

MEASURE FOR MEASURE MALAYA

Adapted from the Shakespeare by Phil Willmott

Setting: Malaya. In and around a prison house under British Colonial jurisdiction in the 1930's. The atmosphere is of oppressive heat as if a tropical storm is about to break. The building still retains some of the grand aspirations of the British Empire at it's height but it has become shabby and is only just holding it's own against an encroaching jungle wilderness.

There are two main areas. Angelo's Office and an outer office where Lucio mans a kind of reception area where prisoners pass through on their way to the cells and where visitors wait.

Some scenes are also set in a nearby jungle wilderness of a once formal garden.

CHARACTERS

THE BRITISH

The Duke – A governor general for the province

Angelo – Newly returned as head of the district's police force

Lucio – A lower ranking officer who has been stationed in the area for sometime.

Juliet – A young woman from the ex pat community

THE LOCAL POPULATION

Claudio – A fairly anglicised civil servant

Isabela – His sister. A Novice

Mariana – A young woman, abandoned in love by Angelo.

A Prostitute

ACT ONE

THE DUKE, IN A 1930'S TROPICAL SUIT STANDS WITH A SUITCASE AND ADDRESSES THE AUDIENCE

DUKE

Our colonies abroad have strict and biting laws.
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,
Which for this nineteen years we have let slip;
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond fathers,
Having bound up the threatening twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight
For terror, not to use, in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd than fear'd;

ON ANOTHER PART OF THE STAGE SUPERVISED BY ANGELO WE SEE LUCIO LEAD A HANDCUFFED CLAUDIO INTO THE PRISON HOUSE.

so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum. So for some little time
I have bestowed my powers upon one Angelo

THE LIGHTS PICK OUT ANGELO ON A BAKELITE TELEPHONE IN THE PRISON OFFICE AS CLAUDIO AND LUCIO AWAIT HIS FURTHER ORDERS.

Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home.
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own office: This Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If power change purpose in the people's hearts.
They now suppose me far away in England.

THE DUKE OPEN HIS SUITCASE AND REMOVES A MILITARY PADRE'S UNIFORM.

For so I have strew'd it in the common ear.
I will, as 'twere a padre of some order,
Visit both Angelo and his flock: A loyal priest
Supplied me this disguise and now instructs me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar.

LIGHTS DOWN ON THE DUKE WHO EXITS AND UP ON THE PRISON.

LUCIO AND CLAUDIO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ANGELO'S ABSENCE TO GRAB A CONVERSATION. THEY ARE OLD FRIENDS.

LUCIO
Why, how now, Claudio! How have you angered him?
Whence comes this restraint?

CLAUDIO
From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue, Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

LUCIO

If could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would
send for certain of my creditors. What's thy
offence, Claudio?

CLAUDIO

What but to speak of would offend again.

LUCIO

What, is't murder?

CLAUDIO

No.

LUCIO

Lechery?

CLAUDIO

Call it so.

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

LUCIO

With child, perhaps?

CLAUDIO

Unhappily, even so.

And Angelo new deputy now for the duke --
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his emmence that fills it up,
I stagger in: -- but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall
So long that nineteen zodiacs have gone round
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act

Freshly on me: 'tis surely for a name.

LUCIO

I warrant it is: and thy head stands so tickle on
thy shoulders that a milkmaid, if she be in love, may sigh it off.
Send after the duke and appeal to him.

CLAUDIO

I have done so, but he's not to be found.
I prithee, Lucio, do me this kind service:
This day my sister should the cloister enter
And there receive her approbation:
Acquaint her with the danger of my state:
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosperous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

LUCIO

I pray she may; as well for the encouragement of the
like, which else would stand under grievous imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life,
who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

CLAUDIO

I thank you, good friend Lucio.

LUCIO

Within two hours.

ANGELO RETURNS TO INTEROGATE CLAUDIO INDICATING THAT LUCIO
MAY LEAVE.

LUCIO SALUTES AND GOES SNATCHING A MEANINGFUL EXCHANGE OF
LOOKS WITH CLAUDIO.

LIGHTS DOWN ON THE OFFICE

SCENE TWO

LIGHTS UP ON LUCIO VISITING ISABELLA IN A GARDEN

LUCIO

Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

ISABELLA

Why 'her unhappy brother'? let me ask,
The rather for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella and his sister.

LUCIO

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

ISABELLA

Woe me! for what?

LUCIO

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

ISABELLA

Sir, make me not your story.

LUCIO

It is true.
I would not -- though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,
Tongue far from heart -- play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted.
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

ISABELLA

You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

LUCIO

Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
Your brother and his lover have embraced:
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

ISABELLA

Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

LUCIO

Is she your cousin?

ISABELLA

Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names

By vain though apt affection.

LUCIO

She it is.

ISABELLA

O, let him marry her.

LUCIO

This is the point.

