

### PROLOGUE

The lights come up on a typical morning in the city square of Ephesus.

1) Enter the 2nd Merchant & Angelo (UR) talking.

2) Enter Balthasar (DL). All three meet (CS). Angelo tries to sell Balthasar a ring. He is not successful and, so, borrows money from the 2nd Merchant.

3) Enter The Courtesan (CS). She "eyes off" Balthasar, while Angelo and the 2nd Merchant are negotiating the terms of the loan. Balthasar succumbs to her blandishments and exits with her (UC) unnoticed by Angelo and the 2nd Merchant .

4) Enter the 1st Merchant (UL) who crosses to greet Angelo and the 2nd Merchant .

5) The 2nd Merchant crosses (US) to make a call on his mobile.

6) Enter (DL) Adriana, Luciana, Dr. Pinch & attendant in prayer, on their way home after a "meditation" in the countryside. They exit (UC).

7) The 2nd Merchant rejoins Angelo & 1st Merchant.

8) 1st Merchant exits(UR) and Angelo and the 2nd Merchant exit (UL)

9) Enter Balthasar & Courtesan (UC). Balthasar kisses her on the cheek and pays her, then running off before he is seen in such disreputable company (UL).

10) The Abbess enters (DL) and sniffs a disapproving greeting to the Courtesan before exiting(UR).

11) The Courtesan, well pleased, exits (UC).

12) Enter (DR) Antipholus & Dromio of Syracuse newly arrived in Ephesus. Dromio is carrying their baggage and Antipholus has a camera around his neck. He motions Dromio to stand near the statue of "Billy the Dog" and takes his picture. The 1st Merchant enters (UR), nervously greets them and takes them off (UR).

13) Enter (DR) The Gaoler & Egeon (in chains) and they exit (UC) .The lights blackout.

### **UNIT ONE**

*Enter Solinus, Duke of Ephesus, with Egeon, the merchant of Syracuse, Gaoler and other attendants*

#### **EGEON:**

Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,  
And by the doom of death end woes and all.

#### **DUKE:**

Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.  
I am not partial to infringe our laws.  
The enmity and discord which of late  
Sprang from the rancorous outrage of your Duke  
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.  
For since the mortal and intestine jars  
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us  
It hath in solemn synods been decreed  
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves  
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns.  
Nay, more;  
If any at Ephesus be seen  
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;  
Again if any Syracusian born  
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,

His goods be confiscate to the Duke's dispose,  
Unless a thousand marks be levied  
To quit the penalty and to ransom him.  
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;  
Therefore by law thou art condemned to die.

**EGEON:**

Yet this is my comfort: when your words are done,  
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

**DUKE:**

Well, Syracusian, say in brief the cause  
Why thou departed'st from thy native home,  
And for what cause thou camest to Ephesus.

**EGEON:**

A heavier task could not have been imposed  
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.  
In Syracuse was I born, and wed  
Unto a woman, happy, but for me.  
With her I lived in joy, our wealth increased  
By prosperous voyages I often made  
To Epidamnum, till my agent's death,  
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse.  
I had made provision for her following me,  
And soon she arrivèd where I was.  
There had she not been long, but she became  
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;  
And, which was strange, the one so like the other  
As could not be distinguished but by names.  
That very hour, and in the self-same inn  
A poor born woman was deliverèd  
Of such a burden. Male. Twins - both alike.  
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,  
I bought, and bought up to attend my sons.  
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,  
Made daily motions for our home return,  
And so we embarked upon a ship for home.  
Alas, too soon we came aboard.  
A league from Epidamnum had we sailed  
Before the sea did but convey unto  
Our fearful minds a warrant of immediate death.  
We hastened overboard with the children -  
My wife, more concerned for the latter-born,  
Had fastened him unto a small spare mast.  
To him one of the other twins was bound,  
Whilst I had been like careful of the other.  
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,

Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixed,  
Fastened ourselves at either end of the mast.  
The seas waxed calm, and we discovered  
Two ships from far, making amain to us:  
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this.  
But ere they came - O, let me say no more.

**DUKE:**

Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so,  
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

**EGEON:**

Ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues  
We were encountered by a mighty rock,  
Which being violently borne upon,  
Our helpful mast was splitted in the midst;  
Her part was carried with more speed 'fore th' wind,  
And in my sight all three were taken up  
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.  
At length another ship had seized on us,  
But could not find the Corinthian vessel,  
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.  
To Syracuse.  
Thus have you heard me severed from my bliss,  
That by misfortunes was my life prolonged  
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

**DUKE:**

And for the sake of them thou sorrowest for,  
Do me the favour to dilate at full  
What has become of them and thee till now.

**EGEON:**

My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,  
At eighteen years became inquisitive  
After his brother, and importuned me  
That his attendant, so like was his case,  
Reft of his brother, but retained his name,  
Might bear him company in the quest of him;  
For five winters have they been gone and  
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,  
And coasting homeward came to Ephesus,  
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought  
My sons in any place that harbours men.  
But here must end the story of my life,  
And happy were I in my timely death  
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

**DUKE:**

Hapless Egeon, whom the fates have marked  
To bear the extremity of dire mishap,

Now trust me, were it not against our laws,  
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,  
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.  
But though thou art adjudgèd to the death,  
And passèd sentence may not be recalled,  
Yet will I favour thee in what I can.  
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day  
To seek thy life by beneficial help.  
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;  
Beg thou or borrow to make up the sum,  
And live. If no, then thou art doomed to die.  
Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

**GAOLER:**

I will, my lord.

**EGEON:**

Hopeless and helpless doth Egeon wend,  
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. *Exeunt*

**UNIT TWO**

*Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, First Merchant, and Dromio of Syracuse*

**FIRST MERCHANT:**

Therefore give out you are of Epidamnum  
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate -  
For thou knowest our law, Syracusian.  
This very day a Syracusian merchant  
Is apprehended for arrival here,  
And, not being able to buy out his life,  
According to the statute of the town  
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.  
There is your money that I had to keep.

**ANT. OF SYR.:** *(To Dromio of Syracuse.)*

Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host,  
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.  
Within this hour it will be dinner-time.  
Till then I'll view the manners of the town,  
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,  
And then return and sleep within mine inn;  
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.  
Get thee away.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Many a man would take you at your word  
And go indeed, having so good a means.  
For, is not this town peopled by witches,  
Demons, fell sprites and all things of sorcery? *Exit*

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

A superstitious villain, sir, yet trusty. One  
Who has served me from his birth and very oft,  
When I am dull with care and melancholy,  
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.  
What, will you walk with me about the town,  
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

**FIRST MERCHANT:**

I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,  
Of whom I hope to make much benefit.  
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,  
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,  
And afterward consort you till bedtime.  
My present business calls me from you now.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Farewell till then. I will go lose myself  
And wander up and down to view the city.

