



**THE DUCHESS OF MALFI**

THE DUCHESS	Anastasia Hille
FERDINAND	Scott Handy
BOSOLA	George Anton
THE CARDINAL	Paul Brennen
ANTONIO	Matthew MacFadyen
JULIA	Nicola Redmond
CARIOLA	Avril Clark
DELIO	Shaun Parkes
THE COMPANY	2. Sean Hannaway
	4. Terence Maynard
	3. Christopher Kell
	6. Guy Moore
	5. Peter Moreton
	1. Matthew Bowyer

PLAYS  
WEB  
PROMPT

THM/24

u

Leanne - SNO

Hannah/Sam - Lx

Souana - Andréa

Buy Lx - Steve  
TSM - Mark

Chelt - \$00 ETA Nick & Peelan

1 Mikey.

David  
Derek  
Amario

Vanny - Malta

1. Gloria I Pg 3
2. Ave maria III 8
- Madmen Gloria IV 5

Kyne IV 10 1'30"

Kyne IV 7 30"

" IV 9 7' 9' 20"

" IV " 20"

F.O.H

William Ingre

6-07

Locomol Mat-M  
 (COFFIN - COFFIN C.S.)  
 LX 0.1 (Reet)

[Adon's storage]  
 LX 0.2 GO

SNOOL LX 0.5-2

FOH clearance

KOS LX 0.5 else LX GO

Adon's settle

KX 0.1 GO

0.3 Ht tab

age drink  
 Leo

Eg C.R

Raul

Shawn

Haakina

Teg

Ant

Nicola

Gut

Mat B

Search #

All pray around coffin - head by card

Churchill  
 coffin - CS

inside  
 3x gowns  
 sepeloid  
 crown  
 Bressword

④ section of prayer - followed by Cos

SNOOL

1718

Adon

CT

PM

GA

NR

TM

SH

GM

9 seeds

Tab 01 GO

Antono entrance

9 seeds

Tab 01 GO

Antono entrance

9 seeds

Tab 01 GO

Antono entrance

9 seeds

Tab 01 GO

Antono entrance

9 seeds

Tab 01 GO

Antono entrance

# WORKERS

## The Duchess of Malfi

### Act I

ACTUS PRIMUS, SCENA PRIMA.

Enter ANTONIO and DELIO.

Delio. You are welcome to your country, dear Antonio—  
You have been long in France, and you return  
A very formal Frenchman in your habit.  
How do you like the French court?

Ant. I admire it—

In seeking to reduce both state and people  
To a fix'd order, their judicious king  
Begins at home: quits first his royal palace  
Of flatt'ring sycophants *dissemblest infamous persons*  
Consid'ring duly, that a prince's court  
Is like a common fountain, whence should flow  
Pure silver drops in general: but if 't chance  
Some curs'd example poison 't near the head,  
Death, and diseases through the whole land spread.

Bos. I do haunt you still.

Card. So.

Bos. I have done you

Better service than to be slighted thus:—  
Miserable age, where only the reward  
Of doing well, is the doing of it.

Card. You enforce your merit too much.

Bos. I fell into the galleys in your service, where for two  
years together, I wore two towels instead of a shirt, with  
a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a Roman  
mantle:— slighted thus? I will thrive some way: black-  
birds fatten best in hard weather; why not I, in these  
dog-days?

Card. Would you could become honest.

Bos. With all your divinity, do but direct me the way to it—  
[Exit Cardinal. *knocks*]  
—Are you gone? Some fellows, they say, are possessed with the  
devil, but this great fellow were able to possess the great-  
est devil, and make him worse.

Ant. He hath denied thee some suit?

Bos. He, and his brother, are like plum-trees, that grow  
crooked over standing pools; they are rich, and o'erladen  
with fruit, but none but crows, pies, and caterpillars feed  
on them: could I be one of their flattering panders, I  
would hang on their ears like a horse-leech till I were full,  
and then drop off:— I pray leave me.

Who would rely upon these miserable dependences, in  
expectation to be advanced tomorrow? what creature  
ever fed worse than hoping Tantalus? nor ever died any  
man more fearfully than he that hoped for a pardon.  
There are rewards for hawks, and dogs, when they have  
done us service; but for a soldier, that hazards his limbs in  
a battle, nothing but a kind of geometry is his last suppor-  
tation.

Delio. Geometry?

Bos. Ay, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter swing in  
the world upon an honourable pair of crutches, from hos-

Full Co. pay - lead by Card  
(35 sec Ant. use)

I 1.

5

(4) (shot section of prayer before Bos  
(= whole railway))

2'

by him.

0.1 -  
the stab.  
lx 0.2  
Abs on stage  
0.3 4FO.  
look back  
add Ant 15 sec  
pickup Ant on stage  
{ TABS GO  
TABS going  
lx Q1 GO.

CHURCH  
Cofw C.S.

④ short section of prayer - followed by card.

(Bag gold)

pital to hospital—fare ye well sir. And yet do not you scorn us, for places in the court are but like beds in the hospital, where this man's head lies at that man's foot, and so lower, and lower. *Bosola 1/4 turn*

[Exit.]

I 2

*Delio.* I knew this fellow seven years in the galleys  
For a notorious murder, and 'twas thought  
The cardinal suborn'd it

*Ant.* 'Tis great pity  
He should be thus neglected—I have heard  
He's very valiant: this foul melancholy  
Will poison all his goodness, *(section of prayer— followed by Ferd.)*

*Ferd.* Sister, I have a suit to you:—

*Duch.* To me, sir?

*Ferd.* A gentleman here, Daniel de Bosola;  
One that was in the galleys.

*Duch.* Yes, I know him:—

*Ferd.* A worthy fellow h' is: pray let me entreat for  
The provisorship of your horse.

*Duch.* Your knowledge of him  
Commends him, and prefers him. *(New section of prayer SHORT)*

*Ferd.* Call him hither—

*Card.* Be sure you entertain that Bosola

For your intelligence: I would not be seen in't;

*Ferd.* Antonio, the great master of her household  
Had been far fitter:—

*Card.* You are deceiv'd in him,

Enter BOSOLA.

His nature is too honest for such business—

He comes: I'll leave you.

[Exit.]

*Bos.* I was lur'd to you. *1/4 2*

*Ferd.* My brother here, the cardinal, could never  
Abide you.

*Bos.* Never since he was in my debt.

*Ferd.* May be some oblique character in your face  
Made him suspect you!

*Bos.* Doth he study physiognomy?

There's no more credit to be given to th' face  
Than to a sick man's urine, which some call  
The physician's whore, because she cozens him:—  
He did suspect me wrongfully.

*Ferd.* For that  
You must give great men leave to take their times:  
Distrust doth cause us seldom be deceiv'd;—  
~~You see, the oft shaking of the cedar-tree~~  
Fastens it more at root.

*Bos.* Yet take heed:  
For to suspect a friend unworthily  
Instructs him the next way to suspect you,  
And prompts him to deceive you.

*Ferd.* There's gold.

*Bos.* So:

~~What follows? Never rain'd such show'rs as these  
Without thunderbolts in the tail of them;  
Whose throat must I cut?~~

*Ferd.* ~~Your inclination to shed blood rides post  
Before my occasion to use you;~~ I give you that  
To live i'th' court, here; and observe the duchess,  
To note all the particulars of her 'haviour;  
What suitors do solicit her for marriage  
And whom she best affects: she's a young widow—  
I would not have her marry again.

*Bos.* No, sir?

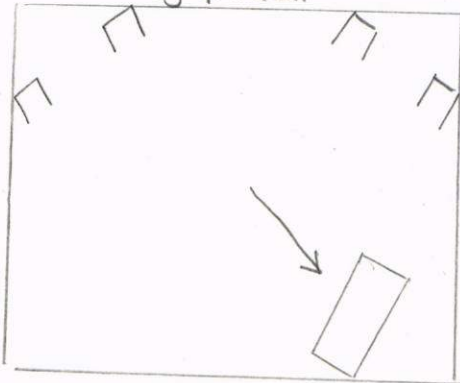
CHURCH → ANTE ROOM

Your call Wardrobe  
for Mr Antons Q charge

(Ring)

←  
TORCH FOR COSTUMES

⑩ - Scene change  
Coffin moved from C.S → D.L  
by gm & SH



TECH  
Card & Ford & Duck in position

SNDRY Lx Q6

Lx Q6 GO  
(2/4 into robing state)

F.O.H. bell (late comes)

Q on

Ferd. Do not you ask the reason: but be satisfied,  
I say I would not.

Bos. It seems you would create me  
One of your familiars.

Ferd. Familiar! what's that?

Bos. Why, a very quaint invisible devil, in flesh:  
An intelligencer.

Ferd. Such a kind of thriving thing  
I would wish thee: and ere long, thou mayst arrive  
At a higher place by't.

Bos. Take your devils  
Which hell calls angels; should I take these they'd take me to hell.

Ferd. Sir, I'll take nothing from you that I have given:—

There is a place that I procur'd for you *of my sister*  
This morning: the provisorship o'th' horse—  
Have you heard on't?

Bos. No.

Ferd. 'Tis yours—is't not worth thanks?

Bos. I would have you curse yourself now, that your bounty,  
Which makes men truly noble, e'er should make  
Me a villain Thus the devil  
Candies all sins o'er; and what heaven terms vile,  
That names he complimental.

Ferd. Be yourself:  
Keep your old garb of melancholy; 'twill express  
You envy those that stand above your reach,  
Yet strive not to come near 'em: this will gain  
Access to private lodgings, where yourself  
May, like a politic dormouse—

Bos. As I have seen some  
Feed in a lord's dish, half asleep, not seeming  
To listen to any talk; and yet these rogues  
Have cut his throat in a dream:—what's my place?  
The provisorship o'th' horse? say then, my corruption  
Grew out of horse-dung: I am your creature. *— 1/4 turn.*

~~Ferd. Away.~~

Bos. Let good men, for good deeds, covet good fame,  
Since place and riches oft are bribes of shame—  
Sometimes the devil doth preach.

DELIO. Now, sir, your promise. What's that Car-  
dinal?

I mean his temper? They say he's a brave fellow,  
Will play his five thousand crowns at tennis, dance,  
Court ladies, and one that hath fought single combats.

165 ANTONIO. Some such flashes superficially hang on  
him for form; but observe his inward character: he is  
a melancholy churchman; the spring in his face is noth-  
ing but the engendering of toads; where he is jealous  
of any man, he lays worse plots for them than ever  
170 was imposed on Hercules, for he strews in his way  
flatter[er]s, panders, intelligencers, atheists, and a  
thousand such political monsters. He should have been  
Pope; but instead of coming to it by the primitive de-  
cency of the Church, he did bestow bribes so largely  
175 and so impudently as if he would have carried it away  
without Heaven's knowledge. Some good he hath  
done—

DELIO. You have given too much of him. What's  
his brother?

ANTONIO. The duke there? A most perverse and  
turbulent nature.

180 What appears in him mirth is merely outside;  
If he laughs heartily, it is to laugh  
All honesty out of fashion.

DELIO. Twins?

Card:  
Exit.

*are to Gally core  
about.  
In such a deformed  
silence whistles whisper  
their charms (whisper)  
the Gally core.  
The proud girl to fill*

ANTE ROOM

(Trumpet)

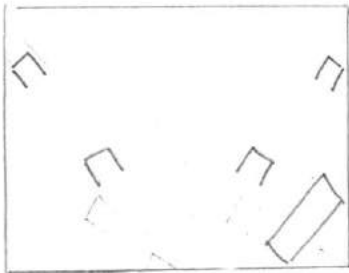
Scene change

(cigs & lighter)

When Gloria breaks

2 chairs moved D.S.

S.H. S.R. ch & ? G.M. S.L. chair.



SND BY lx Q 7 & 8  
SND Q 0.7

Aud: on "Gloria"  
lx Q 7 GO

Vis: when Gloria procession breaks

lx Q 8 GO

SND Q 0.7 GO }

ANTONIO.

In quality.

He speaks with others' tongues, and hears men's suits  
 With others' ears; will seem to sleep o' th' bench  
 Only to entrap offenders in their answers;  
 Dooms men to death by information;  
 Rewards by hearsay.

But for their sister, the right noble duchess,  
 You never fixed your eye on three fair medals  
 Cast in one figure, of so different temper.  
 For her discourse, it is so full of rapture,  
 You only will begin then to be sorry  
 When she doth end her speech, and wish, in wonder,  
 She held it less vain-glory to talk much,  
 Than your penance to hear her: whilst she speaks,  
 She throws upon a man so sweet a look,  
 That it were able [to] raise one to a galliard  
 That lay in a dead palsy  
 She stains the time past, lights the time to come.

