

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

OTHELLO

Ensemble Speech

ALL

Lend me thy handkerchief...

OTHER

I have it not about me...

ALLY

Not? That is a fault. That handkerchief Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

JOHN

She was a charmer, and could almost read the thoughts of people;

NATALIE

She told her, while she kept it, 'twould make her amiable and subdue my father entirely to her love,

VICTOR

But if she lost it , or made a gift of it,

LILA

My father's eye should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt after new fancies.

HADEN

She dying gave it me; and bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her.

OLIVER

I did so: and take heed on 't;

CHARLOTTE

Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To lose't or give't away, were such perdition as nothing else could match...

ALL

Is't lost? Is't gone? Fetch me the handkerchief for my mind misgives.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

OTHELLO

Act I, scene 3: The Duke, Othello, Brabantio, Desdemona

DUKE OF VENICE

Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you against the general enemy Ottoman.

To BRABANTIO

I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
We lack'd your counsel and your help tonight.

BRABANTIO

So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place nor aught I heard of business
Hath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care
Take hold on me, for my particular grief is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing
nature, that it engulfs and swallows other sorrows
And it is still itself.

DUKE OF VENICE

Why, what's the matter?

BRABANTIO

My daughter! O, my daughter!

DUKE OF VENICE

Dead?

BRABANTIO

Ay, to me; she is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted

DUKE OF VENICE

Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding hath thus beguiled your daughter
of herself and you of her, the bloody book of law you shall yourself read...

in the bitter letter after your own sense.

BRABANTIO

Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state-affairs hath hither brought.

DUKE OF VENICE

[To OTHELLO] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

OTHELLO

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter, it is most true; true,
I have married her:
Rude am I in my speech, and little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle.
Yet, by your gracious patience, I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love;
What conjuration and what mighty magic, for such proceeding I am charged
withal, I won his daughter.

BRABANTIO

A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blush'd at herself; and she, in spite
of nature, of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect, he wrought upon her.

DUKE OF VENICE

To vouch this, is no proof.
But, Othello, speak: Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?

OTHELLO

I do beseech you, send for the lady and let her speak of me before her father.
If you do find me foul in her report, the trust, the office I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your sentence even fall upon my life.

DUKE OF VENICE

Fetch Desdemona hither.
Say it, Othello.

OTHELLO

Her father loved me; oft invited me; still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes, that I have passed.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of moving accidents by flood and field
Of being taken by the insolent foe and sold to slavery, of my redemption
thence and portance in my travels' history:
This to hear would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence:
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'ld come again, and with a greedy ear devour up my discourse:
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used:
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA

DUKE OF VENICE

I think this tale would win my daughter too.

BRABANTIO

I pray you, hear her speak: Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company where most you owe obedience?

DESDEMONA

My noble father, I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me how to respect you; you are the lord
of duty; I am hitherto your daughter:
but here's my husband, and so much duty as my mother show'd to you,
preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess due to the Moor my lord.

BRABANTIO

I have done, my lord.
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.

DUKE OF VENICE

Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,
Which, as a guise or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour. If you please, Be't at her father's.

BRABANTIO

I'll not have it so.

OTHELLO

Nor I.

DESDEMONA

Nor I; I would not there reside, to put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke, to my unfolding lend your
prosperous ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice, to assist my simpleness.

DUKE OF VENICE

What would You, Desdemona?

DESDEMONA

That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world:
my heart's subdued even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind,
And to his honour and his valiant parts did I my soul
and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind, a moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,

And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

OTHELLO

Let her have your voices.

DUKE OF VENICE

Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going: the affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it. You must away to-night.

OTHELLO

With all my heart.

DUKE OF VENICE

Noble signior, if virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

[Exit]

BRABANTIO

Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

OTHELLO

Act I, scene 3: Iago, Roderigo

RODERIGO

Iago,--

IAGO

What say'st thou, noble heart?

RODERIGO

What will I do, thinkest thou?

IAGO

Why, go to bed, and sleep.

RODERIGO

I will incontinently drown myself.

IAGO

If thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

RODERIGO

It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die when death is our physician.

IAGO

O villainous! I never found man that knew how to love himself.
Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen,
I would change my humanity with a baboon.

RODERIGO

What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond;
but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO

Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus
or thus. Why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our
wills. We have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal
stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call.

