

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

Cut by Rebecca Blum 2018

Cast of Characters:

Government

Duke/Friar Lodowick

Angelo

Duke/Angelo's Secretary

Escalus

Escalus' Officer

Provost

Provost's Officer

Elbow

Abhorson

Church

Friar Peter

Francisca

Townpeople

Isabella

Claudio

Juliet

Mariana

Mistress Overdone

Pompey

Bum

Thomas

Froth

Barnardine

Lucio

Crassus

Kate (a prostitute)

ACT I

PROLOGUE

Lower level: The street. Entrance to a church on one side and a whorehouse, tavern on the other. Graffiti on every wall - even the church entrance - is written throughout the show (as noted in the script) by the cast and removed at times by the nuns,. Mariana plays for money on the street during the day.

Upper level: Offices of the Law. The Duke watches from his office as people move about the streets below. Provost does paperwork in his office, checks on prisoners, speaks to officers, etc.

Lights and movement suggest the passage of a full day. At some point Angelo is seen coming out of the church. Claudio and Juliet, very much in love and happy, come through. Elbow chases Pompey, Bum, and Thomas through the street, but is outsmarted. Nuns clean the walls, hang up religious doctrines, and replenish their brochures during the day but feel less safe as it becomes night and the whores come out to greet their clientele. Street take foods from the nuns and watch everything, handing out postcard ads for Overdone's at night.

Isabella enters, clearly out of place and unfamiliar with the surroundings, and is harassed (catcalled) on the street. She watches with fascination as a couple makes out brazenly. A man comes up to her more aggressively and tries to touch her. She deflects his advance. She backs away toward the church. Pompey, Bum, and Thomas, interested in this new person and her effect on the street dynamics, have been watching her intently to see how she reacts. She approaches the church entrance to get a brochure and they descend, snatching all the brochures, laughing. She grabs one that has fallen and exits quickly.

The Duke has watched all this (sometimes with Angelo and Escalus at his side), frustrated, he sits down at his desk and begins to write.

NOTE: Throughout the entire show, some combination of Pompey, Bum, and Thomas will be present on stage in view of the audience, watching and listening to everything that happens.

SCENE I. DUKE'S office.

Enter DUKE VINCENTIO, ESCALUS, Officer

DUKE VINCENTIO

Escalus.

ESCALUS

My lord.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Since I am put to know that your own science

Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice

My strength can give you.

The nature of our people,

Our city's institutions, and the terms

For common justice, you're as pregnant in
As art and practise hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.
(hands Escalus papers, speaks into a phone)
I say, bid come before us Angelo.
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply,
Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: what think you of it?

ESCALUS

If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO

ANGELO

Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to the observer doth thy history
Fully unfold.
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Hold therefore, Angelo:--
In our remove be thou at full ourself;
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Hands Angelo papers

ANGELO

Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more **test** made of my metal, *(added to graffiti)*
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

DUKE VINCENTIO

My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do

With any scruple; your scope is as mine own
So to enforce or qualify the laws
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand:
I'll privily away. I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Once more, fare you well.

ANGELO

The heavens give safety to your purposes!

ESCALUS

Lead forth and bring you back in happiness!

DUKE

I thank you. Fare you well.

Exit

ESCALUS

I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave

To have free speech with you.

A power I have, but of what strength and nature

I am not yet instructed.

ANGELO

'Tis so with me.

Angelo and Escalus sit at the desk and begin to talk. SECRETARY is given a poster, which she gives to an OFFICER who enters the street, and posts the proclamation, Pompey, Bum and/or Thomas deface it in some way. DUKE walks through to the Church. PROVOST approaches CLAUDIO and JULIET who are sitting outside the tavern. Claudio is arrested, which THOMAS, POMPEY and BUM see happening... Claudio is taken to the gov't office where Angelo and Escalus will sentence him silently. MISTRESS OVERDONE exits the tavern.

SCENE II. The Street

MISTRESS OVERDONE

How now! what's the news with you?

THOMAS

Yonder man is carried to prison.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

Well; what has he done?

POMPEY

A woman.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

But what's his offence?

BUM

Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

What, is there a maid with child by him?

POMPEY

No, but there's a woman with maid by him.

THOMAS

You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

And what shall become of those in the city?

THOMAS

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

MISTRESS OVERDONE

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

THOMAS

To the ground, mistress.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth!
What shall become of me?

THOMAS

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

BUM

Courage! there will be pity taken on you.

POMPEY

You that have worn your eyes almost out in the service,
You will be considered.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

What's to do here, Thomas tapster? let's withdraw.

OVERDONE and THOMAS Exeunt. POMPEY and BUM hang out and watch.

Enter LUCIO, FROTH, and CRASSUS in mid conversation

CRASSUS

I never heard any soldier dislike it.

LUCIO

I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where
grace was said.

CRASSUS

No? a dozen times at least.

FROTH

What, in metre?

LUCIO

In any proportion or in any language.

FROTH

I think, or in any religion.

LUCIO

Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all
controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a
wicked villain, despite of all grace.

CRASSUS

Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

LUCIO

I grant; as there may between the lists and the
velvet. Thou art the list.

FROTH

And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt
a three-piled piece, I warrant thee: Do I speak
feelingly now?

LUCIO

I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful
feeling of thy speech.

Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE

Behold, behold. where Madam Mitigation comes! I
have purchased as many diseases under her roof as come to--
*Elbow runs through chasing Bum, but loses her. As he appears, the whores hide and the
gentlemen act nonchalant, until he is gone. They resume their activities.*

FROTH

How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

MISTRESS OVERDONE

Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried
to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

CRASSUS

Who's that, I pray thee?

MISTRESS OVERDONE

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

FROTH

Claudio to prison?

CRASSUS

'tis not so.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested, saw
him carried away; and, which is more, within these
three days his head to be chopped off. *(added to graffiti)*

LUCIO

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

Art thou sure of this?

MISTRESS OVERDONE

I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam
Julietta with child.

LUCIO

Believe me, this may be: he promised to meet me **two** *(added to graffiti)*
hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what
with the gallows and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.
Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and PROVOST'S OFFICER

CLAUDIO

Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

PROVOST

I do it not in evil disposition,

But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

PROVOST exits, frustrated.

LUCIO

Why, how now, Claudio! 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.

FROTH

What's thy offence, Claudio?

CLAUDIO

What but to speak of would offend again.

CRASSUS

What, is't murder?

CLAUDIO

No.

POMPEY/BUM

Lechery?

CLAUDIO

Call it so.

OFFICER

You must go.

CLAUDIO

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

LUCIO

A hundred, if they'll do you any good.

Is lechery so look'd after?

CLAUDIO

Thus stands it with me: upon a true contract

I got possession of Julietta's bed:

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the denunciation lack

Of outward order.

JULIET

This we came not to,

Only for propagation of a dower

Remaining in the coffer of my friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love

Till time had made them for us.

CLAUDIO

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 the new deputy now for the duke--

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his emmence that fills it up,

I stagger in:--

JULIET

But this new governor, for a name,

Now puts the drowsy and neglected act

Freshly on us: '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.

JULIET

We have done so, but he's not to be found.

CLAUDIO

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. I'll to her.

CLAUDIO

I thank you, good friend Lucio.

LUCIO

Within two hours.

OFFICER

Away, sir! you must go.

Exeunt

SCENE III. The Church.

Enter DUKE VINCENTIO and FRIAR PETER

DUKE VINCENTIO

No, holy father; throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of **burning youth**. (*added to graffiti*)

FRIAR PETER

May your grace speak of it?

DUKE VINCENTIO

My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever loved the life removed
I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is received. Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me why I do this?

FRIAR PETER

Gladly, my lord.

DUKE VINCENTIO

We have strict statutes and most biting laws.
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; 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.

FRIAR PETER

It rested in your grace
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd
Than in Lord Angelo.

DUKE VINCENTIO

I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass
And not the punishment. Therefore indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo imposed the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I prithee,
Supply me with the habit and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one: Lord 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.

FRIAR PETER

Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. The Street.

Enter ISABELLA, holding the nun brochure, and FRANCISCA mid conversation with posters and/or cleaning supplies for the graffiti

ISABELLA

And have you nuns no farther privileges?

FRANCISCA

Are not these large enough?

ISABELLA

Yes, truly; I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint Clare.

Enter Lucio

LUCIO

Ho! Peace be in this place!

ISABELLA

Who's that which calls?

FRANCISCA

It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,

Know his business of him;

You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.

When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men

But in the presence of the prioress:

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

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

LUCIO

Ho!

FRANCISCA

He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

She exits frantically into the nunnery

ISABELLA

Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls

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,

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, even so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

ISABELLA

Some one with child by him? Juliet?

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 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 provost 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, *(added to graffiti)*

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 mother

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.

Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I. Duke/Angelo's office.

Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, PROVOST, OFFICER

ANGELO

We must not make a scarecrow of the law,

Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,

And let it keep one shape, till custom make it

Their perch and not their terror.

ESCALUS

Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,

Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this gentleman

Whom I would save, had a most noble father!

Let but your 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, Escalus,
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. Sir, he must die.

ESCALUS

Be it as your wisdom will.

ANGELO

Provost, see that Claudio
Be executed by **nine** to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared.

Exit PROVOST

ESCALUS

[Aside] Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:

Enter ELBOW with FROTH, THOMAS, POMPEY, and BUM

ELBOW

Come, bring them away: if these be good people in
a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in
common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

ANGELO

How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

ELBOW

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

ANGELO

Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

ELBOW

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

ESCALUS

This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

ANGELO

Go to: what quality are they of? *[A pause while ELBOW thinks]*
Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

THOMAS

He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

ANGELO

What are you, sir?

ELBOW

He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say-- she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

ESCALUS

How know you that?

ELBOW

My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,--

ESCALUS

How? thy wife?

ELBOW

Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,--

ESCALUS

Dost thou detest her therefore?

ELBOW

I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

ESCALUS

How dost thou know that, constable?

ELBOW

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

ESCALUS

By the woman's means?

ELBOW

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

THOMAS

Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

ELBOW

Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

ESCALUS

Do you hear how he misplaces? What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

THOMAS

Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

ESCALUS

No, sir, nor I mean it not.

THOMAS

Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of four-score pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas: was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

FROTH starts to answer but is cut off.

POMPEY

Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir; 'twas in the Bunch of Grapes, where indeed you have a delight to sit, have you not?

FROTH starts to answer but is cut off.

BUM

Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

ANGELO

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

ESCALUS

I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.

