

Measure for Measure

By William Shakespeare

Edited by Barbara A. Mowat and Paul Werstine

with Michael Poston and Rebecca Niles

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Created on Apr 23, 2016, from FDT version 0.9.2.

This cutting with additions by Alexandra Reilly.

Characters in the Play

DUKE of Vienna, later called Friar Lodowick

ESCALUS, a judge

PROVOST

ELBOW, a constable

ABHORSON, an executioner

A JUSTICE

ANGELO, deputy to the Duke

MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo

SERVANT to Angelo

MESSENGER from Angelo

ISABELLA, a novice in the Order of Saint Clare

FRANCISCA, a nun

CLAUDIO, brother to Isabella

JULIET, betrothed to Claudio

LUCIO, friend to Claudio

TWO GENTLEMEN, associates of Lucio

FRIAR THOMAS

FRIAR PETER

MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd

POMPEY the Clown, her servant

FROTH, Pompey's customer

BARNARDINE, a prisoner

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Servants, and Attendants

“With what measure ye mete, it shall be
measured to you again.”

—Matthew 7,2

Prelude

MISSTRESS OVERDONE Good evening, you swell-lookin' dolls and dapper gents, and welcome to The Clamshell. Let me set the stage for ya: you're not in some two-bit basement gin joint in Manhattan. Nah, see, you've taken a dive straight to the bottom of the deep blue sea. So ditch the rat race, the hustle, the whole daily racket at the door. Our tight little clamshell has opened up for you. Look around, you might even find yourself a little pearl to take home. Scandalized? Maybe. *(pick out an audience member)* But not you sister. I got your number, you saucy little tomato.

For the next couple o' hours, you're in our house, capisce? We've got giggle juice to tickle your lips and a Little Something Salty to warm your...heart. Show 'em, Little Something!

(Little Something dances and starts to reveal too much)

Stop that, Something! Put a lid on it. That ain't on the house!

So, what's your game, huh? You here for the eats? The hooch? The shimmy-shakin' dames? Ohhh, you came for the shooow. Well, you insist...

Measure for Measure, by William Shakespeare. It's a yarn full o' Law and Lust. Morals and Mischief. Desire and Restraint. Big Shots and Weak Knees. Justice and Mercy. *(spotting someone in the audience)* Mercy! How's tricks, Pastor? And butter my biscuit! Hello Judge! Be sure to get your frequent shopper card punched on the way out. Remember, 10th time's free.

Since many of you gorgeous folks ain't from these parts, here's the skinny. New Yorkers? They looove having a good time, if you catch my drift. Joints like the Clamshell are packed tighter than a rush-hour trolley. Business is booming.. For us and for the pill-pushin' pharmacists, know what I mean?. And the stork's been workin' overtime, if you know what I'm sayin'.

But get this: This business actually ain't legal. Fact is, it could land you in the Big House, or six feet under, get me? Even though every Joe and Jimmy is lappin' it up.

Now our big cheese, the Duke, is a real stand-up guy. Been turnin' a blind eye to all this razzle-dazzle. Until now that is. Says things've gotten too hot to handle. So what's his bright idea? Stick some other sap with the job of playin' the heavy and crackin' down on the joint.

As for me and my gals, we'll be jumpin' right into the action. So, enjoy the show and *behave!*

(Dance interlude.)

ACT 1

Scene 1

Enter Duke, Escalus, Lords, and Attendants.

DUKE Escalus.

ESCALUS My lord.

DUKE

There is our commission,

He hands Escalus a paper.

From which we would not have you warp.—Call
hither,

15

I say, bid come before us Angelo.

An Attendant exits.

What figure of us think you he will bear?

For you must know, we have with special soul

Elected him our absence to supply,

Lent him our terror, dressed him with our love,

20

And given his deputation all the organs

Of our own power. What think you of it?

ESCALUS

If any in Manhattan be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honor,

It is Lord Angelo.

25

Enter Angelo.

ANGELO

Always obedient to your Grace's will,

I come to know your pleasure.

DUKE Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life

30

That to th' observer doth thy history

Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings

Are not thine own so proper as to waste

Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,

35

Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues

Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike

As if we had them not.

Hold, therefore, Angelo.

45

In our remove be thou at full ourself.

Mortality and mercy in Manhattan

Live in thy tongue and heart. Old Escalus,

Though first in question, is thy secondary.

Take thy commission.

He hands Angelo a paper. 50

ANGELO Now, good my lord,

Let there be some more test made of my mettle

Before so noble and so great a figure

Be stamped upon it.

DUKE No more evasion.

55

Therefore, take your honors.

Our haste from hence is of so quick condition

That it prefers itself and leaves unquestioned

Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,

60

As time and our concernings shall importune,

How it goes with us, and do look to know

What doth befall you here. So fare you well.
 To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
 Of your commissions. 65

ANGELO Yet give leave, my lord,
 That we may bring you something on the way.

DUKE My haste may not admit it.
 Your scope is as mine own, 70
 So to enforce or qualify the laws
 As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand.
 I'll privily away. I love the people,
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
 Though it do well, I do not relish well 75
 Their loud applause and aves vehement,
 Once more, fare you well.

ANGELO
 The heavens give safety to your purposes.

ESCALUS
 Lead forth and bring you back in happiness. 80

DUKE I thank you. Fare you well. *He exits.*

ESCALUS, *to Angelo*
 I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
 To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
 To look into the bottom of my place.
 A power I have, but of what strength and nature 85
 I am not yet instructed.

ANGELO
 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
 And we may soon our satisfaction have
 Touching that point.

ESCALUS I'll wait upon your Honor. 90
They exit. Overdone enters.xs

MISTRESS OVERDONE Why put a dame in charge when there's a younger, less
 experienced man who will take the job? Now we're about to hear what "morality and
 mercy" Angel has in mind. Spoiler: it's a doozy.

Scene 2

Officer posts decree. Provost leads Claudio through the street as people jeer at
 him. Juliet follows. Pompey observes. *Enter Misstress Overdone..*

BAWD How now? What's the news with you?

POMPEY Yonder man is carried to prison.

BAWD Well, what has he done?

POMPEY A woman. 85

BAWD But what's his offense?

POMPEY Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

BAWD What? Is there a maid with child by him?

POMPEY No, but there's a woman with maid by him.
 You have not heard of the proclamation, have you? 90

BAWD What proclamation, man?

POMPEY All houses in the suburbs of Manhattan must be
 plucked down.

BAWD And what shall become of those in the city?

POMPEY They shall stand for seed. They had gone down 95
 too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

BAWD But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs
 be pulled down?

POMPEY To the ground, mistress.

BAWD Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! 100
What shall become of me?
POMPEY Come, fear not you. Good counselors lack no
clients. Though you change your place, you need
not change your trade. I'll be your tapster still.
Courage. There will be pity taken on you. You that 105
have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you
will be considered.
BAWD Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat,
what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am 80
custom-shrunk. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster?

Enter Lucio and two other Gentlemen.

Enter Mistress Overdone, a Bawd.

LUCIO Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation 45
comes! I have purchased as many diseases under
her roof as come to—
SECOND GENTLEMAN To what, I pray?
LUCIO Judge.
FIRST GENTLEMAN, *to Bawd* How now, which of your
hips has the most profound sciatica?
BAWD Well, well. There's one yonder arrested and 60
carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.
SECOND GENTLEMAN Who's that, I pray thee?
BAWD Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.
FIRST GENTLEMAN Claudio to prison? 'Tis not so.
BAWD Nay, but I know 'tis so. I saw him arrested, saw 65
him carried away; and, which is more, within these
three days his head to be chopped off.
LUCIO Art thou sure of this?
BAWD I am too sure of it. And it is for getting Madam
Julietta with child. 70
LUCIO Believe me, this may be. He promised to meet
me two hours since, and he was ever precise in
promise-keeping.
SECOND GENTLEMAN Besides, you know, it draws something
near to the speech we had to such a purpose. 75
FIRST GENTLEMAN But most of all agreeing with the
proclamation.
LUCIO Away. Let's go learn the truth of it.

Lucio and Gentlemen exit.

*Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers. (Public shouting at them "lecher"
and "fornicatress")*

Bawd and Pompey exit.

CLAUDIO, *to Provost*
Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.
PROVOST
I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord Angelo by special charge. 115
CLAUDIO
Thus can the demigod Authority
Make us pay down for our offense, by weight,

Enter Lucio and Second Gentleman.

LUCIO
Why, how now, Claudio? Whence comes this
restraint? 120

CLAUDIO
From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty.
Our natures do pursue, 125
Like rats that raven down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

LUCIO What's thy offense, Claudio?

CLAUDIO
What but to speak of would offend again.

LUCIO What, is 't murder?

CLAUDIO No. 135

LUCIO Lechery?

CLAUDIO Call it so.

PROVOST Away, sir. You must go.

CLAUDIO
One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word with you.

LUCIO A hundred, if they'll do you any good. Is lechery
so looked after? 140

CLAUDIO
Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract
I got possession of Julietta's bed.
You know the lady. She is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack 145
Of outward order. This we came not to
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends,
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances 150
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

LUCIO
With child, perhaps?

CLAUDIO Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the Duke— 155
Whether the tyranny be in his place
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
this new governor
Awakes me all the enrollèd penalties
Which have, like unscoured armor, hung by th' wall 165
So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and for a name
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me. 'Tis surely for a name.

LUCIO I warrant it is.
Send after the Duke and appeal to him.

CLAUDIO
I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service: 175
This day my sister should the cloister enter
And there receive her approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state;
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him.
I have great hope in that, for in her youth 180
There is a prone and speechless dialect

Such as move men. Besides, she hath prosperous art
 When she will play with reason and discourse,
 And well she can persuade.

LUCIO I pray she may, as well for the encouragement of 185
 the like, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I
 would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a
 game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

CLAUDIO I thank you, good friend Lucio. 190

LUCIO Within two hours.

CLAUDIO Come, officer, away.

They exit.

MISSTRESS OVERDONE So when a fella finds himself in a jam, what does he do?
 Calls in his best pal—only to have him run along and fetch his sister to clean up the
 whole mess and pull him out of the soup. And in other news, seems some gents have
 quite the fondness for playing dress-up.

Scene 3
Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

DUKE
 No, holy father, throw away that thought.
 Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
 Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
 To give me secret harbor hath a purpose
 More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends 5
 Of burning youth.

FRIAR THOMAS May your Grace speak of it?

DUKE
 My holy sir, none better knows than you
 How I have ever loved the life removed,
 And held in idle price to haunt assemblies 10
 Where youth and cost witless bravery keeps.
 I have delivered to Lord Angelo,
 A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
 My absolute power and place here in Manhattan,
 And he supposes me traveled to Cuba, 15
 For so I have strewed it in the common ear,
 And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
 You will demand of me why I do this.

FRIAR THOMAS Gladly, my lord.

DUKE
 We have strict statutes and most biting laws, 20
 Which for this fourteen years we have let slip.
 Now, as fond fathers,
 Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch 25
 Only to stick it in their children's sight
 For terror, not to use—in time the rod
 More mocked than feared—so our decrees,
 Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,
 And liberty plucks justice by the nose, 30
 The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
 Goes all decorum.