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

ISABELLA

Doth he so seek his life?

LUCIO

Has censured him
Already; and, as I hear, the LUCIO hath
A warrant for his execution.

ISABELLA

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

LUCIO

Assay the power you have.

ISABELLA

My power? Alas, I doubt --

LUCIO

Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,

And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as freely theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

ISABELLA

I'll see what I can do.

LUCIO

But speedily.

ISABELLA

I will about it straight;
No longer staying but to give the Abbess
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

LUCIO

I take my leave of you.

ISABELLA

Good sir, adieu.

SHE LEAVES.

LUCIO IS APPROACHED BY A PROSTITUTE. THERE IS OBVIOUSLY A
HISTORY OF INTIMACY BETWEEN THEM.

LUCIO

Behold, behold. where Madam Mitigation comes!

HE IS NERVOUS THAT THEY'LL BE SEEN TOGETHER.

You have not heard Lord Angelo's proclamation, have you?

PROSTITUTE

What proclamation, Sweet?

LUCIO

All houses of ill repute must be plucked down.

PROSTITUTE

Truly, sir, we are put poor women that would live.

LUCIO

How would you live, by being a bawd? What
do you think of the trade, is it a lawful trade?

PROSTITUTE

If the law would allow it, Sweet.

LUCIO

But the law will not allow it, or it shall not be allowed in the district.
Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world made up of brown and white bastards. Lord Angelo would's't have you consider what 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back from such a filthy vice: say to thyself - from such abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

PROSTITUTE

Indeed, it's oft struck me that way too, sir; but yet, does Angelo mean to geld and splay all the youth of the city? (GRABBING HIS CRUTCH) Here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger

LUCIO

I have purchased as many diseases under your roof as come to --

PROSTITUTE

To what, I pray?

LUCIO

Judge.

PROSTITUTE

Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

LUCIO

Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.
Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

PROSTITUTE

Who's that, I pray thee?

LUCIO

Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

PROSTITUTE

Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.

LUCIO

Nay, but I know 'tis so: and, which is more, within these three days his head's to be chopped off.

PROSTITUTE

But, after all this fooling, I would not have it

so. Art thou sure of this?

LUCIO

I am too sure of it:

PROSTITUTE

Well; what has he done?

LUCIO

A woman.

PROSTITUTE

But what's his offence?

LUCIO

Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

PROSTITUTE

What, is there a maid with child by him?

LUCIO

It is for getting Madam Julietta with child. It draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

PROSTITUTE

Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

SHE SUCEEDS IN AROUSING HIM

What shall become of me?

LUCIO

Come; fear you not: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place, you need not change your trade; I'll be a caller later.

HE GIVES HER MONEY

Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your self almost out in the service, you will be considered.

HE SLAPS HER ARSE AND THEY PART.

LUCIO STEPS IMMEDIATELY INTO THE NEXT SCENE.

SCENE THREE

HE IS IN MID CONVERSATION WITH ANGELO REGARDING CLAUDIO'S ARREST.

ANGELO

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch and not their terror.

LUCIO

Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this Claudio
Whom I would save, had a most noble father!
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time cohered with place or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

ANGELO

'Tis one thing to be tempted, Lucio,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try. What's open made to justice,
That justice seizes: what know the laws
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't
Because we see it; but what we do not see
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. So, he must die.

LUCIO

Be it as your wisdom will.

ANGELO

See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

LUCIO TRIES TO LEAVE BUT CAN'T.

ANGELO

Now, what's the matter. Lucio?

LUCIO

Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow?

ANGELO

Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

LUCIO

Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

ANGELO

Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spared.

LUCIO

I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

ANGELO

Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

LUCIO LEAVES BUT SEEING THAT ISABELLA HAS ARRIVED RETURNS.

LUCIO:

Sir, here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.

ANGELO

Hath he a sister?

LUCIO

Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

ANGELO

Well, let her be admitted. Then see
You that the fornicatress be removed:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for't.

LUCIO SHOWS ISABELLA INTO ANGELO'S OFFICE

ISABELLA

God save your honour!

ANGELO

You're welcome: what's your will?

ISABELLA

I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

ANGELO

Well; what's your suit?

ISABELLA

There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war 'twixt will and will not.

ANGELO

Well; the matter?

ISABELLA

I do beseech you I have a brother
Is condemn'd to die: O just but severe law!

LUCIO [Aside to ISABELLA]

Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his sleave:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him, I say!

ISABELLA

Must he needs die?

ANGELO

Maiden, no remedy.

ISABELLA

Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.

ANGELO

I will not do't.

ISABELLA

But can you, if you would?

ANGELO

Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

ISABELLA

But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

ANGELO

He's sentenced; 'tis too late.

LUCIO [Aside to ISABELLA]

You are too cold.

ISABELLA

Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word.
May call it back again. Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does. If he had been as you and you as he,
You would have slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

ANGELO

Pray you, be gone.