200

205

Card. We are to part from you: and your own discretion  
 Must now be your director.

Ferd. You are a widow:

You know already what man is; and therefore  
 Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence—

Card. No, nor anything without the addition, honour,  
 Sway your high blood.

Ferd. Marry! they are most luxurious  
 Will wed twice.

Card. O fie!

Ferd. Their livers are more spotted  
 Than Laban's sheep.

Duch. Diamonds are of most value  
 They say, that have pass'd through most jewellers' hands.

Ferd. Whores, by that rule, are precious:—

Duch. Will you hear me?  
 I'll never marry:—

Card. So most widows say:  
 But commonly that motion lasts no longer  
 Than the turning of an hour-glass—the funeral sermon  
 And it, end both together.

Ferd. Now hear me:  
 You live in a rank pasture here, i'th' court—  
 There is a kind of honey-dew that's deadly:  
 'Twill poison your fame; look to't: be not cunning:  
 For they whose faces do belie their hearts  
 Are witches, ere they arrive at twenty years—  
 Ay: and give the devil suck.

Duch. This is terrible good counsel:—

Ferd. Hypocrisy is woven of a fine small thread,  
 Subtler than Vulcan's engine: yet, believe 't,  
 Your darkest actions—nay, your privat'st thoughts—  
 Will come to light.

Card. You may flatter yourself,  
 And take your own choice: privately be married  
 Under the caves of night.

Ferd. Think 't the best voyage  
 That e'er you made; like the irregular crab,  
 Which though 't goes backward, thinks that it goes right,  
 Because it goes its own way: but observe,  
 Such weddings may more properly be said  
 To be executed, than celebrated.

12'

Duch: Bright carashes down to  
 the haven

185 We'll bring you

9'

10'

cig-Duch

11'

ANTE ROOM

SNDBY Lx Q9

① Cardinal exit

② All exit leaving Ferd & Duch onstage  
(Forward)

Vis: As Carlos leaves.  
Lx Q9 GO  
(45secs)

⑤ Ferdinand ex U.R.

⑥ Carola ent U.R.

SNDBY Lx Q 9.5

⑩ Cari ex  
↓ Antonio ent U.R.

Vis: After Antonio's entrance  
Lx Q 9.5 GO  
(45secs)

(Padded file)  
Paper  
pen

Card. The marriage night

Is the entrance into some prison.

Ferd.

And those joys,

Those lustful pleasures, are like heavy sleeps

Which do fore-run man's mischief—

Card.

Fare you well.

Wisdom begins at the end: remember it. ①

[Exit.]

Duch. I think this speech between you both was studied,  
It came so roundly off.

Ferd.

You are my sister—

This was my father's poniard: do you see?

I'd be loth to see 't look rusty, 'cause 'twas his:—

I would have you to give o'er these chargeable revels;

A visor and a mask are whispering-rooms

That were ne'er built for goodness: fare ye well:—

And women like that part which, like the lamprey,

Hath ne'er a bone in't.

Duch.

Fie sir!

Ferd.

Nay,

I mean the tongue: variety of courtship;—

What cannot a neat knave with a smooth tale

Make a woman believe? Farewell, lusty widow. [Exit.]

Duch. Shall this move me? If all my royal kindred

Lay in my way unto this marriage,

I'd make them my low footsteps: and even now,

Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,

By apprehending danger, have achiev'd

Almost impossible actions—I have heard soldiers say so— (Ferd exit)

So I, through frights, and threat'nings, will assay

This dangerous venture: let old wives report

I wink'd and chose a husband. Cariola,

[Enter CARIOLA.]

To thy known secrecy I have given up

More than my life, my fame:—

Cari.

Both shall be safe:

For I'll conceal this secret from the world

As warily as those that trade in poison

Keep poison from their children.

Duch.

Thy protestation

Is ingenious and hearty: I believe it.

Is Antonio come?

Cari.

He attends you:—

Duch.

Good dear soul,

Leave me: but place thyself behind the arras,

Where thou mayst overhear us:—wish me good speed

For I am going into a wilderness,

Where I shall find nor path, nor friendly clew

To be my guide. ⑩ [Cariola withdraws behind the arras.]

[Enter ANTONIO.]

I sent for you—sit down:

Take pen and ink, and write: are you ready?

Ant.

Yes:—

Duch. What did I say?

Ant.

That I should write somewhat.

Duch. O, I remember:—

After these triumphs, and this large expense,

It's fit, like thrifty husbands, we inquire

What's laid up for tomorrow.

Ant. So please your beauteous excellence.

Duch.

Beauteous?

Indeed I thank you: I look young for your sake.

You have ta'en my cares upon you.

Ant.

I'll fetch your grace

The particulars of your revenue, and expense.

Duch. O, you are an upright treasurer: but you mistook,

For when I said I meant to make inquiry

Duch. leave us. ②

(Duch waves for exit) 13'

14'

15'

16'

ANTE ROOM

Mon-off.  
 Tues - 2-4:30 (2 1/2)  
 6:15-10:45 (4 1/2)  
 wed 10:30-1 (2 1/2)  
 2-5 (3)  
 6:15-10:45 (4 1/2)  
 Thurs 11-1:30 (2 1/2)  
 2:30-5:15 (2 1/4)  
 6:15-10:45 (4 1/2)  
 Fri 10:30-1 (2 1/2)  
 2-5 (3)  
 6:15-10:45 (4 1/2)  
 Sat 6:15-10:45 (4 1/2)

5114  
 4114

(Ring-Duchon)

600

What's laid up for tomorrow, I did mean  
What's laid up yonder for me.

Ant.

Where?

Duch.

In heaven—

I am making my will (as 'tis fit princes should,  
In perfect memory), and I pray sir, tell me  
Were not one better make it smiling, thus,  
Than in deep groans, and terrible ghastly looks,  
As if the gifts we parted with procur'd  
That violent distraction?

Ant.

O, much better.

Duch. If I had a husband now, this care were quit:

But I intend to make you overseer;—

What good deed shall we first remember? say.

Ant. Begin with that first good deed began i'th' world  
After man's creation, the sacrament of marriage—  
I'd have you first provide for a good husband,  
Give him all.

Duch.

All?

Ant.

Yes, your excellent self.

Duch. In a winding sheet?

Ant.

In a couple.

Duch. Saint Winifred, that were a strange will!

Ant. 'Twere strange if there were no will in you  
To marry again.

Duch.

What do you think of marriage?

Ant. I take 't, as those that deny purgatory—

It locally contains, or heaven, or hell;

There's no third place in't.

Duch.

How do you affect it?

Ant. My banishment, feeding my melancholy,

Would often reason thus...

Duch.

Pray let's hear it.

Ant. Say a man never marry, nor have children,  
What takes that from him? only the bare name  
Of being a father, or the weak delight  
To see the little wanton ride a-cock-horse  
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter  
Like a taught starling.

Duch.

Fie, fie, what's all this?

One of your eyes is blood-shot—use my ring to't,  
They say 'tis very sovereign—'twas my wedding ring,  
And I did vow never to part with it,  
But to my second husband.

Ant. You have parted with it now.

Duch. Yes, to help your eyesight.

Ant. You have made me stark blind.

Duch. How?

Ant. There is a saucy, and ambitious devil  
Is dancing in this circle.

Duch.

Remove him.

Ant.

How?

Duch. There needs small conjuration, when your finger  
May do it: thus—is it fit?

Ant.

[She puts her ring upon his finger:] he kneels.

Duch.

What said you?

Sir,

This goodly roof of yours is too low built,  
I cannot stand upright in't, nor discourse,  
Without I raise it higher: raise yourself,  
Or if you please, my hand to help you: so.

[Raises him.]

ANTE ROOM

Your call m's Clark

SNOBY Lx Q9.7

Lx Q9.7 GO  
(4 min fade)

---

Your Call  
Mr Anton  
Mr Bowyer  
Mr Hannaway  
Mr Kell  
Mr Maynard  
Mr Moreton  
Mr Moore  
Mr Parkes

*Ant.* Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,  
That is not kept in chains, and close-pent rooms,  
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt  
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,  
Which makes it lunatic, beyond all cure—  
Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim  
Whereto your favours tend: but he's a fool  
That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands i'th' fire  
To warm them.

*Duch.* So, now the ground's broke,  
You may discover what a wealthy mine  
I make you lord of.

*Ant.* O, my unworthiness!

*Duch.* You were ill to sell yourself—  
This dark'ning of your worth is not like that  
Which tradesmen use i'th' city; their false lights  
Are to rid bad wares off: and I must tell you  
If you will know where breathes a complete man—  
I speak it without flattery—turn your eyes  
And progress through yourself.

*Ant.* Were there nor heaven nor hell,  
I should be honest: I have long serv'd virtue,  
And ne'er ta'en wages of her.

*Duch.* Now she pays it!  
The misery of us that are born great—  
We are forc'd to woo, because none dare woo us:  
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,  
And fearfully equivocates, so we  
Are forc'd to express our violent passions  
In riddles, and in dreams, and leave the path  
Of simple virtue, which was never made  
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag  
You have left me heartless—mine is in your bosom,  
I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble:  
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh  
To fear, more than to love me: sir, be confident—  
What is't distracts you? This is flesh, and blood, sir;  
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster  
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man!  
I do here put off all vain ceremony,  
And only do appear to you a young widow  
That claims you for her husband, and like a widow,  
I use but half a blush in't.

*Ant.* Truth speak for me:  
I will remain the constant sanctuary  
Of your good name.

*Duch.* I thank you, gentle love,  
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,  
Being now my steward, here upon your lips  
I sign your *Quietus est*:—*KISS* (*Quietus est*) [*Kisses him.*]  
This you should have begg'd now—  
I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,  
As fearful to devour them too soon.

*Ant.* But for your brothers?

*Duch.* Do not think of them—  
All discord, without this circumference,  
Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd:  
Yet, should they know it, time will easily  
Scatter the tempest.

*Ant.* These words should be mine,  
And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it  
Would not have savour'd flattery. (10)

*Duch.* Kneel. [*CARIOLA comes from behind the arras.*]

*Ant.* Hah?

*Duch.* Be not amaz'd, this woman's of my counsel—  
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber  
*Per verba de presenti* is absolute marriage:—

by word about the present

ANTE ROOM

See Jude  
9.8?

Bos to F.O.H. - D.H.

SNDBY Lx Q10-11

YD: hand on bum  
Lx Q10 GO  
(can D.R. snap)

Lx Q10.5 GO  
(snap D.H. on Bos)

\* minute Bos moves  
Lx Q10.7 GO  
(3 sec urico)

Bless, heaven, this sacred Gordian, which let violence  
Never untwine.

I 8

*Ant.* And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,  
Be still in motion.

*Duch.* Quickening, and make  
The like soft music.

*Ant.* That we may imitate the loving palms,  
Best emblem of a peaceful marriage,  
That ne'er bore fruit, divided.

*Duch.* What can the church force more?

24'

*Ant.* That Fortune may not know an accident,  
Either of joy or sorrow, to divide  
Our fixed wishes.

*Duch.* How can the church bind faster?  
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the church  
That must but echo this:—maid, stand apart—  
I now am blind.

*Ant.* What's your conceit in this?

*Duch.* I would have you lead your fortune by the hand,  
Unto your marriage bed:—  
(You speak in me this, for we now are one)  
We'll only lie, and talk together, and plot  
T'appease my humorous kindred; and if you please,  
Like the old tale, in 'Alexander and Lodowick',  
Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste:—  
O, let me shroud my blushes in your bosom,  
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets.

25'

[*Exeunt Duchess and ANTONIO.*]

*Cari.* Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman  
Reign most in her, I know not, but it shows  
A fearful madness; I owe her much of pity.

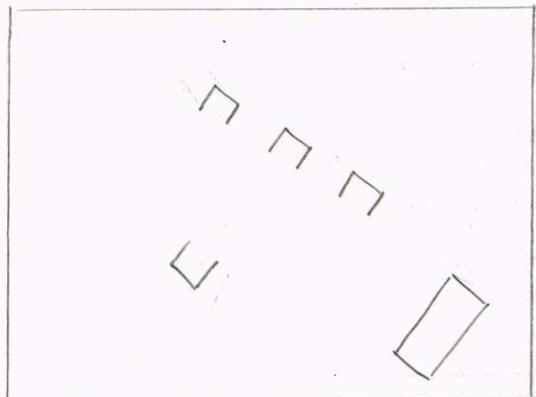
*Exit.*

COURT

(Tray  
aprons  
knife  
2x napkins)

Scene change

GM - moves U.S.R ch - U.S ch  
+ U.S.L ch - C.S ch.



