

*“The uproarious sequel
to Shakespeare’s classic Shrew”*

John Fletcher’s
*The Taming of
the Tamer*

(also known as
The Tamer Tamed and
The Woman’s Prize)



adapted by
Patrick Young
for
Theatre Erindale

Critical Reaction to *THE TAMING OF THE TAMER*

“Unlike the movies, stage sequels rarely work ... John Fletcher’s *Taming of the Tamer* proves to be a happy exception to the rule.... Petruchio is now a widower with a new bride who decides to turn the tables on him. Not only that, she encourages other women to do the same. ... Brisk pace, zest and comic invention.... The secondary couple gets their share of fine scenes.... Fascinating piece ... It is a completely self-contained show, and a highly enjoyable one at that.”

– Mark Andrew Lawrence, *Mississauga News*

“John Fletcher had the cojones to write a follow-up to the bard’s *Taming of the Shrew*, but from the distaff side.... Healey’s Maria [is] no bitch, just iron fist in velvet glove.... Bitton’s Petruchio *owns* Act II.... Mark Johnston’s Tranio makes the role key to the play’s progress; Livia [is] delightfully played by Sophia Fabiilli; the Macchiavellian machinations of Tamara Zdravkovic’s Bianca would make Hilary Clinton envious; and Darren Turner as young Rowland captures audience empathy from the get-go.”

– Danny Gaisin, *Ontario Arts Review*

“Lewd comedy ... hilarious performances ... passion [and] excitement ... The attention to detail in all aspects – the acting, the stage direction, the props and costumes – was superb.”

– *The Medium*

The
Taming of the Tamer

(also known as
The Tamer Tamed
or
The Woman's Prize)

by

JOHN FLETCHER

**A performance version
adapted by Patrick Young
for Theatre Erindale**

*Based on the Folio of 1647
(and compared with other recent editions
with assistance from Qasim Khan)*

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About the Adaptation ...

The Taming of the Tamer (also known as *The Tamer Tamed* and *The Woman's Prize*) was written fifteen to twenty years after *The Taming of the Shrew*, and picks up the story perhaps ten years later. Despite their exotic names, the characters have become “real people” rather than the inventions of travelling players, and they live unabashedly in London rather than Italy. Petruchio, widowed some time before, has just taken Kate's cousin Maria as his second wife. Kate's sister Bianca has not only been widowed but radicalized since we last saw her – without, however, losing any of her love of a good trick. There are other conscious parallels to the earlier story: younger sister Livia is about to be forced into a May-December match; Tranio (now a wealthy gentleman rather than a manservant) aids and abets the younger romance. Petronius is brother to Baptista, Sophocles parallels Hortensio, Jaques and Pedro mirror Grumio and Peter. Men make huge bets on their sexual and romantic prowess; Maria bullies her servants for effect, and creates an outrageous outfit to rival Petruchio's on his first wedding night. The inspiration of Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* is also clearly at work throughout the play. But the most important force behind the creation of this comedy is John Fletcher's urgent need to counter the perceived misogyny of *Shrew* with his own passionate call for true partnership and “due equality” in marriage.

The Taming of the Tamer has come down to us in two folios, one published twenty-two years after the author's death, and the other fifty-four. These texts are poorly proofread, inconsistent, and often mutually contradictory. A third now published in facsimile of a manuscript from the Folger Library has significant differences from either. None of the three reads credibly like a version tested in rehearsal and proven in frequent performance by Shakespeare's company, the King's Men; rather they show signs – to a dramaturg – of being based on early rough drafts. This lack of a performance-ready text is one reason for the play's obscurity; unlike most of Shakespeare's works, it has not had the benefit of four centuries of textual scholarship and theatrical production.

Five years ago, the Royal Shakespeare Company set out to fill that gap. As part of its campaign to revive the works of Shakespeare's contemporaries, the RSC produced *The Taming of the Shrew* and *The Tamer Tamed* with the same cast and set design in a repertory directed by Gregory Doran, toured it to the USA, and published its own version of the *Tamer* text. The result was a revelation: the manifest attractions of the piece were embraced by English-speaking companies the world over, and even translated into other languages (though this – as far as we know – is the first production in Canada).

Our version of the play, however, is unique. Starting directly with the Folio of 1647 and comparing it with the new RSC, Revels, and Folger manuscript editions, we cut one scene, restored two, repositioned a couple of others, and re-ordered material in several more. Though modern spelling and punctuation were added, Fletcher's distinctive scansion and diction were carefully preserved. The lyrics of the “Women's War Song” were regularized to go hand in glove with original music. Most importantly, red herrings, redundancies, and anything that actors could not hope to clarify for the modern audience were expunged – all in an effort to arrive at the clearest and most cleanlyactable version of the story to hit the stage since 1633 (when we know it was presented at court in tandem with *Shrew* but to even greater acclaim). As a suitable moniker for this new acting edition, we chose the least familiar but most appropriate of the three titles referred to in historical documents: *The Taming of the Tamer*.

We are thrilled to be the first company in Canada to present *Shrew* and *Tamer* together in a single season and in sequence. I've been blessed in rehearsal with the assistance and support of Jenny Salisbury, David Vanderlip, Sarah Jane Burton, and Christopher Dawes, in addition to our Theatre Erindale Production Staff, and the cast has responded to this remarkably fresh text with hard work and boundless enthusiasm. If we can now share with you some portion of both the fun and the passion this too-long-forgotten play has inspired in us, we'll have accomplished what we set out to do.

About the Author ...



JOHN FLETCHER (1579 - 1625) was born to an ambitious and successful cleric who was in turn Dean of Peterborough, Bishop of Bristol, Bishop of Worcester, Bishop of London, and chaplain to Queen Elizabeth. Nevertheless, his father died in debt and out of favour, and the upbringing of John and his seven siblings was entrusted to his paternal uncle, a poet and minor official.

Fletcher attended Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in the 1590s, and by 1606 began to appear as an author for the Children of the Queen's Revels, then performing at the Blackfriars Theatre. He seems to have been friends with Ben Jonson and the “university wits”, but his most important early partnership was with the man to whose name his has been linked in literary

history ever since, Francis Beaumont. Beaumont and Fletcher wrote less than a dozen plays together (while apparently sharing living quarters as well), but exerted a profound stylistic influence on other authors – including William Shakespeare in his late romances. After the success of *Philaster* (1609?), they were especially associated with the new form of tragicomedy. One of their most enduringly popular works, *The Maid's Tragedy* – also noteworthy for its empathy with the lot of women – was successfully produced by Theatre Erindale two years ago.

The partnership ended in 1613 when Beaumont was married (he died in 1616), but by that time Fletcher had already made a considerable independent mark for himself. *The Tamer Tamed* (1611) was so successful that Shakespeare invited the younger author to team up, and they wrote three plays together: *Henry VIII*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and *Double Falsehood* (which survives only as adapted by Lewis Theobald in the eighteenth century). On Shakespeare's retirement, Fletcher took over as the chief writer of the King's Men, for whom he wrote exclusively thereafter. Though now credited with some sixteen plays written on his own, the majority of Fletcher's output – up to forty works in all – continued to be collaborative. He wrote plays with Massinger, Field, Middleton, Rowley, Jonson, Chapman, and Shirley – a remarkable record. It is safe to say that his work eclipsed even Shakespeare's in popularity for the rest of the century, and endured onstage well into the next. Thereafter, as the changing tastes of Georgian and Victorian audiences and critics found other favourites, it gradually faded from view.

Fletcher died in 1625, at the age of 46, of the plague.

– Patrick Young, Toronto, 2009

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The first production of this version of John Fletcher's

The Taming of the Tamer

opened at the Erindale Studio Theatre, University of Toronto Mississauga, on March 20th 2009. It was directed by Patrick Young, assisted by Jenny Salisbury, with original music by Christopher Dawes and choreography by Sarah Jane Burton. The set was by Patrick Young, costumes by Joanne Massingham, lighting by James W. Smagata, and Stage Management by David Vanderlip, assisted by Kathryn Alexandre and Cameron Laurie.

THE CAST

PETRUCHIO, <i>widowed and newly remarried</i>	Nathan Bitton
MARIA, <i>second wife to Petruchio</i>	Devon Healey
LIVIA, <i>sister to Maria</i>	Sophia Fabiilli
BIANCA, <i>a widow, their cousin (sister to Petruchio's late wife)</i>	Tamara Zdravkovic
PETRONIUS, <i>father to Maria and Livia</i>	Ray-Alan Cameron
SOPHOCLES, <i>friend to Petruchio</i>	Andrew Tribe
ROWLAND, <i>young gentleman in love with Livia</i>	Darren Turner
MOROSO, <i>old rich suitor to Livia</i>	Michael Twyman
TRANIO, <i>friend to Petruchio and Rowland</i>	Mark Johnston
JAQUES, <i>groom to Petruchio</i>	Keegan O'Connor
PEDRO, <i>manservant to Petruchio</i>	Ramon Vitug
THE COUNTRY WIFE.....	Jocelyn Perry
THE CITY WIFE.....	Rachelle Magil
SERVANT, WENCH, DRAUGHTSMAN, DOCTOR, PORTER.....	Andrew Soutter
SERVANT, WENCH, WATCHMAN, PORTER.....	Philip Stonhouse
SERVANT, DRESSMAKER, WATCHMAN.....	Jocelyn Perry
SERVANT, DRAPER.....	Rachelle Magil
Fight Choreographer & Captain.....	Nathan Bitton
Dance Captain.....	Sophia Fabiilli
Music Captain.....	Jocelyn Perry

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Part I: In and around Petronius' manor house, London, about 1611.
Part II: Petruchio's and Petronius' houses, a couple of days later.

The play runs approximately 2 hours and 25 minutes, not including intermission.

Characters

Petruchio, *widowed and newly remarried*

Maria,¹ *second wife to Petruchio*

Livia, *sister to Maria*

Bianca, *their cousin, sister to Petruchio's late wife*

Petronius, *father to Maria and Livia*

Sophocles, *friend to Petruchio*

Rowland, *young gentleman in love with Livia*

Moroso, *old rich suitor to Livia*

Tranio, *friend to Petruchio and Rowland*

Jaques,² *Petruchio's groom*

Pedro, *Petruchio's manservant*

The City Wife

The Country Wife

Three Country Wenches

A Doctor

Two Watchmen

Porters

Servants

THE SCENE:

London, about 1611

¹ Pronounced "Mar-eye-ah".

² Pronounced either "Jake" or "Jake-wees", depending on the scansion of the individual line.

MOROSO Nay, believe me:
But¹ when her father pleases, I am ready,
And all my friends shall know it.

TRANIO Why not now?
One charge had serv'd for both.

MOROSO There's reason in't.

SOPHOCLES Call'd Rowland!

MOROSO Will ye walk? They'll think we are lost.²
Come, gentlemen.

TRANIO (*apart to Sophocles*) You have whipp'd him now.

SOPHOCLES (*apart to Tranio*) So will he never the wench, I hope.

TRANIO I wish it.

Exeunt

Act One, Scene Two

The common area of Livia's and Maria's wing in Petronius' house. Evening. Enter ROWLAND and LIVIA

ROWLAND Now, Livia, if you'll go away tonight,
If your affections be not made of words—

LIVIA I love you, and you know how dearly, Rowland;
My affections ever have been your servants.

ROWLAND Why then, take this way.

LIVIA 'Twill be a childish and a less prosperous course.
Why should we do our hearty love such wrong,
To over-run our fortunes?

ROWLAND Then you flatter.

¹ As soon as.

² They are expected at a wedding feast, and later to accompany the groom to his wedding night, but Moroso's concern is to change the subject.

LIVIA Alas, you know I cannot.

ROWLAND What hope's left else
But flying, to enjoy ye?

LIVIA My father's bent against us; what but ruin,
Can such a by-way bring us? If your fears
Would let you look with my eyes, I would show
How our staying here would win a surer course.

ROWLAND And then Moroso has ye.

LIVIA No such matter.
For hold this certain: begging, stealing, whoring
Sooner find me than that drawn¹ fox Moroso.

ROWLAND But his money, if wealth may win you—

LIVIA His money, Rowland?
Oh, Love forgive me, what a faith hast thou?
Why, can his money kiss me?

ROWLAND Yes.

LIVIA Behind!²
Thou mak'st me merry with thy fear! What fools
You men are! Tush! His mouldy money?
No, Rowland, no man shall make use of me;
My beauty was born free, and free I'll give it
To him that loves, not buys me. You yet doubt me.

ROWLAND I cannot say I doubt ye.

LIVIA Go thy ways,
Thou art the prettiest puling³ piece of passion!
I'faith, I will not fail thee.

ROWLAND I had rather—

LIVIA Prithee believe me, if I do not carry it,
For both our goods—

¹ Hollow, stuffed.

² Yes—kiss my ass!

³ Whining, like an infant.

ROWLAND

But—

LIVIA

What “but”?

ROWLAND

I would tell you.

LIVIA

I know all you can tell me. All’s but this:
You would have me, and lie with me. Is’t not so?

ROWLAND

Yes.

LIVIA

Why you shall; will that content you? Go.

ROWLAND

I am very loath to go.

Enter BIANCA¹ and MARIA, apart

LIVIA

Here’s my sister.
Go, prithee go. This kiss (*kisses him*)—and credit me:
Ere I am three nights older, I am for thee.
You shall hear what I do.

ROWLAND

I had rather feel it.

LIVIA

Farewell.

ROWLAND

Farewell.

