The Changeling

by Thomas Middleton & William Rowley

a version by
Dominic Power

Shakespeare at the Tobacco Factory
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Production

This version of *The Changeling* was first produced in Bristol by *Shakespeare at the Tobacco Factory* on March 19th 2004.

Cast

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Actor</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Asemero</td>
<td>Rupert Ward-Lewis</td>
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<tr>
<td>Jasperino</td>
<td>Jonathan Nibbs</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vermandero</td>
<td>Roland Oliver</td>
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<tr>
<td>Beatrice-Joanna</td>
<td>Saskia Portway</td>
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<tr>
<td>Diaphanta</td>
<td>Zoë Aldrich</td>
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<tr>
<td>De Flores</td>
<td>Matthew Thomas</td>
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<td>Pedro</td>
<td>Dan Winter</td>
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<tr>
<td>Antonio</td>
<td>Jamie Ballard</td>
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<tr>
<td>Franciscus and 2nd Servant</td>
<td>Gyuri Sarossy</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alonzo</td>
<td>Tom Sherman</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tomazo</td>
<td>Alex MacLaren</td>
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<tr>
<td>1st Servant and an Officer</td>
<td>Ben Tolley</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alibius</td>
<td>David Collins</td>
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<tr>
<td>Isabella</td>
<td>Rebecca Smart</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lollio</td>
<td>Chris Donnelly</td>
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Production

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<tr>
<th>Role</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Director</td>
<td>Andrew Hilton</td>
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<tr>
<td>Set &amp; Costume Designer</td>
<td>Andrea Montag</td>
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<tr>
<td>Costume Supervisor</td>
<td>Jane Tooze</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lighting Designer</td>
<td>Paul Towson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Composer</td>
<td>John Telfer</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sound Designer</td>
<td>Dan Jones</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fight Director</td>
<td>Kate Waters</td>
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Stage & Technical Management

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Production Manager</td>
<td>Clive Stevenson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stage Managers</td>
<td>Hazel Doherty &amp;</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Pauline Skidmore</td>
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<tr>
<td>Technical Stage Manager</td>
<td>Christian Wallace</td>
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On 23rd September 2004 the production transferred to the Pit Theatre in London’s Barbican Centre where it played in repertoire with the company’s production of *Macbeth* until 23rd October 2004. Changes of personnel were as follows:

**cast**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1st Servant and Officer</td>
<td>Richard Corgan</td>
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**production**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Name</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Set Re-Design</td>
<td>Vicki Cowan-Osterson</td>
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<tr>
<td>Costume Supervisor</td>
<td>Kate Whitehead</td>
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<tr>
<td>Prosthetics Designer</td>
<td>Denise Baron</td>
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**stage & technical management**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Role</th>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>Production Manager</td>
<td>Adam Carrée</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Assistant Stage Manager</td>
<td>Jayne Byrom</td>
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The production was presented by **BITE:04** on behalf of the Barbican Centre.
Part One

Scene 1 (Act1 Sc1)

Alicante. The Cathedral

Alsemero, Beatrice-Joanna and Diaphanta

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 of 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.

Exeunt Beatrice-Joanna and Diaphanta

Enter Jasperino

Jasperino Oh 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 deceiv’d, friend. 'Tis contrary
In my best judgement.

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.
Ashore you were wont to call your servants up
And help to trap your horses for the speed.
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.

Enter Servants

Jasperino
Backwards, I think, sir. Look, your servants.

1st Servant
Your seamen call. Shall we board your trunks?

Alsemero
No, not today.

Re-enter Beatrice-Joanna and Diaphanta

Jasperino
’Tis the critical day, it seems, and the sign in Aquarius.

2nd Servant
We must not to sea today. This smoke will bring forth fire.

Alsemero
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.

1st Servant
Well, your pleasure.

2nd Servant
Let him e’en take his leisure, too. We are safer on land.

Exeunt Servants

Alsemero greets Beatrice with a kiss

Jasperino
How now? The laws of the Medes are changed, 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. Nay,
go on, this will be stranger and better news at Valencia than if he had
ransom’d half Greece from the Turk.

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 skilful in’t, can sing at first sight.

Alsemero And I have shown 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 judgements
And should give certain judgement what they see.
But they are rash sometimes and tell us wonders
Of common things, which when our judgements 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 judgement, 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. 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 We might have come by the carriers from Valencia, I see,
and sav’d all our sea-provision. We are at farthest, sure. 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 top-sail.

Jasperino greets Diaphanta
Enter De Flores

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 enjoin’d
To follow still while 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 it but a peevish will.

Alsemero
You seem 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 sound
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.
Indeed this fault (if so it be) is general.
There’s scarce a thing but is both lov’d and loath’d.
Myself, I must confess, have the same frailty.

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.

Alsemero and Beatrice talk apart
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. Poppy is one simple indeed and cuckoo (what you call’t) another. I’ll discover no more now. Another time I’ll show thee all.
Beatrice    My father, sir.

Enter Vermandero and Servants

Vermandero    Oh, Joanna, I came to meet thee.
Your devotion’s ended?
Beatrice     For this time, sir.
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.
Yet there’s an article between. I must know
Your country. We use not to give survey
Of our chief strengths to strangers. Our citadels
Are plac’d conspicuous to outward view
On promonts’ tops. But within are secrets.
Alsemero    A Valencian, sir.
Vermandero    A Valencian?
That’s native, sir. Of what name, I beseech you?
Alsemero    Alsemero, sir.
Vermandero    Alsemero? Not the son
Of John de Alsemero?
Alsemero    The same, sir.
Vermandero    My best love bids you welcome.
Beatrice

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
Before our chins were worth Iulan down,
And so continu’d till the stamp of time
Had coin’d us into silver. Well, he’s gone.
A good soldier went with him.