ISABELLA

I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

LUCIO [Aside to ISABELLA]

Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

ANGELO

Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

ISABELLA

Alas, alas!
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once; And
He that might the vantage best have took
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If He, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,

Like man new made.

ANGELO

Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I condemn your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him: he must die tomorrow.

ISABELLA

To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!
He's not prepared for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl of season: shall we serve heaven
With less respect than we do minister
To our gross selves? Good, good my lord, bethink you;
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

LUCIO [Aside to ISABELLA]

Ay, well said.

ANGELO

The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
Tis awake, takes note of what is done;

ISABELLA

Yet show some pity.

ANGELO

I show it most of all when I show justice.

ISABELLA

So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he, that suffer's. O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

LUCIO [Aside to ISABELLA]

That's well said.

ISABELLA

Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,

His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

LUCIO [Aside to ISABELLA]
O, to him, to him, wench! he
will relent; He's coming; I perceive 't.

ISABELLA
We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

LUCIO
Thou'rt i' the right, girl; more o, that.

ISABELLA
That in the captain's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

LUCIO [Aside to ISABELLA]
Art avised o' that? more on 't.

ANGELO
Why do you put these sayings upon me?

ISABELLA
Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top. Go to your bosom;
Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

ANGELO [Aside] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it.
Fare you well.

ISABELLA
Gentle my lord, turn back.

ANGELO
I will bethink me: come again tomorrow.

ISABELLA
Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

ANGELO

How! bribe me?

ISABELLA

Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

LUCIO [Aside to ISABELLA]

You had marr'd all else.

ISABELLA

Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers
That shall be up at heaven and enter there
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

ANGELO

Well; come to me to-morrow.

LUCIO [Aside to ISABELLA]

Go to; 'tis well; away!

ISABELLA

Heaven keep your honour safe!

ANGELO [Aside]

Amen: For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

ISABELLA

At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

ANGELO

At any time 'fore noon.

ISABELLA

'Save your honour!

ISABELLA AND LUCIO LEAVE

ANGELO

From thee, even from thy virtue!
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she: nor doth she tempt: but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,

Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary
And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live!
Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite. Even till now,
When men were fond, I smiled and wonder'd how.

Scene 3

THE DUKE ARRIVES AT THE POLICE STATION DISGUISED AS A PRIEST.
HE MEETS LUCIO.

THE DUKE

Heavens blessings on you Sergeant.

LUCIO

Welcome priest, of whence are you?

THE DUKE

But newly arrived in this district

LUCIO

Then I beg of you, tell me what news is abroad i' the world?

THE DUKE

None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

LUCIO

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

THE DUKE

What pleasure was he given to?

LUCIO

Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which professed to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; What's your business here, good friar?

THE DUKE

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

LUCIO

I would do more than that, if more were needful.

JULIET ARRIVES

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the flaws of her own youth,
Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
And he that got it, sentenced; a young man
More fit to do another such offence
Than die for this.

THE DUKE

When must he die?

LUCIO

As I do think, to-morrow.
Stay awhile, and you shall be conducted.

THE DUKE (TO JULIET)

Love you the man that wrong'd you?

JULIET

Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

THE DUKE

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

JULIET

Mutually.

THE DUKE

Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

JULIET

I do confess it, and repent it, father.

THE DUKE

'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,
Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven,
Showing we would not spare heaven as we love it,
But as we stand in fear, --

JULIET

I do repent me, as it is an evil,
And take the shame with joy.

THE DUKE

There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you, Benedicite!

JULIET

Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort Is still a dying horror!

SCENE FIVE

MEANWHILE, ALONE, ANGELO IS WAITING FOR ISABELLA'S RETURN

ANGELO

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

LUCIO'S ARRIVAL INTERRUPTS HIM

How now! who's there?

LUCIO

Isabella, returns and desires access to you.

ANGELO

Teach her the way.

LUCIO GOES OUT

O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both it unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive: and even so
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
Must needs appear offence.

ISABELLA ENTERS

ANGELO PUSHES LUCIO OUT OF THE ROOM.

DURING THE FOLLOWING SCENE WE SEE BUT CAN NOT HEAR HIM
FETCH CLAUDIO TO SIT WITH THE DUKE IN THE OUTER OFFICE. HE
THEN LEAVES.

How now, fair maid?

ISABELLA

I am come to know your pleasure.

ANGELO

That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness
As she that he hath stain'd?

ISABELLA

Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

ANGELO

I talk not of your soul: our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than for accompt.

ISABELLA

How say you?

ANGELO

Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin
To save this brother's life?

ISABELLA

 Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul, It is no sin at all, but charity.

ANGELO

 Pleased you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poise of sin and charity.

ISABELLA

 That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

ANGELO

 Nay, but hear me.
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are
ignorant,
Or seem so craftily; and that's not good.

