

EGEON
DUKE
DROMIO OF EPHEBUS
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Egeon (father to Antipholus and adopted father to Dromio) has been separated from them since they were babies because of a terrible shipwreck. Years later they all happen to be in the same city at the same time. Egeon was arrested because anyone from the rival city, Syracuse who steps foot in Ephesus must be arrested and put to death before sundown. The Duke, who is upholds the law but is not heartless gave Egeon until the end of the day to come up with bail money. In this moment, everyone has finally ran into each other in the same place and Egeon recognizes Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus but they, of course, do not know him.

EGEON: Mighty Duke, please allow me to say something, I think I see a friend who will pay my bail and save my life.

DUKE: Feel free to say what you wish, Syracusan.

EGEON: *(to Antipholus of Ephesus)* Isn't your name Antipholus? And isn't that Dromio, the man bound to you?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: I was bound to him an hour ago, sir, but thankfully he chewed through our ropes. Now I'm Dromio and no longer attached to him.

EGEON: I'm sure you remember me.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: Actually, it's ourselves you bring to mind since just a few moments ago we were tied up, as you are now. You're not one of Pinch's patients, are you, sir?

EGEON: Why are you looking at me so strangely? You know me well.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: I never saw you before in my life.

EGEON: Oh grief has transformed me since the last time you saw me. Time has the power to deform people, and the sorrowful hours I have spent in his company have put these strange lines and wrinkles on my face. But tell me this: don't you know my voice?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: No.

EGEON: Don't you, Dromio?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: No sir, trust me, I do not.

EGEON: I am sure you do.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: Fine, sir, but I'm sure I don't. And you're in no position to doubt my word.

EGEON: You don't know my voice? Oh, severe Time! Have you mangled my tongue so badly in these seven short years that my only son can no longer recognize my weak, sorrow-ravaged voice? It's true: this aged face of mine is hidden by a snow white beard, and the blood is freezing in my veins. But I still have a little memory left, and there's still some fire in my eyes; my dull, deaf ears can still hear a little, All these aging faculties tell me-and I cannot be wrong-that you are my son, Antipholous.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: I never saw my father in my life.

EGEON: You know that we parted only seven years ago, in Syracuse. Maybe you're ashamed to admit that you know me because I'm a prisoner now.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: The duke and everyone who knows me in this city can confirm that's not true. I've never been to Syracuse in my life.

DUKE: I tell you, Syracusian. I've been looking after Antipholous for twenty years, and during that time he's never been to Syracuse. Your old age and the prospect of death are making you imagine things.

ADRIANA
LUCIANA

Adriana is married to Antipholus of Ephesus. Adriana is fierce and has a more independent spirit compared to her sister, Luciana. She is complaining to her sister about how men have more freedom. She has been waiting for her husband to come home for lunch for several hours and has sent Dromio to fetch him.

ADRIANA: Neither my husband nor the slave has returned, even though I sent the slave off running. Surely, Luciana, it's already two o'clock.

LUCIANA: Maybe some merchant at the marketplace invited him home for lunch. Sister, let's eat and stop worrying. A man is master of his own freedom: time is his only master, and when the right moment comes along, he'll come or go as he pleases. If this is so, be patient, sister.

ADRIANA: Why should men be more free than women?

LUCIANA: Because their business lies outside the home.

ADRIANA: Listen, when I behave this way toward him, he hates it.

LUCIANA: Oh, you should know that he's the bridle to your will.

ADRIANA: Only a mule would agree to that.

LUCIANA: Why, too much freedom leads to woe. There's nothing under heaven that doesn't have its limits. The beasts on the earth, the fish in the sea, and the birds in the sky are all subject to the males of their species and under their control. Men, who are nearest to God, are the masters of all these creatures. And men-the lords of the wide world and the wild watery seas, gifted with intellectual sense and souls, greater than the fish and the birds-are the masters of women and their lords. Therefore, you should obey their wishes.

ADRIANA: It's this servant like mentality that's keeping you unmarried.

LUCIANA: No, that's not it-it's because of what happens in the marriage bed.

ADRIANA: But if you were married, you'd wield some influence.

LUCIANA: Before I learn how to love, I'll learn how to follow orders.

ADRIANA: What if your husband strays elsewhere?