Alsemero

You went together in that, sir.

Vermandero

No, by Saint Jacques, I came behind him.
Yet I have done somewhat too. An unhappy day
Swallow’d him at last at Gibraltar
In fight with those rebellious Hollanders,
Was it not so?

Alsemero

Whose death I had reveng’d
Or follow’d him in fate, had not the late truce
Prevented me.

Vermandero

Ay, ay, ’twas time to breathe.
Oh, Joanna, I should ha’ told thee news.
I saw Piracquo lately.

Beatrice

That’s ill news.

Vermandero

He’s hot preparing for this day of triumph.
Thou must be a bride within this se’nnight.

Alsemero

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

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 used 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
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
I shall want mine if you do it.

Vermandero
But come, by the way I’ll tell you more of him.

Alsemero
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
Not this serpent gone yet?

Vermandero
Look, girl, thy glove’s fall’n.
Stay, stay – De Flores, help a little.

Exeunt Vermandero, Alsemero and Jasperino

De Flores
Here, lady.

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.

Exeunt Beatrice and Diaphanta

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

Scene 2 (Act1 Sc2)

A Madhouse

Alibius, Lollio and Franciscus

In dumbshow, Franciscus is admitted to the house as a madman. Then:

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 taken 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 a secret, sir.

Alibius

Why, now thou meet’st the substance of the point.
I am old, Lollio.

Lollio

No, sir, I am old Lollio.

Alibius

Yet why may not this concord and sympathise?
Old trees and young plants often grow together,
Well enough agreeing.

Lollio

Ay, sir, but the old trees raise themselves higher and broader than the young plants.

Alibius

Shrewd application! There’s the fear, man.
I would wear my ring on my own finger.
Whilst it is borrow’d 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, Lollio. 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, Lollio? ’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  Ay, those are all my patients, Lollio.
       I do profess the cure of either sort.
       My trade, my living ’tis, I thrive by it.
       But here’s the care that mixes with my thrift:
       The daily visitants that come to view
       My brainsick patients, I would not have
       To view my wife. Gallants I do observe
       Of quick enticing eyes, rich in habits,
       Of stature and proportion very comely.
       These are most shrewd temptations, Lollio.

Lollio  They may be easily answer’d, 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, Lollio. My trust
       Is on thee and I account it firm and strong.
       What hour i’st, Lollio?

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 we 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 thy scholars learn this lesson. And I did look to have a new one enter’d. Stay, I think my expectation is come home.

Enter Pedro with 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 defray’d.

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 Toward 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  He will hardly be stretch’d up to the wit of a magnifico.

Pedro  Oh no, that’s not to be expected. Far shorter will be
enough.

Lollio  I’ll warrant you I 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 leave you. Your best cares, I beseech you.

Alibius  Take you none with you, leave ’em all with us.

Exit Pedro

Lollio  Come, Tony, I must take charge of your sword. ’Tis too
sharp for you.

Antonio  Oh, my cousin’s gone! Cousin, cousin! Pray, leave me a
candle to sleep with. ’Tis dark, ’tis dark.

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 be’st my cousin, he, he,
he!
Lollio  I were best to 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 honest fingers has a tailor on his right hand?
Antonio  As many as on his left, cousin.
Lollio  Good. And how many on both?
Antonio  Two less than a deuce, cousin.
Lollio  Very well answer’d. 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 gaoler and a beadle. The sergeant catches him, the gaoler 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 –
1st Madman  [within]  Give me food, good sirs. I am Tiresias, I am Tiresias!
Madwoman  [within]  Fly, fly, he catches the swallow.
Lollio  You may hear what time of day it is, the chimes of Bedlam goes.
Alibius  Peace, peace, or the wire comes!
2nd Madman  [within]  Give her more onion, or the devil put the rope about her crag!
3rd Madman [within] Cat-whore, cat-whore, my parmesan, my parmesan!

Alibius Peace, I say! Their hour’s come, they must be fed, Lollio.

Lollio There’s no hope of recovery of that Welsh madman, was undone by a mouse that spoil’d him a parmesan. Lost his wits for’t.

Alibius Go to your charge, Lollio, I’ll to mine.

Lollio Go you to your madmen’s ward, let me alone with your fools.

Alibius And remember my last charge, Lollio.

Exit Alibius

Lollio Of which of your patients do you think I am? 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 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

Scene 3 (Act 2 Sc1)

Within the Castle

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 place is there set down, sir.

Jasperino The joy I shall return rewards my service.

Exit Jasperino

Beatrice How wise is Alsemero in his friend!
It is a sign he makes his choice with judgement.
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 judgement
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 discerned 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 remember’d. He’s so forward too,
So urgent that way, scarce allows me breath
To speak to my new comforts.

Enter De Flores

De Flores

Yonder’s she.

Whatever ails me? Now a-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 cruellest 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 of one 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 tumbl’d 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 the 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  Signor 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!
I shall have a mad qualm within this hour again,
I know’t, and like a common Garden-bull
I do but take breath to be lugg’d again.
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 to sleep, I ha’ seen
Women have chid themselves abed to men.

Exit De Flores

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.

Enter Vermandero, Alonzo and 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

Howe’er, I will be sure to keep the night,
If it should come so near me.

Beatrice and Vermandero 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.

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 cozen’d in her, strongly cozen’d.
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 leap’d 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. 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 Alonzo

Tomazo Why, here is love’s tame madness. Thus a man
Quickly steals into his vexation.

Exit Tomazo

Scene 4 (Act3 Sc3)

The Madhouse

Enter Isabella and Lollio

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 pinfold?

Lollio ’Tis for my master’s 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.