FRIAR THOMAS It rested in your Grace
 To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased,
 And it in you more dreadful would have seemed 35
 Than in Lord Angelo.

DUKE I do fear, too dreadful.
 Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,

'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
 For what I bid them do. Therefore, indeed, my
 father,
 I have on Angelo imposed the office,
 Who may in th' ambush of my name strike home, 45
 And yet my nature never in the fight
 To do in slander. And to behold his sway
 I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
 Visit both prince and people. Therefore I prithee
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me 50
 How I may formally in person bear
 Like a true friar. Lord Angelo is precise,
 Stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses 55
 That his blood flows or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone. Hence shall we see,
 If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

They exit.

MISSTRESS OVERDONE So the Duke's in a tizzy that no one's been mindin'
 the law for 14 years. But heavens to Mergatroid if he cracks down on them, he
 might ruffle a few feathers. God forbid anyone is mad at the Duke! So Angelo's
 the heavy and the Dick--I mean Duke is now in his Undercover Boss era.

Scene 4

Enter Isabella and Francisca, a Nun.

ISABELLA

And have you nuns no farther privileges?

NUN Are not these large enough?

ISABELLA

Yes, truly. I speak not as desiring more,

But rather wishing a more strict restraint

Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare. 5

LUCIO, *within*

Ho, peace be in this place!

ISABELLA Who's that which calls?

NUN

It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,

Turn you the key and know his business of him.

You may; I may not. You are yet unsworn. 10

When you have vowed, you must not speak with men

But in the presence of the Prioress.

Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;

Or if you show your face, you must not speak.

He calls again. I pray you answer him. 15

ISABELLA

Peace and prosperity! Who is 't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

LUCIO

Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses

Proclaim you are no less. Can you so stead me

As bring me to the sight of Isabella,

A novice of this place and the fair sister 20

To her unhappy brother, Claudio?

ISABELLA

Why "her unhappy brother"? Let me ask,

The rather for I now must make you know

I am that Isabella, and his sister.

LUCIO
 Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you. 25
 Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

ISABELLA Woe me, for what?

LUCIO
 For that which, if myself might be his judge,
 He should receive his punishment in thanks:
 He hath got his friend with child. 30

ISABELLA
 Sir, make me not your story.

LUCIO 'Tis true. 35
 I hold you as a thing enskied and sainted,
 By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
 And to be talked with in sincerity
 As with a saint.

ISABELLA
 You do blaspheme the good in mocking me. 40

LUCIO
 Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
 Your brother and his lover have embraced;
 her plenteous womb 45
 Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

ISABELLA
 Someone with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

LUCIO Is she your cousin?

ISABELLA
 Adoptedly, as schoolmaids change their names
 By vain though apt affection. 50

LUCIO She it is.

ISABELLA
 O, let him marry her!

LUCIO This is the point.
 The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
 Upon his place,
 And with full line of his authority, 60
 Governs Lord Angelo, a man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense,
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
 With profits of the mind: study and fast. 65
 He—to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have for long run by the hideous law
 As mice by lions—hath picked out an act
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit. He arrests him on it, 70
 And follows close the rigor of the statute
 To make him an example. All hope is gone
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften Angelo. And that's my pith of business
 'Twixt you and your poor brother. 75

ISABELLA Doth he so
 Seek his life?

LUCIO Has censured him already,
 And, as I hear, the Provost hath a warrant
 For 's execution. 80

ISABELLA
 Alas, what poor ability's in me
 To do him good?

LUCIO Assay the power you have.
 ISABELLA
 My power? Alas, I doubt—
 LUCIO Our doubts are traitors 85
 And makes us lose the good we oft might win
 By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue
 Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
 All their petitions are as freely theirs 90
 As they themselves would owe them.
 ISABELLA I'll see what I can do.
 LUCIO But speedily!
 ISABELLA I will about it straight,
 No longer staying but to give the Mother 95
 Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you.
 Commend me to my brother. Soon at night
 I'll send him certain word of my success.
 LUCIO
 I take my leave of you.
 ISABELLA Good sir, adieu. 100

They exit.

OVERDONE Next up we'll get a closer gander at Angelo's version of justice and morality. The law is gettin' down to business.

ACT 2

Scene 1

Enter Angelo, Escalus, Servants, and a Justice.

ANGELO
 We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
 Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
 And let it keep one shape till custom make it
 Their perch and not their terror.
 ESCALUS Ay, but yet 5
 Let us be keen and rather cut a little
 Than fall and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman
 Whom I would save had a most noble father.
 Let but your Honor know,
 Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue, 10
 That, in the working of your own affections,
 Whether you had not sometime in your life 15
 Erred in this point which now you censure him,
 And pulled the law upon you.
 ANGELO
 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
 Another thing to fall. I not deny
 The jury passing on the prisoner's life 20
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
 Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to
 justice,
 That justice seizes.
 You may not so extenuate his offense
 For I have had such faults; but rather tell me, 30
 When I that censure him do so offend,

Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

ESCALUS

Be it as your wisdom will.

ANGELO Where is the Provost?

35

PROVOST

Here, if it like your Honor.

ANGELO See that Claudio

Be executed by nine tomorrow morning.

Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared,

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

40

Provost exits.

ESCALUS

Well, heaven forgive him and forgive us all.

Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall.

*Enter Elbow and Officers, with Froth
and Pompey.*

ELBOW, *to Officers* Come, bring them away. If these
be good people in a commonweal that do nothing
but use their abuses in common houses, I know no
law. Bring them away.

45

ANGELO How now, sir, what's your name? And what's
the matter?

50

ELBOW If it please your Honor, I am the poor duke's
constable, and my name is Elbow. I do lean upon
justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good
Honor two notorious benefactors.

ANGELO Benefactors? Well, what benefactors are they?
Are they not malefactors?

55

ELBOW If it please your Honor, I know not well what
they are, but precise villains they are, that I am sure
of, and void of all profanation in the world that
good Christians ought to have.

60

ESCALUS, *to Angelo* This comes off well. Here's a wise
officer.

ANGELO, *to Elbow* Go to. What quality are they of?
Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak,
Elbow?

65

POMPEY He cannot, sir. He's out at elbow.

ANGELO What are you, sir?

ELBOW He, sir? A tapster, sir, parcel bawd; one that
serves a bad woman, whose house, sir, was, as they
say, plucked down in the suburbs, and now she
professes a hothouse, which I think is a very ill
house too.

70

ESCALUS How know you that?

ELBOW My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and
your Honor—

75

ESCALUS How? Thy wife?

ELBOW Ay, sir, whom I thank heaven is an honest
woman—

ESCALUS Dost thou detest her therefore?

ELBOW I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she,
that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity

80

of her life, for it is a naughty house.

ESCALUS How dost thou know that, constable?

ELBOW Marry, sir, by my wife, who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there. 85

ESCALUS By the woman's means?

ELBOW Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defied him. 90

POMPEY, *to Escalus* Sir, if it please your Honor, this is not so.

ELBOW Prove it before these varlets here, thou honorable man, prove it.

ESCALUS, *to Angelo* Do you hear how he misplaces? 95

POMPEY Sir, she came in great with child, and longing, saving your Honor's reverence, for stewed prunes. Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit dish, a dish of some threepence; your Honors have seen such dishes; they are not china dishes, but very good dishes— 100

ESCALUS Go to, go to. No matter for the dish, sir.

POMPEY No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right. But to the point: as I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly—for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you threepence again— 110

FROTH No, indeed.

POMPEY Very well. You being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes— 115

FROTH Ay, so I did indeed.

POMPEY Why, very well then—

ESCALUS Come, you are a tedious fool. To the purpose: what was done to Elbow's wife that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her. 125

POMPEY Sir, your Honor cannot come to that yet.

ESCALUS No, sir, nor I mean it not.

POMPEY Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honor's leave. And I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir, a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas—was 't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth? 130

FROTH All-hallond Eve.

POMPEY Why, very well. I hope here be truths.—He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir—*To Froth.* 'Twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not? 135

FROTH I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.

POMPEY Why, very well then. I hope here be truths. 140

ANGELO, *to Escalus*

This will last out a night in Russia
When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause,
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

ESCALUS
 I think no less. Good morrow to your Lordship 145
Angelo exits.
 Now, sir, come on. What was done to Elbow's wife,
 once more?
 POMPEY Once, sir? There was nothing done to her
 once.
 ELBOW, *to Escalus* I beseech you, sir, ask him what 150
 this man did to my wife.
 POMPEY, *to Escalus* I beseech your Honor, ask me.
 ESCALUS Well, sir, what did this gentleman do to her?
 POMPEY I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's
 face.—Good Master Froth, look upon his Honor. 155
 'Tis for a good purpose.—Doth your Honor mark
 his face?
 ESCALUS Ay, sir, very well.
 POMPEY Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.
 ESCALUS Well, I do so. 160
 POMPEY Doth your Honor see any harm in his face?
 ESCALUS Why, no.
 POMPEY I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the
 worst thing about him. Good, then, if his face be the
 worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do 165
 the Constable's wife any harm? I would know that
 of your Honor.
 ESCALUS He's in the right, constable. What say you to
 it?
 ELBOW First, an it like you, the house is a respected 170
 house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his
 mistress is a respected woman.
 POMPEY By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected
 person than any of us all.
 ELBOW Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! The 175
 time is yet to come that she was ever respected with
 man, woman, or child.
 POMPEY Sir, she was respected with him before he
 married with her.
 ESCALUS Which is the wiser here, Justice or Iniquity? 180
 Is this true?
 ELBOW, *to Pompey* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O
 thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I
 was married to her?—If ever I was respected with
 her, or she with me, let not your Worship think me 185
 the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked
 Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of batt'ry on thee.
 ESCALUS If he took you a box o' th' ear, you might have
 your action of slander too.
 ELBOW Marry, I thank your good Worship for it. What 190
 is 't your Worship's pleasure I shall do with this
 wicked caitiff?
 ESCALUS Truly, officer, because he hath some offenses
 in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst,
 let him continue in his courses till thou know'st 195
 what they are.
 ELBOW Marry, I thank your Worship for it. *To Pompey.*
 Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's
 come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou
 varlet, thou art to continue. 200
 ESCALUS, *to Froth* Where were you born, friend?

FROTH Here in Manhattan, sir.

ESCALUS Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

FROTH Yes, an 't please you, sir.

ESCALUS So. *To Pompey*. What trade are you of, sir? 205

POMPEY A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

ESCALUS Your mistress' name?

POMPEY Mistress Overdone.

ESCALUS Hath she had any more than one husband?

POMPEY Nine, sir. Overdone by the last. 210

ESCALUS Nine?—Come hither to me, Master Froth.
 Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with
 tapsters; they will draw you, Master Froth, and you
 will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no
 more of you. 215

FROTH I thank your Worship. For mine own part, I
 never come into any room in a taphouse but I am
 drawn in.

ESCALUS Well, no more of it, Master Froth. Farewell.

Froth exits.

Come you hither to me, Master Tapster. What's your
 name, Master Tapster? 220

POMPEY Pompey.

