



Taming of the Shrew

from the play by William Shakespeare

abridged and adapted (or assaulted, rather) by Ryan Michael Decker

Cast of Characters

KATHARINA (F)

The shrew

BIANCA (F)

Her lovely sister

BAPTISTA (M/F)

Their father/mother, the antagonist of the show; will be an older cast member

LUCENTIO (M)

Loves Bianca, disguises himself as a schoolmaster to be near her

TRANIO (M/F)

Lucentio's friend and servant, disguises himself as Lucentio's father

PETRUCHIO (M)

Old friend of Lucentio, plans to tame and marry Katharina for her wealth

VINCENTIO (M/F)

Lucentio's father/mother; an older cast member, appears in the prologue and final two scenes

The Scenes

PROLOGUE**ACT I, SCENE 1****ACT I, SCENE 2****ACT II, SCENE 1****(AND A BIT OF ACT IV, SCENE 2)****ACT III, SCENE 2****ACT IV, SCENE 1 & 3****ACT IV, SCENE 4****ACT IV, SCENE 5****ACT V, SCENE 1**

Prologue

VINCENTIO

Your honours' players, heating your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore we thought it good you hear a play
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.
Marry, we will play it. Tis not a
comedy or a tumbling-trick.
No, my good lords; it is more pleasing stuff.
It is a kind of history.
see't and let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger.
Gentiles, a play upon the playing ground; We present for you
William Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shew*.

Act I, Scene 1

Padua. A public place.

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, importune me no farther, for how I firmly am resolved you know. That is, not bestow my youngest daughter before I have a husband for the elder. If either of you both love Katharina, because I know you well and love you well, leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

LUCENTIO

To cart her rather: she's too rough for me. There there, Tranio, will you any wife?

KATHARINA

I pray you, sir, is it your will to make a stale of me amongst these mates?

LUCENTIO

Mates, maid! How mean you that? No mates for you, unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

KATHARINA

In faith, sir, you shall never need to fear. I wis it is not half way to her heart, but if it were, doubt not her care should be to comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool and paint your face and use you like a fool.

LUCENTIO

From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!

TRANIO

And me too, good Lord! That wench is stark mad!

LUCENTIO

But in Bianca's silence do I see maid's mild behavior and sobriety.

KATHARINA

A pretty peat! It is best put finger in the eye, and she knew why.

BIANCA

Sister, content you in my discontent. Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe.

LUCENTIO

Hark, Tranio! Thou may'st hear Minerva speak. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange? Sorry am I that our good will effects Bianca's grief.

TRANIO

Why will you mew her up, Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell, and make her bear the penance of her tongue?

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved. Go in, Bianca. I know she taketh most delight in music and poetry; Schoolmasters will I keep within my house fit to instruct her youth. If you, Tranio, or Signior Lucentio, you, know any such, prefer them hither; for to cunning men I will be very kind. Farewell. Katharina, you may stay, for I have more to commune with Bianca.

KATHARINA

I trust I may go too, may I not? Shall I be appointed hours, belike, I knew not what to take and what to leave?

TRANIO

I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible that love should take such hold?

LUCENTIO

O Tranio, till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible or likely. Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish if I achieve not this young modest girl.

TRANIO

I pray, awake, sir! If you love the maid, bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd that till the father rid his hands of her, Master, your love must live a maid at home.

LUCENTIO

Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he! But art thou not advised, he took some care to get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her?

TRANIO

Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted.

LUCENTIO

I have it, Tranio.

TRANIO

Master, for my hand, both our inventions meet and jump in one.

LUCENTIO

Tell me thine first.

TRANIO

You will be schoolmaster and undertake the teaching of the maid: That's your device.

LUCENTIO

It is! May it be done?

TRANIO

For so your father charged me at our parting, "Be serviceable to my son," quoth he... Although I think 'twas in another sense, I am content because so well I love Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves! Let me be a slave, to achieve that maid! Tranio, let's go

Act I, Scene 2

Padua. Before PETRUCHIO'S house.

PETRUCHIO

Verona, for a while I take my leave to see my friends in Padua. But of all my best beloved and approved friend, Lucentio; and I trow this is his house. Here, sirrah; knock, I say.

LUCENTIO

How now! What's the matter? My good friend Petruchio! How do you? What happy gale blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO

Lucentio! My father, is deceased, and I have thrust myself into this maze haply to wive and thrive as best I may. Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home, and so am come abroad to see the world.