Exit ANGELO

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

POMPEY

Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

ELBOW

I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

BUM

I beseech your honour, ask me.

ESCALUS

Well, sir; what did this gentleman do to her?

THOMAS

I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face.

Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

ESCALUS

Ay, sir, very well.

BUM

Nay; I beseech you, mark it well.

ESCALUS

Well, I do so.

POMPEY

Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

ESCALUS

Why, no.

BUM

His face is the worst thing about him.

THOMAS

Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm?

ESCALUS

He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

ELBOW

First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

POMPEY

By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

ELBOW

Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time has yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

THOMAS

Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

ESCALUS

Is this true?

ELBOW

O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

ESCALUS

If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

ELBOW

Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's **pleasure** I shall do with this wicked caitiff? *(added to graffiti)*

ESCALUS

Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

ELBOW

Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

ESCALUS

So. What trade are you of, sir?

THOMAS

Tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

ESCALUS

Your mistress' name?

POMPEY

Mistress Overdone.

ESCALUS

Hath she had any more than one husband?

THOMAS

Nine, sir;

BUM

Overdone by the last.

ESCALUS

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

FROTH starts to answer but stops himself. Exits.

Come you hither to me. What's your name?

The three do rock, paper, scissors and Pompey loses.

THOMAS, POMPEY, and BUM

Pompey.

ESCALUS

What else?

BUM

Bum, sir.

ESCALUS

Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you;
You are partly a bawd, Pompey, come, tell me true:
It shall be the better for you.

POMPEY

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

ESCALUS

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

THOMAS

If the law would allow it, sir.

ESCALUS

But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall
not be allowed in Vienna.

POMPEY

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

ESCALUS

No, Pompey.

BUM

Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then.

ESCALUS

There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you:
it is but heading and hanging.

POMPEY

If you head and hang all that offend that way but
for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a
commission for more heads.

ESCALUS

Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your
prophecy, hark you: I advise you, let me not find
you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever;
In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt:
So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

POMPEY

We thank your worship for your good counsel:

THOMAS

[Aside] But we shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Exit

ESCALUS

Come hither to me, Master Elbow;
How long have you been in this place of constable?

ELBOW

Seven year and a half, sir.

ESCALUS

I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

ELBOW

And a half, sir.

ESCALUS

Alas, it hath been great *pains* to you. Fare you well.

Exit ELBOW

What's o'clock, think you?

OFFICER

Eleven, sir.

ESCALUS

I pray you home to dinner with me.
It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

OFFICER

Lord Angelo is severe.

ESCALUS

It is but needful:
But yet,--poor Claudio! There is no remedy.

Exeunt

SCENE II. Duke/Angelo's office. Lights suggest new day.

Enter PROVOST and SECRETARY

SECRETARY

He's hearing of a cause; I'll tell him of you.

PROVOST

Pray you, do.

Exit SECRETARY

I'll know

His pleasure; may be he will relent.
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for't!

Enter ANGELO

ANGELO

Now, what's the matter. Provost?

PROVOST

Is it your will Claudio shall die tomorrow?

ANGELO

Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

PROVOST

Lest I might be too rash:

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.

PROVOST

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.

Re-enter SECRETARY

SECRETARY

Here is the sister of the man condemn'd

Desires access to you.

ANGELO

Hath he a sister?

PROVOST

Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,

And to be shortly of a sisterhood,

If not already.

ANGELO

Well, let her be admitted.

Exit SECRETARY

See you the fornicatress be removed:

Let have needful, but not lavish, means.

Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO

PROVOST

God save your honour!

ANGELO

Stay a little while.

To ISABELLA

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 have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

ANGELO

Condemn the fault and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

ISABELLA

O just but severe law!
I had a brother, then. Heaven keep your honour!

LUCIO

[Aside to ISABELLA]

Give't not o'er so: to him again, entreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; 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.

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. 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:
Those many had not dared to do that evil,
If the first that did the edict infringe
Had answer'd for his deed.

ISABELLA

Yet show some pity.

ANGELO

I show it most of all when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;
Your brother dies **to-morrow**; be content.

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.
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! 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.

LUCIO

[Aside to ISABELLA] O, he will relent.

ISABELLA

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

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.

Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
but with true prayers from preserved souls.

ANGELO

Well; come to me to-morrow.

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!

Exeunt ISABELLA and LUCIO. PROVOST emerges and is dismissed by ANGELO.

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?
Can it be that modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
(Watching ISABELLA and LUCIO talking in the street below)
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! 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.
Exit

SCENE III. Provost's office in the prison.

PROVOST is working at desk, OFFICER standing nearby. Enter DUKE VINCENTIO, disguised as FRIAR LODOWICK. JULIET is sitting in a chair in the office, lost in thought.

DUKE/LODOWICK

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

PROVOST

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

DUKE/LODOWICK

Lodowick.

Bound by my charity and my blest order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits

Here in the prison.

PROVOST

Look, here is 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.

DUKE/LODOWICK

When must he die?

PROVOST

As I do think, **to-morrow**.

PROVOST

[To JULIET] I have provided for you: stay awhile,

And you shall be conducted.

JULIET stands to follow the OFFICER.

DUKE/LODOWICK

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

JULIET

I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

DUKE/LODOWICK

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

JULIET

I'll gladly learn.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Love you the man that wrong'd you?