ESCALUS Pompey, you are partly a bawd,
 Pompey, howsoever you color it in being a tapster,
 are you not? Come, tell me true. It shall be the
 better for you. 230

POMPEY Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

ESCALUS How would you live, Pompey? By being a
 bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? Is it
 a lawful trade?

POMPEY If the law would allow it, sir. 235

ESCALUS But the law will not allow it, Pompey, nor it
 shall not be allowed in Manhattan.

POMPEY Does your Worship mean to geld and splay all
 the youth of the city?

ESCALUS No, Pompey. 240

POMPEY Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to 't
 then. If your Worship will take order for the drabs
 and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

ESCALUS There is pretty orders beginning, I can tell
 you. It is but heading and hanging. 245

POMPEY If you head and hang all that offend that way
 but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a
 commission for more heads. If this law hold in
 Manhattan ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after
 threepence a bay. If you live to see this come to
 pass, say Pompey told you so. 250

ESCALUS Thank you, good Pompey. And in requital of
 your prophecy, hark you: I advise you let me not
 find you before me again upon any complaint
 whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do. If I
 do, Pompey, I shall have you whipped. 255

So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

POMPEY I thank your Worship for your good counsel. 260
Aside. But I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune
 shall better determine.
 Whip me? No, no, let carman whip his jade.
 The valiant heart's not whipped out of his trade.

He exits.

ESCALUS Come hither to me, Master Elbow. Come
 hither, Master Constable. How long have you been
 in this place of constable? 265
 ELBOW Seven year and a half, sir.
 ESCALUS I thought, by the readiness in the office, you
 had continued in it some time. You say seven years 270
 together?
 ELBOW And a half, sir.
 ESCALUS Alas, it hath been great pains to you. They do
 you wrong to put you so oft upon 't. Are there not
 men in your ward sufficient to serve it? 275
 ELBOW Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As
 they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for
 them. I do it for some piece of money and go
 through with all.
 ESCALUS Fare you well.
Elbow and Officers exit.
 ESCALUS
 It grieves me for the death of Claudio,
 But there's no remedy.
 JUSTICE
 Lord Angelo is severe. 290
 ESCALUS It is but needful.
 Mercy is not itself that oft looks so.
 Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.
 But yet, poor Claudio. There is no remedy.
 Come, sir. 295
They exit.

Scene 2

OVERDONE Ladies and Gentlemen, Round 1 begins.

Bell sounds.
Need one of the dancers to carry a
sign with "Round 1" overhead,
like a boxing match.

Enter Provost and a Servant.

PROVOST
 I'll know
 His pleasure. Maybe he will relent. Alas,
 He hath but as offended in a dream. 5
 All sects, all ages smack of this vice, and he
 To die for 't?

Enter Angelo.

ANGELO Now, what's the matter, provost?
 PROVOST
 Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow? 10
 ANGELO
 Did not I tell thee yea? Hadst thou not order?
 Why dost thou ask again?
 PROVOST Lest I might be too rash.
 Under your good correction, I have seen
 When, after execution, judgment hath 15

Repented o'er his doom.
 ANGELO Go to. Let that be mine.
 Do you your office, or give up your place
 And you shall well be spared.
 PROVOST I crave your Honor's pardon. 20
 What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
 She's very near her hour.
 ANGELO Dispose of her
 To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT
 Here is the sister of the man condemned 25
 Desires access to you.
 ANGELO Hath he a sister?
 PROVOST
 Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
 And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
 If not already. 30
 ANGELO, *to Servant* Well, let her be admitted.

Servant exits.

See you the fornicatress be removed.
 Let her have needful but not lavish means.
 There shall be order for 't.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

PROVOST, *beginning to exit* Save your Honor. 35
 ANGELO
 Stay a little while. *To Isabella.* You're welcome.
 What's your will?
 ISABELLA
 I am a woeful suitor to your Honor,
 Please but your Honor hear me.
 ANGELO Well, what's your 40
 suit?
 ISABELLA
 There is a vice that most I do abhor,
 And most desire should meet the blow of justice,
 For which I would not plead, but that I must;
 For which I must not plead, but that I am 45
 At war 'twixt will and will not.
 ANGELO Well, the matter?
 ISABELLA
 I have a brother is condemned to die.
 I do beseech you let it be his fault
 And not my brother. 50
 PROVOST, *aside* Heaven give thee moving
 graces.
 ANGELO
 Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
 Why, every fault's condemned ere it be done.
 ISABELLA O just but severe law!
 I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your Honor.
 LUCIO, *aside to Isabella*
 Give 't not o'er so. To him again, entreat him,
 Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown. 60
 You are too cold.

To him, I say.
ISABELLA, *to Angelo*
Must he needs die? 65
ANGELO Maiden, no remedy.
ISABELLA
Yes, I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.
ANGELO
I will not do 't.
ISABELLA But can you if you would? 70
ANGELO
Look what I will not, that I cannot do.
ISABELLA
But might you do 't and do the world no wrong
If so your heart were touched with that remorse
As mine is to him?
ANGELO He's sentenced. 'Tis too late. 75
LUCIO, *aside to Isabella* You are too cold.
ISABELLA
Too late? Why, no. I that do speak a word
May call it back again. Well believe this:
No ceremony that to great ones longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword, 80
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipped like him, but he like you 85
Would not have been so stern.
ANGELO Pray you begone.
ISABELLA
I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel. Should it then be thus?
No. I would tell what 'twere to be a judge 90
And what a prisoner.
LUCIO, *aside to Isabella* Ay, touch him; there's the
vein.
ANGELO
Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words. 95
ISABELLA Alas, alas!
Why all the souls that were were forfeit once,
And He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be
If He which is the top of judgment should 100
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man new-made.
ANGELO Be you content, fair maid.
It is the law, not I, condemn your brother. 105
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him. He must die tomorrow.
ISABELLA
Tomorrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him.
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season. Shall we serve heaven 110
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink
you.

Who is it that hath died for this offense?
 There's many have committed it. 115
 LUCIO, *aside to Isabella* Ay, well said.
 ANGELO
 The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.
 Those many had not dared to do that evil
 If the first that did th' edict infringe
 Had answered for his deed. Now 'tis awake, 120
 Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
 Looks in a glass that shows what future evils—
 Are now to have no successive degrees 125
 But, ere they live, to end.
 ISABELLA Yet show some pity.
 ANGELO
 I show it most of all when I show justice,
 For then I pity those I do not know,
 Which a dismissed offense would after gall, 130
 And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
 Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
 Your brother dies tomorrow; be content.
 ISABELLA
 So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
 And he that suffers. O, it is excellent 135
 To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
 To use it like a giant.
 LUCIO, *aside to Isabella* That's well said.
 ISABELLA Could great men thunder
 As Jove himself does, Jove would never be quiet, 140
 For every pelting, petty officer
 Would use his heaven for thunder,
 Nothing but thunder.
 But man, proud man,
 Dressed in a little brief authority,
 Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven 150
 As makes the angels weep, who with our spleens
 Would all themselves laugh mortal.
 LUCIO, *aside to Isabella*
 O, to him, to him, wench. He will relent.
 He's coming. I perceive 't.
 PROVOST, *aside* Pray heaven she win him. 155
 ISABELLA
 We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.
 Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
 But in the less, foul profanation.
 LUCIO, *aside to Isabella*
 Thou 'rt i' th' right, girl. More o' that.
 ISABELLA
 That in the captain's but a choleric word 160
 Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
 LUCIO, *aside to Isabella*
 Art avised o' that? More on 't.
 ANGELO
 Why do you put these sayings upon me?
 ISABELLA
 Because authority, though it err like others,
 Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself 165
 That skins the vice o' th' top. Go to your bosom,

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
 That's like my brother's fault. If it confess
 A natural guiltiness such as is his,
 Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue 170
 Against my brother's life.
 ANGELO, *aside* She speaks, and 'tis such sense
 That my sense breeds with it. *He begins to exit.*
 Fare you well.
 ISABELLA Gentle my lord, turn back. 175
 ANGELO
 I will bethink me. Come again tomorrow.
 ISABELLA
 Hark how I'll bribe you. Good my lord, turn back.
 ANGELO How? Bribe me?
 ISABELLA
 Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.
 LUCIO, *aside to Isabella* You had marred all else. 180
 ISABELLA
 With true prayers
 That shall be up at heaven and enter there
 Ere sunrise, prayers from preservèd souls, 185
 From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
 To nothing temporal.
 ANGELO Well, come to me tomorrow.
 LUCIO, *aside to Isabella* Go to, 'tis well; away.
 ISABELLA
 Heaven keep your Honor safe. 190
 ANGELO, *aside* Amen.
 For I am that way going to temptation
 Where prayers cross.
 ISABELLA At what hour tomorrow
 Shall I attend your Lordship? 195
 ANGELO At any time 'fore noon.
 ISABELLA Save your Honor.
She exits, with Lucio and Provost.
 ANGELO From thee, even from thy virtue.
 What's this? What's this? Is this her fault or mine?
 The tempter or the tempted, who sins most, ha? 200
 Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I
 That, lying by the violet in the sun,
 Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
 Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
 That modesty may more betray our sense 205
 Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground
 enough,
 Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
 And pitch our evils there? O fie, fie, fie!
 What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo? 210
 Dost thou desire her foully for those things
 That make her good? O, let her brother live.
 Thieves for their robbery have authority
 When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her
 That I desire to hear her speak again 215
 And feast upon her eyes? What is 't I dream on?
 O cunning enemy that, to catch a saint,
 With saints dost bait thy hook. Most dangerous
 Is that temptation that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet 220
 With all her double vigor, art and nature,

Once stir my temper, but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Ever till now
When men were fond, I smiled and wondered how.

He exits.

Scene 3

Enter Duke, disguised as a Friar, and Provost.

DUKE, *as Friar*

Hail to you, provost, so I think you are.

PROVOST

I am the Provost. What's your will, good friar?

DUKE, *as Friar*

Bound by my charity and my blest order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison. Do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

5

PROVOST

I would do more than that if more were needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one, a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blistered her report. She is with child,
And he that got it, sentenced—a young man,
More fit to do another such offense
Than die for this.

10

15

DUKE, *as Friar*

When must he die?

PROVOST As I do think, tomorrow.

To Juliet. I have provided for you. Stay awhile
And you shall be conducted.

DUKE, *as Friar, to Juliet*

Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

20

JULIET

I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

DUKE, *as Friar*

I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound
Or hollowly put on.

JULIET I'll gladly learn.

25

DUKE, *as Friar* Love you the man that wronged you?

JULIET

Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.

DUKE, *as Friar*

So then it seems your most offenseful act
Was mutually committed?

JULIET Mutually.

30

DUKE, *as Friar*

Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

JULIET

I do confess it and repent it, father.
And take the shame with joy.

40

DUKE, *as Friar* There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die tomorrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you. *Benedicite.* *He exits.*
 JULIET
 Must die tomorrow? O injurious love 45
 That respites me a life, whose very comfort
 Is still a dying horror.
 PROVOST 'Tis pity of him. *They exit.*

Scene 4

OVERDONE Ladies and Gentlemen, Round 2 begins. *Bell sounds.*
Need one of the dancers to carry a
sign with "Round 2" overhead,
like a boxing match.

Enter Angelo.