LUCIANA: I'd endure it until he came home again.

ADRIANA: Now that's patience! No wonder she's waiting to get married! It's easy to preach meekness when you have no reason to act otherwise. When we're faced with a wretched person, bruised, and crying with hardship, we try to get them to shush up. And yet, if we were suffering the same kind of pain, we'd complain just as much-if not more! So you, who have no husband causing you problems,

want to comfort me by preaching the virtue of feeble patience. But if you live to see yourself similarly denied your rights, this foolish patience will abandon you.

LUCIANA: Well, I'll get married one day, just to see. Here comes your servant-your husband must be coming soon.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE
DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse have just arrived in the city of Ephesus. Antipholus of Syracuse has just given some money to Dromio of Syracuse to take to the Centaur Inn where they are lodging to keep it safe. Dromio of Syracuse has just exited to do so. In comes Dromio of Ephesus. Antipholus mistakes him for Dromio of Syracuse. Dromio of Ephesus has been sent by Antipholus of Ephesus's wife to go find Antipholus of Ephesus to bring him home for lunch. Dromio of Ephesus mistakes Antipholus of Syracuse for Antipholus of Ephesus.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE: How is it that you've come back so soon?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: Back so soon? Too late is more like it. The chicken is burning, the pig is overcooked, the clock has already struck twelve, and my mistress has clocked me one on the cheek. She's hot because lunch is cold; lunch is cold because you're not home; you're no home because you're not hungry; you're not hungry because you've eaten already. But we servants-who know how to properly fast and pray-are being punished for your offenses today.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE: Hold on second. Answer me this, please: where's the money I gave you?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: Oh, the sixpence you gave me last Wednesday to buy leather goods for my mistress? The saddle maker has it, sir-I didn't keep it.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE: I'm not in a joking mood. Tell me right now and stop fooling: Where's the money? We're strangers here. How dare you let such a large amount escape your keeping?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: Please, sir; crack jokes over lunch. My mistress made me hurry here. If I go back without you, she'll punish your faults by breaking my head open. I should think that your appetite would act like a clock (as mine does) and bring your home on its own, without the need for a messenger.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE: That's enough, Dromio, please. This isn't a good moment for jokes-save them till a happier time. Where's the gold I gave you?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: Gave me, sir? You didn't give me any gold.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE: Come on, you rogue. Quit joking. Tell me what you've done with the money I entrusted to you.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: The only thing that I've been entrusted with was getting you from the market and bringing you to your house, the Phoenix, for lunch. My mistress and her sister are waiting for you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE: Tell me where you've stowed away my money, or I'll swear I'll break that comical head of yours for goofing when I'm not in the mood. Where are the thousand marks you had from me?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: I have some marks from you on my head and some of my mistress's marks on my body. But between the both of you, I don't have a thousand marks. If I gave those marks back to you, chances are you wouldn't take them as patiently as I did.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE: Your mistress's marks? What mistress do you have?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: Your wife, sir. My mistress. At the Phoenix. The one who's waiting for you to come home for lunch and praying that you'll get home quickly.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE: What, are you going to mock me to my face when I told you not to! There, take that, you scoundrel! (*beats **Dromio of Ephesus***)

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: What are you doing? Stop, for God's sake! Well, if you don't, then I'm out of here.

Dromio of Ephesus exits

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE: I swear, somehow the fool has been cheated out of all my money. They say that this town is full of deception-illusionists that can fool the eye, dark sorcerers who can bewitch your mind, soul-killing witches who can disfigure your body, disguised swindlers, fast-talking fakers, and all kinds of other unchecked sins. If this is true, then I'll be leaving all the sooner.

I'll go to the Centaur to find this servant of mine-I fear that my money isn't safe.

SECOND MERCHANT
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS
DROMIO OF EPHESUS
ANGELO
OFFICER

The second merchant is about to take off on a trip and needs some money that Angelo, the jeweler owes him. Angelo needs the money that Antipholus of Ephesus owes him for the necklace he requested to be made for his wife in order to pay the Second Merchant. Antipholus just happens to show us. Angelo asks him for the money. Angelo doesn't realize that he had already given the necklace to Antipholus of Syracuse instead of Antipholus of Ephesus.

