

The Changeling



by **Thomas Middleton & William Rowley**

a version by
Dominic Power

stf | Shakespeare at
the Tobacco Factory

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All enquiries about performing rights should be addressed to:

Andrew Mann Literary Agency

39 - 41 North Road

London

N7 9DP

info@andrewmann.co.uk

+44 (0) 20 7609 6218

Production

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

Cast

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

Production

Director	-	Andrew Hilton
Set & Costume Designer	-	Andrea Montag
Costume Supervisor	-	Jane Tooze
Lighting Designer	-	Paul Towson
Composer	-	John Telfer
Sound Designer	-	Dan Jones
Fight Director	-	Kate Waters

Stage & Technical Management

Production Manager	-	Clive Stevenson
Stage Managers	-	Hazel Doherty & Pauline Skidmore
Technical Stage Manager	-	Christian Wallace

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

1st Servant and Officer - Richard Corgan

production

Set Re-Design - Vicki Cowan-Ostensen
Costume Supervisor - Kate Whitehead
Prosthetics Designer - Denise Baron

stage & technical management

Production Manager - Adam Carrée
Assistant Stage Manager - Jayne Byrom

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 He's much
Bound to you, sir.

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

Beatrice 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?

Beatrice drops a glove

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, Lollo and Franciscus

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

- Alibius** Lollo, I must trust thee with a secret,
 But thou must keep it.
- Lollo** 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.
 Lollo, I have taken a wife.
- Lollo** 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 Lollo. That knowledge
 I allow no man can be barr'd it.
 But there is a knowledge which is nearer,
 Deeper and sweeter, Lollo.
- Lollo** Well, sir, let us handle that between you and I.
- Alibius** 'Tis that I go about, man. Lollo,
 My wife is young.
- Lollo** So much the worse to be kept a secret, sir.
- Alibius** Why, now thou meet'st the substance of the point.
 I am old, Lollo.
- Lollo** No, sir, I am old Lollo.
- Alibius** Yet why may not this concord and sympathise?
 Old trees and young plants often grow together,
 Well enough agreeing.
- Lollo** 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.

- Lollo** You must keep it on still then. If it but lie by, one or other will be thrusting into't.
- Alibius** Thou conceiv'st me, Lollo. Here thy watchful eye
Must have employment. I cannot always be
At home.
- Lollo** I dare swear you cannot.
- Alibius** I must look out.
- Lollo** 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.
- Lollo** I'll do my best, sir. Yet surely I cannot see who you
should have cause to be jealous of.
- Alibius** Thy reason for that, Lollo? 'Tis a comfortable question.
- Lollo** 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, Lollo.
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, Lollo.
- Lollo** 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.
- Lollo** And I'm sure she's no madman.
- Alibius** Hold that buckler fast, Lollo. My trust
Is on thee and I account it firm and strong.
What hour i'st, Lollo?
- Lollo** Towards belly-hour, sir.

Alibius Dinner time? Thou mean'st twelve o'clock?

Lollo 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, Lollo! 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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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!

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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!

- Lollo** I were best to try his wit a little, that I may know what form to place him in.
- Alibius** Ay, do, Lollo, do.
- Lollo** 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.
- Lollo** Good. And how many on both?
- Antonio** Two less than a deuce, cousin.
- Lollo** 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.
- Lollo** Forty in a day? How prove you that?
- Antonio** All that fall out amongst themselves and go to a lawyer to be made friends.
- Lollo** 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.
- Lollo** 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, Lollo.
- Lollo** 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!
- Lollo** 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.
- Lollo** 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, Lollo.

Lollo 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, Lollo, I'll to mine.

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

Alibius And remember my last charge, Lollo.

Exit Alibius

Lollo 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.

Lollo No, they shall not bite thee, Tony.

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

Lollo 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 relieve
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 exceptionous 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 Lollo

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

Lollo 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?

Lollo '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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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 Lollo with Franciscus, who bows to Isabella

Isabella Will he not speak?

Lollo His will cannot command his tongue.

Franciscus gives Lollo 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?

Lollo 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.

Lollo takes another paper from

Franciscus

"How sweetly she looks! Oh, but there's a wrinkle in her brow as deep as
 philosophy. Anacreon, drink to my mistress' health, I'll pledge it."

Franciscus scribbles again

Stay, stay, there's a spider in the cup! No 'tis but a grapestone.

Isabella He is distracted.

Lollo 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

Lollo 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.”

Lollo 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 Lollo

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

Lollo 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!

Lollo Hark, mistress, they are too free in their captivity. They must learn the law of the house. I am for you, you rogues.