ANGELO
 When I would pray and think, I think and pray
 To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words,
 Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
 Anchors on Isabel. God in my mouth,
 As if I did but only chew His name, 5
 And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
 Of my conception. The state whereon I studied
 Is, like a good thing being often read,
 Grown sere and tedious. Yea, my gravity,
 Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride, 10
 Could I with boot change for an idle plume
 Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood. 15
 Let's write "good angel" on the devil's horn.
 'Tis not the devil's crest. *Knock within.* How now,
 who's there?

Enter Servant.

SERVANT
 One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.
 ANGELO
 Teach her the way. *Servant exits.* O heavens, 20
 Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
 Making both it unable for itself
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitness?

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?
 ISABELLA I am come to know your pleasure.
 ANGELO
 That you might know it would much better please me
 Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live. 35
 ISABELLA Even so. Heaven keep your Honor.

ANGELO
 Yet may he live a while. And it may be
 As long as you or I. Yet he must die.
 ISABELLA Under your sentence?
 ANGELO Yea. 40
 ISABELLA
 When, I beseech you? That in his reprieve,
 Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
 That his soul sicken not.
 ANGELO
 Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good
 To pardon him that hath from nature stolen 45
 A man already made, as to remit
 Their saucy sweetness that do coin God's image
 In stamps that are forbid.
 ISABELLA
 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in Earth.
 ANGELO
 Say you so? Then I shall pose you quickly:
 Which had you rather, that the most just law
 Now took your brother's life, or, to redeem him, 55
 Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
 As she that he hath stained?
 ISABELLA Sir, believe this:
 I had rather give my body than my soul.
 ANGELO
 I talk not of your soul.
 ISABELLA How say you?
 ANGELO
 Nay, I'll not warrant that, for I can speak
 Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
 I, now the voice of the recorded law, 65
 Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life.
 Might there not be a charity in sin
 To save this brother's life?
 ISABELLA Please you to do 't,
 I'll take it as a peril to my soul, 70
 It is no sin at all, but charity.
 ANGELO
 Pleased you to do 't, at peril of your soul,
 Were equal poise of sin and charity.
 ISABELLA
 That I do beg his life, if it be sin
 Heaven let me bear it. You granting of my suit, 75
 If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
 To have it added to the faults of mine
 And nothing of your answer.
 ANGELO Nay, but hear me.
 Your sense pursues not mine. Either you are 80
 ignorant,
 Or seem so, crafty, and that's not good.
 ISABELLA
 Let me be ignorant and in nothing good,
 But graciously to know I am no better.
 ANGELO
 Mark me. To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
 Your brother is to die. 90
 ISABELLA So.

ANGELO
 And his offense is so, as it appears,
 Accountant to the law upon that pain.
 ISABELLA True.

ANGELO
 Admit no other way to save his life— 95
 As I subscribe not that, nor any other—
 But, in the loss of question, that you, his sister,
 Finding yourself desired of such a person
 Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
 Could fetch your brother from the manacles 100
 Of the all-binding law, and that there were
 No earthly mean to save him but that either
 You must lay down the treasures of your body
 To this supposed, or else to let him suffer,
 What would you do? 105

ISABELLA
 As much for my poor brother as myself.
 That is, were I under the terms of death,
 Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies
 And strip myself to death as to a bed
 That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield 110
 My body up to shame.

ANGELO Then must your brother die.

ISABELLA And 'twere the cheaper way.
 Better it were a brother died at once
 Than that a sister, by redeeming him, 115
 Should die forever.

ANGELO
 Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
 That you have slandered so?

ISABELLA
 Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
 Are of two houses. Lawful mercy 120
 Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

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

ISABELLA
 O, pardon me, my lord. It oft falls out, 125
 To have what we would have, we speak not what we
 mean.
 I something do excuse the thing I hate
 For his advantage that I dearly love.

ANGELO
 We are all frail. 130

ISABELLA Else let my brother die,
 If not a fedary but only he
 Owe and succeed thy weakness.

ANGELO Nay, women are frail too.

ISABELLA
 Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves, 135
 Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
 Women—help, heaven—men their creation mar
 In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail,
 For we are soft as our complexions are,
 And credulous to false prints. 140

ANGELO I think it well.

And from this testimony of your own sex,
 Since I suppose we are made to be no stronger
 Than faults may shake our frames, let me be bold.
 I do arrest your words. Be that you are— 145
 That is, a woman. If you be more, you're none.
 If you be one, as you are well expressed
 By all external warrants, show it now
 By putting on the destined livery.

ISABELLA
 I have no tongue but one. Gentle my lord, 150
 Let me entreat you speak the former language.

ANGELO Plainly conceive I love you.

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

ANGELO
 He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love. 155

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

ANGELO Believe me, on mine honor,
 My words express my purpose. 160

ISABELLA
 Ha! Little honor to be much believed,
 And most pernicious purpose. Seeming, seeming!
 I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for 't.
 Sign me a present pardon for my brother
 Or with an outstretched throat I'll tell the world 165
 aloud
 What man thou art.

ANGELO Who will believe thee, Isabel?
 My unsoiled name, th' austereness of my life,
 My vouch against you, and my place i' th' state 170
 I have begun,
 And now I give my sensual race the rein.
 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite; 175
 Redeem thy brother
 By yielding up thy body to my will,
 Or else he must not only die the death,
 But thy unkindness shall his death draw out 180
 To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me tomorrow,
 Or by the affection that now guides me most,
 I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

He exits.

ISABELLA
 To whom should I complain? Did I tell this, 185
 Who would believe me? O, perilous mouths,
 That bear in them one and the selfsame tongue,
 Either of condemnation or approof,
 Bidding the law make curtsy to their will,
 Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite, 190
 To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother.
 Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
 Yet hath he in him such a mind of honor
 That, had he twenty heads to tender down
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up 195
 Before his sister should her body stoop
 To such abhorred pollution.

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die.
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request, 200
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

She exits.

OVERDONE (eyes the audience) Oh I see.. now to sin is actually charity, as long as she "fits her consent" to his "appetite." Sex with Angelo is ok because it cancels out the other sex, the sex between Claudio and Juliet, who actually love each other and want to get married. I think Angelo's moral gymnastics are what we call "Boy Math."

Angelo may have won the round, but the match isn't over. Let's see what Undercover Duke Boss has up his friar's sleeve.

ACT 3

Scene 1

Enter Duke as a Friar, Claudio, and Provost.

DUKE, *as Friar*

So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

CLAUDIO

The miserable have no other medicine

But only hope.

I have hope to live and am prepared to die.

DUKE, *as Friar*

Be absolute for death. Either death or life 5

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep.

Merely, thou art death's fool,

Thou 'rt by no means 15
valiant,

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm. Happy thou art not,

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,

And what thou hast, forget'st.

Thou hast nor youth nor age,

But as it were an after-dinner's sleep 35

Dreaming on both; and when thou art old and rich,

Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this 40

That bears the name of life? Yet in this life

Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,

That makes these odds all even.

CLAUDIO I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die, 45

And seeking death, find life. Let it come on.

ISABELLA, *within*

What ho! Peace here, grace, and good company.

PROVOST

Who's there? Come in. The wish deserves a welcome.

DUKE, *as Friar, to Claudio*
Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.
CLAUDIO Most holy sir, I thank you. 50

Enter Isabella.

ISABELLA, *to Provost*
My business is a word or two with Claudio.
PROVOST
And very welcome.—Look, signior, here's your sister.
DUKE, *as Friar* Provost, a word with you.
PROVOST As many as you please. 55
DUKE, *as Friar, aside to Provost*
Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed.

Duke and Provost exit.

CLAUDIO Now, sister, what's the comfort?
ISABELLA Why,
As all comforts are, most good, most good indeed. 60
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger;
Therefore your best appointment make with speed.
Tomorrow you set on. 65
CLAUDIO Is there no remedy?
ISABELLA
None but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.
CLAUDIO But is there any?
ISABELLA Yes, brother, you may live. 70
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life
But fetter you till death.
CLAUDIO Perpetual durance?
ISABELLA
Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint, 75
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determined scope.
CLAUDIO But in what nature?
ISABELLA
In such a one as, you consenting to 't,
Would bark your honor from that trunk you bear 80
And leave you naked.
CLAUDIO Let me know the point.
ISABELLA
O, I do fear thee, Claudio, and I quake
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect 85
Than a perpetual honor. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies. 90
CLAUDIO Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms. 95

ISABELLA
 There spake my brother! There my father's grave
 Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die.
 Thou art too noble to conserve a life
 In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy—
 Whose settled visage and deliberate word 100
 Nips youth i' th' head, is yet a devil.
 His filth within being cast, he would appear
 A pond as deep as hell.

CLAUDIO The prenzio Angelo? 105

ISABELLA
 O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell.
 Dost thou think, Claudio,
 If I would yield him my virginity
 Thou mightst be freed? 110

CLAUDIO O heavens, it cannot be!

ISABELLA
 This night's the time
 That I should do what I abhor to name,
 Or else thou diest tomorrow. 115

CLAUDIO Thou shalt not do 't.

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

CLAUDIO Thanks, dear Isabel. 120

ISABELLA
 Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

CLAUDIO Yes. Has he affections in him
 That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
 When he would force it? Sure it is no sin,
 Or of the deadly seven it is the least. 125

ISABELLA Which is the least?

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

ISABELLA
 What says my brother? 130

CLAUDIO Death is a fearful thing.

ISABELLA And shamèd life a hateful.

CLAUDIO
 Ay, but to die, and go we know not where,
 To lie in cold obstruction and to rot,
 This sensible warm motion to become 135
 A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling region of thick-ribbèd ice,
 To be imprisoned in the viewless winds
 And blown with restless violence round about 140
 The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
 Of those that lawless and incertain thought
 Imagine howling—'tis too horrible.
 The weariest and most loathèd worldly life
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment 145
 Can lay on nature is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

ISABELLA Alas, alas!

CLAUDIO Sweet sister, let me live.
 What sin you do to save a brother's life, 150

Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.
ISABELLA O, you beast!
O faithless coward, O dishonest wretch,
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice? 155
Is 't not a kind of incest to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.
CLAUDIO Nay, hear me, Isabel— 165
ISABELLA O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd.
'Tis best that thou diest quickly.
CLAUDIO O, hear me, Isabella— 170

Enter Duke as a Friar.

DUKE, *as Friar, to Isabella*
Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.
ISABELLA What is your will?
DUKE, *as Friar* I would by and by have some speech with you.
The satisfaction I would require is likewise your own 175
benefit.
ISABELLA My stay must
be stolen out of other affairs, but I will attend you
awhile.
DUKE, *as Friar, taking Claudio aside* Son, I have overheard 180
what hath passed between you and your
sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her;
only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practice
his judgment with the disposition of natures. She,
having the truth of honor in her, hath made him 185
that gracious denial which he is most glad to
receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this
to be true. Tomorrow you must die. Go to your knees 190
and make ready.
CLAUDIO Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of
love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.
DUKE, *as Friar* Hold you there. Farewell.

Provost takes Claudio away..