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, quietest 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, t’other side. I seldom lock there, ’tis but shooting a bolt or two and you are amongst ’em.

[Exit]

[Off] Come, Francis, let me see how handsomely you’ll behave yourself now. What courtesy have you for the mistress of the house?

Enter Lollio with Franciscus, who bows to Isabella

Isabella Will he not speak?

Lollio His will cannot command his tongue.

Franciscus gives Lollio a paper

Yet he bids me speak for him. Attend …
“Hail bright Titania!
Why stand’st thou idle on these flowery banks?
Oberon is dancing with his Dryades.
I’ll gather daisies, primrose, violets,
And bind them in a verse of poesie.”

Franciscus scribbles

Isabella Alack, alack, ’tis too full of pity
To be laugh’d at. How fell he mute? Canst thou tell?

Lollio For the same reason he fell mad, mistress, for love. He was a pretty poet too and that set him forwards first. The muses then forsook him and he ran mad for a chambermaid that spurn’d him for a porter. Here’s more.

Franciscus scribbles again

“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 grapestone.
Isabella He is distracted.
Lollio Very like. See, he has verse for every occasion.

Franciscus offers another paper

“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.”

Not too near. You see your danger. 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.

Madman 1 (off) This poison swells me, I am in pain and must be eas’d. Help me, help me!

Madwoman (off) I am in a labyrinth …

Isabella These dismal calls fright him.

Franciscus gives her another paper

Lollio Back rogue! Come away, mistress. The mad do not fear what we fear. These voices are his companions.

Isabella “Sweet love, pity me.
Give me leave to lie with thee.”

Lollio This is very lunacy. What rogue, do you look to lie with your lady? You must not look there. The mad must mate with madness. He shall be gelded, mistress. That will draw his sting.

Franciscus threatens Lollio

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

Lollio Nay, then my poison comes forth again. Mad slave, indeed, abuse your keeper? To your kennel.

Exit Franciscus

Fear him not, mistress. I pledge I shall bring him up to be the genteelest lunatic to be found in or out a’doors. If he do but look fair and heed my whip you shall keep him as your gossip.

Isabella ’Twere better to instruct by courtesy.
No more of your whip, sirrah.

Madman 1 (off) I care not for the devil. My life I rate at nothing.

Madwoman (off) He scratch’d a map of hell upon my belly. Come to me, sirrah. I am the deed’s creature.

Madmen (off) Do! Do! Do!
Lollio  Hark, mistress, they are too free in their captivity. They must learn the law of the house. I am for you, you rogues.

Exit

Lollio

Isabella  Fear and pity do contend within me. Poor lost creatures that must confinement bear. Wife, madman, fool, all do a prison share.

Scene 5 (Act2 Sc2)
The castle

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.

Diaphanta retreats

Alsemero  This goes well.
These women are the ladies’ cabinets.
Things of most precious trust are lock’d into ’em.

Enter Beatrice-Joanna

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  We 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 bless’d.

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 piece 'bout man, valour.
I'll send a challenge to Pirac quo instantly.

Beatrice
How? Call you that extinguishing of fear
When 'tis the only way to keep it flaming?
Are you not ventur'd in the action
That's all my joys and comforts? Pray, no more, sir.
Say you prevail'd, y'are 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 ha'dried till dust had chok'd 'em.
Blood-guiltiness becomes a fouler visage.
And now I think on one. I was to 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
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
Diaphanta!

Diaphanta
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.

Exeunt Diaphanta and Alsemero. Enter De Flores

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, a hundred, a 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 sepulchre,
Must I needs show it? Cannot I keep that secret
And serve my turn upon him? See, he’s here!

**De Flores**

Ha, I shall run mad with joy!
She called me fairly by my name, De Flores,
And neither rogue nor rascal!

**Beatrice**

What ha’you done
To your face a-late? Y’have met with some good
physician,
Y’have prun’d yourself, methinks, you were not wont
To look so amorously.

**De Flores**

Not I.
’Tis the same physnomy, to a hair and pimple,
Which she call’d scurvy, scarce and 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.
Faugh, ’tis but the heat of the liver, I perceiv’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. 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 De Flores!

De Flores

How’s that?
She calls me hers already, my De Flores!
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
For ever 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, De Flores?
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 employ'd
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 angel's 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?

**Beatrice**

Then I throw all my fears upon thy service.

**De Flores**

They ne'er shall rise to hurt you.

**Beatrice**

When the deed's done
I'll furnish thee with all things for thy flight.
Thou may'st live bravely in another country.
De Flores  Ay, ay, we’ll talk of that hereafter.
Beatrice       I shall rid myself
Of two inveterate loathings at one time,
        Piracquo, and his dog-face.

Exit Beatrice—Joanna

De Flores  Oh my blood!
Methinks I feel her in mine arms already,
Her wanton fingers combing out this beard
And being pleas’d, praising this bad face.
Hunger and pleasure, they’ll commend sometimes
Slovenly dishes and feed heartily on ’em.
Nay, which is stranger, refuse daintier for ’em.
Some women are odd feeders. I’m too loud.
Here comes the man goes supperless to bed,
Yet shall not rise tomorrow to his dinner.

Enter Alonzo

Alonzo  De Flores.
De Flores  My kind, honourable lord?
Alonzo    I am glad I ha’ met with thee.
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  Push! That shall be no hindrance.
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 De Flores.
De Flores  He’s safely thrust upon me beyond hopes.

Exeunt
Scene 6 (Act3 Sc1/2)
The Castle. A clock strikes one

Enter Alonzo and De Flores

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 keep.

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 say’st true.

De Flores Pray let me help your lordship.

Alonzo ’Tis done. Thanks, kind De Flores.

De Flores Here are hooks, my lord,
To hang such things on purpose.

