd and were not made to woo.



*Exit DEMETRIUS*

I'll follow thee, and make a heaven of hell,  
To die upon the hand I love so well.

*Exit*



# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

## ACT 4, SC 2 – BERTRAM & DIANA

### COMEDY

Bertram in this scene attempts to woo Diana. Diana is seemingly wooed, yet has a little plan in store for the cheeky Bertram.

*Enter BERTRAM and the maid called DIANA*

#### **BERTRAM**

They told me that your name was Fontybell.

#### **DIANA**

No, my good lord, Diana.

#### **BERTRAM**

Titled goddess;  
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,  
In your fine frame hath love no quality?  
If quick fire of youth light not your mind  
You are no maiden, but a monument.  
When you are dead, you should be such a one  
As you are now; for you are cold and stern,  
And now you should be as your mother was  
When your sweet self was got.

#### **DIANA**

She then was honest.

#### **BERTRAM**

So should you be.

#### **DIANA**

No.  
My mother did but duty; such, my lord,  
As you owe to your wife.

#### **BERTRAM**

No more a' that!  
I prithee do not strive against my vows;  
I was compell'd to her, but I love thee  
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever  
Do thee all rights of service.



**DIANA**

Ay, so you serve us  
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,  
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,  
And mock us with our bareness.

**BERTRAM**

How have I sworn!

**DIANA**

'Tis not the many oaths that makes the truth,  
But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.  
What is not holy, that we swear not by,  
But take the high'st to witness; then, pray you, tell me:  
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes  
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths  
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,  
To swear by Him whom I protest to love  
That I will work against Him. Therefore your oaths  
Are words, and poor conditions but unseal'd –  
At least in my opinion.

**BERTRAM**

Change it, change it.  
Be not so holy-cruel; love is holy;  
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts  
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,  
But give thyself unto my sick desires,  
Who then recover. Say thou art mine, and ever  
My love as it begins shall so persever.

**DIANA**

I see that men make ropes in such a scarre,  
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

**BERTRAM**

I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power  
To give it from me.

**DIANA**

Will you not, my lord?

**BERTRAM**

It is an honour 'longing to our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose.



**DIANA**

Mine honour's such a ring;  
My chastity's the jewel of our house,  
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;  
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world  
In me to lose. Thus your own proper wisdom  
Brings in the champion Honour on my part  
Against your vain assault.

**BERTRAM**

Here, take my ring;  
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,  
And I'll be bid by thee.

**DIANA**

When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window;  
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.  
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,  
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,  
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.  
My reasons are most strong and you shall know them  
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd;  
And on your finger in the night I'll put  
Another ring, that what in time proceeds  
May token to the future our past deeds  
Adieu till then; then, fail not. You have won  
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

**BERTRAM**

A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

*Exit.*

**DIANA**

For which live long to thank both heaven and me!  
You may so in the end.  
My mother told me just how he would woo  
As if she sat in's heart. She says all men  
Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me  
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him  
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braid,  
Marry that will, I live and die a maid.  
Only, in this disguise, I think't no sin  
To cozen him that would unjustly win.

*Exit.*





# ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

## ACT 1, SC 1 – HELENA & PAROLLES

### COMEDY

#### HELENA

O, were that all! I think not on my father,  
And these great tears grace his remembrance more  
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?  
I have forgot him; my imagination  
Carries no favour in't but Bertram's.  
I am undone; there is no living, none,  
If Bertram be away; 'twere all one  
That I should love a bright particular star  
And think to wed it, he is so above me.  
In his bright radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.  
Th'ambition in my love thus plagues itself:  
The hind that would be mated by the lion  
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though plague,  
To see him every hour; to sit and draw  
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,  
In our heart's table – heart too capable  
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour.  
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy  
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

*Enter PAROLLES*

One that goes with him; I love him for his sake,  
And yet I know him a notorious liar,  
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward.

#### PAROLLES

Save you, fair queen!

#### HELENA

And you, monarch!

#### PAROLLES

No.

#### HELENA

And no.



**PAROLLES**

Are you meditating on virginity?

**HELENA**

Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you; let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?

**PAROLLES**

Keep him out.

**HELENA**

But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak. Unfold to us some warlike resistance.

**PAROLLES**

There is none. Man setting down before you will undermine you and blow you up.

**HELENA**

Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up! Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?

**PAROLLES**

Virginity being blown down man will quicklier be blown up; marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of is mettle to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'Tis too cold a companion. Away with 't!

**HELENA**

I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

**PAROLLES**

There's little can be said in 't; 'tis against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobedience. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but loose by't. Out with't! Away with 't!

**HELENA**

How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?

**PAROLLES**

Let me see. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth. Off with't while 'tis vendible; answer the time of request.

Virginity, your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears, it looks



ill, it eats drily; marry, 'tis a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet 'tis a withered pear: will you anything with it?

**HELENA**

Not my virginity; yet...

There shall your master have a thousand loves,

A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,

A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,

A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,

A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear;

His humble ambition, proud humility,

His jarring concord, and his discord-dulcet,

His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world

Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms

That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—

I know not what he shall. God send him well!

The court's a learning-place, and he is one—

**PAROLLES**

What one, i' faith?

**HELENA**

That I wish well. 'Tis pity—

**PAROLLES**

What's pity?

**HELENA**

That wishing well had not a body in't

Which might be felt, that we, the poorer born,

Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes,

Might with effects of them follow our friends,

And show what we alone must think, which never

Return us thanks.



# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## ACT 1, SC 1

*In this scene Anthony and Cleopatra are disturbed by a messenger. How can you incorporate the message without having a messenger? Can you give the line to either Tony or Cleo? Is it a letter that Tony has hidden and Cleo finds it? Are they going through a pile of mail that is postcards, Valentine's Day cards they've written to each other, work related things they are being irresponsible with? Is one of them trying to work and the other to distract them? Are they both teasing the world by being irresponsible with their political duties? Does a mobile phone text arrive? An email? How can you make it work?*

### **CLEOPATRA**

If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

### **MARK ANTONY**

There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

### **CLEOPATRA**

I'll set a bourn how far to be beloved.

### **MARK ANTONY**

Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new earth.

*Enter an Attendant*

### **Attendant**

News, my good lord, from Rome.

### **MARK ANTONY**

Grates me: the sum.

### **CLEOPATRA**

Nay, hear them, Antony:

Fulvia perchance is angry; or, who knows  
If the scarce-bearded Caesar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;  
Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;  
Perform 't, or else we damn thee.'

### **MARK ANTONY**

How, my love!

**CLEOPATRA**

Perchance! nay, and most like:  
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony.  
Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's I would say? both?  
Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony; and that blood of thine  
Is Caesar's homager: else so thy cheek pays shame  
When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds. The messengers!

**MARK ANTONY**

Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide arch  
Of the ranged empire fall! Here is my space.  
Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life  
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair

*Embracing*

And such a twain can do't, in which I bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet  
We stand up peerless.

**CLEOPATRA**

Excellent falsehood!  
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?  
I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony  
Will be himself.