DUKE, *as Friar, to Isabella* The hand that hath made
you fair hath made you good.
Grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall 205
keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo
hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my
understanding; and but that frailty hath examples
for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will
you do to content this substitute and to save your 210
brother?
ISABELLA I am now going to resolve him. I had rather
my brother die by the law than my son should be
unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good
duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return, and I 215
can speak to him, I will discover his government.
DUKE, *as Friar* Yet, as

the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation:
 he made trial of you only. Therefore, fasten 220
 your ear on my advisings. To the love I have in doing
 good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself
 believe that you may most uprightously do a poor
 wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother
 from the angry law, do no stain to your own 225
 gracious person, and much please the absent duke.
 Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the
 sister of Frederick, the great soldier who miscarried
 at sea? 235
 ISABELLA I have heard of the lady, and good words
 went with her name.
 DUKE, *as Friar* She should this Angelo have married,
 was affianced to her oath, and the nuptial appointed.
 Between which time of the contract and 240
 limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was
 wracked at sea, having in that perished vessel the
 dowry of his sister. There she lost a noble
 and renowned brother, with him, the portion and
 sinew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with
 both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming
 Angelo.
 ISABELLA Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her? 250
 DUKE, *as Friar* Left her in her tears and dried not one
 of them with his comfort, swallowed his vows
 whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonor;
 and he, a marble to her 255
 tears, is washed with them but relents not.
 ISABELLA What a merit were it in death to take this
 poor maid from the world! What corruption in this
 life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this
 can she avail? 260
 DUKE, *as Friar* It is a rupture that you may easily heal,
 and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but
 keeps you from dishonor in doing it.
 ISABELLA Show me how, good father.
 DUKE, *as Friar* Go you to
 Angelo, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience, 270
 agree with his demands to the point. Only
 refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay
 with him may not be long, that the time may have all
 shadow and silence in it, 275
 Now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid
 to go in your place. If
 the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may
 compel him to her recompense; and here, by this, is
 your brother saved, your honor untainted, the poor 280
 Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy
 scaled. The doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit
 from reproof. What think you of it? 285
 ISABELLA The image of it gives me content already, and
 I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.
 DUKE, *as Friar* It lies much in your holding up. Haste
 you speedily to Angelo. If for this night he entreat
 you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I 290
 will presently to Saint Luke's. There at the moated
 grange resides this dejected Mariana. At that place
 call upon me, and dispatch with Angelo that it may

be quickly.
 ISABELLA I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, 295
 good father.

She exits. The Duke remains.

Scene 2
Enter Elbow, Pompey, and Officers.

ELBOW, *to Pompey* Nay, there be no remedy for it
 but that you buy and sell men and
 women like beasts.
 DUKE, *as Friar, aside* O heavens, what stuff is here? 5
 POMPEY 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries,
 the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed
 by order of law.
 ELBOW Come your way, sir.—Bless you, good father
 friar.
 DUKE, *as Friar* And you, good brother father. What
 offense hath this man made you, sir? 15
 ELBOW Marry, sir, he hath offended the law.
 DUKE, *as Friar, to Pompey*
 Fie, sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
 The evil that thou causest to be done,
 That is thy means to live.
 Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
 So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.
 POMPEY Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir. But yet,
 sir, I would prove— 30
 DUKE, *as Friar*
 Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
 Thou wilt prove his.—Take him to prison, officer.
 Correction and instruction must both work
 Ere this rude beast will profit.
 ELBOW He must before the Deputy, sir; he has given 35
 him warning. The Deputy cannot abide a whoremaster.
 His neck will come to your waist—a cord, sir.

Enter Lucio.

POMPEY I spy comfort, I cry bail. Here's a gentleman
 and a friend of mine.
 LUCIO How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of
 Caesar? Art thou led in triumph?
 Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad
 and few words? Or how? The trick of it?
 LUCIO, *to Pompey* How doth my dear morsel, thy
 mistress? Procures she still, ha? 55
 POMPEY Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and
 she is herself in the tub.
 LUCIO Why, 'tis good. Art going to
 prison, Pompey? 60
 POMPEY Yes, faith, sir.
 LUCIO Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell.
 For debt, Pompey? Or how?
 ELBOW For being a bawd, for being a bawd. 65
 LUCIO Well, then, imprison him. If imprisonment be
 the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he,
 doubtless, and of antiquity too. Bawd born.—
 Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison,

Pompey.

ELBOW, *to Pompey* Come your ways, sir, come. 80

POMPEY, *to Lucio* You will not bail me, then, sir?

LUCIO Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad,
friar? What news?

ELBOW, *to Pompey* Come your ways, sir, come.

LUCIO Go to kennel, Pompey, go. 85

Elbow, Pompey, and Officers exit.

What news, friar, of the Duke?

DUKE, *as Friar* I know none. Can you tell me of any?

LUCIO Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia;
other some, he is in Rome. But where is he, think
you? 90

DUKE, *as Friar* I know not where, but wheresoever, I
wish him well.

LUCIO It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal
from the state and usurp the beggary he was never
born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence. 95

He puts transgression to 't.

DUKE, *as Friar* He does well in 't.

LUCIO A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm
in him. Something too crabbed that way, friar.

DUKE, *as Friar* It is too general a vice, and severity 100
must cure it.

LUCIO Yes, but it is impossible to extirp it quite,
friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say
this Angelo was not made by man and woman after 105
this downright way of creation. Is it true, think
you?

DUKE, *as Friar* How should he be made, then?

LUCIO Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some,
that he was begot between two stockfishes. But it is 110
certain that when he makes water, his urine is
congealed ice; that I know to be true.

LUCIO Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the 115
rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a
man! Would the duke that is absent have done this?
Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting
a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the
nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the 120
sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him
to mercy.

DUKE, *as Friar* I never heard the absent duke much
detected for women. He was not inclined that way.

LUCIO O, sir, you are deceived. 125

DUKE, *as Friar* 'Tis not possible.

LUCIO Who, not the Duke? Yes, your beggar of fifty;
and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish. The
Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too,
that let me inform you. 130

DUKE, *as Friar* You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the
Duke, and I believe I know the cause of his
withdrawing.

DUKE, *as Friar* What, I prithee, might be the cause? 135

LUCIO No, pardon. 'Tis a secret must be locked within
the teeth and the lips. But this I can let you
understand: the greater file of the subject held the
Duke to be wise.

DUKE, *as Friar* Wise? Why, no question but he was. 140
 LUCIO A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.
 DUKE, *as Friar* Either this is envy in you, folly, or
 mistaking. Or,
 if your knowledge be more, it is much darkened in
 your malice. 150
 LUCIO Sir, I know him, and I love him.
 DUKE, *as Friar* Love talks with better knowledge, and
 knowledge with dearer love.
 LUCIO Come, sir, I know what I know.
 DUKE, *as Friar* I can hardly believe that, since you 155
 know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke
 return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you
 to make your answer before him. I pray you, your name? 160
 LUCIO Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.
 DUKE, *as Friar* He shall know you better, sir, if I may
 live to report you.
 LUCIO I fear you not.
 DUKE, *as Friar* O, you hope the Duke will return no 165
 more, or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite.
 But indeed I can do you little harm; you'll
 forswear this again.
 LUCIO I'll be hanged first. Thou art deceived in me,
 friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio 170
 die tomorrow or no?
 DUKE, *as Friar* Why should he die, sir?
 LUCIO Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish. I would
 the Duke we talk of were returned again. This
 ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with 175
 continency.
 Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. 180
 Farewell, good friar. I prithee pray for me. The
 Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on
 Fridays. He's now past it, yet—and I say to thee—
 he would mouth with a beggar though she smelt
 brown bread and garlic. Say that I said so. Farewell. 185

*He exits. Mysterious woman with baby buggy (crying baby follows calling
 "Lucio!")*

DUKE
 No might nor greatness in mortality
 Can censure scape. What king so strong
 Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? 190

*Enter Escalus, Provost, Officers, and Mistress
 Overdone, a Bawd.*

ESCALUS, *to Officers* Go, away with her to prison.
 BAWD Good my lord, be good to me. Your Honor is
 accounted a merciful man, good my lord.
 ESCALUS Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit
 in the same kind? This would make mercy 195
 swear and play the tyrant.
 PROVOST A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it
 please your Honor.
 BAWD, *to Escalus* My lord, this is one Lucio's information
 against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown was 200
 with child by him in the Duke's time; he promised

her marriage. His child is a year and a quarter old
 come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself, and see
 how he goes about to abuse me.

ESCALUS That fellow is a fellow of much license. Let 205
 him be called before us. Away with her to prison.—
 Go to, no more words. *Officers exit with Bawd.*
 Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered.
 Claudio must die tomorrow. Let him be furnished
 with divines and have all charitable preparation.

PROVOST So please you, this friar hath been with him,
 and advised him for th' entertainment of death.

ESCALUS Good even, good father. 215

DUKE, *as Friar* Bliss and goodness on you.

ESCALUS Of whence are you?

DUKE, *as Friar*
 Not of this country, I am a brother
 Of gracious order, late come from the See 220
 In special business from his Holiness.
 I pray you,
 sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

ESCALUS One that, above all other strifes, contended
 especially to know himself.

DUKE, *as Friar* What pleasure was he given to? 235

ESCALUS Rather rejoicing to see another merry than
 merry at anything which professed to make him
 rejoice—a gentleman of all temperance. But leave
 we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove
 prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find 240
 Claudio prepared. I am made to understand that
 you have lent him visitation.

DUKE, *as Friar* He now
 is he resolved to die.

ESCALUS You have paid the heavens your function and 250
 the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have
 labored for the poor gentleman to the extremest
 shore of my modesty, but my brother justice have I
 found so severe that he hath forced me to tell him
 he is indeed Justice. 255

DUKE, *as Friar* If his own life answer the straitness of
 his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if
 he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself.

ESCALUS I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

DUKE, *as Friar* Peace be with you. 260
Escalus and Provost exit.

DUKE
 He who the sword of heaven will bear
 Should be as holy as severe,
 Pattern in himself to know,
 Grace to stand, and virtue go;
 More nor less to others paying 265
 Than by self-offenses weighing.
 Shame to him whose cruel striking
 Kills for faults of his own liking.
 Twice treble shame on Angelo,
 To weed my vice, and let his grow. 270
 O, what may man within him hide,
 Though angel on the outward side!
 Craft against vice I must apply.

With Angelo tonight shall lie
His old betrothed but despised.
So disguise shall, by th' disguisèd,
Pay with falsehood false exacting
And perform an old contracting.

280

He exits.

OVERDONE (*with marionette*) Oh look how the Duke is going to fix
everything. What could possibly go wrong?

PERFORMANCE ACT BREAK

ACT 4

OVERDONE Welcome back, folks! Everybody feelin' fresh? Pastor, I hope you got a cold drink because things are about to heat up.

Quick recap: the Duke dressed as Friar Lodowick has asked Isabella to LIE to Angelo and tell him that she WILL sleep with him to save her brother Claudio's life. But the catch: he must agree to do the deed in total darkness and not a peep, and by the way, to ignore the extra dame that she's bringing along, waiting in the shadows. Nothin' to see there, no sir.