Alonzo Lead, I’ll follow thee.

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 awhile upon that object.

Alonzo Here’s rich variety, De Flores.

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 keep before you.
There you may dwell awhile.

Alonzo I am upon’t.

De Flores And so am I.
Alonzo De Flores! Oh, De Flores!

What 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.

Alonzo dies

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

Scene 7 (Act3 Sc3 contd)

The Madhouse

Enter Isabella and Lollio

Isabella I am grown so weary of this prison
That I’ll put on the manner of the house
And turn madwoman. If the body’s cribb’d
There’s liberty in wit that wanders free.

Lollio Nay, mistress, we have whips to bring the wanderers home.

Isabella Alas, poor creatures!

Lollio Thoughts must be confin’d, they’ll breed mischief abroad. Nay, mistress, ’twere wiser to play the fool than turn madwoman.

Isabella Sirrah!

Lollio You shall be fool’d by another awhile. 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 nigget. 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 am none of thy cousins, fool.

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

Madmen [off] Bounce, bounce, he falls, he falls!

Isabella Hark you, your scholars in the lower room
Are out of order.

Lollio Must I come amongst you there? Keep you the fool, mistress. I’ll go and play left-handed Orlando amongst the madmen ...
Peace, or the whip!

Exit

Antonio ’Tis opportuneful now, sweet lady! Nay, Cast no amazed 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 scrutinious 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 nought 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 the nearest To tread the Galaxia to my star.

Isabella Profound withal! Certain, you dream’d of this. Love never taught it waking.
Take no acquaintance
Of these outward follies. There is within
A gentleman that loves you.

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.

Enter Lollio

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

How do you like the fool, mistress?

Passing well, sir.

Is he not witty, pretty well for a fool?

If he hold on as he begins, he is like
To come to something.

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?

Five times six is six times five.

What arithmetician could have answered better? How
many is one hundred and seven?

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

This is no wit to speak on. Will you be rid of the fool
now?

By no means, let him stay a little.

Catch there, catch the last couple in hell!

Again? Must I come amongst you?

I live in pain now. That shooting eye will burn my
heart to cinders!

Why then, the whip! My poison comes forth!

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

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

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.

Enter Lollio above

Isabella        Take heed, there’s giants keep ’em.
Lollio          How now, fool, are you good at that? Have you read
Lipsius? He’s past ‘Ars Armandi’. 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,
Meet and retire, retire and meet again.
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!
Madman 1        (off) Fire, it burns in my belly! Quench it, quench it!
Madman 2        (off) Bring hooks, buckets, ladders!
Madwoman        (off) Fire dances on my tongue, taste it, sirrah!
Madman 1        (off) He’ll couple with you at barley-brake …
Antonio         What fear are these?
Isabella        Of fear enough to part us.
Yet they are 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.

Enter Lollio

Antonio         These are no danger.
Isabella        But here’s a large one.
Antonio         He, he, that’s fine sport indeed, cousin.
Lollio          I would my master were come home, ’tis too much for
one shepherd to govern two of these flocks. Nor can I believe that one
churchman can instruct two benefices at once. There will be some
incurable mad of the one side, and very fools on the other. Come Tony.

**Antonio**  Prithee, cousin, let me stay here still.

**Lollio**  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.

*Exit Lollio and Antonio*

**Isabella**  Here the restrained current might make a 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.

*Enter Lollio*

**Lollio**  How does 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 fool’s flesh, have at thee!

**Isabella**  You bold slave, you!

**Lollio**  I could follow now as t’other fool did: ‘What should I fear, Having all joys about me? Do you smile And love shall play the wanton on your lip, Meet and retire, retire and meet again. Look you but cheerfully and in your eyes I shall behold my own deformity And dress myself up fairer. I know this shape Becomes me not - ’ 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 has a thing about thee would do a man pleasure, I’ll lay my hand on’t.

**Isabella**  Sirrah, no more! I see you have discover’d 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.
Lollio  My share, that’s all. I’ll have my fool’s part with you.
Isabella  No more – your master!

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 Vermandro’s, our castle-captain,
There is a nuptial to be solemnis’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 fag
Of all the revels, the third night from the first.
Only an unexpected passage over
To make a frightful pleasure, that is all,
But not the all I aim at. Could we so act it,
To teach it in a wild distracted measure,
Though out of form and figure, breaking time’s head,
It were no matter, they’d be heal’d again
In one age or other, if not in this.
This, this, Lollio, there’s a good reward begun
And will beget a bounty, be it done.

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 Lollio, thou giv’st me a good reason
And a comfort in it.
Isabella  Y’have 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.

Exit Alibius
Scene 8 (Act3 Sc4)
The Castle

Enter Vermandero, Alsemero, Jasperino and Beatrice-Joanna

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.

Alsemero      I hear the beauty of this seat largely.

Vermandero    It falls much short of that.

Exeunt Vermandero, Alsemero and Jasperino

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 darken’d 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.

Enter De Flores

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      De Flores.

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 loath 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 applied. 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, De Flores, ’tis not given
   In state of recompense.
De Flores    No, I hope so, lady.
   You should soon witness my contempt to’t then.
Beatrice    Prithée, 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 resolved 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, De Flores?
De Flores  Do you place me in the rank of verminous fellows
          To destroy things for wages? Offer gold?
          The life blood of man! Is anything
          Valu’d 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.
Beatrice  How now, sir?
          This shows not well.
De Flores  What makes your lip so strange?
          This must not be betwixt 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, De Flores, of forgetfulness. 'Twill soon betray us.

De Flores: Take you heed first. Faith, y’are grown much forgetful, y’are to 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 it? 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 deed’s creature. By that name
You lost your first condition and, I challenge you,
That peace and innocency has turn’d you out,
And made you one with me.

