

1. ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Ephesus

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the gold that I gave you?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

To me, sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, sir, to dinner:
My mistress and her sister stays for you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

In what safe place you have bestow'd my money,
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Your worship's wife,
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Beating him

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, and you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

Exit

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

They say this town is full of cozenage,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
And many suchlike liberties of sin.
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe. *Exit*

2. ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and DROMIO of Ephesus

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA

ADRIANA

Neither my husband nor his man returned,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!

LUCIANA

Good sister, let us dine and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master, and, when they see time,
They'll go or come: if so, be patient, sister.

ADRIANA

Why should there liberties than ours be more?

LUCIANA

Because their business still lies out o' door.
Men, more divine,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

ADRIANA

Patience unmoved! no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek that have no other cause.
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me;
But if thou live to see thou like bereft,
This fool-begged patience in thee will be left.

LUCIANA

Well, I will marry one day but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus

ADRIANA

Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.
When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he;
'Your meat doth burn,' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he:
'Will you come home?' quoth I; 'My gold!' quoth he.

'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?'
'My mistress, sir' quoth I; 'Hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!'

LUCIANA
Quoth who?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
Quoth my master:
'I know,' quoth he, 'no house, no wife, no mistress.'

ADRIANA
Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

ADRIANA
Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither! *Exit*

LUCIANA
Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

ADRIANA
His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it.

LUCIANA
Self-harming jealousy! fie, beat it hence!

ADRIANA
Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, a love he would detain,
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

LUCIANA
How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

Exeunt

3. ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse, ADRIANA, LUCIANA

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA

ADRIANA

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown.
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
Keep then far league and truce with thy true bed;
I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk;

LUCIANA

Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

By Dromio?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

By me?

ADRIANA

By thee.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration.

ADRIANA

How ill it agrees with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offered fallacy.

LUCIANA

Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O spite of spite!
We talk with goblins, owls and sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

LUCIANA

Why pratest thou to thyself and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I am transformed, master, am I not?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Thou hast thine own form.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

No, I am an ape.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

If thou are changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

'Tis true, she rides me, and I long for grass.

ADRIANA

Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
If any ask you for your master,

Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I'll say as they say and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

ADRIANA

Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

LUCIANA

Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

Exeunt

4. ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of Syracuse

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What is she?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to but to make a lamp of her and run from her by her own light. If she lives til doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What's her name?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Nell, sir.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

And she bears some breadth?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe. I could find out countries in her.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

In what part of her body stands Ireland?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Marry, sir, in her buttocks. I found it out by the bogs.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Where France?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

In her forehead, armed and reverted, making war against her heir.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Where Spain?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Where stood the Netherlands?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

O, sir! I did not look so low. To conclude,
This drudge laid claim to me, call'd me
Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what
privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my
shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my
left arm, that I amazed ran from her as a witch:

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Go hie thee presently.
I will not harbor in this town to-night:
If any ship put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

5. ADRIANA, LUCIANA, DROMIO of Syracuse

ADRIANA

Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?

LUCIANA

First he denied you had in him no right.

ADRIANA

He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

LUCIANA

Then swore he that he was a stranger here.
Then pleaded I for you.

ADRIANA

And what said he?

LUCIANA

That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

ADRIANA

With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

LUCIANA

With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

ADRIANA

Didst speak him fair?

LUCIANA

Have patience, I beseech.

ADRIANA

I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;

LUCIANA

Who would be jealous then of such a one?

ADRIANA

Ah, but I think him better than I say.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Here! go; the desk, the purse! sweet, now, make haste.

LUCIANA

How hast thou lost thy breath?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

By running fast.

ADRIANA

Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him;
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel.

ADRIANA

What, is he arrested?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

ADRIANA

This I wonder at,
That he, unknown to me, should be in debt.
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain!

LUCIANA

Go, Dromio; there's some money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.

6. ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO, of Syracuse, COURTESAN

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, here's the gold you sent me for.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What gold is this? I understand thee not.
Is there any ships put forth tonight? May we be gone?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the
ship Expedition put forth to-night; and then were
you arrested by the officer.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter the COURTESAN

COURTESAN

Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me to-day?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, is this Mistress Satan?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

It is the devil.

COURTESAN

Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

What tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress.
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

COURTESAN

Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, be wise: an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain and fright us with it.

COURTESAN

I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Exeunt Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse

COURTESAN

Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

Exit

7. ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of Ephesus, ADRIANA, PINCH

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Wilt thou still talk?

Beating him

Enter ADRIANA and DOCTOR PINCH

ADRIANA

Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again.

PINCH

I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Peace, dotting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

ADRIANA

O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Did this doctor
Revel and feast it at my house today,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut
And I denied to enter in my house?

ADRIANA

O husband, God doth know you dined at home;

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Were not my doors locked up and I shut out?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Perdy, your doors were locked and you shut out.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

And did not she herself revile me there?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

ADRIANA

Is it good to soothe him in these contraries?

PINCH

Mistress, both man and master is possessed;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

ADRIANA

I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

And, gentle master, I received no gold;
But I confess, sir, that we were locked out.

ADRIANA

Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

ADRIANA

I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes.

ADRIANA

O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

PINCH

The fiend is strong within him.