Vis: costume change over  
lx Q11 GO

## Act II

Bos:

-I observe our duchess

Is sick o' days, she pukes, her stomach seethes,

The fins of her eyelids look most teeming blue,

She wanes i'th' cheek, and waxes fat i'th' flank;

And (contrary to our Italian fashion)

Wears a loose-body'd gown—there's somewhat in't!

I have a trick may chance discover it,

A pretty one: I have bought some apricocks,

The first our spring yields.

*Enter ANTONIO and DELIO, talking apart.*

Delio.

And so long since married?

You amaze me.

Ant.

Let me seal your lips for ever,

*Enter Duchess [with Attendants and Ladies.]*

Duch. Your arm Antonio—do I not grow fat?

I am exceeding short-winded:—Bosola,

I would have you, sir, provide for me a litter,

Such a one as the Duchess of Florence rode in.

Bos. The duchess us'd one when she was great with child.

Duch. I think she did:—Come hither, mend my ~~collar~~ <sup>collar</sup>.

Here, when? thou art such a tedious lady; and

Thy breath smells of lemon pills—would thou hadst done—

Shall I swoon under thy fingers? I am

So troubled with the mother.

Bos. [Aside]

I fear too much.

Duch. I have heard you say that the French courtiers

Wear their hats on 'fore the king.

Ant.

I have seen it.

Duch. In the presence?

Ant. Yes:—

Duch. Why should not we bring up that fashion?

'Tis ceremony more than duty, that consists

In the removing of a piece of felt:

Be you <sup>the</sup> example to the rest o' th' court,

Put on your hat first.

Ant.

You must pardon me:

I have seen, in colder countries than in France,

Nobles stand bare to th' prince; and the distinction

Methought show'd reverently.

Bos. I have a present for your grace.

Duch.

For me sir?

Bos. Apricocks, madam.

chais moved →

apricots by seam in

26'

27'

COURT

ENOBY Lx Q12

Vis: As Duches is U.R. carried off  
Lx Q12 GO

Duch is carried off U.R.

A. Duches is carried off U.R.

B. Duches is carried off U.R.

C. Duches is carried off U.R.

SC. I] THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

*Duch.* O sir, where are they?  
I have heard of none to-year.

*Bos.* [*Aside*] Good, her colour rises.

*Duch.* Indeed I thank you; they are wondrous fair ones:  
What an unskilful fellow is our gardener!  
We shall have none this month.

*Bos.* Will not your grace pare them?

*Duch.* No, they taste of musk, methinks; indeed they do:—

*Bos.* I know not: yet I wish your grace had par'd 'em:—

*Duch.* Why?

*Bos.* I forgot to tell you the knave gard'ner  
(Only to raise his profit by them the sooner)  
Did ripen them in horse-dung.

*Duch.* O you jest:—  
You shall judge; pray taste one.

*Ant.* Indeed madam,  
I do not love the fruit.

*Duch.* Sir, you are loth  
To rob us of our dainties:—'tis a delicate fruit,  
They say they are restorative.

*Bos.* 'Tis a pretty art,  
This grafting.

*Duch.* 'Tis so: a bettering of nature.

*Bos.* To make a pippin grow upon a crab,  
A damson on a blackthorn:—[*Aside*] how greedily she  
eats them!

A whirlwind strike off these bawd farthingales,  
For, but for that, and the loose-body'd gown,  
I should have discover'd apparently  
The young springal cutting a caper in her belly.

*Duch.* I thank you, Bosola, they were right good ones—  
If they do not make me sick.

*Ant.* How now madam?

*Duch.* This green fruit and my stomach are not friends—  
How they swell me!

*Bos.* [*Aside*] Nay, you are too much swell'd already

*Duch.* O, I am in an extreme cold sweat!

*Bos.* I am very sorry:—

*Duch.* Lights to my chamber: O good Antonio,  
I fear I am undone.

*Delio.* Lights there, lights! (10) (All lights! Lights!)

[*Exeunt all except ANTONIO and DELIO.*]

*Ant.* O my most trusty Delio, we are lost!  
I fear she's fall'n in labour; and there's left  
No time for her remove.

*Exit.* 30' All exit carrying P.

160

SCENA II.

*Enter BOSOLA.*

*Bos.* So, so: there's no question but her tetchiness and most  
vulturous eating of the apricocks are apparent signs of  
breeding—

⑫

Ant ex U.R.

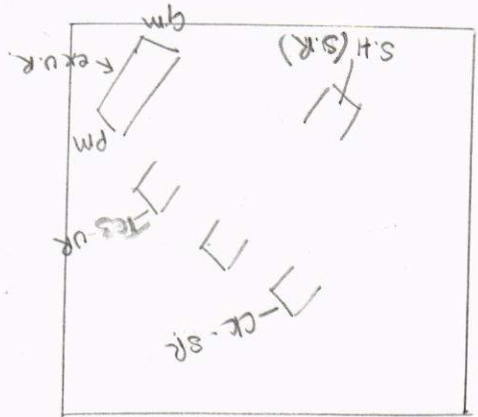
BABY

601  
SND Q1  
(11x U dak)  
X Q13 50  
50

SND Q1  
SND Q13 & 12.5

Ant/Deu  
cigs  
6A

⑬ Officers line up.



COURT

Ant! Shut up the court gates:—  
Guy Rod. Why sir? what's the danger?  
Ant. Shut up the posterns presently: and call  
All the officers o' th' court.  
Tez Gris. I shall instantly. [Exit.]  
Ant. Who keeps the key o' th' park gate?  
Tez Rod. Forobosco.  
Ant. Let him bring 't presently.

Enter [GRISOLAN with] Officers.

Pete 1st. Off. O, gentlemen o'th' court, the foulest treason!  
Bos. [Aside] If that these apricocks should be poison'd now,  
Without my knowledge!  
Mat 1st. Off. There was taken even now a Switzer in the duchess'  
bedchamber.  
Tez 2nd. Off. A Switzer?  
Mat 1st. Off. With a pistol in his great cod-piece.  
Bos. Ha, ha, ha!  
Mat - Chris 1st. Off. The cod-piece was the case for't.  
sh. 2nd. Off. There was a cunning traitor. Who would have  
searched his cod-piece?  
Mat 1st. Off. True, if he had kept out of the ladies' chambers:—  
~~and all the moulds of his buttons were leaden bullets.~~  
Pete 2nd. Off. O, wicked cannibal! a fire-lock in's cod-piece!  
Tez 1st. Off. 'Twas a French plot, upon my life.

sh. 2nd. Off. To see what the devil can do!  
Ant. All the officers here? (8)  
All Off. We are:—  
Ant. Gentlemen,  
We have lost much plate you know; and but this evening  
Jewels, to the value of four thousand ducats  
Are missing in the duchess' cabinet—  
Are the gates shut?

All Off. Yes.  
Ant. 'Tis the duchess' pleasure  
Each officer be lock'd into his chamber  
Till the sun-rising; and to send the keys  
Of all their chests, and of their outward doors,  
Into her bedchamber:—she is very sick.

Guy Rod. At her pleasure.  
Ant. She entreats you take 't not ill: the innocent  
Shall be the more approv'd by it.  
Bos. Gentleman o'th' wood-yard, where's your Switzer now?  
— Chris 1st. Off. By this hand, 'twas credibly reported by one o' the  
black-guard, footmen [Exeunt all except ANTONIO and DELIO]  
Delio. How fares it with the duchess?

Ant. She's expos'd  
Unto the worst of torture, pain, and fear:—  
Delio. Speak to her all happy comfort.  
Ant. How I do play the fool with mine own danger!  
~~You are this night, dear friend, to post to Rome;~~  
~~My life lies in your service.~~  
Delio. Do not doubt me—

Enter CARIOLA.

Cari. Sir, you are the happy father of a son—  
Your wife commends him to you.  
Ant. Blessed comfort:  
For heaven-sake tend her well; I'll presently  
Go set a figure for's nativity.

Bos ent U.C.

cast a horoscope (12)

Exeunt.

Delio: And as long as I  
live I'll  
Ant: Let me seal your lips  
Prover. for did I think  
anything but to be an  
32' could carry these  
words from you I  
would wish you had no  
breath at all  
Cari ent U.R.

PALACE CORRIDOR

(Torch  
Rosary)

VELVET ON COFFIN.

NEW

Vis: when Canada = U.R.

1x Q18-B

(lose delib + baby)

A ent DR

(2x boots: tied  
horoscope)

Your call  
ms Redmond  
Mr Brennen

SCENA III.

*Enter BOSOLA[, with a dark lantern].*

*Bos.* Sure I did hear a woman shriek: list, hah?  
And the sound came, if I receiv'd it right,  
From the duchess' lodgings; there's some stratagem  
In the confining all our courtiers  
To their several wards: I must have part of it,  
My intelligence will freeze else:—list again!  
It may be 'twas the melancholy bird,  
Best friend of silence and of solitariness,  
The owl, that scream'd so:—

33'

*Enter ANTONIO.*

hah? Antonio!

*Ant.* I heard some noise: who's there? what art thou? speak.

*Bos.* Antonio? Put not your face nor body  
To such a forc'd expression of fear—  
I am Bosola; your friend.

*Ant.* Bosola!—

*[Aside]* This mole does undermine me—*[To him]* heard  
you not  
A noise even now?

*Bos.* From whence?

*Ant.* From the duchess' lodging.

*Bos.* Not I: did you?

*Ant.* I did: or else I dream'd.

*Bos.* Let's walk towards it.

*Ant.* No: it may be 'twas  
But the rising of the wind:—

SC. III]

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

*Bos.* Very likely.

Methinks 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat:  
You look wildly.

*Ant.* I have been setting a figure  
For the duchess' jewels:—

*Bos.* Ah: and how falls your question?  
Do you find it radical?

*Ant.* What's that to you?  
'Tis rather to be question'd what design,  
When all men were commanded to their lodgings,  
Makes you a night-walker.

*Bos.* In sooth I'll tell you:  
Now all the court's asleep, I thought the devil  
Had least to do here; I came to say my prayers—  
And if it do offend you I do so,  
~~You are a fine courtier.~~

*Ant.* *[Aside]* This fellow will undo me:—  
*[To him]* You gave the duchess apricocks today,  
Pray heaven they were not poison'd!

34'

*Bos.* Poison'd! a Spanish fig  
For the imputation.

*Ant.* Traitors are ever confident,  
Till they are discover'd:—there were jewels stol'n too—

# PALACE CORRIDOR

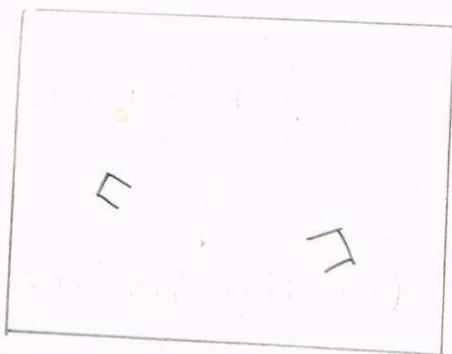
## HOROSCOPE

⑥ Ant ex D.L. with books & torch.

⑩ - Scene change (Card + S ent - P.M on mic)

Tez set S.R chair (from S.R)

MB set S.L chair (from S.L)



⑭ Bos ex S.L.

SL  
SNOBY SNO Q 2 & 2.5  
Lx Q 14 & 15

SNO Q 2  
(mic in) } GO  
Lx Q 14  
Vis: Card onstage ↓ S.L GO  
Lx Q 15 GO } GO  
SNO Q 2.5  
(mic out)

In my conceit, none are to be suspected  
More than yourself.

Bos. You are a false steward.

Ant. Saucy slave! I'll pull thee up by the roots;—

Bos. May be the ruin will crush you to pieces.

SC. III]

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

Ant:

Her lying-in.—[To him] sir, this door you pass not:

I do not hold it fit that you come near

The duchess' lodgings, till you have quit yourself. (6)

[Aside] ~~The great are like the base—nay, they are the same—~~

~~When they seek shameful ways, to avoid shame.~~

Ex

Bos. Antonio hereabout did drop a paper—

Some of your help, false friend—O, here it is:

What's here? a child's nativity calculated!