**Beatrice**

With thee, foul villain?

**De Flores**

Yes, my fair murd’ress, 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**

De Flores!

**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 follow’d 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 for ever in this yielding.
'Las how the turtle pants! Thou’lt love anon
What thou so fear’st and faint’st to venture on.

Exeunt
Part Two

Scene 9 (Act4 Sc1)

Alicante. The Cathedral

Beatrice-Joanna and Alsemero kneel at the altar at the end of their wedding, watched by Vermandero and his household. As Beatrice and Alsemero lead out, De Flores presents Beatrice with a bouquet ...

Beatrice
This fellow has undone me endlessly.
Never was bride so fearfully distress’d.
The more I think upon the ensuing night
And whom I am to cope with in embraces -
One that’s ennobled both in blood and mind,
So clear in understanding (that’s my plague now),
Before whose judgement will my fault appear
Like malefactors’ crimes before tribunals,
There is no hiding on’t - the more I dive
Into my own distress.

Alsemero takes Beatrice-Joanna’s hand and leads her away. The company salutes them

Scene 10 (Act4 Sc2)

The Castle

Enter Vermandero with an Officer

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

Officer
Antonio, sir, and Franciscus.

Vermandero
When did they leave the castle?

Officer
Some ten days since, sir, the one intending to Briamata,
th’other for Cartagena.

Vermandero
The time accuses ’em. 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 ’em suddenly and either wipe
The stain off clear or openly discover it.
Provide me winged warrants for the purpose.
Officer I will, sir. 

Vermandero See, I am set on again.

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 prepared morning
Blushed 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.

Exit Vermandero and Officer

Tomazo The best is,
There is more ground to meet a man’s revenge on.

Enter De Flores

Tomazo Honest De Flores!

De Flores That’s my name indeed.
Saw you the bride? Good sweet sir, which way took she?

Tomazo I have bless’d 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 most ladies are, else you might think
I flatter’d her. But, sir, at no hand wicked
Till th’are so old their chins and noses meet
And they salute witches. I am call’d, I think, sir.
His company e’en o’erlays my conscience.

Exit De Flores

Tomazo

That De Flores has a wondrous honest heart.
He’ll bring it out in time, I am assur’d on’t.

Exit Tomazo

Scene 11 (Act4 Sc1 contd)

The
Castle
Beatrice-Joanna

Beatrice

There’s no venturing
Into his bed, what course soe’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 coffer,
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 chest it is,
Set round with vials, every one her mark too.
Sure he does practise physic for his own use.

[Picking up a book] ‘The Book of Experiment,
‘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 here, 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 tell whether a woman be a maid or not.’
If that should be applied, what would become of me?
Belike he has strong faith of my purity,
That never yet made proof. This he calls

‘A merry, slight, but true experiment, the author Antonius Mizaldus. Give the party you suspect the quantity of a spoonful of the water in 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.

Enter Diaphanta

Diaphanta Cuds, madam, are you here?
Beatrice Seeing that wench now, ’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 would’st 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 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 shamed else,
          Because she lies for me.

Diaphanta  ’Tis a strange humour.
Beatrice  As willingly as live. 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 and 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  Than 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  I’ll come to you straight.
Beatrice goes to the coffer

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.

Diaphanta

And in so doing

I will not question what ’tis, but take it.

Beatrice

Now if the experiment be true, ’twill praise itself

And give me noble ease. [Diaphanta gapes] Begins

already,

There’s the first symptom. And what haste it makes

To fall into the second, [Diaphanta sneezes] 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 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 burden.

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*

**Scene 12** (Act4 Sc3)  
The Madhouse  
*Enter Isabella and Lollio*

**Isabella**  Oh heaven! Is this the waxing 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, not our mad, mute poet?

**Isabella**  Compare his inside with his out, and tell me.

*She gives him a letter*

**Lollio**  The out’s mad, I’m sure of that, I had a taste on’t. ‘To the bright Andromeda, chief chambermaid to the Knight of the Sun, at the sign of the Scorpio, in the middle region, sent by the bellows mender of Aeolus. 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 judgement a true and faithful lover of your beauty.’

**Lollio**  Rogue!

**Isabella**  ‘I come in winter to you, dismantl’d of my proper ornaments. Oh lady, they have left me naked, and so tormented me that I fear my flesh will melt into the madman’s vizard. You may make me whole again. By the sweet splendour of your cheerful smiles’ –

**Lollio**  He is mad still.

**Isabella**  ‘I spring and live a lover. 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 your 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, Lollio.
If I do fall –

**Lollio** I fall upon you.

**Isabella** So. I see I must learn from our young gallants, who make themselves mad to make themselves free. The key to the lower door, sirrah.

**Lollio** Nay, Mistress, if you enter there you shall not come out again with your wits about you.

**Isabella** Then you were made mad long ago. Render me the key or I will render your master a true account of your stewardship.

**Lollio** I care nought for that.

**Isabella** Do but think on. “Come, sweet rogue. Kiss me, my little Lacedemonian …”

**Lollio** Have your will then.

**Isabella** Take thou no further notice than the outside. 

Exit Isabella

**Lollio** Not an inch, I’ll put you to the inside.

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.

Lollio    What’s that on your face, sir?
Alibius    Where, Lollio? I see nothing.
Lollio    Cry you mercy, sir, ’tis your nose. It show’d like the
trunk of a young elephant.
Alibius    Away, rascal. I’ll prepare the music, Lollio.
Lollio    Do, sir, and I’ll dance the whilst.

Exeunt severally

Scene 13 (Act4 Sc2)
The Castle
Enter Tomazo

Tomazo    My welcome festers here, I am become
A kind of chancre. But to look on me
Should fright pleasure and drive mirth out a’doors.

