



**BRAVE SPIRITS THEATRE  
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REHEARSAL SCRIPT  
*The Changeling*  
2018

**Director:** Charlene V. Smith  
**Dramaturg:** Claire Kimball

**Artistic Director:** Charlene V. Smith  
**Resident Dramaturg:** Claire Kimball

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**The Changeling**  
by Thomas Middleton  
and William Rowley

directed by  
Charlene V. Smith

**October 2018**

## ACT ONE

*1.1a Enter Alsemero.*

ALSEMERO                   'Twas in the temple where I first beheld her,  
And now again the same; what omen yet  
Follows of that? None but imaginary.  
Why should my hopes or fate be timorous?  
The place is holy, so is my intent:  
I love her beauties to the holy purpose,  
And that methinks admits comparison  
With man's first creation, the place blest,  
And is his right home back, if he achieve it.  
The church hath first begun our interview  
And that's the place must join us into one,  
So there's beginning and perfection too.

*1.1b Enter Jasperino.*

JASPERINO                   O sir, are you here? Come, the wind's fair with you;  
Y'are like to have a swift and pleasant passage.

ALSEMERO                   Sure y'are deceived, friend; 'tis contrary  
In my best judgment.

JASPERINO                   What, for Malta?  
If you could buy a gale amongst the witches,  
They could not serve you such a lucky pennyworth  
As comes a' God's name.

ALSEMERO                   Even now I observ'd

The temple's vane to turn full in my face;  
I know 'tis against me.

JASPERINO

Against you?

Then you know not where you are.

ALSEMERO

Not well indeed.

JASPERINO

Are you not well, sir?

ALSEMERO

Yes, Jasperino,

Unless there be some hidden malady

Within me that I understand not.

JASPERINO

And that

I begin to doubt, sir; I never knew

Your inclinations to travels at a pause

With any cause to hinder it till now.

At sea I have seen you weigh the anchor with 'em,

Hoist sails for fear to lose the foremost breath,

Be in continual prayers for fair winds;

And have you chang'd your orisons?

ALSEMERO

No, friend,

I keep the same church, same devotion.

JASPERINO

Lover I'm sure y'are none: the stoic

Was found in you long ago; your mother

Nor best friends, who have set snares of beauty,

Ay, and choice ones too, could never trap you that way.

What might be the cause?

ALSEMERO

Lord, how violent

Thou art: I was but meditating of  
Somewhat I heard within the temple.

JASPERINO

Is this violence? 'Tis but idleness  
Compar'd with your haste yesterday.

ALSEMERO

I'm all this while a-going, man.

JASPERINO

Backwards, I think, sir.  
The seamen call; shall we board your trunks?

ALSEMERO

No, not today.  
Keep all on shore; I do not know the end,  
Which needs I must do, of an affair in hand  
Ere I can go to sea.

*1.1d Enter Beatrice, Diaphanta, and Servants. [Alsemero bows to Beatrice and kisses her.]*

JASPERINO

How now! The laws of the Medes are chang'd sure:  
salute a woman! He kisses too: wonderful! Where  
learnt he this? And does it perfectly too; in my  
conscience he ne'er rehears'd it before.

BEATRICE

You are a scholar, sir.

ALSEMERO

A weak one, lady.

BEATRICE

Which of the sciences is this love you speak of?

ALSEMERO                    From your tongue I take it to be music.

BEATRICE                    You are skillful in't, can sing at first sight.

ALSEMERO                    And I have show'd you all my skill at once.  
    I want more words to express me further  
    And must be forc'd to repetition:  
    I love you dearly.

BEATRICE                    Be better advis'd, sir:  
    Our eyes are sentinels unto our judgments,  
    And should give certain judgment what they see;  
    But they are rash sometimes, and tell us wonders  
    Of common things, which when our judgments find,  
    They can then check the eyes, and call them blind.

ALSEMERO                    But I am further, lady; yesterday  
    Was mine eyes' employment, and hither now  
    They brought my judgment, where are both agreed.  
    Both houses then consenting, 'tis agreed,  
    Only there wants the confirmation  
    By the hand royal; that's your part, lady.

BEATRICE                    Oh, there's one above me, sir. [*Aside*] For five days past  
    To be recall'd! Sure, mine eyes were mistaken;  
    This was the man was meant me. That he should come  
    So near his time, and miss it!

JASPERINO                    [*Aside*] We might have come by the carriers from

Valencia, I see, and sav'd all our sea-provision.  
Methinks I should do something too; I meant to be  
a venturer in this voyage. Yonder's another vessel: I'll  
board her; if she be lawful prize, down goes her  
topsail!

*1.1e Enter Deflores.*

DE FLORES

Lady, your father--

BEATRICE

Is in health, I hope.

DE FLORES

Your eye shall instantly instruct you, lady.  
He's coming hitherward.

BEATRICE

What needed then  
Your duteous preface? I had rather  
He had come unexpected; you must stall  
A good presence with unnecessary blabbing:  
And how welcome for your part you are,  
I'm sure you know.

DE FLORES

[Will't] never mend, this scorn,  
One side nor other? Must I be enjoind  
To follow still whilst she flies from me? Well,  
Fates do your worst, I'll please myself with sight  
Of her, at all opportunities,  
If but to spite her anger. I know she had  
Rather see me dead than living, and yet

She knows no cause for't but a peevish will.

ALSEMERO

You seem'd displeas'd, lady, on the sudden.

BEATRICE

Your pardon, sir, 'tis my infirmity,  
Nor can I other reason render you  
Than his or hers, [of] some particular thing  
They must abandon as a deadly poison,  
Which to a thousand other tastes were wholesome;  
Such to mine eyes is that same fellow there,  
The same that report speaks of the basilisk.

ALSEMERO

This is a frequent frailty in our nature;  
There's scarce a man amongst a thousand found  
But hath his imperfection: one distastes  
The scent of roses, which to infinites  
Most pleasing is and odoriferous.  
One oil, the enemy of poison,  
Another wine, the cheerer of the heart,  
And lively refresher of the countenance.

BEATRICE

And what may be your poison, sir? I am bold with  
you.

ALSEMERO

What might be your desire perhaps, a cherry.

BEATRICE

I am no enemy to any creature  
My memory has but yon gentleman.

ALSEMERO

He does ill to tempt your sight, if he knew it.



BEATRICE                               He cannot be ignorant of that, sir;  
  
I have not spar'd to tell him so, and I want  
  
To help myself, since he's a gentleman  
  
In good respect with my father and follows him.

ALSEMERO                               He's out of his place then now.

JASPERINO                               I am a mad wag, wench.

DIAPHANTA                               So methinks; but for your comfort I can tell you we  
  
have a doctor in the city that undertakes the cure of  
  
such.

JASPERINO                               Tush, I know what physic is best for the state of  
  
mine own body.

DIAPHANTA                               'Tis scarce a well-govern'd state, I believe.

JASPERINO                               I could show thee such a thing with an [ingredient]  
  
that we two would compound together, and if it did  
  
not tame the maddest blood i' th' town for two  
  
hours after, I'll ne'er profess physic again.

DIAPHANTA                               A little poppy, sir, were good to cause you sleep.

JASPERINO                               Poppy! I'll give thee a pop i' th' lips for that first, and  
  
begin there. [He kisses her.] I'll discover no more  
  
now; another time I'll show thee all.

*1. If Enter Vermandero and Servants.*

BEATRICE                               My father, sir.

VERMANDERO                    Oh, Joanna, I came to meet thee.  
   Your devotion's ended?

BEATRICE                        For this time, sir.  
   [*Aside*] I shall change my saint, I fear me: I find  
   A giddy turning in me.--Sir, this while  
   I am beholding to this gentleman  
   Who left his own way to keep me company,  
   And in discourse I find him much desirous  
   To see your castle: he hath deserv'd it, sir,  
   If ye please to grant it.

VERMANDERO                    With all my heart, sir.

ALSEMERO                        Alsemero, sir.

VERMANDERO                    Alsemero? Not the son  
   Of John de Alsemero?

ALSEMERO                        The same, sir.

VERMANDERO                    My best love bids you welcome.

BEATRICE                        [*Aside*] He was wont  
   To call me so, and then he speaks a most  
   Unfeigned truth.

VERMANDERO                    Oh, sir, I knew your father.  
   We two were in acquaintance long ago.  
   A good soldier went with him.

ALSEMERO                    You went together in that, sir.

VERMANDERO                No, by Saint Jaques, I came behind him;  
Yet I have done somewhat too. An unhappy day  
Swallowed him at last at Gibraltar  
In fight with those rebellious Hollanders,  
Was it not so?

ALSEMERO                    Whose death I had reveng'd,  
Or followed him in fate, had not the late league  
Prevented me.

VERMANDERO                Ay, ay, 'twas time to breath.  
Oh, Joanna, I should ha' told thee news:  
I saw Piracquo lately.

BEATRICE                    [*Aside*] That's ill news.

VERMANDERO                He's hot preparing for this day of triumph;  
Thou must be a bride within this sevensnight.

ALSEMERO                    [*Aside*] Ha!

BEATRICE                    Nay, good sir, be not so violent; with speed  
I cannot render satisfaction  
Unto the dear companion of my soul,  
Virginity, whom I thus long have liv'd with,  
And part with it so rude and suddenly,  
Can such friends divide never to meet again  
Without a solemn farewell?

VERMANDERO                   Tush, tush, there's a toy.

ALSEMERO                    [*Aside*] I must now part, and never meet again  
With any joy on earth.--Sir, your pardon,  
My affairs call on me.

VERMANDERO                How, sir? By no means;  
Not chang'd so soon, I hope? You must see my castle  
And her best entertainment ere we part;  
I shall think myself unkindly us'd else.  
Come, come, let's on; I had good hope your stay  
Had been a while with us in Alicant;  
I might have bid you to my daughter's wedding.

ALSEMERO                    He means to feast me, and poisons me beforehand.--  
I should be dearly glad to be there, sir,  
Did my occasions suit as I could wish.

BEATRICE                    I shall be sorry if you be not there  
When it is done, sir, but not so suddenly.

VERMANDERO                I tell you, sir, the gentleman's complete,  
A courtier and a gallant, enrich'd  
With many fair and noble ornaments;  
I would not change him for a son-in-law  
For any he in Spain, the proudest he,  
And we have great ones, that you know.

ALSEMERO                    He's much

Bound to you, sir.

VERMANDERO                   He shall be bound to me,  
As fast as this tie can hold him; I'll want  
My will else.

BEATRICE                    [*Aside*] I shall want mine if you do it.

VERMANDERO                But come, by the way I'll tell you more of him.

ALSEMERO                   [*Aside*] How shall I dare to venture in his castle  
When he discharges murderers at the gate?  
But I must on, for back I cannot go.

BEATRICE                   [*Aside*] Not this serpent gone yet?

VERMANDERO                Look, girl, thy glove's fall'n;  
Stay, stay, Deflores, help a little.

DE FLORES                   Here, lady.

*[He hands Beatrice her glove.]*

BEATRICE                    Mischief on your officious forwardness;  
Who bade you stoop? They touch my hand no more:  
There, for t'other's sake I part with this;  
Take 'em and draw thine own skin off with 'em.

*1.1g Exeunt. [Manet Deflores.]*

DE FLORES                   Here's a favour come with a mischief: now  
I know she had rather wear my pelt tann'd  
In a pair of dancing pumps than I should

Thrust my fingers into her sockets here.

I know she hates me, yet cannot choose but love her:

No matter, if but to vex her, I'll haunt her still;

Though I get nothing else, I'll have my will.

*Exit.*

*[I.ii.]a Enter Alibius and Lollio.*

ALIBIUS                      Lollio, I must trust thee with a secret,  
But thou must keep it.

LOLLIO                      I was ever close to a secret, sir.

ALIBIUS                      The diligence that I have found in thee,  
The care and industry already past,  
Assures me of thy good continuance.  
Lollio, I have a wife.

LOLLIO                      Fie, sir, 'tis too late to keep her secret; she's known to  
be married all the town and country over.

ALIBIUS                      Thou goest too fast, my Lollio: that knowledge  
I allow no man can be [barr'd] it;  
But there is a knowledge which is nearer,  
Deeper and sweeter, Lollio.

LOLLIO                      Well, sir, let us handle that between you and I.

ALIBIUS                      'Tis that I go about man; Lollio,  
My wife is young.

LOLLIO                             So much the worse to be kept secret, sir.

ALIBIUS                            Why, now thou meet'st the substance of the point:  
I am old, Lollo.

LOLLIO                             No, sir, 'tis I am old Lollo.

ALIBIUS                            I would wear my ring on my own finger;  
Whilst it is borrowed it is none of mine,  
But his that useth it.

LOLLIO                             You must keep it on still then; if it but lie by, one or  
other will be thrusting into't.

ALIBIUS                            Thou conceiv'st me, Lollo; here thy watchful eye  
Must have employment. I cannot always be at home.

LOLLIO                             I dare swear you cannot.

ALIBIUS                            I must look out.

LOLLIO                             I know't, you must look out, 'tis every man's case.

ALIBIUS                            Here I do say must thy employment be.  
To watch her treadings, and in my absence  
Supply my place.

LOLLIO                             I'll do my best, sir; yet surely I cannot see who you  
should have cause to be jealous of.

ALIBIUS                            Thy reason for that, Lollo? 'Tis a comfortable  
question.

LOLLIO

We have but two sorts of people in the house, and both under the whip, that's fools and madmen; the one has not wit enough to be knaves, and the other not knavery enough to be fools.

ALIBIUS

But here's the care that mixes with my thrift:  
The daily visitants that come to see  
My brainsick patients I would not have  
To see my wife. Gallants I do observe  
Of quick, enticing eyes, rich in habits,  
Of stature and proportion very comely:  
These are most shrewd temptations, Lollo.

