(The set is a large office desk and chairs center stage. At some point before the “curtain” the DUKE makes his way into his office and sits at his desk quietly, reading. He continues to read or work, even as the pre-show speech is being done, possibly side eyeing or interacting with the speech, or completely absorbed in his own work.)

Overture

(Music Begins. The DUKE remains at his desk, while above (or downstage) we see ANGELO and MARIANA meet and “break up” film noir style. Possibly she hands him something, a trinket he has given her. She tries to reach out to him, but he coldly and stoically walks away, leaving her alone. ESCALUS enters with a stack of newspapers for the DUKE, and to collect some papers from him (office Business as usual).)

(The DUKE opens the first paper - we see “WAR!! PEARL HARBOR ATTACKED” and “VIENNA CALIFORNIA PREPARES FOR WAR”)

HATHAWAY SISTERS

LA LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA LA LA
LA LA LA
LA LA
LA LA!

Opening

(The DUKE never leaves his desk - but around him materializes the OVERDONE’S club. LUCIO, his girls, and the ensemble flood the stage. There are Sailors, Zoot suiters, and girls dancing wildly and having a grand time. At some moment we catch a glimpse of interaction with CLAUDIO and JULIET interacting romantically- but she never misses a beat performing (maybe he swings by to give her a flower and a quick kiss).)

LUCIO

Ladies and Gentleman, Cats and Queens, Welcome to Vienna’s seediest, swinginest, hottest spot to trot. It’s the California dream on the dark side of the street - Welcome to the Dark Lady Lounge!

HATHAWAY SISTER (SOLO)

OF ALL THE BOYS I’VE KNOWN, AND I’VE KNOWN SOME
UNTIL I FIRST MET YOU, I WAS LONESOME
AND WHEN YOU CAME IN SIGHT, DEAR, MY HEART GREW LIGHT
AND THIS OLD WORLD SEEMED NEW TO ME

YOU’RE REALLY SWELL, I HAVE TO ADMIT YOU
LUCIO

WHATS THAT?

HATHAWAY SISTER

DESERVE EXPRESSIONS THAT REALLY FIT YOU

LUCIO

OH YES!

HATHAWAY SISTER

AND SO I’VE RACKED MY BRAIN, HOPING TO EXPLAIN 
ALL THE THINGS YOU DO TO ME

HATHAWAY SISTERS

BEI MIR BIST DU SCHON, PLEASE LET ME EXPLAIN
BEI MIR BIST DU SCHON MEANS THAT YOU’RE GRAND
BEI MIR BIST DU SCHON, AGAIN AND AGAIN
IT MEANS YOU’RE THE FAIREST IN THE LAND

I COULD SAY BELLA, BELLA, EVEN SAY SEHR WUNDERBAR
EACH LANGUAGE ONLY HELPS ME TELL YOU HOW GRAND YOU ARE!

I’VE TRIED TO EXPLAIN BEI MIR BIST DU SCHON
SO KISS ME AND SAY YOU UNDERSTAND.

LUCIO

I’M AS HAPPY AS A KING,
FEELIN’ GOOD N’ EVERYTHING
JUST LIKE LIKE A BIRD IN THE SPRING
GOT TO LET IT OUT
IT’S MY SWEETIE, CAN’T YOU GUESS?
WILD ABOUT HER, I CONFESS!
DOES SHE LOVE ME?

HATHAWAY SISTERS

OH MY, YES!

LUCIO

THAT’S WHY I SHOUT:
EVERYBODY LOVES MY BABY,
BUT MY BABY DON’T LOVE NOBODY BUT ME.
NOBODY BUT ME.
LUCIO
NO, NO, NO,
EVERYBODY WANTS MY
BABY, BUT ME—

THAT’S PLAIN TO SEE

HATHAWAY SISTERS
I’VE TRIED TO EXPLAIN
BEI MIR BIST DU SCHON
SO KISS ME
AND SAY YOU UNDERSTAND.

LUCIO, HATHAWAY SISTER (SOLO)
NOW WHEN MY BABY KISSES ME
UPON MY ROSY CHEEKS
WELL I JUST LET THOSE KISSES BE,
DON’T WASH MY FACE FOR WEEKS

LUCIO
EVERYBODY LOVES MY BABY,
BUT MY BABY DON’T LOVE
NOBODY BUT ME.
NOBODY BUT ME.

HATHAWAY SISTERS
EVERYBODY WANTS MY BABY,
BUT MY BABY DON’T WANT
NOBODY BUT ME.
NOBODY BUT ME.

HATHAWAY SISTER (SOLO)
IF YOUR BLUE AND YOU DON’T KNOW WHERE TO GO TO
WHY DON’T YOU GO WHERE VIENNA SITS,
PUTTIN’ ON THE RITZ

SPANGLED GOWNS UPON A BEVY OF HIGH BROWNS
FROM DOWN THE LEVEE ALL MISFITS,
PUTTIN’ ON THE RITZ

LUCIO
(The following dialogue is subject to heavy doses of improvisation.)

I of course am your master of music, your host with the most, King of swing, Sultan of seduction — but you all can call me Lucio.

We’ve got a grand night planned for you fine folks, a grand night. We have romance and heartache, seduction, scandal, suspense, mysteries, revelations, and most importantly we’ll be asking you for money later on so find your cash now.
Don’t worry, this is a Shakespeare show, you’ll get your forty lines of blank verse sir calm down
ALT sir, you’ll get your iambic pentameter, please calm down.
The night is cool and the lights are hot, So tell me, are you ready for a show?

(The crowd cheers.)

Either you’ve all lost your voices or I’m going deaf, let me hear you, I said are you ready for a show?!!

(The crowd cheers.)

Let’s go girls!

**LUCIO**
COMING WITH ME AND WE’LL ATTEND THEIR JUBILEE
AND SEE THEM SPEND THEIR LAST TWO BITS,
PUTTING ON THE RITZ.

**EVERYBODY**
PUTTING ON THE RITZ.
PUTTING ON THE RITZ.

**LUCIO**
(The following dialogue is subject to improvisation.)

We are just getting started folks, Ladies and Gentlemen, it’s my pleasure to introduce the
midnight mistress with the soul for sorrow, you know her, you love her, Madam Mariana!

**MARIANA**
I’M NOBODY’S SWEETHEART NOW,
THERE’S NO PLACE FOR YOU SOMEHOW,
FANCY CLOTHES, SILKEN GOWN,
YOU’LL BE OUT OF PLACE IN YOUR OWN HOMETOWN.

**HATHAWAY SISTERS**
WHEN YOU WALK DOWN THE AVENUE,
WE JUST CAN’T BELIEVE THAT IT’S YOU.

**MARIANA**
PAINTED LIPS, PAINTED EYES,
WEARING A BIRD OF PARADISE
MARIANA, HATHAWAY SISTERS
IT FEELS SO WRONG SOMEHOW,

MARIANA
BUT I’M NOBODY’S SWEETHEART NOW!

LUCIO
(The following dialogue is subject to improvisation.)

Madam Mariana, Ladies and Gentleman!

(Appause)

And finally there would be no Dark Lady without the original West cost Madam, Verona’s GrandDame of Swing, the Duchess of Desire, put your hands together for Mama Overdone!

OVERDONE
RED HOT MAMA
RED HOT MAMA
YOU’RE THE ONE I KNEED!
RED HOT MAMA
YES INDEED!

I CLAIM THAT YOU SHOULD BE
IN THE FOLLIES, HOT TAMALES!
YOU GOT A PAIR OF EYES,
JUST LIKE OLD SVENGALIS.