LUCENTIO

Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee and wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife? Thou'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel... Yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich and very rich, thou'rt too much my friend and I'll not wish thee to her.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Lucentio, if thou know one rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, I come to wive it wealthily in Padua. If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

LUCENTIO

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife with wealth enough and young and beauteous – brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman. Her only fault, and that is faults enough, is that she is intolerable curst, shrewd and forward. Were my state far worsser than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PETRUCHIO

Hortensio, peace! Thou know'st not gold's effect! Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough.

LUCENTIO

Her mother is Baptista Minola, an affable and courteous gentleman. Her name is Katharina Minola, renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO

I know her mother, though I know not her. I will not sleep, Lucentio, till I see her.

LUCENTIO

Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee, for in Baptista's keep my treasure is. He hath the jewel of my life in hold, his youngest daughter, beautiful Binaca. None shall have access unto Bianca till Katharina the curst have got a husband.

PETRUCHIO

Katharina the curst! A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

LUCENTIO

Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace and offer me disguised in sober robes to old Baptista as a schoolmaster – well seen in music – to instruct Bianca? I may, by this device, at least have leave and leisure to make love to her and unsuspected court her by herself.

PETRUCHIO

Here's no knavery! See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together!

LUCENTIO

Petruchio, 'tis now no time to vent my love? Will undertake to woo curst Katharina and to marry her if her dowry please?

PETRUCHIO

I know she is an irksome brawling scold. If that be all, master, I hear no harm.

LUCENTIO

O sir, such a life, with such a wife, were strange! Will you woo this wild-cat?

PETRUCHIO

Why came I hither but to that intent? Think you a little din can daunt mine ears? Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

LUCENTIO

The motion's good indeed and be it so, Petruchio, I shall be your ben venuto.

Act II, Scene 1

(... and a bit of Act IV, Scene 2)

Padua. A room in BAPTISTA'S house.

BIANCA

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself. What you will command me will I do – so well I know my duty to my elders.

KATHARINA

Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.

BIANCA

Believe me, sister, of all the men alive, I never yet beheld that special face which I could fancy more than any other.

KATHARINA

Minion, thou liest.

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, dame! Whence grows this insolence? Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?

KATHARINA

Her silence flouts me, and I'll be revenged.

BAPTISTA

What, in my sight? Bianca, get thee in!

KATHARINA

What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see She is your treasure, she must have a husband – I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day and for your love to her lead apes in hell! Talk not to me! I will go sit and weep till I can find occasion of revenge!

BAPTISTA

Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I? But who comes here?

PETRUCHIO

Good morrow, Baptista?

BAPTISTA

Good morrow, God save you, gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO

Good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA

I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

PETRUCHIO

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, that, hearing of her beauty and her wit, her affability and bashful modesty, her wondrous qualities and mild behavior, am bold to show myself a forward guest within your house, to make mine eye the witness of that report which I so oft have heard.

And, for an entrance to my entertainment, I do present you with a man of mine: Cunning in music and the poetry, to instruct her fully in those sciences, whereof I know she is not ignorant. Accept of him, or else you do me wrong. His name is Cambio, born in Mantua.

BAPTISTA

You're welcome, sir – and he, for your good sake! But for my daughter Katharina, this I know, she is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PETRUCHIO

I see you do not mean to part with her, or else you like not of my company.

BAPTISTA

Mistake me not – I speak but as I find. Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

PETRUCHIO

Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son, a man well known throughout all Italy.

BAPTISTA

I know him well! You are welcome for his sake.

PETRUCHIO

To express kindness I freely give unto you this young scholar.

BAPTISTA

A thousand thanks, Signior Petruchio. Welcome, good Cambio. May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

LUCENTIO/“CAMBIO”

Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own. Being a stranger in this city, that I may have welcome and free access and favour as the rest. Toward the education of your daughters, I here bestow a simple instrument and this small packet of Greek and Latin books. If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAPTISTA

Take you the lute and set of books. You shall go see your pupils presently, within. We will go walk a little in the orchard, and then to dinner.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste, and every day I cannot come to woo. Tell me, if I get your daughter's love, what dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAPTISTA

After my death, the one half of my lands, and in possession twenty thousand crowns.

PETRUCHIO

And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of her widowhood, be it that she survive me, in all my lands and leases whatsoever. Let specialties be therefore drawn between us!

BAPTISTA

Ay, when the special thing is well obtain'd – that is, her love; for that is all in all.