LOLLIO

They may be easily answered, sir. If they come to see the fools and madmen, you and I may serve the turn, and let my mistress alone; she's of neither sort.

ALIBIUS

'Tis a good ward. Indeed, come they to see  
Our madmen or our fools; let 'em see no more  
Than what they come for. By that consequent  
They must not see her. I'm sure she's no fool.

LOLLIO

And I'm sure she's no madman.

ALIBIUS

Hold that buckler fast, Lollo; my trust  
Is on thee, and I account it firm and strong.  
What hour is't, Lollo?

LOLLIO

Towards belly hour, sir.



ALIBIUS                         Dinner time? Thou mean'st twelve o' clock.

LOLLIO                         Yes, sir, for every part has his hour. We wake at six  
and look about us, that's eye hour; at seven we  
should pray, that's knee hour; at eight walk, that's leg  
hour; at nine gather flowers, and pluck a rose, that's  
nose hour; at ten we drink, that's mouth hour; at  
eleven lay about us for victuals, that's hand hour; at  
twelve go to dinner, that's belly hour.

ALIBIUS                         Profoundly, Lollio; it will be long  
Ere all thy scholars learn this lesson, and  
I did look to have a new one entered. Stay,  
I think my expectation is come home.

*1.2b Enter Pedro and Antonio like an idiot.*

PEDRO                         Save you, sir, my business speaks itself;  
This sight takes off the labour of my tongue.

ALIBIUS                         Ay, ay, sir,  
'Tis plain enough, you mean him for my patient.

PEDRO                         And if your pains prove but commodious,  
To give but some little strength to his sick  
And weak part of nature in him, these are  
But patterns to show you of the whole pieces  
That will follow to you, beside the charge  
Of diet, washing, and other necessaries

Fully defrayed.

ALIBIUS

Believe it, sir, there shall no care be wanting.

LOLLIO

Sir, an officer in this place may deserve something;  
the trouble will pass through my hands.

PEDRO

'Tis fit something should come to your hands then,  
sir.

LOLLIO

Yes, sir, 'tis I must keep him sweet, and read to him;  
what is his name?

PEDRO

His name is Antonio; marry, we use but half to him,  
only Tony.

LOLLIO

Tony, Tony, 'tis enough, and a very good name for a  
fool. What's your name, Tony?

ANTONIO

He, he, he; well, I thank you, cousin, he, he, he.

LOLLIO

Good boy, hold up your head. He can laugh; I  
perceive by that he is no beast.

PEDRO

Well, sir,  
If you can raise him but to any height,  
Any degree of wit, might he attain,  
As I might say, to creep but on all four  
Towards the chair of wit or walk on crutches,  
'Twould add an honour to your worthy pains,  
And a great family might pray for you,

To which he should be heir had he discretion  
To claim and guide his own; assure you, sir,  
He is a gentleman.

LOLLIO                    Nay, there's nobody doubted that. At first sight I  
knew him for a gentleman; he looks no other yet.

PEDRO                    Let him have good attendance and sweet lodging.

LOLLIO                    As good as my mistress lies in, sir, and as you allow  
us time and means, we can raise him to the higher  
degree of discretion.

PEDRO                    Nay, there shall no cost want, sir.

LOLLIO                    I warrant you [I'll] make him fit to bear office in five  
weeks; I'll undertake to wind him up to the wit of  
constable.

PEDRO                    If it be lower than that, it might serve turn.

LOLLIO                    No, fie, to level him with a headborough, beadle,  
or watchman, were but little better than he is;  
constable I'll able him: if he do come to be  
a justice afterwards, let him thank the keeper. Or I'll  
go further with you; say I do bring him up to my  
own pitch, say I make him as wise as myself.

PEDRO                    Why, there I would have it.

LOLLIO                    Well, go to, either I'll be as arrant a fool as he, or he

shall be as wise as I, and then I think 'twill serve his  
turn.

PEDRO Nay, I do like thy wit passing well.

LOLLIO Yes, you may; yet if I had not been a fool, I had had  
more wit than I have too. Remember what state you  
find me in.

PEDRO I will, and so leave you: your best cares, I beseech  
you.

ALIBIUS Take you none with you; leave 'em all with us.

*1.2c Exit Pedro.*

ANTONIO Oh, my cousin's gone; cousin, cousin, oh!

LOLLIO Peace, peace, Tony: you must not cry, child; you  
must be whipp'd if you do. Your cousin is here still; I  
am your cousin, Tony.

ANTONIO He, he, then I'll not cry, if thou beest my cousin, he,  
he, he.

LOLLIO I were best try his wit a little, that I may know  
what form to place him in.

ALIBIUS Ay, do, Lollio, do.

LOLLIO I must ask him easy questions at first. Tony, how  
many true fingers has a tailor on his right hand?

ANTONIO As many as on his left, cousin.

LOLLIO Very well answered; I come to you again, cousin  
Tony: how many fools goes to a wise man?

ANTONIO Forty in a day sometimes, cousin.

LOLLIO Forty in a day? How prove you that?

ANTONIO All that fall out amongst themselves, and go to a  
lawyer to be made friends.

LOLLIO A parlous fool; he must sit in the fourth form at  
least, I perceive that. I come again, Tony: how many  
knaves make an honest man?

ANTONIO I know not that, cousin.

LOLLIO No, the question is too hard for you: I'll tell you,  
cousin. There's three knaves may make an honest  
man, a sergeant, a jailer, and a beadle: the sergeant  
catches him, the jailer holds him, and the beadle  
lashes him; and if he be not honest then, the  
hangman must cure him.

ANTONIO Ha, ha, ha, that's fine sport, cousin.

ALIBIUS This was too deep a question for the fool, Lollio.

LOLLIO Yes, this might have serv'd yourself, though I say't;  
once more and you shall go play, Tony.

ANTONIO                    Ay, play at push-pin cousin, ha, he.

LOLLIO                    So thou shalt; say how many fools are here.

ANTONIO                    Two, cousin, thou and I.

LOLLIO                    Nay, y'are too forward there, Tony; mark my  
question: how many fools and knaves are here? A  
fool before a knave, a fool behind a knave, between  
every two fools a knave, how many fools, how many  
knaves?

ANTONIO                    I never learnt so far, cousin.

ALIBIUS                    Thou putt'st too hard questions to him, Lollio.

LOLLIO                    I'll make him understand it easily. Cousin, stand  
there.

ANTONIO                    Ay, cousin.

LOLLIO                    Master, stand you next the fool.

ALIBIUS                    Well, Lollio.

LOLLIO                    Here's my place. Mark now, Tony: there a fool before  
a knave.

ANTONIO                    That's I, cousin.

LOLLIO                    Here's a fool behind a knave, that's I, and between us  
two fools there is a knave, that's my master; 'tis  
but we three, that's all.

ANTONIO                                      We three, we three, cousin.

*1.2d Madmen [shout from] within.*

[FIRST MADMAN]                      Put's head i' th' pillory, the bread's too little!

[SECOND MADMAN]                      Fly, fly, and he catches the swallow!

[THIRD MADMAN]                      Give her more onion, or the devil put the rope about  
her crag!

LOLLIO                                      You may hear what time of day it is: the chimes  
of Bedlam goes.

ALIBIUS                                      Peace, peace, or the wire comes!

[FIRST MADMAN]                      Cat whore, cat whore, her parmasant, her  
parmasant!

ALIBIUS                                      Peace, I say! Their hour's come, they must be fed,  
Lollo.

LOLLIO                                      There's no hope of recovery of that Welsh madman:  
was undone by a mouse that spoil'd him a  
parmasant; lost his wits for't.

ALIBIUS                                      Go to your charge, Lollo, I'll to mine.

LOLLIO                                      Go you to your madmen's ward, let me alone with  
your fools.

ALIBIUS                                      And remember my last charge, Lollo.

LOLLIO                                      Of which your patients do you think I am?

*1.2e Exit [Alibius].*

Come, Tony, you must amongst your school-fellows  
now; there's pretty scholars amongst 'em, I can tell  
you: there's some of 'em at stultus, stulta, stultum.

ANTONIO                    I would see the madmen, cousin, if they would not  
bite me.

LOLLIO                    No, they shall not bite thee, Tony.

ANTONIO                    They bite when they are at dinner, do they not, coz?

LOLLIO                    They bite at dinner indeed, Tony. Well, I hope to get  
credit by thee; I like thee the best of all the scholars  
that ever I brought up, and thou shalt prove a wise  
man, or I'll prove a fool myself.

*Exeunt.*

## **ACT TWO**

*2.1a Enter Beatrice and Jasperino severally.*

BEATRICE                    Oh, sir, I'm ready now for that fair service  
Which makes the name of friend sit glorious on you.  
Good angels and this conduct be your guide;  
Fitness of time and place is there set down, sir.

*[She hands him a paper.]*

JASPERINO                    The joy I shall return rewards my service.



*2.1b Exit.*

BEATRICE

How wise is Alsemero in his friend!  
It is a sign he makes his choice with judgment.  
Then I appear in nothing more approv'd  
Than making choice of him;  
For 'tis a principle, he that can choose  
That bosom well, who of his thoughts partakes,  
Proves most discreet in every choice he makes.  
Methinks I love now with the eyes of judgment  
And see the way to merit, clearly see it.  
A true deserver like a diamond sparkles:  
In darkness you may see him, that's in absence,  
Which is the greatest darkness falls on love;  
Yet is he best discern'd then  
With intellectual eyesight. What's Piracquo  
My father spends his breath for? And his blessing  
Is only mine as I regard his name,  
Else it goes from me, and turns head against me,  
Transform'd into a curse. Some speedy way  
Must be remembered; he's so forward too,  
So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath  
To speak to my new comforts.

*2.1c Enter Deflores.*

DE FLORES

Yonder's she.  
What ever ails me? Now o' late especially

I can as well be hang'd as refrain seeing her;  
Some twenty times a day, nay, not so little,  
Do I force errands, frame ways and excuses  
To come into her sight, and I have small reason for't,  
And less encouragement; for she baits me still  
Every time worse than other, does profess herself  
The cruelest enemy to my face in town,  
At no hand can abide the sight of me,  
As if danger, or ill luck, hung in my looks.  
I must confess my face is bad enough,  
But I know far worse has better fortune,  
And not endur'd alone, but doted on;  
And yet such pick-hair'd faces, chins like witches',  
Here and there five hairs whispering in a corner,  
As if they grew in fear one of another,  
Wrinkles like troughs, where swine deformity swills  
The tears of perjury that lie there like wash,  
Fallen from the slimy and dishonest eye.  
Yet such a one [plucks] sweets without restraint,  
And has the grace of beauty to his sweet.  
Though my hard fate has thrust me out to servitude,  
I tumbled into th' world a gentleman.  
She turns her blessed eye upon me now,  
And I'll endure all storms before I part with 't.

BEATRICE

Again!

This ominous ill-fac'd fellow more disturbs me  
Than all my other passions!

DE FLORES                      Now 't begins again;  
I'll stand this storm of hail though the stones pelt me.

BEATRICE                      Thy business? What's thy business?

DE FLORES                      Soft and fair,  
I cannot part so soon now.

BEATRICE                      The villain's fix'd.--  
Thou standing toad-pool!

DE FLORES                      The shower falls amain now.

BEATRICE                      Who sent thee? What's thy errand? Leave my sight!

DE FLORES                      My lord your father charg'd me to deliver  
A message to you.

BEATRICE                      What, another since?  
Do't and be hang'd then, let me be rid of thee!

DE FLORES                      True service merits mercy.

BEATRICE                      What's thy message?

DE FLORES                      Let beauty settle but in patience,  
You shall hear all.

BEATRICE                      A dallying, trifling torment!

DE FLORES                      Signior Alonzo de Piracquo, lady,  
Sole brother to Tomazo de Piracquo--

BEATRICE                      Slave, when wilt make an end?

DE FLORES                      Too soon I shall.

BEATRICE                      What all this while of him?

DE FLORES                      The said Alonzo,  
With the foresaid Tomazo--

BEATRICE                      Yet again!

DE FLORES                      Is new alighted.

BEATRICE                      Vengeance strike the news!  
Thou thing most loath'd, what cause was there in this  
To bring thee to my sight?

DE FLORES                      My lord your father  
Charg'd me to seek you out.

BEATRICE                      Is there no other  
To send his errand by?

DE FLORES                      It seems 'tis my luck  
To be i' th' way still.

BEATRICE                      Get thee from me.

DE FLORES                      So.  
Why, am not I an ass to devise ways

Thus to be rail'd at? I must see her still.  
What this may bode I know not; I'll despair the less  
Because there's daily precedents of bad faces  
Belov'd beyond all reason. These foul chops  
May come into favour one day 'mongst his fellows:  
Wrangling has prov'd the mistress of good pastime;  
As children cry themselves asleep, I ha' seen  
Women have chid themselves abed to men.

*2.1d Exit Deflores.*

BEATRICE                    I never see this fellow but I think  
Of some harm towards me: danger's in my mind still;  
I scarce leave trembling of an hour after.  
The next good mood I find my father in  
I'll get him quite discarded. Oh, I was  
Lost in this small disturbance and forgot  
Affliction's fiercer torrent that now comes,  
To bear down all my comforts!

*2.1e Enter Vermandero, Alonzo, Tomazo.*

VERMANDERO                Y'are both welcome,  
But an especial one belongs to you, sir,  
To whose most noble name our love presents  
The addition of a son, our son Alonzo.

ALONZO                      The treasury of honour cannot bring forth  
A title I should more rejoice in, sir.