Exit ROWLAND

LIVIA

(*aside*) Alas poor fool, how it looks!
It would e’en hang itself, should I but cross it!
For pure love to the matter, I must hatch a plot.

BIANCA

Nay never look for merry hour, Maria,
If now you make it not; let not your blushes,
Your modesty and tenderness of spirit,
Make you continual anvil to his anger.²
Since his first wife, my sister, set him going,
Nothing can bind his rage. Take your own counsel,
You shall not say that I persuaded you.
But if you suffer him—

¹ Bianca is a widow, and therefore not only free of male control, but able to own property or run a business in her own name. She has no doubt been Maria’s Matron of Honour at the wedding.

² That is, an object to be beaten upon.

MARIA Stay, shall I do it?

BIANCA Have you a stomach to't?¹

MARIA I never show'd it.

BIANCA 'Twill show the rarer and the stronger in you.
But do not say I urg'd you.

MARIA I am perfect.²
Like Curtius,³ to redeem my country have I
Leapt into this gulf of marriage, and I'll do it!
Farewell all poorer thoughts but spite and anger
Till I have wrought a miracle. Now, cousin,
I am no more the gentle tame Maria.
Mistake me not; I have a new soul in me
Made of a north wind, nothing but tempest;
And like a tempest shall it make all ruins,
Till I have run my will out.

BIANCA This is brave now,
If you continue it; may your own will lead you.

MARIA Adieu all tenderness! I dare continue.
Maids that are made of fears and modest blushes,
View me, and love example!

BIANCA Here is your sister.

MARIA Here is the brave old man's love.

BIANCA That loves the young man.

MARIA Aye, and hold thee there, wench. What a grief of heart is't,
When Venus' revels should up-rowse Old Night,
To lie and tell the clock and rise sport-starv'd!

LIVIA Dear sister,
Where have you been, you talk thus?

MARIA Why, at Church, wench;

¹ Do you have the guts/appetite for it?

² My mind is made up.

³ According to Livy, a young horseman named Marcus Curtius saved Rome by leaping on his horse fully armed into a mysterious gap that had opened in the Forum. The gap then closed over him.

Where I am tied to talk thus: I am a wife now.

LIVIA It seems so, and a modest!

MARIA You are an ass.
When thou art married once, thy modesty
Will never buy thee pins.

LIVIA Bless me!

MARIA From what?

BIANCA From such a tame fool as our cousin Livia!

LIVIA You are not mad?

MARIA Yes, wench, and so must *you* be,
Or none of our acquaintance. 'Tis bed time.
Pardon me, yellow Hymen,¹ that I mean
Thine off'rings to protract, or to keep fasting
My valiant bridegroom.

LIVIA Whither will this woman?

BIANCA You may perceive her end.²

LIVIA Or rather fear it.

MARIA Dare you be partner in't?

LIVIA Leave it, Maria,
I fear I have mark'd too much. For goodness, leave it;
Divest you with obedient hands to bed.

MARIA To bed? No, Livia, there are comets hang
Prodigious over that yet. Ne'er start, wench.
Before I know that heat, there is a fellow
To be made a man, for yet he is a monster.
Here must his head be, Livia—!³

LIVIA Never hope it!
'Tis as easy with a sieve to scoop the ocean as

¹ God of marriage, lover of Eros. When dressed at all, he wore wedding saffron (i.e., yellow).

² Destination.

³ He must be on his knees, putting his head at her crotch-level.

To tame Petruchio.

MARIA Stay! Lucina, hear me!¹
Never unlock the treasure of my womb if I
Give way unto my married husband's will,
Or be a wife in anything but hopes,
Till I have made him easy as a child,
And tame as fear.
And when I kiss him, till I have my will,
May I be barren of delights, and know
Only what pleasures are in dreams, and guesses!

LIVIA A strange exordium!²

BIANCA All the several wrongs
Done by imperious husbands to their wives
These thousand years and upwards, strengthen thee!
Thou hast a brave cause.

MARIA And I'll do it bravely,
Or may I knit my life out ever after.

LIVIA In what part of the world got she this spirit?
Yet pray, Maria, look before you truly.
Besides the obedience of a wife,
So distant from your sweetness—

MARIA The obedience?!
You talk too tamely. By the faith I have
In mine own noble will, that childish woman
That lives a prisoner to her husband's pleasure
Has lost her making, and becomes a beast,
Created for his use, not fellowship.

LIVIA So said his first wife, Kate.

MARIA She was a fool,
And took a scurvy course; let her be nam'd
'Mongst those that wish for things, but dare not do 'em:
I have a new dance for him, and a mad one.

LIVIA (to *BIANCA*) Are *you* of this faith?

¹ Lucina was the Roman goddess of child-birth.

² Latin term for the beginning or introduction of a discourse, as taught in grammar school Rhetoric.

BIANCA Yes, truly, and will die in't.

LIVIA Why then, let's all wear breeches!

MARIA Now thou com'st near the nature of a woman!
I'll tell thee, Livia, had this fellow tired
As many wives as horses under him
With spurring of their patience; had he got
A patent, with an office to reclaim us
Confirm'd by Parliament; had he all the malice
And subtlety of devils, or of us women,
Or anything that's worse than both—

LIVIA Hey, hey, boys, this is excellent!

MARIA —Or could he
Cast his wives new again, like bells to make 'em
Sound to his will; or had the fearful name
Of the first breaker of wild women: yet,
Yet would I undertake this man—thus single!—
Turn him and bend him as I list, and mould him
Into a babe again, that agèd women,
Wanting both teeth and spleen, may master him!

BIANCA Thou wilt be chronicl'd!¹

MARIA That's all I aim at.

LIVIA I must confess, I do with all my heart
Hate an imperious husband, and in time
Might be so wrought upon—

BIANCA To make him cuckold?

MARIA If he deserve it?

LIVIA Then I'll leave ye, ladies.

BIANCA Thou hast not so much noble anger in thee.

MARIA Go sleep, go sleep. What we intend to do
Lies not for such starv'd souls as thou hast, Livia.

¹ You'll go down in history!

LIVIA Good night. The bridegroom will be with you presently.

MARIA That's more than you know.

BIANCA So be gone. Good night!

MARIA If you intend no good, pray do no harm.¹

LIVIA None but pray for you.

Exit LIVIA

BIANCA Cheer, wench!

MARIA Now, Bianca,
Those wits we have, let's wind 'em to the height.
My rest is up, wench, and I pull for that
Will make me ever famous. They that lay
Foundations are half builders, all men say.

Enter JAQUES

JAQUES My master, forsooth—

MARIA Oh, how does thy Master? Prithee commend me to him.

JAQUES How's this? My master stays, forsooth—

MARIA Why, let him stay, who hinders him forsooth?

JAQUES —The revels ended now, to visit you.

MARIA I am not sick.

JAQUES I mean, to see his chamber, forsooth.

MARIA Am I his groom? Where lay he *last* night, forsooth?

JAQUES In the low-matted parlour.

MARIA There lies his way, by the long gallery.¹

¹ A request not to reveal their plans.

JAQUES I mean *your* chamber. Y’are very merry, mistress!

MARIA ‘Tis a good sign I am sound-hearted, Jaques;
But if you’ll know where I lie, follow me,
And what thou seest, deliver to thy Master.

BIANCA Do, gentle Jaques.

Exeunt MARIA and BIANCA

JAQUES (*aside*) Ha! Is the wind in that door?
By’r Lady, we shall have foul weather then.
I do not like the shuffling of these women;
They are mad beasts when they knock their heads together.
I have observ’d them all this day: their whispers,
One in another’s ear, their signs, and pinches,
And breaking often into violent laughters.
Call you this “weddings”? Sure, this is a knavery—
A very *dainty* knavery. Well, my sir
Has been as good at finding out these toys
As any living; if he lose it now,
At his own peril be it. I must follow.

Exit JAQUES

Act One, Scene Three

The street before Petronius’ house.² Night. Enter Servants with lights, PETRUCHIO, PETRONIUS, MOROSO, TRANIO, and SOPHOCLES³

PETRUCHIO You that are married, Gentlemen, have at ye
For a round wager now.

SOPHOCLES On this night’s stage?⁴

¹ In grander houses built during the Tudor and Elizabethan eras, the long gallery (which usually stretched the entire width of the house) connected the separate wings at the second floor level. Thus Petruchio stayed last night in the wing opposite Maria’s, on the lower level.

² Traditionally from Celtic times, the newlyweds spent the days of feasting—including the wedding night—at the bride’s home.

³ In the Theatre Erindale production, the men entered singing *A Merry Jest* to the tune *Peg o’ Ramsey*.

⁴ Performance; also, the distance between rest stops in a journey on horseback.

PETRUCHIO Yes.

SOPHOCLES I am your first man: a pair of gloves of twenty shillings.

PETRUCHIO Done. Who takes me up next? I am for all bets.

MOROSO Well, lusty Laurence, were't but *my* night now,
Old as I am, I would make you clap on spurs
But I would reach you, and bring you to your trot too!¹
I would, gallants!

PETRUCHIO Well said, good Will! But where's the stuff boy, ha?
Old Father Time, your hour-glass is empty.

TRANIO A good tough ride would break thee all to pieces;
Thou hast not breath enough to say thy prayers.

PETRONIUS (*to Moroso*) See how these boys despise us! (*to Petruchio*) Will
you to bed, son?
This pride will have a fall.

PETRUCHIO Upon your daughter!
But I shall rise again, if there be truth
In eggs and butter'd parsnips!²

PETRONIUS Will you to bed, son, and leave talking?

PETRUCHIO Well, my masters, if I do sink under my business,
As I find 'tis very possible, I am not the first
That has miscarried so; that's my comfort.
What may be done, I can and will do well!

Enter JAQUES

How now, is my fair bride abed?

JAQUES No, truly, sir.

PETRONIUS Not abed yet? Body o'me! We'll up
And rifle her!³

¹ I would force you to add spurs to keep me from catching up with you, and then to ride even faster!

² Folklore aphrodisiacs.

³ Rifle: strip her bare.

PETRUCHIO Let's up, let's up, come, then!¹

JAQUES That you cannot neither—

PETRUCHIO Why?

JAQUES —Unless you'll drop through the chimney like a jackdaw,
Or force a breach i'th windows. You may untile the
House, tis possible.

PETRUCHIO What dost thou mean?

JAQUES The truth is all the doors are baracado'd;
Not a cat-hole, but holds a mortar in't.
She's victual'd² for this month.

PETRUCHIO Art not thou drunk?

SOPHOCLES He's drunk, he's drunk. Come, come, let's up.

JAQUES Yes, yes, I am drunk: ye may go up, ye may,
Gentlemen, but take heed to your heads: I say no more.

SOPHOCLES I'll try that.

*Exit SOPHOCLES*³

PETRONIUS How dost thou say? The door fast lock'd, fellow?

JAQUES Yes truly, sir, tis lock'd, and guarded too;
And two as desperate tongues planted behind it
As ere yet threatened with their pieces⁴ cock'd.
They stand upon their honours, and will not
Give up without strange composition.

PETRUCHIO How's this? How's this? *They* are? Is there another with her?

JAQUES Yes, marry, is there—and an engineer.

¹ Friends of the groom—who traditionally accompanied him to his wedding night—might play all sorts of pranks even inside the wedding chamber, and continue noisy revelry outside it all night long in a *charivari*, or shivaree (the North American terms for an ancient tradition).

² Pronounced “vittl'd”.

³ Into the house. It seems that Petronius' house, like many Tudor manor-houses, is built around a central courtyard that gives various accesses to the various wings. Some windows on the second floor of Maria's wing face this courtyard, others the street.

⁴ Firearms.

MOROSO Who's that, for Heaven's sake?

JAQUES Colonel Bianca; she commands the works.
I'll venture a year's wages: draw all your force before it
And mount your ablest piece of battery,
You shall not enter it these three nights yet.

PETRUCHIO I should laugh at that, good Jaques.

Enter SOPHOCLES

SOPHOCLES Beat back again, she's fortified forever.

JAQUES Am I drunk now, sir?

SOPHOCLES He that dares most, go up now, and be cool'd.
I have scap'd a pretty scouring.

PETRUCHIO What, are they mad? Have we another Bedlam?¹
They do not talk, I hope?

SOPHOCLES Oh terribly, extremely fearful;
The noise at London Bridge is nothing near her.

PETRUCHIO Lock'd out a-doors, and on my wedding-night?
Nay, and ² I suffer this, I may go graze.
Come, gentlemen, I'll batter. Are these virtues?

SOPHOCLES Do, and be beaten off with shame, as I was.
I went up, came to th' door, knock'd, nobody answer'd;
Knock'd louder, yet heard nothing. Would have broke in
By force; when suddenly a water-work
Flew from the window with such violence
That, had I not duck'd quickly—who knows the rest?
In every window pewter cannons mounted;³
You'll quickly find with what they are charg'd, sir,
Now, and ye dare go up—!

Enter MARIA and BIANCA above with pikes, etc.

MOROSO The window opens. Beat a parley first.⁴

¹ Madhouse.

² If.

³ Chamber-pots used as loaded (“charged”) weapons.

⁴ Parley: an informal discussion of terms for surrender, exchange of prisoners, etc., with an enemy.

I am so much amaz'd, my very hair stands.

PETRONIUS Why, how now, daughter? What, entrench'd?

MARIA A little guarded for my safety, sir.

PETRUCHIO For your safety, sweetheart? Why, who offends you?
I come not to use violence.

MARIA I think you cannot, sir. I am better fortified.