**FIRST MERCHANT:**

Sir, I commend you to your own content. *Exit furtively.*

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

He that commends me to mine own content  
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.  
I to the world am like a drop of water  
That in the ocean seeks another drop,  
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,  
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.  
So I, to find a mother and a brother,  
In quest of them unhappy, loose myself,  
In this den of witches and sorcerers.

**UNIT THREE**

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus*

Here comes the almanac of my true date.  
What now? How chance thou art returned so soon?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Returned so soon? Rather approached too late.  
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit.  
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;  
My mistress made it one upon my cheek.  
She is so hot because the meat is cold.  
The meat is cold because you come not home.  
You come not home because you have no stomach.  
You have no stomach, having broke your fast.  
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray  
Are penitent for your default today.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Stop in your wind, sir. Tell me this, I pray:  
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

O, sixpence that I had o'Wednesday last  
To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper.  
The saddler had it, sir. I kept it not.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

I am not in a sportive humour now.  
Tell me, and dally not: where is the money?  
We being strangers here, how darest thou trust  
So great a charge from thine own custody?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.  
I from my mistress come to you in post.  
If I return I shall be post indeed,  
For she will scour your fault upon my pate.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season.  
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.  
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me!

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

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

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

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

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Now, as I am a Christian, answer me  
In what safe place you have bestowed my money,  
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours  
That stands on tricks when I am undisposed.  
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

I have some marks of yours upon my pate,  
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,  
But not a thousand marks between you both.  
If I should pay your worship those again,  
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

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

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;  
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,  
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

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

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

What mean you, sir? For God's sake hold your hands.  
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels. *Exit*

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Upon my life, by some device or other  
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.  
They say this town is full of cozenage,  
As nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,  
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,  
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,  
Disguisèd cheaters, prating mountebanks,  
And many suchlike liberties of sin.  
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.  
I'll go to the Centaur to go seek this slave.  
I greatly fear my money is not safe. *Exit*

**UNIT FOUR**

*Lights come up on Adriana, wife of ANT. OF EPH., with Luciana, her sister & Dr. Pinch, a conjurer. They have just finished a "rebirthing" session with Dr. Pinch, who arises from the lotus position,*

*bows to the women & exits muttering to himself. Adriana takes a cellular phone from her basket and checks to see if there are any messages for her. There aren't. She disconnects in disgust.*

**ADRIANA:**

Neither my husband nor the slave returned,  
That in such haste I sent to seek his master?  
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

**LUCINA:**

Perhaps some merchant hath invited him,  
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.  
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.  
A man is master of his liberty.  
Time is their mistress, and when they see fit  
They'll go or come. If so, be patient, sister.

**ADRIANA:**

Why should their liberty than ours be more?

**LUCINA:**

Because their business still lies out o'door.

**ADRIANA:**

Look when I serve him so he takes it ill.

**LUCINA:**

O, know he is the bridle of your will.

**ADRIANA:**

There's none but asses will be bridled so.

**LUCINA:**

Why, headstrong liberty is lashed with woe.  
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye  
But hath his bound in earth, in sea, in sky.  
The beasts, the fishes, and the wingèd fowls  
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.  
Man, more divine, the master of all these,  
Lord of the wide world and wild watery seas,  
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,  
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,  
Are masters to their females, and their lords.  
Then let your will attend on their accords.

**ADRIANA:**

This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

**LUCINA:**

Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

**ADRIANA:**

But were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

**LUCINA:**

Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

**ADRIANA:**

How if your husband start some otherwhere?

**LUCINA:**

Till he come home again I would forbear.

**ADRIANA:**

Patience unmoved! No marvel though she pause.  
They can be meek that have no other cause.  
A wretched soul bruised with adversity,  
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry.  
But were we burdened with like weight of pain,  
As much or more we should ourselves complain.  
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,  
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me.  
But if thou live to see like right bereft,  
This fool-begged patience in thee will be left.

**LUCIANA:**

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

#### UNIT FIVE

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus*

**ADRIANA:**

Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Nay, he's at two hands with me,  
and that my two ears can witness.

**ADRIANA:**



Say, didst thou speak with him? Knowest thou his mind?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

I? Ay. He told his mind upon mine ear.  
Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

**LUCINA:**

Spake he so doubtfully thou couldst not feel his meaning?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Nay he struck so plainly I could  
too well feel his blows, and withal so doubtfully that I  
could scarce understand them.

**ADRIANA:**

But say, I prithee, is he coming home?  
It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

**ADRIANA:**

Horn-mad, thou villain?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

I mean not cuckold-mad,  
But sure he is stark mad.  
When I desired him to come home to dinner  
He asked me for a thousand marks in gold.  
'Tis dinner-time", quoth I. "My gold," quoth he.  
'Your meat doth burn," quoth I. "My gold," quoth he.  
'Will you come?" quoth I. "My gold," quoth he.  
'Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"  
The pig," quoth I, "is burned." "My gold," quoth he.  
My mistress, sir-" quoth I - "Hang up thy mistress!  
I know thy mistress not. Out on thy mistress!"

**LUCINA:**

Quoth who?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Quoth my master.  
I know ", quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress.  
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,  
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;  
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

**ADRIANA:**

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

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Go back again and be new-beaten home?  
For God's sake send some other messenger.

**ADRIANA:**

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

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

And he will bless that cross with other beating,

Between you I shall have a holy head.

**ADRIANA:**

Hence, prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

*She beats Dromio*

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Am I so round with you as you with me

That like a football you do spurn me thus?

You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither.

If I last in this service you must case me in leather. *Exit*

#### UNIT SIX

**LUCINA:** (*To Adriana*)

Fie, how impatience loureth in your face.

**ADRIANA:**

His company must do his minions grace

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age the alluring beauty took

From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it.

Are my discourses dull? Barren my wit?

What ruins are in me that can be found

By him not ruined? Then is he the ground

Of my defeatures. My decayèd fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair.

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale

And feeds from home. Poor I am but his stale.

**LUCINA**

Self- harming jealousy! Fie, beat it hence.

**ADRIANA:**

Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere,

Or else what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promised me a chain.

If only true, to me, he would remain

And keep fair quarter with his bed,

I would see that jewel banishèd.

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

**LUCINA:**

How many fond fools serve mad jealousy! *Exeunt.*

#### UNIT SEVEN

*Enter Egeon and Gaoler, exit.*

*Enter Antipholus of Syracuse*

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up

Safe at the Centaur, and the heedful slave

Is wandered forth in care to seek me out

By computation and mine host's report.

But I have not spoke with Dromio, since

I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.  
*Enter Dromio of Syracuse*  
How now, sir. Is your merry humour altered?  
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.  
You know no Centaur. You received no gold.  
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner.  
My house was at the Phoenix. Wast thou mad  
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

What answer, sir? When spake I such a word?