PETRUCHIO

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded. Where two raging fires meet together, they do consume the thing that feeds their fury! I am rough and woo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA

Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed! But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?

LUCENTIO/“CAMBIO”

For fear, I promise you.

BAPTISTA

What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

LUCENTIO/“CAMBIO”

I think she'll sooner prove a soldier
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

PETRUCHIO

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench! I love her ten times more than e'er I did – O, how I long to have some chat with her!

BAPTISTA

Well, go with me and be not so discomfited. Proceed in practise with my younger daughter; She's apt to learn and thankful for good turns. Signior Petruchio, will you go with us or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PETRUCHIO

I pray you do.

I will attend her here, And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
 Say that she rail; why then I'll tell her plain she sings as sweetly as a nightingale.
 Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear as morning roses newly wash'd with dew.
 Say she be mute and will not speak a word; then I'll commend her volubility.
 But here she comes; and now, Petruccio, speak. Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

KATHARINA

Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing. They call me Katharina that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO

You lie, in faith – for you are call'd plain Kate, and bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst.
 But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom, Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate, for
 dainties are all Kates. Therefore, Kate, take this of me, Kate of my consolation: Hearing thy
 mildness praised in every town, thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded, myself am moved
 to woo thee for my wife.

KATHARINA

Moved! In good time – let him that moved you hither remove you hence! I knew you at the first
 you were a moveable.

PETRUCHIO

Why, what's a moveable?

KATHARINA

A join'd-stool.

PETRUCHIO

Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

KATHARINA

Asses are made to bear, and so are you.

PETRUCHIO

Women are made to bear, and so are you.

KATHARINA

No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO

Alas! good Kate, I will not burden thee. For, knowing thee to be but young and light--

KATHARINA

Too light for such a swain as you to catch; and yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PETRUCHIO

Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you are too angry.

KATHARINA

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO

My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

KATHARINA

Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

PETRUCHIO

Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail!

KATHARINA

In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO

Whose tongue?

KATHARINA

Yours, if you talk of tails: and so farewell.

PETRUCHIO

What, with my tongue in your tail? Nay, come again, Good Kate – I am a gentleman!

KATHARINA

That I'll try.

PETRUCHIO

I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

KATHARINA

So may you lose your arms. If you strike me, you are no gentleman; if no gentleman, why then no arms.

PETRUCHIO

A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books!

KATHARINA

What is your crest? a coxcomb?

PETRUCHIO

A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATHARINA

No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

KATHARINA

It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

PETRUCHIO

Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

KATHARINA

There is, there is.

PETRUCHIO

Then show it me.

KATHARINA

Had I a glass, I would.

PETRUCHIO

What, you mean my face?

KATHARINA

I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

PETRUCHIO

No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle. 'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen, and now I find report a very liar. For thou are pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous... but slow in speech... yet sweet as spring-time flowers. O slanderous world!

KATHARINA

Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.

PETRUCHIO

In plain terms, your mother hath consented that you shall be my wife; your dowry agreed on, and, Will you, nill you, I will marry you. For I am he am born to tame you Kate, and bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate conformable as other household Kates.

BAPTISTA

Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO

How but well, sir? How but well?

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, daughter Katharina! in your dumps?

KATHARINA

Call you me daughter?! Now, I promise you, you have showed a tender motherly regard, to wish me wed to one half lunatic!

PETRUCHIO

Mother, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world, that talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her! If she be curst, it is for policy, for she's not froward, but modest as the dove. We have agreed so well together, that upon Sunday is the wedding-day!

KATHARINA

I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first!

PETRUCHIO

'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone, That she shall still be curst in company. I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe how much she loves me! O, the kindest Kate! She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss that in a twink she won me to her love. Give me thy hand, Kate! I will unto Venice, to buy apparel against the wedding-day. Provide the feast, mother, and bid the guests!

BAPTISTA

I know not what to say, but give me your hands! God send you joy, Petruchio! 'Tis a match!

PETRUCHIO

Mother, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu! I will to Venice! Sunday comes apace; we will have rings and things and fine array. And kiss me, Kate, we will be married on Sunday!

LUCENTIO/“CAMBIO”

Now, Baptista, to your younger daughter, now is the day many long have looked for. I hear, Lucentio loves Bianca more than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

BAPTISTA

'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he of all that can assure my daughter greatest dower shall have my Bianca's love.