**MARK ANTONY**

But stirr'd by Cleopatra.  
Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours,  
Let's not confound the time with conference harsh:  
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now. What sport tonight?

**CLEOPATRA**

Hear the ambassadors.

**MARK ANTONY**

Fie, wrangling queen!  
Whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep; whose every passion fully strives  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admired!  
No messenger, but thine; and all alone  
To-night we'll wander through the streets and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;  
Last night you did desire it: speak not to us.

*Exeunt MARK ANTONY and CLEOPATRA with their train*



# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## ACT 1, SC 3

*In this scene we see Cleopatra and Antony madly in love with each other, but driving each other crazy with teasing games. Can you find the balance between 'crazy rich' people being irresponsible, performing their emotions and playing games with each other, while also being sincerely in love, sincerely sad, sincerely happy, sincerely grieving?*

### **CLEOPATRA**

See where he is, who's with him, what he does:  
I did not send you: if you find him sad,  
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report  
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

*Enter MARK ANTONY*

### **CLEOPATRA**

I am sick and sullen.

### **MARK ANTONY**

I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,--

### **CLEOPATRA**

Help me away; I shall fall:  
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

### **MARK ANTONY**

Now, my dearest queen,--

### **CLEOPATRA**

Pray you, stand further from me.

### **MARK ANTONY**

What's the matter?

### **CLEOPATRA**

I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.  
What says the married woman? You may go:  
Would she had never given you leave to come!  
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here:  
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

### **MARK ANTONY**

The gods best know,--

**CLEOPATRA**

O, never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd! Yet at the first  
I saw the treasons planted.

**MARK ANTONY**

Cleopatra,--

**CLEOPATRA**

Why should I think you can be mine and true,  
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing!

**MARK ANTONY**

Most sweet queen,--

**CLEOPATRA**

Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,  
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words: no going then;  
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,  
Bliss in our brows' bent; none our parts so poor,  
But was a race of heaven: they are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

**MARK ANTONY**

How now, lady!

**CLEOPATRA**

I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst know  
There were a heart in Egypt.

**MARK ANTONY**

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services awhile; but my full heart  
Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:  
Equality of two domestic powers  
Breed scrupulous faction: the hated, grown to strength,  
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace,  
Into the hearts of such as have not thrived  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change: my more particular,  
And that which most with you should safe my going,  
Is Fulvia's death.

**CLEOPATRA**



Though age from folly could not give me freedom,  
It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

**MARK ANTONY**

She's dead, my queen:  
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read  
The garboils she awaked; at the last, best:  
See when and where she died.

**CLEOPATRA**

O most false love!  
Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill  
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine received shall be.

**MARK ANTONY**

Quarrel no more, but be prepared to know  
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,  
As you shall give the advice. By the fire  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence  
Thy soldier, servant; making peace or war  
As thou affect'st.

**CLEOPATRA**

Cut my lace, Antony, come;  
But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well,  
So Antony loves.

**MARK ANTONY**

My precious queen, forbear;  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

**CLEOPATRA**

So Fulvia told me.  
I prithee, turn aside and weep for her,  
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears  
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

**MARK ANTONY**

You'll heat my blood: no more.

**CLEOPATRA**

You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

**MARK ANTONY**

Now, by my sword,--

**CLEOPATRA**

And target. Still he mends;  
But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Antony,  
How this Herculean Roman does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

**MARK ANTONY**





I'll leave you, lady.

**CLEOPATRA**

Courteous lord, one word.

Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:  
Sir, you and I have loved, but there's not it;  
That you know well: something it is I would,  
O, my oblivion is a very Antony,  
And I am all forgotten.

**MARK ANTONY**

But that your royalty  
Holds idleness your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself.

**CLEOPATRA**

'Tis sweating labour  
To bear such idleness so near the heart  
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;  
Since my becomings kill me, when they do not  
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;  
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly.  
And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword  
Sit laurel victory! And smooth success  
Be strew'd before your feet!

**MARK ANTONY**

Let us go. Come;  
Our separation so abides, and flies,  
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,  
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee. Away!

*Exits*



# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## ACT 2, SC 5 – ALEXANDRIA, CLEOPATRA'S PALACE

*This scene is greatly enhanced by clever use of timing. Note the use of shared lines – and when they are not used, for some hints by Shakespeare on how the scene could be played.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA*

### CLEOPATRA

Give me some music; music, moody food  
Of us that trade in love. I'll none now:  
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there,  
My music playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,  
I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say 'Ah, ha! you're caught.' O, from Italy  
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Enter a Messenger*

### Messenger

Madam, madam -

### CLEOPATRA

Antonius dead!--If thou say so, villain,  
Thou kill'st thy mistress: but well and free,  
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

### Messenger

First, madam, he is well.

### CLEOPATRA

Why, there's more gold.  
But, sirrah, mark, we use  
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,  
The gold I give thee will I melt and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

### Messenger

Good madam, hear me.

### CLEOPATRA

Well, go to, I will;  
But there's no goodness in thy face: if Antony  
Be free and healthful - so tart a favour



To trumpet such good tidings! If not well,  
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.

**Messenger**

Will't please you hear me?

**CLEOPATRA**

I have a mind to strike thee ere thou speak'st:  
Yet if thou say Antony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.

**Messenger**

Madam, he's well.

**CLEOPATRA**

Well said.

**Messenger**

And friends with Caesar.

**CLEOPATRA**

Thou'rt an honest man.

**Messenger**

Caesar and he are greater friends than ever.

**CLEOPATRA**

Make thee a fortune from me.

**Messenger**

But yet, madam,-

**CLEOPATRA**

I do not like 'But yet,' it does allay  
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet!'  
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together: he's friends with Caesar:  
In state of health thou say'st; and thou say'st free.

**Messenger**

Free, madam! No; I made no such report:  
He's bound unto Octavia.

**CLEOPATRA**

For what good turn?

**Messenger**

For the best turn i' the bed.

**CLEOPATRA**

I am pale. Charmian!

**Messenger**



Madam, he's married to Octavia.

**CLEOPATRA**

The most infectious pestilence upon thee!

*Strikes him down*

**Messenger**

Good madam, patience.

**CLEOPATRA**

What say you? Hence,  
Horrible villain or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head:

*She strikes him again*

*She hales him up and down*

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in lingering pickle.

**Messenger**

Gracious madam,  
I that do bring the news made not the match.

**CLEOPATRA**

Say 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud: the blow thou hadst  
Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage;  
And I will boot thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

**Messenger**

He's married, madam.

**CLEOPATRA**

Rogue, thou hast lived too long.

*Draws a knife*

**Messenger**

Nay, then I'll run.  
What mean you, madam? I have made no fault.

**CLEOPATRA**

Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.  
Melt Egypt into Nile! And kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents! Speak slave again:  
Though I am mad, I will not bite you. Speak!  
I will not hurt you.  
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause. Come hither, sir.  
Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news. Give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves when they be felt.



**Messenger**

I have done my duty.

**CLEOPATRA**

Is he married?

I cannot hate thee worser than I do,  
If thou again say 'Yes.'

