

*(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 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  
UNITL 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**

COME 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 BELIVE 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!

*(Applause)*

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 clears 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.

*(The Office of the Duke)*

DUKE Escalus.

ESCALUS My lord.

DUKE

Of government the properties to unfold  
Would seem in me t' affect 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 city's institutions and the terms  
For common justice, you're 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?

*[Exit a Lord.]*

ESCALUS

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

*Enter* ANGELO.

ANGELO

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

DUKE

Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life  
That to th' 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.



*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.)*



1.2

*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.

*Exeunt [Gentlemen].*

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.

*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 unscoured 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.]*



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.*

1.4

*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

H'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.*

1.4-2.1 Transition - BIRTH OF THE BLUES

*( 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.)*







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



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.

ANGELO

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?

ANGELO Maiden, no remedy.

ISABELLA

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

ANGELO

I will not do't.

ISABELLA But can you if you would?

ANGELO

Look what I will not, that I cannot do.

ISABELLA

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

ANGELO

He's sentenced, 'tis too late.

LUCIO [*aside to Isabella*]

You are too cold.

ISABELLA

Too late? Why, no. I that do speak a word  
May call it 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.

ANGELO

Pray you be gone.

ISABELLA

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

LUCIO [*aside*]

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.*

2.2-2.3 Transition - OH, SWEET LADY BE GOOD

( 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.)



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*.

*Exit.*

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.

*Exeunt.*

## 2.3-2.4 Transition - HOW COME YOU DO ME LIKE YOU DO?

*(Enter 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?



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 outweigh  
That you shall stifle in your own report

And smell of calumny. I have begun,  
And now I give my sensual race the rein;  
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,  
Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes  
That banish what they sue for, redeem thy brother  
By yielding up thy body to my will,  
Or else he must not only die the death,  
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
To lingering sufferance. Answer me 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 approval,  
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.*

2.4-3.1 Transition - HOW COME YOU DO ME LIKE YOU DO? - reprise

*(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.)*

**3.1**

*Enter DUKE [disguised as a friar], CLAUDIO.*

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 cleave 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 vastidity 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.





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 uncertain thought  
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible.  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

ISABELLA

Alas, alas.

CLAUDIO

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

ISABELLA

O you beast,  
O faithless coward, O dishonest wretch,  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?  
Is't not a kind of incest to take life  
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?  
Heaven shield my mother 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 assay 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 uprightly 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.*

[3.2]

*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.

*[Exeunt Overdone and Officers.]*

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.*

### 3.1Finale- COME HOME MEDLEY

#### **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

**HATHAWAY SISTERS**

BABY, WON'T YOU  
PLEASE COME HOME  
BABY, WON'T YOU  
PLEASE COME HOME

BABY, WON'T YOU  
PLEASE COME HOME  
BABY, WON'T YOU  
PLEASE COME HOME

WHEN YOU LEFT YOU  
BROKE MY HEART  
BABY, WON'T YOU  
PLEASE COME HOME

**LUCIO**

IF I SHOULD TAKE THE  
NOTION TO JUMP INTO  
THE OCEAN  
TAIN'T NOBODY'S  
BUSINESS IF I DO

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

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

**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  
WITH NOTHING BUT A  
FINE TOOTH COMB

**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.)*

## 4.1 - TAKE O TAKE

**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 displeas'd, but pleas'd 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?

*Exeunt* [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.

*Enter* MARIANA and ISABELLA.

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 office 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].*

## 4.2 - ROCK STEP WITH ME

*(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 veiled, 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 cigaret 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







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.*

#### 4.2-4.3 Transition- ST. JAMES INFIRMARY

*(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.

### 4.3

*Enter POMPEY.*

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.

[POMPEY] What ho, Barnardine.

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.

*Exit.*

*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

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.

*Exit [Provost].*

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 —





#### 4.4-4.6 - MUSIC MONTAGE

#### 4.4 -4.6

[Music]

*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.

*Exit [Escalus].*

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.*

[Music]



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 swunged 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. —

[*Exit Provost.*]

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 throughly.

*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  
villanous speches 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?

was the Duke a fleshmonger,  
a fool and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

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*

*the Duke. Angelo and Escalus stand.]*

DUKE

Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.  
First, Provost, let me bail these gentle three.  
Sneak not away, sir, for the friar and you  
Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

LUCIO This may prove worse than hanging.

DUKE [*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;  
Intent, 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 gratefully.  
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.]