JULIET

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

DUKE/LODOWICK

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

JULIET

Mutually.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

JULIET

I do confess it, and repent it, father.

DUKE/LODOWICK

'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.

DUKE/LODOWICK

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

DUKE exits

JULIET

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

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Duke/Angelo's office.

ANGELO

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: God in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name;
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. --let no man hear me--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:

Enter a SECRETARY

How now! who's there?

SECRETARY

One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

ANGELO

Teach her the way.

Exit SECRETARY

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?

Enter ISABELLA

How now, fair maid?

ISABELLA

I am come to know your pleasure.

ANGELO

That you might know it, would much better please me
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

ISABELLA

Even so. Heaven keep your honour!

ANGELO

Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,
As long as you or I. Yet he must die.

ISABELLA

Under your sentence?

ANGELO

Yea.

ISABELLA

When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,

Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted
That his soul sicken not.

ANGELO

Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were as good (*added to graffiti*)
To pardon him that hath from nature stolen
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's image
In stamps that are forbid.

ISABELLA

'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

ANGELO

Say you so? then I shall pose you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
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. 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.

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,--
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, 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.

Something inappropriate happens, they bump the lightswitch and lights go out, when they come back on she is across the office to challenge him

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 overweigh,
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.

Exit

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.

Exit

ACT III

SCENE I. Provost's office in the prison.

Enter DUKE VINCENTIO disguised as before, CLAUDIO, and PROVOST

DUKE/LODOWICK

So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

CLAUDIO

The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope:
I've hope to live, and am prepared to die.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun
And yet runn'st toward him still. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou strivest to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou hast nor youth nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life?

CLAUDIO

I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find I seek to die;

And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

ISABELLA

[Within] What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

PROVOST

Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

CLAUDIO

Most holy sir, I thank you.

Enter ISABELLA

ISABELLA

My business is a word or two with Claudio.

PROVOST

Look, signior, here's your sister.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Provost, a word with you.

PROVOST

As many as you please.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed.

Exeunt DUKE VINCENTIO and PROVOST

CLAUDIO

Now, sister, what's the comfort?

ISABELLA

As all comforts are; most good, most good indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

Intends you for his swift ambassador,

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?

CLAUDIO

Why give you me this shame?
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 is yet a devil
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

CLAUDIO

The prenzie Angelo!

ISABELLA

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. 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
Relieve 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

Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best thou diest quickly.

CLAUDIO

O hear me, Isabella!

Re-enter DUKE VINCENTIO

DUKE/LODOWICK

Vouchsafe a word, young sister.

ISABELLA

What is your will?

DUKE/LODOWICK

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.

Walks apart

DUKE/LODOWICK

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good:
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?

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.

DUKE/LODOWICK

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

I have spirit to do anything
That appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

DUKE/LODOWICK

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? She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: 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, 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?

DUKE/LODOWICK

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.

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?

DUKE/LODOWICK

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.

DUKE/LODOWICK

This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection. 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.

We shall advise this wronged maid to go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt.

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.

DUKE/LODOWICK

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 the moated grange. There 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.

Exeunt severally

SCENE II. The street.

Chase sequence - this time ELBOW catches POMPEY, clearly by accident. Out of loyalty Bum allows him/herself to get caught as well. THOMAS keeps some distance. Enter, on one side, DUKE VINCENTIO disguised as before watching the commotion.

ELBOW

Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will

needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have...'Bless you, good father friar.

DUKE/LODOWICK

And you, good brother father. What offence hath these made you, sir?

ELBOW

Marry, sir, she hath offended the law: and, sir, we take her to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon her, sir, a strange picklock, which we have sent to the deputy.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Fie, sirrah! a bawd, a wicked bawd!
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.

POMPEY

Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove--

DUKE/LODOWICK

Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work
Ere this rude beast will profit.

ELBOW

He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster.

DUKE/LODOWICK

That we were all, as some would seem to be,
From our faults, as faults from seeming, free!

Enter LUCIO

BUM

I spy comfort; I cry bail.

LUCIO

How now, noble Pompey! What, art thou led in triumph?
What, is there to be had now, for putting
The hand in the pocket and extracting it clutch'd?
How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

POMPEY

Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

LUCIO

Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powdered bawd: an unshunned consequence; it must be so. Art going

to prison, Pompey?

POMPEY

Yes.

BUM

Faith, sir.

LUCIO

Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. For debt, Bum-vey? or how?

ELBOW

For being a **bawd**, for being a bawd. *(added to graffiti)*

LUCIO

Well, then, imprison them: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis their right: bawd is she doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born.

POMPEY

I hope, sir, your good **worship** will be my bail. *(added to graffiti)*

LUCIO

No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.

I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage.

Adieu, trusty Pompey. 'Bless you, friar...

DUKE/LODOWICK

...Lodowick. And you.

BUM

You will not bail me, then, sir?

LUCIO

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

what news?

As Lucio focuses on the Duke, there is a small scuffle during which THOMAS pick pockets ELBOW's key and hands it to either POMPEY or BUM, showing the audience they can escape whenever they'd like.

ELBOW

Come your ways, sir; come.

LUCIO

Go to kennel, Pompey; go.

Exeunt ELBOW, POMPEY, and BUM

What news, friar, of the duke?

DUKE/LODOWICK

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?

DUKE/LODOWICK

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

LUCIO

It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from

the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

DUKE/LODOWICK

He does well in 't.