**Messenger**

He's married, madam.

**CLEOPATRA**

The gods confound thee! Dost thou hold there still?

**Messenger**

Should I lie, madam?

**CLEOPATRA**

O, I would thou didst,  
So half my Egypt were submerged and made  
A cistern for scaled snakes! Go, get thee hence:  
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou wouldst appear most ugly. He is married?

**Messenger**

I crave your highness' pardon.

**CLEOPATRA**

He is married?

**Messenger**

Take no offence that I would not offend you:  
To punish me for what you make me do  
Seems much unequal: he's married to Octavia.

**CLEOPATRA**

O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That art not what thou'rt sure of! Get thee hence:  
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome  
Are all too dear for me:  
Lie they upon thy hand, and be undone by 'em!

**Messenger**

Good your highness, patience.

**CLEOPATRA**

In praising Antony, I have dispraised Caesar.  
I am paid for't now. Lead me from hence; I faint!  
O good fellow, 'tis no matter.  
Report the feature of Octavia, her years,  
Her inclination, let you not leave out  
The colour of her hair: give me word quickly.

*They Exit*



# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

## ACT 4, SC 15 – THE DEATH OF ANTONY

*This scene is written with many servants who help Cleopatra lift Antony up to her place of hiding – where she is safe from Caesar. But for a duologue we can't have them, so you have to reconceive how the scene is staged – perhaps with Cleopatra and Antony already together? Perhaps her discovering him as she enters? Your creativity can solve this, perhaps you may wish to edit a line or two...be judicious.*

### **CLEOPATRA**

No, I will not be comforted.  
All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise. Our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it. O sun,  
Burn the great sphere thou movest in! Darkling stand  
The varying shore o' the world. O Antony,  
Antony, Antony!

### **MARK ANTONY**

Peace!  
Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumph'd on itself.

### **CLEOPATRA**

So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

### **MARK ANTONY**

I am dying, Egypt, dying; only  
I here importune death awhile, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay up thy lips.

### **CLEOPATRA**

I dare not, dear,--  
Dear my lord, pardon,--I dare not,  
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show  
Of the full-fortuned Caesar ever shall  
Be brooch'd with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes  
And still conclusion, shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me. But come, come, Antony,--

### **MARK ANTONY**

O, quick, or I am gone.

**CLEOPATRA**

Here's sport indeed! How heavy weighs my lord!  
Our strength is all gone into heaviness,  
That makes the weight: had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,--  
Wishes were ever fools,--O, come, come, come;  
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived:  
Quicken with kissing: had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

**MARK ANTONY**

I am dying, Egypt, dying:  
Give me some wine, and let me speak a little.

**CLEOPATRA**

No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provoked by my offence.

**MARK ANTONY**

One word, sweet queen:  
Of Caesar seek your honour, with your safety. O!

**CLEOPATRA**

They do not go together.

**MARK ANTONY**

Gentle, hear me:  
None about Caesar trust but Proculeius.

**CLEOPATRA**

My resolution and my hands I'll trust;  
None about Caesar.

**MARK ANTONY**

The miserable change now at my end  
Lament nor sorrow at; but please your thoughts  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I lived, the greatest prince o' the world,  
The noblest; and do now not basely die,  
Not cowardly put off my helmet to  
My countryman, a Roman by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now my spirit is going;  
I can no more.

**CLEOPATRA**

Noblest of men, woo't die?  
Hast thou no care of me? Shall I abide  
In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
No better than a sty? O, see, my women,

*MARK ANTONY dies*



The crown o' the earth doth melt. My lord!  
O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
The soldier's pole is fall'n: young boys and girls  
Are level now with men; the odds is gone,  
And there is nothing left remarkable  
Beneath the visiting moon.

*Faints*





# AS YOU LIKE IT

## ACT 2, SC 3

**Synopsis:** Adam, a faithful servant, warns Orlando that his brother Oliver plans to kill him. They resolve to flee together into the forest of Arden.

**Before OLIVER'S house.** *Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting*

**ORLANDO**

Who's there?

**ADAM**

What, my young master? O, my gentle master!  
O my sweet master! O you memory  
Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what make you here?  
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?  
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?  
Why would you be so fond to overcome  
The bonny prisoner of the humorous duke?  
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.  
Know you not, master, to some kind of men  
Their graces serve them but as enemies?  
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,  
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.  
O, what a world is this, when what is comely  
Envenoms him that bears it!

**ORLANDO**

Why, what's the matter?

**ADAM**

O unhappy youth!  
Come not within these doors; within this roof  
The enemy of all your graces lives:  
Your brother--no, no brother; yet the son--  
Yet not the son, I will not call him son  
Of him I was about to call his father--  
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means  
To burn the lodging where you use to lie  
And you within it. If he fail of that,  
He will have other means to cut you off.  
I overheard him and his practises.  
This is no place, this house is but a butchery.  
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it!

**ORLANDO**



Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

**ADAM**

No matter whither, so you come not here.

**ORLANDO**

What, wouldst thou have me go and beg my food?  
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce  
A thievish living on the common road?  
This I must do, or know not what to do:  
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;  
I rather will subject me to the malice  
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

**ADAM**

But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,  
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,  
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse  
When service should in my old limbs lie lame  
And unregarded age in corners thrown:  
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,  
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,  
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;  
And all this I give you. Let me be your servant:  
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;  
I'll do the service of a younger man  
In all your business and necessities.

**ORLANDO**

O good old man, how well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion,  
And having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.  
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,  
That cannot so much as a blossom yield  
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry  
But come thy ways; well go along together,  
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,  
We'll light upon some settled low content.



**ADAM**

Master, go on, and I will follow thee,  
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.  
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore  
Here lived I, but now live here no more.  
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;  
But at fourscore it is too late a week:  
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better  
Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

*Exeunt*



# AS YOU LIKE IT

## ACT 3, SC 2 – ROSALIND & ORLANDO

### COMEDY

**ROSALIND**

Do you hear, forester?

**ORLANDO**

Very well. What would you?

**ROSALIND**

I pray you, what is't o'clock?

**ORLANDO**

You should ask me what time o' day; there's no clock in the forest.

**ROSALIND**

Then there is no true lover in the forest, else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time, as well as a clock.

**ORLANDO**

And why not the swift foot of Time? Had not that been as proper?

**ROSALIND**

By no means sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, and who Time gallops withal.

**ORLANDO**

I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

**ROSALIND**

Marry he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized. If the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

**ORLANDO**

Who ambles Time withal?

**ROSALIND**

With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout, for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives merrily because he feels no pain. These Time ambles withal.



**ORLANDO**

Who doth he gallop withal?

**ROSALIND**

With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

**ORLANDO**

Where dwell you pretty youth?

**ROSALIND**

Here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

**ORLANDO**

Are you native of this place?

**ROSALIND**

As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

**ORLANDO**

Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

**ROSALIND**

I have been told so of many. But indeed, an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man, one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

**ORLANDO**

I prithee recount some of them.