SECOND MERCHANT: You've owed me this money since the Pentecost holiday. I haven't pressed your for it, and I wouldn't now except that I'm going to Persia and I need the money for the trip. So pay me now, or I'll have this officer arrest you.

ANGELO: Antipholus owes me the exact amount that I owe you. Just before I ran into you. I gave him a necklace. At five o'clock he's going to pay me for it. Please, come to his house with me. I'll pay what I owe you then and say thank you as well.

Antipholus of Ephesus and Dromio of Ephesus enter from the Courtesan's house

OFFICER: He saves you the trouble: look, here he comes.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS: I'm going to the jeweler's house. You go buy a piece of rope- I'll whip my wife and her cohorts for locking me out of my own house. Wait a minute! I see the jeweler. Go, be gone with you. Buy a rope and bring it to me.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS: I buy myself a thousand beatings a year if I buy a rope.

Dromio of Ephesus exits

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS: (to Angelo) Good luck to any man who trusts you. I swore that you would come with the necklace, but neither you nor the necklace showed up. Perhaps you were concerned about being chained to me and so decided not to come.

ANGELO: All joking aside, here's an invoice spelling out exactly how many carats the necklace weighs as well as the quality of the gold and the workmanship. The total due is about three ducats more than I owe this gentleman. Please, pay him immediately. He's about to leave on a trip and he's waiting for the money.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS: I don't have the cash right now. Besides, I have some business to take care of in town. Good signior, take the stranger to my house. Bring the necklace with you, and tell my wife to pay you the amount due. I might make it back in time to meet you.

ANGELO: So you'll bring the necklace to her yourself?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS: No. You bring it in case I can't make it.

ANGELO: All right, sir. I will. Do you have it with you?

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: If I don't, I hope you do. Or else you'll leave without your money.

ANGELO: Listen please, give me the necklace. This gentleman's ready to go. The wind is right and it's high tide, and I've delayed him a long time already.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: Good Lord! You're using this as an excuse for not showing up at the Porcupine like you promised. I should have reprimanded you then for not bringing it, but you started fighting with me first.

SECOND MERCHANT: It's getting late. Please, sir, hurry up.

ANGELO: Antipholus, you hear how the man pleads with me. Give me the necklace!

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: Give it to my wife, and get your money.

ANGELO: Come, come. You know I gave it to you just now. Send the necklace to her, or send me with a token that will authorize her to pay me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: Damn it, this isn't funny. Where's the necklace? Let me see it.

SECOND MERCHANT: My business cannot wait for this delay. (to *Antipholus*) Good sir, tell me if you're going to pay me. If not, I'll turn this man over to the officer.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: Pay you? What should I pay you?

ANGELO: The money you owe me for the necklace.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: I owe you nothing until I receive the necklace.

ANGELO: You know that I gave it to you a half hour ago.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: You gave me nothing, and you wrong me by saying you did.

ANGELO: You wrong me even more, sir, by denying it. Consider how poorly this reflects on me.

SECOND MERCHANT: Well, officer, I charge you to arrest him.

OFFICER: I will. (to Angelo) And I order you to obey me, in the name of the duke.

ANGELO: This harms my reputation. Either pay this sum, Antipholus, or I'll have this officer arrest you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: Pay for something I never got? Go ahead, you fool. Arrest me if you dare.

ANGELO: Officer, here's your fee-arrest him. I would have my own brother arrested if he treated me so terribly.

OFFICER: You're under arrest, sir. You hear the charges.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: I'll obey you until I can make bail. But Angelo, you'll pay for this, even if it costs all the precious metals in your jewelry shop.

ANGELO: Sir, the laws of Ephesus will be on my side, and you'll be embarrassed. I'm certain of it.

ABBESS
DUKE
EGEON

The second merchant is about to take off on a trip and needs some money that Angelo, the jeweler owes him. Angelo needs the money that Antipholus of Ephesus owes him for the necklace he requested to be made for his wife in order to pay the Second Merchant. Antipholus just happens to show us. Angelo asks him for the money. Angelo doesn't realize that he had already given the necklace to Antipholus of Syracuse instead of Antipholus of Ephesus.

ABBESS: Whoever tied him up, I will loosen the ropes, and with his freedom I will gain a husband. Tell us, old Egeon: are you the man who once had a wife named Emilia, who gave birth to two fair sons? Oh, if you are the same Egeon, speak now, and speak to that same Emilia!

