

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

William Shakespeare

Adapted and edited by Paul Stebbings & Phil Smith for TNT theatre and
ADG Europe. Musical score by John Kenny.

For six performers:

Actor Petruchio

Actor Baptista

Actress Kate

Actress Bianca

Actor Lucentio

Actor Hortensio

Other roles Gremio, Grumio, Vincentio, Widow, Tailor, Curtis, Servant in final scene plus non-speaking roles of two Turkish soldiers and a Priest. Then Sly, Hostess, Lord, Page, Huntsman (in induction).

SCENE I. In an alehouse on a heath. A pub sign "The Shakespeare".

Enter SLY - Sly through audience – he appears to be a drunk. Lords singing in alehouse. M1 Auld Lang Syne.

SLY

I'll fix you, in faith!

LORD 2

A pair of stocks, you rogue!

SLY

The Slys are no rogues; look in
the chronicles; we came in with Richard the Conqueror.
Therefore paucas pallabris; let the world slide: sessa!

Hostess

You will pay for the glasses you have burst.

SLY

No, not a penny. Go by, St Jeron-in-ony-imy: go to thy cold
bed, and warm thee.

Hostess

I know my remedy; I must go fetch the
officer.

Exit

SLY

Officer, officer, officer. I'll answer him
by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come,
and kindly.

Falls asleep

Lord

What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

LORD 2

He breathes, my lord.

HOSTESS

Were he not warm'd with beer,
This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord

O monstrous beast! how like a swine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine image!
Sirs, I will make sport with this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And smiling servants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himself?

LORD 3

Believe me, my Lord, I think he would forget.

LORD 2

It would seem strange unto him when he waked.

Lord

Then take him up and manage you well the trick:
Carry him gently to the fairest chamber
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet:
Prepare him music ready when he wakes,
And if he chance to speak, I will straight

Say: 'What is it your honour will command?'
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
And you tell him of his hounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease:
Persuade him that he hath been lunatic;
And when he says he is, I'll say that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.

LORD 2

My lord, I warrant you we will play our part.

Lord

So each one to his duty when he wakes.

Some bear out SLY

Sir, go you and dress in all suits like a lady:
And duty to the drunkard let you do
With soft low tongue and lowly courtesy,
And say 'What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady and your humble wife
May show her duty and make known her love?'

HOSTESS

And then with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Let you shed tears –

LORD:

As being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restored to health.
See this dispatch'd with all the haste thou can.

I know the boy will well display the grace,
Voice, gait and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call this drunkard husband,
And how my man will stay themselves from laughter
When I do homage to this simple peasant. (*kicks Sly*)

Exeunt

SCENE II. *They lift Sly into a chair*

SLY

For God's sake, a pot of small beer.

LORD (*As butler*)

Will't please your lordship drink a cup of wine?

Will't please your honour taste of some conserves?

What fashion will your honour wear to-day?

SLY

I am Christopher Sly; call not me 'honour' nor
'lordship:' I ne'er drank wine in my life; and if
you give me any conserves, give me conserves of
beef: ne'er ask me what fashion I'll wear; for I
have no more coats than backs, no more stockings
than feet, nay, sometimes more feet than stockings, or such stockings
as my
toes look through the cloth.

Lord

Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man of such fam'ly,

Of such possessions and so high esteem,
Should be maddened with so foul a spirit!

SLY

What, would you make me mad? Am not I Christopher
Sly, old Sly's son of Burtonheath, by birth a
pedlar, by education a cardmaker, and now by present profession a
tinker?

Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if
she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence
on in debt for beer drunk, score me up for the
lyingest knave in Christendom. What!

LORD

O, this it is that makes your lady mourn!

O, this is it that makes your servants droops

Hence comes it that your fam'ly shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
Oh banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servant doth attend on thee.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays!

(M2 Donna Nobis)

Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

She was the fairest creature in the world.

SLY

Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak;
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed
And not a tinker nor Christopher Sly.

LORD

O, how I joy to see your wit restored!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream.

SLY

Phew fifteen years! by my faith, a goodly sleep.
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the finest beer.

LORD 2 (*Enters as woman*).

How fares my noble lord?

SLY

Marry, I fare well for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?

LORD 2

Here, noble lord: what is thy will with her?

SLY

Are you my wife and will not call me husband?
My men should call me 'lord:' I am your goodman.

LORD 2

My husband and my lord, my lord and husband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

SLY

I know it well. What must I call her?

Lord

Madam.

SLY

Alice madam, or Joan madam?

Lord

'Madam,' and nothing else: so lords
call ladies.

SLY

Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd
And slept above some fifteen year or more.

LORD 2

Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

SLY

'Tis much. Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you and come now to bed.

LORD 2

Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two,
For your doctors have expressly charged,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

SLY

Ay, it stands so that I would hardly
wait so long. But I would be loath to fall into
my dreams again: I will therefore wait in
in spite of the flesh and the blood.

LORD

Sir, frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.

SLY

Gis some more drink here! God's wounds, where's the barman!
And come, madam wife, sit by my side and let the world slip: we shall never be
younger.

(Drinks wine collapses into drunken sleep – LORDS exit).

(M3 "The smile" Sly taken by Renaissance Padua appears as in a dream.

M4 "Fine knacks for Ladie"s sung as Padua street created).

ACT I

SCENE I. Padua. A public place.

*(On a stool at a desk sits Lucentio all the time tempted to look behind him through
the window at the lively street).*

Enter LUCENTIO

LUCENTIO

Oh see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived in fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
Here let me breathe and haply institute
A course of learning and ingenious studies.
For I have left Pisa, which gave me being,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash to plunge him in the deep
And with knowledge seeks to quench his great thirst.