AND get this, he said that Isabella won't even be the one doin' the deed. The Duke's got Angelo's old flame, the one he left high and dry, ready to step in. Supposedly she's still sweet on him since she never got over the break up, so it's all good. AND, don't fret: it ain't a sin because they were engaged, practically hitched...say, weren't Claudio and Juliet also engaged? But I forget myself...moral Boy Math.

Now all they gotta do is persuade Marianna to go along with this trick.

On with the show!

Scene 1
Enter Mariana.
Enter Duke as a Friar.

DUKE, *as Friar*

I pray you tell me, hath anybody inquired for me
here today? Much upon this time have I promised
here to meet.

MARIANA

20

Enter Isabella.

DUKE, *as Friar* I do constantly believe you. The time is
come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a
little. Maybe I will call upon you anon for some
advantage to yourself.

MARIANA

She exits. 25

DUKE, *as Friar* Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy?

ISABELLA

He hath a garden circummured with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backed;
And to that vineyard is a planchèd gate
That makes his opening with this bigger key.
This other doth command a little door
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads.
There have I made my promise, upon the
Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him.

30

35

He did show me
The way twice o'er. 40
DUKE, *as Friar* Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?
ISABELLA
No, none, but only a repair i' th' dark,
And that I have possessed him my most stay
Can be but brief, for I have made him know 45
I have a servant comes with me along
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.
DUKE, *as Friar* 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana 50
A word of this.—What ho, within; come forth.

Enter Mariana.

To Mariana. I pray you be acquainted with this
maid.
She comes to do you good.
ISABELLA I do desire the like. 55
DUKE, *as Friar; to Mariana*
Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?
MARIANA
DUKE, *as Friar*
Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure. But make haste. 60
The vaporous night approaches.

MARIANA

Isabella and Mariana exit.

DUKE
O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee; volumes of report
Run with these false, and, most contrarious, quest 65
Upon thy doings; thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream
And rack thee in their fancies.

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

DUKE, *as Friar* Welcome. How agreed?
ISABELLA
She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it. 70
DUKE, *as Friar* It is not my consent
But my entreaty too.
ISABELLA, *to Mariana* Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
"Remember now my brother." 75
MARIANA
DUKE, *as Friar*
He is your husband on a precontract.
To bring you thus together 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go.
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow. 80

They exit.

OVERDONE There it is. Precontract. So it's ok to have the premarital with your pre-husband on precontract. Let's pre-tend that this makes sense. Morality boy math!

Scene 2

Enter Provost, Pompey, and Officer.

PROVOST Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?
POMPEY If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he's his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head. 5
PROVOST Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. Tomorrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper. If you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd. 10
POMPEY Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner. 15
PROVOST What ho, Abhorson!—Where's Abhorson there? 20

Enter Abhorson.

ABHORSON Do you call, sir?
PROVOST Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution. If you think it meet, ~~compound with him by the year~~ and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd. 25
ABHORSON A bawd, sir? Fie upon him! He will discredit our mystery.
PROVOST Go to, sir; you weigh equally. A feather will turn the scale. 30
POMPEY Pray, sir, by your good favor—for surely, sir, a good favor you have, but that you have a hanging look—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery? *He exits.*
ABHORSON Ay, sir, a mystery. 35
POMPEY Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine. 40
ABHORSON Sir, it is a mystery.

Enter Provost.

PROVOST Are you agreed?
POMPEY Sir, I will serve him, for I do find your hangman

is a more penitent trade than your bawd. He 50
doth oftener ask forgiveness.
PROVOST, *to Abhorson* You, sirrah, provide your block
and your axe tomorrow, four o'clock.
ABHORSON, *to Pompey* Come on, bawd. I will instruct
thee in my trade. Follow. 55
POMPEY I do desire to learn, sir; *Pompey and Abhorson exit.*
PROVOST, *to Officer*
Call hither Barnardine and Claudio. 60
Officer exits.
Th' one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter Claudio, with Officer.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death.
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight tomorrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine? 65
CLAUDIO
Fast locked up in sleep.
He will not wake.
PROVOST Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. *Knock within.* But hark, 70
what noise?—
Heaven give your spirits comfort.
Claudio exits, with Officer. Knock within.
By and by!
I hope it is some pardon or reprieve
For the most gentle Claudio. 75

Enter Duke, as a Friar.

Welcome, father.
DUKE, *as Friar*
The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost. Who called here of late?
PROVOST
None since the curfew rung.
DUKE, *as Friar* Not Isabel? 80
PROVOST No.
DUKE, *as Friar* They will, then, ere 't be long.
PROVOST What comfort is for Claudio?
DUKE, *as Friar*
There's some in hope.
PROVOST It is a bitter deputy. 85

Knocking continues.

DUKE, *as Friar*
Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die tomorrow?
PROVOST None, sir, none.
DUKE, *as Friar*
As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning. 105
PROVOST Lord Angelo hath to the public ear 110
Professed the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

This is his Lordship's man.

DUKE, *as Friar* And here comes Claudio's pardon.

MESSENGER, *giving Provost a paper* My lord hath sent
you this note, and by me this further charge: that 115
you swerve not from the smallest article of it,
neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.
Good morrow, for, as I take it, it is almost day.

PROVOST I shall obey him. *Provost reads message.*
Messenger exits.

DUKE, *aside*
This is his pardon, purchased by such sin 120
For which the pardoner himself is in.
As Friar. Now, sir, what news?

PROVOST, *reads the letter.*
Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio
be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon
Barnardine. For my better satisfaction, let me have
Claudio's head sent me by five. Fail not to do your
office, as you will answer it at your peril.
What say you to this, sir?

DUKE, *as Friar* What is that Barnardine who is to be 140
executed in th' afternoon?

PROVOST A Bohemian born, one that is a prisoner nine years.

DUKE, *as Friar* Hath he borne himself penitently in
prison? How seems he to be touched?

PROVOST A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully
but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and 155
fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible
of mortality and desperately mortal.

DUKE, *as Friar* He wants advice.

PROVOST He will hear none. He hath evermore had the
liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape 160
hence, he would not. Drunk many times a day, if not
many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked
him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed
him a seeming warrant for it. It hath not moved him
at all. 165

DUKE, *as Friar* More of him anon. There is written in
your brow, provost, honesty and constancy.
Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is 170
no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath
sentenced him. To make you understand this,
I crave but four days' respite, for
the which you are to do me both a present and a
dangerous courtesy. 175

PROVOST Pray, sir, in what?

DUKE, *as Friar* In the delaying death.

PROVOST Alack, how may I do it, having the hour
limited, and an express command, under penalty,
to deliver his head in the view of Angelo?

DUKE, *as Friar* Let this
Barnardine be this morning executed and his head 185
borne to Angelo.

PROVOST Angelo hath seen them both and will discover
the favor.

DUKE, *as Friar* O, death's a great disguiser, and you
may add to it. Shave the head and 190
say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared
before his death. You know the course is common. 195

PROVOST Pardon me, good father, it is against my oath.
 DUKE, *as Friar* Were you sworn to the Duke or to the Deputy?
 PROVOST To him and to his substitutes.
 DUKE, *as Friar* You will think you have made no offense if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing? 200
 PROVOST But what likelihood is in that?
 DUKE, *as Friar* Not a resemblance, but a certainty; I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke.
He shows the Provost a paper.
 You know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.
 PROVOST I know them both.
 DUKE, *as Friar* The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon overread it at your pleasure, where you shall find within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not. 215
 Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be. All difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head. I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed, but this shall absolutely resolve you. 225
He gives the Provost the paper.
 Come away; it is almost clear dawn.
They exit.

OVERDONE So Claudio will dodge the axe thanks to the Friar-Duke's persuasive plan and the good provost's willingness to follow. But can Barnardine's head really pass for Claudio?

Scene 3
Enter Pompey.

POMPEY I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession. One would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers, all great doers in our trade, and are now "for the Lord's sake." 20

Enter Abhorson.

ABHORSON Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.
 POMPEY, *calling* Master Barnardine, you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine.
 ABHORSON, *calling* What ho, Barnardine!
 BARNARDINE, *within* A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you? 25
 POMPEY, *calling to Barnardine offstage* Your friends, sir, the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.
 BARNARDINE, *within* Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy. 30
 ABHORSON, *to Pompey* Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

POMPEY, *calling* Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till
 you are executed, and sleep afterwards. 35
 ABHORSON Go in to him, and fetch him out.
 POMPEY He is coming, sir, he is coming. I hear his
 straw rustle.
 ABHORSON Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?
 POMPEY Very ready, sir. 40

Enter Barnardine.

BARNARDINE How now, Abhorson? What's the news
 with you?
 ABHORSON Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into
 your prayers, for, look you, the warrant's come.
 BARNARDINE You rogue, I have been drinking all night. 45
 I am not fitted for 't.
 POMPEY O, the better, sir, for he that drinks all night
 and is hanged betimes in the morning may sleep the
 sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke, as a Friar.

ABHORSON, *to Barnardine* Look you, sir, here comes
 your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you? 50
 DUKE, *as Friar, to Barnardine* Sir, induced by my
 charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I
 am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with
 you. 55
 BARNARDINE Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all
 night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or
 they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not
 consent to die this day, that's certain.
 DUKE, *as Friar* O, sir, you must. And therefore I 60
 beseech you look forward on the journey you shall
 go.
 BARNARDINE I swear I will not die today for any man's
 persuasion.
 DUKE, *as Friar* But hear you— 65
 BARNARDINE Not a word. If you have anything to say to
 me, come to my ward, for thence will not I today.

He exits.

DUKE, *as Friar*
 Unfit to live or die. O gravel heart!
 After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

Abhorson and Pompey exit.

Enter Provost.

PROVOST
 Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner? 70
 DUKE, *as Friar*
 A creature unprepared, unmeet for death,
 And to transport him in the mind he is
 Were damnable.
 PROVOST Here in the prison, father,
 There died this morning of a cruel fever 75
 One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
 A man of Claudio's years, his beard and head
 Just of his color. What if we do omit

This reprobate till he were well inclined,
 And satisfy the Deputy with the visage
 Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio? 80
 DUKE, *as Friar*
 O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
 Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.
Provost exits.
 DUKE
 Now will I write letters to Angelo— 100
 The Provost he shall bear them—whose contents
 Shall witness to him I am near at home
 And that by great injunctions I am bound
 To enter publicly. Him I'll desire
 To meet me at the consecrated fount 105
 We shall proceed with Angelo.
Enter Provost, carrying a head.
 PROVOST
 Here is the head. I'll carry it myself.
 DUKE, *as Friar*
 Convenient is it. Make a swift return, 110
 For I would commune with you of such things
 That want no ear but yours.
 PROVOST I'll make all speed.
He exits.
 ISABELLA, *within* Peace, ho, be here.
 DUKE
 The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know 115
 If yet her brother's pardon be come hither.
 But I will keep her ignorant of her good
 To make her heavenly comforts of despair
 When it is least expected.
Enter Isabella.
 ISABELLA Ho, by your leave. 120
 DUKE, *as Friar*
 Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
 ISABELLA
 The better, given me by so holy a man.
 Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's pardon?
 DUKE, *as Friar*
 He hath released him, Isabel, from the world.
 His head is off, and sent to Angelo. 125
 ISABELLA
 Nay, but it is not so.
 DUKE, *as Friar* It is no other.
 Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.
 ISABELLA
 O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!
 DUKE, *as Friar*
 You shall not be admitted to his sight. 130
 ISABELLA
 Unhappy Claudio, wretched Isabel,
 Injurious world, most damnèd Angelo!
 DUKE, *as Friar*
 This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot.
 Mark what I say,

The Duke comes home tomorrow.
 Already he hath carried 140
 Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
 Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
 There to give up their power. If you can, pace your
 wisdom
 In that good path that I would wish it go, 145
 And you shall have revenges to your heart,
 ISABELLA I am directed by you.
 DUKE, *as Friar; showing her a paper*
 This letter, then, to Friar Thomas give. 150
 Say, by this token, I desire his company
 At Mariana's house tonight. Her cause and yours
 I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
 Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo 155
 Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
 I am combinèd by a sacred vow
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter.
He hands her the paper.
 Command these fretting waters from your eyes
 With a light heart. Trust not my holy order 160
 If I pervert your course.—Who's here?