VERMANDERO                    You have improv'd it well. Daughter, prepare;  
The day will steal upon thee suddenly.

BEATRICE                      [*Aside*] Howe'er, I will be sure to keep the night,  
If it should come so near me.

*[Vermandero and Beatrice talk apart.]*

TOMAZO                        Alonzo.

ALONZO                        Brother.

TOMAZO                        In troth I see small welcome in her eye.

ALONZO                        Fie, you are too severe a censurer  
Of love in all points; there's no bringing on you.  
If lovers should mark everything a fault,  
Affection would be like an ill-set book,  
Whose faults might prove as big as half the volume.

BEATRICE                      That's all I do entreat.

VERMANDERO                   It is but reasonable;  
I'll see what my son says to't. Son Alonzo,  
Here's a motion made but to reprieve  
A maidenhead three days longer; the request  
Is not far out of reason, for indeed  
The former time is pinching.

ALONZO                        Though my joys  
Be set back so much time as I could wish

They had been forward, yet since she desires it,  
The time is set as pleasing as before,  
I find no gladness wanting.

VERMANDERO

May I ever  
Meet it in that point still. Y'are nobly welcome, sirs.

*2. If Exeunt Vermandero and Beatrice.*

TOMAZO

So, did you mark the dullness of her parting now?

ALONZO

What dullness? Thou art so exceptious still.

TOMAZO

Why, let it go then; I am but a fool  
To mark your harms so heedfully.

ALONZO

Where's the oversight?

TOMAZO

Come, your faith's cozened in her, strongly cozened;  
Unsettle your affection with all speed  
Wisdom can bring it to, your peace is ruin'd else.  
Think what a torment 'tis to marry one  
Whose heart is leapt into another's bosom.  
If ever pleasure she receive from thee,  
It comes not in thy name, or of thy gift.  
She lies but with another in thine arms,  
He the half-father unto all thy children  
In the conception; if he get 'em not,  
She helps to get 'em for him in his passions,  
And how dangerous

And shameful her restraint may go in time to,  
It is not to be thought on without sufferings.

ALONZO You speak as if she lov'd some other then.

TOMAZO Do you apprehend so slowly?

ALONZO Nay, and that  
Be your fear only, I am safe enough;  
Preserve your friendship and your counsel, brother,  
For times of more distress. I should depart  
An enemy, a dangerous, deadly one  
To any but thyself that should but think  
She knew the meaning of inconstancy,  
Much less the use and practice; yet w'are friends.  
Pray let no more be urg'd; I can endure  
Much till I meet an injury to her,  
Then I am not myself. Farewell, sweet brother;  
How much w'are bound to heaven to depart lovingly!

*Exit.*

TOMAZO Why, here is love's tame madness! Thus a man  
Quickly steals into his vexation.

*Exit.*

*[II.ii.a Another chamber] Enter Diaphanta and Alsemero.*

DIAPHANTA The place is my charge; you have kept your hour,  
And the reward of a just meeting bless you.



I hear my lady coming; complete gentleman,  
I dare not be too busy with my praises,  
Th'are dangerous things to deal with.

*Exit.*

ALSEMERO                    This goes well.  
  
These women are the ladies' cabinets;  
Things of most precious trust are [lock'd] into 'em.

*2.2b Enter Beatrice.*

BEATRICE                    I have within mine eye all my desires;  
  
Requests that holy prayers ascend heaven for  
And brings 'em down to furnish our defects  
Come not more sweet to our necessities  
Than thou unto my wishes.

ALSEMERO                    W'are so like  
  
In our expressions, lady, that unless I borrow  
The same words, I shall never find their equals.

BEATRICE                    How happy were this meeting, this embrace,  
  
If it were free from envy! This poor kiss,  
It has an enemy, a hateful one  
That wishes poison to't. How well were I now  
If there were none such name known as Piracquo,  
Nor no such tie as the command of parents!  
I should be but too much blessed.

ALSEMERO

One good service  
Would strike off both your fears, and I'll go near it too,  
Since you are so distress'd: remove the cause,  
The command ceases; so there's two fears blown out  
With one and the same blast.

BEATRICE

Pray let me find you, sir.  
What might that service be so strangely happy?

ALSEMERO

The honourablest peace 'bout man, valour.  
I'll send a challenge to Piracquo instantly.

BEATRICE

How? Call you that extinguishing of fear  
When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?  
Are not you ventured in the action  
That's all my joys and comforts? Pray no more, sir.  
Say you prevail'd, [you're] danger's and not mine then:  
The law would claim you from me, or obscurity  
Be made the grave to bury you alive.  
I'm glad these thoughts come forth; oh, keep not one  
Of this condition, sir! Here was a course  
Found to bring sorrow on her way to death:  
The tears would ne'er 'a' dried till dust had chok'd 'em.  
Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage,  
And now I think on one-- [*Aside*] I was too blame:  
I ha' marr'd so good a market with my scorn.  
'T had been done questionless. The ugliest creature

Creation fram'd for some use, yet to see  
I could not mark so much where it should be.

ALSEMERO                    Lady.

BEATRICE                    [*Aside*] Why, men of art make much of poison,  
Keep one to expel another; where was my art?

ALSEMERO                    Lady, you hear not me.

BEATRICE                    I do especially, sir;  
The present times are not so sure of our side  
As those hereafter may be; we must use 'em then  
As thrifty folks their wealth, sparingly now  
Till the time opens.

ALSEMERO                    You teach wisdom, lady.

BEATRICE                    Within there, Diaphanta!

*2.2c Enter Diaphanta.*

DIAPHANTA                    Do you call, madam?

BEATRICE                    Perfect your service, and conduct this gentleman  
The private way you brought him.

DIAPHANTA                    I shall, madam.

ALSEMERO                    My love's as firm as love e'er built upon.

*2.2d Exeunt Diaphanta and Alsemero. Enter Deflores.*

DE FLORES                    I have watch'd this meeting, and do wonder much

What shall become of t'other; I'm sure both  
Cannot be serv'd unless she transgress. Happily  
Then I'll put in for one: for if a woman  
Fly from one point, from him she makes a husband,  
She spreads and mounts then like arithmetic,  
One, ten, one hundred, one thousand, ten thousand,  
Proves in time sutler to an army royal.  
Now do I look to be most richly rail'd at,  
Yet I must see her.

BEATRICE

Why, put case I loath'd him  
As much as youth and beauty hates a sepulcher,  
Must I needs show it? Cannot I keep that secret,  
And serve my turn upon him? See, he's here.--  
Deflores.

DE FLORES

Ha, I shall run mad with joy!  
She call'd me fairly by my name, Deflores,  
And neither rogue nor rascal.

BEATRICE

What ha' you done  
To your face o' late? Y'ave met with some good physician;  
Y'ave prun'd yourself, methinks: you were not wont  
To look so amorously.

DE FLORES

Not I;  
'Tis the same physiognomy to a hair and pimple  
Which she call'd scurvy scarce an hour ago:

	How is this?
BEATRICE	Come hither, nearer, man.
DE FLORES	I'm up to the chin in heaven!
BEATRICE	Turn, let me see. Fah! 'Tis but the heat of the liver, I perceive 't. I thought it had been worse.
DE FLORES	Her fingers touch'd me; She smells all amber.
BEATRICE	I'll make a water, for you shall cleanse this Within a fortnight.
DE FLORES	With your own hands, lady?
BEATRICE	Yes, mine own, sir; in a work of cure, I'll trust no other.
DE FLORES	'Tis half an act of pleasure To hear her talk thus to me.
BEATRICE	When w'are us'd To a hard face, 'tis not so unpleasing; It mends still in opinion, hourly mends: I see it by experience.
DE FLORES	I was blest To light upon this minute; I'll make use on't.

BEATRICE    Hardness becomes the visage of a man well;  
  
  It argues service, resolution, manhood,  
  
  If cause were of employment.

DE FLORES   'Twould be soon seen,  
  
  If e'er your ladyship had cause to use it.  
  
  I would but wish the honour of a service  
  
  So happy as that mounts to.

BEATRICE   We shall try you.--  
  
  Oh, my Deflores!

DE FLORES   How's that?  
  
  She calls me hers already, my Deflores!--  
  
  You were about to sigh out somewhat, madam.

BEATRICE   No, was I? I forgot. Oh!

DE FLORES   There 'tis again,  
  
  The very fellow on't!

BEATRICE   You are too quick, sir.

DE FLORES   There's no excuse for't, now I heard it twice, madam:  
  
  That sigh would fain have utterance. Take pity on't  
  
  And lend it a free word; 'las, how it labours  
  
  For liberty! I hear the murmur yet  
  
  Beat at your bosom.

BEATRICE   Would creation--

DE FLORES                    Ay, well said, that's it.

BEATRICE                    Had form'd me man.

DE FLORES                    Nay, that's not it.

BEATRICE                    Oh, 'tis the soul of freedom!  
I should not then be forc'd to marry one  
I hate beyond all depths; I should have power  
Then to oppose my loathings, nay, remove 'em  
Forever from my sight.

DE FLORES                    Oh, blest occasion!  
Without change to your sex, you have your wishes.  
Claim so much man in me.

BEATRICE                    In thee, Deflores?  
There's small cause for that.

DE FLORES                    Put it not from me;  
It's a service that I kneel for to you.

BEATRICE                    You are too violent to mean faithfully;  
There's horror in my service, blood and danger:  
Can those be things to sue for?

DE FLORES                    If you knew  
How sweet it were to me to be employed  
In any act of yours, you would say then  
I fail'd and us'd not reverence enough

When I receive the charge on't.

BEATRICE

This is much,  
Methinks; belike his wants are greedy, and  
To such gold tastes like angels' food.--Rise.

DE FLORES

I'll have the work first.

BEATRICE

Possible his need  
Is strong upon him. There's to encourage thee;  
As thou art forward and thy service dangerous,  
Thy reward shall be precious.

DE FLORES

That I have thought on;  
I have assur'd myself of that beforehand,  
And know it will be precious: the thought ravishes!

BEATRICE

Then take him to thy fury.

DE FLORES

I thirst for him.

BEATRICE

Alonzo de Piracquo.

DE FLORES

His end's upon him; he shall be seen no more.

BEATRICE

How lovely now dost thou appear to me!  
Never was man dearlier rewarded.

DE FLORES

I do think of that.

BEATRICE

Be wondrous careful in the execution.

DE FLORES

Why, are not both our lives upon the cast?





DE FLORES                      Sir.

ALONZO                         Thou canst show me the full strength of the castle?

DE FLORES                      That I can, sir.

ALONZO                         I much desire it.

DE FLORES                      And if the ways and straits of some of the passages  
Be not too tedious for you, I will assure  
You worth your time and sight, my lord.

ALONZO                         Puh, that  
Shall be no hinderance.

DE FLORES                      I'm your servant then.  
'Tis now near dinner time; 'gainst your lordship's  
rising  
I'll have the keys about me.

ALONZO                         Thanks, kind Deflores.

DE FLORES                      He's safely thrust upon me beyond hopes.

*Exeunt. In the act-time Deflores hides a naked rapier.*

### **ACT THREE**

*III.[i.] Enter Alonzo and Deflores.*

DE FLORES                      Yes, here are all the keys; I was afraid, my lord,  
I'd wanted for the postern: this is it.

I've all, I've all, my lord: this for the sconce.

ALONZO 'Tis a most spacious and impregnable fort.

DE FLORES You'll tell me more, my lord. This descent  
Is somewhat narrow: we shall never pass  
Well with our weapons; they'll but trouble us.

ALONZO Thou sayst true.

DE FLORES Pray let me help your lordship.

ALONZO 'Tis done. Thanks, kind Deflores.

DE FLORES Here are hooks, my lord,  
To hang such things on purpose.

ALONZO Lead, I'll follow thee.

*Exit at one door and enter at the other.*

*[III.ii]*

DE FLORES All this is nothing; you shall see anon  
A place you little dream on.

ALONZO I am glad  
I have this leisure: all your master's house  
Imagine I ha' taken a gondola.

DE FLORES All but myself, sir, which makes up my safety.--  
My lord, I'll place you at a casement here,  
Will show you the full strength of all the castle.

Look, spend your eye a while upon that object.

ALONZO Here's rich variety, Deflores.

DE FLORES Yes, sir.

ALONZO Goodly munition.

DE FLORES Ay, there's ordnance, sir;  
No bastard metal will ring you a peal like bells  
At great men's funerals. Keep your eye straight, my lord;  
Take special notice of that sconce before you,  
There you may dwell awhile.

ALONZO I am upon't.

DE FLORES And so am I.

ALONZO Deflores, oh, Deflores,  
Whose malice hast thou put on?

DE FLORES Do you question  
A work of secrecy? I must silence you.

ALONZO Oh, oh, oh!

DE FLORES I must silence you.  
So, here's an undertaking well accomplish'd.  
This vault serves to good use now. Ha! What's that  
Threw sparkles in my eye? Oh, 'tis a diamond  
He wears upon his finger: it was well found,

This will approve the work. What, so fast on?  
Not part in death? I'll take a speedy course then:  
Finger and all shall off. So, now I'll clear  
The passages from all suspect or fear.

*Exit with body.*

*[III.iii] Enter Isabella and Lollo.*

ISABELLA                      Why, sirrah? Whence have you commission  
To fetter the doors against me? If you  
Keep me in a cage, pray whistle to me,  
Let me be doing something.

LOLLIO                         You shall be doing, if it please you; I'll whistle to you  
if you'll pipe after.

ISABELLA                      Is it your master's pleasure, or your own,  
To keep me in this pifold?

LOLLIO                         'Tis for my masters pleasure, lest being taken in  
another man's corn, you might be pounded in  
another place.

ISABELLA                      'Tis very well, and he'll prove very wise.