(tries to work but is distracted)

Mi perdonato, oh gentle scholar,
I am glad that I thus continue my resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good scholar, while I do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let me be no stoic nor stock, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's laws
That Ovid's loves be outcast and forgot:
Music and poetry use to quicken me;
Oh mathematics! and this metaphysics... *(throws books aside)*
No profit grows where is no pleasure taken:
(goes to window and abandons books)
But stay a while: what company is this?

(M5 "Woody Cock").

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO
LUCENTIO observes).*

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
Not to give away my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

GREMIO

[Aside] To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.
There, There, Hortensio, will you any wife?

KATHARINA

I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a whore of me amongst these mates?

HORTENSIO

Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mate for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

KATHARINA

I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
That wish it is not half way to my heart;
But if it were, doubt not my care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.

GREMIO (*Petruchio actor*)

From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

HORTENSIO

And me too, good Lord!

LUCENTIO

That girl is stark mad or wonderful forward.

But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behavior and sobriety.
Peace! I gaze my fill

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

KATHARINA

A pretty pearl! it is best I
Put finger in her eye, an she knows why.

BIANCA

Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to take and practise by myself.

LUCENTIO

Hark, I hear the goddess Minerva speak.

GREMIO

Signior Baptista, will you be so cruel?
Why will you lock Bianca up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of sister's tongue?

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:
Go in, Bianca:

Exit BIANCA (M6 reprise Woody Cock)

And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, my dear Sir,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither unto me.

And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. *Exit*

KATHARINA

Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What,
shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I
knew not what to take and what to leave, ha? *Exit*

GREMIO

She may go to the devil's wife: her gifts are so
good, here's none will have her. Farewell.

HORTENSIO

Signior Gremio: a word, I pray.
That we may yet again have access to our fair
mistress and be happy rivals for Bianca's love
So should we labour and effect one thing specially.

GREMIO

What's that, I pray?

HORTENSIO

Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GREMIO

A husband! a devil.

HORTENSIO

I say, a husband.

GREMIO

I say, a devil. Thinkest thou, my dear Sir, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

HORTENSIO

Tush man, there be good fellows in the world, if a man could but find them,
would take her with all faults, and money.

GREMIO

I had as soon take her with
this condition, to be whipped at the town square
every morning.

HORTENSIO

Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten
apples. But by helping Baptista's eldest daughter
to a husband we set his youngest free for a husband.

Sweet Bianca! Happy man
be his prize! He that runs fastest gets the wedding ring.
How say you, Signior Gremio?

GREMIO

I am agreed; and would I had given him the best
horse in Padua to begin his wooing that would
thoroughly woo Kate-

HORTENSIO

Wed Kate-

GREMIO

Bed Kate-

BOTH

And rid the
house of Kate!

GREMIO

Come on!

Exeunt

LUCENTIO (*alone*)

Oh Bianca.....

I pray, you, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
And now in plainness do confess to you,

I burn, I pine, I perish...for this young modest girl.
Bianca, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

But as I look'd so longly on the maid,
Perhaps I mark'd not what's the pith of all.

How her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

If I love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands:
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of Kate,
My love must live a maid at home;
Ah, me, what a cruel father's he!
But am I not advised, he took some care
To find Bianca schoolmasters to instruct her?

Ay, marry, now 'tis plotted. I have it!

I will be a schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's my device. It is: may it be done!

Lucentio shall indeed have Baptista's youngest daughter.

(M 7 March of Foot men on harpsichord – to M8 Sung La Battaglia

SEA BATTLE – Petruchio fights Turks – in an act of what looks like Piracy but although he succeeds militarily he loses gold in ocean. A couple of head are gained as trophies but the treasure chest is empty.

He bad temperedly leaves with the foot soldier Grumio).

PETRUCHIO:

The wind scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes. Come.

(M9 "Blow such wind" sung)

SCENE II. Padua.

PETRUCHIO

I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

GRUMIO

Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there man has
reused your worship?

PETRUCHIO

Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRUMIO

Knock you here, sir! why, sir, what am I, sir, that
I should knock you here, sir?

PETRUCHIO

Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.
ears

He wrings him by the

GRUMIO

Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

PETRUCHIO

Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO

HORTENSIO

How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio!
and my good friend Petruchio!

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?
'Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato,' may I say.

HORTENSIO

'Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor
mio Petruchio.' Rise, Grumio, rise: we will resolve this quarrel.

GRUMIO

Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin.
if this be not a lawful case for me to leave his
service, look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap
him soundly, sir.

PETRUCHIO

A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRUMIO

Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these
words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here,
knock me well, and knock me soundly'? And come you
now with, 'knocking at the gate'?

PETRUCHIO

Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
Why, this's a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,
Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio?
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua?

PETRUCHIO

Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home
Where small experience grows. But in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
For I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRUMIO

Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his
mind is: Why give him gold enough and marry him to
a puppet; or an old hag with ne'er a tooth in her head, though she have
as many diseases as fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss, when
money comes with wife.

HORTENSIO

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough and young and beautiful:
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,

Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and forward, so beyond all measure
That I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PETRUCHIO

Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect:
Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

HORTENSIO

Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO

I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her!

HORTENSIO

Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me and others more,
For none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharina the curst have got a husband.

GRUMIO

Katharina the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

HORTENSIO

Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her
And unsuspected catch her for myself.

GRUMIO

Here's such knavery! See, to trick the old folks,
how the young folks lay their heads together!