Enter Lucio.
 LUCIO Good even, friar, where's the Provost?
 DUKE, *as Friar* Not within, sir.
 LUCIO O, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see
 thine eyes so red. They say the Duke will be here tomorrow. By
 my troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother. If the old
 fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, 170
 he had lived. *Isabella exits.*
 DUKE, *as Friar* Sir, the Duke is marvelous little beholding
 to your reports, but the best is, he lives not
 in them.
 LUCIO Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do. 175
 He's a better woodman than thou tak'st him for.
 DUKE, *as Friar* Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare
 you well.
 LUCIO Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee. I can tell thee
 pretty tales of the Duke. 180
 DUKE, *as Friar* You have told me too many of him
 already, sir.
 LUCIO I was once before him for getting a wench with
 child. 185
 DUKE, *as Friar* Did you such a thing?
 LUCIO Yes, marry, did I, but I was fain to forswear it.
 They would else have married me to the rotten
 medlar.
 DUKE, *as Friar* Sir, your company is fairer than honest. 190
 Rest you well.
 LUCIO By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end. If
 bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it.
 Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr. I shall stick.

They exit.

OVERDONE That's was a lot just now. One, Ragozine's a pirate who's the
 spittin' image of Claudio and he just died this morning? I'll say that's

convenient! Two, Friar-Duke tells Isabella that Claudio is dead and his head has already been delivered to Angelo. And three, Friar-Duke tells Isabella to accuse Angelo in front of the Duke and the whole damn town, but “so sorry” he’s gotta a gig out of town and can’t be there to back her up. Four, Lucio lied to the law about a prostitute he knocked up, but bragged about it to Friar-Duke. What a dead beat!

What’s more, the Duke’s been writin’ a lot of letters...

Scene 4
Enter Angelo and Escalus.

ESCALUS Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched
other.
ANGELO In most uneven and distracted manner. His
actions show much like to madness. Pray heaven his
wisdom be not tainted. And why meet him at the 5
gates and deliver our authorities there?
ESCALUS I guess not.
ANGELO And why should we proclaim it in an hour
before his entering, that if any crave redress of
injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the 10
street?
ESCALUS He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch
of complaints, and to deliver us from devices
hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand
against us. 15
ANGELO Well, I beseech you let it be proclaimed.
ESCALUS I shall, sir. Fare you well. 20
ANGELO Good night. *Escalus exits.*
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid,
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it. But that her tender shame 25
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no,
For my authority bears of a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived, 30
Save that his riotous youth with dangerous sense
Might in the times to come have ta’en revenge
By so receiving a dishonored life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived.
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, 35
Nothing goes right. We would, and we would not.

He exits.

Scene 5
Enter Duke and Friar Peter.

DUKE, *giving the Friar papers.*
These letters at fit time deliver me.
The Provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction
And hold you ever to our special drift,

Though sometimes you do blench from this to that 5
As cause doth minister. 10
FRIAR PETER It shall be speeded well.

They exit.

Scene 6
Enter Isabella and Mariana.

ISABELLA
To speak so indirectly I am loath.
I would say the truth, but to accuse him so
That is your part; yet I am advised to do it,
He says, to veil full purpose.
MARIANA *she indicates* 5

ISABELLA
Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange, for 'tis a physic
That's bitter to sweet end.
MARIANA
moves as if to speak 10

Enter Friar Peter.

ISABELLA O peace, the Friar is come.
FRIAR PETER
Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
sounded. 15
The Duke is entering. Therefore hence, away.

They exit.

OVERDONE Now the Provost, Friar Peter, Isabella and Marianna have all
be given different marching orders by the Friar-Duke. And head's up: if I
start talking a little funny, don't go getting wise. Just play along with me.
Trust me." Oh Sugar, famous last words.

Now let's slip on over to the city gates, darling—Angelo and Escalus are just
waiting there to meet the Duke, and I never like to keep an audience waiting.

ACT 5

Scene 1

*Enter Duke, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio,
Provost, Officers, and Citizens at several doors.*

DUKE, *to Angelo*

My very worthy cousin, fairly met.

To Escalus. Our old and faithful friend, we are
glad to see you.

ANGELO, ESCALUS

Happy return be to your royal Grace.

DUKE

Many and hearty thankings to you both. 5

We have made inquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks.

ANGELO You make my bonds still greater. 10

DUKE

O, your desert speaks loud, and I should wrong it
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom.

Give me your hand 15

And let the subject see. Come, Escalus,
You must walk by us on our other hand.

And good supporters are you. 20

Enter Friar Peter and Isabella.

FRIAR PETER, *to Isabella*

Now is your time. Speak loud, and kneel before him.

ISABELLA, *kneeling*

Justice, O royal duke. Dishonor not your eye
By throwing it on any other object 25

Till you have heard me in my true complaint
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice.

DUKE

Relate your wrongs. In what, by whom? Be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice.
Reveal yourself to him. 30

ISABELLA O worthy duke,

You bid me seek redemption of the devil.

Hear me yourself, for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,

Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me,
here. 35

ANGELO

My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm.

She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice.

ISABELLA, *standing* By course of justice! 40

ANGELO

And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

ISABELLA

Most strange, but yet most truly will I speak.

That Angelo's forsworn, is it not strange?

That Angelo's a murderer, is 't not strange?

That Angelo is an adulterous thief,

An hypocrite, a virgin-violator, 45

Is it not strange, and strange?
DUKE Nay, it is ten times strange.
ISABELLA
It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange. 50
Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th' end of reck'ning.
DUKE What would you say? 80
ISABELLA
I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned upon the act of fornication
To lose his head, condemned by Angelo.
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio 85
As then the messenger—
LUCIO, *to Duke* That's I, an 't like your Grace.
I came to her from Claudio and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon. 90
ISABELLA, *to Duke* That's he indeed.
DUKE, *to Lucio*
You were not bid to speak.
LUCIO No, my good lord,
Nor wished to hold my peace.
DUKE I wish you now, then. 95
Pray you take note of it,
LUCIO I warrant your Honor.
DUKE
The warrant's for yourself. Take heed to 't. 100
ISABELLA
This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.
LUCIO Right.
DUKE
It may be right, but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.
ISABELLA I went 105
To this pernicious caitiff deputy—
DUKE
That's somewhat madly spoken.
ISABELLA Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.
In brief, the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter. 115
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honor,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes, 120
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.
DUKE This is most likely!
ISABELLA
O, that it were as like as it is true!
DUKE
By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what 125
thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborned against his honor
In hateful practice. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish; next, it imports no reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue 130
 Faults proper to himself. If he had so offended,
 He would have weighed thy brother by himself
 And not have cut him off. Someone hath set you on.
 Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
 Thou cam'st here to complain. 135
 ISABELLA And is this all?
 Then, O you blessed ministers above,
 Keep me in patience, and with ripened time
 Unfold the evil which is here wrapped up
 In countenance. Heaven shield your Grace from 140
 woe,
 As I, thus wronged, hence unbelievèd go.
 DUKE
 I know you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
An Officer comes forward.
 To prison with her. Shall we thus permit
 A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall 145
 On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.—
 Who knew of your intent and coming hither?
 ISABELLA
 One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.
Officer exits with Isabella.
 DUKE
 A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?
 LUCIO
 My lord, I know him. 'Tis a meddling friar. 150
 I do not like the man. Had he been lay, my lord,
 For certain words he spake against your Grace
 In your retirement, I had swung him soundly.
 DUKE
 Words against me? Let this friar be found.
 LUCIO
 But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
 I saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
 A very scurvy fellow.
 FRIAR PETER, *to Duke* Blessed be your royal Grace. 160
 I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
 Your royal ear abused. First hath this woman
 Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
 Who is as free from touch or soil with her
 As she from one ungot. 165
 DUKE We did believe no less.
 Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?
 FRIAR PETER
 I know him for a man divine and holy,
 Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
 As he's reported by this gentleman; 170
 LUCIO
 My lord, most villainously, believe it.
 FRIAR PETER
 Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
 Upon his mere request,
 Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
 Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither
 To speak as from his mouth, what he doth know
 Is true and false. First, for this woman,
 To justify this worthy nobleman,
 So vulgarly and personally accused,

Her shall you hear disprovèd to her eyes 185
 Till she herself confess it.
 DUKE Good friar, let's hear it.—
 Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
 O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!—
 Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo, 190
 In this I'll be impartial. Be you judge
 Of your own cause. *Duke and Angelo are seated.*

Enter Mariana, veiled.

Is this the witness, friar?
 First, let her show her face, and after speak.
 MARIANA
 Pardon, my lord, I will not show my face 195
 Until my husband bid me.
 DUKE What, are you married?
 MARIANA No, my lord.
 DUKE Are you a maid?
 MARIANA No, my lord. 200
 DUKE A widow, then?
 MARIANA Neither, my lord.
 DUKE Why you are nothing, then, neither maid, widow,
 nor wife?
 LUCIO My lord, she may be a punk, for many of them 205
 are neither maid, widow, nor wife.
 DUKE Silence that fellow. I would he had some cause
 to prattle for himself.
 LUCIO Well, my lord.
 MARIANA
 My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married, 210
 And I confess besides I am no maid.
 I have known my husband, yet my husband
 Knows not that ever he knew me.
 LUCIO He was drunk, then, my lord; it can be no better.
 DUKE For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so 215
 too.
 LUCIO Well, my lord.
 DUKE
 This is no witness for Lord Angelo.
 MARIANA Now I come to 't, my lord.
 She that accuses him of fornication 220
 In selfsame manner doth accuse my husband,
 And charges him, my lord, with such a time
 When, I'll depose, I had him in mine arms
 With all th' effect of love.
 ANGELO Charges she more than me? 225
 MARIANA Not that I know.
 DUKE No? You say your husband.
 MARIANA
 Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
 Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,
 But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's. 230
 ANGELO
 This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.
 MARIANA
 My husband bids me. Now I will unmask.
She removes her veil.
 This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,

Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on.
This is the hand which, with a vowed contract, 235
Was fast belocked in thine. This is the body
That took away the match from Isabel
And did supply thee at thy garden house
In her imagined person.

DUKE, *to Angelo* Know you this woman? 240

LUCIO Carnally, she says.