DUKE: Why, now the story of the merchant told me this morning is starting to make sense. These two Antipholuses, who look so alike-and these two Dromios, who seem to have the same face-and her story of being shipwrecked-why, these two are the parents of these children and have been reunited by accident.

EGEON: If I'm not dreaming, you are Emilia. If it's really you, tell me what happened to our son, who floated away with you on that deadly raft.

ABBESS: Some men from Epidendrum rescued me, our son, and Dromio. But then a gang of violent fishermen from Corinth kidnapped Dromio and my son and carried them away. I don't know what become of them. You can see what became of me.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS
ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS
COURTESAN
ADRIANA
LUCIANA
PINCH
OFFICER

The Courtesan, Adriana, Luciana bring in Dr. Pinch to try and help "cure" Antipholus because they think he is possessed.

COURTESAN: Now what do you think? Your husband's mad, isn't he?

ADRIANA: This terrible behavior proves it. Doctor pinch, you're an exorcist. If you can bring him back to his senses, I'll pay you whatever you demand.

LUCIANA: Alas, how passionate and angry he looks!

COURTESAN: Look! He's trembling in his fit!

PINCH: Give me your hand. Let me take your pulse.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: Here's my hand. Let it feel your ear. (*he strikes Pinch*)

PINCH: Satan! You are lieving inside this man! I order you to release him through my prayers and to return immediately to the darkness you came from. I demand this in the name of all the saints in heaven.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: Shut up, you doddering old wizard! I'm not possessed!

ADRIANA: Oh, I wish you weren't, you poor, frightened soul.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: Listen, hussy -is this man one of your customers? Did this fool with the yellow face feast and celebrate in my house today while the guilty doors shut in my face and locked me out of my own house?

ADRIANA: Oh, husband, God himself know you ate at home. I wish you had stayed there, avoiding these scandals and this public embarrassment!

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: Ate at home? You there, rogue, what do you have to say about that?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: I swear, sir, you did not eat at home.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: My doors were locked and I was shut out, right?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS: By God, your doors were locked and you were shut out.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS: And she screamed at me, right?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS: No lie -she screamed at you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS: And her cook yelled, mocked, and teased me, right?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS: She sure did. The kitchen girl mocked you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS: And I departed in a rage, right?

DROMIO OF EPHESUS: You truly did. My body can prove it because it felt the power of your anger.

ADRIANA: (*to Pinch*) Should I try to soothe him by pretending to agree with his lies?

PINCH: Good idea. His servant here has figured out that agreeing is a good way to cope with his anger.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS: (*to Adriana*): You convinced the jeweler to arrest me.

ADRIANA: For goodness sake, I sent money to bail you out. I gave it to Dromio, who rushed in for it.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS: You money to me? She might have given me her best wishes, master, but she didn't give me one scrap of money.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS: Didn't you go to her for a purse full of ducats?

ADRIANA: He did, and I gave it to him.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS: I was sent for a rope! God and the rope maker are my witnesses!

PINCH: Mistress, both the man and his master are possessed. I can tell by how pale and deathlike they look. We must tie them up and leave them in some dark room.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS: (*to Adriana*) Tell me! Why did you lock me out today? (*to Dromio of Ephesus*) And why are you denying that you received the gold?

ADRIANA: My sweet husband, I did not lock you out.

DROMIO OF EPHESUS: And my sweet master, I received no gold. But I agree, sir, that we were locked out.

ADRIANA: You lying villain! Both those statements are false.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS: You lying slut, everything you say is false. You're scheming with some damned gang, trying to make a fool of me. With my own bare hands, I'll scratch out your eyes, which want to see me humiliated.

Three or four men enter and try to restrain Antipholus of Ephesus. He struggles with them.

ADRIANA: Tie him up! Tie him up! Keep him away from me!

PINCH: We need more help! The devil in him is strong!

LUCIANA: Oh, my, poor man! How pale and listless he looks!

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS: Are you trying to kill me? Jailer, I'm your prisoner. Are you going to let them break me out of jail?

OFFICER: Gentlemen, let go of him. He's my prisoner and you can't have him.

PINCH: Tie up the servant, for he is mad as well.