(exit M10 "Maying" sung music as set reveals Bianca singing and reading at her window, Gremio enters and watches her with lust – we see then Lucentio putting on disguise).

Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised

GREMIO *(Baptista actor)*

O, very well; I have perused the book.
Hark you, sir: I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, see that at any hand;
And see you read no other lectures to her:
You understand me: over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality, *(pays him)*
I'll mend it with a largess. Take your paper too,
And let me have them very well perfumed
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
To whom they go to. What will you read to her?

LUCENTIO

Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As firmly as yourself were there in place:
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
of love, unless you were a scholar, sir.

GREMIO

O this learning, what a thing it is!

LUCENTIO *(aside)*

O this old cock, what an ass he is!

HORTENSIO

God save you, Signior Gremio.

GREMIO

And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Know you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca:
And by good fortune I have lighted well

On this young man, well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

HORTENSIO

'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman:
A fine musician to instruct our mistress;
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

GREMIO

Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

HORTENSIO

Gremlio, 'tis now no time to fight for love:
Listen to me;

Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Will undertake to woo curst Katharina,
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

GREMIO

So said, so done, is well.
Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

PETRUCHIO

I know she is an irksome brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

GREMIO

O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange!
But if you have a stomach, to't i' God's name:
You shall have me assisting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?

PETRUCHIO

Will I live?

Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar?
Have I not heard great canon in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,

That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs.

HORTENSIO

For he fears none.

GREMIO

Hortensio, hark:
This gentleman is happily arrived,
For his own good and ours.

HORTENSIO

I promised you would be contributor
And bear his costs of wooing, whatsoe'er.

GREMIO

And so I will, provided that he win her.

PETRUCHIO

O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone. (*Produces contract that they sign*).

HORTENSIO

The motion's good indeed and be it so,
Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto.

Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I. Padua. A room in BAPTISTA'S house.

(*M11 Woody Cock Harp. scene change to inside*).

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA

BIANCA

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me;
That I disdain: but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my garment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

KATHARINA

Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom does thou love best?

BIANCA

Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATHARINA

Minion, you lie. Is it not Hortensio?

BIANCA

If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have
him.

KATHARINA

O then, perhaps, you fancy riches more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

BIANCA

Is it for him you do envy me so?
Nay then you jest, and now I well perceive
You have but jested with me all this while:
I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

KATHARINA

If that be jest, then all the rest was so. *Strikes her*

Enter BAPTISTA halting the music

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, dame! whence grows this insolence?
Katharina, stand aside. Poor girl! she weeps.
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
For shame, thou holding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATHARINA

Her silence taunts me, and I'll be revenged.

BAPTISTA

What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in.

Exit BIANCA

KATHARINA

What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day
And for your love to her lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge. *Exit*

BAPTISTA

Was ever a dear father thus grieved as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO in the habit of a mean man; PETRUCHIO,

GREMIO (*Hortensio actor*)

Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

BAPTISTA

Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.
God save you, gentlemen!

GREMIO *Presenting LUCENTIO*

Neighbour, this is a gift I freely give unto you, this young scholar,

that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning
in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other
in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray,
accept his service.

BAPTISTA

A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio.
Welcome, good Cambio.
Good Sir, show this gentleman
To my daughters; and tell them both,
This is a their tutor: bid them use him well. *Exit Gremio, with LUCENTIO*
But who comes here? God save you, Sir.

PETRUCHIO (*Enters*)

And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA

I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

PETRUCHIO

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behavior,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine, *Presenting HORTENSIO*
disguised

Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua/Verona/Rome

BAPTISTA

You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake.
But for my daughter Katharina, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PETRUCHIO

I see you do not mean to part with her,
Or else you like not of my company.

BAPTISTA

Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

PETRUCHIO

Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

BAPTISTA

I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.
Good Sir, you may go to my daughters; and tell them both,
You are their tutor: bid them use you well.
Exit HORTENSIO in disguise of tutor.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAPTISTA

After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

PETRUCHIO

And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let this contract be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either side.

BAPTISTA

Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

PETRUCHIO

Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA

Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broke

BAPTISTA

How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

HORTENSIO

For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAPTISTA

What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO

I think she'll sooner prove a soldier

PETRUCHIO

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

BAPTISTA

Well, go with me and be not so discomfited:
Proceed in practise with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns.
Signior Petruccio, will you go with us?
Then shall I send my daughter Kate to you.

PETRUCHIO

I pray you do. *Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO*
(*M 12 Wall revolves etc to see Lucentio teaching music to Bianca – this music counterpoints following scene*).

I will attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word;
I'll say she uttereth piercing eloquence:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay with her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns and when be married.
But here she comes; and now, Petruccio, speak. *Enter KATHARINA*
Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

KATHARINA

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharina that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO

You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all Kates, and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,

Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATHARINA

Moved! in good time: let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first
You were a moveable.

PETRUCHIO

Why, what's a moveable?

KATHARINA

A poor stool.

PETRUCHIO

Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

KATHARINA

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHARINA

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO

Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light--

KATHARINA

Too light for such an oaf as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PETRUCHIO

Should be! should--buzz!

KATHARINA

Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

PETRUCHIO

Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

KATHARINA

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO

My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

KATHARINA

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies,

PETRUCHIO

Who knows not where a wasp does
wear his sting? In his tail.

KATHARINA

In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO

Whose tongue?

KATHARINA

Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.

PETRUCHIO

What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

KATHARINA

That I'll try.

She strikes him

PETRUCHIO

I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

KATHARINA

So may you lose your arms:
If you strike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why then no arms.

PETRUCHIO

A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!