*Exit
Lollo*

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 Piracquo 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.

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.
He removes his sword-belt
- 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 Lollo

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.

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

Isabella Alas, poor creatures!

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

Isabella Sirrah!

Lollo 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?

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

Antonio He, he, how do you, uncle?

Lollo 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.
Lollo 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.
Lollo 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 scrutinous sciences and, like
 A cunning poet, catches a quantity
 Of every knowledge, yet brings all home
 Into one mystery, into one secret
 That he proceeds in.
Isabella Y'are a parlous fool.
Antonio No danger in me. I bring 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.

- Antonio** Take no acquaintance
Of these outward follies. There is within
A gentleman that loves you.
- Isabella** When I see him
I'll speak with him. So in the meantime keep
Your habit, it becomes you well enough.
As you are a gentleman, I'll not discover you.
That's all the favour that you must expect.
When you are weary you may leave the school
For all this while you have but play'd the fool.
Enter Lollo
- Antonio** And must again. He, he, I thank you, cousin.
I'll be your valentine tomorrow morning.
- Lollo** How do you like the fool, mistress?
- Isabella** Passing well, sir.
- Lollo** Is he not witty, pretty well for a fool?
- Isabella** If he hold on as he begins, he is like
To come to something.
- Lollo** Ay, thank a good tutor. You may put him to't, he begins
to answer pretty hard questions. Tony, how many is five times six?
- Antonio** Five times six is six times five.
- Lollo** What arithmetician could have answered better? How
many is one hundred and seven?
- Antonio** One hundred and seven is seven hundred and one, cousin.
- Lollo** This is no wit to speak on. Will you be rid of the fool
now?
- Isabella** By no means, let him stay a little.
- Madman** *[off]* Catch there, catch the last couple in hell!
- Lollo** Again? Must I come amongst you?
- Madman** *[off]* I live in pain now. That shooting eye will burn my
heart to cinders!
- Lollo** Why then, the whip! My poison comes forth!
Exit Lollo
- Antonio** Why should a minute of love's hour be lost?
- Isabella** Fie, out again? I had rather you kept
Your other posture. You become not your tongue
When you speak from your clothes.
- Antonio** How can he freeze

Lives near so sweet a warmth? Shall I alone
Walk through the orchard of the Hesperides,
And cowardly not dare to pull an apple?
This with the red cheeks I must venture for.

Enter Lollo above

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

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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 Lollo

Antonio These are no danger.

Isabella But here's a large one.

Antonio He, he, that's fine sport indeed, cousin.

Lollo 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.

Lollo You must to your book, now you have play'd sufficiently.

Isabella Your fool is grown wondrous witty.

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

Exit Lollo 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 Lollo

Lollo How does thou, sweet rogue?

Isabella How now?

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

Isabella What's the matter?

Lollo Nay, if thou giv'st thy mind to fool's flesh, have at thee!

Isabella You bold slave, you!

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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. Lollo,
We have employment, we have task in hand.
At noble Vermandero's, our castle-captain,
There is a nuptial to be solemnized
(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, Lollo, there's a good reward begun
And will beget a bounty, be it done.

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

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

Isabella Y'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 Prithee, thou look'st as if thou wert offended.

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

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

De Flores I know so much. It were so, misery
In her most sharp condition.

Beatrice 'Tis resolved then.
Look you, sir, here's three thousand golden florins.
I have not meanly thought upon thy merit.

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.

Enter Tomazo

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,

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,
 A trick comes in my mind. 'Tis a nice piece
 Gold cannot purchase. I come hither, wench,
 To look my lord.

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

Beatrice There let him be.

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

Beatrice I fear thou art not modest, Diaphanta.

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

Beatrice Her joys? Her fears, thou 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
madam?

Do you mean good sooth,

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.
But are you serious still? Would you resign
Your first night's pleasure, and give money too?

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 Lollo

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.

Lollo No, not our mad, mute poet?

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

She gives him a letter

Lollo 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.'

Lollo 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' –

Lollo 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.'

Lollo 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.

Lollo One thing I must tell you, mistress: you perceive that I am privy to your skill. If I find you minister once and set up the trade, I

put in for my thirds. I shall be mad or fool else.

Isabella The first place is thine, believe it, Lollo. If I do fall –

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo I care nought for that.

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

Lollo Have your will then.

Isabella Take thou no further notice than the outside.

Exit Isabella

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

Enter Alibius

Alibius Lollo, art there? Will all be perfect, think’st thou? Tomorrow night, as if to close up the solemnity, Vermandero expects us.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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 Lollo, By the way, how does my wife brook her restraint? Does she not grudge at it?