PETRUCHIO I know your end: it's that you'd fain reprieve
Your maidenhead a night or two.

MARIA Why, yes—
Or ten, or twenty, or e'en say an hundred;
Or indeed, till I list¹ lie with you.

SOPHOCLES That's a shrewd saying. From this present hour,
I never will believe a quiet woman.
When they break out, they are bonfires.

PETRONIUS Till you *list* lie with him? Why, who are you, Madam?

BIANCA That trim gentleman's wife, sir.

PETRUCHIO Cry you mercy, do you command too?

MARIA Yes, marry does she, and in chief.

BIANCA I do command, and you shall go without
Your wife this night.

MARIA And for the next too, wench!

PETRONIUS Thou wilt not, wilt 'a?

MARIA Yes indeed, dear father,
And till he seal to what I shall set down,
For anything I know, forever.

SOPHOCLES Bug's-words!

¹ Choose to.

PETRUCHIO You'll let me in, I hope, for all this jesting.

MARIA Hope still, sir.

PETRONIUS You will come down, I am sure.

MARIA I am sure I will not.

PETRONIUS I'll fetch you then.

BIANCA The power of the whole county cannot, sir,
Unless we please to yield, which yet I think
We shall not; charge when you please, you shall
Hear quickly from us.

MOROSO Heaven bless me from
A chicken of thy hatching! Is this wiving?

PETRUCHIO Prithee Maria, tell me what's the reason—
And do it freely—you deal thus strangely with me?
You were not forc'd to marry; your consent
Went equally with mine, if not before it.
I hope you do not doubt I want that mettle
A man should have to keep a woman waking.
My person, as it is not excellent,
Is well enough to please an honest woman
That keeps her house, and loves her husband.

MARIA 'Tis so.

PETRUCHIO My means and my conditions are no shamers
Of him that owns 'em, all the world knows that,
And my friends no reliers on my fortunes.

MARIA All this I believe, and none of all these parcels
I dare except against. Nay more, so far
I am from making these the ends I aim at,
These idle outward things, these women's fears,
That were I yet unmarried—free to choose
Through all the tribes of man—I'd take Petruchio
In's shirt (with one ten-groats¹ to pay the priest)
Before the best man living, or the ablest
That e'er leapt out of Lancashire, and they're right ones!

¹ Customary fee for a lawyer. A groat is worth four pence.

PETRONIUS Use no more words, but come down instantly!
I charge thee by the duty of a child!

PETRUCHIO Prithee, come, Maria; I forgive all.

MARIA Stay there! (*to PETRONIUS*) That duty that you charge me by
Is now another man's, you gave't away
I'th Church, if you remember, to my husband,
So all you can exact now is no more
But only a due reverence to your person,
Which thus I pay: your blessing, and I am gone
To bed for this night.

PETRONIUS This is monstrous!
That blessing that Saint Dunstan gave the Devil,
If I were near thee, I would give thee—
Pull thee down by th' nose!

BIANCA Saints should not rave, sir;
A little rhubarb now were excellent.²

PETRUCHIO Then by that duty you owe to *me*, Maria,
Open the door, and be obedient. I am quiet yet.

MARIA I do confess that duty; make your best on't.

PETRUCHIO Why, give me leave, I will.

BIANCA Sir, there's no learning
An old stiff jade³ to trot: you know the moral.

MARIA Yet as I take it sir, I owe no more
Than you owe back again.

PETRUCHIO You will not Article?⁴
Let me but up, and all I owe I'll pay.

MARIA You do confess a duty or respect
To me from you again that's very near,
Or full the same, with mine?

¹ Petruchio is calling Bianca a cow (mooring is lowing, and free-range cows wear bells).

² A home remedy for constipation as well as various psychological upsets. [Revels]

³ A worn-out horse; also slang for a whore.

⁴ Make legal terms or provisions.

PETRUCHIO

... Yes.

MARIA

Then by that duty, or respect, or what
You please to have it, go to bed and leave me,
And trouble me no longer with your fooling;
For know, I am not for you.

PETRUCHIO

Well, what remedy?

PETRONIUS

A fine smart cudgel! Oh that I were near thee!

BIANCA

If you had teeth now, what a case were we in!

MOROSO

These are the most authentic rebels I've read of!

MARIA

A week hence, or a fortnight, as you bear you,
And as I find my will observ'd, I may
With intercession of some friends be brought
Maybe to kiss you; and so quarterly
To pay the next instalment on my rent.
You understand me?

SOPHOCLES

Thou boy, thou!

PETRUCHIO

I must not to bed with this stomach and no meat, Lady.

MARIA

Feed where you will, for I'll none with you.

BIANCA

You'd best back one of the dairy maids, *they'll* carry.

PETRUCHIO

Now if thou would'st come down, and tender me
All the delights due to a marriage bed—
Study such kisses as would melt a man,
And turn thyself into a thousand figures
To add new flames unto me—I would stand
Thus heavy, thus regardless, thus despising
Thee and thy best allurings. All thy beauty
That's laid upon your bodies—mark me well,
For without doubt your minds are miserable
(You have no masks for them!)—all this rare beauty:
Lay but the painter and the silkworm by,
The doctor with his diets and the tailor,
And you appear like flayed cats, not so handsome!

MARIA

If we appear (like her that sent us hither,

That only excellent and beauteous Nature)
Truly ourselves for men to wonder at
But too divine to handle, we are gold,
In our own natures pure; but when we suffer
The husband's stamp upon us, then alloys—
And base ones!—of you men are mingled with us,
And make us blush like Copper.

PETRUCHIO Good night! Come gentlemen; I'll fast for this night,
But by this hand—!—well. Shall I come up yet?

MARIA No.

PETRUCHIO Then will I watch thee like a wither'd jury;¹
Thou shalt neither have meat, fire, nor candle,
Nor anything that's easy. Do you rebel so soon?
Yet take mercy.

BIANCA Put up your pipes.² To bed sir; I'll assure you
A month's siege will not shake us.

MOROSO Well said, Colonel.

MARIA To bed, to bed, Petruchio. Good night, gentlemen.
You'll make my father sick with sitting up.
Here you shall find us any time these ten days,
Unless we may march off with our contentment.

PETRUCHIO I'll hang first.

MARIA And I'll quarter if I do not.
I'll make you know and fear a wife, Petruchio;
There my cause lies.
You have been famous for a woman-tamer,
And bear the fear'd name of a brave wife-breaker.
A woman now shall take those honours off,
And tame you. Nay, never look so big; she shall,
And *I* am she, believe me! Good night to all.
Ye shall find sentinels—

BIANCA —If ye dare sally.

Exeunt above

¹ Keep you sequestered long past the point of endurance like a jury (or possibly jewry—a ghetto).

² Give it up (also a sexual taunt).

Exit SOPHOCLES

ROWLAND

Farewell, sir.

Enter LIVIA at one door with a basket of food and wine, and MOROSO at another, harkening

Here she comes—

LIVIA

(aside) The fox is kennel'd for me!¹

ROWLAND

—And yonder walks
The “stallion”, harkening. Yet I'll salute her.² —
Save you, beauteous mistress!

LIVIA

Save you, sir. *(avoids his kiss)*

ROWLAND

Why do you look so strange?

LIVIA

I used to look, sir,
Without examination.

MOROSO

(aside) Twenty gold coins³ for that word!

ROWLAND

Belike then
The object discontents you?⁴

LIVIA

Yes it does.

ROWLAND

Is't come to this?! You know me, do you not?

LIVIA

Yes, as I may know many—by repentance.

ROWLAND

Why, do you break your faith?

LIVIA

I'll tell you that too:
You are under age, and no bond holds upon you.⁵

¹ She has seen Moroso hiding, so avoids Rowland's kiss. Rowland is keen to flaunt his relationship with her in front of Moroso, while Livia is desperate to conceal it for the sake of her plan.

² Greet her, traditionally by kissing.

³ Originally “spur-royals”: a gold coin stamped with a sun resembling a spur. Moroso is pleased with her reaction.

⁴ Object: the thing you are looking at—that is, himself.

⁵ Because you are under 21, you are a minor and cannot be held to any commitment. (Contrary to popular belief today, the average Tudor and Stuart age for marrying was the mid to late twenties. Puberty arrived

MOROSO (aside) Excellent wench!

LIVIA Sue out your understanding,
And get more hair to cover your bare knuckle
(For boys were made for nothing but dry kisses)
And if you can, more manners.

MOROSO (aside) Better still!

LIVIA And then, if I want Spanish gloves or stockings,
A ten-pound waistcoat, or a nag to hunt on,
It may be I shall grace you to accept 'em.

ROWLAND Farewell! And when I credit women more,
May I to Smithfield,¹ and there buy a jade
(And know her to be so) that breaks my neck!

LIVIA Because I have known you, I'll be thus kind to you:
Farewell, and be a man, and I'll provide you—
Because I see y'are desperate—some staid chambermaid
That may relieve your youth with wholesome doctrine.

MOROSO She's mine from all the world!—(to *Livia*) Ha, wench!

LIVIA Ha, Chicken!

She gives him a box o' th' ear, and exits

MOROSO How's this? I do not love these favours!—Save you.

ROWLAND The devil take thee!

ROWLAND wrings MOROSO by the nose

MOROSO Oh—!!!

ROWLAND There's a love token for you!

Exit ROWLAND

MOROSO I'll think on some of ye, and if I live,
My nose alone shall not be played withal!

several years later than it does now, and young people remained under their parents' thumbs for several years longer. See Liza Picard: *Elizabeth's London*.)

¹ Site of a horse-trading fair as well as London's major meat-market. 'Jade' is also slang for prostitute.

Enter PETRONIUS

PETRONIUS Good Signor Moroso, what's the matter?

MOROSO Your daughter, sir, has blown my nose! If Cupid
Shoot arrows of that weight, I'll swear devoutly
He's no more a boy.

PETRONIUS You gave her some ill language?

MOROSO Not a word.

PETRONIUS Or might be you were fumbling?

MOROSO Would I had, sir!

PETRONIUS O' my conscience,
When I got these two wenches, *I* was!
Did she slight him, too?

Re-enter LIVIA apart, harkening

MOROSO That's all my comfort. She made 'Childe Rowland'
A mere hobby-horse, which I held more than wonder,
I having seen her within's three days kiss him
With such an appetite as though she would eat him.

PETRONIUS There is some trick in this. How did he take it?

MOROSO Ready to cry; he ran away.

PETRONIUS She is as tame as innocency. It may be
This blow was but a favour.¹

MOROSO I'll be sworn
'Twas well laid on then.

PETRONIUS Go to, pray forget it.
I have bespoke a priest, and within's two hours
I'll have ye married. Will that please you?

MOROSO Yes!

¹ An appearance to save face.

PETRONIUS I'll see it done myself, and give the lady
Such a sound exhortation for this knavery,
I'll warrant you, shall make her smell this month on't.

MOROSO Nay good sir, be not violent.

PETRONIUS Neither?

MOROSO It may be,
Out of her earnest love there grew a longing
To give me a box o'th' ear or so.

PETRONIUS It may be.

MOROSO I reckon for the best still. This night, then,
I shall enjoy her?

PETRONIUS You shall.

MOROSO Old as I am, I'll give her one blow for't
Shall make her groan this twelve-month!

PETRONIUS Where's your jointure?¹

MOROSO I have a 'jointure' for *her*!

PETRONIUS Have your counsel
Perus'd it yet?

MOROSO No counsel but the night and your sweet daughter
Shall e'er peruse *that* jointure!

PETRONIUS Come then, let's comfort
My son Petruchio. He's like the little children
That lose their baubles, crying rape.

MOROSO Pray tell me,
Is this stern woman still upon the flaunt
Of bold defiance?

PETRONIUS Still, but you shall see such justice
That women shall be glad, after this tempest,
To tie their husband's shoes and walk their horses!

¹ Jointure: while the bride's father provided the groom with a dowry, a wealthy groom in turn set aside a sum to support his bride in widowhood (as the law guaranteed her only a third of his estate).

LIVIA Look out and know.

MARIA Alas poor wench, who sent thee?
What weak fool made thy tongue his orator?
I know you come to parley.

LIVIA Y'are deceiv'd.
Urg'd by the goodness of your cause I come
To do as you do.

MARIA Y'are too weak, too foolish,
To cheat us with your smoothness. Do not we know
Thou hast been brought up tame?

LIVIA Believe me.

MARIA No, prithee good Livia,
Utter thy eloquence somewhere else.

BIANCA Good Cousin,
Alas, we know who sent you.

LIVIA O' my faith—

BIANCA Stay there! Did their wisdoms think
That sent you hither we would be so foolish,
To entertain our gentle sister Sinon¹
And give her credit, while the wooden jade
Petruccio stole upon us? No, good sister,
Go home and tell the merry Greeks that sent you
Ilium shall burn; and I, as did Aeneas,
Will on my back, spite of the Myrmidons,
Carry this warlike lady, and, through seas
Unknown and unbeliev'd, seek out a land
Where—like a race of noble Amazons—
We'll root ourselves, and to our endless glory
Live, and despise base men.

LIVIA I'll second ye.

BIANCA How long have you been thus?

LIVIA That's all one, cousin.

¹ Greek who persuaded the Trojans to accept the wooden horse (which was secretly filled with enemy warriors).

I stand for freedom now.

MARIA Swear by thy sweetheart Rowland—for by your maidenhead
I fear ‘twill be too late to swear—you mean
Nothing but fair and safe and honourable
To us, and to our cause.