ISABELLA

Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

ANGELO

 Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright
When it doth tax itself; as these black masks
Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
Than beauty could, display'd. But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

ISABELLA

 So.

ANGELO

 And his offence is so, as it appears,
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

ISABELLA

True.

ANGELO

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

ISABELLA

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

ANGELO

Then must your brother die.

ISABELLA

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

ANGELO

Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

ISABELLA

Ignomy in ransom and free pardon
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

ANGELO

You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;
And rather proved the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.

ISABELLA

O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,

For his advantage that I dearly love.

ANGELO

We are all frail.

ISABELLA

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

ANGELO

Nay, women are frail too.

ISABELLA

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

ANGELO

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

ISABELLA

I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

ANGELO

Plainly conceive, I love you.

ISABELLA

My brother did love Juliet,
And you tell me that he shall die for it.

ANGELO

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

ISABELLA

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

ANGELO

Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

ISABELLA

Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the world aloud
What man thou art.

ANGELO

Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation outweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report
And smell of calumny. I have begun,
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.

HE LEAVES THE BUILDING THROUGH THE OUTER OFFICE. THE DUKE IS
CAREFUL NOT TO BE SEEN.

ISABELLA

To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approval;
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will:
Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour.
That, had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:

More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

SHE LEAVES ANGELO'S OFFICE -

SCENE SIX

- TO FIND THE DUKE AND CLAUDIO PRAYING.

THE DUKE LOOKS UP AND SEES HER.

THE DUKE (TO CLAUDIO)
Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

CLAUDIO
Most holy sir, I thank you.

THE DUKE
Look, signior, here's your sister.

CLAUDIO
Now, sister, what's the comfort?

ISABELLA
Why,
As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

CLAUDIO
Is there no remedy?

ISABELLA
None, but such remedy as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

CLAUDIO
But is there any?

ISABELLA
Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.

CLAUDIO

But in what nature?

ISABELLA

In such a one as, you consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

CLAUDIO

Let me know the point.

ISABELLA

O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Darest thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

CLAUDIO

Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

ISABELLA

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

CLAUDIO

The precise Angelo!

ISABELLA

O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In precise guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou mightst be freed.

CLAUDIO

O heavens! it cannot be.

ISABELLA

Yes, he would give't thee, from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

CLAUDIO

Thou shalt not do't.

ISABELLA

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

CLAUDIO

Thanks, dear Isabel.

ISABELLA

Be ready, Claudio, for your death tomorrow.

CLAUDIO

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

ISABELLA

Which is the least?

CLAUDIO

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

ISABELLA

What says my brother?

CLAUDIO

Death is a fearful thing.

ISABELLA

And shamed life a hateful.

CLAUDIO

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst
Of those that lawless and incertain thought
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

ISABELLA

Alas, alas!

CLAUDIO

Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far
That it becomes a virtue.

ISABELLA

O you beast!
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood. Take my defiance!
Die, perish! Might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

CLAUDIO

Nay, hear me, Isabel.

ISABELLA

O, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade.
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best thou diest quickly.

CLAUDIO

O hear me, Isabella!

SCENE 7

RUNNING ON FROM PREVIOUS SCENE WITHOUT A BREAK.

HAVING OVERHEARD CLAUDIO AND ISABELA'S CONVERSATION THE DUKE NOW STEPS FORWARD.

THE DUKE

Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

ISABELLA

What is your will?

THE DUKE

Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require is likewise your own benefit.

ISABELLA

I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you awhile.

SHE WAITS OUT OF EARSHOT OF THE DUKE AND CLAUDIO.

THE DUKE

Son, I have overheard what hath passed between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death: do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: tomorrow you must die; go to your knees and make ready.

CLAUDIO

Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life that I will sue to be rid of it.

THE DUKE MOVES TO ISABELLA

THE DUKE

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good: the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath conveyed to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

LUCIO RETURNS TO TAKE CLAUDIO BACK TO HIS CELL

ISABELLA

I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But, O, how much is the good duke deceived in Angelo! If ever he return and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

THE DUKE

That shall not be much amiss: Yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

ISABELLA

Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

THE DUKE

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

ISABELLA

I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

THE DUKE

She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wrecked at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

ISABELLA

Can this be so? did Angelo so leave her?

THE DUKE

Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

ISABELLA

What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! But how out of this can she avail?

THE DUKE

It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

ISABELLA

Show me how, good father.

THE DUKE

This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly.

ANGELO RETURNS TO HIS DESK.

Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course, -- and now follows all, -- we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof.

What think you of it?

ISABELLA

The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

THE DUKE

It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

ISABELLA

I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

WE SEE HER RETURN TO ANGELO AS THE DUKE INSTRUCTED

SCENE 8

BUT SEE *AND* HEAR LUCIO AND THE DUKE WAITING OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

RUNNING ON FROM PREVIOUS SCENE WITHOUT A BREAK.