LUCIO

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

DUKE/LODOWICK

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, friar, 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?

DUKE/LODOWICK

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.

DUKE/LODOWICK

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? He had some feeling of the sport: he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

DUKE VINCENTIO

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

LUCIO

O, sir, you are deceived.

DUKE/LODOWICK

'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. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Either this is the envy in you, folly, or mistaking:
You speak unskilfully: or if your
knowledge be more it is much darkened in your malice.

LUCIO

Sir, I know him, and I love him.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with
dearer love.

LUCIO

Come, sir, I know what I know.

DUKE/LODOWICK

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. I pray you, your name?

LUCIO

Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

DUKE/LODOWICK

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

LUCIO

I fear you not. But no more of this.
Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no?

DUKE/LODOWICK

Why should he die, sir?

LUCIO

Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish. I would
the duke we talk of were returned again: the
ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with
Continency. Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me.

Exit

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and OFFICER with MISTRESS OVERDONE

ESCALUS

Go; away with her to prison!

MISTRESS OVERDONE

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

ESCALUS

Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in
the same kind!

PROVOST

A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour.

MISTRESS OVERDONE

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, I have kept it myself; And see how he goes about to abuse me!

ESCALUS

That fellow is a fellow of much licence: let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words.

Exeunt OFFICER with MISTRESS OVERDONE

Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered; Claudio must die **to-morrow**: let him be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

PROVOST

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

ESCALUS

Good even, good father.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Bliss and goodness on you!

ESCALUS

Of whence are you?

DUKE/LODOWICK

Not of this country.

ESCALUS

What news abroad i' the world?

DUKE/LODOWICK

None, but that there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security enough to make fellowships accurst: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

ESCALUS

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

DUKE/LODOWICK

What pleasure was he given to?

ESCALUS

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; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared.

DUKE/LODOWICK

He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: and now is he resolved to die.

ESCALUS

I have laboured for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

DUKE/LODOWICK

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

ESCALUS

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

DUKE/LODOWICK

Peace be with you!

Exit

ACT IV

SCENE I. The street. It is a Tuesday.

Enter MARIANA beggar singing and playing

Take, O, take those lips away,

That so sweetly were forsworn;

And those eyes, the break of day,

Lights that do mislead the morn:

But my kisses bring again, bring again; *(added to graffiti)*

Seals of love, but sealed in vain, sealed in vain. *(added to graffiti)*

Enter DUKE VINCENTIO disguised as before, he gives her money

MARIANA

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish

You had not found me here so musical:

My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

DUKE/LODOWICK

'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.

Enter ISABELLA

DUKE/LODOWICK

The time is come even now.
I shall crave your forbearance a little: maybe
I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

To ISABELLA

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

ISABELLA

He hath a garden with a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this key:
There have I made my promise
Upon the heavy middle of the night
To call upon him.

DUKE/LODOWICK

But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

ISABELLA

I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed concerning her observance?

ISABELLA

No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him my most stay
Can be but brief; for I have made him know
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me, whose persuasion is
I come about my brother.

DUKE/LODOWICK

'Tis well borne up.

To MARIANA

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;

She comes to do you good.

ISABELLA

I do desire the like.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

MARIANA

Good friar, I know you do.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Take, then, this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.

MARIANA

Will't please you walk aside?

ISABELLA and MARIANA exit talking

DUKE/LODOWICK

I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

*****INTERMISSION*****

People begin to mill about, Duke waits impatiently by the Moated Grange until the women return

DUKE/LODOWICK

Welcome. How agreed?

ISABELLA

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

DUKE/LODOWICK

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.

DUKE/LODOWICK

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:

Exeunt

SCENE II. Provost's office in the prison.

Enter PROVOST, OFFICER, and POMPEY and BUM (in handcuffs) and ABHORSON sleeping in the background

PROVOST

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

BUM

If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can;

POMPEY

But if he be a married man, he's his wife's head,
and I can never cut off a woman's head.

PROVOST

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

POMPEY

Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind;
but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman.

PROVOST

What, ho! Abhorson!

ABHORSON

Do you call, sir?

PROVOST

Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. He cannot plead his estimation with you; He hath been a bawd.

ABHORSON

A bawd, sir? fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

PROVOST

Go to, sir; you weigh equally. You, sirrah,
Provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.
[To OFFICER] Call hither Barnardine and Claudio.

We see Isabella fixing Mariana in her nun's habit and perfecting her disguise.

BUM

Pray, sir, by your good favour,--for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,--do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

ABHORSON

Ay, sir; a mystery

POMPEY

Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery;

BUM

And your whores, sir, being members of my occupation,
using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery.

POMPEY

But what mystery there should be in hanging, if I
should be hanged, I cannot imagine.

ABHORSON

Sir, it is a mystery.

POMPEY

Proof?

ABHORSON

Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be
too little for your thief, your true man thinks it
big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your
thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's
apparel fits your thief. Come on, bawd;
I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Exeunt POMPEY, BUM, and ABHORSON

PROVOST

Barnardine and Claudio:

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

Enter OFFICER with CLAUDIO

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead **midnight**, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

OFFICER

He will not wake.

PROVOST

Who can do good on him?

Well, go, prepare yourself.

Heaven give your spirits comfort!

Exit CLAUDIO with OFFICER. Knocking within/Simultaneous with knocking at Angelo's gate

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve

For the most gentle Claudio.