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 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 am 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.

*Exit Tomazo*

**Alsemero**

’Tis somewhat ominous this - a quarrel enter’d
Upon this day. My innocence relieves me.

*Enter Jasperino*

I should be wondrous sad else. 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 De Flores
Louder than she.

**Alsemero**

De Flores? 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.

Alsemoro: Such truths are.

Jasperino: Oh, were she the sole glory of the earth, Had eyes that could shoot fire into king’s 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.

Alsemoro: Done charitably.

Jasperino: Fetch from my coffer a glass inscrib’d there With the letter M. It is a pretty Secret by a Chaldean taught me And question not my purpose.

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.

Alsemoro: 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.

Alsemoro: The dove’s not meeker. She’s abus’d, questionless.

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

Jasperino: Sir, this is M.

Alsemoro: ’Tis it.

Beatrice: I am suspected.

Jasperino: 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 them handsomely.
Alsemero    It has that secret virtue, it ne’er miss’d, sir,
             Upon a virgin.
Jasperino    Treble qualitied?
             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.

*Exeunt*

**Scene 14** (Act4 Sc3 contd)

The Madhouse

*Enter Lollio*

Lollio      Tony, where art thou, Tony?
             Enter Antonio

Antonio    Who is it calls?
Lollio      You know your keeper.
Antonio    Nay, there are other voices in other rooms. I am
             summon’d for some purpose, I know not what.
Lollio      Enough of that. 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, fa, la la, la la.

Antonio  Fa, la la, la la.

Lollio  There, an honour.

Antonio  Is this an honour, coz?

Lollio  Yes, an’ it please your worship.

Antonio  Does honour bend in the hams, coz?

Lollio  Marry does it. As low as worship, squireship, nay, yeomanry itself sometimes, from whence it first stiffen’d. There rise, a caper.

Antonio  Caper after an honour, coz?

Lollio  Very proper, for honour is but a caper, rises as fast and high, has a knee or two, and falls to th’ground again. You can remember your figure, Tony?

Exit Lollio

Antonio  Yes, cousin. When I see thy figure, I can remember mine.

Antonio dances. Enter Isabella like a madwoman

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 cancell’d these eighteen moons. He’s down, he’s down, what a terrible fall he had. Stand up, thou son of Cretan Daedalus, 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?
About thy head I saw a heap of clouds,
Wapp’d like a Turkish turban. On thy back
A crooked chameleon-colour’d rainbow hung
Like a tiara down unto thy hams.
Let me suck out those billows in thy belly.
Hark how they roar and rumble in the straits!
Bless thee from the pirates!

Antonio  Pox upon you, let me alone.

Isabella  Why should’st thou mount so high as Mercury,
Unless thou had’st 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.  
Exit Isabella. 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. My brain is full of echoes  
That call me to mischief. 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. But  
come, sir, I can give you comfort yet. My mistress loves you - truly loves  
you – I have her word upon’t.

Antonio Her word?

Lollio Aye, sir. Who else should share the secrets of her heart  
but Lollio. But I must tell you there is as arrant a madman i’th’house as  
you are a fool, your rival, whom she loves not. If before the masque at  
Vermandero’s 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. (Making to exit) I have a good  
quarrel on’t.

Lollio No! Keep your old station yet and be quiet.
Antonio: Tell her I will deserve her love.  

Exit Antonio

Lollio: And you are like to have your desire.

Enter Franciscus

Lollio: This is t’other counterfeit. I’ll put him out of his humour. ‘Sweet lady, having now cast off this counterfeit cover of a madman, I appear to your best judgement a true and faithful lover of your beauty.’ This is pretty well for a madman.

Franciscus: I am discover’d to the fool.

Lollio: I hope to discover the fool in you, ere I have done with you. ‘Yours all, or one beside himself, Franciscus.’ 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. 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 handl’d 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: Take for thy pains past.

Lollio: I shall deserve more, sir, I hope. My mistress loves you — truly 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? I will furnish you with a sword.

Franciscus: Do, Lollio, and I will furnish you with its weight in coin. 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
fool’s coat well-favour’dly, and ’tis well.

Franciscus    Soundly, soundly.

Lollio        You must take him before the masque goes forth. I’ll
bring him to you. In, in.

    Exit Franciscus

If my mistress do but make more men mad, I shall soon grow more
prosperous than my master.

    Here is a law can never be gainsaid:
    Madhouse or stew, the keeper shall be paid.

    Exit Lollio

Scene 15    (Act5 Sc1)

    The Castle

    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.

    A clock strikes two
    Hark, by my horrors,
    Another clock strikes two.

    Enter De Flores

Beatrice    De Flores?
De Flores    Ay. Is she not come from him yet?
Beatrice    As I am a living soul, not.
De Flores    Sure the devil
Has 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 an apothecary’s daughter,
Would have fallen off before eleven and thank’d you too.

**Beatrice**
Oh me, not yet? This whore forgets herself.

**De Flores**
The rascal fares so well. Look, y’are undone,
The day-star, by this hand. See Phosphorous plain yonder.

**Beatrice**
Advise me now to fall upon some ruin.
There’s no counsel safe else.

**De Flores**
Peace, I ha’t now.
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 my reach. I’ll set some part a-fire
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 affrights 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 despatch 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.

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.

Exit De Flores

Beatrice

Who’s that, De Flores? 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.
This night hath been so tedious. Oh, this strumpet!
Had she a thousand lives, he should not leave her
Till he had destroy’d the last.

A clock strikes three

List, oh my terrors,
Three struck by Saint Sebastian’s!

De Flores

[within] Fire, fire, fire!

Beatrice

Already? How rare is that man’s speed!
How heartily he serves me! His face loathes one
But look upon his care, who would not love him?
The east is not more beauteous than his service.