**ROSALIND**

No; I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest that abuses our young plants with carving 'Rosalind' on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind. If I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

**ORLANDO**

I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you tell me your remedy.

**ROSALIND**

There is none of my uncle's marks upon you. He taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

**ORLANDO**

What were his marks?



**ROSALIND**

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not – but I pardon you for that. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. But you are no such man: you are rather point-device in your accoutrements as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

**ORLANDO**

Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

**ROSALIND**

Me believe it! You may as soon make her that you love believe it. But in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

**ORLANDO**

I swear to thee youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

**ROSALIND**

But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

**ORLANDO**

Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

**ROSALIND**

Love is merely a madness. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

**ORLANDO**

Did you ever cure any so?

**ROSALIND**

Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every day to woo me. At which time would I, now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him, and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

**ORLANDO**

I would not be cured, youth.

**ROSALIND**

I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

**ORLANDO**

Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me where it is.



**ROSALIND**

Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

**ORLANDO**

With all my heart, good youth.

**ROSALIND**

Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come.

*Exeunt*



# HENRY IV

## ACT 2, SC 4 – FALSTAFF & PRINCE HAL

This scene has been edited to be a duologue. Make sure you read the full play to understand it fully.

Falstaff has robbed some helpless travellers, but Prince Henry [in disguise] in turn robbed him. Falstaff turned tail and fled at the first sight of trouble – but he is now returning to the King's Head Tavern to berate Prince Hal, who had agreed to help him with the robbery, for being a coward who wouldn't join in the robbery.

*Enter FALSTAFF*

**FALSTAFF**

A plague of all cowards, I say. Give me a cup of sack, boy. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

*He drinks*

**PRINCE HENRY**

How now, wool-sack! What mutter you?

**FALSTAFF**

A king's son! You Prince of Wales!

**PRINCE HENRY**

Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

**FALSTAFF**

Are not you a coward? Answer me to that.  
Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

**PRINCE HENRY**

O villain! Thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkenest last.

*He drinks*

**FALSTAFF**

A plague of all cowards, still say I.

**PRINCE HENRY**

What's the matter?

**FALSTAFF**

What's the matter! I've ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

**FALSTAFF**





Where is it! Taken from me it is: a hundred upon poor Jack.

**PRINCE HENRY**

What, a hundred, man?

**FALSTAFF**

I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw--ecce signum!

**PRINCE HENRY**

Speak, sir; how was it?

**FALSTAFF**

I set upon some dozen - Sixteen at least, my lord - And bound them. As I was leaving, some six or seven fresh men set upon me - And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

**PRINCE HENRY**

What, fought you with them all?

**FALSTAFF**

All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

**FALSTAFF**

Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward; here I lay and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me--

**PRINCE HENRY**

What, four? Thou saidst but two even now.

**FALSTAFF**

Four, Hal; I told thee four.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Ay, ay, you said four.

**FALSTAFF**

These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Seven? Why, there were but four even now.

**FALSTAFF**

In buckram?

**PRINCE HENRY**

Ay, four, in buckram suits.

**FALSTAFF**

Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

**PRINCE HENRY**

Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

**FALSTAFF**



Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of--

**PRINCE HENRY**

So, two more already.

**FALSTAFF**

Their points being broken,--

**PRINCE HENRY**

Down fell their hose.

**FALSTAFF**

Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and with a thought seven of the eleven I paid.

**PRINCE HENRY**

O monstrous! Eleven buckram men grown out of two!

**FALSTAFF**

But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

**PRINCE HENRY**

These lies are like their father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, grease tallow-catch,--

**FALSTAFF**

What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

**PRINCE HENRY**

Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

**FALSTAFF**

What, upon compulsion? 'Zounds, I would not tell you on compulsion. If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

**PRINCE HENRY**

I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh,--

**FALSTAFF**

'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O for breath to utter what is like thee! You tailor's-yard, you sheath, you bowcase; you vile standing-tuck,--

-

**PRINCE HENRY**

Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

**PRINCE HENRY**

I saw you set on four and bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did I set on you; and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy and still run and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

**FALSTAFF**



By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear you: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was now a coward on instinct. But, by the Lord, lad, I am glad you have the money. Clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallant lad, heart of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry?



# HENRY IV

## ACT 2, SC 4 – FALSTAFF & HAL PLAY THE KING

*Hal is summoned to court by his father. Falstaff teases the young prince that he is in trouble, and offers to role-play the encounter with Hal's father.*

**FALSTAFF**

Well, thou wert be horribly chid tomorrow when thou comest to thy father. If thou love me, practise an answer.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

**FALSTAFF**

Shall I? Content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Thy state is taken for a joined-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

**FALSTAFF**

Well, and the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make my eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Well, here is my leg.

**FALSTAFF**

And here is my speech. Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted the sooner it wears.

That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion, but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish-hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? A question not to be asked. Shall the sun of England prove a thief and take purses? A question to be asked. For, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink but in tears, not in pleasure but in passion, not in words only, but in woes also: and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

**PRINCE HENRY**

What manner of man, an' it like your majesty?

**FALSTAFF**

A goodly portly man, i' faith. And a corpulent. Of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to three score. And now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. Him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

**PRINCE HENRY**

Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.



**FALSTAFF**

Depose me? If thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Well, here I am set.

**FALSTAFF**

And here I stand: judge, my masters.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Now, Harry, whence come you?

**FALSTAFF**

My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

**PRINCE HENRY**

The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

**FALSTAFF**

'Sblood, my lord, they are false: nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

**PRINCE HENRY**

Swarest thou, ungracious boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of an old fat man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swollen parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in craft? Wherein crafty, but in villany? Wherein villanous, but in all things? Wherein worthy, but in nothing?

**FALSTAFF**

I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

**PRINCE HENRY**

That villainous, abominable, misleader of youth, Falstaff. That old white-bearded Satan.

**FALSTAFF**

My lord, the man I know.

**PRINCE HENRY**

I know thou dost.

**FALSTAFF**

But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it; but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned. If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins: but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

**PRINCE HENRY**

I do, I will.



# JULIUS CAESAR

## ACT 2, SC 2 – BRUTUS & PORTIA

### DRAMA

Portia demands her husband tell her his secret troubles.

*Enter PORTIA*

#### **PORTIA**

Brutus, my lord.

#### **BRUTUS**

Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?  
It is not for your health thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

#### **PORTIA**

Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across;  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was  
You stared upon me with ungentle looks.  
I urged you further: then you scratch'd your head  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.  
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,  
But with an angry wafture of your hand  
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,  
Fearing to strengthen that impatience  
Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal  
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
And could it work so much upon your shape  
As it hath much prevailed on your condition,  
I should not know you Brutus. Dear my lord,  
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

#### **BRUTUS**

I am not well in health, and that is all.

#### **PORTIA**

Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,  
He would embrace the means to come by it.

**BRUTUS**

Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

**PORTIA**

Is Brutus sick, and is it physical  
To walk unbraced and suck up the humours  
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick?  
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed  
To dare the vile contagion of the night?  
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus,  
You have some sick offence within your mind  
Which by the right and virtue of my place  
I ought to know of: and upon my knees,  
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,  
By all your vows of love and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy – and what men tonight  
Have had to resort to you: for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

**BRUTUS**

Kneel not, gentle Portia.