Enter DUKE VINCENTIO disguised as before

Welcome father.

DUKE/LODOWICK

The best and wholesomest spirits of the night

Envelope you, good Provost!

Mariana is invited into Angelo's house. Isabella hides.

Who call'd here of late?

PROVOST

None, since the curfew rung.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Not Isabel?

PROVOST

No.

DUKE VINCENTIO

They will, then, ere't be long.

PROVOST

What comfort is for Claudio?

DUKE/LODOWICK

There's some in hope.

Knocking within

Now are they come.

This is a gentle provost: seldom when

The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.

Knocking within – frantic/simultaneous with Isabella, listening outside a window to the sounds from within, she is upset

How now! what noise? That spirit's possessed with haste

That wounds the unsisting postern with these strokes.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,

But he must die to-morrow?

PROVOST

None, sir, none.

DUKE/LODOWICK

As near the dawning, provost, as it is,

You shall hear more ere morning.

MARIANA is shoved out ANGELO'S door, still arranging her clothes, and the door is shut immediately. She is met by ISABELLA and they exit

PROVOST

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.

Enter SECRETARY

This is his lordship's man.

DUKE/LODOWICK

And here comes Claudio's pardon.

SECRETARY

[Giving a paper]

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

PROVOST

I shall obey him.

Exit SECRETARY

DUKE/LODOWICK

[Aside] This is his pardon, purchased by such sin For which the pardoner himself is in.

Now, sir, what news?

PROVOST

I told you. Lord Angelo, belike thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting-on; methinks strangely, for he hath not used it before.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Pray you, let's hear.

PROVOST

[Reads] 'Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by **four** of the clock; and in the *(added to graffiti)* afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's **head** sent me by **five**. Let *(added to graffiti)* 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.'

What say you to this, sir?

DUKE/LODOWICK

What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

PROVOST

[showing him papers]

A Bohemian born, but here nursed un and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Hath he born himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touched?

PROVOST

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

DUKE VINCENTIO

He wants advice.

PROVOST

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

DUKE/LODOWICK

More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: 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 but **four** days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

PROVOST

Pray, sir, in what?

DUKE/LODOWICK

In the delaying death.

PROVOST

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?

DUKE/LODOWICK

Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head born to Angelo.

PROVOST

Angelo hath seen them both and will discover the favour.

DUKE/LODOWICK

O, death's a great **disguiser**; and you may add to it. (*added to graffiti*)
Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death. If any thing fall to you upon this, I will plead against it with my life.

PROVOST

Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

PROVOST

To him, and to his substitutes.

DUKE/LODOWICK

You will think you have made no offence, if the duke
avouch the justice of your dealing?

PROVOST

But what likelihood is in that?

DUKE/LODOWICK

Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see
you fearful, I will go further than I meant,
to pluck all fears out of you.

Exits and sneaks into the Duke's office to prepare letters, while Provost continues to work at his desk. Shift focus to Pompey.

POMPEY

I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house
of profession!

BUM

One would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house,
for here be many of her old customers.

POMPEY

First, here's young Master Rash.

BUM

Then is there here one Master Caper.

POMPEY

Then have we here young Dizy,
and young Master Deep-vow,

BUM

and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man,

POMPEY

and Master Forthlight the tilter,
and brave Master Shoe-tie the great traveller,

BUM

and, I think, forty more;

POMPEY

all great doers in our trade,
and are now 'for the Lord's sake.'

Shift focus back to Duke revisiting Provost

DUKE/LODOWICK

Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke.

PROVOST

I know them both.

DUKE/LODOWICK

The contents of this is the return of the duke: you
shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you

shall find, within these **two** days he will be here. *(added to graffiti)*

This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the duke's death; perchance entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amazed; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Provost's office in the prison.

Enter POMPEY, BUM, and ABHORSON

ABHORSON

Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

POMPEY

Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hanged.

ABHORSON

What, ho, Barnardine!

BARNARDINE

[Within] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

BUM

Your friends, sir; the hangman.

POMPEY

You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

BARNARDINE

[Within] Away, you rogues, away! I am sleepy.

ABHORSON

Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

POMPEY

Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

ABHORSON

Go in to him, and fetch him out.

BUM

He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw **rustle**. *(added to graffiti)*

ABHORSON

Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

POMPEY

Very ready, sir.

Enter BARNARDINE

BARNARDINE

How now, Abhorson? what's the news with you?

ABHORSON

Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

BARNARDINE

You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

BUM

O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter DUKE VINCENTIO disguised as before

DUKE/LODOWICK

Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you and pray with you.

BARNARDINE

Friar, not I. I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

DUKE/LODOWICK

O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you Look forward on the journey you shall go.

BARNARDINE

I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

DUKE/LODOWICK

But hear you--

BARNARDINE

Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

Exits

DUKE/LODOWICK

Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart!

After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

Exeunt ABHORSON after BARNARDINE. BUM starts to follow but is stopped by POMPEY.

They pull out the key and agree that they are done with prison. They begin their escape.

Duke returns to PROVOST office

PROVOST

Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

DUKE/LODOWICK

A creature unprepared, unmeet for death;

And to transport him in the mind he is
Were damnable.

PROVOST

Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
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?

DUKE/LODOWICK

O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo.