KATHARINA

What is your crest? a coxcomb?

PETRUCHIO

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATHARINA

No cock of mine.

PETRUCHIO

No, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

KATHARINA

Yet you are wither'd.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis with cares.

KATHARINA

I care not.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.

KATHARINA

I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

PETRUCHIO

No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.
'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers:

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will,
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk,
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.

KATHARINA

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO

It is improvised, from my mother-wit.

KATHARINA

A witty mother! With a witless son.

PETRUCHIO

Am I not wise?

KATHARINA

Yes; keep your wits warm.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharina, in thy bed.
Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, Will you, nill you, I will marry you.
Thou must be married to no man but me;
For I am he am born to tame you Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate
Conformable as other household Kates.
Here comes your father: never make denial;
I must and will have Katharina to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA,

BAPTISTA

Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO

How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, daughter Katharina! in your dumps?

KATHARINA

Call you me daughter? now, I promise you
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cup ruffian and a swearing Jack.

PETRUCHIO

Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her:
For she's not forward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together,
That on this Sunday is the wedding-day.

KATHARINA

I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

BAPTISTA

Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee
hang'd first.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still curse in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharina shall be fine.

BAPTISTA

I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

PETRUCHIO

Father, and wife, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings and things and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA severally

BAPTISTA

Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?

Faith, now I play a merchant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

The gain I seek is a quiet wedding.

ACT III

SCENE I. Padua. BAPTISTA'S house.

(Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA - Music M13 The Maying as round)

HORTENSIO

Teacher, forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Now give me leave to have my just rights;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much. *(Failed music teaching)*

LUCENTIO

Preposterous ass, that never read so far
To know the cause why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man
After his studies or his daily pain?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And when I pause, serve up your harmony.

HORTENSIO

Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

BIANCA

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:
I am no breeching scholar in the schools;
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
Take you your instrument, play you meanwhile;
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO

You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

LUCENTIO

That will be never: tune your instrument.

BIANCA

Where left we last?

LUCENTIO

Here, madam:
'Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.'

BIANCA

Construe them.

LUCENTIO

'Hic ibat Simois,' I am
Lucentio, 'hic est Sigeia tellus,' son unto Vincentio of Pisa,

'Hic steterat priami,' disguised thus to get your love;

'Regia celsa senis,' that we might
trick the old pantaloon, Gremio.

HORTENSIO

Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIANCA

O fie! That sound jars.

LUCENTIO

Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIANCA

Now let me see if I can construe it: 'Hic ibat Simois,' I know you not, 'hic est Sigeia tellus,' I trust you not; 'Hic steterat Priami,' take heed he hear us not, 'regia,' presume not, 'celsa senis,' despair not.

HORTENSIO

Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUCENTIO

All but the bass.

HORTENSIO

The bass is right; 'tis the base fool that jars.

Aside

How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the rogue doth court my love:
Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

BIANCA

In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

LUCENTIO

Mistrust it not *(M14 Amo sung duet)*

BIANCA

I must believe my master,

But let it rest. Now, Licio, to you:
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

HORTENSIO

You may go walk, and give me leave a while:
My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUCENTIO

Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,

Aside

And watch withal; for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

HORTENSIO

Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you the scale in a briefer sort.

BIANCA

Why, I learnt my simple scale long ago.

HORTENSIO

Yet learn the scale of Hortensio. *(M15 So Fa sung)*

BIANCA

[Reads] " The scale' I am, the ground of harmony,
'A re,' to Plead Hortensio's passion;
'B mi,' Bianca, take him for thy lord,
'C fa ut,' that loves with all affection:
'D sol re,' one clef, two notes have I:
'E la mi,' show pity, or I die."
Call you this the scale? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best. *(M16 reprise Woody Cock).*

Enter Baptista

Baptista

Bianca, I pray you leave your books
And help to dress your sister's chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

BIANCA

Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

Exit BIANCA

LUCENTIO

Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

Exit

HORTENSIO

But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love:
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble
To cast thy wandering eyes on every bait,
Seize thee that rogue: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will soon be sweethearts changing.

Exit

SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA (M17 oime el cuor sung)

BAPTISTA

This is the appointed day.
That Katharina and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? what mockery will it be,
To lack the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage!
What says all Padua to this shame of ours?

KATHARINA

No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be forced
To give my hand opposed against my heart
Unto a mad-brain rude rogue full of spleen;
Who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,
Make feasts, invite friends, and proclaim the day;
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now must the world point at poor Katharina,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!'

Would Katharina had never seen him though!

Exit weeping, followed by BIANCA and others

BAPTISTA

Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter Hortensio

HORTENSIO

News, news, old news, and such news as
you never heard of!

BAPTISTA

Is it new and old too? how may that be?

HORTENSIO

Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

BAPTISTA

Is he come?

HORTENSIO

He is coming.

BAPTISTA

When will he be here?

HORTENSIO

Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, his horse hipped with an old mothy saddle and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions, full of wingdalls, sped with spavins, rayed with yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back and shoulder-shotten; near-legged before and with, a half-chequed bit and a head-stall of sheeps leather which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst and now repaired with knots; one girth six time pieced and a woman's crupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread.

BAPTISTA

Who comes with him?

HORTENSIO

O, his servant, for all the world caparisoned
like a horse; with a linen stock on one leg.....*(Cut off)*

BAPTISTA

I am glad he's come, howsoe'er he comes.

Enter PETRUCHIO & GROMIO

PETRUCHIO

Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

BAPTISTA

You are welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO

And yet I come not well.

BAPTISTA

And yet you halt not.