[Reads] *The duchess was delivered of a son, 'tween the hours twelve and one, in the night: Anno Dom. 1504, that's this year—decimo nono Decembris,—that's this night—taken according to the meridian of Malfi—that's our duchess: happy discovery!—The lord of the first house, being combust in the ascendant, signifies short life: and Mars being in a human sign, joined to the tail of the Dragon, in the eighth house, doth threaten a violent death; caetera non scrutantur.*

ANTONIO

Why now 'tis most apparent: this precise fellow

8

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

[AC

Is the duchess' bawd:—I have it to my wish;

This is a parcel of intelligency

Our courtiers were cas'd up for! It needs must follow

That I must be committed on pretence

Of poisoning her; which I'll endure, and laugh at: (10)

If one could find the father now! but that

Time will discover. ~~Old Castuchio~~

~~Per~~ morning posts to Rome; by him I'll send

A letter, that shall make her brothers' galls

O'erflow their livers—this was a thrifty way. (14)

~~Though I have no mark in me or so strange disguise,~~

~~She's oft found with, but is never wice.~~

[E:

36'

Rome

(Six clergy files & pens)

Your call Parkes  
Mr Parkes

Your call  
Mr Handy  
Mr Hannaway  
Mr Kell  
Mr Macfadyen  
Mr Maynard  
Mr Moreton  
Mr Moore

⑩ Sen (MB) ent U.R.

⑭ Card ex OL  
Deho ent U.R.

Enter Cardinal and JULIA.

Card. Sit: thou art my best of wishes—prithee tell me  
What trick didst thou invent to come to Rome  
Without thy husband.

Julia. Why, my lord, I told him  
I came to visit an old anchorite  
Here, for devotion.

Card. Thou art a witty false one:—  
I mean to him.

Julia. You have prevail'd with me  
Beyond my strongest thoughts: I would not now  
Find you inconstant.

SC. IV] THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

Card. Do not put thyself  
To such a voluntary torture, which proceeds  
Out of your own guilt.

Julia. How, my lord?

Card. You fear  
My constancy, because you have approv'd  
Those giddy and wild turnings in yourself.

Julia. Did you e'er find them?

Card. Sooth, generally for women:  
A man might strive to make glass malleable,  
Ere he should make them fixed.

Julia. So, my lord—

Card. We had need go borrow that fantastic glass  
Invented by Galileo the Florentine,  
To view another spacious world i'th' moon  
And look to find a constant woman there.

Julia. This is very well, my lord.

Card. Why do you weep?  
Are tears your justification? the self-same tears  
Will fall into your husband's bosom, lady,  
With a loud protestation, that you love him  
Above the world:—come, I'll love you wisely,  
That's jealousy, since I am very certain  
You cannot me make cuckold.

Julia. I'll go home  
To my husband.

60

Card. You may thank me, lady,  
I have taken you off your melancholy perch,  
Bore you upon my fist, and show'd you game,  
And let you fly at it:—I pray thee kiss me—  
When thou wast with thy husband, thou wast watch'd  
Like a tame elephant:—still you are to thank me—  
Thou hadst only kisses from him, and high feeding,  
But what delight was that? 'twas just like one  
That hath a little fing'ring on the lute,  
Yet cannot tune it:—still you are to thank me.

Julia. You told me of a piteous wound i'th' heart,  
And a sick liver, when you woo'd me first,  
And spake like one in physic. (10)

Card. Who's that?—  
Rest firm: for my affection to thee,  
Lightning moves slow to't.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, a gentleman,  
That's come post from Malfi, desires to see you.

Card. Let him enter, I'll withdraw. (11)

anchorite -

37'

38'

39'

40'

14

ROME

② Delio ent U.R.

U.R.

Briefcase:  
box of gold

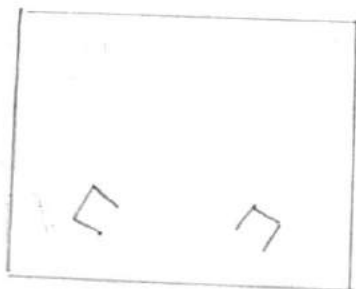
⑩ Card ent D.R.

⑫ Julia ex D.L.  
Delio ex U.R.

F ent SL.

Scene change ROME

S.H. moves U.S.(R) ch to D.R.



(Dossier)

SNOBY Lx Q 15.5 & 16  
SNO Q3

Lx Q 15.5 GO

Lx Q 16  
(S/10  
SNO Q3  
(continuous bell) } GO

Julia. [Aside] Signior Delio! 'tis one of my old suitors.

Delio. I was bold to come and see you.

Julia. Sir, you are welcome.

Delio. Do you lie here?

Julia. Sure, your own experience

Will satisfy you, no—our Roman prelates

Do not keep lodging for ladies.

Delio. Very well:

I have brought you no commendations from your husband,

For I know none by him.

Julia. I hear he's come to Rome?

Delio. I never knew man and beast, of a horse and a knight,

So weary of each other—if he had had a good back,

He would have undertook to have borne his horse

His breech was so pitifully sore

Julia. Your laughter

Is my pity.

Delio. Lady, I know not whether

You want money, but I have brought you some.

Julia. From my husband?

Delio. No, from mine own allowance.

Julia. I must hear the condition, ere I be bound to take it.

Delio. Look on't, 'tis gold—hath it not a fine colour?

Julia. I have a bird more beautiful.

Delio. Try the sound on't.

Julia. A lute-string far exceeds it;

It hath no smell, like cassia or civet,

Nor is it physical, though some fond doctors

62

THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

Persuade us seethe 't in cullises—I'll tell you,

This is a creature bred by...

Pray let me know your business and your suit,

As briefly as can be.

Delio. With good speed—I would wish you

(At such time as you are non-resident

With your husband) my mistress. (10)

Julia. Sir, I'll go ask my husband if I shall

And straight return your answer. (12)

SCENA V.

Enter Cardinal, and FERDINAND with a letter.

Ferd. I have this night digg'd up a mandrake.

Card. Say you?

Ferd. And I am grown mad with't.

Card. What's the prodigy?

Ferd. Read there—a sister damn'd; she's loose i'th' hilts:

Grown a notorious strumpet.

Card. Speak lower.

Ferd. Lower?

Rogues do not whisper 't now, but seek to publish 't

(As servants do the bounty of their lords)

Aloud; and with a covetous searching eye.

To mark who note them:—O confusion seize her!

MANDRAKE SPEECH

prelates - reduce priests.

cassia - inferior cinnamon  
(v. expensive)

Civet - essence from cats  
testes.

Physical - medicinal

ROME

ROME

(Hankerschief-F.)

Your call  
Ms Clark  
Mr. Pates

She hath had most cunning bawds to serve her turn,  
And more secure conveyances for lust  
Than towns of garrison for service.

Card. Is't possible?

Can this be certain?

Ferd. ~~Rhubarb, O for rhubarb.~~  
~~To purge this choler!~~ Here's the cursed day  
To prompt my memory, and here 't shall stick  
Till of her bleeding heart I make a sponge  
To wipe it out.

Card. Why do you make yourself  
So wild a tempest?

Ferd. Would I could be one,  
That I might toss her palace 'bout her ears,  
Root up her goodly forests, blast her meads,  
And lay her general territory as waste  
As she hath done her honours.

Card. Shall our blood,  
The royal blood of Arragon and Castile,  
Be thus attainted?

## THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

Ferd. Apply desperate physic:  
We must not now use balsamum, but fire,  
The smarting cupping-glass, for that's the mean  
To purge infected blood, such blood as hers:—  
There is a kind of pity in mine eye,  
I'll give it to my handkercher; and now 'tis here,  
I'll bequeath this to her bastard.

Card. What to do?

Ferd. Why, to make soft lint for his mother's wounds,  
When I have hew'd her to pieces.

Card. Curs'd creature!  
Unequal nature, to place women's hearts  
So far upon the left side!

Ferd. Foolish men,  
That e'er will trust their honour in a bark  
Made of so slight, weak bulrush as is woman,  
Apt every minute to sink it!

Card. Thus ignorance, when it hath purchas'd honour,  
It cannot wield it.

Ferd. Methinks I see her laughing—

Excellent hyena!—talk to me somewhat, quickly,  
Or my imagination will carry me  
To see her, in the shameful act of sin.

Card. With whom?

Ferd. Happily with some strong thigh'd bargeman  
Or one o'th' wood-yard, that can quoit the sledge,  
Or toss the bar, or else some lovely squire  
That carries coals up to her privy lodgings.

Card. You fly beyond your reason.

Ferd. Go to, mistress!  
'Tis not your whore's milk that shall quench my wild-fire,  
But your whore's blood. (SCARS!)

Card. How idly shows this rage! which carries you,  
As men convey'd by witches through the air,  
On violent whirlwinds—this intemperate noise  
Fitly resembles deaf men's shrill discourse,  
Who talk aloud, thinking all other men  
To have their imperfection.

Ferd. Have not you  
My palsy?

Card. Yes—I can be angry

44'

45'

ROME

Your Call Mr Anton

SNOBY LxQ165-18  
SNOQ4

LxQ165 GO  
LxQ16.5 GO

10. Ant & Delib ent U.R.

Without this rupture: there is not in nature  
 A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,  
 As doth intemperate anger:—chide yourself.  
 You have divers men who never yet express'd  
 Their strong desire of rest, but by unrest,  
 By vexing of themselves:—come, put yourself  
 In Time,

46'

ferd

So; I will only study to seem  
 The thing I am not. I could kill her now,  
 In you, or in myself, for I do think  
 It is some sin in us, heaven doth revenge  
 By her.

Cord

ferd

Are you stark mad?  
 I would have their bodies  
 Burnt in a coal-pit, with the ventage stopp'd,  
 That their curs'd smoke might not ascend to heaven:  
 Or dip the sheets they lie in, in pitch or sulphur,  
 Wrap them in't, and then light them like a match;  
 Or else to boil their bastard to a cullis,  
 And give 't his lecherous father, to renew  
 The sin of his back.

Cord

ferd

I'll leave you.  
 Nay, I have done—  
 I am confident, had I been damn'd in hell  
 And should have heard of this, it would have put me  
 Into a cold sweat:—In, in; I'll go sleep—

Till I know who leaps my sister, I'll not stir:  
 That known, I'll find scorpions to string my whips,  
 And fix her in a general eclipse.

47'

COURT

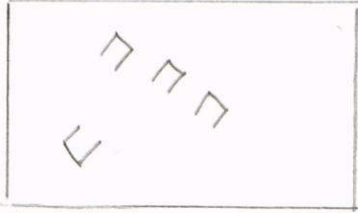
Scene change

U.S. chair - TM

mid S ch - MB

D.S. ch - from previous sc - Gm

DSR ch - from previous sc.



4. Cord ex DR.

5. Sc change up

7 Duch enters. m. Gm.

9. All ex except D & F. (U.R. ex & D.L. ex)

Bos ent D.L.

Duch ex U.R.

(Notebook)  
Basda-P

SND Q4 GO  
(bell fade out)

↓ Lx Q17 GO

Vis: Duchess enter U.R

Lx Q18 GO

(3sees)

You call stage management  
(Candle & Sc. change)

SND BY Lx Q19

Lx Q19 GO

# ACT III

DELIO Pray sir tell me,  
Hath not this news arriv'd yet to the ear  
Of the Lord Cardinal?

ANTONIO I fear it hath; (4)  
The Lord Ferdinand, that's newly come to court,  
Doth bear himself right dangerously. (5)

DELIO Pray why?

ANTONIO  
He is so quiet, that he seems to sleep  
The tempest out, as dormice do in winter;

Those houses that are haunted are most still,  
Till the devil be up. (7)

Delio. What say the common people?

Ant. The common rabble do directly say

She is a strumpet.

Delio. And your graver heads,  
Which would be politic, what censure they?

Ant. They do observe I grow to infinite purchase  
The left-hand way, and all suppose the duchess  
Would amend it, if she could for other obligation

Of love, or marriage, between her and me,  
They never dream of.

Enter FERDINAND and Duchess.

Delio. The Lord Ferdinand  
Is going to bed.

Ferd. I'll instantly to bed,  
For I am weary:—I am to bespeak  
A husband for you.

Duch. For me, sir! pray who is't?

Ferd. The great Count Malatesta.

DUCHESS Fie upon him,  
A count? He's a mere stick of sugar-candy,  
You may look quite thorough him: when I choose  
A husband, I will marry for your honour.

FERDINAND  
You shall do well in't. How is't, worthy Antonio?

DUCHESS  
But, sir, I am to have private conference with you, (9)  
About a scandalous report is spread  
Touching mine honour.