(The DUKE opens the final paper, revealing the headline “zoot suit riot- violence on the streets” In the middle of the dance floor an altercation begins between a Sailor and Zoot Suiter. It quickly escalates when one of the sailors opening attacks a Zoot Suiter, who is outnumbered outnumbering him. The fight quickly spreads is wide spread.)

HATHAWAY SISTERS
I’VE TRIED TO EXPLAIN BEI MIR BIST DU SCHON
SO KISS ME AND SAY YOU UNDERSTAND.

(Sirens are heard, and soon the police are on the scene arresting, and breaking up the fight. The music ends as everyone clear's the scene and the DUKE slams his paper down on the final note with a frustration and determination)
MEASURE FOR MEASURE

1.1

(Enter DUKE, ESCALUS.)

DUKE Escalus.
ESCALUS My lord.
DUKE
Of government the properties to unfold
Would seem in me tʼaffect speech and discourse,
Since I am put to know that your own science
Exceeds in that the lists of all advice
My strength can give you. Then no more remains
But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our cityʼs institutions and the terms
For common justice, youʼre as pregnant in
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp. — Call hither,
I say, bid come before us Angelo. —
What figure of us think you he will bear?

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 graceʼs will,
I come to know your pleasure.
DUKE Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life
That to thʼ observer doth thy history
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.
But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise.
Hold therefore, Angelo:
In our remove, be thou at full ourself.
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart;

Take thy commission.
ANGELO    Now, good my lord,
    Let there be some more test made of my metal
    Before so noble and so great a figure
    Be stamped upon it.
DUKE     No more evasion.
    We have with a leavened and prepared choice
    Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.
    We shall write to you,
    As time and our concernings shall importune[.]
    So fare you well.
    To th’ hopeful execution do I leave you
    Of your commissions.
ANGELO    Yet give leave, my lord,
    That we may bring you something on the way.
DUKE     My haste may not admit it.
    Give me your hand.
    your scope is as mine own,
    So to enforce or qualify the laws
    As to your soul seems good.
    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; and it concerns me
    To look into the bottom of my place.
    A power I have, but of what strength and nature
    I am not yet instructed.
ANGELO    'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw together,
    And we may soon our satisfaction have
    Touching that point.

Exeunt.
1.1-1.2 Transition - OH JOHNNY, OH JOHNNY, OH!

(As the scene transitions from the DUKE’S office to the club, the HATHAWAY SISTERS appear above.)

HATHAWAY SISTERS

OH, JOHNNY! OH, JOHNNY!
HOW YOU CAN LOVE
OH, JOHNNY! OH, JOHNNY!
HEAVENS ABOVE
YOU MAKE MY SAD HEART JUMP FOR JOY
AND WHEN YOU’RE NEAR ME I JUST CAN’T SIT STILL A MINUTE
I’M SO, OH, JOHNNY! OH, JOHNNY!
PLEASE TELL ME DEAR
WHAT MAKES ME LOVE YOU SO?
YOU’RE NOT HANDSOME, IT’S TRUE
BUT WHEN I LOOK AT YOU
I JUST, OH JOHNNY!
OH, JOHNNY! OH!

(We are now in the Overdone’s Club, the SISTERS are rehearsing while patrons mill about.)
Enter LUCIO and two others Gentleman.

LUCIO If the Duke, with the other dukes, come not to composition with the King, why then all the dukes fall upon the King.

1 GENTLEMAN Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King!

2 GENTLEMAN Amen.

LUCIO Thou conclud’st like the sanctimonious pirate that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scraped one out of the table.

[CLAUDIO] Thou shalt not steal?

LUCIO Ay, that he razed.

1 GENTLEMAN They put forth to steal. There’s not a soldier of us all that in the thanksgiving before meat do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 GENTLEMAN I never heard any soldier dislike it.

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

Grace is grace, despite of all controversy, as for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 GENTLEMAN 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.

1 GENTLEMAN And thou the velvet[.]

I had as lief be a list of an English kersey as be piled as thou art piled for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

LUCIO I think thou dost. And indeed with most painful feeling of thy speech, I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

Enter [OVERDONE, a] bawd.

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

LUCIO sound, as things that are hollow — thy bones are hollow. Impiety has made a feast of thee.
OVERDONE Well, well. There's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

2 GENTLEMAN Who's that, I prithee?
OVERDONE Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.
1 GENTLEMAN Claudio to prison? 'tis not so.
OVERDONE Nay, but I know 'tis so.

And which is more, within these three days his head to be chopped off.

LUCIO Art thou sure of this?
OVERDONE I am too sure of it, and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

OVERDONE Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

Enter POMPEY.

POMPEY Yonder man is carried to prison.
OVERDONE Well, what has he done?
POMPEY A woman.
OVERDONE But what's his offence?
POMPEY Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.
OVERDONE What? Is there a maid with child by him?
POMPEY No, but there's a woman with maid by him.

You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?
OVERDONE What proclamation, man?
POMPEY All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be plucked down.
OVERDONE And what shall become of those in the city?
POMPEY They shall stand for seed. They had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.
OVERDONE But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pulled down?
POMPEY To the ground, mistress.
OVERDONE Why here's a change indeed in the commonwealth. What shall become of me?
POMPEY Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Exeunt [Gentlemen].
Enter PROVOST, CLAUDIO, JULIET, [and] Officers.

CLAUDIO
Thus can the demigod, Authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.
The words of heaven — on whom it will, it will,
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

[Enter LUCIO.]

LUCIO
Why, how now, Claudio! Whence comes this restraint?

CLAUDIO
From too much liberty, my Lucio. Liberty[.]

LUCIO
What’s thy offence, Claudio?

LUCIO  Lechery?
CLAUDIO  Call it so.

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

LUCIO  A hundred, if they'll do you any good. Is lechery
so looked after?

CLAUDIO
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.

We thought it meet to hide our love
Till time had made them for us. But it chances
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

LUCIO
With child, perhaps?

CLAUDIO  Unhappily, even so.
And 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 — but this new governor
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties
Which have like unsoured armour hung by th’ wall[.]
and for a name
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me. 'Tis surely for a name.
LUCIO I warrant it is.

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.

LUCIO I'll to her —
CLAUDIO I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Exeunt.
[As LUCIO exits and the Officers remove CLAUDIO and sever other patrons, Overdone is left alone in her club. As she cleans off a table, she hummus a few a cappella bars of “Birth of the Blues”]

OVERDONE

AND FROM A JAIL THEY TOOK THE WAIL
OF A DOWN HEARTED FRAIL,
AND THEY CALLED THAT …

[Instrumental music picks up. OVERDONE exits as we open our next scene in the Church with THOMAS assisting the DUKE in preparing himself for his plans.]
Enter DUKE and Friar THOMAS.

DUKE
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.

THOMAS May your grace speak of it?

DUKE
My holy sir, none better knows than you  
How I have ever loved the life removed[.]

I have delivered to Lord Angelo,  
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna[.]

Now, pious sir,  
You will demand of me why I do this.

THOMAS Gladly, my lord.

DUKE
We have strict statutes and most biting laws,  
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong weeds,  
Which for this fourteen years we have let slip,  
Even like an o’ergrown lion in a cave  
That goes not out to prey. Now  
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.

THOMAS It rested in your grace  
To unloose this tied-up justice when you pleased,  
And it in you more dreadful would have seemed  
Than in Lord Angelo.

DUKE 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 —  
Therefore, father,  
I have on Angelo imposed the office,  
Who may in th’ambush of my name strike home,  
And yet my nature never in the fight  
To do in slander. 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
Like a true friar.

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

Exeunt.
Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA[,] and Nuns.

LUCIO (within)
   Ho! Peace be in this place.