DUKE Sirrah, no more.

LUCIO Enough, my lord.

ANGELO
My lord, I must confess I know this woman,
And five years since there was some speech of 245
marriage
Betwixt myself and her, which was broke off,
Partly for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition, but in chief
For that her reputation was disvalued 250
In levity. Since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honor.

MARIANA, *kneeling, to Duke* Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from 255
breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows. And, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden house 260
He knew me as a wife.

ANGELO I did but smile till now. 265
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice.
My patience here is touched. I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord, 270
To find this practice out.

DUKE Ay, with my heart,
And punish them to your height of pleasure.—
You, Lord Escalus, 280
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis derived.

The Duke rises. Escalus is seated.

There is another friar that set them on.
Let him be sent for.

FRIAR PETER
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

DUKE, *to Provost* Go, do it instantly.

Provost exits.

To Angelo. And you, my noble and well-warranted 290
cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best
In any chastisement. I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you till you have 295
Well determined upon these slanderers.

ESCALUS My lord, we'll do it throughly. *Duke exits.*
Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that Friar
Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

LUCIO *Cucullus non facit monachum*, honest in nothing 300
but in his clothes, and one that hath spoke most
villainous speeches of the Duke.
ESCALUS We shall entreat you to abide here till he
come, and enforce them against him. We shall find
this friar a notable fellow. 305
LUCIO As any in Manhattan, on my word.
ESCALUS Call that same Isabel here once again. I would
speak with her. *An Attendant exits.*
To Angelo. Pray you, my lord, give me leave to
question. You shall see how I'll handle her. 310
LUCIO Not better than he, by her own report.
ESCALUS Say you?
LUCIO Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately,
she would sooner confess. 315
ESCALUS I will go darkly to work with her.
LUCIO That's the way, for women are light at midnight.

*Enter Duke as a Friar, Provost, and Isabella,
with Officers.*

ESCALUS, *to Isabella* Come on, mistress. Here's a gentlewoman
denies all that you have said.
LUCIO My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here 320
with the Provost.
ESCALUS In very good time. Speak not you to him till
we call upon you.
LUCIO Mum.
ESCALUS, *to disguised Duke* Come, sir, did you set 325
these women on to slander Lord Angelo? They have
confessed you did.
DUKE, *as Friar*
'Tis false.
ESCALUS How? Know you where you are?
DUKE, *as Friar*
Respect to your great place, and let the devil 330
Be sometime honored for his burning throne.
Where is the Duke? 'Tis he should hear me speak.
ESCALUS
The Duke's in us, and we will hear you speak.
Look you speak justly.
DUKE, *as Friar*
Boldly, at least.—But, O, poor souls, 335
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress. Is the Duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust
And put your trial in the villain's mouth 340
Which here you come to accuse.
LUCIO
This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.
ESCALUS, *to disguised Duke*
Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed friar,
Is 't not enough thou hast suborned these women
To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth 345
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain? And then to glance from him
To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?—
Take him hence. To th' rack with him. We'll touse
him 350

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.
What? "Unjust"?

DUKE, *as Friar* Be not so hot. The Duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he
Dare rack his own. His subject am I not, 355
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Manhattan,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'errun the stew.

ESCALUS Slander to th' state!
Away with him to prison.

ANGELO, *to Lucio*
What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? 365
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

LUCIO 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, Goodman Baldpate.
Do you know me?

DUKE, *as Friar* I remember you, sir, by the sound of
your voice. I met you at the prison in the absence of 370
the Duke.

LUCIO O, did you so? And do you remember what you
said of the Duke?

DUKE, *as Friar* Most notably, sir.

LUCIO Do you so, sir? And was the Duke a fleshmonger, 375
a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

DUKE, *as Friar* You must, sir, change persons with me
ere you make that my report. You indeed spoke so
of him, and much more, much worse. 380

LUCIO O, thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by
the nose for thy speeches?

DUKE, *as Friar* I protest I love the Duke as I love
myself.

ANGELO Hark how the villain would close now, after 385
his treasonable abuses!

ESCALUS Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away
with him to prison. Where is the Provost? *Provost*
comes forward. Away with him to prison.
Let him speak no more. Away 390
with those giglets too, and with the other confederate
companion.

Provost seizes the disguised Duke.

DUKE, *as Friar* Stay, sir, stay awhile.

ANGELO What, resists he?—Help him, Lucio.

LUCIO, *to the disguised Duke* Come, sir, come, sir, 395
come, sir. Foh, sir! Why you bald-pated, lying rascal,
you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's
visage, with a pox to you! Show your sheep-biting
face, and be hanged an hour! Will 't not off?
He pulls off the friar's hood, and reveals the Duke.
Angelo and Escalus stand.

DUKE
Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.— 400
First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.
To Lucio. Sneak not away, sir, for the friar and
you
Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.

LUCIO This may prove worse than hanging. 405

DUKE, *to Escalus*
What you have spoke I pardon. Sit you down.
We'll borrow place of him. *To Angelo.* Sir, by your

leave.
 Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence
 That yet can do thee office?
 ANGELO O my dread lord,
 I should be guiltier than my guiltiness
 To think I can be undiscernible, 415
 When I perceive your Grace, like power divine,
 Hath looked upon my passes. Then, good prince,
 No longer session hold upon my shame,
 But let my trial be mine own confession.
 Immediate sentence then and sequent death 420
 Is all the grace I beg.
 DUKE Come hither, Mariana.
Mariana stands and comes forward.
 To Angelo. Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this
 woman?
 ANGELO I was, my lord. 425
 DUKE
 Go take her hence and marry her instantly.
 To Friar Peter. Do you the office, friar, which
 consummate,
 Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.
Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost exit.
 Come hither, Isabel.
 Your friar is now your prince. As I was then
 Not changing heart with habit, I am still 435
 Attorneyed at your service.
 Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart,
 And you may marvel why I obscured myself,
 Laboring to save his life, and would not rather 445
 Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power
 Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,
 It was the swift celerity of his death,
 Which I did think with slower foot came on,
 That brained my purpose. But peace be with him. 450
 That life is better life past fearing death
 Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort,
 So happy is your brother.
 ISABELLA I do, my lord.
Enter Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter, and Provost.
 DUKE
 For this new-married man approaching here, 455
 The very mercy of the law cries out
 Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
 "An Angelo for Claudio, death for death." 465
 Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
 Like doth quit like, and measure still for
 measure.—Then, Angelo,
 We do condemn thee to the very block
 Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like
 haste.—Away with him. 475
 MARIANA O my most gracious lord,
 I hope you will not mock me with a husband.
 DUKE
 It is your husband mocked you with a husband.
 Consenting to the safeguard of your honor,

I thought your marriage fit. For his possessions,
 Although by confiscation they are ours,
 We do instate and widow you with all
 To buy you a better husband. 485
 MARIANA O my dear lord,
 I crave no other nor no better man.
 DUKE
 Never crave him. We are definitive.
 MARIANA, *kneeling*
 Gentle my liege—
 DUKE You do but lose your labor.— 490
 Away with him to death. *To Lucio.* Now, sir, to
 you.
 MARIANA
 O, my good lord.—Sweet Isabel, take my part.
 Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
 I'll lend you all my life to do you service. 495
 DUKE
 Against all sense you do importune her.
 Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
 Her brother's ghost his pavèd bed would break
 And take her hence in horror.
 MARIANA Isabel, 500
 Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me,
 Hold up your hands, say nothing. I'll speak all.
 They say best men are molded out of faults,
 And, for the most, become much more the better
 For being a little bad. So may my husband. 505
 O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?
 DUKE
 He dies for Claudio's death.
 ISABELLA, *kneeling* Most bounteous sir,
 Look, if it please you, on this man condemned
 As if my brother lived. I partly think 510
 A due sincerity governed his deeds
 Till he did look on me. Since it is so,
 Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
 In that he did the thing for which he died.
 For Angelo, 515
 His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
 And must be buried but as an intent
 That perished by the way. Thoughts are no subjects,
 Intents but merely thoughts.
 MARIANA Merely, my lord. 520
 DUKE
 Your suit's unprofitable. Stand up, I say.
 They stand.
 I have bethought me of another fault.—
 Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
 At an unusual hour?
 PROVOST It was commanded so. 525
 DUKE
 Had you a special warrant for the deed?
 PROVOST
 No, my good lord, it was by private message.
 DUKE
 For which I do discharge you of your office.
 Give up your keys.
 PROVOST Pardon me, noble lord. 530

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,
 Yet did repent me after more advice,
 For testimony whereof, one in the prison
 That should by private order else have died,
 I have reserved alive. 535

DUKE What's he?
 PROVOST His name is Barnardine.
 DUKE
 I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
 Go fetch him hither. Let me look upon him.

Provost exits.

ESCALUS, *to Angelo*
 I am sorry one so learnèd and so wise 540
 As you, Lord Angelo, have still appeared,
 Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood
 And lack of tempered judgment afterward.

ANGELO
 I am sorry that such sorrow I procure;
 And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart 545
 That I crave death more willingly than mercy.
 'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

*Enter Barnardine and Provost, Claudio, muffled,
and Juliet.*

DUKE, *to Provost*
 Which is that Barnardine?
 PROVOST This, my lord.
 DUKE
 Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul
 That apprehends no further than this world,
 And squar'st thy life according. Thou 'rt condemned.
 But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all,
 And pray thee take this mercy to provide 555
 For better times to come. What muffled fellow's
 that?

PROVOST
 This is another prisoner that I saved
 Who should have died when Claudio lost his head, 560
 As like almost to Claudio as himself.

He unmuffles Claudio.

DUKE, *to Isabella*
 If he be like your brother, for his sake
 Is he pardoned; and for your lovely sake,
 Give me your hand and say you will be mine,
 He is my brother too. But fitter time for that. 565
 By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
 Methinks I see a quick'ning in his eye.—
 Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
 Look that you love your wife, her worth worth
 yours. 570
 I find an apt remission in myself.
 And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
To Lucio. You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a
 coward,
 One all of luxury, an ass, a madman. 575
 Wherein have I so deserved of you
 That you extol me thus?

LUCIO Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the

trick. If you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you I might be whipped.	580
DUKE Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.— Proclaim it, provost, round about the city, If any woman wronged by this lewd fellow— As I have heard him swear himself there's one Whom he begot with child—let her appear, And he shall marry her. The nuptial finished, Let him be whipped and hanged. <i>Enter Kate Keepdown with baby buggy.</i>	585
LUCIO I beseech your Highness do not marry me to a whore. Your Highness said even now I made you a duke. Good my lord, do not recompense me in making me a cuckold.	590
DUKE Upon mine honor, thou shalt marry her. Thy slanders I forgive and therewithal Remit thy other forfeits.	595
LUCIO Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.	
DUKE Slandering a prince deserves it.	
	<i>Officers take Lucio away.</i>
She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.— Joy to you, Mariana.—Love her, Angelo.	600
I have confessed her, and I know her virtue.— Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness. There's more behind that is more gratulate.— Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy. We shall employ thee in a worthier place.— Dear Isabel,	605
I have a motion much imports your good, Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline, What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.— So, bring us to our palace, where we'll show What's yet behind that's meet you all should know.	610
	<i>They exit.</i>