De Flores

[entering] Fire, fire, fire!

Servants and others, including Alsemero, enter

De Flores

Away, despatch! Hooks, buckets, ladders! That’s well

said!

Servants and others exeunt

The fire-bell rings, the chimney works. My charge,
The piece is ready.

Exit De Flores

Beatrice

Here’s a man worth loving!

Enter Diaphanta

Oh, y’are a jewel!

Diaphanta

Pardon frailty, madam.
In troth I was so well, I even 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.

*Exit Diaphanta*

*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 dangerous.

**Beatrice**

Think you so, sir?

**Alsemero**

I prithee, tremble not. Believe me, ’tis not.

*Enter Vermandero*

**Vermandero**

Oh, bless my house and me.

**Alsemero**

My lord, your father.

*Enter De Flores with a piece*

**Vermandero**

Knave, whither goes that piece?

**De Flores**

To scour the chimney.

*Exit De Flores*

**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 of 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.

Alas, 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 countenanced
But in her chamber negligent and heavy.
She ’scap’d a mine twice.

**Vermandero** Twice?

**Beatrice** Strangely twice, sir.

**Vermandero** Those sleepy sluts are dangerous in a house,
And they be ne’er so good.

---

*Enter De Flores*

**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!

**Alsemereo** 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.

---

*Enter Officer*

**Officer** 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 stifl’d.

**Beatrice** De Flores, 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.

**Alsemereo** 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.
De Flores, call upon me.

Alsemero
And upon me, sir.

Exeunt Vermandero, Alsemero, Beatrice, Servant

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

Scene 16  (Act5 Sc2)
The Castle

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 (who’er he be) the murderer
Of my most worthy brother. Ha, what’s he?

De Flores passes through
Oh, the fellow that some call honest De Flores.
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,
He would go near to poison any weapon
That should draw blood upon him. One must resolve
Never to use that sword again in fight
In way of honest manhood, that strikes him.
Some river must devour it, ’twere not fit
That any man should find it. What, again?

Enter De Flores
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 breathe upon me?

Tomazo strikes De Flores
De Flores  A blow?

De Flores draws his sword

Tomazo  Yea, are you so prepar’d?
I’ll rather like a soldier die by th’sword
Than like a politician by thy poison.

Tomazo draws his sword

De Flores  Hold, my lord, as you are honourable.

Tomazo  All slaves that kill by poison are still cowards.

De Flores  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.
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.

Exit De Flores

Tomazo  All league with mankind I renounce for ever,
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.

Enter Vermandero, Alibius and Isabella

Vermandero  Noble Piracquo!

Tomazo  Pray keep on your way, sir,
I’ve nothing to say to you.

Vermandero  Comforts bless you, sir.

Tomazo  I have forsworn compliment. In troth I have, sir.
As you are merely man I have not left
A good wish for you, nor any here.

Vermandero  Unless you be so far in love with grief
You will not part from’t upon any terms,
We bring that news will make a welcome for us.

Tomazo  What news can that be?

Vermandero  Throw no scornful smile
Upon the zeal I bring you, ’tis worth more, sir.
Two of the chiefest men I kept about me
I hide not from the law, or your just vengeance.
Tomazo

Ha?

Vermandero

To give your peace more ample satisfaction,
Thank these discoverers.

Tomazo

If you bring that calm,
Name but the manner I shall ask forgiveness in
For that contemtuous smile upon you.
I’ll perfect it with reverence that belongs
Unto a sacred altar.

Vermandero

Good sir, rise.
Why, now you overdo as much a’ this hand
As you fell short a’ other. Speak, Alibius.

Alibius

’Twas my wife’s fortune (as she is most lucky
At a discovery) to find out lately
Within our hospital of fools and madmen
Two counterfeits slipp’d in amongst us,
Their names Franciscus and Antonio.

Vermandero

Both mine, sir, and I ask no favour for ’em.

Alibius

Now that which draws suspicion to their intent -
The time of their deception agrees justly
With the day of the murder.

Tomazo

O blest revelation!

Vermandero

Nay more, nay more, sir, I’ll not spare mine own
In way of justice. They both feign’d a journey,
One to Briamata, one to Cartagena.
My love was so abus’d in’t.

Tomazo

Time’s too precious
To run in waste now. You have brought a peace
The riches of five kingdoms could not purchase.
Be my most happy conduct. I thirst for ’em.
Like subtle lightning will I wind about ’em
And melt their marrow in ’em.

Exeunt

Scene 17

The Madhouse

Enter Lollio

Lollio

’Tis the pleasure of the world at large to admire our fools
and madmen. Lollio’s pleasure shall be to admire the folly of the world.
My master is abroad and this the time appointed for my two gallants to
meet. The coin I have cozen’d from 'em is as witty as any man’s, with as
keen an apprehension for purchasing pleasure. Here comes one of my
bankers. Holla, Tony!

Enter Antonio

Antonio Where is my promis’d rival, Lollio?
Lollio Why Tony, are ye still a fool? Y’are not provided.
Antonio You had charge of my sword, Lollio.
Lollio And you may buy it of me again.

Antonio gives him money

Deeper, Tony, deeper. ’Tis a blade fit to grace a magnifico. Only look on
it.

Antonio gives him more money. Lollio gives him the sword

Now this looks like gallantry. Here comes t’other.

Enter Franciscus with sword

Franciscus I am ready for my rival, Lollio. What, Antonio?
Antonio Franciscus!
I do stand in favour, you in contempt.
You must yield your place or yield up your life.

Franciscus You are a fool in truth.
You are despis’d by her that you adore.
Antonio You are as mad as any here to think so!
Lollio Is this the way of gallantry? Your swords shrink into
their scabbards while ye talk. To’t, now, to’t. Lollio shall attend each.