LIVIA I swear.

BIANCA Stay yet!
Swear as you hate Moroso, and find him
Worse than a poor dried Jack full of more aches
Than Autumn has, more knavery and usury
And foolery and brokery than Dog’s Ditch;¹
As you do constantly believe he’s nothing
But an old empty bag with a grey beard
(And that beard such a bob-tail that it looks
Worse then a Mare’s tail eaten off with flies),
An everlasting cassock that has worn
As many servants out as the Northeast Passage
Has consum’d sailors.² If you swear this, and truly,
‘Tis like we shall believe you.

LIVIA I do swear it.

MARIA Stay yet a little.
Came this wholesome motion from your own
Opinion, or some suggestion of the foe?

LIVIA Ne’er fear me,
For by that little faith I have in husbands
And the great zeal I bear your cause, I come
Full of that liberty you stand for, sister.

MARIA If we believe, and you prove recreant,³ Livia,
Think what a maim you give the noble cause
We now stand up for.

BIANCA Mark me, Livia,
If thou be’st double and betray’st our honours

¹ “Houndsditch, London . . . receptacle for dead dogs and rubbish.” [Revels]

² “English and Dutch ships unsuccessfully searched for a north-east route to the Far East from 1556 to 1609.” [Revels]

³ One who goes back to his old beliefs—a very current term in England, which had become officially Catholic and Protestant by turns.

And we fail in our purpose, get thee where
There is no women living, nor no hope
There ever shall be.

MARIA If a mother's daughter
That ever heard the name of stubborn husband
Find thee and know thy sin—!

BIANCA Nay, if old age,
One that has worn away the name of woman,
Come but i'th' windward of thee, for sure she'll smell thee;
Thou'lt be so rank, she'll ride thee like a nightmare
And say her prayers backward to undo thee.¹

MARIA Children of five year old, like little fairies,
Will pinch thee into motley.² All that ever
Shall live and hear of thee—I mean all women—
Will (like so many Furies) shake their keys,
And toss their flaming distaffs o'er their heads
Crying 'Revenge!' Take heed, or get thee gone,
And, as my learnèd cousin said, repent.
This place is sought by soundness.³

LIVIA So *I* seek it,
Or let me be a most despis'd example.

MARIA I do believe thee; be thou worthy of it.
You come not empty?

LIVIA No, here's cakes, and cold meat,
And tripe of proof. Behold, here's wine, and beer.
Be sudden, I shall be surpris'd else.

MARIA Meet at the low parlour door; there lies a close way.

BIANCA Be wary as you come.

LIVIA I warrant ye.

Exeunt

¹ In popular folklore, one way in which witches cast spells.

² Motley: the patchwork of different colours worn by clowns such as Harlequin.

³ Only people of healthy integrity belong here.

TRANIO

Is she not?

ROWLAND

No, Tranio.

She has done me such disgrace, so spitefully,
That henceforth a good horse shall be my mistress!
And if you see her, tell her, I do beseech you—

TRANIO

I will, Rowland.

ROWLAND

—She may sooner

Shed one true tear, mean one hour constantly,
Be old and honest, married and a maid,
Than make me see her more, or more believe her.
And, now I have met a messenger, farewell, sir.

Exit.

TRANIO

Alas, poor Rowland, I will do it for thee.
I'll watch this young man. Desperate thoughts may seize him,
And, if my purse or counsel can, I'll ease him.

Exit TRANIO, following ROWLAND

Act Two, Scene Four¹

*On the way to Petronius' house. Steal in severally three
COUNTRY WENCHES with barnyard weapons, exchange secret
signals, and disappear*

Act Two, Scene Five

*The men's wing at Petronius' house. Enter PETRUCHIO,
PETRONIUS, MOROSO, and SOPHOCLES*

PETRUCHIO

For look you, gentlemen, say that I grant her
Out of my free and liberal love a pardon,
Which you and all men else know she deserves not:
Can all the world leave laughing?

¹ This insert prepares the entrance of Jaques and Pedro in the following scene.

PETRONIUS

I think not.

PETRUCHIO

No, by this hand, they cannot;
For pray consider: have you ever read
Or heard of, or can any man imagine,
So stiff a tomboy, of so set a malice
And such a brazen resolution,
As this young crab-tree?¹ And without a cause!
Not a foul word comes 'cross her, not a fear
She justly can take hold on, and do you think
I must sleep out my anger and endure it,
Sew pillows to her ease, and lull her mischief?
Give *me* a spindle first! No, no, my masters,
Were she as fair as Nell o'Greece,² and these tricks to't,
She should ride the wild mare once a week.³ She should,
Believe me, friends, she should. I would drum on her⁴
Till all the legions that are crept into her
Flew out with fire i'th'tails.⁵

SOPHOCLES

Methinks you err now,
For to me seems a little sufferance
Were a far surer cure.

PETRUCHIO

Yes, I can suffer,
Where I see promises of peace and amendment.

MOROSO

Give her a few conditions.

PETRUCHIO

I'll be hang'd first!

PETRONIUS

Give her a crab-tree cudgel.

PETRUCHIO

So I will;
And hard eggs, till they brace her like a drum.
She shall not know a stool in ten months, gentlemen!⁶

SOPHOCLES

This must not be.

Enter JAQUES

¹ Crab-apple tree, proverbial for its crookedness and sour fruit.

² Helen of Troy.

³ A punishment that involved being tied to a violent see-saw—in this case, with sexual innuendo.

⁴ Originally “tabor her”.

⁵ Legions of demons, traditionally depicted onstage with gunpowder burning from their asses.

⁶ Petruchio threatens assault by constipation, induced by being force-fed hard-boiled eggs (!).

SOPHOCLES Now you *must* grant conditions, or the kingdom
Will have no other talk but this.

PETRONIUS Away then,
And let's advise the best.

SOPHOCLES (*to Moroso*) Why do you tremble?

MOROSO Have I liv'd thus long to be knock'd o'th head
With half a washing beetle?¹ (*to Petruchio*) Pray be wise, sir.

PETRUCHIO Come. Something I'll do, but what it is I know not.

Exeunt

Act Two, Scene Six²

The street. Enter TRANIO and ROWLAND

TRANIO Come, you shall take my counsel.

ROWLAND I shall hang first!
I'll no more love, that's certain; 'tis a bane
Next that they poison rats with!—the most mortal!
No, I thank heaven I have my sleep again,
And now begin to write sense like a man:
No more 'aye-me's and *misereres*, Tranio,
Come near my brain. I'll tell thee, could the devil
Be brought to love, and love a woman,
'Twould firk him with a fire he never felt yet!
I tell thee there is nothing under the sun
So desperate, mad, so senseless, poor and base,
So wretched, roguery, and scurvy—

TRANIO Whether wilt thou?

ROWLAND —As 'tis to be in love!

TRANIO And why, for heaven's sake?

¹ The washing-bat or beetle was once the stereotypical weapon of choice for an angry wife.—
www.OLDANDINTERESTING.COM

² In the Folio of 1647, this was Act Three, Scene One.

ROWLAND “And why for heaven’s sake?” Dost thou not conceive me?

TRANIO No, by my troth.

ROWLAND I’ll tell thee: When thou lovest,
And first begin’st to worship the gilt calf,¹
Forthwith thou art a slave.

TRANIO That’s a new doctrine!

ROWLAND Next thou art no more man.

TRANIO What, then?

ROWLAND A frippery;
Nothing but braided hair and penny ribbon,
Glove, garter, ring, rose—or at best a swabber.²
If thou canst love so near to keep thy making,
Yet thou wilt lose thy language.

TRANIO Why?

ROWLAND Oh Tranio,
Those things in love ne’er talk as we do.

TRANIO No?

ROWLAND No, without doubt, they sigh and shake the head,
And sometimes whistle dolefully.

TRANIO No tongue?³

ROWLAND Yes, Tranio, but no truth in’t, nor no reason,
And when they cant, then ye shall hear
Such gibberish, such ‘Believe me, I protest, sweet’,
And ‘Deign me lady, deign me, I beseech ye’,
‘You poor unworthy lump’—and then she licks him!

TRANIO A pox on’t, this is nothing.

ROWLAND Thou hast hit it.

¹ During the Exodus, while Moses was absent to receive the Ten Commandments, the Israelites began to worship a golden calf.

² Cleaning rag.

³ Language.

Then talks she ten times worse, and writhes and wriggles,
As though she had the itch.

TRANIO Why, thou art grown a strange discoverer.

ROWLAND Of mine own follies, Tranio.

TRANIO Wilt thou, Rowland,
Certain ne'er love again?

ROWLAND I think so, certain;
And if I be not dead drunk, I shall keep it.

TRANIO Tell me but this: what dost thou think of women?

ROWLAND Why as I think of fiddles: they delight me—
Till their strings break!

TRANIO Their strings—! What wilt thou
Give me for ten pound now, when thou next lov'st ...
And the same woman still?

ROWLAND Ten to one odds:
A hundred, and my bond for't!¹

TRANIO But pray, hear me:
I'll work all means I can to reconcile ye.

ROWLAND Do, do, give me the money.

TRANIO (*giving money*) There.

ROWLAND Work, Tranio.

TRANIO You shall go sometimes where she is.

ROWLAND Yes, straight.
This is the first good I e'er got by woman.

TRANIO And so an hundred, if you lose.

ROWLAND Tis done! I am sure
I am in excellent case to win.

¹ Rowland bets ten to one that he will not love Livia again. (Eight to ten pounds was the annual income for an unskilled labourer.)

TRANIO I must have leave
To tell you—and tell truth too—what she is,
And how she suffers for you.

ROWLAND Ten pound more,
I never believe you.

TRANIO No, sir, I am stinted.¹

ROWLAND Well, take your best way then.

TRANIO Let's walk. I am glad
Your sullen fever's off.

ROWLAND Shalt see me, Tranio,
A monstrous merry man now. Come,
And as we go, tell me the general hurry
Of these mad wenches and their works.

TRANIO I will.

ROWLAND And do thy worst.

TRANIO Something I'll do.

ROWLAND Do, Tranio.

Exeunt

Act Two, Scene Seven

*Closer to Petronius' house. Enter the three COUNTRY WENCHES
(with barnyard weapons)*

WENCH 1 How goes your business, girls?

WENCH 2 Afoot and fair.

WENCH 3 If fortune favour us. Away to your strengths!²
We are discover'd else.

¹ Broke.

² Strongholds, forts.

WENCH 1 The country forces are arriv'd. Be gone!
WENCH 2 Arm, and be valiant! Think of our cause!
WENCH 3 Our justice!
WENCH 1 Ay, Ay, 'tis sufficient!

Exeunt

Act Two, Scene Eight

The street before Petronius' house. Evening. Enter PETRONIUS, PETRUCHIO, MOROSO, SOPHOCLES, and TRANIO

PETRONIUS I had rather see her carted!¹
TRANIO No more of that, sir.
SOPHOCLES Are ye resolv'd to give her fair conditions?
 'Twill be the safest way.
PETRUCHIO I am distracted!²
 Would I had run my head into a halter
 When I first woo'd her! If I offer peace,
 She'll urge her own conditions, that's the devil.
SOPHOCLES Why, say she do?
PETRUCHIO Say I am made an ass, then!
 I know her aim. May I with reputation—
 Answer me this—with safety of mine honour,
 After the mighty manage of my first wife
 (Which was indeed a Fury to this filly),
 After my twelve strong labours to reclaim her
 (Which would have made Don Hercules horn-mad),
 Suffer this Cecily—ere she have warm'd my sheets,
 This pink, this painted foist, this cockle-boat—³
 To hang her fights out, and defy me, friends,

¹ Off to jail, as a public humiliation.

² Bewildered, confused, beside myself.

³ Pink: leading flower, perforated decoration, leaky fishing-boat; Foist: small sailing vessel, rogue or cheat, silent fart; Cockle-boat: shallow boat like a cockle-shell or for fishing cockles—all sexually suggestive.

A well-known man-of-war?¹ If this be equal,
And I may suffer, say, and I have done!²

PETRONIUS I do not think you may.

TRANIO You'll make it worse, sir.

SOPHOCLES Pray, hear me, good Petruchio. But e'en now
You were contented to give all conditions;
'Tis a folly to clap the curb on
Ere you be sure it proves a natural wildness,
And not a forc'd. Give her conditions,
For on my life this trick is put into her—

PETRONIUS I should believe so too.

SOPHOCLES —And not her own.

TRANIO You'll find it so.

SOPHOCLES Then, if she flounder with you,
Clap spurs on, and in this you'll deal with temperance,
Avoid the hurry of the world—

Music above

TRANIO —And lose—

MOROSO —No honour, on my life, sir.

PETRUCHIO I will do it.

PETRONIUS It seems they are very merry.

PETRUCHIO Why, God hold it!

Enter JAQUES

MOROSO Now, Jaques?³

JAQUES They are i'th flaunt, sir.

¹ A major armoured warship.

² If this is fair, and I should put up with it, say so, and I'll shut up about it.

³ This line will scan if the single syllable pronunciation is used: "Jake".

SOPHOCLES

Yes, we hear ‘em.

JAQUES

They have got a stick of fiddles, and they firk it
In wondrous ways. The two grand capitanos
That brought the auxiliary regiments
Dance with their coats tuck’d up to their bare breeches,
And bid the kingdom kiss ‘em; that’s the burden.
They have got metheglin and audacious ale,
And talk like tyrants.

PETRONIUS

How know’st thou?