FRANCISCA
   Gentle Isabella,
   Turn you the key and know his business of him;
   You may; I may not.
   [Lucio calls within.]
      I pray you, answer him.

   [Exit.]

ISABELLA
   Peace and prosperity. Who is’t that calls?

   [Enter LUCIO.]

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

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

LUCIO
   Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
   Not to be weary with you, he’s in prison.

ISABELLA
   Woe me! For what?

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

ISABELLA
   Sir, make me not your story.

LUCIO
   'Tis true.
      Your brother and his lover have embraced;
      her plenteous womb
      Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

ISABELLA
   Someone 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 snowbroth[.]
            He, to give fear to use and liberty,
            Which have for long run by the hideous law
            As mice by lions, hath picked 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.

ISABELLA
    Doth he so seek his life?
LUCIO
    ’as censured him already, and as I hear,
        The provost hath a warrant for’s 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 makes us lose the good we oft might win,
        By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo
        And let him learn to know when maidens sue
        Men give like gods, but when they weep and kneel,
        All their petitions are as freely theirs
        As they themselves would owe them.
ISABELLA
    I’ll see what I can do.
LUCIO
    But speedily.
ISABELLA
    I will about it straight,
        Good sir, adieu.

Exeunt.
(As ISABELLA and the other sisters leave the stage, the music begins and LUCIO turns to the audience with a knowing grin.)

LUCIO

THEY HEARD THE BREEZE IN THE TREES
SINGING WEIRD MELODIES
AND THEY MADE THAT
PART OF THE BLUES

AND FROM A JAIL THEY TOOK THE WAIL
OF A DOWN HEARTED FRAIL,
AND THEY PLAYED THAT
IT’S PART OF THE BLUES

FROM A WHIPPOORWILL OUT ON A HILL
THEY TOOK A NEW NOTE
PUSHED IT THROUGH A HORN
‘TIL IT WAS BORN A NEW BLUE NOTE

AND THEN THEY NURSED IT, REHEARSED IT,
AND GAVE OUT THE NEWS
THAT THE SOUTH LANDS
GAVE BIRTH TO THE BLUES!

(By the time LUCIO is finished singing, we are in the office of ANGELO.)
Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS.

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.

Let but your honour know,

That in the working of your own affections,

Whether you had not sometime in your life
Erred in this point which now you censure him
And pulled the law upon you.

ANGELO
'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall.

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 tomorrow morning.
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepared,
For that’s the utmost of his pilgrimage.

ESCALUS [aside]
Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all:
Some rise by sin and some by virtue fall,
2.1.2  

(Transition outside ANGELO'S Office.)

ELBOW   Come, bring [him] away: if these be good people  
in a commonweal, that do nothing but use their abuses  

ANGELO   How now, sir, 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 [a] notorious benefactor.  

ANGELO   Benefactor? not malefactor?  

ELBOW    If it please your honour, I know not well what  
[he is], but precise villain that I am sure  
of.  

ESCALUS  This comes off well. 

ANGELO [to Pompey] 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,  
plucked down in the suburbs; and now she professes a  
hothouse, 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. 

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

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

ESCALUS [to Angelo] Do you hear how he misplaces?  

POMPEY    Sir, she came in great with child, and longing,  
saving your honour’s reverence, for stewed prunes;  
sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very  
distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit dish — a dish of  
some threepence — your honours have seen such dishes  
— they are not china dishes, but very good dishes.
ESCALUS  Go to, go to. No matter for the dish, sir.

POMPEY  No indeed sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right, but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said — Master Froth having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly. For, as you know, I could not give [him] threepence again.

[ELBOW]  No, indeed.

POMPEY  Very well. [He] being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

FROTH  Ay, so.

POMPEY  Why, very well. I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

FROTH  All this is true.

POMPEY  Why, very well then.

ESCALUS  Come, you are a tedious fool.

ANGELO  
This will last out a night in Russia
     I’ll take my leave
And leave you to the hearing of the cause,
Hoping you’ll find good cause to whip them [both].

ESCALUS  I think no less.

Exit [Angelo].

Now, sir, come on. What was done to Elbow’s wife, once more, [that he hath cause to complain of?]

POMPEY  Once, sir? There was nothing done to her once.

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

POMPEY  I beseech your honour, ask me.

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 is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman or child.

POMPEY  Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.
ELBOW O thou caitiff, O thou varlet, O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer — prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

ESCALUS If he took you a box o’th’ear, you might have your action of slander too.

ELBOW What is’t your worship’s pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

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 knowst 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 What trade are you of, sir?

POMPHEY A tapster; a poor widow’s tapster.

ESCALUS Your mistress’ name?

POMPHEY Mistress Overdone.

ESCALUS Hath she had any more than one husband?

POMPEY Nine, sir;

ESCALUS Nine?

POMPEY Overdone by the last.

ESCALUS What’s your name, Master Tapster?

POMPEY Pompey.

ESCALUS What else?

POMPEY Bum, sir.

ESCALUS Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that in the beastliest sense, you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not?

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

ESCALUS How would you live, Pompey? By being a bawd? Is it a lawful trade?

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

   If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey
told you so.
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
   If I do, Pompey,
   I shall beat you to your tent and prove a shrewd Caesar
to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you
Whipped. So for this time, Pompey, fare you well.
POMPEY I thank your worship for your good counsel;
   [aside] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune
shall better determine.

Exit.

ESCALUS Come hither to me, Master Elbow, come
hither, Master Constable. How long have you been in
this place of constable?
ELBOW Seven year, and a half, sir.

ESCALUS You say seven years together.
ELBOW And a half, sir.

ESCALUS Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?
ELBOW 'Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters; as
   they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them.

ESCALUS Look you bring me in the names of some six
or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.
   Fare you well.

[Exit Elbow.]

ESCALUS It grieves me for the death of Claudio,
   But there’s no remedy.
   It is but needful.
   Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
   Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

Exeunt.

(Instrumental Music transition)
2.2

(ANGELO’S Office. ANGELO enters to find the PROVOST waiting for him.)

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?
Why dost thou ask again?

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

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

PROVOST
I crave your honour’s pardon:
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?

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

[Enter [Escalus].]

[ESCALUS]
Here is the sister of the man condemned
Desires access to you.

ANGELO
Well, let her be admitted. [Exit [Escalus].]

Enter LUCIO and ISABELLA.

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

24
At war 'twixt will and will not.

ANGELO     Well, the matter?
ISABELLA
    I have a brother is condemned to die;
    I do beseech you let it be his fault,
    And not my brother.
ANGELLO
    Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
    Why every fault’s condemned ere it be done.

ISABELLA
    I had a brother then; heaven keep your honour.
LUCIO [aside to Isabella]
    Give’t not o’er so.

    You are too cold[.]

ISABELLA
    Must he needs die?
ANGELLO          Maiden, no remedy.
ISABELLA
    Yes, I do think that you might pardon him,
    And neither heaven nor man grieve at the mercy.
ANGELLO
    I will not do’t.
ISABELLA        But can you if you would?
ANGELLO
    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 touched with that remorse
    As mine is to him?
ANGELLO
    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 again. Well, believe this,
    No ceremony that to great ones longs,

    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 slipped like him.
    But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

ANGELLO
Pray you be gone.

ISABELLA
I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel. Should it then be thus?
No. I would tell what ’twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

LUCIO [aside]
Ay, touch him: there’s the vein.

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
Tomorrow? 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] Ay, well said.

ANGELO The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.
    Now ’tis awake,
Takes note of what is done,
Either now, or by remissness new conceived,
And so in progress to be hatched and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But ere they live, to end.

ISABELLA Yet show some pity.