LOLLIO                         He says you have company enough in the house, if  
you please to be sociable, of all sorts of people.

ISABELLA                      Of all sorts? Why, here's none but fools and  
madmen.

LOLLIO                               Very well: and where will you find any other, if you should go abroad? There's my master, and I to boot too.

ISABELLA                           Of either sort one, a madman and a fool.

LOLLIO                               I would ev'n participate of both then if I were as you. I know y'are half mad already; be half foolish too.

ISABELLA                           Y'are a brave, saucy rascal! Come on, sir, Afford me then the pleasure of your bedlam; You were commending once today to me Your last come lunatic: what a proper Body there was without brains to guide it, And what a pitiful delight appear'd In that defect, as if your wisdom had found A mirth in madness. Pray, sir, let me partake If there be such a pleasure.

LOLLIO                               If I do not show you the handsomest, discreetest madman, one that I may call the understanding madman, then say I am a fool.

ISABELLA                           Well, a match, I will say so.

LOLLIO                               When you have a taste of the madman, you shall, if you please, see Fools' College o' th' side.

*Exit.*

[*Within*] Come on, sir, let me see how handsomely  
you'll behave yourself now.

3.3b Enter Lollo, Franciscus.

FRANCISCUS                   How sweetly she looks! Oh, but there's a wrinkle in  
her brow as deep as philosophy. Anacreon, drink to  
my mistress' health; I'll pledge it. Stay, stay, there's a  
spider in the cup! No, 'tis but a grape-stone: swallow  
it, fear nothing, poet; so, so, lift higher.

ISABELLA                   Alack, alack, 'tis too full of pity  
To be laugh'd at! How fell he mad? Canst thou tell?

LOLLIO                   For love, mistress. He was a pretty poet too, and that  
set him forwards first; the Muses then forsook him,  
he ran mad for a chambermaid

FRANCISCUS               Hail bright Titania!  
Why stand'st thou idle on these flowery banks?  
Oberon is dancing with his dryads.  
I'll gather daisies, primrose, violets,  
And bind them in a verse of poesy.

LOLLIO                   [*Showing him a whip*] Not too near, you see your  
danger.

FRANCISCUS               Oh, hold thy hand, great Diomed!  
Thou feed'st thy horses well, they shall obey thee.  
Get up; Bucephalus kneels. [*Gets down on all fours.*]

LOLLIO                      You see how I awe my flock? A shepherd has not his  
dog at more obedience.

ISABELLA                    His conscience is unquiet; sure that was  
The cause of this. A proper gentleman.

FRANCISCUS                Come hither, Aesculapius, hide the poison.

LOLLIO                      [*Hiding his whip*] Well, 'tis hid.

FRANCISCUS                Didst thou never hear of one Tiresias, a famous  
poet?

LOLLIO                      Yes, that kept tame wild-geese.

FRANCISCUS                That's he; I am the man.

LOLLIO                      No.

FRANCISCUS                Yes, but make no words on't; I was a man seven  
years ago.

LOLLIO                      A stripling, I think you might.

FRANCISCUS                Now I'm a woman, all feminine.

LOLLIO                      I would I might see that.

FRANCISCUS                Juno struck me blind.

LOLLIO                      I'll nêr believe that; for a woman, they say, has  
an eye more than a man.

FRANCISCUS                I say she struck me blind.



LOLLIO                                    And Luna made you mad; you have two trades to  
beg with.

FRANCISCUS                            Luna is now big-bellied, and there's room  
For both of us to ride with Hecate;  
I'll drag thee up into her silver sphere,  
And there we'll kick the dog, and beat the bush  
That barks against the witches of the night.  
The swift lycanthropi that walks the round,  
We'll tear their wolvisk skins, and save the sheep.  
*[Beats Lollio.]*

LOLLIO                                    Is't come to this? Nay, then, my poison comes forth  
again! Mad slave, indeed, abuse your keeper? *[Shows  
him the whip.]*

ISABELLA                                I prithee hence with him, now he grows dangerous.

FRANCISCUS                            Sweet love pity me, give me leave to lie with thee.

LOLLIO                                    No, I'll see you wiser first. To your own kennel.

FRANCISCUS                            No noise, she sleeps, draw all the curtains round;  
Let no soft sound molest the pretty soul  
But love, and love creeps in at a mouse-hole.

LOLLIO                                    I would you would get into your hole.

*3.3c Exit Franciscus.*

Now, mistress, I will bring you another sort; you

shall be fool'd another while. Tony, come hither,  
Tony, look who's yonder, Tony.

*Enter Antonio.*

ANTONIO                   Cousin, is it not my aunt?

LOLLIO                    Yes, 'tis one of 'em, Tony.

ANTONIO                   He, he, how do you, uncle?

LOLLIO                    Fear him not, mistress, 'tis a gentle nidget; you may  
play with him, as safely with him as with his bauble.

ISABELLA                 How long hast thou been a fool?

ANTONIO                   Ever since I came hither, cousin.

ISABELLA                 Cousin? I'm none of thy cousins, fool.

LOLLIO                    Oh, mistress, fools have always so much wit as to  
claim their kindred.

MADMAN *within*         Bounce, bounce, he falls, he falls!

ISABELLA                 Hark you, your scholars in the upper room are out  
of order.

LOLLIO                    Must I come amongst you there? Keep you the fool,  
mistress; I'll go up and play left-handed Orlando  
amongst the madmen.

*3.3d Exit.*

ISABELLA Well, sir.

ANTONIO 'Tis opportuneful now, sweet lady! Nay,  
Cast no amazing eye upon this change.

ISABELLA Ha!

ANTONIO This shape of folly shrouds your dearest love,  
The truest servant to your powerful beauties,  
Whose magic had this force thus to transform me.

ISABELLA You are a fine fool indeed.

ANTONIO Oh, 'tis not strange.  
Love has an intellect that runs through all  
The scrutinous sciences and, like  
A cunning poet, catches a quantity  
Of every knowledge, yet brings all home  
Into one mystery, into one secret  
That he proceeds in.

ISABELLA Y'are a parlous fool.

ANTONIO No danger in me: I bring naught but love  
And his soft, wounding shafts to strike you with.  
Try but one arrow; if it hurt you,  
I'll stand you twenty back in recompense.

ISABELLA A forward fool, too.

ANTONIO This was love's teaching;

A thousand ways he fashion'd out my way,  
And this I found the safest and nearest  
To tread the galaxia to my star.

ISABELLA                    Profound withal. Certain you dream'd of this;  
Love never taught it waking.

ANTONIO                    Take no acquaintance  
Of these outward follies; there is within  
A gentleman that loves you.

ISABELLA                    When I see him,  
I'll speak with him; so in the meantime  
Keep your habit, it becomes you well enough.  
As you are a gentleman, I'll not discover you;  
That's all the favour that you must expect.  
When you are weary, you may leave the school;  
For all this while you have but play'd the fool.

*3.3e Enter Lollio.*

ANTONIO                    And must again. He, he, I thank you, cousin;  
I'll be your valentine tomorrow morning.

LOLLIO                    How do you like the fool, mistress?

ISABELLA                    Passing well, sir.

LOLLIO                    Is he not witty, pretty well for a fool?

ISABELLA                    If he hold on as he begins, he is like to come to

something!

LOLLIO

Ay, thank a good tutor. You may put him to't; he begins to answer pretty hard questions. Tony, how many is five times six?

ANTONIO

Five times six is six times five.

LOLLIO

What arithmetician could have answer'd better?  
How many is one hundred and seven?

ANTONIO

One hundred and seven is seven hundred and one, cousin.

LOLLIO

This is no wit to speak on.

MADMAN *within*

Catch there, catch the last couple in hell!

LOLLIO

Again? Must I come amongst you? Would my master were come home! I am not able to govern both these wards together.

*3.3f Exit.*

ANTONIO

Why should a minute of love's hour be lost?

ISABELLA

Fie, out again! I had rather you kept  
Your other posture: you become not your tongue  
When you speak from your clothes.

ANTONIO

How can he freeze  
Lives near so sweet a warmth? Shall I alone

Walk through the orchard of the Hesperides.

And cowardly not dare to pull an apple?

This with the red cheeks I must venture for.

*3.3g Enter Lollio above.*

ISABELLA                      Take heed, there's giants keep 'em.

*[Antonio kisses her.]*

LOLLIO                         How now, fool, are you good at that? I believe I must  
put harder questions to him, I perceive that.

ISABELLA                     You are bold without fear, too.

ANTONIO                      What should I fear,  
Having all joys about me? Do you smile,  
And love shall play the wanton on your lip:  
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes  
I shall behold mine own deformity,  
And dress myself up fairer; I know this shape  
Becomes me not, but in those bright mirrors  
I shall array me handsomely.

LOLLIO                         Cuckoo, cuckoo!

*3.3h Exit. [Enter] Madmen above, some as birds, others as beasts. [Exit Madmen.]*

ANTONIO                      What are these?

ISABELLA                     Here are they but our schools of lunatics,  
That act their fantasies in any shapes

Suiting their present thoughts: if sad, they cry;  
If mirth be their conceit, they laugh again.  
Sometimes they imitate the beasts and birds,  
Singing or howling, braying, barking; all  
As their wild fancies prompt 'em.

*3.3i Enter Lollio.*

LOLLIO                    I would my master were come home; 'tis too much  
for one shepherd to govern two of these flocks.  
Come, Tony.

ANTONIO                Prithee, cousin, let me stay here still.

LOLLIO                    No, you must to your book now you have play'd  
sufficiently.

ISABELLA                Your fool is grown wondrous witty.

LOLLIO                    Well, I'll say nothing; but I do not think but he  
will put you down one of these days.

*3.3j Exeunt Lollio and Antonio.*

ISABELLA                Here the restrained current might make breach,  
Spite of the watchful bankers. Would a woman stray,  
She need not gad abroad to seek her sin;  
It would be brought home one ways or other:  
The needle's point will to the fixed north,  
Such drawing arctics women's beauties are.

3.3k Enter Lollio.

LOLLIO                      How dost thou, sweet rogue?

ISABELLA                    How now?

LOLLIO                      Come, there are degrees; one fool may be better than another.

ISABELLA                    What's the matter?

LOLLIO                      Nay, if thou giv'st thy mind to fools, flesh, have at thee!

*[Tries to kiss her.]*

ISABELLA                    You bold slave, you!

LOLLIO                      I could follow now as t'other fool did:  
"Do you smile,  
And love shall play the wanton on your lip,  
Look you but cheerfully, and in your eyes  
I shall behold mine own deformity,  
And dress myself up fairer--"  
And so as it follows. But is not this the more foolish way? Come, sweet rogue, kiss me, my little Lacedemonian. Let me feel how thy pulses beat; thou hast a thing about thee would do a man pleasure, I'll lay my hand on't.

ISABELLA                    Sirrah, no more! I see you have discovered



This love's knight-errant, who hath made adventure  
For purchase of my love; be silent, mute,  
Mute as a statue, or his injunction  
For me enjoying shall be to cut thy throat.  
I'll do it, though for no other purpose,  
And be sure he'll not refuse it.

LOLLIO My share, that's all; I'll have my fool's part with you.

ISABELLA No more: your master!

*3.31 Enter Alibius.*

ALIBIUS Sweet, how dost thou?

ISABELLA Your bounden servant, sir.

ALIBIUS Fie, fie, sweetheart,  
No more of that.

ISABELLA You were best lock me up.

ALIBIUS In my arms and bosom, my sweet Isabella,  
I'll lock thee up most nearly. Lollio,  
We have employment, we have task in hand;  
At noble Vermandero's, our castle-captain,  
There is a nuptial to be solemniz'd,  
Beatrice Joanna his fair daughter, bride,  
For which the gentleman hath bespoke our pains:  
A mixture of our madmen and our fools

To finish, as it were, and make the end  
Of all the revels, the third night from the first.  
Only an unexpected passage over,  
To make a frightful pleasure, that is all.  
This, this, Lollo: there's a good reward begun,  
And will beget a bounty, be it known.

LOLLIO

This is easy, sir, I'll warrant you. You have about you  
fools and madmen that can dance very well, and 'tis  
no wonder your best dancers are not the wisest men:  
the reason is, with often jumping they jolt their  
brains down into their feet, that their wits lie more  
in their heels than in their heads.

ALIBIUS

Honest Lollo, thou giv'st me a good reason  
And a comfort in it.

ISABELLA

Y'ave a fine trade on't;  
Madmen and fools are a staple commodity.

ALIBIUS

Oh, wife, we must eat, wear clothes, and live:  
Just at the lawyer's haven we arrive,  
By madmen and by fools we both do thrive.

*Exeunt.*

*[III.iva] Enter Vermandero, Alsemero, Jasperino, and Beatrice.*

VERMANDERO

Valencia speaks so nobly of you, sir,  
I wish I had a daughter now for you.

ALSEMERO                   The fellow of this creature were a partner  
For a king's love.

VERMANDERO               I had her fellow once, sir,  
But heaven has married her to joys eternal;  
'Twere sin to wish her in this vale again.  
Come, sir, your friend and you shall see the pleasures  
Which my health chiefly joys in.

*3.4b Exeunt. Manet Beatrice.*

BEATRICE                   So, here's one step  
Into my father's favour; time will fix him.  
I have got him now the liberty of the house;  
So wisdom by degrees works out her freedom.  
And if that eye be darkened that offends me--  
I wait but that eclipse--this gentleman  
Shall soon shine glorious in my father's liking,  
Through the refulgent virtue of my love.

*3.4c Enter Deflores.*

DE FLORES                   My thoughts are at a banquet for the deed:  
I feel no weight in't; 'tis but light and cheap  
For the sweet recompense that I set down for't.