TRANIO

Lucentio, his father's heir and only son, if he may have your daughter to my wife, will leave her houses three or four as good Within rich Pisa walls besides two thousand ducats by the year Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.

BAPTISTA

I must confess that offer is the best. Let his father make her the assurance. I am thus resolved. On Sunday next you know, my daughter Katharina is to be married. Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca be bride to Lucentio, if he this assurance. And so, I take my leave, and thank you.

LUCENTIO/“CAMBIO”

Adieu, good lord.

Now shall my friend Tranio do me charity, and offer to disguise in serious robes to old Baptista as my father, Vincentio. He in countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

TRANIO

O sir, I do; and will repute you ever the patron of my life and liberty.

LUCENTIO/“CAMBIO”

Then make the matter good! Pass assurance of a dower in marriage 'twixt me and Bianca.

TRANIO

Lucentio shall have a father, call'd 'supposed Vincentio;'

Act III, Scene 2

Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

BAPTISTA

Signior Cambio, this is the 'pointed day that Katharina and Petruchio should be married, and yet we hear not of our son-in-law! What says Cambio to this shame of ours?

KATHARINA

Now must the world point at poor Katharina and say, "Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife, if it would please him come and marry her!"

LUCENTIO/"CAMBIO"

Patience, good Katharina, and Baptista too. Upon my life, Petruchio means but well, whatever fortune stays him from his word. Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

KATHARINA

Would Katharina had never seen him though!

BAPTISTA

Go, girl... I cannot blame thee now to weep. For such an injury would vex a very saint, much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

TRANIO

Master, master! News!

BAPTISTA

Is he come?

TRANIO

Why, no, sir.

BAPTISTA

What then?

TRANIO

He is coming.

BAPTISTA

When will he be here?

TRANIO

When he stands where I am and sees you there.

PETRUCHIO

Where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride? How does my mother?... Gentles, methinks you frown...

BAPTISTA

Why, sir, you know this is your wedding-day! First were we sad, fearing you would not come, now sadder that you come so unprovided. Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, an eye-sore to our solemn festival!

PETRUCHIO

Sufficeth I am come to keep my word, but where is Kate? I stay too long from her – the morning wears, 'tis time we were wed!

LUCENTIO/“CAMBIO”

See not your bride in these unreverent robes! Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

PETRUCHIO

Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

BAPTISTA

But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

PETRUCHIO

To me she's married, not unto my clothes. I should bid good morrow to my bride, and seal the title with a lovely kiss!

LUCENTIO/“CAMBIO”

He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
Signor Petruchio, would you take Katarina to be your wife?

PETRUCHIO

Ay, by gogs-wouns, so I would and so I do.

LUCENTIO/“CAMBIO”

Signor Petruchio, have you been drinking? Katharina, would you take Petruchio to be your husband?

KATHARINA

If I must.

LUCENTIO/“CAMBIO”

Then must I pronounce ... man and wife.

TRANIO

Such a mad marriage never was before.

PETRUCHIO

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains. Here I mean to take my leave.

BAPTISTA

Is't possible you will away tonight?

PETRUCHIO

I must away today, before night come to this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife!
Dine with my mother, drink a health to me, for I must hence. Farewell to you all!

TRANIO

Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO

It may not be.

LUCENTIO/“CAMBIO”

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

It cannot be.

KATHARINA

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

I am content.

KATHARINA

Are you content to stay?

PETRUCHIO

I am content you shall entreat me stay; but yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATHARINA

Now, if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO

My horse!

KATHARINA

Do what thou can, I will not go today, nor tomorrow – not till I please myself. The door is open, sir. There lies your way.

PETRUCHIO

O Kate, content thee! Prithee, be not angry!

KATHARINA

I will be angry: what hast thou to do? Guests, forward to the bridal dinner!

PETRUCHIO

They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command. Obey the bride, you that attend on her. Go to the feast, revel and domineer! But for my bonny Kate, she must with me. I will be master of what is mine own. She is my goods, my chattels, my house, my horse, my ox, my ass, my anything.

TRANIO

Of all mad matches never was the like...

LUCENTIO/“CAMBIO”

Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIANCA

That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

TRANIO

I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

BAPTISTA

Guests, let's go.

Act IV, Scene 1 & 3

PETRUCHIO'S country house.

PETRUCHIO

Thus have I politicly begun my reign, and 'tis my hope to end successfully. She eat no meat today, nor none shall eat. Last night she slept not, nor tonight she shall not. This all is done in reverend care of her. And if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl and with the clamour keep her still awake. This is a way to kill a wife with kindness.