LUCIO (ENTERING)

Good even, good father.

THE DUKE

Bliss and goodness on you!

LUCIO

Let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared.

THE DUKE

He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

LUCIO

You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but justice have I found most so severe. If only the Duke were here. Is there news abroad o' his return?

THE DUKE

I know none. Can you tell me of any?

LUCIO

Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

THE DUKE

I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

LUCIO

It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal away thus. Lord Angelo dukes it most severely in his absence.

THE DUKE

He does well in 't.

LUCIO

A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: he's something too crabbed that way.

THE DUKE

It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

LUCIO

Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

THE DUKE

How should he be made, then?

LUCIO

Some report a sea-maid spawned him; some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that when he makes water his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion generative; that's infallible.

THE DUKE

You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

LUCIO

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

THE DUKE

I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclined that way.

LUCIO

O, sir, you are deceived.

THE DUKE

'Tis not possible.

LUCIO

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

THE DUKE

You do him wrong, surely.

LUCIO

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

THE DUKE

What, I prithee, might be the cause?

LUCIO

No, pardon; 'tis a secret must be locked within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

THE DUKE

Wise! why, no question but he was.

LUCIO

A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

THE DUKE

Either this is the envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed must upon a warranted need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully: or if your knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice.

LUCIO

Come, sir, I know what I know.

THE DUKE

I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you.

LUCIO

I am well known to the duke.

THE DUKE

He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

LUCIO

I would the duke we talk of were returned this very moment : Angelo will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were returned! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrussing. Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell.

HE LEAVES

THE DUKE

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

But he who the sword of heaven will bear
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue go;
More nor less to others paying
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice and let his grow!
O, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness made in crimes,
Making practise on the times,
To draw with idle spiders' strings
Most ponderous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply:

With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed but despised;
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.

END OF SCENE

SCENE 9

MARIANA IS LISTENING TO A MELANCHOLY DANCE BAND SONG ON A WIND UP GRAMAPHONE, PERHAPS COLE PORTER'S "IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT", WHEN THE DUKE APPROACHES HER.

MARIANA

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

THE DUKE

'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray, you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time
have I promised here to meet.

MARIANA

 You have not been inquired after:
I have sat here all day.

ISABELLA APPROACHES

THE DUKE

I do constantly believe you. The time is come Even now.

THE DUKE (TO ISABELLA)

 Very well met, and well come.
What is the news from this good deputy?

ISABELLA

 I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

THE DUKE

 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this. (TO MARIANA)
I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;
She comes to do you good.

ISABELLA

I do desire the like.

THE DUKE

Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

MARIANA

Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

THE DUKE

Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

MARIANA

Will't please you walk aside?

MARIANA AND ISABELLA MOVE AWAY TO TALK.

THE DUKE PUTS ON A RECORD.

HE WATCHES ISABELLA.

THE DUKE

O place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams
And rack thee in their fancies.

THE WOMEN RETURN

Welcome, how agreed?

ISABELLA

She'll take the enterprise upon her, father,
If you advise it.

THE DUKE

It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

ISABELLA

Little have you to say
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,
'Remember now my brother.'

MARIANA

Fear me not.

THE DUKE

Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.

THE DUKE AND ISABELLA LEAVE.

TO THE MELANCHOLY SOUND OF THE GRAMAPHONE MARIANA STRIPS
AND PUTS ON THE WEDDING DRESS IN WHICH SHE WAS TO MARRY
ANGELO. BY THE TIME SHE PULLS THE VEIL OVER HER FACE IT IS WET
WITH TEARS.

THE THUNDER STORM WHICH HAS BEEN THREATENING TO BREAK
SINCE THE PLAY STARTED NOW ERUPTS.

RAIN POURS, WIND BANGS THE SHUTTERS, THE GRAMAPHONE PLAYS
ON AND MARIANA MEETS ANGELO.

HE FUCKS HER.

HE RUNS OFF INTO THE STORM.

SHE RETURNS TO HER HOUSE.

BACK AT THE PRISON HOUSE AND UNAWARE OFF ALL THIS LUCIO IS
ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR NEWS.

THE DUKE

The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelope you, good Lucio! Who call'd here of late?

LUCIO

None, since the curfew rung.

THE DUKE

Not Isabel?

LUCIO

No.

THE DUKE

They will, then, ere't be long.

LUCIO

What comfort is for Claudio?

THE DUKE

There's some in hope.

LUCIO

It is a bitter deputy.

THE DUKE

Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

LUCIO

None, sir, none.

THE DUKE

As near the dawning, Lucio, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

LUCIO

Happily
You something know; yet I believe there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very siege of justice
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

ANGELO BURSTS IN SOAKING WET FROM THE STORM. HE
THROWS THE PROSTITUTE VIOLENTLY INTO THE ROOM.