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

I did not see you since you sent me hence  
Home to the Centaur with the gold you gave me.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,  
And toldest me of a mistress and a dinner,  
For which I hope thou feltest I was displeased.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

I am glad to see you in this merry vein.  
What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me?

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?  
Thinkest thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.  
*He beats Dromio*

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Hold, sir, for God's sake; now your jest is earnest.  
But I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Because that I familiarly sometimes  
Do use you for my fool, and do chat with you,  
Your sauciness will jest upon my love,  
And make a common of my serious hours.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Well, sir, I thank you.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Thank me, sir, for what?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Marry, sir, for this something  
that you gave me for nothing.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

I'll make you amends next,  
to give you nothing for something.  
But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

No, sir. I think the meat wants that I have.

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE:**

In good time, sir. What's that?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Basting.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Your reason?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Lest it make you choleric, and  
purchase me another dry basting.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Well, sir, learn to jest in good time.

There's a time for all things.

But soft - who wafts us yonder?

## UNIT EIGHT

*Enter Adriana and Luciana*

**ADRIANA:**

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown.  
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects.  
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.  
The time was once when thou unurged wouldst vow  
That never words were music to thine ear,  
That never object pleasing in thine eye,  
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,  
That never meat sweet-savoured in thy taste,  
Unless I spake, or looked, or touched, or carved to thee.  
How comes it now, my husband, O how comes it,  
That thou art then estrangèd from thyself?  
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick  
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,  
And that this body consecrate to thee  
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?  
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,  
And hurl the name of husband in my face?  
I know thou canst - and therefore see thee do it!  
I am possessed with an adulterate blot.  
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust;  
For if we two be one, and thou play false,  
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,  
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.  
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed,

I live unstained, thou undishonourèd.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.  
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,  
As strange unto your town as to your talk,  
Who, every word by all my wit being scanned,  
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

**LUCINA:**

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

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

By Dromio?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

By me?

**ADRIANA:**

By thee; and this thou didst return from him:  
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows  
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

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

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Villain, thou liest; for even her very words  
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

I never spake with her in all my life.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

How can she thus then call us by our names? -  
Unless it be by damned sorcery.

**ADRIANA:**

How ill agrees it with your gravity  
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,  
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood.  
Be it my wrong you are from me exempt;  
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.  
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine.  
Thou art an elm, my husband; I a vine,  
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,  
Makes me with thy strength to communicate.  
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,  
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss,  
Which, all for want of pruning, with intrusion  
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

**ANT. OF SYR.:** (*Aside*)

To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme.  
What, was I married to her in my dream?  
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?  
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?  
Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
I'll entertain the offered fallacy.

**LUCINA:**

Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

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

**LUCINA:**

Why pratest thou to thyself, and answerest not?  
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

I am transformèd, master, am not I?

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

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

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

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

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Thou hast thine own form.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

No, I am an ape.

**LUCINA:**

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

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

'Tis true, she rides me, and I long for grass.  
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be  
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

**ADRIANA:**

Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,  
To put the finger in the eye and weep  
Whilst man and master laughs my woes to scorn.  
Come, sir, to dinner. - Dromio, keep the gate. -  
Husband, I'll dine above with you today,  
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks. -  
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,  
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter. -  
Come, sister. - Dromio, play the porter well.

**ANT. OF SYR.:** (*Aside*)

Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?  
Sleeping or waking? mad or well advised?

Known unto these, and to myself disguised!  
I'll say as they say, and persevere so,  
And in this mist at all adventures go.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

**ADRIANA:**

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

**LUCINA:**

Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

*Exeunt.*

### UNIT NINE

*Enter Egeon and Gaoler, exit. Enter ANT. OF EPH., his man Dromio, Angelo the goldsmith, and Balthasar the merchant*

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Good Signor Angelo, you must excuse us all.  
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.  
Say that I lingered with you at your shop  
To see the making of her golden chain,  
And that tomorrow you will bring it home.

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus.*

But here's a villain. Thus he chargeth me ;  
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,  
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,  
And that I did deny my wife and house.

Thou drunkard, thou - what didst thou mean by this?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:  
That you beat me at the mart I have your hand to show.  
If the skin were parchment and the blows you gave were ink,  
Your own handwriting would tell you what I think.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

I think thou art an ass.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.**

Marry, so it doth appear  
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.  
I should kick, being kicked, and, being at that pass,  
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

You're sad, Signor Balthasar. Pray God our cheer  
May answer my good will, and your good welcome here.

**BALTHASAR:**

I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

O, Signor Balthasar, either at flesh or fish  
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

**BALTHASAR:**

Good meat, sir, is common. That every churl affords.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

And welcome more common, for that's nothing but words.

**BALTHASAR:**

Small cheer and good welcome makes a merry feast.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Ay, to a niggardly host and more sparing guest.  
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part.  
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.  
But soft, my door is locked. Go bid them let us in.

**UNIT TEN**

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Maud, Bridget, Marion, Cicely, Gillian, Gin!

**DROMIO. OF SYR.: (Within )**

Mome, malthorse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch,  
Either get thee from the door or sit down at the hatch.  
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou callest for such store,  
When one is too many? Go, get thee from the door.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

What patch is made our porter? - My master stays in the street.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.: (Within )**

Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Who talks within, there? Hoa, open the door.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.: (Within )**

Right, sir, I'll tell you when an you'll tell me wherefore.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Wherefore? For my dinner. I have not dined today.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.: (Within )**

Nor today here you must not. Come again when you may.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

What art thou that keepest me out of the house I owe?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.: (Within )**

The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

O, villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name.  
The one ne'er got me credit, the other much blame.  
If thou hadst been Dromio today in my pass,  
Thou wouldst have changed thy face for a name,  
or thy name for an ass.

*Enter Nell*

**NELL:**

What a coil is there, Dromio! Who are those at the gate?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Let my master in, Nell.

**NELL:**

Faith, no, he comes too late;  
And so tell your master.



**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Do you hear, you minion? You'll let us in, I hope?

*A bucket of slops is thrown over Antipholus in reply. Dromio beats upon the door*

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Master, knock the door hard.

**NELL:**

Let him knock till it ache.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

You'll cry for this minion, if I beat the door down.

**NELL:**

What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

*Enter Adriana*

**ADRIANA:**

Who is that at the door who keeps all this noise?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.: (Within )**

By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Are you there, wife? You might have come before.

**ADRIANA:**

Your wife, sir knave? Go get you from the door.

*Exit with Nell*

**UNIT ELEVEN**

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

If you went in pain, master, this knave would go more.

**ANGELO:**

Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome. We would fain have either.