Lollo 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.

Albius She shall along to Vermandero's with us.
That will serve her for a month's liberty.

Lollo What's that on your face, sir?

Albius Where, Lollo? I see nothing.

Lollo Cry you mercy, sir, 'tis your nose. It show'd like the trunk of a young elephant.

Albius Away, rascal. I'll prepare the music, Lollo.

Lollo 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
nothing.

All may prove
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.
- Alsemero** Such truths are.
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.
- Alsemero** Done charitably.
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.
- Jasperino** It shall be done, sir.
Exit Jasperino
- Alsemero** How can this hang together? Not an hour since,
Her woman came pleading her lady's fears,
Deliver'd her for the most timorous virgin
That ever shrunk at man's name, and so modest
She charg'd her weep out her request to me
That she might come obscurely to my bosom.
Enter Beatrice
- Beatrice** All things go well. My woman's preparing yonder
For her sweet voyage, which grieves me to lose.
Necessity compels it. I lose all else.
- Alsemero** Push, modesty's shrine is set in yonder forehead.
I cannot be too sure though. My Joanna!
- Beatrice** Sir, I was bold to weep a message to you.
Pardon my modest fears.
- Alsemero** The dove's not meeker.
She's abus'd, questionless.
Enter Jasperino with a glass
Oh, are you come, sir?
- Beatrice** The glass, upon my life! I see the letter.
- Jasperino** Sir, this is M.
- Alsemero** 'Tis it.
- Beatrice** I am suspected.
- Alsemero** How fitly our bride comes to partake with us!
- Beatrice** What is't, my lord?

Alsemero No hurt.

Beatrice Sir, pardon me,
I seldom taste of any composition.

Alsemero But this, upon my warrant, you shall venture on.

Beatrice I fear 'twill make me ill.

Alsemero Heaven forbid that.

Beatrice I'm put now to my cunning. Th'effects I know,
If I can now but feign them handsomely.

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

Jasperino Treble qualified?
Beatrice gapes, then sneezes

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

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

Beatrice Ha, ha, ha!
You have given me joy of heart to drink, my lord.

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

Beatrice What's the matter, sir?

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

Scene 14 (Act4 Sc3 contd)

The Madhouse
Enter Lollo

Lollo Tony, where art thou, Tony?
Enter Antonio

Antonio Who is it calls?

Lollo You know your keeper.

Antonio Nay, there are other voices in other rooms. I am
summon'd for some purpose, I know not what.

Lollo Enough of that. Come, Tony, the footmanship I taught
you.

Antonio I had rather ride, cousin.

Lollo 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.

Lollo There, an honour.

Antonio Is this an honour, coz?

Lollo Yes, an' it please your worship.

Antonio Does honour bend in the hams, coz?

Lollo 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?

Lollo 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 Lollo

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,
Wrapp'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

Lollo And you are like to have your desire.

Enter Franciscus

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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?

Lollo Your destiny, sir. You'll be hang'd for this trick, and another that I know.

Franciscus Art thou of counsel with thy mistress?

Lollo Next her apron strings.

Franciscus Give me thy hand.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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.

Lollo Well, I'll give you over then, and she shall cast your water next.

Franciscus Take for thy pains past.

Lollo 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.

Lollo That will not serve, you must meet her enemy and yours.

Franciscus He's dead already.

Lollo Will you tell me that and I parted but now with him? I will furnish you with a sword.

Franciscus Do, Lollo, and I will furnish you with its weight in coin. Show me the man.

Lollo 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.

Lollo 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 Lollo

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 countenanc'd
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!

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

Beatrice Now you tie me.
Were it my sister, now she gets no more.

Enter Officer

Vermandero How now?

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.

Alsemero Command it, sweetness.

Beatrice Which of you spied the fire first?

De Flores 'Twas I, madam.

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

Vermandero He shall be.
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

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

Lollo Why Tony, are ye still a fool? Y'are not provided.

Antonio You had charge of my sword, Lollo.

Lollo 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. Lollo gives him the sword

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

Enter Franciscus with sword

Franciscus I am ready for my rival, Lollo. 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!

Lollo Is this the way of gallantry? Your swords shrink into their scabbards while ye talk. To't, now, to't. Lollo shall attend each.

Franciscus 'Tis not the custom.

Lollo Custom, sirs?

Antonio You must serve one or you must serve none.

Lollo 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 Lollo. 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 Lollo -
- Lollo** 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?
- Lollo** 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 Lollo. 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 reconciliation 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?

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 Mortuum
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.

Dies

'Tis time to die when 'tis a shame to live.

Dies

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