THE DUKE HIDES HIS FACE. ANGELO IS SO FURIOUS HE WOULD NOT
NOTICE ANYWAY.

ANGELO

Go; away with her to prison!

PROSTITUTE

Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my
lord.

ANGELO

Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit In the same kind! This would make
mercy swear and play the tyrant.

LUCIO TRIES TO TOW THE PARTY LINE.

LUCIO

A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please you, Sir.

PROSTITUTE:

My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me.

Mistress Kate Keepdown was with child by him in the duke's time; he promised her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob: I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!

ANGELO STARES, HORRIFIED, AT LUCIO.

ANGELO

That fellow is a fellow of much licence: (TO LUCIO) You will be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words.

LUCIO TAKES THE PROSTITUE OUT TO THE CELLS

THE DUKE [Aside]

This is such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority:
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.

LUCIO RETURNS SHEEPISHLY TO FACE ANGELO'S FURY.

ANGELO (TO LUCIO)

Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

LUCIO

I can never cut off a woman's head.

ANGELO

Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer! To-morrow morning is Claudio to die. Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping, for you have lain with a notorious bawd.

A SCARED LUCIO SAVES HIS SKIN

LUCIO

Yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman.
I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

ANGELO TELEPHONES THE EXECUTIONER.

(INTO THE PHONE) Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been with a bawd.

HE HANGS UP AND SPEAKS TO LUCIO.

ANGLEO:

'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

HE LEAVES.

LUCIO TURNS TO THE DUKE.

LUCIO:

What say you to this, sir?

THE DUKE

There is written in your brow, Lucio, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave you do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

LUCIO

Pray, sir, in what?

THE DUKE

In the delaying death.

LUCIO

A lack, how may I do it, having the hour limited,
and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

HE GETS AN IDEA.

And yet here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate till he were well inclined;
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

THE DUKE

O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,
And sent according to command;

LUCIO

This shall be done, good father, presently.

I am your free dependant.

THE DUKE

Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.

LUCIO HEADS TO THE CELLS

Now will I write letters to Angelo, whose contents
Shall witness to him I am near at hand, and
That, by great injunctions, I am bound
To meet with him. By cold gradation and
Well-balanced form, We shall proceed with Angelo.

THE DUKE STARTS VTO WRITE

LIGHTS INDICATE AN HOUR PASSING

LUCIO RETURNS WITH RAGOZINE'S SEVERED HEAD

LUCIO

Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

THE DUKE

Make swift dispatch to Angelo;
For I would commune with you of such things
That want no ear but yours.

LUCIO

I'll make all speed.

HE LEAVES WITH THE HEAD.

ISABELLA ARRIVES AND CALLS FROM OUTSIDE SECRETIVELY

ISABELLA

Peace, ho, be here!

THE DUKE

The tongue of Isabel. She's come to know
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

ISABELLA ENTERS

ISABELLA

Ho, by your leave!

THE DUKE

Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

ISABELLA

The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath Angelo sent my brother's pardon?

THE DUKE

He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off and sent to Angelo.

ISABELLA

Nay, but it is not so.

THE DUKE

It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,
In your close patience.

ISABELLA

O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

THE DUKE

You shall not be admitted to his sight.

ISABELLA

Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

THE DUKE

This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say, which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carried
Notice to Angelo, who do prepare to meet him here,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

ISABELLA

I am directed by you.

DUKE VINCENTIO

This letter, then, to Friar Peter give; 'Tis that he sent me of the
duke's return: Say, by this token, I desire his company

At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and yours I'll perfect him withal,
and he shall bring you Before the duke, and to the head of Angelo Accuse
him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter: Command these fretting
waters from your eyes With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

[Enter LUCIO]

LUCIO

Good even. Friar, where's the provost?

DUKE VINCENTIO

Not within, sir.

LUCIO

O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see
thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. I am fain to dine and sup with
water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal
would set me to 't. But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my
troth, Isabel, I loved thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark
corners had been at home, he had lived.

[Exit ISABELLA]

DUKE VINCENTIO

Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to
your
reports; but the best is, he lives not in them.

LUCIO

Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do:
he's a better woodman than thou takest him for.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

LUCIO

Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee
I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

DUKE VINCENTIO

You have told me too many of him already, sir, if
they be true; if not true, none were enough.

LUCIO

I was once before him for getting a wench with
child.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Did you such a thing?

LUCIO

Yes, marry, did I

but I was fain to forswear it;
they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you
well.

LUCIO

By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end:
if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it. Nay, friar, I am a
kind of burr; I shall stick.

[Exeunt]

Scene 4

[A room in ANGELO's house.]

[Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS]

ESCALUS

Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.

ANGELO

In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions
show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And
why meet him at the gates, and redeliver our authorities there

ESCALUS

I guess not.