HORTENSIO

Not so well apparell'd
As I wish you were.

PETRUCHIO

Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?
How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some unusual prodigy or comet?

BAPTISTA

Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day:
First were we sad, fearing you would not come;
Now sadder, that you come so strangely dressed.
Fie, cast off this clothing, shame to your good name,
An eye-sore to our solemn festival!

HORTENSIO

And tells us, what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you to us so unlike yourself?

PETRUCHIO

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear:
Sufficeth I am come to keep my word,
But where is Kate? I wait too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

HORTENSIO

See not your bride in these unreverent robes:
Go to my chamber; Put on clothes of mine.

PETRUCHIO

Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

BAPTISTA

But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

PETRUCHIO

Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha' done with words:
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morning to my bride,
And seal that title with a lovely kiss!

Exeunt PETRUCHIO on horse

HORTENSIO

He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

BAPTISTA

I'll after him, and see the event of this.

(M18 sung then organ Oime el cuor)

(DUMB SHOW OF DESCRIBED SCENE IN ORIGINAL)

BAPTISTA

He quaffed the holy wine
And threw the sops all in the poor priest's face

BIANCA

The mad brained bride groom took him such a cuff
That down fell the priest

Baptista

Such a mad marriage never was before:

Daughter, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIANCA

That, being mad herself, she's madly mated. *(M19 Viva La Musica)*

BAPTISTA

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

Re-enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO

PETRUCHIO

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAPTISTA

Is't possible you will away to-night?

PETRUCHIO

I must away to-day, before night come:
So, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must go; and farewell to you all.

BAPTISTA

Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO

It may not be.

HORTENSIO

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

It cannot be.

KATHARINA

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

I am content.

KATHARINA

Are you content to stay?

PETRUCHIO

I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATHARINA

Now, if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO

Grumio, my horse.

GRUMIO

Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

KATHARINA

Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself!

PETRUCHIO

O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.

KATHARINA

I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

HORTENSIO

Ay, marry, sir, now she begins to work.

KATARINA

Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

PETRUCHIO

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command.
Obey the bride,
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Drink full measure to her virginity,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch
thee, Kate:
I'll defend thee against a million.

Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and GRUMIO

Exeunt

Interval

ACT IV

SCENE I. PETRUCHIO'S military camp – *soldiers at a cold place in the mountains. Established by singing M 20 musical texture sets quite different dark, bleak tone)*

Enter GRUMIO

GRUMIO (*Lucentio actor*)

Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and
all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? was ever man so weary? I am
sent
before to make a fire, and they are coming after to
warm them. Now, were not I a little pot and soon
hot, my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my

tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw me: Holla, ho! Curtis.

Enter CURTIS-Soldier 2

CURTIS (*Hortensio actor*)

Who is that calls so coldly?

GRUMIO

A piece of ice: if thou doubt it. A fire good Curtis.

CURTIS

Is my Captain and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRUMIO

O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire!

CURTIS

Is she so hot a shrew as she's reported?

GRUMIO

She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou knowest, winter tames man, woman and beast.

CURTIS

Away, you three-inch fool! I am no beast.

I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

GRUMIO

A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURTIS

There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

GRUMIO

First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

CURTIS

How?

GRUMIO

Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

CURTIS

Let's have it, good Grumio.

GRUMIO

Friend, Curtis, Italian,...Lend thine ear.

Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,--

how she was muddied, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before.....Now see a tale:

(M21 THE KING'S HUNT Scene acted out of Kate and Petruchio journey to camp).

CURTIS

By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

GRUMIO

Ay; and that thou shall find when he comes home.

CURTIS

How near is our Captain?

GRUMIO

E'en at hand -Cock's passion, silence! I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA

PETRUCHIO

Where be these knaves? What, no man at door

CURTIS

Here, here, sir; here, sir.

A whores'son beetle-headed, flap-ear'd knave!
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a hunger.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate; or else shall I?
What's this? Dinner?

GRUMIO

Potato al forno

PETRUCHIO

'Tis burnt; and so is all the food
What dogs are these! Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the kitchen,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There take it back, dog, dishes, cups, and all;

Throws the meat, & c. about the stage

You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

KATHARINA

I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:
The food was good.

PETRUCHIO

I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it breeds bad temper, planteth anger;
And better 'twere that both of us eat not,
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are poor tempered,
Than feed it with such over-roasted food.
Be patient; to-morrow we will eat full,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

Exeunt

GRUMIO

Curtis, didst ever see the like?

CURTIS

He kills her in her own humour.

GRUMIO

Where is he?

(They describe scene behind tower)

CURTIS

In her chamber, making a sermon of continency to her;
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

GROMIO

Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
As with the meat, some undeserved fault
He finds about the making of the bed;

CURTIS

And here he flings the pillow, there the bolster,
This way the bed cover, another way the sheets:

GROMIO

And in conclusion she shall wake all night:
And if she chance to nod he rails and brawls
And with such great noise keep her still awake.

PETRUCHIO *(from tower top)*

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show.

*(Pours water on sleeping Kate - she wakes with a scream – night falls
GROMIO & CURTIS fall asleep as sentries and wake as sun rises. Kate
emerges bedraggled and sleepless).*

KATHARINA

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty have some food and drink;
Am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oath kept waking and with beating fed:
And that which spites me more than all these wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, but it be wholesome food.

GRUMIO

No, no, forsooth; I dare not for my life.
(Kate threatens him)
What say you to a pigs leg?

KATHARINA

'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.

GRUMIO

How say you to a fat tripe finely boil'd?

KATHARINA

I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it me.

