

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

OTHELLO

PART 2 - Act III, scene 3: Othello, Iago

OTHELLO

Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAGO

Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

OTHELLO

Nay, yet there's more in this: I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminare, and give thy worst of thoughts the worst of words.

IAGO

Good my lord, pardon me: Though I am bound, utter my thoughts?
Why, say they are vile and false;
As where's that palace whereinto foul things sometimes intrude not.

OTHELLO

Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago, if thou but think'st him wrong'd and
makest his ear a stranger to thy thoughts.

IAGO

I do beseech you--
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess, as, it is my nature's plague to spy
into abuses. It were not for your quiet nor your good, nor for my manhood,
honesty, or wisdom, to let you know my thoughts.

OTHELLO

What dost thou mean?

IAGO

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock the meat it feeds on.
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

OTHELLO

O misery!

IAGO

Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend from jealousy!

OTHELLO

Why, why is this?

'Tis not to make me jealous to say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well;

Where virtue is, these are more virtuous: Nor from mine own weak merits will
I draw the smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;

For she had eyes, and chose me.

No, Iago; I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;

And on the proof, there is no more but this,--

Away at once with love or jealousy!

IAGO

I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason to show the love and duty that I bear
you with franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound, receive it from me.

I speak not yet of proof.

Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;

Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure.

OTHELLO

Dost thou say so?

IAGO

She did deceive her father, marrying you;

And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks, she loved them most.

OTHELLO

And so she did.

IAGO

Why, go to then; she that, so young, could give out such a seeming,

To seal her father's eyes up close as oak-

He thought 'twas witchcraft--but I am much to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon for too much loving you.

OTHELLO

I am bound to thee for ever.