JAQUES

I peep’d in

At a loose latchet.

*Enter singing above MARIA, BIANCA, A CITY WIFE, A
COUNTRY WIFE, and the other WENCHES*

TRANIO

Hark!

PETRONIUS

A song. Pray, silence.

THE WOMEN’S WAR SONG

A health to the woman who will bear the sway!
A health to the woman who bewitches!
Drink to the woman who will take the day!
And drink to the woman who enriches!
Let it come! Let it come! Let it come! Yea, let it come!
For who’ll ever venture to say us nay?
The women shall wear the britches!

Let drink be the symbol that will set the seal
On this our remarkable endeavour
To right now the balance of the commonweal
For good and equality forever!
Let it come! Let it come! Let it come! Yea, let it come!
For who’ll ever venture to make us kneel?
The women shall wear the britches!
The women shall wear the britches!

PETRUCHIO

Good even, ladies!

MARIA

God you good even, sir!

PETRUCHIO How have you slept last night?

MARIA Exceeding well, sir.

PETRUCHIO Did you not wish me with you?

MARIA No, believe me,
I never thought upon you.

COUNTRY WIFE Is that he?

BIANCA Yes.

COUNTRY WIFE (*to Petruchio*) Sir?

SOPHOCLES (*aside to the men*) She has drunk hard, mark her hood.

COUNTRY WIFE You are —

SOPHOCLES Learnedly drunk, I'll hang else.¹ Let her utter.

COUNTRY WIFE —And I must tell you *viva voce*,² friend—
A very foolish fellow.

TRANIO There's an ale figure.

PETRUCHIO I thank you, Mrs. Brutus.

CITY WIFE Forward, sister.

COUNTRY WIFE You have espousèd here a hearty woman,
A comely, and courageous.

PETRUCHIO Well, I have so.

COUNTRY WIFE And—to the comfort of distressèd damsels,
Women worn out in wedlock, and such vessels—
This woman has defied you.

PETRUCHIO It should seem so.

COUNTRY WIFE And why?

¹ The Country Wife is wearing her cap loose, like an academic hood.

² Out loud.

PETRUCHIO Yes, can you tell?

COUNTRY WIFE For thirteen causes.

PETRUCHIO Pray, by your patience, mistress—

CITY WIFE Forward, sister.

PETRUCHIO —Do you mean to treat of *all* these?

CITY WIFE Who shall let¹ her?

PETRONIUS Do you hear, velvet-hood? We come not now
To hear your doctrine.

COUNTRY WIFE For the first, I take it,
It doth divide itself into seven branches.

PETRUCHIO Hark you, good Maria,
Have you got a catechiser here?²

TRANIO Good zeal.

SOPHOCLES Good three-pil'd predication,³ will you peace,
And hear the cause we come for?

COUNTRY WIFE Yes, bobtails,
We know the cause you come for: here's the cause.
But never flatter your opinions with a thought
Of base repentance in her.

CITY WIFE Give me sack.

A WOMAN gives her sack

By this, and next, strong ale—

COUNTRY WIFE Swear forward, sister.

CITY WIFE —By all that's cordial, in this place we'll bury
Our bones, fames, tongues, our triumphs and then all
That ever yet was chronicl'd of woman,

¹ Hinder, restrain, prevent.

² Instructor in the catechism (which divides the articles of faith into arcane precepts to be learned by rote).

³ Triple proclamation/proclaimer.

But¹ this brave wench, this excellent despiser,
This bane of dull obedience, shall inherit
Her liberal will, and march off with conditions
Noble and worth herself.

COUNTRY WIFE

She shall, Tom Tylers!²

CITY WIFE

We have taken arms in rescue of this lady
Most just and noble. If ye beat us off
Without conditions and we recant,
Use us as we deserve: and first degrade us
Of all our ancient chamb'ring;³ next that,
The symbols of our secrecy (silk stockings)
Hew off our heels; our petticoats-of-arms
Tear off our bodies; and our bodkins⁴ break
Over our coward heads.

COUNTRY WIFE

And ever after
To make the tainture⁵ most notorious,
At all our crests (that is to say⁶ our plackets)
Let laces hang, and we return again
Into our former titles, dairymaids.⁷

PETRUCHIO

No more wars! Puissant⁸ ladies, show conditions,
And freely I accept 'em.

MARIA

There's the conditions
For ye; pray peruse 'em.

She throws down a paper, which PETRUCHIO reads

Call in Livia!
She's in the treaty too.

Enter LIVIA above with a duplicate paper

MOROSO

How, Livia?!

¹ Unless.

² Tom Tyler: the wimpy and unsuccessful protagonist of another shrew-taming play from 1560 [Revels], and/or the hero of a naughty ballad famous for his short penis.

³ Deprive us of our traditional right to entertain in private (in our chambers).

⁴ Bodkin: small dagger, instrument for piercing cloth, hairpin.

⁵ Disgrace.

⁶ Originally *videlicet*.

⁷ With their laces hanging open, they would revert to being dairy-maids (the proverbial country sluts).

⁸ Strong, powerful.

PETRONIUS This is monstrous!

PETRUCHIO This shall be done! I'll humour her a while.
If nothing but repentance and undoing
Can win her love, I'll make a shift for one.

SOPHOCLES When ye are once a-bed, all these conditions
Lie under your own seal.

MARIA Do you like 'em?

PETRUCHIO Yes.
And by that faith I gave you 'fore the priest,
I'll ratify 'em.

COUNTRY WIFE Stay! What pledges?

MARIA No, I'll take that oath—
But have a care you keep it.

COUNTRY WIFE If you do juggle,
Or alter but a letter of these articles
We have set down, the self-same persecution—

MARIA Mistrust him not.

PETRUCHIO By all my honesty—

MARIA Enough! I yield.

PETRONIUS What's this inserted here?

SOPHOCLES (*reading*) "That the two valiant women that command here
Shall have a supper made 'em, and a large one,
And liberal entertainment without grudging,
And pay for all their soldiers."

PETRUCHIO That shall be too;
And if a tun¹ of wine will serve to pay 'em,
They shall have justice. I ordain ye all
Paymasters, gentlemen.

MARIA We'll meet you in the parlour.

¹ Barrel.

Exeunt WOMEN above

PETRUCHIO Ne'er look sad, sir,
For I will do it.

SOPHOCLES There's no danger in't.

PETRUCHIO (*to Petronius*) For Livia's article, you shall observe it;
I have tied myself.

PETRONIUS I will.

PETRUCHIO Along then! Now
Either I break, or this stiff plant must bow.

*Exeunt. Re-enter the COUNTRY WIFE, CITY WIFE, and
COUNTRY WENCHES. They reprise their battle song*

THE WOMEN'S WAR SONG (reprise)

A health to the woman who will bear the sway!
A health to the woman who bewitches!
Drink to the woman who will take the day!
And drink to the woman who enriches!
Let it come! Let it come! Let it come! Yea, let it come!
For who'll ever venture to say us nay?
The women shall wear the britches!

*Re-enter MARIA, BIANCA, and LIVIA, waving the signed treaties
in triumph*

Let drink be the symbol that will set the seal
On this our remarkable endeavour
To right now the balance of the commonweal
For good and equality forever!
Let it come! Let it come! Let it come! Yea, let it come!
For who'll ever venture to make us kneel?
The women shall wear the britches!

Let's drink then, and laugh it,
And merrily merrily quaff it,
And tipple and tipple a round!
Here's to thy fool and my fool –
And one for the boys who would cry fool –
Though it cost us, wench ... many a pound!

They dance and drum a reel

Let it come! Let it come! Let it come! Yea, let it come!
For who'll ever venture to make us kneel?
The women shall wear the britches!
The women shall wear the britches!

INTERMISSION

PART II

Act Three, Scene One

The next morning, outside Petruchio's house. The COUNTRY WIFE, CITY WIFE, COUNTRY WENCHES, LIVIA, and BIANCA deliver MARIA to her new home singing and drumming on kitchenware.

THE WOMEN'S WAR SONG (second reprise)

A health to the woman who will bear the sway!
A health to the woman who bewitches!
Drink to the woman who will take the day!
And drink to the woman who enriches!
Let it come! Let it come! Let it come! Yea, let it come!
For who'll ever venture to say us nay?
The women shall wear the britches!

Let drink be the symbol that will set the seal
On this our remarkable endeavour
To right now the balance of the commonweal
For good and equality forever!
Let it come! Let it come! Let it come! Yea, let it come!
For who'll ever venture to make us kneel?
The women shall wear the britches!
The women shall wear the britches!

Exeunt. Enter PEDRO and JAQUES

PEDRO Are they gone?

JAQUES Yes, they are gone, and all the pans i'th town
Beating before 'em.

PEDRO O' my conscience,
He's found his full match now.

JAQUES That I believe too.

PEDRO How did she entertain him?

JAQUES She look'd on him.

PEDRO But scurvily?

JAQUES Faith, with no great affection
That I saw; and I heard some say he kiss'd her
Upon a treaty, yet others say 'twas but
Upon her cheek.

PEDRO Faith, Jaques,¹ what wouldst *thou* give
For such a wife now?

JAQUES Full as many prayers
As the most zealous Puritan conceives against players,
That heaven would bless me from her! Mark it, Pedro,
If this house be not turn'd within this fortnight
With the foundation upward, I'll be carted.
My master—

They see PETRUCHIO and SOPHOCLES approaching

I do not like his look, I fear h'as fasted
For all this preparation; let's steal by him.

Exeunt

Act Three, Scene Two

As above. Enter PETRUCHIO (with a bag) and SOPHOCLES

SOPHOCLES Not let you touch her all this night?!

PETRUCHIO Not touch her.

SOPHOCLES Where was your courage?

PETRUCHIO Where was her obedience?
Never poor man was sham'd so; never rascal
That keeps a stud of whores was us'd so basely.

SOPHOCLES Pray you tell me one thing truly: do you love her?

¹ The line scans with the one-syllable pronunciation: "Jake".

PETRUCHIO I would I did not.

SOPHOCLES It may be then,
Her modesty requir'd a little violence?
Some women love to struggle.

PETRUCHIO She had it,
And so much that I sweat for't, so I did,
But to no end.
She swore my force might weary her, but win her
I never could, nor should, till she consented;
And I might take her *body* prisoner,
But for her mind or appetite ...

SOPHOCLES Us'd you no more art?

PETRUCHIO Yes, I swore to her,
If presently without more disputation
She grew not near to me, and dispatch'd me
Out of the pain I was—
And willingly, and eagerly, and sweetly—
I would to her chambermaid, and in her hearing
Begin her such a hunt's-up¹—

SOPHOCLES *Then she started?*

PETRUCHIO Marry, she answered
If I were so dispos'd, she could not help it;
But there was one call'd Jaques,² a poor butler,
Who might yet well content a single woman!

SOPHOCLES And *he* should tilt her?!

PETRUCHIO To that sense! And last,
She bade me yet these six nights look for nothing
But a kiss or two to stay my stomach.

SOPHOCLES Stay ye:
Was she thus when you woo'd her?

PETRUCHIO Nothing, Sophocles,
More keenly eager. I was oft afraid
She had been light and easy, she would show'r

¹ "A song sung to wake the hunters on the morning of the hunt." [Revels]

² The line scans with the two-syllable pronunciation of Jaques: "Jake-wees".

MARIA I do too much, sweet Sophocles, he's one
Of a most spiteful self-condition:
A bravery dwells in his blood yet of abusing
His first good wife; he's sooner fired than gun-powder,
And sooner mischief.

PETRUCHIO If I be so sudden,
Do not you fear me?

MARIA No, nor yet care for you,
And, if it may be lawful, I defy you.

PETRUCHIO Does this become you now?

MARIA It *shall* become me.

PETRUCHIO Thou disobedient, weak, vainglorious woman,
Were I but half so wilful as thou spiteful,
I should now drag thee to thy duty!

MARIA Drag me?!

PETRUCHIO But I am friends again. Take all your pleasure.

MARIA Now you perceive him, Sophocles!

PETRUCHIO I love thee
Above thy vanity, thou faithless creature.

MARIA (*to Sophocles*) Would I had been so happy when I married,
But to have met an honest man like thee,
For I am sure thou art good, I know thou art honest,
A handsome hurtless man, a loving man,
Though never a penny with him; and those eyes,
That face, and that true heart. Wear this for my sake (*gives a ring*),
And when thou think'st upon me, pity me:
I am cast away.

Exit MARIA. PETRUCHIO reacts to SOPHOCLES

SOPHOCLES Why how now, man?

PETRUCHIO Pray leave me,
And follow your advices.

SOPHOCLES

The man's jealous!

PETRUCHIO

I shall find a time, ere it be long, to ask you
One or two foolish questions.

SOPHOCLES

I shall answer
As well as I am able when you call me.
Farewell, sir.

Exit

PETRUCHIO

Pray farewell.—Is there no keeping
A wife to one man's use? No wintering
These cattle without straying? 'Tis hard dealing,
Very hard dealing, gentlemen, strange dealing.
Now, in the name of madness, what star reign'd—
What dog-star, bull- or bear-star—when I married
This second wife, this whirlwind, that takes all
Within her compass? Was I not well warn'd,
And beaten to repentance in the days
Of my first doting? Did I want vexation,
Or any special care to kill my heart?
Had I not ev'ry morning a rare breakfast
Of ill language, and at dinner
A diet of the same dish? And did heaven
Forgive me and take this serpent from me? And am I
Keeping tame devils now again?! My heart aches.
Something I must do speedily....