RODERIGO

It cannot be.

IAGO

It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of
the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself! drown
cats and blind puppies. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy
favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It
cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her
love to the Moor,-- put money in thy purse,--nor he
his to her: These Moors are changeable in their wills:
fill thy purse with money.

She must change for youth: therefore put money in thy
purse and thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of
drowning thyself!

RODERIGO

Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

IAGO

Thou art sure of me:--go, make money:--I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee
again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted;
Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him,
thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport.
Traverse! go, provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

RODERIGO

Where shall we meet i' the morning?

IAGO

At my lodging. Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

RODERIGO

What say you?

IAGO

No more of drowning, do you hear?

RODERIGO

I am changed: I'll go sell all my land!

Exit

IAGO

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

OTHELLO

Act II, scene 3: Iago, Cassio

IAGO

What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

CASSIO

Ay, past all surgery.

IAGO

Marry, heaven forbid!

CASSIO

Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.

My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

IAGO

As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in that than in reputation.

What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: you are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice, even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

CASSIO

I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer.

Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow? O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

IAGO

What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

CASSIO

I know not.

IAGO

Is't possible?

CASSIO

I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly;
a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.

O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away
their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance revel and applause, transform
ourselves into beasts!

IAGO

Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

CASSIO

It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath;
one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

IAGO

Come, you are too severe a moraler:

CASSIO

I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me
I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra,
such an answer would stop them all. O strange! Every inordinate cup is
unblessed and the ingredient is a devil.

IAGO

Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature,
if it be well used: exclaim no more against it.

CASSIO

I drunk!

IAGO

I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general:
confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place
again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition,
that this broken joint between you and her husband,
this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

CASSIO

You advise me well.

IAGO

I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

CASSIO

I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will
beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me:
I am desperate of my fortunes if they cheque me here.

IAGO

You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

CASSIO

Good night, honest Iago.

Exit

IAGO

And what's he then that says I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give and honest,
Probal to thinking and indeed the course to win the Moor again?
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net that shall enmesh them all.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

OTHELLO

PART 1 - Act III, scene 3: Othello, Iago

IAGO

Ha! I like not that.

OTHELLO

What dost thou say?

IAGO

Nothing, my lord: or if--I know not what.

OTHELLO

Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

IAGO

Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like, seeing you coming.

OTHELLO

I do believe 'twas he.

IAGO

Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady, know of your love?

OTHELLO

He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

IAGO

But for a satisfaction of my thought; no further harm.

OTHELLO

Why of thy thought, Iago?

IAGO

I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

OTHELLO

O, yes; and went between us very oft.

IAGO

Indeed!

OTHELLO

Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that? Is he not honest?

IAGO

Honest, my lord!

OTHELLO

Honest! ay, honest.

IAGO

My lord, for aught I know.

OTHELLO

What dost thou think?

IAGO

Think, my lord!

OTHELLO

Think, my lord! By heaven, he echoes me, I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that, when Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?

And when I told thee he was of my counsel in my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed!' and didst contract and purse thy brow together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain some horrible conceit:

if thou dost love me, show me thy thought.

IAGO

My lord, you know I love you.

OTHELLO

I think thou dost; And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath.

IAGO

For Michael Cassio, I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

OTHELLO

I think so too.

IAGO

Men should be what they seem.

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 ruminate, 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.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

OTHELLO

Act III, scene 3: Iago, Emilia

IAGO

How now! what do you here alone?

EMILIA

Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

IAGO

A thing for me? it is a common thing—

EMILIA

Ha!

IAGO

To have a foolish wife.

EMILIA

O, is that all? What will you give me now for the same handkerchief?

IAGO

What handkerchief?

EMILIA

What handkerchief? Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;
That which so often you did bid me steal.

IAGO

Hast stol'n it from her?

EMILIA

No, 'faith; she let it drop by negligence. And, to the advantage, I, being here,
took't up. Look, here it is.

IAGO

A good wench; give it me.

EMILIA

What will you do with 't, that you have been so earnest to have me filch it?

IAGO

[Snatching it] Why, what's that to you?

EMILIA

If it be not for some purpose of import, give't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad when she shall lack it.

IAGO

Be not acknown on 't; I have use for it. Go, leave me.