**BALTHASAR:**

In debating which was best, we'll depart with neither.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

They stand at the door, master. Bid them welcome hither.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your wife here is warm within: you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man as mad as a horn to be so bought and sold.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Go fetch me something. I'll break ope the gate.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.: (Within )**

Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.: (Within )**

It seems thou wantest breaking. Out upon thee, hind!

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Here's too much "Out upon thee". I pray thee, let me in.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:** (*Within*)

Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

**ANT. OF EPH.:** (*To Dromio of Ephesus*)

Go, get thee gone. Fetch me an iron crow.

**BALTHASAR:**

Have patience, sir. O, let it not be so.  
Herein you war against your reputation,  
And draw within the compass of suspect  
The unviolated honour of your wife  
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse  
Why at this time the doors are made against you.  
Be ruled by me. Depart in patience,  
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner,  
And about evening come yourself alone  
To know the reason of this strange restraint.  
If by strong hand you offer to break in  
Now in the stirring passage of the day,  
A vulgar comment will be made of it,  
For slander lives upon succession,  
Forever housed where it once gets possession.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

You have prevailed. I will depart in quiet,  
And in spite of their mirth mean to be merry.  
I know a wench of excellent discourse,  
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle.  
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,  
My wife - but, I protest, without desert -  
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal.  
To her will we to dinner. (*To Angelo*) Get you home  
And fetch me the chain. By this, I know, 'tis made.  
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine,  
For there's her house. That chain will I bestow -  
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife -  
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.  
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,  
I'll knock elsewhere to see if they'll disdain me.

**ANGELO:**

I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Do so. - This jest shall cost me some expense.  
*Exeunt. Enter Egeon and Gaoler, exit.*

## UNIT TWELVE

*Enter Luciana with Antipholus of Syracuse*

**LUCINA:**

And may it be that you have quite forgot

A husband's office? Shall Antipholus,  
Even in the spring of love thy love-springs rot?  
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous?  
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:  
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth -  
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;  
Be secret-false - what need she be acquainted?  
Alas, poor women, make us but believe -  
Being compact of credit - that you love us.  
Though others have the arm show us the sleeve.  
Then, gentle brother, get you in again.  
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.  
'Tis holy sport to be a little vain  
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Sweet mistress, what your name is else, I know not,  
Nor by what wonder you do hit on mine.  
Against my soul's pure truth why labour you  
To make it wander in an unknown field?  
Are you a god? Would you create me new?  
Transform me, then, and to your power I'll yield.  
But if that I am I, then well I know  
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe.  
Far more, far more to you do I decline.  
O, lure me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note  
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.  
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote.  
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs  
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie,  
And in that glorious supposition think,  
Let love, being light, be drownèd if she sink.

**LUCINA:**

What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Not mad, but mated. How I do not know.

**LUCINA:**

It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

**LUCINA:**

Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

**LUCINA:**

Why call you me "Love"? Call my sister so.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Thy sister's sister.

**LUCINA:** That's my sister.

**ANT. OF SYR.:** No:

It is thyself, mine own self's better part,  
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,  
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,  
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

**LUCIANA:**

All this my sister is, or else should be.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Call thyself sister, for I am for thee.  
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life.  
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.  
Give me thy hand.

**LUCIANA:** O soft, sir, hold you still

I'll fetch my sister, t'entwine your good wills. *Exit*

### UNIT THIRTEEN

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse*

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Why, how now, Dromio. Where runnest thou so fast?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Do you know me, sir? Am I Dromio? Am I your man?  
Am I myself?

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Thou art, Dromio. Thou art my man, thou art thyself.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

What woman's man? And how besides thyself?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

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

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

What claim lays she to thee?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Marry, sir, such claim as you would lay to your horse.  
She would ride, sir.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

What is she?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

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

**ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE:**

What complexion is she of?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Swart like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept. For why? She sweats so, a man may go overshoes in the grime of it.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

That's a fault that water will mend

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

No, sir, 'tis engrained. Noah's flood could not do it.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

What's her name?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Nell, sir. But her name and three yards, will not measure her from hip to hip.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Then she bears some breadth?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

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

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

In what part of her body stands Ireland?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

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

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Where Scotland?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

I found it by the barrenness, hard in the palm of the hand.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Where France?

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Where England?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

I looked for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them. But I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Where Spain?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

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

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Where America, the Indies?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

O, sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballast at her nose.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

O, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge or witch laid claim to me, called me Dromio, swore I was betrothed to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my ....., that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Go, hie thee presently. Post to the road.  
An if the wind blow any way from the shore  
I will not harbour in this town tonight.  
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,  
Where I will walk till thou return to me.  
If everyone knows us, and we know none,  
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

As from a bear a man would run for life,  
So fly I from her that would be my wife. *Exit*

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

There's none but witches do inhabit here,  
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.  
She that doth call me husband, even my soul  
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,  
Possessed with such a gentle sovereign grace,  
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,  
Hath almost made me traitor to myself.  
But lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,  
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

**UNIT FOURTEEN**

*Enter Angelo with the chain.*

**ANGELO:**

Master Antipholus.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Ay, that's my name.

**ANGELO:**

I know it well, sir. Lo, here's the chain.  
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine.  
The chain unfinished made me stay thus long.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

What is your will that I shall do with this?

**ANGELO:**

What please yourself, sir. I have made it for you.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Made it for me, sir? I bespoke it not?

**ANGELO:**

Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.  
Go home with it, and please your wife withal,  
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,  
And then receive my money for the chain.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

I pray you, sir, receive the money now,  
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

**ANGELO:**

You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well. *Exit*

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

What I should think of this I cannot tell.  
But this I think: there's no man so vain  
That would refuse so fair an offered chain.  
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,  
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.  
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;  
If any ship put out, then straight away! *Exit*

## *INTERMISSION*

### UNIT FIFTEEN

*Enter Second Merchant, Angelo the goldsmith, and an officer*

**2ND MERCHANT**

You know since Pentecost the sum is due,  
And since, I have not much importuned you;  
Nor now I would not, but that I am bound  
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage.  
Therefore make present satisfaction,  
Or I'll attach you by this officer.  
*Enter Egeon and Gaoler, exit*

**ANGELO:**

Even just the sum I owe to you  
Is growing due to me by Antipholus,  
And in the instant I met with you  
He had of me a chain. At five o'clock  
I shall receive the money for the same.  
Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,  
I will discharge my bond, and thank you, too.

*Enter ANT. OF EPH. and Dromio of Ephesus, from the Courtesan's house - the Porcupine.*

**OFFICER:**

That labour you may save. See where he comes.

### UNIT SIXTEEN

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou  
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow  
Among my wife and her confederates  
For locking me out of my doors by day.  
But soft, I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone.  
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.  
*Exit Dromio of Ephesus*  
A man is well helped that trusts to you.

I promised your presence and the chain,  
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.  
Belike you thought our love would last too long  
If we were chained together, and therefore came not.