MONOLOGUES

DUKE

Poor Egeon! Fate has decreed that you must endure the extremes of terrible misfortune. Believe me, if it weren't against the law, my crown, my duty, and my position (which princes cannot disobey, not matter how they feel), my very soul would argue your case. But you are sentenced to death, and changing a sentence that's already been passed would dishonor my title. However, I'll do what I can for you. I will allow you one day to look for help in Ephesus. Call any friends you have. Beg or borrow to come up with the ransom. If you can, you live. If not, you are doomed to die. Jailer, take him into custody.

EGEON

Had the Gods taken pity on us, I wouldn't be here calling them merciless. The two ships hadn't come within ten leagues of us when our ship hit a huge rock and split down the middle. As we were unjustly separated from each other, both my wife and I were left with something to delight in and something to sorrow over. For her part-the poor soul! Her half of the mast weighed less, but she was no luckier than I was: the wind carried her away more quickly. I saw them rescued by fishermen from Corinth-or so I thought. After a while, another ship rescued me and the two boys who were with me. The sailors knew me, so they took good care of us. Our ship would have caught up with the other ship and taken back my wife and the children, but we sailed too slowly and their ship sped toward their home. So now you've heard how I was spared from everything I love. It's been my bad luck to remain alive long enough to be able to tell the sad stories of my own misfortunes.

ADRIANA

Yes, yes, Antipholus: look bewildered and frown at me. You've given away all your sweet looks to some other woman -I am not Adriana nor your wife. There was a time when you'd feely tell me that words were never music to your ear unless I said them, that objects never pleased your eye unless I showed them to you, that touches never pleased your hands unless they were my touches, and that food never tasted sweet to you unless I had prepared it. How is it, my husband -oh, how is it -that you have become a stranger to yourself? I say yourself because you are a stranger to me now, but when we are indivisible and united in one body, I am better than the best part of you. Ah, don't tear yourself away from me! For you should know, my love, that it would be easy to let a drop of water fall into the churning sea and then fish it out again, unmingled and undiminished, as it would be to take yourself from me without taking me out of myself as well. How deeply would it cut you if you heard that I had been cheating on you and that my body-which is sworn for you only -had been contaminated by vile lust? Wouldn't you spit at me, and spurn me, and throw our marriage vows in my face? Wouldn't you tear the mark off my whorish forehead, cut the wedding ring off my finger, and swear to divorce me/ I know you would, so go ahead. For I have, in fact, committed adultery, and my blood has been contaminated by lust. Because if marriage has made us one, then when you cheat, you poison my flesh as well -your contagion makes me a prostitute. So stay faithful to me and return to your marriage bed. That way, my reputation will be protected and your honor will be intact.

LUCIANA

Have you completely forgotten your duty as a husband? Antipholus, your marriage is still fresh and new, like the springtime -have the young shoots of your love already started to wither? Is the building of your

love already in ruins? If you married my sister for her wealth, then for her wealth's sake, treat her with her with more kindness. Or if your affection has already strayed to another woman, at least be stealthy about it. Hide your false love, blindfold yourself so my sister cannot read your faithlessness in your eyes. Watch what you say, and don't let your own words give away your shame. Look sweet and act kindly-be attractive in your disloyalty. Disguise your misbehavior as integrity, and behave properly even if your heart is tainted. Though you are sinful, carry yourself like a holy saint. Be false in secret: why does she need to know? What foolish thief brags about his crimes? It's doubly wrong to cheat on your wife and then let her see the offense in your eyes. When you do something shameful, it's possible to put a good spin on it, but bad deeds are made worse by speaking of them. Alas, poor women! We're so gullible, we believe it when you say you love us. Even if you love someone else in your heart, make it appear as if you love us. We follow in your orbit, and you have the power to move us. So, my sweet brother-in-law, go inside. Comfort my sister, cheer her up, call her "wife". It's a holy thing to lie a little when sweet flattery can smooth over trouble.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Sweet mistress -I don't know what other name to give you, or how you've figured out mine -you seem as wise and graceful as the earth is wonderful and divine. Teach me how I should think and speak. My understanding is clumsy and human, riddled with errors -it is feeble, shallow, and weak. Reveal to me the hidden meaning of your words. Why would you have me betray the truth of my emotions and make my love wander in some other direction? Are you a god? Are you trying to remake me? Go ahead, I'll yield to your power. But if I am myself, then I know for sure that your weeping sister is not my wife. I don't owe her any duty -it's you that I submit to. Oh, sweet mermaid, don't command me to drown myself in the flood of your sister's waves, and I will lie down in it like a bed. If a man could die in that glorious fantasy, then I think he would benefit by dying. Love is light and therefore floats -if my love is false, let me sink!