ANGELO I show it most of all when I show justice,

Your brother dies tomorrow; be content.

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

LUCIO [aside] That’s well said.

ISABELLA Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would never be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder,
Nothing but thunder.
    but man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he’s most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep, who with our spleens
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

LUCIO [aside to Isabella]
He’s coming: I perceive’t.

PROVOST [aside]
Pray heaven she win him.

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’th’ 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] —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
Bribe me?

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

ANGELO
Well, come to me tomorrow.

LUCIO [aside to Isabells] Go to, ’tis well; away.

ISABELLA
Heaven keep your honour safe.

ANGELO
Amen.

ISABELLA
At what hour tomorrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

ANGELO
At any time ’fore noon.

ISABELLA
Save your honour.  [Exeunt Isabella, Lucio and Provost.]

ANGELO
What's this? What's this? Is this her fault or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most, ha?
Not she, nor doth she tempt, but it is I
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness?

O, fie, fie, fie,
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully for those things
That make her good? O, let her brother live.
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?
O cunning enemy that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook!

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 wondered how.

Exit.
( ANGELO lingers as the music begins. SISTERS sing over the following scene transition.)

HATHAWAY SISTERS
OH, SWEET AND LOVELY LADY, BE GOOD
OH, LADY, BE GOOD TO ME
I AM SO AWF’LY MISUNDERSTOOD
SO LADY BE GOOD TO ME
OH, PLEASE HAVE SOME PITY
I’M ALL ALONE IN THIS BIG CITY
I TELL YOU I’M JUST A LONESOME BABE IN THE WOODS,
SO LADY BE GOOD TO ME

( SISTERS exit. We are now in the Police station.)
2.3

Enter DUKE [disguised as a friar] and PROVOST.

DUKE
Hail to you, Provost, so I think you are.

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

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

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

Enter JULIET.

Look here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,
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
When must he die?

PROVOST       As I do think, tomorrow —

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

JULIET
I do, and bear the shame most patiently.

DUKE
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
Love you the man that wronged you?

JULIET
Yes, as I love the woman that wronged him.

DUKE
So then it seems your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed.

JULIET           Mutually.

DUKE
Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

JULIET
I do confess it and repent it, father.

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

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

DUKE
There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die tomorrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.
Grace go with you, benedicite.

JULIET
Must die tomorrow? O injurious love
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror.

PROVOST
'Tis pity of him.

Exit.

Exeunt.
ANGELO and MARIANA (above) as the music begins. ANGELO moves to the desk and does everything to focus on his work, but it is a struggle.

**MARIANA**

**HOW COME YOU DO ME LIKE YOU DO DO DO?**

**HOW COME YOU DO ME LIKE YOU DO?**

**WHY DO YOU TRY TO MAKE ME FEEL SO BLUE?**

**I’VE DONE NOTHING TO YOU.**

(ISABELLA appears, dressed in Cabaret attire. ANGELO can not take his eyes off her.)

**DO ME RIGHT OR ELSE JUST LET ME BE.**

‘CAUSE I CAN BEAT YOU DOING WHAT YOU’RE DOING TO ME.

**HOW COME YOU DO ME LIKE YOU DO DO DO?**

**HOW COME YOU DO ME LIKE YOU DO?**

2.4

Enter ANGELO.

ANGELO

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects. Heaven hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel. Heaven in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew his name,
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception. The state whereon I studied
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown sere and tedious; yea, my gravity
Wherein, let no man hear me, I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume

(ISABELLA departs)

Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? Blood, thou art blood,
Let’s write good angel on the devil’s horn,
'Tis not the devil’s crest.

(There is a knock at the door, and the music is gone. ANGELO is alone. After a moment, ESCALUS enters)
[ESCALUS]
One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

ANGELO

[Exit [Escalus]]

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 a while, 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
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 stained?
ISABELLA    Sir, believe this:  
           I had rather give my body than my soul.

ANGELO     I talk not of your soul; our compelled sins  
           Stand more for number than for account.

ISABELLA   How say you?

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

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

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

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

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

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

ANGELO     Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright  
           When it doth tax itself,  
           But [here] mark me,  
           To be received plain, I’ll speak more gross:  
           Your brother is to die.

ISABELLA   So.

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

ISABELLA   True.

ANGELO     Admit no other way to save his life,  
           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,  
Th’ impression of keen whips I’d wear as rubies,  
And strip myself to death, as to a bed  
That longing have been sick for, ere I’d yield  
My body up to shame.

ANGELO
Then must your brother die.

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

ANGELO
Were not you then as cruel as the sentence  
That you have slandered so?

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

ANGELO
You seemed 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 expressed
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’t.

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

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

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

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

ANGELO Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoiled name, th’ austereness of my life,
My vouch against you and my place i’th’ 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 tomorrow,
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 selfsame tongue
Either of condemnation or approof,
Bidding the law make curtsy to their will,
Hooking both right and wrong to th' 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 abhorred 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.
(The Music begins. As ISABELLA makes her exit, LUCIO appears above.)

LUCIO

HOW COME YOU DO ME LIKE YOU DO DO DO?
HOW COME YOU DO ME LIKE YOU DO?
WHY DO YOU TRY TO MAKE ME FEEL SO BLUE?
I’VE DONE NOTHING TO YOU.

DO ME RIGHT OR ELSE JUST LET ME BE.
’CAUSE I CAN BEAT YOU DOING WHAT YOU’RE DOING TO ME.
HOW COME YOU DO ME LIKE YOU DO DO DO?
HOW COME YOU DO ME LIKE YOU DO?

(LUCIO exits as we transition to the prison.)
DUKE
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
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; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skyey influences
That dost this habitation where thou keepst
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death’s fool,
For him thou labour’st by thy flight to shun
And yet run’st toward him still. Thou art not noble,
For all th’ accommodations that thou bear’st
Are nursed by baseness. Thou’rt by no means valiant,
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok’st, yet grossly fear’st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself,
For thou exists on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not,
For what thou hast not still thou striv’st to get,
And what thou hast, forget’st. Thou art not certain,
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou’rt poor,
For like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear’st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee. Friend hast thou none,
For thine own bowels which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo and the rheum
For ending thee no sooner. 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? Yet in this life
Lie hid mo thousand deaths; yet death we fear
That makes these odds all even.
CLAUDIO      I humbly thank you.

Enter ISABELLA [and Provost].

PROVOST    Look, signior, here’s your sister.
DUKE      Provost, a word with you.
PROVOST As many as you please.
DUKE      Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be concealed.

[Exeunt Duke and Provost]

CLAUDIO      Now sister, what’s the comfort?
ISABELLA Why, Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
	Tomorrow you set on.
CLAUDIO Is there no remedy?
ISABELLA None, but such remedy as to save a head
To cleft a heart in twain.

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you’ll implore it, that will free your life
But fetter you till death.
CLAUDIO Perpetual durance?
ISABELLA Ay, just, perpetual durance, a restraint,
Though all the world’s vastity you had,
To a determined scope.
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,
Dar’st thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle that we tread upon
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
CLAUDIO
Why give you me this shame?
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;
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
O, ’tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned’st body to invest and cover
In prenzie guards; dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity
Thou might’st 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 tomorrow.

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 th’ 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 imprisoned 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.
   Theweariest 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 played my father fair,
   For such a warped slip of wilderness
   Ne’er issued from his blood. Take my defiance,
   Die, perish. Might but my bending down
   Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
   I’ll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
   No word to save thee.
CLAUDIO
   Nay, hear me, Isabel.
ISABELLA
   O fie, fie, fie:
   Thy sin’s not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd.
'Tis best thou diest quickly.