I'll die—

If I can handsomely—for that's the way
To make a rascal of her. I am sick!
And I'll go very near it, but I'll perish!¹

Exit, practising his 'illness'

Act Three, Scene Three

The women's wing in Petronius' house. Enter LIVIA and ROWLAND—who have just broken up—with BIANCA and TRANIO

¹ And I'll get very close to it, or die trying!

LIVIA Then I must be content, sir, with my fortune.

ROWLAND And I with mine.

LIVIA I did not think a look,
Or a poor word or two, could have displanted
Such a fix'd constancy, and for your end too.

ROWLAND Come, come, I know your courses. (*returning gifts*) There's your
gewgaws,
Your rings, and bracelets, and the purse you gave me.
The money's spent in entertaining you
At plays, and cherry-gardens.

LIVIA There's your chain too,
But if you'll give me leave, I'll wear the hair still;
I would yet remember you.

BIANCA Give him his lock back, wench;
The young man has employment for't.

LIVIA returns the locket containing Rowland's hair

TRANIO (*apart*) Fie, Rowland!

ROWLAND You cannot fie me out a hundred pound
With this poor plot. Yet, let me ne'er see day more
If something do not struggle strangely in me.

BIANCA Young man, let me talk with you.

They walk apart

ROWLAND Well, young woman?

BIANCA This was your mistress once.

ROWLAND Yes.

BIANCA Are ye honest?¹
I see you are young and handsome.

ROWLAND I am honest.

¹ Chaste. In other words, a virgin.

BIANCA Why did you leave her?

ROWLAND She made a puppy of me.

BIANCA So *must* she sometimes; love were too serious else.

ROWLAND A witty woman.

BIANCA Had you lov'd *me*—

ROWLAND I would I had.

BIANCA —And dearly,
Some time or other for variety
I should have call'd you fool, or boy, or bid you
Play with the pages, but have lov'd you still,
You are a man made to be loved.

ROWLAND (*aside*) This woman
Either abuses me, or loves me dearly.

BIANCA I'll tell you one thing: if I were to choose
A husband to mine own mind, I should think
One of your mother's making would content me,
For o'my conscience she makes good ones.

ROWLAND Lady,
I'll leave you to your commendations.

BIANCA You shall not go.

ROWLAND I will.—Yet thus far, Livia,
Your sorrow may induce me to forgive you,
But never love again. (*aside*) If I stay longer,
I have lost one hundred pound! (*starts to leave again*)

LIVIA Good sir, but thus much:—

TRANIO (*apart to Rowland*) Turn, if thou be'st a man!

LIVIA —But one kiss of you,
One parting kiss, and I am gone too.

ROWLAND Come.
(*aside*) I shall kiss fifty pound away at this clap!

They kiss

We'll have one more, and then farewell.

They kiss

LIVIA Farewell.

BIANCA Well, go thy ways, thou bear'st a kind heart with thee.

TRANIO He's made a stand.¹

BIANCA A noble, brave young fellow,
Worthy a wench indeed.

ROWLAND (*turning back*) I will—!—I will not.

Exit

TRANIO He's shot again with Cupid's bow. (*to Bianca*) Play but your part,
And I will keep my promise. (*to Livia*) Twenty angels²
In fair gold, lady. Wipe your eyes: he's yours,
If I have any wit.

LIVIA I'll pay the forfeit.³

BIANCA Come then, let's see your sister—how she fares now
After her skirmish—and be sure Moroso
Be kept in good hand. Then all's perfect, Livia.

Exeunt

Act Three, Scene Four

Outside Petruchio's house. Enter JAQUES and PEDRO

PEDRO Oh Jaques, Jaques, what becomes of us?⁴
Oh, my sweet master!

¹ A sexual joke.

² Gold coin stamped with the archangel Michael, and worth half a pound.

³ Livia has agreed to pay Tranio the forfeit of twenty angels if his scheme fails to bring Rowland back.

⁴ This line scans regularly if the two-syllable pronunciation of Jaques' name is used: "Jake-wees".

JAQUES Run for a physician,
And a whole peck of ‘pothecaries, Pedro.
He will die, diddle-diddle die, if they come not quickly;
And bring mountebanks skilful
In lungs and livers. Raise the neighbours,
And all the aquavitae-bottles extant;¹
And—oh, the parson, Pedro, oh, the parson!
A little of his comfort, never so little;
(Twenty to one you find him at the Bush,
There’s the best ale.)

PEDRO I fly.

Exit PEDRO. Enter MARIA with SERVANTS carrying out household stuff and trunks

MARIA Out with the trunks, ho!
(*to JAQUES*) Why are you idle? Sirrah, up to th’ chamber,
And take the hangings down, and see the linen
Pack’d up and sent away within this half hour.
What, are the carts come yet? Some honest body
Help down the chests of plate, and some the wardrobe;
Alas, we are undone else!

JAQUES Pray forsooth,
And I beseech ye tell me, is he dead yet?

MARIA No, but is drawing on. Out with the armoire!

JAQUES Then I’ll go see him.

MARIA Thou art undone then, fellow;
No man that has been near him come near me.

Enter SOPHOCLES and PETRONIUS

SOPHOCLES Why how now, lady, what means this?

PETRONIUS Now daughter,
How does my son?

MARIA Save all you can, for heaven’s sake!

¹ Brandy (or any other strong liquor used medicinally)

Enter LIVIA, BIANCA, and TRANIO

LIVIA Be of good comfort, sister.

MARIA Oh, my casket!¹

PETRONIUS How does thy husband, woman?

MARIA Get you gone
If you mean to save your lives: the sickness!

PETRONIUS (*to LIVIA et al*) Stand further off, I prithee!

MARIA The plague is i'th house, sir!
My husband has it now;
Alas, he is infected, and raves extremely.
Give me some counsel, friends.

BIANCA Why, lock the doors up,
And send him in a woman to attend him.

MARIA I have bespoke *two* women, and the city
Hath sent a watch by this time. Meat nor money
He shall not want, nor prayers.

PETRONIUS How long is't
Since it first took him?

MARIA But within this three hours.

Enter TWO WATCHMEN

I am frighted from my wits.—Oh, here's the watch;
Pray do your office, seal the doors up, friends,
And patience be his angel.

They barricade the door

TRANIO This comes unlook'd for.

MARIA I'll to the lodge; some that are kind and love me,
I know will visit me.

¹ Jewel-box.

And shows a general inflammation,
Which is the symptom of a pestilent fever.
Take twenty ounces from him.

PETRUCHIO (*within, withdrawing his arm*) Take a fool!
Take an ounce from mine arm and, Doctor Deuce-Ace,¹
I'll make a close-stool of your velvet costard!²
Death, gentlemen, do ye make a May-game on me?
I tell ye once again, I am as sound,
As well, as wholesome, and as sensible,
As any of ye all. Let me out quickly,
Or as I am a man, I'll beat the walls down,
And the first thing I light upon shall pay for't!

DOCTOR starts to leave

PETRONIUS Nay, we'll go with you, doctor.

MARIA 'Tis the safest;
I saw the symptoms, sir.

PETRONIUS Then there is but one way.

PETRUCHIO (*within*) Will it please you open?

TRANIO His fit grows stronger still.

MARIA Let's save ourselves, sir.
He's past all worldly cure.

PETRONIUS Friends, do your office.
And what he wants, if money, love, or labour,
Or any way may win it, let him have it. (*gives a purse*)
Farewell—and pray, my honest friends.

Exeunt. Manent WATCHMEN

PETRUCHIO (*within*) Why, rascals!
Friends! Gentlemen! Thou, beastly wife! Jaques!
None hear me? Who's at the door there?

¹ An unlucky dice throw of two aces.

² A close-stool is a commode; that is, a chair with a hole for a chamber-pot. A velvet costard is a large apple, often a joking term for someone's head. Petruchio is threatening to put a hole in the doctor's head, and use it like a commode.

- 1 WATCHMAN Think, I pray sir,
Whither you are going, and prepare yourself.
- 2 WATCHMAN These idle thoughts disturb you. The good gentlewoman
Your wife has taken care you shall want nothing.
- PETRUCHIO (*within*) Shall I come out in quiet? Answer me!
Or shall I charge a fowling-piece, and make
Mine own way? Two of ye I cannot miss!
Ye come here to assault me;
I am as excellent well, I thank heav'n for't,
And have as good a stomach at this instant—
- 2 WATCHMAN That's an ill sign.
- 1 WATCHMAN He draws on; he's a dead man.
- PETRUCHIO (*within*) —And sleep as soundly—Will ye *look* upon me?!
- 1 WATCHMAN Do you want pen and ink? While you have sense, sir,
Settle your state.
- PETRUCHIO (*within*) Sirs, I am well as you are
Or any rascal living!
- 2 WATCHMAN Would you were, sir.
- PETRUCHIO (*within*) Look to yourselves, and if you love your lives,
Open the door and fly me, for I shoot else!
I'll shoot, and presently chain-bullets,
And under four I will not kill!
- 1 WATCHMAN Let's quit him:
It may be it is a trick. He's dangerous.
- 2 WATCHMAN The devil take hindmost, I cry!
- Exeunt WATCHMEN, running*
- PETRUCHIO (*within*) Have among ye!
The door shall open too, I'll have a fair shoot.
- PETRUCHIO blows the door open and enters with a gun*

Are ye all gone? Tricks in my old days, crackers¹
Put now upon me? And by Lady Greensleeves?²
When a man has the fairest and the sweetest
Of all their sex, what has he then?
He has a quartern-ague³ that shall shake
All his estate to nothing! Out on 'em hedge-hogs!
If I were unmarried,
I would do anything short of repentance—
Any base dunghill slavery, be a hangman!—
Ere I would be a husband. O, the thousand,
Thousand, ten thousand ways they have to kill us!
Some fall with too much stringing of the fiddles,
And those are fools⁴; some that they are not suffer'd,
And those are maudlin lovers⁵; some, like scorpions,
They poison with their tails, and those are martyrs⁶;
Some die with doing good, those benefactors;
Some few, the rarest, they are said to kill
With kindness and fair usage, but what they are
My catalogue discovers not—only 'tis thought
They are buried in old walls with their heels upward!⁷
I could rail twenty days together now.
I'll seek 'em out, and if I have not reason—
And very sensible—why this was done,
I'll go a-birding yet, and some shall smart for't!

Exit

Act Four, Scene One

Inside Petronius' house. Enter MOROSO and PETRONIUS

MOROSO

That I do love her is without all question;
And that I would e'en now, this present Monday,
Before all other maidens, marry her
Is certain too. But to be made a whim-wham,

¹ Firecrackers, practical jokes.

² A reference to the well-known ballad about an inconstant mistress (purportedly written by Henry VIII) that begins "Alas, my love, you do me wrong ...".

³ Violent fever.

⁴ They die from too much sex (the fiddle is the female sex organ, the bow the male).

⁵ They die of longing for it and never getting it.

⁶ They die of venereal disease, poisoned by a woman's tail.

⁷ Outside consecrated ground and in the manner of a witch.

A jibe-crack¹, and a gentleman o'th' first house²
For all my kindness to her—!

PETRONIUS

How you take it!
Wouldst have her come, and lick thee like a calf,
And blow thy nose, and buss thee?

MOROSO

Not so neither.

PETRONIUS

What wouldst thou have her do?

MOROSO

Do as she *should* do:
Put on a clean smock, and to church, and marry,
And then to bed, 'a God's name! This is fair play.

PETRONIUS

Quiet your griefs down, thou fond³ man!
“Can May and January match together,
And ne'er a storm between 'em?”⁴

MOROSO

I find too:
What gold I have—pearl, bracelets, rings, or broaches,
Or what she can desire, gowns, petticoats,
Waistcoats, embroidered stockings, scarves, caul, feathers,
Hats, five-pound garters, muffs, masks, ruffs, and ribbons—
I am to give her for't!

PETRONIUS

'Tis right you are so.

MOROSO

But when I have done all this, and think it duty,
I'st requisite another bore my nostrils like a bull?!
Riddle me that!

PETRONIUS

Go, get you gone, and dream
She's thine within these two days, for she is so.
Think not of worldly business; it cools the blood.
And comb and cut your beard! And burn your night-cap:
It looks like half a winding-sheet, and urges
From a young wench nothing but cold repentance!
You may eat onions, but be not too lavish.

MOROSO

I am glad of that.

¹ Joke.

² A gentleman of the first rank, or of pre-eminent importance (sarcastic).

³ Foolish.

⁴ Petronius quotes from the ballad “Crabbèd Age”.

MARIA Not let his wife come near him in his sickness?
Not come to comfort him? She that all laws
Of heaven and nations have ordain'd his second,
Refus'd? Deny his wife a visitation?
His wife, that (though she was a little foolish)
Lov'd him? Oh heaven forgive her for't! Nay, doted,
Nay, had run mad had she not married him?

PETRUCHIO (*aside*) Though I do know this falser then the devil,
I cannot choose but love it.

MARIA I dare not
Believe him such a base, debauch'd companion,
That one refusal of a tender maid
Would make him feign this sickness out of need.

PETRUCHIO (*aside*) This woman would have made a most rare Jesuit:
She can prevaricate on anything. I'll go to her.—
Are you a wife for any man?

MARIA For you, Sir!
If I were worse, I were better.

Exit LIVIA

That you are well—
At least that you appear so—I thank heaven.
Long may it hold; and that you are here, I am glad too,
But that you have abus'd me wretchedly
(Never look strangely on me, I dare tell you)
With breach of honesty, care, kindness, manner—

PETRUCHIO Holla, you kick too fast!

