

# **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!

# **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.*