**ANGELO:**

Saving your merry humour, here's the note  
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,  
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,  
Which doth amount to three ducats more  
Than I stand debted to this gentleman.  
I pray you see him presently discharged,  
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

I am not furnished with the present money;  
Besides, I have some business in the town.  
Good Signor, take the stranger to my house,  
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife  
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof.  
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

**ANGELO:**

Then you will bring the chain to her yourself.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

No, bear it with you lest I come not time enough.

**ANGELO:**

Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

If I have not, sir, I hope you have;  
Or else you may return without your money.

**ANGELO:**

Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain.  
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,  
And I, too blame, have held him here too long.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Good lord! You use this dalliance to excuse  
Your breach of promise at the Porcupine.  
I should have chid you for not bringing it,  
But like a shrew you first began to brawl.

**2ND MERCHANT**

The hour steals on, I pray you, sir, dispatch.

**ANGELO:**

You hear how he importunes me. The chain!

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

**ANGELO:**

Come, come. You know I gave it you even now.  
Either send the chain, or send me with some token.



**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.  
Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me see it.

**2ND MERCHANT**

My business cannot brook this dalliance.  
Good sir, say whe'er you'll answer me or no.  
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

I answer you? What should I answer you?

**ANGELO:**

The money that you owe me for the chain.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

I owe you none till you receive the chain.

**ANGELO:**

You know I gave it you half an hour since.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

You gave me none. You wrong me much to say so.

**ANGELO:**

You wrong me more, sir, in denying it.  
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

**2ND MERCHANT**

Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

**OFFICER:**

I do,  
And charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

**ANGELO:**

This touches me in reputation.  
Either consent to pay this sum for me,  
Or I attach you by this officer.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Consent to pay thee that I never had?  
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

**ANGELO:**

Here is thy fee - arrest him, officer.  
I would not spare my brother in this case  
If he should scorn me so apparently.

**OFFICER:**

I do arrest you, sir. You do hear the suit.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

I do obey thee till I give thee bail.  
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear  
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

**ANGELO:**

Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,  
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

## UNIT SEVENTEEN

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse, from the bay.*

**DROMIO. OF SYR. :**

Master, there's a bark of Epidamnum  
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then she bears away. Our baggage, sir,  
I have conveyed aboard.  
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind  
Blows fair from land. They stay for naught at all  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

How now? A madman? Why, thou peevish sheep,  
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me

**DROMIO OF SYRACUSE :**

A ship you sent me to, to hire passage.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope,  
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

**DROMIO. OF SYR. :**

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

I will debate this matter at more leisure,  
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.  
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight.  
Give her this key, and tell her in the desk  
That's covered o'er with Turkish tapestry  
There is a purse of ducats. Let her send it.  
Tell her I am arrested in the street,  
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be gone.  
On, officer; to prison, till it come.  
*(Exeunt all but Dromio of Syracuse)*

**DROMIO. OF SYR. :**

To Adriana. That is where we dined,  
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband.  
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.  
Thither I must, although against my will;  
For servants must their master's minds fulfill. *Exit*

## UNIT EIGHTEEN

*Enter Adriana and Luciana*

**ADRIANA:**

Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?  
Mightst thou perceive a surety in his eye  
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?  
Looked he red or pale, or sad or merrily?

What observation madest thou in this case  
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

**LUCINA:**

First, he denied you had in him no right.

**ADRIANA:**

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

**LUCINA:**

Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

**ADRIANA:**

And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

**LUCINA:**

Then pleaded I for you.

**ADRIANA:**

And what said he?

**LUCINA:**

That love I begged for you, he begged of me.

**ADRIANA:**

With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

**LUCINA:**

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

**ADRIANA:**

Didst speak him fair?

**LUCINA:**

Have patience, I beseech.

**ADRIANA:**

I cannot nor I will not hold me still.  
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its' will  
He is deformèd, crooked, old, and sere;  
Ill-faced, worse-bodied, shapeless everywhere;  
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,  
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

**LUCINA:**

Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?  
No evil lost is wailed when it is gone.

**ADRIANA:**

Ah, but I think him better than I say,  
And yet, I wish, others thought him far worse.  
What, though my anger move? My love will ne'er sway,  
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

#### UNIT NINETEEN

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse*

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Here, go - the desk, the purse, sweet now, make haste!

**LUCINA:**

How hast thou lost thy breath?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

By running fast.

**ADRIANA:**

Where is thy master? What is the matter?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

I do not know the matter - he's arrested.

**ADRIANA:**

What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;

But is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.

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

**ADRIANA:**

Go fetch it, sister. *Exit Luciana*

This I wonder at,

That he unknown to me should be in debt.

Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Not on a band, but on a stronger thing:

A chain, a chain - do you not hear it ring?

**ADRIANA:**

What, the chain?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

No, no - the bell. 'Tis time that

I were gone.

*Enter Luciana with the money*

**ADRIANA:**

Go, Dromio, there's the money. Bear it straight,

And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister, I am pressed down with conceit -

Conceit, my comfort and my injury. *Exit*

## UNIT TWENTY

*Enter Antipholus of Syracuse*

**ANT. OF SYR.:** (*With an unlit cigar in his hand*)

There's not a man I meet but doth salute me

As if I were their well-acquainted friend,

And everyone doth call me by my name.

Some tender money to me, some invite me,

Some other give me thanks for kindnesses.

Some offer me commodities to buy.

Even now a tailor called me in his shop

And showed me silks that he had bought for me,

And therewithal took measure of my body.

(*Enter "Cigarette Man" who lights his cigar for him and then disappears, thoroughly scaring Antipholus.*)

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,

And wicked sorcerers inhabit here.

*Enter Dromio of Syracuse*

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

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

What have you 'scaped the officer?

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

What gold is this? What dost thou mean?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

He that keeps the prison. The sergeant -  
he that thinks a man always going to bed, and  
says "God give you good rest".

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Well, sir, there rest in your foolery.  
Is there any ships forth tonight?  
May we be gone?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Why, sir, I bought you word an hour since  
that the bark Expedition put forth tonight.  
Here are the coins you sent forth to deliver you.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

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

#### UNIT TWENTY ONE

*Enter a Courtesan*

**COURTESAN:**

Well met, well met, master Antipholus.  
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now.  
Is that the chain you promised me today?

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

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

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Master, is this mistress Satan?

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

It is the devil.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench.  
Come not near her.

**COURTESAN:**

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

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Master, if you do, bespeak a long spoon.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Why, Dromio?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

**ANT. OF SYR.:** *(To Courtesan)*

Avoid, thou fiend. Why tellest thou me of supping?  
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress.