FERDINAND Let me be ever deaf to't: *Cant calum ne.*

A pestilent air, which princes' palaces  
Are seldom purg'd of. Yet, say that it were true,  
I pour it in your bosom, my fix'd love  
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay deny  
Faults were they apparent in you. Go, be safe  
In your own innocence.

DUCHESS Oh bless'd comfort,  
This deadly air is purg'd. *Exeunt [DUCHESS, ANTONIO, DELIO]*

Ferd. Her guilt treads on  
Hot-burning coulters:— (10)

Enter BOSOLA.

Now Bosola,  
How thrives our intelligence?

Bos. Sir, uncertainly:  
'Tis rumour'd she hath had three bastards, but  
By whom, we may go read i'th' stars.

COURT - CHAMBER

6. Duck ent) S.L. ...

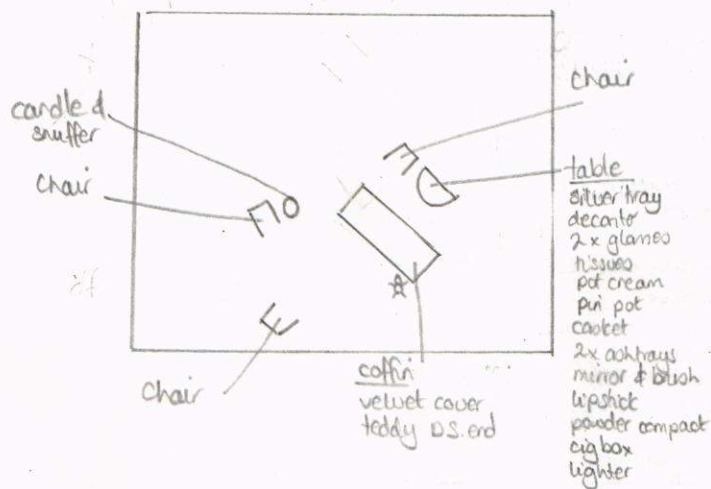
{ Ferd ex  
Bos ex

(Key - Bosda)

Scene change

CHAMBER

table from S.H. - SH & MB  
coffin (velvet cover) from U.R. - CR & GM  
candle stick - P.M.  
costume & teddy - TM  
O.S.L ch struck by SH - S.L.



SNDBY Lx Q20

Lx Q20 GO  
(for Duck ent)

[LIGHT CANDLE]

SNDBY Lx Q21

Lx Q21 GO  
(Bedroom state)

Ferd. Why some

Hold opinion, all things are written there.

Bos. Yes, if we could find spectacles to read them—

I do suspect there hath been some sorcery

Us'd on the duchess.

Ferd. Sorcery! to what purpose?

Bos. To make her dote on some desertless fellow

She shames to acknowledge.

Ferd. Can your faith give way

To think there's pow'r in potions, or in charms,

To make us love, whether we will or no?

Bos. Most certainly.

Ferd. Away, these are mere gulleries, horrid things

Invented by some cheating mountebanks

To abuse us:—do you think that herbs or charms

Can force the will? Some trials have been made

In the foolish practice; but the ingredients

Were lenative poisons, such as are of force

To make the patient mad; and straight the witch

Swears, by equivocation, they are in love.

The witchcraft lies in her rank blood: this night

I will force confession from her. You told me

You had got, within these two days, a false key

Into her bed-chamber.

BOSOLA I have.

FERDINAND As I would wish.

BOSOLA What do you intend to do?

FERDINAND Can you guess?

BOSOLA No.

FERDINAND

Do not ask then.

He that can compass me, and know my drifts,

May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,

And sounded all her quick-sands.

Enter Duchess, ANTONIO and CARIOLA.

Duch. Bring me the casket hither, and the glass:—

You get no lodging here tonight, my lord.

Ant. Indeed, I must persuade one:—

Duch. Very good:

I hope in time 'twill grow into a custom

That noblemen shall come with cap and knee,

To purchase a night's lodging of their wives.

Ant. I must lie here.

Duch. Must? you are a lord of mis-rule.

Ant. Indeed, my rule is only in the night.

Duch. To what use will you put me?

Ant. We'll sleep together:—

Duch. Alas, what pleasure can two lovers find in sleep?

Cari. My lord, I lie with her often; and I know

She'll much disquiet you:—

Ant. See, you are complain'd of.

Cari. For she's the sprawling'st bedfellow.

Ant. I shall like her the better for that.

CARIOLA

Sir, shall I ask you a question?

ANTONIO

I pray thee Cariola.

CARIOLA

Wherefore still, when you lie with my lady

Do you rise so early?

ANTONIO

Labouring men,

Count the clock off 'neath Cariola,

Are glad when their task's ended.

DUCHESS

I'll stop your mouth. [Kisses him]

ANTONIO

Nay, that's but one, Venus had two soft doves

To draw her chariot: I must have another. [Kisses her]

When wilt thou marry, Cariola?

CARIOLA

Never, my lord.

ANTONIO

O fie upon this single life: forgo it.

52'

Bosola - I do not  
Think so

Ferd - what do you think, then, pray?

Bosola - That you  
Are your own chronicle too much & grossly  
Flatter yourself.

Ferd - Give me thy hand; I thank thee;  
I never gave pension but to flatterers,  
Till I entertained thee.

53'

54'

55'

CHAMBER

SNOBY Lx Q22

Lx Q22 GO

(30 sec fade up for Ant & Carola)

45

8. Ant & Car ex S.U.R

(Torch)

10. Ferd ent S.L

We read how Daphne, for her peevish flight,  
Became a fruitless bay-tree; Syrinx turn'd  
To the pale empty reed; Anaxarete  
Was frozen into marble: whereas those  
Which marry'd, or prov'd kind unto their friends,  
Were, by a gracious influence, transshap'd  
Into the olive, pomegranate, mulberry;  
Became flow'rs, precious stones, or eminent stars.

Cari. This is a vain poetry: but I pray you tell me,  
If there were propos'd me, wisdom, riches, and beauty,  
In three several young men, which should I choose?

Ant. 'Tis a hard question: this was Paris' case  
And he was blind in't, and there was great cause;  
For how was't possible he could judge right,  
Having three amorous goddesses in view,  
And they stark naked? 'twas a motion  
Were able to benight the apprehension  
Of the severest counsellor of Europe.  
Now I look on both your faces so well form'd,  
It puts me in mind of a question I would ask.

Cari. What is't?

Ant. I do wonder why hard-favour'd ladies,  
For the most part, keep worse-favour'd waiting-women.  
To attend them, and cannot endure fair ones.

DUCHESS

Oh, that's soon answer'd.  
Did you ever in your life know an ill painter  
Desire to have his dwelling next door to the shop  
Of an excellent picture-maker? 'Twould disgrace  
His face-making, and undo him. I prithee  
When were we so merry? My hair tangles.

ANTONIO

[Aside to CARIOLA] Pray thee, Cariola, let's steal forth  
the room,  
And let her talk to herself: I have divers times  
Serv'd her the like, when she hath chaf'd extremely.  
I love to see her angry: softly Cariola. ⑧

Exeunt [ANTONIO and CARIOLA].

DUCHESS ⑩

Doth not the colour of my hair 'gin to change?  
When I wax grey, I shall have all the court  
Powder their hair with arras, to be like me:  
You have cause to love me, I ent'red you into my heart.

[Enter FERDINAND, unseen]

Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keys.  
We shall one day have my brothers take you napping.  
Methinks his presence, being now in court,  
Should make you keep your own bed: but you'll say  
Love mix'd with fear is sweetest. I'll assure you  
You shall get no more children till my brothers  
Consent to be your gossips. Have you lost your tongue?

[She sees FERDINAND holding a poniard]

'Tis welcome:

For know, whether I am doom'd to live, or die,  
I can do both like a prince.

FERDINAND gives her a poniard:

FERDINAND

Die then, quickly.  
Virtue, where art thou hid? What hideous thing  
Is it, that doth eclipse thee?

DUCHESS

Pray sir hear me -

FERDINAND

Or is it true, thou art but a bare name,  
And no essential thing?

DUCHESS

Sir -

FERDINAND

Do not speak.

DUCHESS

No sir:

I will plant my soul in mine ears, to hear you.

FERDINAND

Oh most imperfect light of human reason,  
That mak'st us so unhappy, to foresee  
What we can least prevent. Pursue thy wishes:  
And glory in them: there's in shame no comfort,  
To be 'past' all bounds and sense of shame

56'

57'

58'

59'

CHAMBER

Your call  
Ms Clarke  
Mr Anton  
Mr MacFadyen

DUCHESS

I pray sir, hear me: I am married -

FERDINAND

So.

DUCHESS

Happily, not to your liking: but for that

Alas: your shears do come untimely now

To clip the bird's wings, that's already flown. (A)

Will you see my husband?

FERDINAND

Yes, if I could change

Eyes with a basilisk.

DUCHESS

Sure, you came hither

By his confederacy.

FERDINAND

The howling of a wolf

Is music to thee, screech-owl; prithee peace.

Whate'er thou art, that hast enjoy'd my sister,

(For I am sure thou hear'st me), for thine own sake

Let me not know thee. I came hither prepar'd

To work thy discovery: yet am now persuaded

It would beget such violent effects

As would damn us both. I would not for ten millions

I had beheld thee; therefore use all means

I never may have knowledge of thy name;

Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,

On that condition. And for thee, vild woman,

If thou do wish thy lecher may grow old

In thy embracements, I would have thee build

Such a room for him, as our anchorites

To holier use inhabit. Let not the sun

Shine on him, till he's dead. Let dogs and monkeys

Only converse with him, and such dumb things

To whom nature denies use to sound his name.

Do not keep a paraquito, lest she learn it;

If thou do love him, cut out thine own tongue

Lest it bewray him.

DUCHESS

Why might not I marry?

I have not gone about, in this, to create

Any new world, or custom.

FERDINAND

Thou art undone:

And thou hast tane that massy sheet of lead

That hid thy husband's bones, and folded it

About my heart.

DUCHESS

Mine bleeds for't.

FERDINAND

Thine? thy heart?

What should I name't, unless a hollow bullet

Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire?

DUCHESS

You are in this

Too strict: and were you not my princely brother

I would say too wilful. My reputation

Is safe.

FERDINAND Dost thou know what reputation is?

I'll tell thee, to small purpose, since th' instruction

Comes now too late:

Upon a time Reputation, Love and Death

Would travel o'er the world: and it was concluded

That they should part, and take three several ways.

Death told them, they should find him in great battles:

Or cities plagu'd with plagues. Love gives them counsel

To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,

Where dowries were not talk'd of: and sometimes

'Mongst quiet kindred, that had nothing left

By their dead parents. 'Stay', quoth Reputation,

'Do not forsake me: for it is my nature

If once I part from any man I meet

I am never found again.' And so, for you:

You have shook hands with Reputation,

And made him invisible. So fare you well.

I will never see you more.

CHAMBER

2. Ferd ex

Ant & Cai ent D.R.

(Pistol)

Your call

Mr Bowyer

Mr Hannaway

Mr Kell

Mr Maynard

Mr Moreton

Mr Moore

(Ponard)

SNBY KNOCK

KNOCK

(Accounts, pen  
Specs  
wallets x2)

6. Ant ex D.L.

Bos ent D.R.

9. ent D.R.

10. Bos ex D.R.

Ant ent D.L.

ies ent D.R.

SNBY Lx Q22.5

Lx Q22.5  
(30 sec)

KNOCK

Duch. Why should only I,  
Of all the other princes of the world,  
Be cas'd up, like a holy relic? I have youth,  
And a little beauty.

Ferd. So you have some virgins  
That are witches:—I will never see thee more. (2) Exit.

Enter ANTONIO with a pistol, and CARIOLA.

Duch. You saw this apparition?

Ant. Yes: we are  
Betray'd; how came he hither? I should turn  
This to thee, for that.

Cari. Pray sir, do: and when  
That you have cleft my heart, you shall read there  
Mine innocence.

Duch. That gallery gave him entrance.

Ant. I would this terrible thing would come again,  
That, standing on my guard, I might relate  
My warrantable love:— She shews the poniard.  
ha, what means this?

Duch. He left this with me:—

Ant. And it seems did wish  
You would use it on yourself?

Duch. His action seem'd  
To intend so much.

Ant. This hath a handle to't  
As well as a point—turn it towards him,  
And so fasten the keen edge in his rank:—  
\* KNOCK \*

[Knocking within.]

How now! who knocks? more earthquakes?