ANGELO

And why should we proclaim it in an hour before
his
entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their
petitions in the street?

ESCALUS

He shows his reason for that: to have a dispatch
of
complaints, and to deliver us from devices
hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

ANGELO

Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed betimes
i' the morn; I'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of sort and
suit as are to meet him.

ESCALUS

I shall, sir. Fare you well.

ANGELO

Good night.

[Exit ESCALUS]

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant And
dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body that enforced

The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no; For my authority
bears of a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived, Save that riotous
youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life
With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had lived! A lack, when once
our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right: we would, and we would
not.

ISABELLA

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

MARIANA

Be ruled by him.

ISABELLA

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

MARIANA

I would Friar Peter --

ISABELLA

O, peace! the friar is come.

[Enter FRIAR PETER]

FRIAR PETER

Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets sounded;
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering: therefore, hence, away! [Exeunt]

Act 5

Scene 1

[The city gate.]

[MARIANA veiled, ISABELLA, and FRIAR PETER, at
their stand. Enter DUKE VINCENTIO, VARRIUS, Lords, ANGELO,
ESCALUS, LUCIO, Provost, Officers, and Citizens, at several doors]

DUKE VINCENTIO

My very worthy cousin, fairly met!

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

ANGELO, ESCALUS

Happy return be to your royal grace!

DUKE VINCENTIO

Many and hearty thankings to you both.

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

ANGELO

You make my bonds still greater.

DUKE VINCENTIO

O, your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it,
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves, with characters of brass, A fortified residence 'gainst the
tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand, And let the subject see, to
make them know That outward courtesies would fain proclaim Favours
that keep within.

LUCIO TRIES TO ESCAPE

[To LUCIO]

Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

LUCIO

This may prove worse than hanging.

DUKE VINCENTIO

I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice:

I

met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke. And do you remember
what you said of the duke?

LUCIO

Most notably, sir.

DUKE

Do you so, sir? And is the duke a fleshmonger, a
fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

LUCIO

You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you
make
that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and
much more, much worse.

DUKE VINCENTIO

I protest I love the duke as I love myself.
let him
speak no more.

XXXXXXXXXXXX

FRIAR PETER

Now is your time: speak loud and kneel before
him.

ISABELLA

Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

ANGELO

My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by course of justice, --

ISABELLA

By course of justice!

ANGELO

And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

ISABELLA

Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murderer; is 't not strange? That Angelo is an adulterous
thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;
Is it not strange and strange?

DUKE VINCENTIO

Nay, it is ten times strange.

ISABELLA

It is not truer he is Angelo
Than this is all as true as it is strange: Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is
truth To the end of reckoning.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!
Give us some seats. Come, cousin Angelo; In this I'll be impartial; be you
judge

Of your own cause. Is this the witness, friar? First, let her show her face,
and after speak.

MARIANA

Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face
Until my husband bid me.

DUKE VINCENTIO

What, are you married?

MARIANA

No, my lord.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Are you a maid?

MARIANA

No, my lord.

DUKE VINCENTIO

A widow, then?

MARIANA

Neither, my lord.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Why, you are nothing then: neither maid, widow,
nor wife?

LUCIO

My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid,
widow, nor wife.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

LUCIO

Well, my lord.

MARIANA

My lord; I do confess I ne'er was married;
And I confess besides I am no maid:
I have known my husband; yet my husband
Knows not that ever he knew me.

LUCIO

He was drunk then, my lord: it can be no better.

DUKE VINCENTIO

For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so
too!

LUCIO

Well, my lord.

DUKE VINCENTIO

This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

MARIANA

Now I come to't my lord
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband, And charges him my lord,
with such a time When I'll depose I had him in mine arms With all the
effect of love.

ANGELO

Charges she more than me?

MARIANA

Not that I know.

DUKE VINCENTIO

No? you say your husband.

MARIANA

Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body, But knows he thinks
that he knows Isabel's.

ANGELO

This is a strange abuse. Let's see thy face.

MARIANA

My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swore'st was worth the looking on; This is the hand
which, with a vow'd contract, Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body
That took away the match from Isabel, And did supply thee at thy garden-
house In her imagined person.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Know you this woman?

LUCIO

Carnally, she says.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Sirrah, no more!

LUCIO

Enough, my lord.

ANGELO

My lord, I must confess I know this woman: And five years since
there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off, Partly for that her promised
proportions
Came short of composition, but in chief For that her reputation was
disvalued
In levity: since which time of five years

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her, Upon my faith and honour.

MARIANA

Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,
I am affianced this man's wife as strongly
As words could make up vows: and, my good lord, But Tuesday night
last gone in's garden-house He knew me as a wife. As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

ANGELO

I did but smile till now:
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice My patience here is
touch'd. I do perceive These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member That sets them on O my
dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my
passes. Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own
confession:
Immediate sentence then and sequent death Is all the grace I beg.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Come hither, Mariana.
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

ANGELO

I was, my lord.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, friar; which consummate, Return him here again. Go
with him, provost.