I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

**COURTESAN:**

Give me the ring of mine, you had at dinner to pay the Goldsmith, or the chain you promised, and I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

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

**COURTESAN:**

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

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.  
*Exit Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse*

**COURTESAN:**

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

## UNIT TWENTY TWO

*Enter ANT. OF EPH. with the Officer*

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Fear me not, man. I will not break away.  
I'll give thee ere I leave thee as much money  
To warrant thee as I am 'rested for.  
My wife is in a wayward mood today,  
And will not lightly trust the messenger  
That I should be attached in Ephesus.  
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

*Enter Dromio of Ephesus, with a rope's end*

Here comes my man. I think he brings the money.  
How now, sir. Have you that I sent you for?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

But where's the money?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?  
To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

To a rope's end, sir, and to that end am I returned.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

And to that end, sir, I will welcome you.  
*He beats Dromio*

**OFFICER:**

Good sir, be patient.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Nay, 'tis for me to be patient. I am in adversity.

**OFFICER:**

Good now, hold thy tongue.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Thou whoreson, senseless villain.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

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

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Thou art sensible in nothing but blows; and so is an ass.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

I am an ass, indeed. You may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold,  
he heats me with beating. When I am warm, he cools me with beating. I am waked with it when I sleep, raised with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcomed home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar would her brat, and I think when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it.

### UNIT TWENTY THREE

*Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtesan, and a schoolmaster called Pinch.*

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Come, go along - my wife is coming yonder.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Mistress, *respice finem* - "respect your end", or rather, to prophesy like the parrot, "beware the rope's end".

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Wilt thou still talk?

*He beats Dromio*

**COURTESAN:**

How say you now? Is not your husband mad?

**ADRIANA:**

His incivility confirms no less.  
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjuror.  
Establish him in his true sense again,  
And I will please you what you demand.

**LUCINA:**

Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

**COURTESAN:**

Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy.

**PINCH:**

Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.  
*He strikes Pinch*

**PINCH:**

I charge thee, Satan, housed within this man,  
To yield possession to my holy prayers,  
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight.  
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

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

**ADRIANA:**

O that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

You minion, you, are these your customers?  
Did this companion with the saffron face  
Revel and feast it at my house today,  
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,  
And I denied to enter in my house?

**ADRIANA:**

O, husband, God doth know you dined at home,  
Where would you had remained until this time,  
Free from these slanders and this open shame.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Dined at home? (*To Dromio*) Thou villain, what sayst thou?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

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

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Were not my doors locked up, and I shut out?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Perdie, your doors were locked, and you shut out.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

And did not she herself revile me there?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.



**ANT. OF EPH.:**

And did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt and scorn me?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Certes she did. The kitchen vestal scorned you.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

And did not I in rage depart from thence?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

In verity you did. My bones bear witness,  
That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

**ADRIANA:**

Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

**PINCH:**

It is no shame. The fellow finds his vein,  
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Thou hast suborned the goldsmith to arrest me.

**ADRIANA:**

Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,  
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Money by me? Heart and good will you might,  
But surely, master, not a rag of money.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Wentst thou not to her for a purse of ducats?

**ADRIANA:**

He came to me and I delivered it.

**LUCINA:**

And I am witness with her that she did.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

God and the rope-maker bear me witness  
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

**PINCH:**

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

**ANT. OF EPH.:** (*To Adriana*)

Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth today,  
(*To Dromio of Ephesus*)  
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

**ADRIANA:**

I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

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

**ADRIANA:**

Dissembling villain, thou speakest false in both.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,  
And art confederate with a damnèd pack  
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me.  
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes  
That would behold me in this shameful sport.

**ADRIANA:**

O, bind him, bind him, let him come not near me!  
Enter three or four and offer to bind him.  
He strives

**PINCH:**

More company! The fiend is strong within him.

**LUCINA:**

Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

What, will you murder me? Thou, gaoler, thou,  
I am thy prisoner - wilt thou suffer them  
To make a rescue?

**OFFICER:**

Masters, let him go.

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

**PINCH:**

Go bind his man, for he is frantic too.  
*Dromio is bound*

**ADRIANA:**

What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?  
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man  
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

**OFFICER:**

He is my prisoner. If I let him go  
The debt he owes will be required of me.

**ADRIANA:**

I will discharge thee ere I go from thee.  
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,  
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.  
Good Master Doctor, see him safe conveyed.  
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

O most unhappy strumpet!

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Master, I am here entered in bond for you.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Out on thee, villain! Wherefore dost thou mad me?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Will you be bound for nothing? Be mad, good master -cry "the devil! "

**LUCINA:**

God help, poor souls, how idly they do talk!

**ADRIANA:**

Go, bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

*(Exeunt Pinch and his assistants carrying off ANT. OF EPH. and Dromio of Ephesus. The Officer, Adriana, Luciana, and the Courtesan remain)*

**UNIT TWENTY FOUR**

**ADRIANA:**

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

**OFFICER:**

One Angelo, a goldsmith. Do you know him?

**ADRIANA:**

I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

**OFFICER:**

Two hundred ducats.

**ADRIANA:**

Say, how grows it due?

**OFFICER:**

Due for a chain your husband had of him.

**ADRIANA:**

He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

**COURTESAN:**

When your husband all in a rage today  
Came to my house and took away a ring,  
The ring I saw upon his finger now,  
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

**ADRIANA:**

It may be so, but I did never see it.  
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is.  
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

**UNIT TWENTY FIVE**

*Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse with their rapiers drawn*

**LUCINA:**

God, for thy mercy, they are loose again!

**ADRIANA:**

And come with naked swords. Let's call more help  
To have them bound again.

**OFFICER:**

Away, they'll kill us!

*Run all out as fast as may be, frightened*

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

I see these witches are afraid of swords.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

She that would be your wife now ran from you.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Come to the Centaur. Fetch our stuff from thence.  
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Faith, stay here this night. They will surely  
do us no harm. You saw they speak us fair,  
give us gold. Methinks they are such a gentle  
nation that but for the mountain of mad flesh  
that claims marriage of me, I could find in my  
heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

I will not stay tonight for all the town;  
Therefore away to get our stuff aboard. *Exeunt*

## UNIT TWENTY SIX

*Enter Egeon and Gaoler. Exit .Enter second Merchant and Angelo the goldsmith*

**ANGELO:**

I am sorry, sir, that I have hindered you,  
But I protest he had the chain of me,  
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

**2ND MERCHANT**

How is the man esteemed here in the city?

**ANGELO:**

Of very reverend reputation, sir,  
Of credit infinite, highly beloved,  
Second to none that lives here in the city.  
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

**2ND MERCHANT**

Speak softly. Yonder, as I think, he walks.

*Enter Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse again*

**ANGELO:**

'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck  
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.  
Good sir, draw near to me. I'll speak with him.  
Signor Antipholus, I wonder much  
That you would put me to this shame and trouble,  
And not without some scandal to yourself,  
With circumstance and oaths so to deny  
This chain, which now you wear so openly.  
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,  
Who, but for staying on our controversy,  
Had hoisted sail and put to sea today.  
This chain you had of me. Can you deny it?