BEATRICE                   Deflores.

DE FLORES                   Lady.

BEATRICE                   Thy looks promise cheerfully.

DE FLORES                      All things are answerable: time, circumstance,  
Your wishes and my service.

BEATRICE                      Is it done then?

DE FLORES                      Piracquo is no more.

BEATRICE                      My joys start at mine eyes; our sweet'st delights  
Are evermore born weeping.

DE FLORES                      I've a token for you.

BEATRICE                      For me?

DE FLORES                      But it was sent somewhat unwillingly:  
I could not get the ring without the finger.

BEATRICE                      Bless me! What hast thou done?

DE FLORES                      Why, is that more  
Than killing the whole man? I cut his heart strings.  
A greedy hand thrust in a dish at court  
In a mistake hath had as much as this.

BEATRICE                      'Tis the first token my father made me send him.

DE FLORES                      And I made him send it back again  
For his last token. I was loathe to leave it,  
And I'm sure dead men have no use of jewels;  
He was as loath to part with't, for it stuck  
As if the flesh and it were both one substance.

BEATRICE                             At the stag's fall the keeper has his fees;  
'Tis soon apply'd: all dead men's fees are yours, sir.  
I pray bury the finger, but the stone  
You may make use on shortly; the true value,  
Take't of my truth, is near three hundred ducats.

DE FLORES                           'Twill hardly buy a capcase for one's conscience, though,  
To keep it from the worm, as fine as 'tis.  
Well, being my fees I'll take it;  
Great men have taught me that, or else my merit  
Would scorn the way on't.

BEATRICE                             It might justly, sir.  
Why, thou mistak'st, Deflores: 'tis not given  
In state of recompense.

DE FLORES                           No, I hope so, lady;  
You should soon witness my contempt to't then.

BEATRICE                             Prithee, thou look'st as if thou wert offended.

DE FLORES                           That were strange, lady; 'tis not possible  
My service should draw such a cause from you.  
Offended? Could you think so? That were much  
For one of my performance, and so warm  
Yet in my service.

BEATRICE                             'Twere misery in me to give you cause, sir.

DE FLORES                           I know so much; it were so, misery

In her most sharp condition.

BEATRICE

'Tis resolv'd then.

Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florins;

I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.

DE FLORES

What, salary? Now you move me!

BEATRICE

How, Deflores?

DE FLORES

Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows

To destroy things for wages? Offer gold?

The lifeblood of man! Is anything

Valued too precious for my recompense?

BEATRICE

I understand thee not.

DE FLORES

I could ha' hir'd

A journeyman in murder at this rate,

And mine own conscience might have [slept at ease]

And have had the work brought home!

BEATRICE

I'm in a labyrinth;

What will content him? I would fain be rid of him.--

I'll double the sum, sir.

DE FLORES

You take a course

To double my vexation, that's the good you do.

BEATRICE

Bless me! I am now in worse plight than I was;

I know not what will please him.--For my fear's sake,

I prithee make away with all speed possible.  
And if thou be'st so modest not to name  
The sum that will content thee, paper blushes not:  
Send thy demand in writing, it shall follow thee;  
But prithee take thy flight.

DE FLORES                      You must fly too then.

BEATRICE                      I?

DE FLORES                      I'll not stir a foot else.

BEATRICE                      What's your meaning?

DE FLORES                      Why, are not you as guilty, in, I'm sure,  
As deep as I? And we should stick together.  
Come, your fears counsel you but ill: my absence  
Would draw suspect upon you instantly;  
There were no rescue for you.

BEATRICE                      He speaks home.

DE FLORES                      Nor is it fit we two engag'd so jointly  
Should part and live asunder.

*[He tries to kiss her.]*

BEATRICE                      How now, sir?  
This shows not well.

DE FLORES                      What makes your lip so strange?  
This must not be 'twixt us.

BEATRICE                   The man talks wildly.

DE FLORES                 Come, kiss me with a zeal now!

BEATRICE                   Heaven, I doubt him!

DE FLORES                 I will not stand so long to beg 'em shortly.

BEATRICE                   Take heed, Deflores, of forgetfulness;  
'Twill soon betray us.

DE FLORES                 Take you heed first;  
Faith, y'are grown much forgetful: y'are too blame in't.

BEATRICE                   He's bold, and I am blam'd for't.

DE FLORES                 I have eas'd  
You of your trouble; think on't: I'm in pain  
And must be eas'd of you; 'tis a charity.  
Justice invites your blood to understand me.

BEATRICE                   I dare not.

DE FLORES                 Quickly.

BEATRICE                   Oh, I never shall!  
Speak it yet further off that I may lose  
What has been spoken, and no sound remain on't!  
I would not hear so much offence again  
For such another deed.

DE FLORES                 Soft, lady, soft;



The last is not yet paid for. Oh, this act  
Has put me into spirit; I was as greedy on't  
As the parch'd earth of moisture when the clouds weep.  
Did you not mark I wrought myself into't?  
Nay, sued and kneel'd for't? Why was all that pains took?  
You see I have thrown contempt upon your gold;  
Not that I want it [not], for I do piteously:  
In order I will come unto't and make use on't.  
But 'twas not held so precious to begin with,  
For I place wealth after the heels of pleasure,  
And were I not resolv'd in my belief  
That thy virginity were perfect in thee,  
I should but take my recompense with grudging,  
As if I had but half my hopes I agreed for.

BEATRICE

Why, 'tis impossible thou canst be so wicked,  
Or shelter such a cunning cruelty,  
To make his death the murderer of my honour!  
Thy language is so bold and vicious,  
I cannot see which way I can forgive it  
With any modesty.

DE FLORES

Push, you forget yourself:  
A woman dipp'd in blood and talk of modesty!

BEATRICE

Oh, misery of sin! Would I had been bound  
Perpetually unto my living hate

In that Piracquo than to hear these words!  
Think but upon the distance that creation  
Set 'twixt thy blood and mine, and keep thee there.

DE FLORES

Look but into your conscience, read me there:  
'Tis a true book; you'll find me there your equal.  
Push, fly not to your birth, but settle you  
In what the act has made you; y'are no more now.  
You must forget your parentage to me;  
Y'are the deeds creature: by that name  
You lost your first condition, and I challenge you,  
As peace and innocency has turn'd you out  
And made you one with me.

BEATRICE

With thee, foul villain?

DE FLORES

Yes, my fair murderess. Do you urge me?  
Though thou writ'st maid, thou whore in thy affection,  
'Twas chang'd from thy first love, and that's a kind  
Of whoredom in thy heart; and he's chang'd now  
To bring thy second on, thy Alsemero,  
Whom, by all sweets that ever darkness tasted,  
If I enjoy thee not, thou ne'er enjoy'st.  
I'll blast the hopes and joys of marriage;  
I'll confess all, my life I rate at nothing.

BEATRICE

Deflores.

DE FLORES                    I shall rest from all lovers' plagues then;  
I live in pain now: that shooting eye  
Will burn my heart to cinders.

BEATRICE                    Oh, sir, hear me!

DE FLORES                    She that in life and love refuses me,  
In death and shame my partner she shall be.

BEATRICE                    Stay, hear me once for all: I make thee master  
Of all the wealth I have in gold and jewels;  
Let me go poor unto my bed with honour  
And I am rich in all things.

DE FLORES                    Let this silence thee:  
The wealth of all Valencia shall not buy  
My pleasure from me.  
Can you weep fate from its determin'd purpose?  
So soon may [you] weep me.

BEATRICE                    Vengeance begins;  
Murder, I see, is followed by more sins.  
Was my creation in the womb so curs'd  
It must engender with a viper first?

DE FLORES                    Come, rise and shroud your blushes in my bosom;  
Silence is one of pleasure's best receipts:  
Thy peace is wrought forever in this yielding.  
'Las, how the turtle pants! Thou'lt love anon

What thou so fear'st and faint'st to venture on.

*Exeunt.*

**[Dumb Show]**

*Enter Gentlemen, Vermandero meeting them with action of wonderment at the flight of [Alonzo de] Piracquo. Enter Alsemero with Jasperino and Gallants; Vermandero points to him, the Gentlemen seeming to applaud the choice. [Exeunt Vermandero,] Alsemero, Jasperino, and Gentlemen [and Gallants]; [enter] Beatrice the bride, following in great state, accompanied with Diaphanta, Isabella, and other Gentlewomen. [Enter] Deflores after all, smiling at the accident; Alonzo's Ghost appears to Deflores in the midst of his smile, startles him, showing him the hand whose finger he had cut off. They pass over in great solemnity.*

**ACT FOUR**

*IV.[i.a] Enter Beatrice.*

BEATRICE                      This fellow has undone me endlessly;  
   Never was bride so fearfully distress'd.  
  
   The more I think upon th' ensuing night,  
   And whom I am to cope with in embraces--  
  
   One [who's] ennobled both in blood and mind,  
   So clear in understanding, that's my plague now,  
   Before whose judgment will my fault appear  
   Like malefactors' crimes before tribunals,  
  
   There is no hiding on't--the more I dive  
   Into my own distress. How a wise man  
   Stands for a great calamity! There's no venturing  
   Into his bed, what course so'er I light upon,

Without my shame, which may grow up to danger.  
He cannot but in justice strangle me  
As I lie by him, as a cheater use me;  
'Tis a precious craft to play with a false die  
Before a cunning gamester. Here's his closet,  
The key left in't, and he abroad i' th' park.  
Sure 'twas forgot; I'll be so bold as look in't.  
Bless me! A right physician's closet 'tis,  
Set round with vials, every one her mark too.  
What manuscript lies here? The Book of Experiment,  
Call'd Secrets in Nature: so 'tis, 'tis so.  
"How to know whether a woman be with child or no."  
I hope I am not yet; if he should try, though--  
Let me see, folio forty-five. Here 'tis,  
The leaf tuck'd down upon't, the place suspicious.  
"If you would know whether a woman be with child or  
not, give her two spoonfuls of the white water in glass C."  
Where's that glass C? Oh, yonder I see't now.  
"And if she be with child, she sleeps full twelve hours  
after; if not, not."  
None of that water comes into my belly.  
I'll know you from a hundred; I could break you now  
Or turn you into milk, and so beguile  
The master of the mystery, but I'll look to you.  
Ha! That which is next, is ten times worse.

"How to know whether a woman be a maid or not."  
If that should be apply'd, what would become of me?  
"Give the party you suspect the quantity of a spoonful of  
the water in the glass M, which upon her that is a maid  
makes three several effects: 'twill make  
her incontinently gape, then fall into a sudden sneezing,  
last into a violent laughing; else dull, heavy, and lumpish."  
Where had I been?  
I fear it, yet 'tis seven hours to bedtime.

*4.1b Enter Diaphanta.*

DIAPHANTA Cuds, madam, are you here?

BEATRICE Seeing that wench now,  
A trick comes in my mind; 'tis a nice piece  
Gold cannot purchase.--I come hither, wench,  
To look my lord.

DIAPHANTA Would I had such a cause  
To look him too.--Why, he's i' th' park, madam.

BEATRICE There let him be.

DIAPHANTA Ay, madam, let him compass  
Whole parks and forests, as great rangers do;  
At roosting time a little lodge can hold 'em.  
Earth-conquering Alexander, that thought the world  
Too narrow for him, in the end had but his pit-hole.

BEATRICE I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta.

DIAPHANTA Your thoughts are so unwilling to be known, madam;  
'Tis ever the bride's fashion towards bedtime  
To set light by her joys, as if she ow'd 'em not.

BEATRICE Her joys? Her fears, thou wouldst say.

DIAPHANTA Fear of what?

BEATRICE Art thou a maid, and talk'st so to a maid?  
You leave a blushing business behind,  
Beshrew your heart for't.

DIAPHANTA Do you mean good sooth, madam?

BEATRICE Well, if I'd thought upon the fear at first,  
Man should have been unknown.

DIAPHANTA Is't possible?

BEATRICE I will give a thousand ducats to that woman  
Would try what my fear were, and tell me true  
Tomorrow when she gets from 't: as she likes  
I might perhaps be drawn to 't.

DIAPHANTA Are you in earnest?

BEATRICE Do you get the woman, then challenge me,  
And see if I'll fly from 't; but I must tell you  
This by the way, she must be a true maid,

Else there's no trial, my fears are not hers else.

DIAPHANTA

Nay, she that I would put into your hands, madam,  
Shall be a maid.

BEATRICE

You know I should be sham'd else,  
Because she lies for me.

DIAPHANTA

'Tis a strange humour:  
But are you serious still? Would you resign  
Your first night's pleasure and give money too?

BEATRICE

As willingly as live. [*Aside*] Alas, the gold  
Is but a by-bet to wedge in the honour.

DIAPHANTA

I do not know how the world goes abroad  
For faith or honesty; there's both requir'd in this.  
Madam, what say you to me, and stray no further?  
I've a good mind, in troth, to earn your money.

BEATRICE

Y'are too quick, I fear, to be a maid.

DIAPHANTA

How? Not a maid? Nay, then, you urge me, madam,  
Your honourable self is not a truer  
With all your fears upon you--

BEATRICE

Bad enough then.

DIAPHANTA

Then I with all my lightsome joys about me.

BEATRICE

I'm glad to hear 't; then you dare put your honesty



Upon an easy trial.

DIAPHANTA

Easy? Anything.

BEATRICE

[*Going to the closet*] I'll come to you straight.

DIAPHANTA

She will not search me, will she,  
Like the forewoman of a female jury?

BEATRICE

Glass M. Ay, this is it. Look, Diaphanta,  
You take no worse than I do.

[*She drinks and hands Diaphanta the glass.*]

DIAPHANTA

And in so doing  
I will not question what 'tis, but take it.