**PORTIA**

I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself  
But as it were in sort or limitation,  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

**BRUTUS**

You are my true and honourable wife,  
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

**PORTIA**

If this were true, then should I know this secret.  
I grant I am a woman; but withal  
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife.  
I grant I am a woman: but withal  
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.  
Think you I am no stronger than my sex



Being so fathered and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels. I will not disclose 'em.  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound,  
Here in the thigh. Can I bear that with patience  
And not my husband's secrets?

**BRUTUS**

O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

*(Knock)*

Hark, hark, one knocks. Portia, go in awhile;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the charactery of my sad brows:  
Leave me with haste.

*Exit PORTIA*





# MACBETH

## ACT 1, SC 7 – MACBETH & LADY MACBETH

Macbeth, having agreed to murder King Duncan, has a moment of conscience and changes his mind. His wife enters and persuades him to commit to the deed. How much variety and contrast can you bring to the physical and emotional actions in this scene to bring out all the nuances in the text?

*Location: Macbeth's castle.*

### MACBETH

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
It were done quickly: if the assassination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow  
Might be the be-all and the end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come. But in these cases  
We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: this even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off;  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's Cherubins, horsed  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself  
And falls on the other.

*Enter LADY MACBETH*

How now! What news?



**LADY MACBETH**

He has almost supp'd. Why have you left the chamber?

**MACBETH**

Hath he ask'd for me?

**LADY MACBETH**

Know you not, he has?

**MACBETH**

We will proceed no further in this business:  
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought  
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,  
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,  
Not cast aside so soon.

**LADY MACBETH**

Was the hope drunk  
Wherein you dress'd yourself? Hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid  
To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that  
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

**MACBETH**

Pr'ythee, peace.  
I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none.

**LADY MACBETH**

What beast was't then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would  
Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:  
I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you  
Have done to this.



**MACBETH**

If we should fail?

**LADY MACBETH**

We fail?

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,  
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep  
(Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so convince  
That memory, the warder of the brain,  
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan? What not put upon  
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell?

**MACBETH**

Bring forth men-children only!  
For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
Nothing but males. Will it not be received,  
When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,  
That they have done't?

**LADY MACBETH**

Who dares receive it other,  
As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
Upon his death?

**MACBETH**

I am settled, and bend up  
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

*Exeunt*



# MEASURE FOR MEASURE

## ACT 2, SC 4 – ISABELLA & ANGELO

### DRAMA

*The 'honourable' Angelo blackmails Isabella into having sex with him to save her brother from execution.*

*Enter ISABELLA*

**ANGELO**

How now, fair maid?

**ISABELLA**

I am come to know your pleasure.

**ANGELO**

Your brother cannot live.

**ISABELLA**

Even so. Heaven keep your honour.

**ANGELO**

Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,  
As long as you or I; yet he must die.

**ISABELLA**

Under your sentence?

**ANGELO**

Yea.

**ISABELLA**

When, I beseech you? That in his reprieve,  
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted  
That his soul sicken not.

**ANGELO**

Which had you rather, that the most just law  
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,  
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness  
As she that he hath stain'd?

**ISABELLA**

How say you?



**ANGELO**

Answer to this:

I, now the voice of the recorded law,  
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:  
Might there not be a charity in sin  
To save this brother's life?

**ISABELLA**

Please you to do't,  
I'll take it as a peril to my soul;  
It is no sin at all, but charity.

**ANGELO**

Pleased you to do't, at peril of your soul,  
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

**ISABELLA**

That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven let me bear it; you granting of my suit,  
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your answer.

**ANGELO**

Nay, but hear me;  
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,  
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

**ISABELLA**

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,  
But graciously to know I am no better.

**ANGELO**

To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:  
Your brother is to die.

**ISABELLA**

True.

**ANGELO**

Admit no other way to save his life than you, his sister,  
You must lay down the treasures of your body  
To the judge, or else to let him suffer:  
What would you do?

**ISABELLA**

As much for my poor brother as myself;  
That is, were I under the terms of death,



I'd whip myself to death, ere I'd yield  
My body up to shame.

**ANGELO**

Then must your brother die.

**ISABELLA**

And 'twere the cheaper way.  
Better it were a brother died at once,  
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.

**ANGELO**

Were not you then as cruel as the sentence  
That you have slander'd so?

**ISABELLA**

Ignomy in ransom and free pardon  
Are of two houses: lawful mercy  
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

**ANGELO**

You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,  
And rather proved the sliding of your brother  
A merriment than a vice.

**ISABELLA**

O pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,  
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean.  
I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his advantage that I dearly love.

**ANGELO**

We are all frail. Women are frail too.

**ISABELLA**

Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves,  
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.  
Nay, call us ten times frail;

**ANGELO**

I think it well:  
And from this testimony of your own sex –  
Be that you are,  
That is, a woman; show it now.

**ISABELLA**

I have no tongue but one; gentle my lord,  
Let me entreat you speak the former language.



**ANGELO**

Plainly conceive, I love you.

**ISABELLA**

My brother did love Juliet,  
And you tell me that he shall die for't.

**ANGELO**

He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

**ISABELLA**

I know your virtue hath a licence in't,  
Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
To pluck on others.

**ANGELO**

Believe me, on mine honour,  
My words express my purpose.

**ISABELLA**

Ha? Little honour, to be much believ'd,  
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!  
I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't:  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud  
What man thou art.

**ANGELO**

Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,  
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state  
Will so your accusation overweigh,  
That you shall stifle in your own report  
And smell of calumny. Redeem thy brother  
By yielding up thy body to my will;  
Or else he must not only die the death,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,  
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,  
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

*Exit*

**ISABELLA**

To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,  
Who would believe me? I'll to my brother.  
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,  
That had he twenty heads to tender down



On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
Before his sister should her body stoop  
To such abhorr'd pollution.  
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:  
More than our brother is our chastity.

Exit





# MEASURE FOR MEASURE

## ACT 3, SC 1 – ISABELLA & CLAUDIO

Isabella tells her brother that he must die to save her honour – for she can't risk both their immortal souls to save his mortal life. He tries to convince her to break her vow of chastity to save his life.

**CLAUDIO**

Now, sister, what's the comfort?

**ISABELLA**

Why,  
As all comforts are: most good, most good indeed.  
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,  
Intends you for his swift ambassador,  
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.  
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;  
Tomorrow you set on.

**CLAUDIO**

Is there no remedy?

**ISABELLA**

None, but such remedy as, to save a head,  
To cleave a heart in twain.

**CLAUDIO**

But is there any?

**ISABELLA**

Yes, brother, you may live;  
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,  
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,  
But fetter you till death.

**CLAUDIO**

Perpetual durance?

**ISABELLA**

Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,  
Though all the world's vastidity you had,  
To a determined scope.

**CLAUDIO**

But in what nature?



**ISABELLA**

In such a one as, you consenting to't,  
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,  
And leave you naked.