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

I think I had. I never did deny it.

**2ND MERCHANT**

Yes, that you did, sir, and foreswore it, too.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Who heard me to deny it or foreswear it?

**2ND MERCHANT**

These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee.  
Fie on thee wretch. 'Tis pity that thou livest  
To walk where any honest men resort.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.  
I'll prove my honour and mine honesty  
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

**2ND MERCHANT**

I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.  
*They draw*

**UNIT TWENTY SEVEN**

*Enter Adriana, Luciana, the Courtesan and others*

**ADRIANA:**

Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad.  
Some get within him, take his sword away.  
Bind Dromio too and bear them to my house.

*Exit Antipholus & Dromio of Syracuse, pursued by all. They re enter having lost their pursuers.*

*Catching*

*their breath.*

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Run, master, run! For God's sake take a house.  
This is some priory. In, or we are spoiled.

*Exeunt Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse to the priory. Enter Æmilia, the lady Abbess*

**ABBESS:**

Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

**ADRIANA:**

To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.  
Let us come in that we may bind him fast  
And bear him home for his recovery.

**ANGELO:**

I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

**2ND MERCHANT**

I am sorry now that I did draw on him.

**ABBESS:**

How long hath this possession held the man?

**ADRIANA:**

This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,  
And much, much different from the man he was.  
But till this afternoon his passion  
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

**ABBESS:**

Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea?  
Buried some dear friend? Hath not else his eye  
Strayed his affection in unlawful love,  
A sin prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing?  
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

**ADRIANA:**

To none of these except it be the last,  
Namely some love that drew him oft from home.

**ABBESS:**

You should for that have reprehended him.

**ADRIANA:**

Why, so I did.

**ABBESS:** Ay, but not rough enough.

**ADRIANA:**

As roughly as my modesty would let me.

**ABBESS:**

Haply in private.

**ADRIANA:** And in assemblies too.

**ABBESS:**

Ay, but not enough.

**ADRIANA:**

It was the copy of our conference.  
In bed he slept not for my urging it.  
At board he fed not for my urging it.  
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;  
In company I often glanced at it.  
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

**ABBESS:**

And thereof came it that the man was mad.  
The venom'd clamours of a jealous woman  
Poisons more deeply than a mad dog's tooth.  
It seems his sleeps were hindered by thy railing,  
And thereof comes it that his head was light.  
Thou sayest his meat was sauced by thy upbraidings.  
Unquiet meals make ill digestions.  
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;  
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?  
Thou sayst his sports were hindered by thy brawls.  
Sweet recreation barred, what doth ensue  
But moody moping and dull melancholy,  
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,  
And at her heels a huge infectious troop  
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life?  
In food, and sport, and life-preserving rest  
To be disturbed would mad or man or beast.  
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits  
Hath scared thy husband from the use of wits.

**LUCINA:**

She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demeaned himself rough, rude and wildly.  
( *To Adriana* )

Why bear you these rebukes and answer not?

**ADRIANA:**

She did betray me to my own reproof.  
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

**ABBESS:**

No, not a creature enters in my house.

**ADRIANA:**

Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

**ABBESS:**

Neither, he took this place for sanctuary,  
And it shall privilege him from your hands  
Till I have bought him to his wits again,  
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

**ADRIANA:**

I will attend my husband, be his nurse,  
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,  
And will have no attorney but myself.  
And therefore let me have him home with me.

**ABBESS:**

Be patient, for I will not let him stir  
Till I have used the approvèd means I have,  
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,  
To make of him a normal man again.  
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,  
A charitable duty of mine order.  
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

**ADRIANA:**

I will not hence and leave my husband here.  
And Ill it doth beseem your holiness  
To separate the husband and the wife.

**ABBESS:**

Be quiet, and depart. Thou shalt not have him.     *Exit*

**LUCINA:** ( *To Adriana* )

Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

**ADRIANA:**

Come, go. I will fall prostrate at his feet,  
And never rise until my tears and prayers  
Have won his grace to come in person hither  
To take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

**SECOND MERCHANT:**

By this, I think, the dial points at five.  
Anon, I'm sure, the Duke himself in person  
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,  
The place of death and sorry execution

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

**ANGELO:**

Upon what cause?

**2ND MERCHANT**

To see a reverend Syracusian merchant,  
Who put unluckily into this bay  
Against the laws and statutes of this town,  
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

**ANGELO:**

See where they come. We will behold his death.

**LUCINA:**

Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

**UNIT TWENTY EIGHT**

*Enter The Duke, Egeon, Gaoler . Enter a Messenger running who comes directly to Adriana.*

**MESSENGER:**

O, mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!  
My master and his man are both broke loose.  
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you,  
To scorch your face and to disfigure you! *Exit.*

*There is a terrifying, primal scream off stage "ADRIANA!"*

**LUCINA:**

Hark, hark, I hear him sister. Fly, be gone!

**ADRIANA:**

Ay me, it is my husband. Witness you  
That he is borne about invisible.  
Even now we housed him in the Abbey here,  
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

**DUKE:**

Come, stand by me. Fear nothing.  
*Enter Antipholus & Dromio of Ephesus.*

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Justice, most gracious Duke, O grant me justice,  
Even for the service that long since I did thee  
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took  
Deep scars to save thy life. Even for the blood  
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice!

**EGEON:** (*Aside*)

Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,  
I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there,  
She whom thou gavest to me be my wife;  
That hath abusèd and dishonoured me  
Even in the strength and height of injury.  
Beyond imagination is the wrong  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.



**DUKE:**

Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

This day, great Duke, she shut the doors upon me  
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

**DUKE:**

A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so?

**ADRIANA:**

No, my good lord. Myself, he and my sister  
Today did dine together. So befall my soul  
As this is false he burdens me withal.

**LUCINA:**

Ne'er may I look on day nor sleep at night  
But she tells to your highness simple truth.

**ANGELO:** (*Aside*)

O perjured woman! They are both forsworn.  
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

My leige, I am advisèd what I say,  
Neither disturbed with the effect of wine  
Nor heady-rash provokèd with raging ire.  
This woman locked me out this day from dinner.  
That goldsmith there, were he not packed with her,  
Could witness it, for he was with me then,  
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,  
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,  
Where Balthasar and I did dine together.  
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,  
I went to seek him. In the street I met him,  
And in his company that gentleman.  
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down  
That I this day of him received the chain,  
Which, God he knows, I saw not. For the which  
He did arrest me with an officer.  
I did obey, and sent my peasant home  
For certain ducats. He with none returned.  
Then fairly I bespoke the officer  
To go in person with me to my house.  
By the way we met  
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more  
Of vile confederates. Along with them  
They brought one Pinch, a hungry, lean-faced villain,  
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,  
A threadbare juggler and a fortune teller,  
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch,

A living dead man. This pernicious slave,  
Forsooth, took on him as conjuror,  
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse  
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,  
Cries out I was possessed. Then all together  
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,  
And in a dark and dankish vault at home  
There left me and my man, both bound together,  
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,  
I gained my freedom, and immediately  
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech  
To give me simple satisfaction  
For these deep shames and great indignities.