CLAUDIO
O hear me, Isabella.

[Enter DUKE and PROVOST]

DUKE
Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.
ISABELLA What is your will?
DUKE Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by
and by have some speech with you. The satisfaction I
would require is likewise your own benefit.
ISABELLA I have no superfluous leisure, my stay must be
stolen out of other affairs, but I will attend you awhile.
DUKE Son, I have overheard what hath passed between
you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to
corrupt her; only he hath made an essay of her virtue, to
practise his judgment with the disposition of natures.
She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him
that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I
am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true;
therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your
resolution with hopes that are fallible, tomorrow you
must die. Go to your knees and make ready.

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

DUKE Hold you there. Farewell. Provost, a word with
you.

Exit [Provost with Claudio].

(During this next exchange we transition to outside of the Prison)

DUKE [to Isabella] 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[.]
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 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 uprighteously 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 Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana[.] ISABELLA I have heard of the lady[.]

DUKE She should this Angelo have married, was affianced to her by oath[.] But she lost a noble and renowned brother; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming Angelo.

ISABELLA Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

DUKE Left her in her tears and dried not one of them[.]

ISABELLA But how out of this can she avail?

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

ISABELLA Show me how, good father.

DUKE Go you to Angelo, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience, agree with his demands to the point, only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course — we shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place. If the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here, by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.

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

DUKE 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] dejected Mariana.

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

Exit.
Enter ELBOW, POMPEY, [DUKE], Officers.

ELBOW Come your way, sir. 'Bless you, good father friar.
DUKE And you, good brother father. What offence hath
this man made you, sir?
ELBOW Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; and, sir, we
take him to be a thief too, sir: for we have found upon
him, sir, a strange picklock[.]
DUKE Fie, sirrah,
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live. Do thou but think
What 'tis to cram a maw or clothe a back
From such a filthy vice.
         Go mend, go mend.
POMPEY Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir, but yet,
sir, I would prove—

Enter LUCIO.

I cry bail. Here's a gentleman
and a friend of mine.
LUCIO How now, noble Pompey? What, at the wheels of
Caesar? Art thou led in triumph?
What reply? Ha? Art going to prison, Pompey?
POMPEY Yes, faith, sir.
LUCIO Why 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell; go say I
sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? Or how?
ELBOW For being a bawd, for being a bawd.
LUCIO Bawd is he doubtless, and
of antiquity too. Bawd born. Farewell, good Pompey.
Commend me to the prison, Pompey —
POMPEY I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail?
LUCIO No indeed will I not, Pompey, it is not the wear. I
will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage; If you
take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more.
Adieu, trusty Pompey. —Bless you, friar.
DUKE And you.

ELBOW Come your ways, sir, come.
POMPEY You will not bail me then?
LUCIO Then, Pompey, nor now. —What news abroad,
friar? What news?
ELBOW Come your ways, sir, come.
LUCIO Go to kennel, Pompey, go.
What news, friar, of the Duke?
DUKE I know none. Can you tell me of any?
LUCIO Some say he is with the Emperor other
some, he is in Rome. But where is he, think you?
DUKE 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 He does well in’t.
LUCIO A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm
in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

They say
this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after
this downright way of creation. Is it true, think you?
DUKE How should he be made, then?
LUCIO Some report a sea-maid spawned him. Some, that
he was begot between two stockfishes. But it is certain
that when he makes water his urine is congealed
ice, that I know to be true.
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 I never heard the absent Duke much detected for
women; he was not inclined that way.
LUCIO O sir, you are deceived.
DUKE ’Tis not possible.
LUCIO the Duke
had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let
me inform you.
DUKE You do him wrong, surely.
LUCIO Sir, I was an inward of his: a shy fellow was the
Duke, and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.
DUKE What, I prithee, might be the cause?
LUCIO No, pardon: ’tis a secret must be locked within
the teeth and the lips, but this I can let you understand,
the greater file of the subject held the Duke to be wise.
DUKE Wise? Why, no question but he was.
LUCIO A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.
DUKE Either this is the envy in you, folly or mistaking.
LUCIO Sir, I know him, and I love him.
DUKE Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.
LUCIO Come, sir, I know what I know.
DUKE I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return (as our prayers are he may), let me desire you to make your answer before him.

I am bound to call upon you, and I pray you, your name?
LUCIO Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the Duke.
DUKE 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 tomorrow, or no?
DUKE Why should he die, sir?
LUCIO Why? For filling a bottle with a tundish. I would the Duke we talk of were returned again; this ungenitured agent will unpeople the province with continency.
Farewell, good friar, I prithee, pray for me. The Duke (I say to thee again) would eat mutton on Fridays.
He’s not past it, yet (and I say to thee) he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic. Say that I said so. Farewell.

Exit.

DUKE
No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes.

Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST[ Officers] and OVERDONE.

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? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

OVERDONE My lord, this is one Lucio’s information against me. [I] was with child by him in the Duke’s time, he promised [me] marriage. His child — 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. Go to, no more words.

Provost, my brother Angelo will not be altered, Claudio must die tomorrow. Let him be furnished with divines and have all charitable preparation.

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

ESCALUS Good e’en, good father.

DUKE Bliss and goodness on you.

ESCALUS Of whence are you?

DUKE Not of this country, though my chance is now To use it for my time.

ESCALUS What news abroad i’th’ world?

DUKE None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness that the dissolution of it must cure it.

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 What pleasure was he given to?

ESCALUS Rather rejoicing to see another merry than merry at anything 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? I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

DUKE He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: 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 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 Peace be with you!

[Exeunt Escalus and Provost.]

Exit.
HATHAWAY SISTERS
OH BABY, WON’T YOU PLEASE COME HOME
CAUSE YOUR MAMA’S ALL ALONE
I HAVE TRIED IN VAIN,
EVERMORE TO CALL YOUR NAME
WHEN YOU LEFT YOU BROKE MY HEART
THAT WILL NEVER MAKE US PART
EVERY HOUR IN THE DAY
YOU WILL HEAR ME SAY
BABY WON’T YOU PLEASE COME HOME.

LUCIO
THERE AIN’T NOTHING I CAN DO, NOTHIN’ I CAN SAY
WHERE FOLKS WONT CRITICIZE ME
SO IM GOING TO DO JUST WHAT I WANT TO ANYWAY
AND I DON’T CARE WHAT PEOPLE SAY

IF I SHOULD TAKE THE NOTION TO JUMP INTO THE OCEAN
TAIN’T NOBODY’S BUISNESS IF I DO

HATHAWAY SISTERS
OH BABY, WON’T YOU PLEASE COME HOME

LUCIO
IF I GO TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY THEN BURN IT ALL DOWN MONDAY
TAIN’T NOBODY’S BUSINESS IF I DO

HATHAWAY SISTERS
OH BABY, WON’T YOU PLEASE COME HOME

LUCIO
IF MY BABY AIN’T GOT NO MONEY, AND I GIVE HER ALL OF MINE HONEY
TAIN’T NOBODY’S BUSINESS IF I DO

(The DUKE exits, and offstage we hear a bloodcurdling cry. OVERDONE enters, locks eyes with LUCIO, and brandishes a rolling pin)

OVERDONE
WON’T YOU COME HOME, BILL BAILY? WON’T YOU COME HOME?
I CRIED THE WHOLE NIGHT LONG
I’LL DO THE COOKING, HONEY, I’LL PAY THE RENT
I KNOW I’VE DONE YOU WRONG

REMEMBER THAT RAINY EVENING I THROUGH YOU OUT

DUKE

What?!
**OVERDONE**
WITH NOTHING BUT A FINE TOOTH COMB
YES, I KNOW THAT I’M TO BLAME AND AIN’T THAT A SHAME
BILL BAILEY, WON’T YOU PLEASE COME HOME?