**CLAUDIO**

Let me know the point.

**ISABELLA**

O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake  
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the poor beetle that we tread upon  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

**CLAUDIO**

Why give you me this shame?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

**ISABELLA**

There spake my brother: there my father's grave  
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die.  
Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,  
Whose settled visage and deliberate word  
Nips youth i' the head and follies doth enew  
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil:  
His filth within being cast, he would appear  
A pond as deep as hell.

**CLAUDIO**

The precise Angelo!

**ISABELLA**

O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell  
The damnedst body to invest and cover  
In precise guards! Dost thou think, Claudio,  
If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou mightst be freed?

**CLAUDIO**

O heavens, it cannot be!



**ISABELLA**

Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,  
So to offend him still. This night's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name;  
Or else thou diest tomorrow.

**CLAUDIO**

Thou shalt not do't.

**ISABELLA**

O, were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

**CLAUDIO**

Thanks, dear Isabel.

**ISABELLA**

Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

**CLAUDIO**

Yes. Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,  
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;  
Or of the deadly seven, it is the least.

**ISABELLA**

Which is the least?

**CLAUDIO**

If it were damnable, he being so wise,  
Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fined? O Isabel!

**ISABELLA**

What says my brother?

**CLAUDIO**

Death is a fearful thing.

**ISABELLA**

And shamed life a hateful.

**CLAUDIO**

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit  
To bath in fiery floods, or to reside



In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world: or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and incertain thought  
Imagine howling – 'tis too horrible!  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

**ISABELLA**

Alas, alas!

**CLAUDIO**

Sweet sister, let me live:  
What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far  
That it becomes a virtue.

**ISABELLA**

O, you beast!  
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?  
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life  
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?  
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair:  
For such a warped slip of wilderness  
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance,  
Die, perish! Might but my bending down  
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.  
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death;  
No word to save thee.

**CLAUDIO**

Nay hear me, Isabel.

**ISABELLA**

O, fie, fie, fie!  
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:  
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;  
'Tis best thou diest quickly. (going)

**CLAUDIO**

O hear me, Isabella!



# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

## ACT 4, SC 1 – BEATRICE AND BENEDICK (THE CHAPEL SCENE)

### DRAMATIC SCENE IN A COMEDY

Enraged by the false accusations against her cousin, named Hero, by Hero's fiancé, Claudio, Beatrice persuades a reluctant Benedick of the justice of her cause and he vows to challenge his best friend to a duel.

*Exeunt all but BENEDICK and BEATRICE*

**BENEDICK**

Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?

**BEATRICE**

Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

**BENEDICK**

I will not desire that.

**BEATRICE**

You have no reason, I do it freely.

**BENEDICK**

Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wronged.

**BEATRICE**

Ah, how much might the man deserve of me that would right her!

**BENEDICK**

Is there any way to show such friendship?

**BEATRICE**

A very even way, but no such friend.

**BENEDICK**

May a man do it?

**BEATRICE**

It is a man's office, but not yours.

**BENEDICK**

I do love nothing in the world so well as you – is not that strange?



**BEATRICE**

As strange as the thing I know not. It were as possible for me to say I loved nothing so well as you, but believe me not; and yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

**BENEDICK**

By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

**BEATRICE**

Do not swear, and eat it.

**BENEDICK**

I will swear by it that you love me, and I will make him eat it that says I love not you.

**BEATRICE**

Will you not eat your word?

**BENEDICK**

With no sauce that can be devised to it. I protest I love thee.

**BEATRICE**

Why, then, God forgive me!

**BENEDICK**

What offence, sweet Beatrice?

**BEATRICE**

You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was about to protest I loved you.

**BENEDICK**

And do it with all thy heart.

**BEATRICE**

I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

**BENEDICK**

Come, bid me do anything for thee.

**BEATRICE**

Kill Claudio.

**BENEDICK**

Ha! not for the wide world!

**BEATRICE**

You kill me to deny it. Farewell.



**BENEDICK**

Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

**BEATRICE**

I am gone, though I am here; there is no love in you; nay I pray you let me go.

**BENEDICK**

Beatrice –

**BEATRICE**

In faith, I will go.

**BENEDICK**

We'll be friends first.

**BEATRICE**

You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy.

**BENEDICK**

Is Claudio thine enemy?

**BEATRICE**

Is he not approved in the height a villain, that hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman? O that I were a man! What, bear her in hand until they come to take hands, and then with public accusation, uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour – O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

**BENEDICK**

Hear me, Beatrice –

**BEATRICE**

Talk with a man out at a window! A proper saying!

**BENEDICK**

Nay, but Beatrice –

**BEATRICE**

Sweet Hero! She is wronged, she is slandered, she is undone.

**BENEDICK**

Beat–

**BEATRICE**

Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, Count Comfect; a sweet gallant surely! O that I were a man for his sake, or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into curtsies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie and swears it. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.



**BENEDICK**

Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

**BEATRICE**

Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

**BENEDICK**

Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wronged Hero?

**BEATRICE**

Yea, as sure as I have a thought, or a soul.

**BENEDICK**

Enough! I am engaged, I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so I leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin; I must say she is dead: and so farewell.

*Exeunt*





# OTHELLO

## ACT 4, SC 3 – DESDEMONA & EMILIA

*After a being threatened by Othello, her violently angry husband, Desdemona tries to calm herself as she prepares to retire for the night and her maid, Emilia, gives her wisdom about the world.*

A private room in the castle.

**EMILIA**

How goes it now? He looks gentler than he did.

**DESDEMONA**

He says he will return incontinent:  
He hath commanded me to go to bed,  
And bade me to dismiss you.

**EMILIA**

Dismiss me!

**DESDEMONA**

It was his bidding: therefore, good Emilia.  
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:  
We must not now displease him.

**EMILIA**

I would you had never seen him!

**DESDEMONA**

So would not I, my love doth so approve him,  
That even his stubbornness, his cheques, his frowns--  
Prithee, unpin me,--have grace and favour in them.

**EMILIA**

I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

**DESDEMONA**

All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!  
If I do die before thee prithee, shroud me  
In one of those same sheets.

**EMILIA**

Come, come you talk.

**DESDEMONA**

My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:  
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad  
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow';  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it: that song to-night  
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,



But to go hang my head all at one side,  
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.

**EMILIA**

Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

**DESDEMONA**

No, unpin me here.

This Lodovico is a proper man.

**EMILIA**

A very handsome man.

**DESDEMONA**

He speaks well.

**EMILIA**

I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

**DESDEMONA**

[Singing]

*The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,*

*Sing all a green willow:*

*Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,*

*Sing willow, willow, willow:*

*The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;*

*Sing willow, willow, willow;*

*Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;*

Lay by these:--

[Singing]

*Sing willow, willow, willow;*

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon:--

[Singing]

*Sing all a green willow must be my garland.*

*Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,-*

*Nay, that's not next. - Hark! Who is't that knocks?*

**EMILIA**

It's the wind.

**DESDEMONA**

[Singing]

*I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?*

*Sing willow, willow, willow:*

*If I court moe women, you'll couch with moe men!*



So, get thee gone; good night  
Ate eyes do itch;  
Doth that bode weeping?