MARIA Was I a stranger?
Am I not married to you? Tell me that!

PETRUCHIO I would I could not tell you.

MARIA Or am I grown,
Because I have been a little peevish to you
(Only to try your temper), such a dog-leash
I could not be admitted to your presence?

PETRUCHIO (*aside*) If I endure *this*, hang me!—

Thou art the subtlest woman I think living,
I am sure the lewdest! Now be still, and mark me:
Tell me, thou paltry spiteful whore—

MARIA weeps

Dost cry?!

I'll make you roar before I leave!

MARIA

Your pleasure.

PETRUCHIO

Was it not sin enough, thou fruiterer,¹
Was it not sin enough and wickedness
In full abundance? Was it not vexation
Thus like a rotten rascal to abuse
The tie of marriage with rebellion,
Childish and base rebellion against him
That naught above ground could e'er have won to hate thee?
Well, go thy ways.

MARIA

(going)

Yes.

PETRUCHIO

You shall hear me out first!

What punishment may'st thou deserve—thou thing,
Thou idle thing of nothing, thou pulled primrose,
That two hours after art a weed and wither'd—
For this last flourish on me? I was mad,
And had the plague, and no man must come near me?
I must be shut up, and my substance bezzl'd,
And an old woman watch me?

MARIA

Well sir, well,

You may well glory in't.

PETRUCHIO

If I should beat thee now as much may be,
Dost thou not well deserve it? O' thy conscience,
Dost thou not cry, "Come beat me"?

MARIA

(rounding on him again)

I defy you!

And my last loving tears, farewell! The first stroke,
The very *first* you give me if you dare strike,
I do turn utterly from you! Try me,
And you shall find it so forever,

¹ Fruit-seller (with reference to Eve).

Never to be recall'd. And so farewell!

Exit

PETRUCHIO

Grief go with thee!
If there be any witchcrafts, herbs, or potions
That can again unlove me, I am made.

Exit

Act Four, Scene Three¹

Petronius' house. Enter BIANCA and TRANIO

TRANIO

Faith, mistress, you *must* do it.

BIANCA

Are the writings ready I told you of?

TRANIO

Yes they are ready, but to what use I know not.

BIANCA

Y'are an ass, you must have all things constru'd.
Go to, fetch Rowland hither presently,
For your ten pound lies bleeding else. She is married
Within these twelve hours, if we cross it not;—
And see the papers of one size.²

TRANIO

I have ye!³

BIANCA

Petronius and Moroso *I'll* see sent for.
About your business, go.

TRANIO

I am gone.

Exit

BIANCA

Ho, Livia!

Enter LIVIA

¹ In the Theatre Erindale production, Rowland now loitered outside the women's wing of Petronius' house strumming his guitar/lute. A Servant entered and sang to him a brief flirtatious version of *The Country Lass* to the tune *Cold and Raw*. But rather than go with her, Rowland made a separate exit playing *Greensleeves*.

² Make sure the papers are the same size.

³ Oh, I get it!

LIVIA Who's that?

BIANCA A friend of yours. Lord how you look now,
As if you'd lost a galleon.¹

LIVIA Oh, Bianca,
I am the most undone, unhappy woman!

BIANCA Be quiet wench, thou shalt be done, and done,
And done, and double done. Thou fear'st Moroso?

LIVIA E'en as I fear the gallows.

BIANCA And you love Rowland? Say.

LIVIA If I say not,
I am sure I lie.

BIANCA What would'st thou give that woman,
That could clap ye within these two nights
Into a bed together?

LIVIA How?!

BIANCA Now the red blood comes!
Aye marry, now the matter's chang'd!

LIVIA Bianca,
Methinks you should not mock me.

BIANCA Mock a pudding!
Follow my counsel, and if thou hast him not,
Let me ne'er know a good night more. You must
Be very sick o'th' instant—

LIVIA Well, what follows?

BIANCA —And in that sickness send for all your friends,
Your father, and your old plague Moroso;
And Rowland shall be there too.

LIVIA What of these?

¹ Originally "carrack", a large merchant ship.

BIANCA Do you not twitter yet? Of this shall follow
That which shall make thy heart leap, and thy lips
Venture as many kisses as the merchants
Do dollars to the East Indies. You shall know all,
But first walk in and practise. Pray, be sick!

LIVIA I do believe I am sick.

BIANCA To bed then, come!

Exeunt

Act Four, Scene Four

Outside Petruchio's house. Enter PETRUCHIO with JAQUES and PEDRO. PORTERS carry out bags and trunks to travel abroad

PETRUCHIO *(to a Porter, loudly enough to be heard in the house)* Get my
trunks ready, sirrah, I'll be gone straight!
(to Pedro) Prithee, entreat her come; I will not trouble her
Above a word or two.

Exit PEDRO

(continuing as loudly) Ere I endure
This life and with a woman, and a curs'd one,
I'll go to plough again, and eat leek porridge.
No, there be other countries, Jaques,¹ for me,
And other people; yea, and other women,
If I have need. And the sun, so they say,
Shines as warm there as here. Till I have lost
Either myself or her, I care not whither
Nor which first.

JAQUES Will your worship hear me?

PETRUCHIO None of my nation shall ever know me more!

JAQUES Methinks now,
If your good worship could but have the patience—

¹ The line scans with the one-syllable pronunciation: "Jake".

PETRUCHIO (lower voice) The patience, why the patience?

JAQUES Why, I'll tell you,
Could you but have the patience.

PETRUCHIO Well, the patience—?

JAQUES —To laugh at all she does, or when she rails,
To have a drum beaten o'th'top o'th' house
To give the neighbours warning of her 'larm,
As I do when *my* wife rebels.

PETRUCHIO Thy wife?
Thy wife's a pigeon to her, a mere slumber,
The dead of night's not stiller. Thou know'st her way.

JAQUES I should do, I am sure.
I have ridden it night and day this twenty year.

PETRUCHIO But mine is such a drench of balderdash,
Such a strange-carded cunningness—

Re-enter PEDRO

What says she?

PEDRO Nay, not a word, sir, but she *pointed* to me.
Pray sir, bear it e'en as you may;
The best men have their crosses, we are all mortal.

PETRUCHIO What ails the fellow?

PEDRO And no doubt she may, sir ...

PETRUCHIO What may she, or what does she, or what is she?
Speak and be hang'd!

Enter SOPHOCLES from the house

SOPHOCLES Call ye this a woman?!

PETRUCHIO Yes sir, she is a woman.

SOPHOCLES Sir, I doubt it!

PETRUCHIO I thought you had made experience.

SOPHOCLES Not so!
Your wife's as chaste and honest as a virgin,
For anything *I* know. 'Tis true she gave me
A ring—

PETRUCHIO For rutting!

SOPHOCLES You are much deceiv'd still.
Coming in visitation, like a friend ...
I think she is mad, sir. Suddenly she started,
And snatch'd the ring away, and drew her knife out,
To what intent I know not.

PEDRO She *is* mad.

PETRUCHIO Is this certain?

*Enter MARIA dressed like a whore, but will not speak*¹

SOPHOCLES Here she comes.

PETRUCHIO Now, damsel,
What will your beauty do if I forsake you?

MARA mimes a lewd reply

Do you deal by signs and tokens? As I guess then,
You'll walk abroad this summer and catch captains,
Or keep a nest of nuns.²

SOPHOCLES Oh, do not stir her:
You see in what a case she is!

PETRUCHIO Sophocles,
Prithee observe this woman seriously,
And eye her well, and when thou hast done, tell me
Where my sense was when I chose this thing.

SOPHOCLES I'll tell you
I have seen a sweeter—

¹ In the Theatre Erindale production, Maria's costume was gypsy-like and her non-verbal replies were inspired by flamenco dance.

² Nest of nuns: a bawdy-house.

PETRUCHIO —An hundred times cry ‘Oysters’!
There’s a poor beggar-wench about Blackfriars
May be an empress to her.

SOPHOCLES Nay, now you are too bitter.

PETRUCHIO Ne’er a whit, sir.—
(*to Maria*) I’ll tell thee, woman, for now I have day to see thee,
And all my wits about me, when I chose thee
To make a bedfellow, I took a leprosy;
Nay worse, the plague; nay worse yet, a possession!
For who that had but reason to distinguish
The light from darkness, wine from water, and fox
From fern bush would have married *thee*?!

SOPHOCLES She is not so ill.

PETRUCHIO She’s worse then I dare think of! Dress’d so lewd,
She hath neither wifehood nor womanhood
Can force me think she had a mother. No,
I do believe her a wolf by transmigration!

SOPHOCLES Do you think she’s sensible of this?¹

PETRUCHIO I care not,
Be what she will. The pleasure I take in her,
Thus I blow off, the care I took to love her,
Like this point I untie, and thus I loose it;
The husband I am to her, thus I sever.
My vanity, farewell! (*starts to leave*) ... Yet, for you have been
So near me as to bear the name of wife,
Though you deserve it not, you shall not beg.
What I ordain’d your jointure, honestly
You shall have settled on you, and half my house.
Your apparel—
And what belongs to build up such a folly!—
Keep, I beseech you; it infects our uses.
And now, I am for travel.

MARIA Now, I love you!
And now I see you are a man, I’ll talk to you,
And I forget your bitterness.

¹ Do you think she can hear/understand us?

SOPHOCLES How now, man?

PETRUCHIO (*aside*) Oh Pliny, if thou wilt be ever famous,
Make but this woman all thy wonders.¹

MARIA Sure, sir,
You have hit upon a happy course, a blessed,
And one will make you virtuous—

PETRUCHIO (*aside to Sophocles*) She'll ship me!

MARIA —A way of understanding I long wish'd for;
And now 'tis come, take heed you fly not back, sir.
Methinks you look a new man to me now,
A man of excellence, and now I see
Some great design set in you. You may think now
'Twere my part
Weakly to weep your loss, and to resist you,
Nay, hang about your neck and like a dotard
Urge my strong tie upon you; but I love you—
And all the world shall know it—beyond woman,
And more prefer your honour than wanton kisses.
Go, worthy man, and bring home understanding.

SOPHOCLES This were an excellent woman to breed schoolmen.²

MARIA Go far, too far you cannot: still the farther,
The more experience finds you.

PETRUCHIO Dost hear her?

SOPHOCLES Yes.
I wonder that she writes not.

MARIA Then when time
And fullness of occasion have new made you,
And squar'd you from a sot into a signor,
Come home an aged man, as did Ulysses,
And I your glad Penelope.

PETRUCHIO (*apart*) What should I do?

¹ Pliny the elder is most known for his only extant work, a 37-volume *Natural History* that served as the basis for scientific knowledge for centuries. It contained many “wonders”.

² The schoolmen of the 12th, 13th, and 14th centuries attempted to reconcile Christian theology with the Greek philosophy of Aristotle, making themselves proverbial for sophists or double-talkers.

SOPHOCLES

Why, by my troth, I'd travel!
Did not you mean so?

PETRUCHIO

Alas no! Nothing less, man!
I said it but to try her. She's the devil.
And now I find it, for she drives *me*! I must go.—
(*to the Porters*) Are my trunks down, there, and my horses ready?

MARIA

Sir, for your house, and if you please to trust me
With that you leave behind—

PETRUCHIO

Bring down the money!

MARIA

—As I am able, I'll govern as a widow.
I shall long
To hear of your well-doing and your profit,
And when I hear not from you once a quarter,
I'll wish you in the Indies or in China;
Those are the climes must make you.

PETRUCHIO

(*aside*) She'll wish me out o'th' world anon!—
How fares the wind?

MARIA

For France, 'tis very fair;
Get you aboard tonight, sir, and lose no time;
You know the tide stays no man.

PETRUCHIO

Thou hast fool'd me *out* th' kingdom with a vengeance,
And thou canst fool me *in* again.

MARIA

Not I, sir,
I love you better. Take your time, and pleasure.
I'll see you hors'd.

PETRUCHIO

(*aside*) I think thou wouldst see me hang'd, too,
Were I but half as willing.—
You'll bear me to the land's end, Sophocles,
And other of my friends, I hope?

SOPHOCLES

Ne'er doubt, sir.

MARIA

I am sure you'll kiss me ere I go.

PETRUCHIO

Get thee going,
For if thou tarriest but another dialogue,

I'll *kick* thee to thy chamber.

MARIA

Fare you well, then,
And bear yourself manly and worthily;
And for those flying fames here of your follies,
Your gambols, and ill-breeding of your youth,
I'll deal so like a wife that loves your honour
That those shall die. I've cold meats ready for you.
(*gives a basket*) If you want lemon-waters,
Or anything to take the edge o'th sea off,
Pray speak, and be provided.

PETRUCHIO

Now the devil
That was your first good master shower his blessing
Upon ye all; into whose custody—

SOPHOCLES

You had better go.

PETRUCHIO

I will go, then.
Then, women, if there be a storm at sea
Worse than your tongues can make, and waves more broken
Than your dissembling faiths are, let me feel
Nothing but tempests till they crack my keel!

Exeunt

Act Five, Scene One

*Petronius' house, outside Livia's chamber. Enter PETRONIUS,
BIANCA with four papers,¹ ROWLAND and TRANIO*

BIANCA

Pray draw on softly.

PETRONIUS

She is alter'd much;
You'll find her now another Livia.

ROWLAND

I have enough o'th' old one.