PROVOST

This shall be done, good father, presently.
But Barnardine must die this afternoon:
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come
If he were known alive?

DUKE/LODOWICK

Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere **twice** the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

PROVOST

I am your free dependant.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.

Exit Provost

ISABELLA

[Within] Peace, ho!

DUKE/LODOWICK

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.

Enter ISABELLA

Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

ISABELLA

The better, given me by so holy a man.

Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

DUKE/LODOWICK

He hath released him, Isabel, from the world:

His head is off and sent to Angelo.

ISABELLA

Nay, but it is not so.

DUKE/LODOWICK

It is no other: show your wisdom, daughter,

In your close patience.

ISABELLA

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

DUKE/LODOWICK

You shall not be admitted to his sight.

ISABELLA

Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!

Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

DUKE/LODOWICK

This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot.

Mark what I say, the duke comes home to-morrow;

One of our convent, and his confessor,

Gives me this instance: already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo,

Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,

There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom

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/LODOWICK

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. For my poor self,

I am combined by a sacred vow

And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:

Trust not my holy order, if I pervert your course.

Enter LUCIO

LUCIO

Good even. Friar, where's the provost?

DUKE/LODOWICK

Not within, sir.

LUCIO

O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart to see
thine eyes so red: thou must be patient. 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/LODOWICK

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/LODOWICK

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/LODOWICK

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/LODOWICK

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**. (*added to graffiti*)

DUKE/LODOWICK

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 IV. Duke/Angelo's office.

*ANGELO sitting at his desk and ESCALUS enters with another letter from the Duke,
SECRETARY sent to post declarations of the Duke's return*

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.

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! Claudio 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!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not.

Exit

SCENE V. The street.

Enter DUKE VINCENTIO in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER

DUKE VINCENTIO

These letters at fit time deliver me

Giving letters

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister.

Exeunt

SCENE VI. The street.

Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA

ISABELLA

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

MARIANA

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.

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; *(added to graffiti)*
The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!

Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I. The street.

MARIANA veiled, ISABELLA, and FRIAR PETER, at their stand. Enter DUKE VINCENTIO, ANGELO, ESCALUS, PROVOST, Officers place benches for the public, (entire cast). THOMAS, POMPEY, and BUM watch intently as things unfold, seeing the injustices through ISABELLA and MARIANA's eyes. For the first time in their lives, they see how women are valued by their society and the complacency that won't allow it to change.

DUKE VINCENTIO

[To Angelo] My very worthy cousin, fairly met!

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

ANGELO

Happy return...

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.

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.
Give me your hand,
And let the subject see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.

FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA come forward

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!

DUKE VINCENTIO

Relate your wrongs; in what? by whom? be brief.
Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:
Reveal yourself to him.

ISABELLA

O worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believed,
Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O hear me!

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

ESCALUS

Happy return be to your royal grace!

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. *(added to graffiti)*

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

Away with her! Poor soul,

She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

ISABELLA

O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest

There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion

That I am touch'd with madness! Make not impossible

That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,

May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute

As Angelo; even so may Angelo,

In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,

Be an arch-villain; believe it, royal prince:

If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,

Had I more name for badness.

DUKE VINCENTIO

By mine honesty,

If she be mad,--as I believe no other,--

Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense.

Many that are not mad have, sure, more lack of reason.

What would you say?

ISABELLA

I am the sister of one Claudio,

Condemn'd upon the act of fornication

To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:

I, in probation of a sisterhood,

Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio

As then the messenger,--

LUCIO

That's I, an't like your grace.

I came to her from Claudio, and desired her
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo
For her poor brother's pardon.

DUKE VINCENTIO

You were not bid to speak.

LUCIO

No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

DUKE VINCENTIO

I wish you now, then;
Pray you, take note of it.

LUCIO

I warrant your honour.

DUKE VINCENTIO

The warrants for yourself; take heed to't.

ISABELLA

This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,--

LUCIO

Right.

DUKE VINCENTIO

It may be right; but you are i' the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

ISABELLA

In brief, to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I replied,--
For this was of much length,--the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscible intemperate lust,
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
And I did yield to him: but the next morn betimes,
He sends a warrant for my poor brother's head.

DUKE VINCENTIO

By heaven, fond wretch, thou knowist not what thou speak'st,
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practise. First, his integrity
Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,

He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on:
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou camest here to complain.

ISABELLA

And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance! Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

DUKE VINCENTIO

I know you'd fain be gone. An officer!
Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practise.
Who knew of Your intent and coming hither?

ISABELLA

One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

DUKE VINCENTIO

A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

LUCIO

My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man:
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swung him soundly.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Words against me?
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

LUCIO

But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,
I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar,
A very scurvy fellow.

FRIAR PETER

Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

FRIAR PETER

I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,

As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

LUCIO

My lord, most villanously; believe it.

FRIAR PETER

Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Came I hither, to speak, as from his mouth,
What he doth know is true and false.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Good Friar, Let's hear it.

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

MARIANA comes forward

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.

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!

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 his 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: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practise out.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Ay, with my heart
And punish them to your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,
Think'st thou thy oaths,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit
That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains

To find out this abuse.

There is another friar that set them on;

Let him be sent for.

FRIAR PETER

Your provost knows the place where he abides.

DUKE VINCENTIO

Go do it instantly.