**ANGELO:**

My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him:  
That he dined not at home, but was locked out.

**DUKE:**

But he had such a chain of thee, or no?

**ANGELO:**

He had, my lord, and when he ran in here  
These people saw the chain about his neck.

**2ND MERCHANT** (*to ANT. OF EPH.*)

Besides, I will be sworn these ears of mine  
Heard you confess you had the chain of him  
After you first forswore it on the mart,  
And thereupon I drew on you;  
And then you fled into this abbey here,  
From whence I think you are come by miracle.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

I never came within these abbey walls,  
Nor ever didst thou draw on me.  
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven,  
And this is false you burden me withal.

**DUKE:**

Why, what an intricate impeach is this!  
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.  
If here you roused him, here he would have been.  
If he were mad he would not plead so coldly. (*To Adriana*)  
You say he dined at home. The goldsmith here  
Denies that saying. (*To Dromio of Ephesus*) Sirrah, what  
say you?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Sir, he dined with her there at the Porcupine.

**COURTESAN:**

He did, and from my finger snatched that ring.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

'Tis true, my leige, this ring I had of her.

**DUKE:**

Sawest thou him enter at the abbey here?

**COURTESAN:**

As sure, my leige, as I do see your grace.

**DUKE:**

Why, this is strange. Go call the Abbess hither.

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

*Exit one to the Abbess*

**EGEON:**

Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a word.

Happly I see a friend will save my life

And pay the sum that may deliver me.

**DUKE:**

Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

**EGEON:**

Is not your name, sir, called Antipholus?

And is not that your bondman Dromio?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Within this hour I was his bondman, sir,

But he, I thank him, gnawed in two my cords.

Now am I, Dromio, and his man, unbound.

**EGEON:**

I am sure you both of you remember me.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you,

For lately we were bound as you are now.

You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

**EGEON:**

Why look you strange on me? You know me well.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

I never saw you in my life till now.

**EGEON:**

O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last,

And careful hours with time's deformèd hand

Have written strange defeatures in my face.

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Neither.

**EGEON:**

Dromio, nor thou?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

No, trust me, sir, nor I.

**EGEON:**

I am sure thou dost?

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not, and whatsoever a man denies

you are now bound to believe him.

**EGEON:**

Not know my voice?  
All my old senses, I cannot err,  
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

I never saw my father in my life.

**EGEON:**

But five years since, in Syracuse, boy,  
Thou knowest we parted. But perhaps, my son,  
Thou shamest to acknowledge me in misery.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

The Duke and all that know me in the city  
Can witness with me that it is not so.  
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

**DUKE:**

I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty years  
Have I been patron to Antipholus,  
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.  
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

#### UNIT TWENTY NINE

*Enter Æmelia, the Abbess, with Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse*

**ABBESS:**

Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wronged.  
*All gather to see them*

**ADRIANA:**

I see two husbands or mine eyes deceive me.

**DUKE:**

One of these men is genius to the other;  
And so, of these, which is the natural man,  
And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

I, sir, am Dromio. Command him away.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

I, sir, am Dromio. Pray let me stay.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

Egeon art thou not? or else his ghost.

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

O, my old master - who hath bound him here?

**ABBESS:**

Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,  
And gain a husband by his liberty.  
Speak, old Egeon, if thou beest the man  
That had a wife once called Æmelia,  
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.

**EGEON:**

If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.  
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son  
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

**ABBESS:**

By men of Epidamnum he and I  
And the twin Dromio all were taken up.  
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth  
By force took Dromio and my other son from them,  
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.  
What then became of them I cannot tell.  
I, to this fortune that you see me in.  
O, if thou beest the same Egeon speak,  
And speak unto the same Æmilia

**DUKE:**

Why here begins this story right.  
These two Antipholus', these two so like,  
And these two Dromio's, one in semblance,  
Besides her urging of her rack at sea -  
These are the parents to these children,  
Which accidentally are met together  
( *To Antipholus of Syracuse* )  
Antipholus, thou camest from Corinth first.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

No, sir, not I. I came from Syracuse.

**DUKE:**

Stay, stand apart. I know not which is which.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

And I with him.

**ADRIANA:**

Which of you two did dine with me today?

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

I, gentle mistress.

**ADRIANA:**

And are not you my husband?

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

No, I say nay to that.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

And so do I. Yet did she call me so,  
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,  
Did call me brother. ( *To Luciana* ) What I told you then  
I hope I shall have leisure to make good,  
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

**ANGELO:**

That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

I think it be, sir. I deny it not.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

**ANGELO:**

I think I did, sir. I deny it not.

**ADRIANA:** (*To ANT. OF EPH.*)

I sent you money, sir, to be your bail  
By Dromio, but I think he brought it not.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

No, none by me.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

This purse of ducats I received from you,  
And Dromio my man did bring them me.  
I see we did still meet eachother's man,  
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,  
And thereupon these errors are arose.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

These ducats pawn I for my father here.

**DUKE:**

It shall not need. Thy father hath his life.

**COURTESAN:**

Sir, I must have that ring from you.

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

There, take it, and much thanks for thy good cheer.

**ABBESS:**

Renownèd Duke, vouchsafe to take the pains  
To go with us into the abbey here,  
And hear at large discoursèd all our fortunes,  
And all that are assembled in this place,  
That by this sympathizèd one day's error  
Have suffered wrong. Go, keep us company,  
And we shall make full satisfaction.  
Twenty five years have I but gone in travail  
Of you, my sons, until this present hour  
And my heavy burden ne'er deliverèd.  
The Duke, my husband, and my children both,  
And you, the calendars of their nativity,  
Go to a merry feast, and joy with me.  
After so long grief, much festivity.

**DUKE:**

With all my heart I'll revel at this feast.

*Exeunt all but the two Dromios and the two brothers Antipholus*

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:** (*To ANT. OF EPH.*)

Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

**ANT. OF EPH.:**

Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarked?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Your goods that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

**ANT. OF SYR.:**

He speaks to me - I am your master, Dromio!

Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon.

Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

*Exeunt the brothers Antipholus*

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

There is a fat friend at your master's house

That kitchened me for you today at dinner.

She now shall be my sister, not my wife!

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother.

I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their revelling?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

Not I, sir. You are my elder.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

That's a question. How shall we try it?

**DROMIO. OF SYR.:**

We'll draw cuts for the senior. Till then lead thou first.

**DROMIO. OF EPH.:**

Nay then, thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother,

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. *Exeunt.*