Duch. I stand  
As if a mine, beneath my feet, were ready  
To be blown up.

Cari. 'Tis Bosola:—

Duch. Away! (5)  
O misery! methinks unjust actions  
Should wear these masks and curtains, and not we:—  
You must instantly part hence; I have fashion'd it already. (6)  
Exit ANTONIO.

Enter BOSOLA.

Bos. The duke your brother is ta'en up in a whirlwind,  
Hath took horse, and's rid post to Rome.

Duch. So late?

Bos. He told me, as he mounted into th' saddle,  
You were undone.

Duch. Indeed, I am very near it.

Bos. What's the matter?

Duch. Antonio, the master of our household,  
Hath dealt so falsely with me, in's accounts:  
My brother stood engag'd with me for money  
Ta'en up of certain Neapolitan Jews,  
And Antonio lets the bonds be forfeit.

Bos. Strange!—[Aside] This is cunning.— strange.  
Duch. And hereupon

My brother's bills at Naples are protested  
Against:—call up our officers.

Bos. I shall.

[Enter ANTONIO.]

Duch. The place that you must fly to is Ancona,  
Hire a house there. I'll send after you  
My treasure and my jewels: our weak safety  
Runs upon enginous wheels; short syllables  
Must stand for periods. I must now accuse you  
Of such a feigned crime as Tasso calls  
Magnanima menzogna: a noble lie  
'Cause it must shield our honours:—hark! they are coming. (14)

1.04'

SND  
KNOCKING

1.05'

This is cunning (10) 1.06'

CHAMBER

Your Call Stage Management  
(Thunble)

6. Ant ex D.R.

10. Courtes ex D.R.

Ant. Will your grace hear me?

Duch. I have got well by you: you have yielded me  
A million of loss; I am like to inherit  
The people's curses for your stewardship.  
You had the trick in audit-time to be sick,  
Till I had sign'd your *quietus*; and that cur'd you  
Without help of a doctor.—Gentlemen,  
I would have this man be an example to you all:  
So shall you hold my favour; I pray let him,  
For h'as done that, alas, you would not think of,  
And, because I intend to be rid of him,  
I mean not to publish:—use your fortune elsewhere.

Ant. I am strongly arm'd to brook my overthrow,  
As commonly men bear with a hard year:  
I will not blame the cause on't; but do think  
The necessity of my malevolent star  
Procures this, not her humour. O the inconstant  
And rotten ground of service!—you may see:  
'Tis ev'n like him, that in a winter night  
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,  
As loth to part from't; yet parts thence as cold  
As when he first sat down.

Duch. We do confiscate,  
Towards the satisfying of your accounts,  
All that you have.

Ant. I am all yours: and 'tis very fit  
All mine should be so.

Duch. So, sir; you have your pass.

Ant. You may see, gentlemen, what 'tis to serve  
A prince with body, and soul. (C)

Exit.

Bos. ~~Here's an example, for extortion: what moisture is  
drawn out of the sea, when foul weather comes, pours  
down and runs into the sea again.~~

Duch. I would know what are your opinions of this Antonio.

Guy 2nd. Off. He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping: I  
thought your grace would find him a Jew.

Mat 3rd. Off. I would you had been his officer, for your own sake.

Tez 4th. Off. You would have had more money.

Ale 1st. Off. He stopp'd his ears with black wool; and to those  
came to him for money, said he was thick of hearing.

M - Chris 2nd. Off. Some said he was an hermaphrodite, for he could  
not abide a woman.

Sh 4th. Off. How scurvy proud he would look, when the trea-  
sury was full! Well, let him go:—

Guy 1st. Off. Yes, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him,  
to scour his gold chain.

Duch. Leave us. (10.)

Exeunt Officers.

What do you think of these?

Bos. That these are rogues, that in's prosperity,  
But to have waited on his fortune, could have wish'd  
His dirty stirrup riveted through their noses,  
And follow'd after's mule, like a bear in a ring;  
Would have prostituted their daughters to his lust;  
And wore his livery: and do these lice drop off now?  
Alas, poor gentleman!

Duch. Poor? he hath amply fill'd his coffers.

Bos. Sure  
He was too honest: Pluto, the god of riches,

CHAMBER

Your call  
Mr. Brennen  
Mr. Hardy  
Mr. MacFadyen  
Wardrobe for Mrs. Hille's  
Q change

III 7

When he's sent by Jupiter to any man,  
He goes limping, to signify that wealth  
That comes on god's name comes slowly: but when he's sent  
On the devil's errand, he rides post and comes in by scuttles.  
Let me show you what a most unvalu'd jewel  
You have, in a wanton humour, thrown away,  
To bless the man shall find him: he was an excellent  
Courtier, and most faithful, a soldier that thought it  
As beastly to know his own value too little  
As devilish to acknowledge it too much:  
Both his virtue and form deserv'd a far better fortune.  
His discourse rather delighted to judge itself, than show  
itself.

His breast was fill'd with all perfection,  
And yet it seem'd a private whisp'ring-room,  
It made so little noise of't.

*Duch.* But he was basely descended.

*Bos.* Will you make yourself a mercenary herald,  
Rather to examine men's pedigrees than virtues?  
You shall want him,  
For know an honest statesman to a prince  
Is like a cedar, planted by a spring:  
The spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree  
Rewards it with his shadow: you have not done so—  
I would sooner swim to the Bermudas on  
Two politicians' rotten bladders, tied  
Together with an intelligencer's heart-string,  
Than depend on so changeable a prince's favour.  
Fare thee well, Antonio; since the malice of the world  
Would needs down with thee, it cannot be said yet  
That any ill happened unto thee,  
Considering thy fall was accompanied with virtue.

*Duch.* O, you render me excellent music.

*Bos.* Say you?

*Duch.* This good one that you speak of, is my husband.

*Bos.* Do I not dream? can this ambitious age  
Have so much goodness in't, as to prefer  
A man merely for worth, without these shadows  
Of wealth, and painted honours? possible?

*Duch.* I have had three children by him.

*Bos.* Fortunate lady!

For you have made your private nuptial bed  
The humble and fair seminary of peace:  
No question but many an unbenefic'd scholar  
Shall pray for you for this deed, and rejoice  
That some preferment in the world can yet  
Arise from merit. The virgins of your land  
That have no dowries, shall hope your example  
Will raise them to rich husbands: should you want—  
Soldiers, 'twould make the very Turks and Moors  
Turn Christians, and serve you for this act.  
Last, the neglected poets of your time,  
In honour of this trophy of a man,  
Rais'd by that curious engine, your white hand,  
Shall thank you, in your grave, for't; and make that  
More reverend than all the cabinets  
Of living princes. For Antonio,  
His fame shall likewise flow from many a pen,  
When heralds shall want coats to sell to men.

*Duch.* As I taste comfort in this friendly speech,  
So would I find concealment.

*Bos.* O, the secret of my prince,  
Which I will wear on th' inside of my heart.

*Duch.* You shall take charge of all my coin and jewels,  
And follow him; for he retires himself  
To Ancona.

# CHAMBER

4. Car ex

6. Duch ex

8. Bos ex

SNOBY Lx Q23 - 26.5  
SND Q5 - 6

Lx Q23  
(  
SND Q5  
(mic up) } GO

We're on the

Scene change

ROAD TO ANCONA

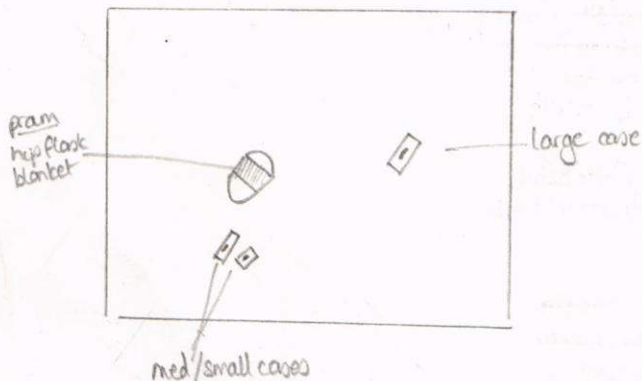
coffin → U.R. - TM & MB  
table → SL - GM  
candle → U.R. - SH  
DR ch → DR - CK  
BR ch → DR - CK  
SL ch → SL - SH

★ On D of dominus.  
Vis: As Cardinal enters U.L.

Lx Q24 GO  
(5 sec

Vis: when clergy leave stage  
SND Q5.5 GO  
(mic out)

"OO" Aud: "great mens breath"  
Lx Q26.5  
(snap. Rd to Ancona state) } GO  
SND Q6  
(mic out - Birdsong in)



After Sc change G kneel on stage

{ Card ent SL.  
Ferd ent D.R

↓ Ant & Duch for death dream ent U.R

{ Card ex SL & reent U.R.  
Ferd ex D.R & reent U.R

Bos. So. <sup>these 3</sup> Whither, within few days,  
Duch. I mean to follow thee.  
Bos. Let me think: ①  
I would wish your grace to feign a pilgrimage  
To our Lady of Loretto, scarce seven leagues  
From fair Ancona; so may you depart  
Your country with more honour, and your flight  
Will seem a princely progress, retaining  
Your usual train about you.

Duch. Sir, your direction  
Shall lead me by the hand.

Cari. In my opinion,  
She were better progress to the baths  
At Lucca, or go visit the Spa  
In Germany, for, if you will believe me,  
I do not like this jesting with religion,  
This feigned pilgrimage.

Duch. Thou art a superstitious fool—  
Prepare us instantly for our departure: ④  
Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them,  
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

1.16'

Bos. A politician is the devil's quilted anvil— ⑥  
Exit [with CARIOLA].

He fashions all sins on him, and the blows  
Are never heard: he may work in a lady's chamber,  
As here for proof. What rests, but I reveal  
All to my lord? O, this base quality  
Of intelligencer! why, every quality i'th' world  
Prefers but gain or commendation: (6 enter)  
Now, for this act I am certain to be rais'd, ⑧

Ex.

↓ 1.17'

music

Scene change blocked.  
to Ave Maria.  
mime show of wedding.

Card. Doth she make religion her riding-hood  
To keep her from the sun and tempest? <sup>this</sup> That!  
Ferd. <sup>this</sup> That! That damns her:—methinks her fault and beauty,  
Blended together, show like leprosy,  
The whiter, the fouler:—I make it a question  
Whether her beggarly brats were ever christen'd.  
Card. I will instantly solicit the state of Ancona  
To have them banish'd.

SR-F  
UR-Card.

1.18'

2.6  
5 sec.

music

S.L.

Duch: Banished Ancona

ROAD TO ANCONA

2. Car ent (pram & child) S.L.

(Pram & child)

↓  
Ant ent (3x suitcases) S.L.

[sm → F.O.H.]

SM CALL  
F.O.H.

4. Bos ent D.R.

(letter)

Duch. Banish'd Ancona!

Ant. Yes, you see what pow'r  
Lightens in great men's breath.

Duch. Is all our train  
Shrunk to this poor remainder?

Ant. These poor men,  
Which have got little in your service, vow  
To take your fortune: but your wiser buntings,  
Now they are fledg'd, are gone.

Duch. They have done wisely—  
This puts me in mind of death: physicians thus,  
With their hands full of money, use to give o'er  
Their patients.

Ant. Right the fashion of the world:  
From decay'd fortunes every flatterer shrinks;  
Men cease to build where the foundation sinks.

Duch. I had a very strange dream tonight.

Ant. What was't?

Duch. Methought I wore my coronet of state,  
And on a sudden all the diamonds  
Were chang'd to pearls.

Ant. My interpretation  
Is, you'll weep shortly, for to me, the pearls  
Do signify your tears:—

Duch. The birds that live i' th' field  
On the wild benefit of nature, live  
Happier than we; for they may choose their mates, (4)  
And carol their sweet pleasures to the spring:—

Enter BOSOLA [with a letter].

Bos. You are happily o'erta'en.

Duch. From my brother?

Bos. Yes, from the Lord Ferdinand, your brother,  
All love and safety—

Duch. Thou dost blanch mischief,  
Wouldst make it white:—see, see, like to calm weather  
At sea, before a tempest, false hearts speak fair  
To those they intend most mischief. A letter.

(Reads) Send Antonio to me; I want his head in a business:—  
A politic equivocation!

He doth not want your counsel, but your head;

That is, he cannot sleep till you be dead.

And here's another pitfall, that's strew'd o'er

With roses; mark it, 'tis a cunning one:

[Reads] I stand engaged for your husband, for several debts  
at Naples: let not that trouble him, I had rather have his  
heart than his money.