[*She drinks.*]

BEATRICE

Now if the experiment be true, 'twill praise itself,  
And give me noble ease. [*Diaphanta gapes.*] Begins already,  
There's the first symptom. [*Diaphanta sneezes.*] And what  
haste it makes  
To fall into the second, there by this time:  
Most admirable secret! On the contrary,  
It stirs not me a whit, which most concerns it.

DIAPHANTA

Ha, ha, ha!

BEATRICE

Just in all things and in order,  
As if 'twere circumscrib'd, one accident  
Gives way unto another.

DIAPHANTA                    Ha, ha, ha!

BEATRICE                    How now, wench?

DIAPHANTA                    Ha, ha, ha, I am so, so light  
    At heart, ha, ha, ha. so pleasurable!  
    But one swig more, sweet madam.

BEATRICE                    Ay, tomorrow;  
    We shall have time to sit by 't.

DIAPHANTA                    Now I'm sad again.

BEATRICE                    It lays itself so gently too.--Come, wench,  
    Most honest Diaphanta I dare call thee now.

DIAPHANTA                    Pray tell me, madam, what trick call you this?

BEATRICE                    I'll tell thee all hereafter; we must study  
    The carriage of this business.

DIAPHANTA                    I shall carry 't well  
    Because I love the burthen.

BEATRICE                    About midnight  
    You must not fail to steal forth gently  
    That I may use the place.

DIAPHANTA                    Oh, fear not, madam;  
    I shall be cool by that time. The bride's place,  
    And with a thousand ducats! I'm for a justice now:

I bring a portion with me; I scorn small fools!

*Exeunt.*

*[IV.ii.a] Enter Vermandero and Servant.*

VERMANDERO            I tell thee, knave, mine honour is in question,  
A thing till now free from suspicion,  
Nor ever was there cause. Who of my gentlemen are absent?  
Tell me and truly how many and who.

SERVANT                Antonio, sir, and Franciscus.

VERMANDERO            When did they leave the castle?

SERVANT                Some ten days since, sir, the one intending  
to Briamata, th'other for Valencia.

VERMANDERO            The time accuses 'um: a charge of murder  
Is brought within my castle gate, Piracquo's murder;  
I dare not answer faithfully their absence.  
A strict command of apprehension  
Shall pursue 'um suddenly, and either wipe  
The stain off clear or openly discover it.  
Provide me winged warrants for the purpose.

*4.2b Enter Tomazo.*

See, I am set on again.

*Exit Servant.*

TOMAZO                 I claim a brother of you.

VERMANDERO

Y'are too hot;  
Seek him not here.

TOMAZO

Yes, 'mongst your dearest bloods;  
If my peace find no fairer satisfaction,  
This is the place must yield account for him,  
For here I left him, and the hasty tie  
Of this snatch'd marriage gives strong testimony  
Of his most certain ruin.

VERMANDERO

Certain falsehood!  
This is the place indeed; his breach of faith  
Has too much marr'd both my abused love,  
The honourable love I reserv'd for him,  
And mock'd my daughter's joy. The prepar'd morning  
Blush'd at his infidelity; he left  
Contempt and scorn to throw upon those friends  
Whose belief hurt 'em: oh, 'twas most ignoble  
To take his flight so unexpectedly  
And throw such public wrongs on those that lov'd him!

TOMAZO

Then this is all your answer?

VERMANDERO

'Tis too fair  
For one of his alliance, and I warn you  
That this place no more see you.

*4.2c Exit. Enter Deflores.*

TOMAZO                                    The best is,  
     There is more ground to meet a man's revenge on.  
     Honest Deflores.

DE FLORES                                  That's my name indeed.  
     Saw you the bride? Good sweet sir, which way took she?

TOMAZO                                    I have blest mine eyes from seeing such a false one.

DE FLORES                                  I'd fain get off; this man's not for my company:  
     I smell his brother's blood when I come near him.

TOMAZO                                    Come hither, kind and true one; I remember  
     My brother lov'd thee well.

DE FLORES                                  Oh, purely, dear sir!  
     Methinks I am now again a-killing on him,  
     He brings it so fresh to me.

TOMAZO                                    Thou canst guess, sirrah,  
     One honest friend has an instinct of jealousy  
     At some foul guilty person.

DE FLORES                                  'Las, sir,  
     I am so charitable, I think none  
     Worse than myself. You did not see the bride then?

TOMAZO                                    I prithee name her not. Is she not wicked?

DE FLORES                                  No, no, a pretty, easy, round-pack'd sinner,  
     As your most ladies are, else you might think

I flatter'd her; but, sir, at no hand wicked  
Till th'are so old their sins and vices meet,  
And they salute witches. I am call'd, I think, sir.  
His company ev'n o'rlays my conscience.

*4.2d Exit.*

TOMAZO                   That Deflores has a wondrous honest heart.  
He'll bring it out in time, I'm assur'd on't.

*Enter Alsemero.*

Oh, here's the glorious master of the day's joy.  
['Twill] not be long till he and I do reckon.--Sir.

ALSEMERO                You are most welcome.

TOMAZO                    You may call that word back;  
I do not think I am, nor wish to be.

ALSEMERO                'Tis strange you found the way to this house then.

TOMAZO                    Would I'd ne'er known the cause. I'm none of those, sir,  
That come to give you joy and swill your wine;  
'Tis a more precious liquor that must lay  
The fiery thirst I bring.

ALSEMERO                Your words and you  
Appear to me great strangers.

TOMAZO                    Time and our swords  
May make us more acquainted; this the business:

I should have a brother in your place;  
How treachery and malice have dispos'd of him,  
I'm bound to enquire of him which holds his right,  
Which never could come fairly.

ALSEMERO                    You must look  
   To answer for that word, sir.

TOMAZO                    Fear you not;  
   I'll have it ready drawn at our next meeting.  
   Keep your day solemn. Farewell, I disturb it not;  
   I'll bear the smart with patience for a time.

*4.2e Exit.*

ALSEMERO                    'Tis somewhat ominous, this, a quarrel entered  
   Upon this day; my innocence relieves me,  
   I should be wondrous sad else.

*Enter Jasperino.*

Jasperino,  
I have news to tell thee, strange news.

JASPERINO                    I ha' some too,  
   I think as strange as yours; would I might keep  
   Mine, so my faith and friendship might be kept in't.  
   Faith, sir, dispense a little with my zeal,  
   And let it cool in this.

ALSEMERO                    This puts me on,

And blames thee for thy slowness.

JASPERINO

All may prove nothing,  
Only a friendly fear that leapt from me, sir.

ALSEMERO

No question it may prove nothing; let's partake it,  
though.

JASPERINO

'Twas Diaphanta's chance--for to that wench  
I pretend honest love, and she deserves it--  
To leave me in a back part of the house,  
A place we chose for private conference;  
She was no sooner gone, but instantly  
I heard your bride's voice in the next room to me  
And, lending more attention, found Deflores  
Louder than she.

ALSEMERO

Deflores? Thou art out now.

JASPERINO

You'll tell me more anon.

ALSEMERO

Still I'll prevent thee:  
The very sight of him is poison to her.

JASPERINO

That made me stagger too, but Diaphanta  
At her return confirm'd it.

ALSEMERO

Diaphanta!

JASPERINO

Then fell we both to listen, and words pass'd  
Like those that challenge interest in a woman.



ALSEMERO Peace, quench thy zeal; 'tis dangerous to thy bosom.

JASPERINO Then truth is full of peril.

ALSEMERO Such truths are.  
Oh, were she the sole glory of the earth,  
Had eyes that could shoot fire into kings' breasts,  
And touch'd, she sleeps not here; yet I have time,  
Though night be near, to be resolv'd hereof,  
And prithee do not weigh me by my passions.

JASPERINO I never weigh'd friend so.

ALSEMERO Done charitably.  
That key will lead thee to a pretty secret  
By a Chaldean taught me, and I've [made]  
My study upon some; bring from my closet  
A glass inscrib'd there with the letter M,  
And question not my purpose.

JASPERINO It shall be done, sir.

*4.2f Exit.*

ALSEMERO How can this hang together? Not an hour since  
Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,  
Deliver'd her for the most timorous virgin  
That ever shrunk at man's name, and so modest  
She charg'd her weep out her request to me  
That she might come obscurely to my bosom.

*4.2g Enter Beatrice.*

BEATRICE                    All things go well; my woman's preparing yonder  
For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose:  
Necessity compels it; I lose all else.

ALSEMERO                    Push, modesty's shrine is set in yonder forehead.  
I cannot be too sure though.--My Joanna.

BEATRICE                    Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you;  
Pardon my modest fears.

ALSEMERO                    The dove's not meeker.  
She's abus'd, questionless.

*4.2h Enter Jasperino.*

Oh, are you come, sir?

BEATRICE                    The glass, upon my life! I see the letter.

JASPERINO                    Sir, this is M.

ALSEMERO                    'Tis it.

BEATRICE                    I am suspected.

ALSEMERO                    How fitly our bride comes to partake with us!

BEATRICE                    What is't, my lord?

ALSEMERO                    No hurt.

BEATRICE                    Sir, pardon me,

I seldom taste of any composition.

ALSEMERO But this upon my warrant you shall venture on.

BEATRICE I fear 'twill make me ill.

ALSEMERO Heaven forbid that.

BEATRICE I'm put now to my cunning; th' effects I know,  
If I can now but feign 'em handsomely.

ALSEMERO It has that secret virtue it ne'er miss'd, sir,  
Upon a virgin.

JASPERINO Treble qualified.

*[Beatrice gapes, then sneezes.]*

ALSEMERO By all that's virtuous, it takes there, proceeds!

JASPERINO This is the strangest trick to know a maid by.

BEATRICE Ha, ha, ha!

You have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord.

ALSEMERO No, thou hast given me such joy of heart  
That never can be blasted.

BEATRICE What's the matter, sir?

ALSEMERO See, now 'tis settled in a melancholy,  
Keeps both the time and method.--My Joanna,  
Chaste as the breath of heaven or morning's womb  
That brings the day forth, thus my love encloses thee.

[He embraces her.] Exeunt.

[IV.iii.a] Enter Isabella and Lollo.

ISABELLA                      Oh heaven! Is this the waiting moon?  
  
Does love turn fool, run mad, and all [at] once?  
  
Sirrah, here's a madman akin to the fool too,  
  
A lunatic lover.

LOLLIO                         No, no, not he I brought the letter from.

ISABELLA                      Compare his inside with his out and tell me.

LOLLIO                         The out's mad, I'm sure of that; I had a taste on't.  
  
[Reading] "To the bright Andromeda, chief  
chambermaid to the knight of the sun, at the sign of  
Scorpio, in the middle region, sent by the bellows-  
mender of Æolus. Pay the post." This is stark  
madness.

ISABELLA                      Now mark the inside. "Sweet lady, having now cast  
off this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to  
your best judgment a true and faithful lover of your  
beauty."

LOLLIO                         He is mad still.

ISABELLA                      "If any fault you find, chide those perfections in you  
which have made me imperfect; 'tis the same sun  
that causeth to grow and enforceth to wither"--

LOLLIO Oh, rogue!

ISABELLA "Shapes and transhapes, destroys and builds again. I come in winter to you dismantled of my proper ornaments; by the sweet splendour of your cheerful smiles, I spring and live a lover."

LOLLIO Mad rascal still.

ISABELLA "Tread him not under foot that shall appear an honour to your bounties. I remain, mad till I speak with you, from whom I expect my cure, yours all, or one beside himself, Franciscus."

LOLLIO You are like to have a fine time on't. My master and I may give over our professions; I do not think but you can cure fools and madmen faster than we, with little pains too.

ISABELLA Very likely.

LOLLIO One thing I must tell you, mistress: you perceive that I am privy to your skill; if I find you minister once and set up the trade, I put in for my thirds. I shall be mad or fool else.

ISABELLA The first place is thine, believe it, Lollo; If I do fall--

LOLLIO I fall upon you.

ISABELLA

So.

LOLLIO

Well, I stand to my venture.

ISABELLA

But thy counsel now: how shall I deal with 'um?

LOLLIO

[Why,] do you mean to deal with 'um?

ISABELLA

Nay, the fair understanding: how to use 'um.

LOLLIO

Abuse 'um: that's the way to mad the fool and make a fool of the madman, and then you use 'um kindly.

ISABELLA

'Tis easy. I'll practise; do thou observe it:

The key of thy wardrobe.

LOLLIO

There; fit yourself for 'um, and I'll fit 'um both for you.

ISABELLA

Take thou no further notice than the outside.

*Exit.*

LOLLIO

Not an inch; I'll put you to the inside.

*4.3b Enter Alibius.*

ALIBIUS

Lollio, art there? Will all be perfect, think'st thou?

Tomorrow night, as if to close up the solemnity,

Vermandero expects us.

LOLLIO

I mistrust the madmen most; the fools will do well enough:

I have taken pains with them.

ALIBIUS  
Tush, they cannot miss; the more absurdity,  
The more commends it, so no rough behaviours  
Affright the ladies: they are nice things, thou  
know'st.

LOLLIO  
You need not fear, sir; so long as we are there with  
our commanding pizzles, they'll be as tame as the  
ladies themselves.

ALIBIUS  
I will see them once more rehearse before they go.

LOLLIO  
I was about it, sir; look you to the madmen's morris,  
and let me alone with the other. There is one or two  
that I mistrust their fooling; I'll instruct them, and  
then they shall rehearse the whole measure.

ALIBIUS  
Do so; I'll see the music prepar'd: but, Lollio,  
By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint?  
Does she not grudge at it?

LOLLIO  
So, so. She takes some pleasure in the house; she  
would abroad else. You must allow her a little more  
length; she's kept too short.