[Exeunt ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER and
Provost]

ESCALUS

My lord, I am more amazed at his dishonour
Than at the strangeness of it.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Come hither, Isabel.
Your friar is now your prince: as I was then Advertising and holy to your
business,

Not changing heart with habit, I am still Attorney'd at your service.

ISABELLA

O, give me pardon,

That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd Your unknown sovereignty!

DUKE VINCENTIO

You are pardon'd, Isabel:

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.

Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart; And you may marvel why
I obscured myself, Labouring to save his life, and would not rather Make
rash remonstrance of my hidden power

Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid, It was the swift celerity of his
death, Which I did think with slower foot came on,

That brain'd my purpose. But, peace be with him! That life is better life,
past fearing death,

Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort, So happy is your
brother.

ISABELLA

I do, my lord.

[Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER, and
Provost]

DUKE VINCENTIO

For this new-married man approaching here,

Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd

Your well defended honour, you must pardon

For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudged your brother, --

Being criminal, in double violation

Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach

Thereon dependent, for your brother's life, -The very mercy of the law
cries out

Most audible, even from his proper tongue,

'An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!'

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure; Like doth quit like, and
MEASURE still FOR MEASURE. Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus
manifested;

Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee vantage.

We do condemn thee to the very block

Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste. Away with him!

MARIANA

O my most gracious lord,

I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

DUKE VINCENTIO

It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,

I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life And choke your good to
come; for his possessions, Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

MARIANA

O my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Never crave him; we are definitive.

MARIANA

Gentle my liege, --
[Kneeling]

DUKE VINCENTIO

You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death!
[To LUCIO]
Now, sir, to you.

MARIANA

O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come I'll lend you all my life to do
you service.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Against all sense you do importune her: Should she kneel down in
mercy of this fact, Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break, And
take her hence in horror.

MARIANA

Isabel,
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all. They say, best men are
moulded out of faults; And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.
O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

DUKE VINCENTIO

He dies for Claudio's death.

ISABELLA

Most bounteous sir,
[Kneeling]
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd, As if my
brother lived: I partly think
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
Till he did look on me: since it is so,

Let him not die. My brother had but justice, In that he did the thing for
which he died: For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,
And must be buried but as an intent
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects; Intents but merely
thoughts.

MARIANA

Merely, my lord.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.
I have bethought me of another fault.
Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?
Provost

It was commanded so.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Had you a special warrant for the deed?
Provost

No, my good lord; it was by private message.

DUKE VINCENTIO

For which I do discharge you of your office: Give up your keys.

Provost

Pardon me, noble lord:

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

DUKE VINCENTIO

What's he?

Provost

His name is Barnardine.

DUKE VINCENTIO

I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.
Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[Exit Provost]

ESCALUS

I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood. And lack of temper'd
judgment afterward.

ANGELO

I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:

And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart
That I crave death more willingly than mercy; 'Tis my deserving, and I do
entreat it.

[Re-enter Provost, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO
muffled, and JULIET]

DUKE VINCENTIO

Which is that Barnardine?

Provost

This, my lord.

DUKE VINCENTIO

There was a friar told me of this man. Sirrah, thou art said to have a
stubborn soul. That apprehends no further than this world,
And squarest thy life according. Thou'rt condemn'd: But, for those earthly
faults, I quit them all;

And pray thee take this mercy to provide
For better times to come. Friar, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Provost

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

[Unmuffles CLAUDIO]

DUKE VINCENTIO

[To ISABELLA]

If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine.
He is my brother too: but fitter time for that. By this Lord Angelo
perceives he's safe; Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look that you love your wife; her worth worth yours. I find an apt
remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.

[To LUCIO]

You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;
Wherein have I so deserved of you,
That you extol me thus?

LUCIO

'Faith, my lord. I spoke it but according to the trick. If you will
hang me for it, you may; but I had rather it would please you I might be
whipt.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Whipt first, sir, and hanged after.
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city. Is any woman wrong'd by this
lewd fellow,
As I have heard him swear himself there's one Whom he begot with child,
let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

LUCIO

I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a
whore.

Your highness said even now, I made you a duke: good my lord, do not
recompense me in making me a cuckold.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison;
And see our pleasure herein executed.

LUCIO

Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,
whipping, and hanging.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Slandering a prince deserves it.

[Exit Officers with LUCIO]

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you
restore.

Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:

I have confess'd her and I know her virtue.

Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness: There's more
behind that is more gratefull.

Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy: We shall employ thee in a
worthier place. Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home The head of
Ragozine for Claudio's:

The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel, I have a motion much imports
your good; Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,

What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine. So, bring us to our
palace; where we'll show

What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know. [Exeunt]