**HATHAWAY SISTERS**
BABY, WON’T YOU PLEASE COME HOME

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**EVERYONE**
I KNOW THAT I’M TO BLAME AND AIN’T THAT A SHAME
BILL BAILEY, WON’T YOU PLEASE COME HOME?
BILL BAILEY, WON’T YOU PLEASE COME HOME?
BILL BAILEY, WON’T YOU PLEASE COME HOME?

*(OVERDONE Chases LUCIO from the stage. The SISTERS are left to strike a final pose. The SISTERS exit. Intermission.)*
MARIANA
TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY,
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,
BUT MY KISSES BRING AGAIN,
BUT MY KISSES BRING AGAIN,
SEALS OF LOVE, BUT SEALED IN VEIN, SEALED IN VAIN.

TAKE, O TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY.

DUKE
'Tis good; though music oft hath such a charm
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.

MARIANA
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeased, but pleased my woe.

Enter ISABELLA.

DUKE I shall crave your forbearance a little;

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

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

DUKE 'Tis well borne up.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid.
She comes to do you good.

ISABELLA I do desire the like.

DUKE Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

MARIANA you do[.]

DUKE
Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear.
I shall attend your leisure, but make haste[.]

MARIANA [to Isabella]
Will’t please you walk aside?

Enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

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

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

DUKE
It is not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

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

MARIANA
Fear me not.

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

Exeunt.

(Music transition: TAKE O TAKE reprise)
4.2.1 Enter PROVOST and POMPEY.

(The Police Station)

PROVOST Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man’s head?
POMPEY If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can, 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.

Here is in our prison a common executioner who in his of fi ce lacks a helper. If you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves.[

Enter ABHORSON.

ABHORSON Do you call, sir?
PROVOST Sirrah, here’s a fellow will help you tomorrow in your execution. If you think it meet[.]

He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

ABHORSON A bawd, sir?
[PROVOST Are you agreed?] ABHORSON He will discredit our mystery.
POMPEY Do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?
ABHORSON Ay, sir, a mystery
POMPEY What mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hanged, I cannot imagine.
ABHORSON Sir, it is a mystery.

Enter PROVOST.

POMPEY Sir, I will serve him, for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd[.]
PROVOST You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe tomorrow[.]
ABHORSON Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee in my trade.
POMPEY I do desire to learn, sir, and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare.

Exeunt [Pompey and Abhorson].
(ANGELO at desk— he hands some documents to a waiting officer. As the man leaves, ANGELO is left center stage. MARIANA appears disguised as ISABELLA, her face vailed, behind ANGELO. The music dips to silence. He is aware of her, but says nothing. When MARIANA begins to sing, she does so a cappella, with the music coming in after the first line or two.)

**MARIANA**

I'M NOT A SKELETON OR GHOST
BUT I'M NOT HERE TOO HIM THE MOST
AND LAST I CHECKED I'VE GOT TWO EYES,
BUT THEY'RE TOO TIRED TO EVEN CRY

I'M SCARED OF FADING —

(ISABELLA enters above. She is watching the scene unfold with MARIANA and ANGELO, but very quickly her eye is drawn to the DUKE, who is standing alone, in his contemplative solitude across the way.)

(MARIANA takes ANGELO by the hand.)

**MARIANA**

ROCK STEP WITH ME
THE BAND HAS CALLED THE FINAL DANCES
ROCK STEP WITH ME
THERE'LL BE NO TIME FOR SECOND CHANCES

**ISABELLA**

OH LOVELY CREATURE TO BEHOLD
BUT IS YOUR LOVE WORTH ALL MY SOUL?
MY CONSCIENCE BURNS I CANNOT LIE,
I CAN’T KEEP HOLDING THIS INSIDE

I CAN’T KEEP WONDERING —

**MARIANA**

I CAN'T KEEP HOPING —

**MARIANA, ISABELLA**

ROCK STEP WITH ME
THE BAND HAS CALLED THE FINAL DANCES
ROCK STEP WITH ME
THERE'LL BE NO TIME FOR SECOND CHANCES

WHEN THE SUN COMES ROUND
THEY’LL PUT MY LOVE INTO THE GROUND
(JULIET and CLAUDIO appear sitting side by side on a prison bench: JULIET faces the audience, CLAUDIO facing upstage.)

JULIET
IN TRAGIC ENDINGS WE ARE BOUND
THEY’VE COME TO PUT US IN THE GROUND
I’LL LOOK FOR YOU IN EVERY PLACE,
I’LL TEACH YOUR CHILD TO KNOW YOUR FACE

(CLAUDIO breaks and finally faces JULIET, they embrace. ANGELO moves to remove MARIANA’S veil, but she stops him. Above, ISABELLA is focused on the out-of-reach DUKE.)

MARIANA, ISABELLA, JULIET
ROCK STEP WITH ME
THE BAND HAS CALLED THE FINAL DANCES
ROCK STEP WITH ME
THERE’LL BE NO TIME FOR SECOND CHANCES

MARIANA
WHEN THE SUN COMES ROUND
I WILL PUT MY LOVE INTO THE GROUND

(MARIANA takes ANGELO by the hand and leads him away. The DUKE puts out his cigarette and begins to exit.)

JULIET
WHEN THE SUN COMES ROUND
I WILL PUT MY LOVE INTO THE GROUND

(JULIET leaves as CLAUDIO is removed by the guards. ISABELLA is alone on the stage staring at where the DUKE once was)

ISABELLA
WHEN THE SUN COMES ROUND
I WILL PUT MY LOVE INTO THE GROUND

I WILL PUT MY LOVE INTO THE GROUND
Enter DUKE [disguised as a friar].

(The Police Station)

PROVOST Welcome, father.
DUKE Who called here of late?
PROVOST None since the curfew rung.
DUKE Not Isabel?
PROVOST No.
DUKE They will then, ere’t be long.

Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die tomorrow?

PROVOST None, sir, none.

DUKE Not so, not so. His life is paralleled
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:

Were he mealed with that
Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous,
But this being so, he’s just. —

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

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
Professed the contrary.

DUKE And here comes Claudio’s pardon.
[aside]
This is his pardon purchased by such sin
For which the pardoner himself is in.
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is borne in high authority.
When vice makes mercy, mercy’s so extended
That for the fault’s love is th’offender friended.
Now, sir, what news?

Pray you, let’s hear.

PROVOST Whate’er [I] may hear to the
contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon Barnardine. For [Angelo’s] better satisfaction, Claudio’s head sent [to him] by five.

What say you to this, sir?

DUKE There is written in your brow, Provost, honesty and constancy. If I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me, but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave 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 In the delaying death.

PROVOST Alack, how may I do it? Having the hour limited and an express command —

DUKE 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 O, death’s a great disguiser, and you may add to it: shave the head and tie the beard and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bared before his death.

PROVOST it is against my oath.

DUKE Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the deputy?

PROVOST To him and to his substitutes.

DUKE 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 Not a resemblance, but a certainty.

Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke; you know the character, I doubt not, and the signet is not strange to you.

PROVOST I know them both.

DUKE You shall anon over-read it at your pleasure, where you shall find within these two days he will be here. 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.

Put not yourself

into amazement how these things should be;

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.
(As we transition from the police station to the prison a dark eerie mood overtakes the stage as the music begins. LUCIO appears above, moving and strutting.)

**LUCIO**

I WENT DOWN TO SAINT JAMES INFIRMARY,  
TO SEE MY BABY THERE,  
SHE WAS STRETCHED OUT ON A LONG WHITE TABLE  
SO COLD, SO SWEET, SO PALE.