And I believe so too.

Bos. What do you believe?

Duch. That he so much distrusts my husband's love,  
He will by no means believe his heart is with him  
Until he see it: the devil is not cunning enough  
To circumvent us in riddles.

Bos. Will you reject that noble and free league  
Of amity and love which I present you?

Duch. Their league is like that of some politic kings,  
Only to make themselves of strength and pow'r  
To be our after-ruin: tell them so.

Bos. And what from you?

Ant. Thus tell him: I will not come.

Bos. And what of this?

Ant. Her brothers have dispers'd

ROAD TO ANCONA

2. Bas ex D.R.

10. Ant ex D.R.

F.O.H. Internal BELL

YOUR CALL FLYS.

\* OPEN DOOR FOR MAT M \*

12. Soldiers x 6 & Bas ent thru auditorium.

III 16

Bloodhounds abroad; which till I hear are muzzled,  
No truce, though hatch'd with ne'er such politic skill  
Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies' will.  
I'll not come at them.

1.22'

*Bos.* This proclaims your breeding.  
Every small thing draws a base mind to fear,  
As the adamant draws iron; fare you well sir,  
You shall shortly hear from's. ②

*Exit.*

*Duch.* I suspect some ambush:  
Therefore by all my love, I do conjure you  
To take your eldest son, and fly towards Milan:  
Let us not venture all this poor remainder  
In one unlucky bottom.

*Ant.* You counsel safely:—  
Best of my life, farewell: since we must part  
Heaven hath a hand in't; but no otherwise  
Than as some curious artist takes in sunder  
A clock or watch when it is out of frame,  
To bring 't in better order.

1.23'

*Duch.* I know not which is best,  
To see you dead, or part with you:—farewell boy;  
Thou art happy, that thou hast not understanding  
To know thy misery, for all our wit  
And reading brings us to a truer sense  
Of sorrow:—in the eternal church, sir,  
I do hope we shall not part thus.

*Ant.* O, be of comfort!

Make patience a noble fortitude,  
And think not how unkindly we are us'd:  
*Man, like to cassia, is prov'd best, being bruised.*

1.24'

*Duch.* Must I, like to a slave-born Russian,  
Account it praise to suffer tyranny?  
And yet, O Heaven, thy heavy hand is in't.  
I have seen my little boy oft scourge his top  
And compar'd myself to't: naught made me e'er  
Go right but heaven's scourge-stick.

*Ant.* Do not weep:  
Heaven fashion'd us of nothing; and we strive  
To bring ourselves to nothing:—farewell Cariola,  
And thy sweet <sup>burden</sup> ~~armful~~: if I do never see thee more,  
Be a good mother to your little ones,  
And save them from the tiger: fare you well.

1.25'

*Duch.* Let me look upon you once more; for that speech  
Came from a dying father: your kiss is colder  
Than that I have seen an holy anchorite  
Give to a dead man's skull.

*Ant.* My heart is turn'd to a heavy lump of lead,  
With which I sound my danger: fare you well. ⑩  
*Exit, with his elder Son.*

Audit entrance  
by soldiers.  
(1hr 32)

*Duch.* My laurel is all withered.

*Cari.* Look, madam, what a troop of armed men  
Make toward us. ⑫

*Duch.* O, they are very welcome:  
When Fortune's wheel is overcharg'd with princes,  
The weight makes it move swift. I would have my ruin  
Be sudden:—I am your adventure, am I not?

1.26'

*Bos.* You are, you must see your husband no more—

*Duch.* What devil art thou, that counterfeits heaven's thunder?

ROAD TO ANCONA

Your call  
Stagemanagement  
(tabs)  
SNOBY For the Interval

Lx Q27  
SND Q7  
(Birds out) } GO

↓  
Tabs in

↓  
Vis: Bos looks to and  
Lx Q28 & Hbe Lx GO

SNOBY Lx Q27-28 & Hbe Lx  
SND Q7  
TABS

⑫ D.B & C ex DR.

Q.13 Vis: Duchess sits on D.S. suitcase  
Lx Q27 (S seen)  
(lose Fort → blues) } GO  
SND Q7  
(Birds out)  
# on completion 1d  
TABS GC  
Vis: Act 20 off  
↓ Lx Q28 & Hbe Lx

901

Bos. Is that terrible? I would have you tell me  
 Whether is that note worse that frights the silly birds  
 Out of the corn, or that which doth allure them  
 To the nets? you have hearken'd to the last too much.  
 Duch. O misery! like to a rusty o'ercharg'd cannon,  
 Shall I never fly in pieces? come: to what prison?  
 Bos. To none:—  
 Duch. Whither then?  
 Bos. To your palace, *at malk.*  
 Duch. *(careen)* I have heard  
 That Charon's boat serves to convey all o'er  
 The dismal lake, but brings none back again.  
 Bos. Your brothers mean you safety, and pity.  
 Duch. Pity!  
 With such a pity men preserve alive  
 Pheasants and quails, when they are not fat enough  
 To be eaten.  
 Bos. These are your children?  
 Duch. Yes:—  
 Bos. Can they prattle?  
 Duch. No:  
 But I intend, since they were born accurs'd,  
 Curses shall be their first language.  
 Bos. Fie, madam,  
 Forget this base, low fellow.  
 Duch. Were I a man  
 I'd beat that counterfeit face into thy other.  
 Bos. One of no birth—  
 Duch. Say that he was born mean:  
 Man is most happy when 's own actions  
 Be arguments and examples of his virtue.  
 Bos. A barren, beggarly virtue.  
 Duch. I prithee, who is greatest? can you tell?  
 Sad tales befit my woe: I'll tell you one.  
 A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,  
 Met with a dog-fish, who encounters her  
 With this rough language: 'Why art thou so bold  
 To mix thyself with our high state of floods,  
 Being no eminent courtier, but one  
 That for the calmest and fresh time o'th' year  
 Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself  
 With silly smelts and shrimps? and darest thou  
 Pass by our dog-ship, without reverence?'  
 'O', quoth the salmon, 'sister, be at peace:  
 Thank Jupiter we both have pass'd the net!  
 Our value never can be truly known  
 Till in the fisher's basket we be shown;  
 I'th' market then my price may be the higher,  
 Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire.'  
 So, to great men, the moral may be stretched:  
*Men oft are valued high, when th'are most wretched.*  
 But come; whither you please: I am arm'd 'gainst misery;  
 Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will.  
 There's no deep valley, but near some great hill. (12)

1.27'

1.28'

1.29'

1.28.

Exeunt.

INTERVAL

Act III 40'

Beginnes

CHAMBER

S.h.

Avril Clark  
Anastasia Hille  
George Anton  
Scott Handy  
Mat Macfadyen.

9.32

Lx Q 28.5 & F.O. - 33.5  
TABS

Lx Q 29 # Hse  
Lx Q 28.5 & F.O.  
(Hse & room & F.O.)  
Atasyn pas  
Lx Q 30  
TABS 40



table  
hissed  
black velvet case  
cig box  
lighter  
atomizer  
ashtray  
tray  
decanter  
2 x glasses  
mirror & brush  
powder compact  
lipstick

Lx Q 31 40  
(close prop & add window)

④ Ferd ex U.L.

Box: hand  
blindfold  
healer

30 - He & Q 28.5 state on stage.  
TABS  
31 - Bedroom window.  
32 - Box & Bed  
32.5 - loose ferd

Vis: Basia puts out candle  
Lx Q 33

Your call  
Mr Bowyer  
Mr Hannaway  
Mr Kell  
  
Mr Maynard  
Mr Moreton  
Mr Moore

Lx Q 33.5  
And

# Act IV

IV

## ACTUS IV, SCENA I.

*Enter FERDINAND and BOSOLA.*

*Ferd.* How doth our sister duchess bear herself  
In her imprisonment?

*Bos.* Nobly; I'll describe her:

She's sad, as one long us'd to't; and she seems  
Rather to welcome the end of misery  
Than shun it:—a behaviour so noble  
As gives a majesty to adversity;  
You may discern the shape of loveliness  
More perfect in her tears, than in her smiles;  
She will muse four hours together, and her silence,  
Methinks, expresseth more than if she spake.

*Ferd.* Her melancholy seems to be fortify'd  
With a strange disdain.

*Bos.* 'Tis so: and this restraint  
(Like English mastiffs, that grow fierce with tying)  
Makes her too passionately apprehend  
Those pleasures she's kept from.

*Ferd.* Curse upon her! 15  
I will no longer study in the book  
Of another's heart: inform her what I told you. (4) *Exit.*

*Enter Duchess.*

*Bos.* All comfort to your grace!

*Duch.* I will have none:—  
Pray thee, why dost thou wrap thy poison'd pills  
In gold and sugar?

*Bos.* Your elder brother, the Lord Ferdinand, 20  
Is come to visit you: and sends you word,  
'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow  
Never to see you more, he comes i'th' night;  
And prays you, gently, neither torch nor taper 25  
Shine in your chamber: he will kiss your hand,  
And reconcile himself; but, for his vow,  
He dares not see you:—

*Duch.* At his pleasure;

Take hence the lights: [Bosola removes lights.]

[*Enter FERDINAND.*]

he's come.

*Ferd.* Where are you?

*Duch.* Here sir:—

*Ferd.* This darkness suits you well. 30

*Duch.* I would ask you pardon:—

*Ferd.* You have it;

For I account it the honourabl'st revenge,

Where I may kill, to pardon:—where are your cubs?

*Duch.* Whom?

*Ferd.* Call them your children; 35

For though our national law distinguish bastards  
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature  
Makes them all equal.

*Duch.* Do you visit me for this?

You violate a sacrament o'th' church  
Shall make you howl in hell for't.

*Ferd.* It had been well 40  
Could you have liv'd thus always; for indeed

CHAMBER

(dead hanging)

SNOBY lx Q 34 → 345

SNO Q8 #9

Vis: Basola relights candle

lx Q 34 GO

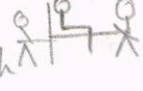
(4 1/2 secs bedroom state)

SNO Q8

Phrasing  
Procession of Dead Antonio

CK-Rosary

Reset Baby

⑥ Large chair with  Antonio on  
came from U.R → D.L.

Vis: when drapes close after  
harsh

lx Q 34.3 / 90

SNO Q9

lx 3

lx Q 34.5 GO

leave larger  
for moving

⑦ Sen ent D.L.

You were too much i' th' light:—but no more—  
I come to seal my peace with you: here's a hand  
*Gives her a dead man's hand.*  
To which you have vow'd much love; the ring upon't  
You gave.

*Duch.* I affectionately kiss it. 45

*Ferd.* Pray do: and bury the print of it in your heart:  
I will leave this ring with you for a love-token;  
And the hand, as sure as the ring; and do not doubt  
But you shall have the heart too; when you need a friend  
Send it to him that ow'd it; you shall see 50  
Whether he can aid you.

*Duch.* You are very cold.  
I fear you are not well after your travel:—  
Hah! lights!—O, horrible!

*Ferd.* *hatead* Let her have lights enough. *Exit.*

*Duch.* What witchcraft doth he practise that he hath left  
A dead man's hand here?—*Procenion begins* 55

*Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the artificial figures of Antonio  
and his children, appearing as if they were dead.*

*Bos.* Look you: here's the piece from which 'twas ta'en:  
He doth present you this sad spectacle  
That now you know directly they are dead—  
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve  
For that which cannot be recovered. 60

*Duch.* There is not between heaven and earth one wish  
I stay for after this: it wastes me more  
Than were't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,  
Stuck with a magical needle and then buried  
In some foul dunghill; and yon's an excellent property 65  
For a tyrant, which I would account *mercy*. *pause*

*Bos.* What's that?

*Duch.* If they would bind me to that lifeless trunk,  
And let me freeze to death.

*Bos.* Come, you must live.

*Duch.* That's the greatest torture souls feel in hell— 70  
In hell: that they must live, and cannot die.  
Portia, I'll new-kindle thy coals again,

And revive the rare and almost dead example  
Of a loving wife.

*Bos.* O fie! despair? remember  
You are a Christian.

*Duch.* The church enjoins fasting: 75  
I'll starve myself to death.

*Bos.* Leave this vain sorrow:  
Things being at the worst begin to mend;  
The bee when he hath shot his sting into your hand  
May then play with your eyelid.

*Duch.* Good comfortable fellow 80  
Persuade a wretch that's broke upon the wheel  
To have all his bones new set; entreat him live  
To be executed again:—who must despatch me?  
I account this world a tedious theatre,  
For I do play a part in't 'gainst my will. 85

*Bos.* Come, be of comfort, I will save your life.