GRUMIO

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATHARINA

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

CURTIS

Oh, but the mustard is too hot.

KATHARINA

Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

Beats him

That feed'st me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO and Gromio with meat

PETRUCHIO

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amorf?
What cheer?

KATHARINA

Faith, as cold as can be.

PETRUCHIO

Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.
Here love; thou see'st how diligent I am
To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee:
I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay, then thou lovest it not;
Here, take away this dish.

KATHARINA

I pray you, let it stay.

PETRUCHIO

The poorest service is repaid with thanks;
And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

KATHARINA

I thank you, sir.

PETRUCHIO

Kate, eat apace: and now, my honey love,
Will we revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things;
With scarfs and fans and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads and all this knavery.
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown. What news with you, sir?

Tailor

Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

PETRUCHIO

Why, this was moulded on a porridge bowl
A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

KATHARINA

I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these

PETRUCHIO

When you are gentle, you shall have one too,
And not till then.

KATHARINA

Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break.

PETRUCHIO

Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap,
A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

KATHARINA

Love me or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

PETRUCHIO

Thy dress? why, ay: come, tailor, let us see't.
O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here?
What's this? a sleeve? carved like an apple-tart?
Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash,
Like to a madman in a barber's shop:
Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Tailor

You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the fashion and the time.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, and did; but if you do remember,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
I'll none of it: hence! Go hop you home. Hop!
(Tailor exits)

KATHARINA

I never saw a better-fashion'd gown,
More quaint, more commendable, more pleasing
(They struggle with dress which is ripped in half)

PETRUCHIO:

I tell thee, I, that thou hast ruin'd her dress.
Go take it hence be gone and say no more
Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean clothing:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour appeareth in the meanest dress.
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.
Gromio, my horse. Let us straight to Padua;
Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner-time.

KATHARINA

I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two;
And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

PETRUCHIO

It shall be seven ere I go to horse:
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,
You are still crossing it. Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

GROMIO

Why, so your husband will command the sun.
Exeunt

SCENE II. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

(Music 23 WOODY COCK to re-establish Padua sunny piazza).

Enter GREMIO and HORTENSIO

HORTENSIO

And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

GREMIO

Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

HORTENSIO

Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.

GREMIO

But thine doth fry.
Skipper, stand back: 'tis age that nourisheth.

HORTENSIO

But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

(M24 MAYING They then spot Lucentio in disguise singing and kissing Bianca thorough the window – their love duet has been under scene and both men find themselves humming it as it draws them to the window)

GREMIO

Is't possible, Hortensio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but myself?

HORTENSIO

Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durst swear at your mistress Bianca
Loved none in the world so well as old Gremio?

GREMIO

O despiteful love! unconstant womankind!

HORTENSIO

O spiteful womankind, unconstant love!

GREMIO

I tell thee, dear Sir, this is incredible.

But since my eyes are witness of her trickery,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forget Bianca and her love for ever.

HORTENSIO

See, how they kiss and court! Oh wise Gremio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to love her no more, but do forswear her.

GREMIO

And here I take the unfeigned oath,
Never to marry with her though she would beg me to:
Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth kiss him!

HORTENSIO

I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud and teasing strumpet.
And so farewell, dear Gremio.
Kindness in women, not their beautiful looks,
Shall win my love: and so I take my leave.
Exit

LUCENTIO

Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!
Nay, we have ta'en them napping, old Gremio,
Has forsworn you with Hortensio.

BIANCA

Dear heart, you jest: but have they both forsworn me?

LUCENTIO

Mistress, they have. And we are rid of Cambio.

(He removes disguise of teacher - they kiss)

Hortensio'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.

BIANCA

God give him joy!

LUCENTIO

Now I must clothe me and become,
In gait and countenance surely like my father.

BIANCA:

And what of him, my dearest?

LUCENTIO

I'll make it seem that I am my father,
And give assurance of my wealth to your father,
As if I were the right Vincentio.
Go in, my love, and now let me alone.

*They kiss and BIANCA exits. At little miffed by this dismissal.
LUCENTIO trying on disguise.*

But to win my love in this extremity,
This venture will I do you for her sake;
And think it not the worst of all our fortunes
That no one has met my father Vincentio.
Now I go to clothe me and become him.

BAPTISTA (*Enters*) *To LUCENTIO who has been following him and trying to gain his attention by preposterous preening*

Gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger:
may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

LUCENTIO

Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest:

BAPTISTA

Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?

LUCENTIO

Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA

A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir,
But , young Sir, 'Tis gold must win this prize; and
When thou can assure my daughter of rich dower
Thou shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Lucentio, What can you assure her?

LUCENTIO

Sir, list to me:
I am my father's heir and only son:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houses three or four as good,
Within rich Pisa walls, as any one
Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;
Besides two thousand ducats by the year
Of fruitful land, all which shall be her's – my wife.

BAPTISTA

I must confess your offer is the best;
And, if your father make her the assurance,
She is your own. If not, Signior Gremio:

Shall win the prize.
And so, I take my leave, and thank you, Sir.

LUCENTIO

Adieu, good.... father.

Almost Exit BAPTISTA LUCENTIO disguised as VINCENTIO.

LUCENTIO

Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself:
And, for the good report I hear of you
And for the love he beareth to your daughter
And she to him, I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd.

BAPTISTA

Sir, your plainness and your shortness please me well.
Right true it is, your son Lucentio,
Doth love my daughter and she loveth him,
And therefore, if you say
That like a father you will deal with him

And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

LUCENTIO

I thank you, sir.

Then at my lodging, an it like you:
There will our business lie; and there, this night,
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by some servant here:
My son shall fetch the lawyer presently.