KATHARINA

The more my wrong, the more his spite appears. What, did he marry me to famish me? I am starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep. I prithee go and get me some repast, I care not what so it be wholesome food.

TRANIO

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATHARINA

A dish that I do love to feed upon.

TRANIO

Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATHARINA

Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

TRANIO

Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard, or else you get no beef.

KATHARINA

Then both, or one, or anything thou wilt.

TRANIO

Why then, the mustard without the beef.

KATHARINA

Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave!

PETRUCHIO

How fares my Kate? Mistress, what cheer?

KATHARINA

Faith, as cold as can be.

PETRUCHIO

Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me. We are to return unto thy mother's house for Bianca's wedding day! Come, Tranio, let us see these ornaments – lay forth the gown.

TRANIO

Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

PETRUCHIO

Why, this was moulded on a porringer! A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy...

KATHARINA

I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time, and gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PETRUCHIO

When you are gentle, you shall have one too, and not till then.

TRANIO

That will not be in haste.

KATHARINA

Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak and speak I will. I am no child, no babe. Your betters have endured me say my mind, and if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

PETRUCHIO

Why, thou say'st true; it is a paltry cap, a custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pie. I love thee well, in that thou likest it not.

KATHARINA

Love me or love me not, I like the cap. And it I will have, or I will have none.

PETRUCHIO

Thy gown? Come, Tranio, let us see't. O mercy, God! what masquing stuff is here? What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-cannon. What, up and down, carved like an apple-tart? Here's snip and nip and cut and slish and slash, like to a censer in a barber's shop! Why, what, in the devil's name, Tranio, call'st thou this?

TRANIO

You bid me make it orderly and well, according to the fashion and the time.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd, I did not bid you mar it to the time. I'll none of it: hence! Make your best of it.

KATHARINA

I never saw a better-fashion'd gown; more quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable. Belike you mean to make a puppet of me.

PETRUCHIO

Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

TRANIO

She says your worship means to make a puppet of her.

PETRUCHIO

O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest, thou thread, thou thimble! I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

TRANIO

Your worship is deceived; the gown is made just as my master had direction. How did you desire it should be made?

PETRUCHIO

Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

TRANIO

But did you not request to have it cut? Why, here is the note of the fashion to testify.

PETRUCHIO

Read it.

TRANIO

“Imprimis, a loose-bodied gown:”

PETRUCHIO

Proceed.

TRANIO

“With a small compassed cape:”

PETRUCHIO

I confess the cape.

TRANIO

“With a trunk sleeve:”

PETRUCHIO

I confess two sleeves.

TRANIO

“The sleeves curiously cut.”

PETRUCHIO

Ay, there's the villany. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

TRANIO

You are in the right, sir: 'tis for the mistress.

PETRUCHIO

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your mother's even in these honest mean habiliments. We will hence forthwith, to feast and sport us at thy mother's house. Let's see... I think 'tis now some seven o'clock, and well we may come there by dinnertime.

KATHARINA

I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two. And 'twill be suppertime ere you come there.

PETRUCHIO

It shall be seven ere I go to horse. Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do, I will not go today, and ere I do, it shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Act IV, Scene 4

Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

LUCENTIO

Sir, this is the house. Please it you that I call?

TRANIO/"VINCENTIO"

Ay, what else? But I be deceived, Signior Baptista may remember me.

LUCENTIO

'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case, with such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

TRANIO/"VINCENTIO"

I warrant you.

LUCENTIO

Signior Baptista, we are happily met! Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of! I pray you stand good father to me now! – give me Bianca for my patrimony!

TRANIO/"VINCENTIO"

Soft son! Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua to gather in some debts, my son Lucentio made me acquainted with a weighty cause of love between your daughter and himself:

BAPTISTA

Your plainness and your shortness please me well. Right true it is, your son Lucentio here Doth love my daughter and she loveth him. If like a father you will deal with him and pass my daughter a sufficient dower, the match is made, and all is done.

LUCENTIO

I thank you, sir!

BAPTISTA

Lucentio, hie you home, and bid Bianca make her ready straight. And, if you will, tell what hath happened, that your father is arrived in Padua, and how she's like to be your wife.

LUCENTIO

I pray the gods she may with all my heart!

BAPTISTA

Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.

Act IV, Scene 5

A public road.

PETRUCHIO

Come on, in God's name, once more toward our mother's. Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATHARINA

The moon!? The sun – it is not moonlight now.