PETRONIUS

No more fool,
She's mine now, as I please to settle her—

¹ In a case, such that the second set of duplicates—created to look identical to the first set but opposite in content—can be substituted for the first set when the men are not looking. (Petronius and Moroso will sign as witnesses, Rowland will take away one copy, Livia and Bianca will retain the other.)

Only she would take a kind of farewell of you,
And give you back a wand'ring vow or two
You left in pawn; and two or three slight oaths
She lent you too, she looks for.

ROWLAND She shall have'em
With all my heart, sir, and if you like it better,
A free release in writing.

PETRONIUS That's the matter!
And you from her shall have another, Rowland;
And then turn tail to tail, and peace be with you.

ROWLAND So be it. (*aside to Tranio*) Your ten pound sweats, Tranio!

TRANIO 'Twill not undo me, Rowland, do your worst.

ROWLAND Come, shall we see her, sir?

Enter LIVIA discovered abed, and MOROSO weeping by her

PETRONIUS How is't, daughter?

LIVIA Oh very sick, very sick, yet somewhat
Better, I hope; a little lightsomer
Because this good man has forgiven me.
Pray set me higher. Oh, my head!

BIANCA (*aside to Livia*) Well done, wench!

LIVIA Father, and all good people that shall hear me,
I have abus'd this man perniciously;
Was never old man humbled so. I have scorn'd him,
And call'd him nasty names; I have spit at him,
Flung candles' ends in's beard, and contemn'd him,
For methought then he was a beastly fellow
(Oh God, my side!) a very beastly fellow.
At a christ'ning once I gave him purging-comfits¹
That he spoil'd his breeches; and one night
I strew'd the stairs with peas as he pass'd down,
And the good gentleman (woe worth me for't)—
E'en with his reverent head, this head of wisdom—
Told two and twenty stairs, miss'd not a step,

¹ Laxative candies.

Fell to the bottom, broke his casting bottle,¹
Lost a fair toadstone² of some eighteen shillings,
Jumbled his joints together, had two stools,³
And was translated.⁴ All this villainy
Did I, Livia—I alone, untaught.

MOROSO (weeping) And I, unask'd, forgive it.

LIVIA Where's Bianca?

BIANCA Here, cousin.

LIVIA Give me drink.

BIANCA There.

LIVIA Who's that?

MOROSO Rowland.

LIVIA Oh my dissembler, you and I must part.
Come nearer, sir.

ROWLAND I am sorry for your sickness.

LIVIA Be sorry for yourself, sir; you have wrong'd me,
But I forgive you. Are the papers ready?

BIANCA I have 'em here. Wilt please you view 'em?

PETRONIUS Yes.

LIVIA Show 'em the young man too, I know he's willing.

PETRONIUS and ROWLAND read

Alas, we might have beggar'd one another;
We are young both, and a world of children
Might have been left behind to curse our follies.
We had been undone, Bianca, had we married.
I confess I lov'd him most entirely,

¹ Bottle for sprinkling perfumed water.

² A stone once worn as a charm and believed to have been formed in the body of a toad.

³ Turds, bowel movements.

⁴ Knocked senseless, beside himself.

And once, upon my conscience, he lov'd me;
But farewell that. We must be wiser, cousin.
Love must not leave us to the world. Have you done?

ROWLAND Yes, and am ready to subscribe.

LIVIA Pray stay then.
Give me the papers and let me peruse 'em—
And so much time as may permit a tear
At our last parting.

BIANCA Pray retire, and leave her;
I'll call ye presently.

PETRONIUS Come, gentlemen,
The show'r must fall.

ROWLAND (*weeping*) Would I had never seen her.

Exeunt all but BIANCA and LIVIA

BIANCA Thou hast done bravely, wench.

LIVIA Pray heav'n it prove so.

BIANCA There are the other papers. When they come,
Begin you first, and let the rest subscribe
Hard by your side; give 'em as little light
As drapers do their wares. (*lowers the lamps*)

LIVIA Call 'em in.
Now if there be a power that pities lovers,
Help now, and hear my prayers.

Re-enter PETRONIUS, ROWLAND, TRANIO, and MOROSO

PETRONIUS Is she ready?

BIANCA She has done her lamentations; pray go to her.

LIVIA Rowland, come near me, and before you seal,
Give me your hand. Take it again; now kiss me.
This is the last acquaintance we must have.
I wish you ever happy. There's the paper.

ROWLAND (sobbing) Pray, stay a little!

PETRONIUS Let me never live more
But I do begin to pity this young fellow.
How heartily he weeps!

BIANCA There's pen and ink, sir.

LIVIA E'en here, I pray you. 'Tis a little emblem
How near you have been to me.

ROWLAND (signing the first document) There.

BIANCA (to the others) Your hands too,
As witnesses.

PETRONIUS By any means. (signs; to *Moroso*) To th' book, son.

MOROSO With all my heart. (signs)

BIANCA (to *LIVIA*) You must deliver it.¹

ROWLAND (signing the second document) There, *Livia*; and a better love light
on thee.
I can no more.

BIANCA (to the others) To this you must be witness, too.

PETRONIUS We will.

PETRONIUS and MOROSO sign

BIANCA Do you deliver it now.

LIVIA Pray set me up.

BIANCA raises her; LIVIA passes one copy to ROWLAND

There, *Rowland*, all thy old love back; and may
A new to come exceed mine, and be happy.
I must no more.

ROWLAND Farewell!

¹ She means "Deliver the first copy to *Rowland*". But *Livia* pretends reluctance and must be urged again.

LIVIA

A long farewell!

Exeunt ROWLAND and TRANIO

BIANCA

Leave her by any means till this wild passion
Be off her head; a day hence you may see her.
She is now for little company.

PETRONIUS

Pray tend her.

I must to horse straight.

BIANCA

Fare ye well. (*to MOROSO*) Tomorrow
You shall receive a wife to quit your sorrow.

Exeunt

Act Five, Scene Two

The street, immediately following. Enter ROWLAND, and TRANIO stealing behind him

ROWLAND

What a dull ass was I let her go thus!
Upon my life she loves me still. Well, her paper—
Thou only monument of what I have had—
Let me yet kiss her hand,¹ yet take my leave
Of what I must leave ever. Farewell, Livia. (*kisses the paper*)
Oh, bitter words, I'll read ye once again,
And then for ever study to forget ye. (*reads*)
How's this? Let me look better on't. A contract?!
I swear: a marriage contract, seal'd, and ratified,
Her father's hand set to it, and Moroso's!
I do not dream, sure. Let me read again.—
The same still! 'Tis a contract!

TRANIO

(*coming forward*) 'Tis so, Rowland.
And by the virtue of the same, you pay me
An hundred pound tomorrow.

ROWLAND

Art sure, Tranio,
We are both alive now?

¹ That is, her signature.

TRANIO Wonder not; ye have lost!

ROWLAND If this be true, I grant it.

TRANIO 'Tis most certain,
There's a ring for you too. (*gives a ring*) You know it?

ROWLAND Yes!

TRANIO When shall I have my money?

ROWLAND Stay ye, stay;
When shall I marry her?

TRANIO Tonight.

ROWLAND Take heed now
You do not trifle with me. If you do,
You'll find more payment than your money comes to!
Swear me directly: am I Rowland?

TRANIO Yes.

ROWLAND Am I awake?

TRANIO Ye are.

ROWLAND Am I in health?

TRANIO As far as I conceive.

ROWLAND Was I with Livia?

TRANIO You were, and had this contract.

ROWLAND And shall I enjoy her?

TRANIO Yes, if ye dare.

ROWLAND Swear to all these.

TRANIO I will,
For by my honesty and faith and conscience,
All this is certain.

ROWLAND Let's remove our places.¹

They do so

Swear it again.

TRANIO By heav'n 'tis true.

ROWLAND I have lost then, and heaven knows I am glad on't!
Let's go, and tell me all, and tell me how,
For yet I am a pagan in it.

TRANIO I have a priest too,
And all shall come as even as two testers.²

Exeunt

Act Five, Scene Three

Outside Petruchio's house. Enter JAQUES and PEDRO

PEDRO Oh, Jaques—!
What a most blessèd turn hast he—

JAQUES I hope so.

PEDRO —To have the sea between him and this woman.
Nothing can drown her tongue but a storm.

PEDRO Now could I wish her in his trunk.

JAQUES God shield, man.
I had rather have a bear in't.

PEDRO Yes, I'll tell ye:
For in the passage, if a tempest take him,
As many do, and the master cry,
"Lighten the ship of all hands, or we perish!"
Then that for one should overboard presently!

¹ Switch, exchange.

² A coin worth sixpence (originally worth a shilling during the reigns of Henry VII-Edward VI).

JAQUES She would spoil the fishing on this coast forever;
For none would keep her company but dogfish
Or porpoises. She would make god Neptune
And his fire-fork as weary of the Channel
As ever boy was of the school.

PEDRO Oh, her tongue, her tongue.

JAQUES Rather her many tongues.

PEDRO Or rather, strange tongues.

JAQUES Her lying tongue.

PEDRO Her lisping tongue.

JAQUES Her long tongue.

PEDRO Her lawless tongue.

JAQUES Her loud tongue.

PEDRO Her licorice tongue—

JAQUES And many stranger tongues than ever Babel had.

Enter SOPHOCLES in black

SOPHOCLES The journey's ended.

JAQUES What does your worship mean?

SOPHOCLES Your master—Oh, Petruchio!—Oh, poor fellows!

PEDRO Oh, Jaques, Jaques!¹

SOPHOCLES Oh, your master's dead,
His body coming back; his wife, his devil,
The grief of her—

JAQUES —Has kill'd him?

SOPHOCLES Kill'd him. Kill'd him.

¹ The two-syllable pronunciation is required for the line to scan: “Jake-wees”.

PEDRO Is there no law to hang her?

SOPHOCLES Get ye in,
And let her know her misery. I dare not—
For fear impatience seize me—see her more.
Bid her for wifhood,
For honesty (if she have any in her),
Cry if she can; your weeping cannot mend it.
The body will be here presently, so tell her—
And all his friends to curse her!

PEDRO Oh, Jaques, Jaques!¹

JAQUES Oh, my worthy master!

PEDRO Oh, my most beastly mistress, hang her!

JAQUES Split her!

PEDRO Drown her directly!

JAQUES Starve her!

PEDRO Stink upon her!

JAQUES Stone her to death! May all she eat be eggs,
Till she run kicking mad for men.

PEDRO And
That man that gives her remedy, pray heav'n
He may lose his longings!

SOPHOCLES Call her out.

*Exit JAQUES. Music. Enter PETRONIUS and MOROSO with
PALLBEARERS, and PETRUCHIO born in a coffin*

PETRONIUS Set down the body.

Enter MARIA in black, and JAQUES

You are welcome to the last cast of your fortunes;
There lies your husband, there your loving husband,
There he that was Petruchio, too good for ye;
Your stubborn and unworthy way has kill'd him

Ere he could reach the sea. If ye can weep
Now, ye have cause; begin, and after death
Do something yet to th' world to think ye honest.¹
So many tears had sav'd him, shed in time;
And as they are—so a good mind go with 'em—
Yet they may move compassion.

MARIA Pray ye all hear me,
And judge me as I am, not as you covet,²
For that would make me yet more miserable.
'Tis true: I have cause to grieve, and mighty cause,
And truly and unfeignèdly I weep it.

SOPHOCLES I see there's some good nature yet left in her.

MARIA But what's the cause? Mistake me not: not this man,
As he is dead, I weep for—heaven defend it,
I never was so childish!—but his life,
His poor unmanly wretched foolish life!
It's *that* my full eyes pity; *there's* my mourning.

PETRONIUS Dost thou not shame?

MARIA I do, and even to water,
To think what this man was: to think how simple,
How far below a man, how far from reason,
From common understanding, and all gentry.
He had a happy turn: he died. I'll tell ye,
These are the wants I weep for, not his person.
The memory of this man, had he liv'd
But two years longer, had begot more follies
Than wealthy Autumn flies. But let him rest;
He was a fool, and farewell he.

PETRUCHIO (*bursting into tears*) Unbutton me,
I die indeed else! Oh, Maria, oh—
All my unhappiness, my misery!

PETRONIUS Go to him, whore. I swear that, if he perish,
I'll see thee hang'd myself.

PETRUCHIO Why, why, why, Maria?

¹ Virtuous.

² Conceive, imagine.

MARIA comforts PETRUCHIO as he sobs

MARIA I have done my worst, and have my end: I've tam'd ye—
And now am vow'd your servant. Look not strangely,
Nor fear what I say to you. Dare you kiss me?
Thus I begin my new love.

They kiss

PETRUCHIO Once again?

MARIA With all my heart.

They kiss

PETRUCHIO Once again, Maria!

They kiss

Oh, gentlemen, I know not where I am!

SOPHOCLES Get ye to bed then: there you'll quickly know, sir!

PETRUCHIO Never no more your old tricks?

MARIA Never, sir.

PETRUCHIO You shall not need, for—as I have a faith—
No cause shall give occasion.

MARIA As I am honest,
And as I am a maid yet, all my life
From this hour hence—since ye make so free profession—
I dedicate in service to your pleasure.

SOPHOCLES Aye, marry, this goes roundly off.

PETRUCHIO Go, Jaques,
Get all the best meat may be bought for money,
And let the hogshead's blood.¹ I am born again!
Well, little England,² when I see a husband
Of any other nation stern or jealous,
I'll wish him but a woman of thy breeding!

¹ Pour out the wine and beer.

² A new pet name for Maria.