Franciscus ’Tis not the custom.
Lollio Custom, sirs?
Antonio You must serve one or you must serve none.
Lollio Come, gentlemen, we are in a madhouse, all such
ceremony is forfeit. Which e’er shall live shall enjoy my service. To’t, I
say, to’t. Fool or madman, I care not which one is breach’d. Both would
be tumbling my mistress and now must fall for it. By combat, or by th’
gallows – ’tis all one to Lollio. Prick on, my masters, prick on.

Antonio and Franciscus fight and Antonio falls

Thrust home, sir. Do, do do!

Enter Vermandero, Alibius, Isabella, Tomazo, Pedro and Officer

Vermandero Hold! He that stirs shall on the instant die.
Arrest these murderers.

Pedro He has kill’d my poor cousin.

Isabella See how he bleeds.
Alibius: Oh Lollio -
Lollio: Master, they would have mounted your lady. This was but a ploy to draw th’ heat from ’em.
Alibius: Hush, villain! What do you hear?
Lollio: I, master? What wish you me to hear?
Alibius: My madmen, villain, that were wont to call me, Each cry a comfort to me. All silent.

Exit Alibius

Vermandero: This fellow is moonsick, mad as those he treats.
Antonio: I have been struck near to th’heart, lady.
Vermandero: You, sirrah, are not yet for death, that’s a mercy You may not hope for. Ere then you will die A thousand separate deaths.

Franciscus: ’Twas a quarrel fairly fought, my lord. All’s even.
Vermander: The vizard falls away, what lies beneath Is corrupted. To look on is to be infected. I have harbour’d poison, now it shall be purg’d.
Isabella: Your honour, I dare avouch this man Hath no more harm in him than may be bred In a fond and foolish heart.

Vermandero: Damnable. He was condemn’d from your own lips. This turning looks ill. You may be his whore.
Isabella: Call me not whore, I am a city wife. I shall speak the truth for all your fury.
Vermandero: My fury has been sleeping, now it stirs. You have wak’d the tiger.

Tomazo: A moment, sir. I am ow’d a brother’s life. The debt must here be paid.
Vermandero: Delay your vengeance, sir. Ere it is slak’d These traitors must to direst tortures yield. A legion of torments – the rack, the whip, What ill man can devise, that shall we do, ’Til each particular of their crime be told.

Franciscus: What crime, my lord? A cry from within. Enter Alibius

Alibius: Oh wife, oh Lollio. Gone, all gone. All my charges vanish’d. Not one lunatic left make your masque, sire. Our credit’s gone.
Antonio: ’Twas I, in pity of the souls who suffer here. The fool has from his keeper filch’d the key
To spite this house and set its inmates free.
Of other wrong I am blameless, my lord.

Alibius

Worse than murder. Oh, damned creature! Let him be hang’d.

Vermandero

Convey the prisoners hence. For those in error
Our justice shall be swift and full of terror.

Alibius

Too late, we are all undone.
The madness that was fetter’d in this house.
Is now abroad, sirs. It is abroad!

Exeunt all except Alibius and Lollio

Scene 18 (Act5 Sc3)
The Castle

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.

Exit Jasperino

Alsemero

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

Enter Beatrice

Beatrice

Alsemero!

Alsemero

How do you do?

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 upon 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 reconcilement else 'Twixt you and your despite, your rancorous loathing, De Flores? He that your eye was sore at sight of, He’s now become your arm’s supporter, your Lips’ saint!

Beatrice  Is there the cause?
Alsemero  

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 murd’ress.

Alsemero  

Ha?

Beatrice  

A bloody one.  

I have kissed poison for’t, stroked 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 should’st 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 murder’d carcasses. It must ask pause
What I must do in this. Meantime you shall
Be my prisoner only. Enter my closet.

Exit Beatrice

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

Enter De Flores

This same fellow has put me in. De Flores!

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, De Flores?
De Flores    Blood? No sure, ’twas washed 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 perceived, 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 in to her, sir.

Exit De Flores

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.
Clip your adult’ress freely, ’tis the pilot
Will guide you to the Mare Mortuam
Where you shall sink to fathoms bottomless.

Enter Vermandero, Tomazo, Antonio, Franciscus, Pedro,
the Officer and Isabella

Vermandero  Oh, Alsemero, I have a wonder for you.
Alsemero    No, sir, ’tis 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.
Vermandero  You’ll hear me, these mine own servants –
Alsemero    Hear me. Those nearer than your servants,
            That shall acquit them and prove them guiltless.
Franciscus  That may be done with easy truth, sir.
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.
Beatrice    [within] Oh, oh!
De Flores   [within] Nay, I’ll along for company. Oh!
Vermandero  What horrid sounds are these?
Alsemero    Come forth, you twins of mischief.

Enter De Flores 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, this broken rib of mankind.

Vermandero  An host of enemies enter’d 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 cozen’d on the nuptial night
For which your false bride died.

Alsemero  Diaphanta!

De Flores  Yes. And the while I coupl’d with your mate
At barley-brake. Now we are left in hell.

Vermandero  We are all there. It circumscribes here.

De Flores  I loved this woman in spite of her heart
Her love I earn’d out of Piracquo’s murder.

Tomazo  My brother lov’d her. For this he was slain?

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.

Beatrice  Forgive me, Alsemero, all forgive.
’Tis time to die when ’tis a shame to live.

Vermandero  Oh, my name is enter’d 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.
          Sir, you are sensible of what truth has done.

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  Sir, you have yet a son’s duty living.
         Please you accept it. Let that your sorrow
         As it goes from your eye, go from your heart.
         Man and his sorrow at the grave must part.

End of Play