

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Cymbeline

ACT IV, Scene 2: Cloten, Guiderius

CLOTEN

Soft! What are you that fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?
What slave art thou?

GUIDERIUS

A thing more slavish did I ne'er than answering a slave without a knock.

CLOTEN

Thou art a robber, a law-breaker, a villain: yield thee, thief.

GUIDERIUS

To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I an arm as big as thine?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not my dagger in my mouth!
Why I should yield to thee?

CLOTEN

Thou villain base, know'st me not by my clothes?

GUIDERIUS

No, nor thy tailor, rascal, which, as it seems, make thee.

CLOTEN

Thou precious varlet, my tailor made them not.

GUIDERIUS

Hence, then, and thank the man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool.

CLOTEN

Thou injurious thief, hear but my name, and tremble!

GUIDERIUS

What's thy name?

CLOTEN

Cloten, thou villain.

GUIDERIUS

Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it: were it Toad, or Adder, Spider, 'Twould move me sooner.

CLOTEN

To thy further fear, thou shalt know I am son to the queen.

Art not afeard?

GUIDERIUS

At fools do I laugh, not fear them.

CLOTEN

Die the death: Yield, rustic mountaineer.

[Fight, Cloten goes down]