ALIBIUS  
She shall along to Vermandero's with us;  
That will serve her for a month's liberty.  
I'll prepare the music, Lollio.

*4.3c Exit Alibius.*

LOLLIO   Do, sir; and I'll dance the whilst. Tony, where art thou, Tony?

*Enter Antonio.*

ANTONIO                                       Here, cousin. Where art thou?

LOLLIO   Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught you.

ANTONIO                                       I had rather ride, cousin.

LOLLIO   Ay, a whip take you, but I'll keep you out. Vault in; look you, Tony: [*dancing*] fa, la la la la.

ANTONIO                                       [*Dancing*] Fa, la la la la.

LOLLIO   There, an honour.

ANTONIO                                       Is this an honour, coz? [*Bows.*]

LOLLIO   Yes, and it please your worship.  
You can remember your figure, Tony?

*4.3d Exit.*

ANTONIO                                       Yes, cousin, when I see thy figure, I can remember mine.

*Enter Isabella [dressed as a madwoman. Antonio resumes dancing].*

ISABELLA                                       Hey, how he treads the air!  
Shoo, shoo, t'other way: he burns his wings else;  
Here's wax enough below, Icarus, more  
Than will be canceled these eighteen moons.



He's down, he's down; what a terrible fall he had!  
Stand up, thou son of Cretan Dedalus,  
And let us tread the lower labyrinth;  
I'll bring thee to the clue.

ANTONIO                                   Prithee, coz, let me alone.

ISABELLA                                   Art thou not drown'd?  
  
Let me suck out those billows in thy belly;  
Hark how they roar and rumble in the [straits]!  
Bless thee from the pirates.

*[Attempts to kiss him.]*

ANTONIO                                   Pox upon you, let me alone!

ISABELLA                                   Why shouldst thou mount so high as Mercury  
  
Unless thou hadst reversion of his place?  
Stay in the moon with me, Endymion,  
And we will rule these wild rebellious waves  
That would have drown'd my love.

ANTONIO                                   I'll kick thee if again thou touch me,  
  
Thou wild unshapen antic; I am no fool,  
You bedlam!

ISABELLA                                   But you are as sure as I am, mad.  
  
Have I put on this habit of a frantic  
With love as full of fury to beguile  
The nimble eye of watchful jealousy,

And am I thus rewarded?

ANTONIO

Ha, dearest beauty!

ISABELLA

No, I have no beauty now,  
Nor never had, but what was in my garments.  
You a quick-sighted lover? Come not near me.  
Keep your caparisons, y'are aptly clad;  
I came a feigner to return stark mad.

*4.3e Exit. Enter Lollio.*

ANTONIO

Stay, or I shall change condition  
And become as you are.

LOLLIO

Why, Tony, whither now? Why, fool!

ANTONIO

Whose fool, usher of idiots? You coxcomb!  
I have fool'd too much.

LOLLIO

You were best be mad another while then.

ANTONIO

So I am, stark mad, I have cause enough;  
And I could throw the full effects on thee,  
And beat thee like a fury.

LOLLIO

Do not, do not! I shall not forbear the gentleman  
under the fool, if you do. Alas, I saw through  
your fox-skin before now. Come, I can give you  
comfort: my mistress loves you, and there is as  
arrant a madman i' th' house as you are a fool, your

rival, whom she loves not. If after the masque we can  
rid her of him, you earn her love, she says, and the  
fool shall ride her.

ANTONIO                    May I believe thee?

LOLLIO                    Yes, or you may choose whether you will or no.

ANTONIO                    She's eas'd of him; I have a good quarrel on't.

LOLLIO                    Well, keep your old station yet, and be quiet.

ANTONIO                    Tell her I will deserve her love.

LOLLIO                    And you are like to have your desire.

*4.3f [Exit Antonio.] Enter Franciscus.*

FRANCISCUS                Down, down, down a-down a-down, and then with  
a horse-trick  
To kick Latona's forehead and break her bow string.

LOLLIO                    [*Aside*] This is t'other counterfeit; I'll put him out of  
his humour. [*Reading*] "Sweet lady, having now cast  
this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your  
best judgment a true and faithful lover of your  
beauty." This is pretty well for a madman.

FRANCISCUS                Ha! What's that?

LOLLIO                    [*Reading*] "Chide those perfections in you which  
made me imperfect."

FRANCISCUS I am discover'd to the fool.

LOLLIO [Aside] I hope to discover the fool in you ere I have done with you. [Reading] "Yours all, or one beside himself, Franciscus." [Aside] This madman will mend sure.

FRANCISCUS What do you read, sirrah?

LOLLIO Your destiny, sir; you'll be hang'd for this trick and another that I know.

FRANCISCUS Art thou of counsel with thy mistress?

LOLLIO Next her apron strings.

FRANCISCUS Give me thy hand.

LOLLIO Stay, let me put yours in my pocket first. [Puts the letter in his pocket.] Your hand is true, is it not? It will not pick? I partly fear it, because I think it does lie.

FRANCISCUS Not in a syllable.

LOLLIO So, if you love my mistress so well as you have handled the matter here, you are like to be cur'd of your madness.

FRANCISCUS And none but she can cure it.

LOLLIO Well, I'll give you over then, and she shall cast your

water next.

FRANCISCUS                    [*Giving him money*] Take for thy pains past.

LOLLIO                         I shall deserve more, sir, I hope; my mistress loves  
you, but must have some proof of your love to her.

FRANCISCUS                    There I meet my wishes.

LOLLIO                         That will not serve; you must meet her enemy and  
yours.

FRANCISCUS                    He's dead already.

LOLLIO                         Will you tell me that, and I parted but now with  
him?

FRANCISCUS                    Show me the man.

LOLLIO                         Ay, that's a right course now: see him before you kill  
him, in any case; and yet it needs not go so far  
neither: 'tis but a fool that haunts the house, and my  
mistress in the shape of an idiot. Bang but his fools'  
coat well-favouredly, and 'tis well.

FRANCISCUS                    Soundly, soundly.

LOLLIO                         Only reserve him till the masque be past; and if you  
find him not now in the dance yourself, I'll show  
you. In, in: my master!

4.3g *Enter Albius.*

FRANCISCUS                    *[Dancing]* He handles him like a feather. Hey!

*[Exit.]*

ALIBIUS                        Well said! In a readiness, Lollo?

LOLLIO                         Yes, sir.

ALIBIUS                        Away then, and guide them in, Lollo;  
Entreat your mistress to see this sight.  
Hark, is there not one incurable fool  
That might be begg'd? I have friends.

LOLLIO                         I have him for you, one that shall deserve it too.

ALIBIUS                        Good boy, Lollo.

*4.3h [Lollo brings on the Madmen and Fools.] The Madmen and Fools dance.*

'Tis perfect: well fit but once these strains,  
We shall have coin and credit for our pains.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT FIVE

*V.[i.a] Enter Beatrice. A clock strikes one.*

BEATRICE                      One struck, and yet she lies by't. Oh, my fears,  
This strumpet serves her own ends, 'tis apparent now,  
Devours the pleasure with a greedy appetite,  
And never minds my honour or my peace,

Makes havoc of my right; but she pays dearly for't:  
No trusting of her life with such a secret,  
That cannot rule her blood to keep her promise.  
Beside, I have some suspicion of her faith to me,  
Because I was suspected of my lord,  
And it must come from her. Hark, by my horrors,  
Another clock strike[s] two.

*5.1b Strike two. Enter Deflores.*

DE FLORES                      Pist, where are you?

BEATRICE                      Deflores?

DE FLORES                      Ay. Is she not come from him yet?

BEATRICE                      As I am a living soul, not.

DE FLORES                      Sure the devil  
Hath sow'd his itch within her; who'd trust  
A waiting-woman?

BEATRICE                      I must trust somebody.

DE FLORES                      Push, they are termagants.  
Especially when they fall upon their masters  
And have their ladies' first fruits, th'are mad whelps;  
You cannot stave 'em off from game royal then.  
You are so harsh and hardy, ask no counsel;  
And I could have help'd you to a[n] apothecary's daughter

Would have fall'n off before eleven, and thank['d] you too.

BEATRICE

Advise me now to fall upon some ruin;

There is no counsel safe else.

DE FLORES

Peace, I ha't now:

For we must force a rising; there's no remedy.

BEATRICE

How? Take heed of that.

DE FLORES

Tush, be you quiet

Or else give over all.

BEATRICE

Prithee, I ha' done then.

DE FLORES

This is my reach: I'll set some part afire

Of Diaphanta's chamber.

BEATRICE

How? Fire, sir?

That may endanger the whole house.

DE FLORES

You talk of danger when your fame's on fire?

BEATRICE

That's true. Do what thou wilt now.

DE FLORES

Push, I aim

At a most rich success, strikes all dead sure.

The chimney being afire, and some light parcels

Of the least danger in her chamber only,

If Diaphanta should be met by chance then

Far from her lodging, which is now suspicious,



It would be thought her fears and affright then  
Drove her to seek for succour; if not seen  
Or met at all, as that's the likeliest,  
For her own shame she'll hasten towards her lodging.  
I will be ready with a piece high-charg'd,  
As 'twere to cleanse the chimney: there, 'tis proper now,  
But she shall be the mark.

BEATRICE                    I'm forc'd to love thee now,  
'Cause thou provid'st so carefully for my honour.

DE FLORES                'Slid, it concerns the safety of us both,  
Our pleasure and continuance.

BEATRICE                    One word now,  
Prithee: how for the servants?

DE FLORES                I'll dispatch them,  
Some one way, some another, in the hurry  
For buckets, hooks, ladders. Fear not you;  
The deed shall find its time, and I've thought since  
Upon a safe conveyance for the body too.  
How this fire purifies wit! Watch you your minute.

BEATRICE                    Fear keeps my soul upon't; I cannot stray from't.

*5.1c Enter Alonzo's Ghost.*

DE FLORES                Ha! What art thou that tak'st away the light  
'Twixt that star and me? I dread thee not!

'Twas but a mist of conscience. All's clear again.

*5.1d Exit [Deflores].*

BEATRICE                      Who's that, Deflores? Bless me! It slides by.

*[Exit Ghost.]*

Some ill thing haunts the house; 't has left behind it  
A shivering sweat upon me: I'm afraid now.

*[Strikes] three a' clock.*

List! Oh, my terrors,  
Three struck by St. Sebastian's!

WITHIN                      Fire, fire, fire!

BEATRICE                      Already! How rare is that man's speed!

WITHIN                      Fire, fire, fire!

*5.1e Enter Deflores. Servants pass over, ring a bell.*

DE FLORES                      Away, dispatch!  
Hooks, buckets, ladders; that's well said!  
The fire bell rings, the chimney works, my charge:  
The piece is ready.

*5.1f Exit.*

*Enter Diaphanta.*

DIAPHANTA                      Pardon frailty, madam;  
In troth, I was so well, I ev'n forgot myself.

BEATRICE                                Y’have made trim work.

DIAPHANTA                              What?

BEATRICE                                Hie quickly to your chamber;  
Your reward follows you.

DIAPHANTA                              I never made  
So sweet a bargain.

*5.1g Exit. Enter Alsemero.*

ALSEMERO                                Oh, my dear Joanna!  
Alas, art thou risen too? I was coming,  
My absolute treasure.

BEATRICE                                When I miss’d you,  
I could not choose but follow.

ALSEMERO                                Th’art all sweetness.  
The fire is not so dangerous.

BEATRICE                                Think you so, sir?

ALSEMERO                                I prithee, tremble not: believe me, ’tis not.

*5.1h Enter Vermandero, Jasperino.*

VERMANDERO                              Oh, bless my house and me!

ALSEMERO                                My lord your father.

*5.1i Enter Deflores with a piece.*

VERMANDERO                              Knave, whither goes that piece?

DE FLORES                      To scour the chimney.

*5.1j Exit.*

VERMANDERO                      Oh, well said, well said;  
That fellow's good on all occasions.

BEATRICE                      A wondrous necessary man, my lord.

VERMANDERO                      He hath a ready wit; he's worth 'em all, sir:  
Dog at a house [on] fire; I ha' seen him sing'd ere  
now.

*The piece goes off.*

Ha, there he goes!

BEATRICE                      'Tis done.

ALSEMERO                      Come, sweet, to bed now;  
Thou wilt get cold.

BEATRICE                      Alas, the fear keeps that out:  
My heart will find no quiet till I hear  
How Diaphanta, my poor woman, fares;  
It is her chamber, sir, her lodging chamber.

VERMANDERO                      How should the fire come there?

BEATRICE                      As good a soul as ever lady countenanc'd,  
But in her chamber negligent and heavy.  
She scap'd a ruin twice.

VERMANDERO                    Twice?

BEATRICE                        Strangely twice, sir.

VERMANDERO                    Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,  
And they be ne'er so good.

*5.1k Enter Deflores.*

DE FLORES                        Oh, poor virginity!  
Thou hast paid dearly for't.

VERMANDERO                    Bless us! What's that?

DE FLORES                        A thing you all knew once: Diaphanta's burnt.

BEATRICE                        My woman, oh, my woman!

DE FLORES                        Now the flames are  
Greedy of her; burnt, burnt, burnt to death, sir.

BEATRICE                        Oh, my presaging soul!

ALSEMERO                        Not a tear more,  
I charge you by the last embrace I gave you  
In bed before this rais'd us.

BEATRICE                        Now you tie me;  
Were it my sister now she gets no more.

*5.1l Enter Servant.*

VERMANDERO                    How now?

SERVANT                   All danger's past; you may now take  
Your rests, my lords: the fire is throughly quench'd.  
Ah, poor gentlewoman, how soon was she stifled!