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATHARINA

I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO

Now, by my mother's son – and that's myself – it shall be moon, or star, or what I list, or ere I journey to your mother's house. I say it is the moon.

KATHARINA

I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

KATHARINA

Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun! But sun it is not, when you say it is not and the moon changes even as your mind! What you will have it named, even that it is, so it shall be so for Katharina.

PETRUCHIO

Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won! But, soft! Company is coming here. Good morrow, gentle mistress, where away? Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too, hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman? Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

KATHARINA

Young budding virgin, fair and fresh and sweet, Whither away, or where is thy abode? Happy the parents of so fair a child. Happier the man whom have this lovely bedfellow.

PETRUCHIO

Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad! This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd – not a maiden, as thou say'st he is!

KATHARINA

Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes that have been so bedazzled with the sun that everything I look on seemeth green. Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

PETRUCHIO

Which way thou travellest? If along with us, we shall be joyful of thy company.

VINCENTIO

Fair sir, and you my merry mistress, that with your strange encounter much amazed me, my name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa. Bound I am to Padua; there to visit a son of mine, which long I have not seen.

PETRUCHIO

What is his name?

VINCENTIO

Lucentio, gentle sir.

PETRUCHIO

Happily we met! The happier for thy son! The sister to my wife, this gentlewoman, thy son by this hath married. Wonder not, nor be grieved: she is of good esteem, her dowery wealthy, and of worthy birth.

VINCENTIO

But is it true? Or else is it your pleasure like pleasant travellers, to break a jest upon the company you overtake?

PETRUCHIO

I do assure thee, father, so it is. Come, go along, and see the truth hereof; For our first merriment hath made thee jealous.

Act V, Scene 1

Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S house.

VINCENTIO

Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

TRANIO /“VINCENTIO”

He's within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

VINCENTIO

What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two?

TRANIO /“VINCENTIO”

Keep your hundred pounds to yourself: he shall need none, so long as I live.

PETRUCHIO

I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

TRANIO /“VINCENTIO”

Thou liest: his father is come from Padua and here looking at you.

VINCENTIO

Art thou his father?

TRANIO /“VINCENTIO”

Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

PETRUCHIO

Why, how now, gentleman! Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

TRANIO /“VINCENTIO”

Lay hands on the villain!

VINCENTIO

Tranio? 'Tis that you? Come hither, crack-hemp! What, have you forgot me?

TRANIO /“VINCENTIO”

Forgot you! No, sir, I could not forget you for I never saw you before in all my life.

VINCENTIO

What, you notorious villain! Didst thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

TRANIO /“VINCENTIO”

Help, help, help! Here's a madman will murder me. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista!

PETRUCHIO

Prithee, Kate, let's stand aside and see the end of this controversy.

VINCENTIO

O fine villain! O, I am undone! I am undone!

BAPTISTA

What, is the man lunatic?

TRANIO /“VINCENTIO”

Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words show you a madman.

VINCENTIO

O villain!

BAPTISTA

You mistake, sir, you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name?

VINCENTIO

His name! As if I knew not his name – I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

TRANIO /“VINCENTIO”

Away, away, mad ass! Lucentio is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

VINCENTIO

Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his master! Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name. O, my son, my son! Tell me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

LUCENTIO/“CAMBIO”

Pardon, sweet father.

VINCENTIO

Lives my sweet son?

BIANCA

Pardon, dear father.

BAPTISTA

How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

LUCENTIO

Here's Lucentio, right son to the right Vincentio, that have by marriage made thy daughter mine, while counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne

VINCENTIO

Where is that damned villain Tranio, that faced and braved me in this matter so?

BAPTISTA

Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

BIANCA

Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love made me exchange my state and happily I have arrived at the last unto the wished haven of my bliss. What Tranio did, myself enforced him to. Pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

BAPTISTA

Have you married my daughter without asking my good will?

VINCENTIO

Fear not, Baptista; we will content you, go to: but I will in, to be revenged for this villany.

BAPTISTA

And I, to sound the depth of this knavery.

LUCENTIO

Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown.

KATHARINA

Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.

PETRUCHIO

First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATHARINA

What, in the midst of the street?

PETRUCHIO

What, art thou ashamed of me?

KATHARINA

No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

PETRUCHIO

Why, then let's home again. Come, sirrah, let's away.

KATHARINA

Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

PETRUCHIO

Is not this well? Come, my sweet Kate: Better once than never, for never too late.