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

My Lord, I know what I'm saying. I'm not drunk, and I haven't gone mad from anger -even though the wrongs done to me today would drive any man insane. This woman locked me out of the house today at lunchtime, and if he weren't conspiring with her, this jeweler could confirm my story since he was with me at the time. He left to fetch a necklace and he promised to bring it to the Porcupine, where I was dining with Balthasar. He hadn't arrived by the time we finished eating, so I went out looking for him. I met him in the street -he was there with that man.

That's when this lying jeweler swore that he had already given me the necklace, which, God knows, he hadn't. He had me arrested for it, and I went with the officer, sending my servant home to get money for the bail. When my servant returned empty-handed, I politely asked the officer to accompany me to my house. On the way, we came across my wife, her sister, and their gang of vile associates.

One of them was a man named Pinch: a hungry, narrow-faced villain; a skeleton; a fraud; a raggedy magician and fortune-teller; a needy, hollowed-eyed, emaciated wretch; a walking corpse. He pretended to be some kind of sorcerer, and he gazed in my eyes and took my pulse. Then, with his thin face leering down at mine, he cried out that I was possessed.

Then they all pounced on me, tied me up, carried me away, and left me in a dark, dank cellar at my house. They left me and my servant there, tied together. Eventually I chewed through the ropes and

freed myself, and I immediately ran to find you, Your Grace. I beg you: grant me justice for the deep shame I have suffered and the terrible wrong done to me.

COURTESAN

Antipholus has gone insane, no question about it. If not, he'd never behave like this. He has a ring of mine, worth forty ducats, and he promised to give me a necklace in exchange for it. Now he won't give me either. The reason I think he's insane, besides the way he just acted, is that he told a senseless story over lunch about being locked out of his own house. His wife probably did it on purpose because she knows what kind of fits he's having. I must go to his house and tell his wife that he came bursting into my place like a lunatic and stole my ring. It's my best option: I can't afford to lose forty ducats.

ANGELO

You're right. And that necklace around his neck is the very one he swore he didn't have! Good sir, stay close to me. I'll speak to him. Signior Antipholus, I can't believe you'd put me to this kind of shame and trouble -not to mention the scandal you've brought on yourself. You swore I never gave you the necklace, but now you're wearing it openly. Not only has your lie cost you money, shame, and imprisonment, but you've also mistreated this honest friend of mine. If it hasn't been for this dispute, he would have already hoisted sail and left for sea. You got that necklace from me: can you deny that?

BALTHASAR

Be patient, sir! Don't do this! This will hurt your reputation and make your wife, who's innocent, look suspicious. Look, you've known her a long time. She's wise, serious, mature, and modest. All this suggests that she has a good reason for doing this to you. Let's assume that she has a reason, which you don't know yet: have faith that she'll eventually explain why she shut the doors on you today. Listen to me. Be patient and leave, and we'll all go to the Tiger for lunch. In the evening, come back alone and figure this strange resistance. If you get violent and creak in now, in broad daylight, people will talk about it. The common mod will presume things, and your untarnished reputation will be damaged-and that damage will last long after you're dead. Slander passes from generation to generation, and once it sticks to a family, it's there forever.

ABBESS

And that's why he went crazy. A jealous woman's poisonous ranting is worse than the bite of a rabid dog. You disturbed his sleep with our complaining, which is why he's disoriented. You seasoned his food with screams. Stress during mealtime ruins the digestion, and that gave him a raging fever. Ever, as we know, is a kind of madness. You spoiled his fun by fighting with him, and when people can't enjoy themselves. They frow moody and dull with melancholy-they come very close to being grim and cheerlessly depressed. Next thing you know, all kind of terrible illnesses break out. Ruining his meals, his enjoyment, and his sleep would drive any man or beast mad. What I'm saying is, your jealousy has pushed your husband away from his sanity.