LET HER GO, LET HER GO, GOD BLESS HER,  
WHEREVER SHE MAY BE.  
SHE CAN LOOK THIS WHOL WIDE WORLD OVER,  
BUT SHE’LL NEVER FIND A MAN LIKE ME.

WHEN I DIE, BURY ME IN STRAIGHT-LACED BOOTS,  
A BOX-BACKED SUIT AND A STETSON HAT.  
PUT A TWENTY-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE ON MY WATCH CHAIN,  
SO THE BOYS KNOW I DIED STANDING PAT.

(POMPEY enters with ABHORSON, nameless prisoner (and possibly PETER, if the quick change can be managed). They go through the motions of preparing the nameless prisoner for execution, POMPEY happily helping where he can.)

I WANT SIX CRAP-SHOOTERS FOR PALL-BEARORS,  
LET THE CHORUS GIRL SING ME A SONG.  
PUT A JAZZ BAND ON MY HEARSE WASON,  
THEY CAN RAIS HELL AS I ROLL ALONG

(There is a sharp change as POMPEY watches the nameless prisoner electrocuted off-stage. There is a bright flash of light, POMPEY stares, dumbfounded.)

OH, NOW THAT YOU KNOW MY STORY,  
I’LL TAKE ANOTHER SHOT OF BOOZE.  
AND IF ANYONE SHOULD HAPPEN TO ASK YOU,  
TELL THEM I’VE GOT THOSE GAMBLN’ BLUES.
POMPEY I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession; one would think it were Mistress Overdone’s own house, for here be many of her old customers. 

Enter ABHORSON [and DUKE [disguised as a friar].]

ABHORSON Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither. 

POMPEY Master Barnardine, you must rise and be hanged, Master Barnardine.

DUKE What is that Barnardine who is to be executed? 

[ABHORSON] A Bohemian born, but here nursed up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.


DUKE Hath he born himself penitently in prison? 

BARNARDINE (within) A pox o’your throats. Who makes that noise there? 

POMPEY Your friends, sir, the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death. 

BARNARDINE [within] Away, you rogue, I am sleepy.

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

ABHORSON Go in to him and fetch him out.

DUKE How seems he to be touched? 

[ABHORSON] 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. He hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not. 

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. 

POMPEY 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.

ABHORSON Look you, sir, here your ghostly
father. Do we jest now, think you?
DUKE 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
O, sir, you must, and therefore I beseech you
Look forward on the journey you shall go.
BARNARDINE I swear I will not die today for any man’s
persuasion.
DUKE But hear you —
BARNARDINE Not a word. If you have anything to say to
me, come to my ward, for thence will not I today.

Enter PROVOST.

DUKE Unfit to live or die. O gravel heart!

[Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.]

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 O, ’tis an accident that heaven provides!

DUKE Let this be done:
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio;
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.
PROVOST I am your free dependant.
DUKE

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Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo.  
Now will I write letters to Angelo —  
The provost, he shall bear them — whose contents  
Shall witness to him I am near at home,  
And that by great injunctions I am bound  
To enter publicly. Him I’ll desire  
To meet me at the consecrated fount  
A league below the city, and from thence  
By cold gradation and well-balanced form  
We shall proceed with Angelo.

*ISABELLA (within)*
Peace, ho, be here.

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

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*ISABELLA*  
Ho, by your leave.

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

*ISABELLA*
Nay, but it is not so.

*DUKE*
It is no other.  
Show your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

*ISABELLA*
O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes.

*DUKE*
You shall not be admitted to his sight.

*ISABELLA*
Unhappy Claudio, wretched Isabel.  
Injurious world, most damned Angelo!

*DUKE*
This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot.  
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

The Duke comes home tomorrow — nay, dry your eyes —
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
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart
And general honour.

ISABELLA I am directed by you.

DUKE

This letter then to Friar Peter give —
he shall bring you
Before the Duke, and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter.
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart[.]

Enter LUCIO.

LUCIO Good e’en;
Friar, where’s the provost?

DUKE Not within, sir.

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

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 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 tak’st him for.

DUKE 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 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 Did you such a thing?

LUCIO Yes, marry, did I, but I was fain to forswear it; they
would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

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

LUCIO Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

Exeunt.
Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

ESCALUS Every letter he hath writ hath disvouched other.
ANGELO 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 that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?
ESCALUS He shows his reason for that: to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Enter DUKE [in his own robes] and Friar PETER.

DUKE The provost knows our purpose and our plot; keep your instruction And hold you ever to our special drift, Go, call at Flavius’ house And tell him where I stay. Give the like notice To Valentinus, Rowland and to Crassus, But send me Flavius first.

[Music]
Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.

ISABELLA 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,
MARIANA ’tis a physic That’s bitter to sweet end.

ANGELO I beseech you let it be proclaimed betimes i’th’ morn. I’ll call you at your house. Give notice to such men of sort and suit as are to meet him.
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid,
And by an eminent body that enforced
The law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her no,
For my authority bears of a credent bulk
That no particular scandal once can touch
But it confounds the breather. He should have lived,
Save that riotous youth with dangerous sense
Might in the times to come have ta’en revenge
By so receiving a dishonoured 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 [Escalus].

[Music]
Enter DUKE [in his robes], Varrius, Lords, ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, [PROVOST, Officers.]
Citizens at several doors.

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

ANGELO You make my bonds still greater.

DUKE
O, your desert speaks loud, and I should wrong it
To lock it in the wards of covert bosom
When it deserves with characters of brass
A forted residence ’gainst the tooth of time
And raze of oblivion. Give me your hand —

Enter [Friar] PETER and ISABELLA.

ISABELLA
Justice, O royal Duke, vail your regard
Upon a wronged — I would fain have said, a maid.
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object
Till you have heard me in my true complaint
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice.

DUKE
Relate your wrongs. 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, here!

ANGELO
My lord, her wits I fear me are not firm.
She hath been a suitor to me, for her brother
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 Nay, it is ten times strange.

ISABELLA Nay, it is ten times true, for truth is truth
To th’ end of reckoning.

DUKE Poor soul,
She speaks this in th’ infirmity of sense.

ISABELLA O prince,
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.

Do not banish reason
For inequality, but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,
And hide the false seems true.

DUKE Many that are not mad
Have sure more lack of reason. What would you say?

ISABELLA I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemned upon the act of fornication
To lose his head, condemned 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 [to Lucio]
You were not bid to speak.

LUCIO No, my good lord.
Nor wished to hold my peace.

DUKE I wish you now, then.
Pray you take note of it, and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then
Be perfect.
—Proceed.

ISABELLA I went
To this pernicious caitiff deputy —
DUKE

That’s somewhat madly spoken.

ISABELLA

Pardon it,
The phrase is to the matter.

In brief, to set the needless process by —
How I persuaded, how I prayed and kneeled,
How he refelled 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
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother’s head.

DUKE

This is most likely.

ISABELLA

O that it were as like as it is true.

DUKE

By heaven, fond wretch, thou knowst not what thou speak’st,
Or else thou art suborned 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 weighed thy brother by himself
And not have cut him off. Someone hath set you on.
Confess the truth and say by whose advice
Thou cam’st here to complain.

ISABELLA

And is this all?
Then, O you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience and with ripened time
Unfold the evil which is here wrapped up
In countenance. Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wronged, hence unbelieved go.

DUKE

— An officer!
To prison with her. — 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. [Exit guarded.]
LUCIO
    My lord, I know him, 'tis a meddling friar,
    I do not like the man. Had he been lay, my lord,
    For certain words he spake against your grace
    In your retirement, I had swinged him soundly.