BAPTISTA

It likes me well. I'll then hie to home,
And bid Bianca make her ready straight;
And, I there will tell what hath happened:
Lucentio's father is arrived in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Exeunt LUCENTIO and BAPTISTA. But LUCENTIO immediately re-enters and takes off his disguise.

LUCENTIO

And what of all this?
And here I am busied about a counterfeit assurance: take me assurance of her!
If this be not done now, after all I've done and say, then I may bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Exit

SCENE 1V. A public canal (M25 Picci Harp.)

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA

PETRUCHIO

In God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATHARINA

The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATHARINA

I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO

Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.
Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

KATHARINA

Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon.

KATHARINA

I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

KATHARINA

Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharina.

PETRUCHIO

Oh the field is won. Well, forward, forward!

But, soft! company is coming here.

Enter VINCENTIO (Hortensio actor)

To VINCENTIO

Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?
Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heavenly face?
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.
Sweet Kate, salute her for her beauty's sake.

KATHARINA

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet,
Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

VINCENTIO

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet?

PETRUCHIO

Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd,
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

KATHARINA

Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,
That have been so bedazzled with the sun
That everything I look on seemeth green:

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PETRUCHIO

Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known
Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

VINCENTIO

Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amazed me,
My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

PETRUCHIO

What is his name?

VINCENTIO

Lucentio.

PETRUCHIO

Happily we met; the happier for thy son.
Come, good Sir, go along to Padua.

ACT V

SCENE I *Lucentio's house outside*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO,

PETRUCHIO

Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's house:
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

VINCENTIO (*Hort actor still*)

You shall not choose but drink before you go:
I think I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

Knocks

PETRUCHIO

They're busy within (*and they are!*) ; you were best knock louder.
Knocking business. LUCENTIO and BIANCA reappear, excited, just married, and see LUCENTIO sees VINCENTIO.

LUCENTIO: (to Bianca) My father! He must not discover what's happened here!
I'll send him away! I know the trick! (*putting on VINCENTIO'S voice*)

What's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

VINCENTIO

Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

BIANCA

He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

VINCENTIO

What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

LUCENTIO (*appearing dressed as VINCENTIO – some surprise at the similarity in dress between the two men.*)

Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, I told you your son was well beloved in Padua. Do you hear, sir? To leave frivolous circumstances, I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

LUCENTIO

Thou liest: his father is here looking out at the window.

VINCENTIO

Art thou his father?

LUCENTIO

Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PETRUCHIO

[To VINCENTIO] Why, how now, gentleman! why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

LUCENTIO

Lay hands on the villain: I believe a' means to cozen somebody in this city under my name.

Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me.

Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

PETRUCHIO

Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this controversy.

They retire.

LUCENTIO

Sir, what are you that offer to steal my person?

VINCENTIO

What am I, sir! nay, what are you, sir? O immortal gods! O fine villain! I am undone, I am undone.

BAPTISTA

What, is the man lunatic?

LUCENTIO

Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman.

VINCENTIO

You villain! Where is my son!!

BAPTISTA

You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think your son's name?

VINCENTIO

His name! as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Away, away, mad ass! his name *is* Lucentio and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Call forth an officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol. Signor Baptista, I charge you see that he be forthcoming.

VINCENTIO

Carry me to the gaol! I shall not go to prison.

BAPTISTA

Talk not, officer! I say he shall go to prison.

LUCENTIO

Lay hands on the villain: I believe he means to cheat somebody in this city under my name.

VINCENTIO

What are you Sir, why this is flat knavery to take upon another man's name.

O, I am undone! I am undone!

BAPTISTA

Away with the dotard! to the gaol with him!

VINCENTIO

Thus strangers may be hailed and abused: O monstrous villain!

LUCENTIO

(But seeing VINCENTIO being dragged off he reacts. He has to resolve this. Shouts.)

No! *(All stop and look up at him. To himself)* It's all spoiled, for father he is: deny him, impr'son him? To continue and all's undone.

LUCENTIO unmask himself. Gasps from VINCENTIO and then the others.

LUCENTIO

[Kneeling] Pardon, sweet father.

VINCENTIO

Here's my sweet son? Where's that "Vincentio"?

LUCENTIO

Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio.

VINCENTIO

Where is that damned villain just here!!
That faced and braved me in this matter so?

BIANCA *(to Baptista who does not yet understand why she is apologising to him)*

Pardon, dear father.

LUCENTIO

Our counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

BAPTISTA *(also shocked)*

Why, tell me, is not this Vincentio?

BIANCA

Vincentio is changed into Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my truth with lies.
But pardon us, sweet father, for our sake.

VINCENTIO

You would have sent me to the gaol!

BAPTISTA *(shaking his finger at Lucentio)*

And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

VINCENTIO *(taking Baptista by the arm)*

Fear not, Baptista; I will content you, We will be revenged for this villany.

Exit

LUCENTIO

Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. *Exit*

KATHERINA and PETRUCHIO come down

KATHARINA

Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado. (*Contemptuous.*)

PETRUCHIO

First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATHARINA

What, in the midst of the street?

PETRUCHIO

What, art thou ashamed of me?

KATHARINA

No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

PETRUCHIO

Why, then let's home again. Come, let's away.

KATHARINA

Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay. (*kiss*)

PETRUCHIO

Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate:
Better once than never, for never too late. *Exeunt*

SCENE II. Padua.

LUCENTIO'S house.