Exit EMILIA

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons.
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But with a little act upon the blood.
Burn like the mines of Sulphur.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

OTHELLO

Act IV, scene 3: Desdemona, Emilia

EMILIA

How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

DESDEMONA

He says he will return incontinent:

He hath commanded me to go to bed, and bade me to dismiss you.

EMILIA

Dismiss me!

DESDEMONA

It was his bidding: therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu: We must not now displease him.

EMILIA

I would you had never seen him!

DESDEMONA

So would not I my love doth so approve him, that even his stubbornness, his
cheques, his frowns-, have grace and favour in them.

EMILIA

I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

DESDEMONA

All's one. Good faith, how foolish are our minds!

If I do die before thee prithee, shroud me in one of those same sheets.

EMILIA

Come, come you talk.

DESDEMONA

My mother had a maid call'd Barbara:

She was in love, and he she loved proved mad

And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow';
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind...

EMILIA

Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

DESDEMONA

This Lodovico is a proper man.

EMILIA

A very handsome man.

DESDEMONA

He speaks well.

EMILIA

I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot
to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.

DESDEMONA

Hark! who is't that knocks?

EMILIA

It's the wind.

DESDEMONA

So, get thee gone; good night Ate eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

EMILIA

'Tis neither here nor there.

DESDEMONA

I have heard it said so. O, these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think,--tell me, Emilia,--
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

EMILIA

There be some such, no question.

DESDEMONA

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA

Why, would not you?

DESDEMONA

No, by this heavenly light!

EMILIA

Nor I neither by this heavenly light; I might do't as well i' the dark.

DESDEMONA

Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMILIA

The world's a huge thing: it is a great price. For a small vice.

DESDEMONA

In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMILIA

In troth, I think I should; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor for measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world,--why, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

DESDEMONA

Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for the whole world.

EMILIA

Why the wrong is but a wrong i' the world: and having the world for your labour, tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

DESDEMONA

I do not think there is any such woman.

EMILIA

Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would
store the world they played for.

But I do think it is their husbands' faults if wives do fall: say that they slack
their duties,

And pour our treasures into foreign laps, or else break out in peevish
jealousies,

Throwing restraint upon us;

or say they strike us, or scant our former having in despite;

Why, we have galls, and though we have some grace, yet have we some
revenge.

Let husbands know their wives have sense like them: they see and smell
And have their palates both for sweet and sour, as husbands have.

What is it that they do when they change us for others? Is it sport?

I think it is: and doth affection breed it? I think it doth:

is't frailty that thus errs? It is so too:

and have not we affections, desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?

Then let them use us well:

else let them know, the ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

DESDEMONA

Good night, good night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

OTHELLO

Act V, scene 2: Othello, Emilia

EMILIA

[Within] I do beseech you
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

OTHELLO

I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia; Soft; by and by. Let me the curtains draw.

Enter EMILIA

What's the matter with thee now?

EMILIA

Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian call'd Roderigo.

OTHELLO

Roderigo kill'd! And Cassio kill'd!

EMILIA

No, Cassio is not kill'd.

OTHELLO

Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune, and sweet revenge grows harsh.

EMILIA

Sweet Desdemona! O, who hath done this deed? I must needs report the truth.

OTHELLO

She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell: 'Twas I that kill'd her.

EMILIA

O, the more angel she, and you the blacker devil!

OTHELLO

She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

EMILIA

Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

OTHELLO

She was false as water.

EMILIA

Thou art rash as fire, to say that she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

OTHELLO

Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell, but that I did proceed upon just grounds to this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

EMILIA

My husband!

OTHELLO

Thy husband.

EMILIA

That she was false to wedlock?

OTHELLO

Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true, I'd not have sold her for it.

EMILIA

My husband!

OTHELLO

Ay, 'twas he that told me first:

An honest man he is, and hates the slime that sticks on filthy deeds.

EMILIA

My husband!

OTHELLO

What needs this iteration, woman? I say thy husband.

EMILIA

O mistress, villany hath made mocks with love,
my husband say that she was false!

OTHELLO

He, woman; I say thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

EMILIA

If he say so, may his pernicious soul rot half a grain a day! he lies to the
heart.

OTHELLO

Ha!

EMILIA

Do thy worst: this deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.

OTHELLO

Peace, you were best.

EMILIA

Thou hast not half that power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed--
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives.--Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder! murder!