**EMILIA**

'Tis neither here nor there.

**DESDEMONA**

I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!  
Dost thou in conscience think, -tell me, Emilia,-  
That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such gross kind?

**EMILIA**

There be some such, no question.

**DESDEMONA**

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

**EMILIA**

Why, would not you?

**DESDEMONA**

No, by this heavenly light!

**EMILIA**

Nor I neither by this heavenly light;  
I might do't as well i' the dark.

**DESDEMONA**

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

**EMILIA**

The world's a huge thing: it is a great price.  
For a small vice.

**DESDEMONA**

In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

**EMILIA**

In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had one. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world, - why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

**DESDEMONA**

Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong  
For the whole world.

**EMILIA**

Why the wrong is but a wrong i' the world: and having the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

**DESDEMONA**

I do not think there is any such woman.

**EMILIA**



Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for.  
But I do think it is their husbands' faults  
If wives do fall: say that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps,  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us; or say they strike us,  
Or scant our former having in despite;  
Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace,  
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know  
Their wives have sense like them: they see and smell  
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do  
When they change us for others? Is it sport?  
I think it is: and doth affection breed it?  
I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?  
It is so too: and have not we affections,  
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?  
Then let them use us well: else let them know,  
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

**DESDEMONA**

Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,  
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

*Exeunt*



# OTHELLO

## ACT 5, SC 2 – OTHELLO & DESDEMONA

### DRAMA

*Othello, falsely convinced of Desdemona's infidelity, kills the woman he loves.*

Desdemona in her bed asleep. Othello enters.

#### OTHELLO

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars,  
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow  
And smooth as monumental alabaster:  
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then put out the light!  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore  
Should I repent me. But once put out thy light,  
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume: when I have plucked the rose  
I cannot give it vital growth again,  
It must needs wither. I'll smell it on the tree;  
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more.  
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
And love thee after. One more, and this the last.  
*He smells, then kisses her*  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly,  
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

#### DESDEMONA

Who's there? Othello?

#### OTHELLO

Ay, Desdemona.

#### DESDEMONA

Will you come to bed, my lord?

#### OTHELLO

Have you pray'd tonight, Desdemona?



**DESDEMONA**

Ay, my lord.

**OTHELLO**

If you bethink yourself of any crime  
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

**DESDEMONA**

Alas, my lord, what do you mean by that?

**OTHELLO**

Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.  
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,  
No, heaven forfend, I would not kill thy soul.

**DESDEMONA**

Talk you of killing?

**OTHELLO**

Ay, I do.

**DESDEMONA**

Then, heaven,  
Have mercy on me!

**OTHELLO**

Amen, with all my heart.

**DESDEMONA**

If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

**OTHELLO**

Hum!

**DESDEMONA**

And yet I fear you, for you are fatal then  
When your eyes roll so. Why I should fear I know not,  
Since guiltiness I know not. But yet I feel I fear.

**OTHELLO**

Think on thy sins.

**DESDEMONA**

They are loves I bear to you.

**OTHELLO**

Ay, and for that thou diest.

**DESDEMONA**

That death's unnatural that kills for loving.  
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame,  
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,  
They do not point on me.

**OTHELLO**

Peace, and be still!

**DESDEMONA**

I will so. What's the matter?

**OTHELLO**

That handkerchief which I so loved and gave thee,  
Thou gavest to Cassio.

**DESDEMONA**

No, by my life and soul:  
Send for the man, and ask him.

**OTHELLO**

Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy deathbed.

**DESDEMONA**

I? – but not yet to die!

**OTHELLO**

Yes, presently.  
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin,  
For to deny each article with oath  
Cannot remove nor choke the strong conception  
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

**DESDEMONA**

Then Lord have mercy on me.

**OTHELLO**

I say amen.

**DESDEMONA**

And have you mercy too. I never did  
Offend you in my life, never loved Cassio  
But with such general warranty of heaven  
As I might love: I never gave him token.

**OTHELLO**

By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in's hand!  
O perjured woman, thou dost stone my heart  
And makest me call what I intend to do  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice!  
I saw the handkerchief.

**DESDEMONA**

He found it then,  
I never gave it him. Send for him hither,  
Let him confess a truth.

**OTHELLO**

He hath confessed.

**DESDEMONA**

What, my lord?

**OTHELLO**

That he hath – used's death! – used thee.

**DESDEMONA**

How? unlawfully?

**OTHELLO**

Ay.

**DESDEMONA**

He will not say so.

**OTHELLO**

No, his mouth is stopped. Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

**DESDEMONA**

O, my fear interprets! What, is he dead?

**OTHELLO**

Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

**DESDEMONA**

Alas, he is betrayed, and I undone.

**OTHELLO**

Out, strumpet, weep'st thou for him to my face?

**DESDEMONA**

O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!





**OTHELLO**

Down, strumpet!

**DESDEMONA**

Kill me tomorrow, let me live tonight!

**OTHELLO**

Nay, if you strive—

**DESDEMONA**

But half an hour!

**OTHELLO**

Being done, there is no pause—

**DESDEMONA**

But while I say one prayer!

**OTHELLO**

It is too late.

**DESDEMONA**

O Lord! Lord! Lord!

*He smothers her.*



# RICHARD III

## ACT 1, SC 2 – RICHARD & ANNE ('THE LADY ANNE SCENE')

### DRAMA

*Richard III woos Lady Anne, the widow of King Henry IV's son Edward – both of whom were killed by Richard. She hates him, but in a dangerous world she is won over by his charm, vows and her need for protection.*

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY the Sixth, LADY ANNE being the mourner.

#### LADY ANNE

Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!  
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body:  
His soul thou canst not have; therefore be gone.

#### RICHARD

Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

#### LADY ANNE

Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not.  
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,  
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.  
O gentleman! See, see dead Henry's wounds  
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.  
From cold and empty veins where no blood dwells:  
Thy deed inhuman and unnatural  
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.  
O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death;  
O earth! which this blood drink'st revenge his death.

#### RICHARD

Lady, you know no rules of charity,  
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

#### LADY ANNE

Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man.  
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

#### RICHARD

But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

#### LADY ANNE

O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!



**RICHARD**

More wonderful, when angels are so angry.

**RICHARD**

Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have  
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

**LADY ANNE**

Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make  
No excuse current but to hang thyself.

**RICHARD**

By such despair, I should accuse myself.

**LADY ANNE**

And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excuse'd  
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,  
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

**RICHARD**

Say that I slew them not?

**LADY ANNE**

Then say they were not slain:  
But dead they are, and devilish slave, by thee.

**RICHARD**

I did not kill your husband.

**LADY ANNE**

Why then he is alive.

**RICHARD**

Nay he is dead, and slain by Edward's hand.

**LADY ANNE**

In thy foul throat thou liest.

**LADY ANNE**

Didst thou not kill this king?

**RICHARD**

I grant ye, yea.

**LADY ANNE**

Dost grant me, hedgehog! Then God grant me too  
Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed.  
O he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.