Exit PROVOST quickly

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,

Do with your injuries as seems you best,

In any chastisement: I for a while will leave you;

But stir not you till you have well determined

Upon these slanderers.

ESCALUS

My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.

Exit DUKE

Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that

Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

LUCIO

Honest in nothing but in his clothes.

ESCALUS

We shall entreat you to abide here till he come.

To ISABELLA

Mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all
that you have said.

Provost with the DUKE VINCENTIO in his friar's habit

LUCIO

My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of.

ESCALUS

In very good time: speak not you to him till we
call upon you.

LUCIO

Mum.

ESCALUS

Come, sir: did you set these women on to slander
Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did.

DUKE/LODOWICK

'Tis false.

ESCALUS

How! know you where you are?

DUKE/LODOWICK

Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!

Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

ESCALUS

The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:

Look you speak justly.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls,

Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Is the duke gone? Then is your cause gone too.

The duke's unjust to put your trial in the villain's mouth

Which here you come to accuse.

LUCIO

This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

ESCALUS

Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar,

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women

To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth

And in the witness of his proper ear,

To call him villain? and then to glance from him

To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice?

Take him hence; to the rack with him! We'll touse you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.

DUKE/LODOWICK

Be not so hot; the duke

Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he

Dare rack his own: his subject am I not,

Nor here provincial. My business in this state

Made me a looker on here in Vienna,

Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble

Till it o'er-run the stew.

ESCALUS

Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

ANGELO

What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?

Is this the man that you did tell us of?

LUCIO

'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman baldpate:

do you know me?

DUKE/LODOWICK

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

met you at the prison.

LUCIO

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

DUKE/LODOWICK

Most notably, sir.

LUCIO

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

DUKE/LODOWICK

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

LUCIO

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

DUKE/LODOWICK

I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

LUCIO

Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour!

Pulls off the friar's disguise and discovers DUKE VINCENTIO

DUKE VINCENTIO

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.

[To LUCIO] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

OFFICER grabs LUCIO

[To ESCALUS] What you have spoke I pardon: sit you down:

[To ANGELO] Sir, by your leave.

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That yet can do thee office?

ANGELO

O my dread lord,

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscernible,

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

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,

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!'
Like doth quit like, and **MEASURE** still **FOR MEASURE**. (*added to graffiti*)
Then, Angelo, we do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.

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; 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.

POMPEY

Against all sense you do importune her!

THOMAS

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;
Intent 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 running

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, ABHORSON with BARNARDINE, OFFICER with CLAUDIO muffled, and JULIET with a newborn.

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.
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.

Unmuffles CLAUDIO

DUKE VINCENTIO

[To ISABELLA] If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd;

[To LUCIO] And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.

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 OFFICER with LUCIO

Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Dear Isabel, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine.
I have a motion much imports your good;
What's mine is yours and what is yours is mine.
So...

Isabella collapses, weary from the emotional rollercoaster of the past few days. The Duke stands over her expectantly. She has no idea what to do, she looks with uncertainty at the Duke. The cast freezes. Male and Female lines to be assigned in rehearsal.

BUM: What shall become of me?

THOMAS: A power I have.

POMPEY: But of what strength and nature I am not yet instructed.

FEMALE: Be you content, fair maid.

MALE: Who never feels the wanton stings and motions of the sense?

FEMALE: A dangerous sense.

FEMALE: 'Tis one thing to be tempted, another thing to fall.

THOMAS: I am at war 'twixt will and will not.

MALE: A deflower'd maid!

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

MALE: An object.

FEMALE: Why dost thou show me thus to the world?

MALE: Your bum is the greatest thing about you.

FEMALE: A woman.

FEMALE: We are soft as our complexions are

MALE: And credulous to false prints.

FEMALE: Kneel down before him.

MALE: Hang upon his gown.

MALE: You are too cold.

MALE: Do you your office or give up your place.

FEMALE: It shall be the better for you.

MALE: Well; what has he done?

POMPEY: A woman.

MALE: But what's his offence?

BUM: A woman.

ALL: An object.

MALE: The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't because we see it.

FEMALE: But what we do not see, we tread upon, and never think of it.

MALE: If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing that none but fools would keep.

FEMALE: I am come to know your pleasure.

MALE: The best men are moulded out of faults;

FEMALE: And become much more the better for being a little bad.

MALE: Come me to what was done to her.

FEMALE: There was nothing done to her once.

MALE: What did this gentleman to her?

FEMALE: There was nothing done to her once.

MALE: No?

ALL WOMEN: A dozen times at least.

FEMALE: I'll tell the world aloud what man thou art.

FEMALE: Did I tell this, who would believe me?

MALE: Who will believe thee?

FEMALE: In any proportion or in any language.

BUM: What shall become of me?

POMPEY: A power I have.

ALL: A power we have.

THOMAS: Who will believe thee?

JULIET steps forward with her baby.

ALL WOMEN: Teach her the way.

ALL MEN: Teach him the way.

POMPEY: I am sound.

THOMAS: A woman.

THOMAS and JULIET: A power I have.

BUM: Teach her the way.

POMPEY/BUM/THOMAS: It shall be the better for you.

*Pompey, Bum and Thomas help Isabella stand. During the text montage, the cast will erase the graffiti on the walls leaving only the words "me" (from **M**ea**s**ure for **M**ea**s**ure) and the number "2."*

BLACKOUT

CURTAIN CALL

BLACKOUT