

12 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Portia lowers Alice onto the sofa and sits with her holding her hand.

Alice suddenly bursts into uncontrollable tears her body shaking with the effort. Portia draws close and holds her as the tears show no sign of stopping.

PORTIA

Give sorrow words, the grief that does not speak knits up the o-er wrought heart and bids it break.

ALICE

(after a while *she pulls away from her*) He hast not half that power to do me harm, as I have to be hurt.

PORTIA

He is little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. (*pause, comforting Alice*) Were I burdened with a light weight of pain, as much or more I should myself complain.

ALICE

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears. But I, who never knew how to entreat, Nor never needed that I should entreat, Am starved for love, giddy for lack of sleep, With oath kept waking and with brawling fed.

PORTIA

'Tis not a year or two shows us a man. They are all but stomachs, and we all but food. To eat us hungerly, and when they are full, they belch us. And that which pains me more, He does it under the name of perfect love; As who should say, if you should sleep or eat, 'Twere deadly sickness or else present death.

ALICE

Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

PORTIA

But jealous souls will not be answered
so. They are not jealous for the
cause, but jealous for they're
jealous. It is a monster begot upon
itself, born on itself.

Alice wipes the tears from her face, after a moment she
stands up and walks to towards the door, stops and turns back
to Portia.

ALICE

To whom should I complain? Did I tell
this, who would believe me? O,
perilous tongue, that bear in them one
and the selfsame tongue.

She walks out of the room. Portia looks at her as she leaves,
she sighs and shakes her head as if to say what more can she
do to persuade Alice to leave.

PORTIA

(*to herself*) Above all, to thine own
self be true.