HORTENSIO, with WIDOW who is playing up, swatting HORTENSIO's hands off her, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA. LUCENTIO has his arm in a sling and two black eyes (Note – Baptista can play widow)

M26 and Dance The HUNTSMEN

LUCENTIO

At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,
(but only just finished!)
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with self-same kindness welcome thine.
Brother Petruccio, sister Katharina,
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:

HORTENSIO

Padua affords this kindness, friend Petruccio.

PETRUCHIO

Padua affords nothing but what is kind.
Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow!

Widow

Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

PETRUCHIO

You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean Hortensio is afraid of you.

Widow

He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

KATHARINA

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Widow

Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:
And now you know my meaning,

KATHARINA

A very mean meaning.

Widow

Right, I mean you.

KATHARINA

And I am mean indeed, respecting you.

PETRUCHIO

To her, Kate!

HORTENSIO

To her, widow!

PETRUCHIO

A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

HORTENSIO

That's my office.

PETRUCHIO

Spoke like an officer; ha' to thee, lad!

HORTENSIO

Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

BIANCA

Head, and butt! an hasty-witted body
Would say your head and butt were head and horn.

PETRUCHIO

Have at you for a bitter jest or two!

BIANCA

Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush;
And then pursue me as you draw your bow.
You are welcome all.

Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow

PETRUCHIO

She hath prevented me. Here, Hortensio.
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore a health to all that shot and miss'd.

HORTENSIO

O, sir, Lucentio slipp'd me like his greyhound,
Which runs himself and catches for his master.

PETRUCHIO

A good swift simile, but something currish.

HORTENSIO

'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:
'Tis thought your deer does hold you at bay.

LUCENTIO

O ho, Petruchio! Hortensio hits you now.
I thank thee for that jest, Hortensio
Confess, confess, hath he not hit you here?

PETRUCHIO

He has a little gall'd me, I confess;
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

HORTENSIO

Now, in good sadness, dear Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

PETRUCHIO

Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

HORTENSIO

Content. What is the wager?

LUCENTIO

Twenty crowns.

PETRUCHIO

Twenty crowns!
I'll venture so much on my hawk or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

LUCENTIO

A hundred crowns then.

HORTNESIO

Content.

PETRUCHIO

A match! 'tis done.

HORTENSIO

Who shall begin?

LUCENTIO

That will I.

Go, that servant there, bid your mistress come to me.

SERVANT (*played by the WIDOW actor*)

I go.

Exit

HORTENSIO

Friend, I'll bet your half, Bianca comes.

LUCENTIO

I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter SERVANT

How now! what news?

SERVANT

Sir, my mistress sends you word

That she is busy and she cannot come.

PETRUCHIO

How! she is busy and she cannot come!

Is that an answer?

HORTENSIO

Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

PETRUCHIO

I hope better.

HORTENSIO

You, servant, there, go and request my wife

To come to me and now.

Exit SERVANT

PETRUCHIO

O, ho! request her!
Nay, then she must come.

LUCENTIO

I am afraid, sir,
Do what you can, yours will not grant a request.

Re-enter SERVANT

HORTENSIO

Now, where's my wife?

SERVANT

She says you have some foolish joke in hand:
She will not come: she bids you come to her.

PETRUCHIO

Worse and worse; she will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endured!
I say, servant, go to mistress Kate;
Say, I command her to come to me.

Exit servant

HORTENSIO

I know her answer.

PETRUCHIO

What?

HORTENSIO

She will not.

PETRUCHIO

The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Re-enter KATHARINA

KATHARINA

What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

PETRUCHIO

Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

KATHARINA

They sit conferring by the kitchen fire.

PETRUCHIO

Go fetch them hither: if they deny to come.
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands:
Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.

Exit KATHARINA

LUCENTIO

Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HORTENSIO

And so it is: I wonder what it bodes.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life,
And lawful rule and right supremacy;
And, to be short, what not, that's sweet and happy?

LUCENTIO

Now, fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won
For Kate is changed, as she had never been.

PETRUCHIO

Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and Widow
Katharina, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under-foot.

Widow

Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIANCA

Fie! what a foolish duty call you this?

LUCENTIO

I would your duty were as foolish too:
The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath cost me an hundred crowns.

BIANCA

The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

PETRUCHIO

Katharina, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Widow

Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

PETRUCHIO

I say you shall:

KATHARINA

(During this speech Katherina dresses Petruchio in his soldiering gear.)

Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the fields.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body

To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.
Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman must give to her husband;
And when she is forward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
So place your hands below your husband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

PETRUCHIO

Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA – him lifting a standard, as if going off to new battles.

LUCENTIO

'Tis a wonder! M27

Sly wakes maybe singing Renaissance garbled tune. M28

Finale

Hostess:

But soft, who's this?
What, Sly? O wondrous! Hath he lain here all night?
I'll wake him I think he's starved by t his,
But that his belly was so stuffed with beer.
What ho, Sly! Awake for shame!

SLY Sim, gi's some more wine. What's all the lovers gone?
Am I not a Lord?

HOSTESS: A Lord? Come, are you drunken still?

SLY: Who's this? Hostess! Oh Lord, I have had the bravest dream tonight that ever thou heard in all thy life.

HOSTESS: Ay, surely, but you had best go home, or your wife will thrash you for dreaming here tonight.

SLY: Will she? I know now how to tame a shrew. I dreamt upon it all this night till now and thou hast waked me out of the best dream I ever had. But I'll home to my wife now and tame her too if she anger me.

HOSTESS: Ah, your lady wife.

(A rough woman -in drag -with rolled up sleeves and a rolling pin emerges and grabs Sly).

WIFE: Sly! (Blackout)

THE END

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paul@tnt-theatre.net