BEATRICE                   Deflores, what is left of her inter,  
And we as mourners all will follow her:  
I will entreat that honour to my servant,  
Ev'n of my lord himself.

ALSEMERO                 Command it, sweetness.

BEATRICE                 Which of you spied the fire first?

DE FLORES               'Twas I, madam.

BEATRICE                 And took such pains in't too? A double goodness!  
'Twere well he were rewarded.

VERMANDERO             He shall be.  
Deflores, call upon me.

ALSEMERO                 And upon me, sir.

*Exeunt. [Manet Deflores.]*

DE FLORES                Rewarded? Precious, here's a trick beyond me;  
I see in all bouts both of sport and wit  
Always a woman strives for the last hit.

*Exit.*

*[V.ii.a] Enter Tomazo.*

TOMAZO

I cannot taste the benefits of life  
With the same relish I was wont to do.  
Man I grow weary of, and hold his fellowship  
A treacherous, bloody friendship, and because  
I am ignorant in whom my wrath should settle,  
I must think all men villains; and the next  
I meet, whoe'er he be, the murderer  
Of my most worthy brother.

*Enter Deflores, passes over the stage.*

Ha! What's he?  
Oh, the fellow that some call honest Deflores;  
But methinks honesty was hard bested  
To come there for a lodging, as if a queen  
Should make her palace of a pest-house.  
I find a contrariety in nature  
Betwixt that face and me. The least occasion  
Would give me game upon him; yet he's so foul  
One would scarce touch [him] with a sword he loved  
And made account of. So most deadly venomous,  
He would go [near] to poison any weapon  
That should draw blood on him; one must resolve  
Never to use that sword again in fight  
In way of honest manhood that strikes him.  
Some river must devour 't; 'twere not fit  
That any man should find it.

5.2b Enter Deflores.

What, again?

He walks a' purpose by, sure, to choke me up,  
To infect my blood.

DE FLORES                      My worthy noble lord.

TOMAZO                        Dost offer to come near and breath upon me?

*[Strikes him.]*

DE FLORES                      A blow.

*[Deflores draws his weapon.]*

TOMAZO                        Yea, are you so prepar'd?  
  
I'll rather like a soldier die by th' sword  
Then like a politician by thy poison.

DE FLORES                      Hold, my lord, as you are honourable.

TOMAZO                        All slaves that kill by poison are still cowards.

DE FLORES                      *[Aside]* I cannot strike: I see his brother's wounds  
Fresh bleeding in his eye, as in a crystal.--  
I will not question this; I know y'are noble.  
I take my injury with thanks given, sir,  
Like a wise lawyer, and as a favour,  
Will wear it for the worthy hand that gave it.  
  
*[Aside]* Why this from him that yesterday appear'd  
So strangely loving to me? Oh, but instinct



Is of a subtler strain; guilt must not walk  
So near his lodge again: he came [near] me now.

*5.2c Exit.*

TOMAZO                   All league with mankind I renounce forever  
Till I find this murderer. Not so much  
As common courtesy but I'll lock up,  
For in the state of ignorance I live in,  
A brother may salute his brother's murderer,  
And wish good speed to th' villain in a greeting.

*Exeunt.*

*[V.iii.a] Enter Alsemero and Jasperino.*

JASPERINO               Your confidence, I'm sure, is now of proof.  
The prospect from the garden has show'd  
Enough for deep suspicion.

ALSEMERO               The black mask  
That so continually was worn upon't  
Condemns the face for ugly ere 't be seen,  
Her despite to him, and so seeming bottomless.

JASPERINO               Touch it home then; 'tis not a shallow probe  
Can search this ulcer soundly: I fear you'll find it  
Full of corruption. 'Tis fit I leave you.  
She meets you opportunely from that walk;  
She took the back door at his parting with her.

*5.3b Exit Jasperino.*

ALSEMERO                      Did my fate wait for this unhappy stroke  
   At my first sight of woman?

*Enter Beatrice.*

She's here.

BEATRICE                      Alsemero!

ALSEMERO                      How do you?

BEATRICE                      How do I?

Alas! How do you? You look not well.

ALSEMERO                      You read me well enough; I am not well.

BEATRICE                      Not well, sir? Is't in my power to better you?

ALSEMERO                      Yes.

BEATRICE                      Nay, then y'are cur'd again.

ALSEMERO                      Pray resolve me one question, lady.

BEATRICE                      If I can.

ALSEMERO                      None can so sure. Are you honest?

BEATRICE                      Ha, ha, ha, that's a broad question, my lord.

ALSEMERO                      But that's not a modest answer, my lady:  
   Do you laugh? My doubts are strong upon me

BEATRICE                      'Tis innocence that smiles, and no rough brow

Can take away the dimple in her cheek.  
Say I should strain a tear to fill the vault,  
Which would you give the better faith to?

ALSEMERO

'Twere but hypocrisy of a sadder colour,  
But the same stuff; neither your smiles nor tears  
Shall move or flatter me from my belief:  
You are a whore.

BEATRICE

What a horrid sound it hath!  
It blasts a beauty to deformity;  
Upon what face soever that breath falls,  
It strikes it ugly: oh, you have ruin'd  
What you can ne'er repair again!

ALSEMERO

I'll all demolish and seek out truth within you,  
If there be any left: let your sweet tongue  
Prevent your heart's rifling; there I'll ransack  
And tear out my suspicion.

BEATRICE

You may, sir,  
'Tis an easy passage; yet if you please,  
Show me the ground whereon you lost your love.  
My spotless virtue may but tread on that  
Before I perish.

ALSEMERO

Unanswerable;  
A ground you cannot stand on: you fall down

Beneath all grace and goodness when you set  
Your ticklish heel on't. There was a visor  
O'er that cunning face, and that became you;  
Now impudence in triumph rides upon't.  
How comes this tender reconciliation else  
'Twixt you and your despite, your rancourous loathing,  
Deflores? He that your eye was sore at sight of,  
He's now become your arms' supporter, your  
Lips' saint.

BEATRICE

Is there the cause?

ALSEMERO

Worse: your lust's devil,  
Your adultery.

BEATRICE

Would any but yourself say that,  
'Twould turn him to a villain.

ALSEMERO

'Twas witness'd  
By the counsel of your bosom, Diaphanta.

BEATRICE

Is your witness dead then?

ALSEMERO

'Tis to be fear'd  
It was the wages of her knowledge, poor soul;  
She liv'd not long after the discovery.

BEATRICE

Then hear a story of not much less horror  
Than this your false suspicion is beguil'd with.  
To your bed's scandal I stand up innocence,

Which even the guilt of one black other deed  
Will stand for proof of: your love has made me  
A cruel murderess.

ALSEMERO

Ha!

BEATRICE

A bloody one.  
I have kiss'd poison for't, strok'd a serpent,  
That thing of hate, worthy in my esteem  
Of no better employment, and him most worthy  
To be so employ'd I caus'd to murder  
That innocent Piracquo, having no  
Better means than that worst, to assure  
Yourself to me.

ALSEMERO

Oh, the place itself e'er since  
Has crying been for vengeance, the temple  
Where blood and beauty first unlawfully  
Fir'd their devotion and quench'd the right one.  
'Twas in my fears at first: 'twill have it now.  
Oh, thou art all deform'd!

BEATRICE

Forget not, sir,  
It for your sake was done: shall greater dangers  
Make the less welcome?

ALSEMERO

Oh, thou shouldst have gone  
A thousand leagues about to have avoided

This dangerous bridge of blood; here we are lost.

BEATRICE

Remember I am true unto your bed.

ALSEMERO

The bed itself's a charnel, the sheets shrouds  
For murdered carcasses; it must ask pause  
What I must do in this. Meantime you shall  
Be my prisoner only; enter my closet.

*5.3c Exit Beatrice.*

I'll be your keeper yet. Oh, in what part  
Of this sad story shall I first begin?

*Enter Deflores.*

Ha! This same fellow has put me in.  
Deflores.

DE FLORES

Noble Alsemero!

ALSEMERO

I can tell you  
News, sir: my wife has her commended to you.

DE FLORES

That's news indeed, my lord; I think she would  
Commend me to the gallows if she could,  
She ever lov'd me so well. I thank her.

ALSEMERO

What's this blood upon your band, Deflores?

DE FLORES

Blood? No, sure 'twas wash'd since.

ALSEMERO

Since when, man?

DE FLORES                                Since t'other day I got a knock  
    In a sword and dagger school; I think 'tis out.

ALSEMERO                                Yes, 'tis almost out, but 'tis perceiv'd, though.  
    I had forgot my message; this it is:  
    What price goes murder?

DE FLORES                                How, sir?

ALSEMERO                                I ask you, sir:  
    My wife's behindhand with you, she tells me,  
    For a brave, bloody blow you gave for her sake  
    Upon Piracquo.

DE FLORES                                Upon? 'Twas quite through him, sure.  
    Has she confess'd it?

ALSEMERO                                As sure as death to both of you,  
    And much more than that.

DE FLORES                                It could not be much more;  
    'Twas but one thing, and that she's a whore.

ALSEMERO                                [It] could not choose but follow. Oh, cunning devils!  
    How should blind men know you from fair-fac'd saints?

BEATRICE *within*                        He lies, the villain does belie me!

DE FLORES                                Let me go to her, sir.

ALSEMERO                                Nay, you shall to her.

Peace, crying crocodile, your sounds are heard;  
Take your prey to you! Get you into her, sir.

*5.3d Exit Deflores.*

I'll be your pander now; rehearse again  
Your scene of lust, that you may be perfect  
When you shall come to act it to the black audience  
Where howls and gnashings shall be music to you.

*5.3e Enter Vermandero, Tomazo, Franciscus, and Antonio.*

VERMANDERO                    Oh, Alsemero. I have a wonder for you.

ALSEMERO                    No, sir, 'tis I, I have a wonder for you.

VERMANDERO                    I have suspicion near as proof itself  
For Piracquo's murder.

ALSEMERO                    Sir, I have proof  
Beyond suspicion for Piracquo's murder.

VERMANDERO                    Beseech you hear me: these two have been disguis'd  
E'er since the deed was done.

ALSEMERO                    I have two other  
That were more close disguis'd than your two could be,  
E'er since the deed was done.

TOMAZO                    How is my cause bandied through your delays!  
'Tis urgent in blood, and calls for haste;  
Give me a brother alive or dead:



Alive, a wife with him; if dead, for both  
A recompense for murder and adultery.

BEATRICE *within* Oh, oh, oh!

ALSEMERO Hark, 'tis coming to you.

DEFLORES *within* Nay, I'll along for company.

BEATRICE *within* Oh, oh!

VERMANDERO What horrid sounds are these?

ALSEMERO Come forth, you twins of mischief.

*5.3f Enter Deflores bringing in Beatrice [wounded].*

DE FLORES Here we are; if you have any more  
To say to us, speak quickly. I shall not  
Give you the hearing else; I am so stout yet,  
And so, I think, that broken rib of mankind.

VERMANDERO An host of enemies entered my citadel  
Could not amaze like this. Joanna, Beatrice Joanna!

BEATRICE Oh, come not near me, sir; I shall defile you.  
I am that of your blood was taken from you  
For your better health; look no more upon't,  
But cast it to the ground regardlessly:  
Let the common sewer take it from distinction.  
Beneath the stars, upon yon meteor  
Ever [hung] my fate, 'mongst things corruptible;

I ne'er could pluck it from him. My loathing  
Was prophet to the rest but ne'er believ'd;  
Mine honour fell with him, and now my life.  
Alsemero, I am a stranger to your bed;  
Your bed was coz'ned on the nuptial night,  
For which your false bride died.

ALSEMERO

Diaphanta!

DE FLORES

Yes, and the while I coupled with your mate  
At barley-break; now we are left in hell.

VERMANDERO

We are all there; it circumscribes [us] here.

DE FLORES

I lov'd this woman in spite of her heart;  
Her love I earn'd out of Piracquo's murder.

TOMAZO

Ha, my brother's murderer!

DE FLORES

Yes, and her honour's prize  
Was my reward; I thank life for nothing  
But that pleasure: it was so sweet to me  
That I have drunk up all, left none behind  
For any man to pledge me.

VERMANDERO

Horrid villain!  
Keep life in him for further tortures.

DE FLORES

No,  
I can prevent you; here's my penknife still.

It is but one thread more, and now 'tis cut.  
Make haste, Joanna, by that token to thee:  
Canst not forget, so lately put in mind,  
I would not go to leave thee far behind.

*Dies.*

BEATRICE                      Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive;  
'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live.

*Dies.*

VERMANDERO                Oh, my name is entered now in that record  
Where till this fatal hour 'twas never read!

ALSEMERO                    Let it be blotted out; let your heart lose it,  
And it can never look you in the face,  
Nor tell a tale behind the back of life  
To your dishonour. Justice hath so right  
The guilty hit, that innocence is quit  
By proclamation, and may joy again.

TOMAZO                      Sir, I am satisfied; my injuries  
Lie dead before me. I can exact no more,  
Unless my soul were loose and could o'ertake  
Those black fugitives that are fled from thence  
To take a second vengeance; but there are wraths  
Deeper than mine, 'tis to be fear'd, about 'em.

ALSEMERO                    What an opacous body had that moon

That last chang'd on us! Here's beauty chang'd  
To ugly whoredom, here servant obedience  
To a master sin, imperious murder.  
All we can do to comfort one another,  
To stay a brother's sorrow for a brother,  
To dry a child from the kind father's eyes,  
Is to no purpose; it rather multiplies.  
Your only smiles have power to cause relive  
The dead again, or in their rooms to give  
Brother a new brother, father a child:  
If these appear, all griefs are reconcil'd.

*Exeunt omnes.*