**RICHARD**

The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

**LADY ANNE**

He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

**RICHARD**

Let him thank me that holp to send him thither,  
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

**LADY ANNE**

And thou unfit for any place but hell.

**RICHARD**

Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

**LADY ANNE**

Some dungeon.

**RICHARD**

Your bed-chamber.

**LADY ANNE**

Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

**RICHARD**

So will it, madam till I lie with you.

**LADY ANNE**

I hope so!

**RICHARD**

I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne,  
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths  
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,  
As blameful as the executioner?

**LADY ANNE**

Thou wast the cause, and most accursed effect.

**RICHARD**

Your beauty was the cause of that effect,  
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

**LADY ANNE**

If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,  
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.



**RICHARD**

These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck.

**LADY ANNE**

I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

**RICHARD**

It is a quarrel most unnatural,  
To be revenged on him that loveth you.

**LADY ANNE**

It is a quarrel just and reasonable,  
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

**RICHARD**

He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,  
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

**LADY ANNE**

His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

**RICHARD**

He lives that loves thee better than he could.

**LADY ANNE**

Where is he?

**RICHARD**

Here.

*[She spits at him]*

Why dost thou spit at me?

**LADY ANNE**

Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake.

**RICHARD**

Never came poison from so sweet a place.

**LADY ANNE**

Never hung poison on a fouler toad.  
Out of my sight! Thou dost infect my eyes.

**RICHARD**

Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

**LADY ANNE**

Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead.



**RICHARD**

I would they were, that I might die at once;  
For now they kill me with a living death.  
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,  
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

*[She looks scornfully at him]*

Teach not thy lips such scorn; for they were made  
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.  
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,  
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,  
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom.  
And let the soul forth that adareth thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

*[Kneels; he lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword]*

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry –  
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.  
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward –  
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

*[She falls the sword.]*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

**LADY ANNE**

Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,  
I will not be the executioner.

**RICHARD**

Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

**LADY ANNE**

I have already.

**RICHARD**

Tush, that was in thy rage:  
Speak it again, and, even with the word,  
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,  
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love:  
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessory.

**LADY ANNE**

I would I knew thy heart.



**RICHARD**

'Tis figured in my tongue.

**LADY ANNE**

I fear me both are false.

**RICHARD**

Then never man was true.

**LADY ANNE**

Well, well, put up your sword.

**RICHARD**

Say, then, my peace is made.

**LADY ANNE**

That shall you know hereafter.

**RICHARD**

But shall I live in hope?

**LADY ANNE**

All men, I hope, live so.

**RICHARD**

Vouchsafe to wear this ring.



# THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

## ACT 2, SC 1

*Two respectable women, the Mrs' Ford and Page, find they have received identical letters of love from Falstaff. They decide to work together to get revenge on the lascivious knight.*

Before PAGE'S house. Enter MISTRESS PAGE, with a letter

### **MISTRESS PAGE**

What, have I scaped love-letters in the holiday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see.

*Reads*

'Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I. Ha, Ha! Then there's more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, at the least, if the love of soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase: but I say, love me.

By me,  
Thine own true knight,  
By day or night,  
Or any kind of light,  
With all his might  
For thee to fight,  
JOHN FALSTAFF'

What a Herod of Jewry is this! O wicked world! One that is well-nigh worn to pieces with age to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked-- with the devil's name! Out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company! What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: Heaven forgive me! Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of men! How shall I be revenged on him? For revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

*Enter MISTRESS FORD*

### **MISTRESS FORD**

Mistress Page! Trust me, I was going to your house.

### **MISTRESS PAGE**

And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

### **MISTRESS FORD**

Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

### **MISTRESS PAGE**





Faith, but you do, in my mind.

**MISTRESS FORD**

Well, I do then; yet I say I could show you to the contrary. O Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

**MISTRESS PAGE**

What's the matter, woman?

**MISTRESS FORD**

O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

**MISTRESS PAGE**

Hang the trifle, woman! Take the honour. What is it? Dispense with trifles; what is it?

**MISTRESS FORD**

If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

**MISTRESS PAGE**

What? Thou liest! Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

**MISTRESS FORD**

We burn daylight: here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of 'Green Sleeves.' What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

**MISTRESS PAGE**

Letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, sure, more, and these are of the second edition: he will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles ere one chaste man.

**MISTRESS FORD**

Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words. What doth he think of us?

**MISTRESS PAGE**

Nay, I know not: it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

**MISTRESS FORD**

'Boarding,' call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

**MISTRESS PAGE**

So will I if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him: let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in



his suit and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine host of the Garter.

**MISTRESS FORD**

Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! It would give eternal food to his jealousy.

**MISTRESS PAGE**

Why, look where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy as I am from giving him cause; and that I hope is an unmeasurable distance.

**MISTRESS FORD**

You are the happier woman.

**MISTRESS PAGE**

Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither.

*They retire*



# THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR

## ACT 2, SC 2

*Falstaff is trying to woo the rich Mrs Ford to his bed. Mr Ford hears of the plot and disguises himself as Master Brook to play a trick on Falstaff, and test his wife's honesty.*

**FORD**

Sir, I am a gentleman; my name is Brook.

**FALSTAFF**

Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

**FORD**

Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

**FALSTAFF**

Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

**FORD**

Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take all, or half, for easing me of the carriage.

**FALSTAFF**

Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

**FORD**

I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

**FALSTAFF**

Speak, good Master Brook: I shall be glad to be your servant.

**FORD**

Sir, I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, turn another into the register of your own; that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

**FALSTAFF**

Very well, sir; proceed.

**FORD**

There is a gentlewoman in this town; her husband's name is Ford.

**FALSTAFF**

Well, sir.

**FORD**

I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, I have pursued her as love hath pursued me. But I have received none.

**FALSTAFF**



Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

**FORD**

Never.

**FALSTAFF**

Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

**FORD**

Never.

**FALSTAFF**

Of what quality was your love, then?

**FORD**

Like a fair house built on another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

**FALSTAFF**

To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

**FORD**

When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say, that though she appear honest to me, yet in other places she enlargeth her mirth. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance.

**FALSTAFF**

O, sir!

**FORD**

Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have; only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing; win her to consent to you: if any man may, you may as soon as any.

**FALSTAFF**

Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

**FORD**

O, understand my drift. She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I could come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage-vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too, too strongly embattled against me. What say you to't, Sir John?

**FALSTAFF**

Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

**FORD**

O good sir!

**FALSTAFF**

I say you shall.

**FORD**

Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

**FALSTAFF**

Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook; you shall want none. I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own appointment; even as you came in to me, her assistant or go-between parted from me: I say I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave her husband will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

**FORD**

I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

**FALSTAFF**

Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money; for the which his wife seems to me well-favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

**FORD**

I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

**FALSTAFF**

Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns. Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate over the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night. Ford's a knave; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night.

*Exit*

**FORD**

What a damned Epicurean rascal is this! My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him; the hour is fixed; the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. God be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour. I will prevent this, detect my wife and be revenged on Falstaff. I will about it; better three hours too soon than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! Cuckold! Cuckold! Cuckold!

*Exit*