DUKE    Words against me?

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

PETER    I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
    Your royal ear abused. First hath this woman
    Most wrongfully accused your substitute,
    Who is as free from touch or soil with her
    As she from one ungot.

DUKE    We did believe no less.
    Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

PETER    I know him for a man divine and holy,
    Not scurvy nor a temporary meddler
    As he’s reported by this gentleman.

    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[.]

    First, for this woman:
    To justify this worthy nobleman
    So vulgarly and personally accused,
    Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
    Till she herself confess it.

DUKE    Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?
    Come,
    In this I’ll be impartial: be you judge
    Of your own cause.

    Enter MARIANA [veiled, with Friar PETER].

    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 What, are you married?
MARIANA No, my lord.
DUKE Are you a maid?
MARIANA No, my lord.
DUKE A widow, then?
MARIANA Neither, my lord.
DUKE 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.

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

LUCIO Well, my lord.

DUKE 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 th’effect of love.

ANGELO Charges she mo than me?
MARIANA Not that I know.

DUKE 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 Let’s see thy face.

MARIANA [Unveils.]

My husband bids me, now I will unmask.
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which once thou swor’st was worth the looking on.
This is the hand, which, with a vowed contract
Was fast belocked in thine. This is the body
That took away the match from Isabel

In her imagined person.

DUKE      Know you this woman?
LUCIO     Carnally, she says.
DUKE     Sirrah —
LUCIO    Enough, my lord.

ANGELO
My lord, I must confess, I know this woman,
And years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her — which was broke off[
Since which time
I never spake with her, saw her nor heard from her
Upon my faith and honour.

MARIANA [Kneels.]    Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven and words from breath,

I am affianced this man’s wife as strongly
As words could make up vows. And, my good lord,
But Tuesday night last gone,
He knew me as a wife.

ANGELO    I did but smile till now.
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice,
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   Ay, with my heart,
And punish them to your height of pleasure.

Think’st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,
Were testimonies against his worth and credit
That’s sealed in approbation? You, Lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin, lend him your kind pains[

There is another friar that set them on.
Let him be sent for.

PETER
Your provost knows the place where he abides
And he may fetch him.
DUKE    Go, do it instantly. —

   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    Cucullus non facit monachum. Honest in nothing
         but in his clothes, and one that hath spoke most
         villainous speeches of the Duke.

ESCALUS    We shall entreat you to abide here till he come
         and enforce them against him. We shall find this friar
         a notable fellow.

LUCIO    As any in Vienna, on my word.

ESCALUS    Pray you, my lord, give me leave to question.

   Enter DUKE [as friar.,] PROVOST, ISABELLA [and Officers].

ESCALUS    Come on, mistress, here's a gentlewoman
         denies all that you have said.

LUCIO    My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of.

ESCALUS    Come, sir, did you set these women on to
         slander Lord Angelo?

DUKE    'Tis false.

ESCALUS    How? Know you where you are?

DUKE    Respect to your great place, and let the devil
         Be sometime honoured 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    Boldly, at least. But O, poor souls,
         Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
         Good night to your redress. Is the Duke gone?
         Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust
         Thus to retort your manifest appeal
         And put your trial in the villain's mouth
         Which here you come to accuse.

ESCALUS    Why, thou unreverend and unhallowed friar!
         Is't not enough thou hast suborned 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 th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?

DUKE
Be not so hot.

My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o’errun the stew. Laws for all faults,
But faults so countenanced that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber’s shop,
As much in mock as mark.

ESCALUS
Slander to th’ state.

ANGELO
What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?

LUCIO
’Tis he, my lord.

DUKE
I remember you, sir. I
met you at the prison, in the absence of the Duke.

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

DUKE
You must, sir, change persons with me ere you
make that my report.

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

DUKE
I protest, I love the Duke as I love myself.

ANGELO
Hark how the villain would close now after his
treasonable abuses.

ESCALUS
Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away
with him to prison! Where is the provost?

Away with those giglets too, and with
the other confederate companion!

DUKE
Stay, sir; stay awhile.

LUCIO
Come sir, come sir, come sir! Faugh, sir, why you
lying rascal,
Show your knave’s visage, with a pox to you.
Show your sheep-biting face and be hanged an hour.
Will’t not off? [Pulls off the Friar’s hood and reveals
DUKE
Thou art the first knave that e’er mad’st a duke.
First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three.
Snack not away, sir, for the friar and you
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.
LUCIO This may prove worse than hanging.
DUKE [to Escalus]
What you have spoke, I pardon;
We’ll borrow place of him. [to Angelo] Sir, by your leave.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard
And hold no longer out.
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 looked 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 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
Attorneyed at your service.
ISABELLA O, give me pardon
That I, your vassal, have employed and pained
Your unknown sovereignty.
DUKE You are pardoned, Isabel.
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.

DUKE Come hither, Mariana. —
Say: wast thou e’er contracted to this woman?
ANGELO I was, my lord.
DUKE [You should] take her hence and marry her instantly.
But as [you] adjudged [Isabella’s] brother,
Being criminal in double violation,
Of sacred chastity and of promise-breach
Thereon dependent for [her] brother’s life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue:
‘An Angelo for Claudio, death for death;’
Haste still pays haste and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like and measure still for measure.’
Then, Angelo, thy faults thus manifested,
Which though thou wouldst deny denies thee vantage,
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stooped to death, and with like haste.
Away with him.
MARIANA O, my most gracious lord,
I hope you will not mock me with a husband?
DUKE It is your husband mocked you with a husband.
For his possessions,
Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do instate and widow you with all
To buy you a better husband.
MARIANA O my dear lord,
I crave no other nor no better man.
DUKE Never crave him, we are definitive.
MARIANA Gentle my liege —
DUKE You do but lose your labour.
Away with him to death. [to Lucio]. Now, sir, to you.
MARIANA [Kneels.] O, my good lord — sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I’ll lend you all my life to do you service.
DUKE Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,
Her brother’s ghost his paved bed would break
And take her hence in horror.
[ANGELO] I am sorry that such sorrow I procure,

’Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.
MARIANA Isabel!
Sweet Isabel,
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 —
DUKE
He dies for Claudio’s death.

ISABELLA [Kneels.] Most bounteous sir,
Look, if it please you, on this man condemned
As if my brother lived. I partly think
A due sincerity governed 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 perished by the way. Thoughts are no subjects;
Intents, but merely thoughts.

MARIANA Merely, my lord.

DUKE Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

PROVOST It was commanded so.

DUKE Had you a special warrant for the deed?

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

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 What’s he?

Enter CLAUDIO [muffled], JULIET.

PROVOST
This is another prisoner that I saved,
Who should have died when Claudio lost his head,
As like almost to Claudio as himself.
[Unmuffles Claudio.]

DUKE [to Isabella]
If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardoned, and for your lovely sake
Give me your hand and say you will be mine,
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.
By this Lord Angelo perceives he’s safe —
Methinks I see a quickening in his eye.
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well.
Look that you love your wife: her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here’s one in place I cannot pardon.
[to Lucio] You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman:
Wherein have I so deserved of you
That you extol me thus?

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

DUKE Whipped first, sir, and hanged after.
Proclaim it, Provost, round about the city,
Is any woman wronged 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.

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 Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.

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

DUKE She, Claudio, that you wronged, look you restore.
Joy to you, Mariana; love her, Angelo,
I have confessed her and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness,
There’s more behind that is more gratulate.
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio’s;
Th’ offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you’ll a willing ear incline,
What’s mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring us to our palace, where we’ll show
What’s yet behind, that’s meet you all should know.

[Exeunt.]