

TAMING OF THE SHREW
Kate & Petruchio
PART 2

PETRUCHIO:

Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

KATHARINA:

It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

PETRUCHIO:

Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

KATHARINA:

There is, there is.

PETRUCHIO:

Then show it me.

KATHARINA:

Had I a glass, I would.

PETRUCHIO:

What, you mean my face?

KATHARINA:

Well aim'd of such a young one.

PETRUCHIO:

Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

KATHARINA:

Yet you are wither'd.

PETRUCHIO:

'Tis with cares.

KATHARINA:

I care not.

PETRUCHIO:

Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth you scape not so.

KATHARINA:

I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

PETRUCHIO:

No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.

KATHARINA:

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO:

Am I not wise?

KATHARINA:

Yes; keep you warm.

PETRUCHIO:

Setting all this chat aside,

Will you, nill you, I will marry you.

I must and will have Katharina to my wife!