*Duch.* Indeed I have not leisure to tend so small a business.

*Bos.* Now, by my life, I pity you.

*Duch.* Thou art a fool then,  
To waste thy pity on a thing so wretch'd  
As cannot pity itself:—I am full of daggers: 90

*Check*

*Dead Antonio procenion*

*cig-duch.*

CHAMBER

2. Sen (TM) ent D.R

4. Sen ex D.R

Your call Wardrobe  
Mr. Anton's Q change

SNDBY Lx Q35

Lx Q35 GO

(Snap down - Stylized state)

6. Ferd ent thru auditorium.

SNDBY Lx Q36

Lx Q36 GO

(Bed room state)

14. { Ferd ex D.L  
Bas ex D.R

Puff: let me blow these <sup>vipers</sup> from me.

Enter Servant.

What are you?

<sup>103</sup> Serv. One that wishes you long life.

Duch. I would thou wert hang'd for the horrible curse

Thou hast given me: ④ [Exit Servant.]

I shall shortly grow one

Of the miracles of pity:—I'll go pray: no, 95

I'll go curse:—

cig out

Bos. O fie!

Duch. I could curse the stars.

Bos. O fearful!

Duch. And those three smiling seasons of the year

Into a Russian winter, nay the world

To its first chaos.

Bos. Look you, the stars shine still:—

Duch. O, but you must 100

Remember, my curse hath a great way to go.—

Plagues, that make lanes through largest families,

Consume them!—

Bos. Fie lady!

Duch. Let them, like tyrants,

Never be remember'd, but for the ill they have done;

Let all the zealous prayers of mortified 105

Churchmen forget them!—

Bos. O, uncharitable!

Duch. Let heaven, a little while, cease crowning martyrs,

To punish them!

Go howl them this: and say I long to bleed:

It is some mercy, when men kill with speed. ⑥ Exit. 110

[Enter FERDINAND.]

Ferd. Excellent: as I would wish; she's plagu'd in art.

These presentations are but fram'd in wax, & she takes them  
for true substantial bodies.

Bos. Why do you do this?

Ferd. To bring her to despair.

Bos. Faith, end here:

And go no farther in your cruelty—

Send her a penitential garment to put on

Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her 120

With beads and prayer-books.

Ferd. Damn her! that body of hers,

While that my blood ran pure in't, was more worth

Than that which thou wouldst comfort, call'd a soul—

I will send her masques of common courtesans,

Have her meat serv'd up by bawds and ruffians, 125

And, 'cause she'll needs be mad, I am resolv'd

To remove forth the common hospital

All the mad-folk, and place them near her lodging;

There let them practise together, sing, and dance,

And act their gambols to the full o'th' moon: 130

If she can sleep the better for it, let her—

Your work is almost ended.

Bos. Must I see her again?

Ferd. Yes.

Bos. Never.

Ferd. You must.

Bos. Never in mine own shape,  
when you send me next let the business be of comfort.

7.30

10th

INSERT

Ferd. Very likely thy pity is nothing akin to thee

14 12'

I

CHAMBER

SNDBY LxQ87

10. madmen enter D.L (TM, Gm)  
S.L (CC)  
DR (MB)  
SR (SH)  
UR (PM)

after "birth" etc  
↓

Bas ent S.L

(cloak  
cowbell  
baton  
trumpet  
crown  
bodran  
doll)

(ndepad & pencil  
tape measure  
hanky)

LxQ37 GO

(30 secs - increase space for ciding of  
madmen)

Scene II

Duch.

(sit down;)

Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

Cari. O, 'twill increase your melancholy.

Duch.

Thou art deceiv'd,

To hear of greater grief would lessen mine—

10

This is a prison?

Cari.

Yes, but you shall live

To shake this durance off.

Duch.

Thou art a fool;

The robin-redbreast, and the nightingale,

Never live long in cages.

Cari.

Pray dry your eyes.

What think you of, madam?

Duch.

Of nothing:

15

When I muse thus, I sleep.

Cari. Like a madman, with your eyes open?

Duch. Dost thou think we shall know one another,

In th'other world?

Cari.

Yes, out of question.

Duch. O that it were possible we might

20

But hold some two days' conference with the dead,

From them I should learn somewhat, I am sure

I never shall know here:—I'll tell thee a miracle—

I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.

\* Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,

25

The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad:

I am acquainted with sad misery,

\* As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar;

Necessity makes me suffer constantly,

And custom makes it easy—who do I look like now?

30

Cari. Like to your picture in the gallery,

A deal of life in show, but none in practice;

Or rather like some reverend monument

Whose ruins are even pitied.

Duch.

Very proper:

And Fortune seems only to have her eyesight

To behold my tragedy:—How now!

35

What noise is that?

NOISE

Duch. What hideous noise was that?

Cari.

'Tis the wild consort

Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother

Hath plac'd about your lodging:—this tyranny,

I think, was never practis'd till this hour.

Duch. Indeed I thank him: nothing but noise and folly

Can keep me in my right wits, whereas reason

And silence make me stark mad:

Duch. Sit Cariola: let them loose when you please,

For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny. (10)

MAD MEN ENTER O.R.

madmen

↓ 16'

↓ 17'

↓ 18'

end of "play"

Bas ent O.R.

CHAMBER

Sc I

Duch. Is he mad too?

Serv. ~~Pray question him. I'll leave you.~~ [Exit.]

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duch. Hah, my tomb! 116

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,  
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible. 120

Duch. Thou art not mad, sure—dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

Duch. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best, but a salvatory of green mummy:—what's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste; our bodies are weaker than those paper prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison. 125 130

Duch. Am not I thy duchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead, clad in gray hairs, twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow. 135 140

Duch. I am Duchess of Malfi still.

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken:

*Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,*

*But look'd to near, have neither heat, nor light.* 145

Duch. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living—I am a tomb-maker.

\* Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb?

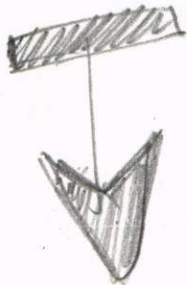
Bos. Yes. 150

\* Duch. Let me be a little merry—of what stuff wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed? do we affect fashion in the grave? 155

Bos. Most ambitiously: princes' images on their tombs do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven, but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of the tooth-ache; they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars, but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the selfsame way they seem to turn their faces. 160



Whats the right answer?

new ag lit

DRINK  
OVER BOS

(Rope)

UR - ME.

⑥ Scene change

GHOSTS

coffin → U.L - CK & SH (+velvet etc)

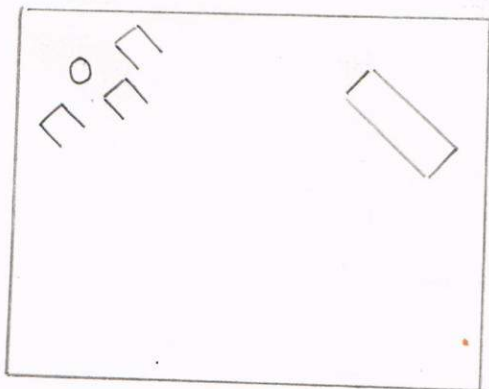
table → S.L - gm

SH ch → UR (US) - TM

DR ch → U.R (OS) - MB

SR ch → U.R (C) - PM

candlestick → U.R - P.M (done before ch)



## Sc. I

*Duch.* Let me know fully therefore the effect  
Of this thy dismal preparation,  
This talk fit for a charnel.

*Bos.* ~~Now I shall~~ 165

*Enter Executioners* [with] a coffin, cords and a bell.

*Here is a present from your princely brothers,  
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings  
Last benefit, last sorrow.*

*Duch.* Let me see it—  
I have so much obedience in my blood,  
I wish it in their veins, to do them good. 170

*Bos.* This is your last presence-chamber.

*Cari.* O my sweet lady!

*Duch.* Peace, it affrights not me.

*Bos.* I am the common bellman  
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons  
The night before they suffer:—

*Duch.* Even now thou said'st 175

Thou wast a tomb-maker.

*Bos.* 'Twas to bring you

By degrees to mortification. (6) *(Executioners enter) Hail Mary!*

*Cari.* Hence villains, tyrants, murderers! alas!

What will you do with my lady? call for help.

*Duch.* To whom? to our next neighbours? they are mad-folks.

*Bos.* Remove that noise.

*Duch.* Farewell Cariola:

In my last will I have not much to give; 200

A many hungry guests have fed upon me,

Thine will be a poor reversion.

*Cari.* I will die with her.

*Duch.* I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy

Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl

Say her prayers, ere she sleep.

*[Executioners force CARIOLA off.]*

Now what you please— 205

What death?

*Bos.* Strangling: here are your executioners.

*Duch.* I forgive them:

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o'th' lungs

Would do as much as they do.

*Bos.* Doth not death fright you?

*Duch.* Who would be afraid on't? 210

Knowing to meet such excellent company

In th' other world.

*Bos.* Yet, methinks,

The manner of your death should much afflict you,

This cord should terrify you?

*Duch.* Not a whit: 215

What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut

With diamonds? or to be smothered

With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?

I know death hath ten thousand several doors

For men to take their exits; and 'tis found (make) 220

They go on such strange geometrical hinges,

You may open them both ways:—any way, for heaven-sake,

So I were out of your whispering:—tell my brothers

That I perceive death, now I am well awake,

Best gift is they can give, or I can take. 225

# GHOSTS

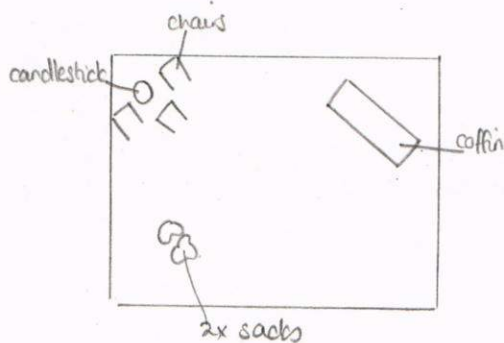
4. Executioners move towards Duch.

5. Executioners stop (few steps in)

8. strangle Duch

10. MB & CD ex D.R.  
others x to Carib D.L.

(2x sacks of children)



14. MB & CD ent D.R. 2 sacks children - x U.R

↓ Rest execut. x U.L.

F ent U.R

(Hippoflook)

SNBY Lx Q38

Your call  
Mr Handy

Vis: when men break from killing  
Lx Q38

SNBY Lx Q39

Vis: As Caribla is laid out  
Lx Q39 GC

I would fain put off my last woman's fault,  
I'd not be tedious to you.

Seam Execut.

We are ready.

Duch. Dispose my breath how please you, but my body  
Bestow upon my women, will you?

ALL Execut.

Yes.

Duch. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength 230

Must pull down heaven upon me:—<sup>(4) (move to her)</sup>

Yet stay; heaven-gates are not so highly arch'd

As princes' palaces, they that enter there

Must go upon their knees.—[*Kneels.*] Come violent death,

Serve for mandragora to make me sleep! 235

Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,

They then may feed in quiet. <sup>(8)</sup>

They strangle her.

Bos. Where's the waiting woman?

Fetch her: some other strangle the children. <sup>(10)</sup>

[Executioners fetch CARIOLA, and one goes to strangle the children.]

~~Look you, there sleeps your mistress.~~

Cari.

O, you are damn'd 240

Perpetually for this:—my turn is next,

Is't not so order'd?

Bos.

Yes, and I am glad

You are so well prepar'd for't.

Cari.

You are deceiv'd sir,

I am not prepar'd for't, I will not die;

I will first come to my answer, and know

How I have offended. 245

Bos.

Come, despatch her:—

You kept her counsel, now you shall keep ours.

Cari.

I will not die, I must not, I am contracted

To a young gentleman.

Peter

Execut.

Here's your wedding ring.

Cari.

Let me but speak with the duke: I'll discover

Treason to his person. 250

Bos.

Delays:—throttle her.

Guy

Execut.

She bites, and scratches:—

Cari.

If you kill me now

I am damn'd: I have not been at confession

This two years:—

Bos.

When?

Cari.

I am quick with child.

Bos.

Why then,

Your credit's sav'd:—

[*The Executioners strangle Cariola.*]

bear her into th' next room; 255

Let this lie still. <sup>(14)</sup>

<sup>(14)</sup> 'become' angels of death instead of executioners)

[*Exeunt Executioners with the body of Cariola.*]

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd.

Is she dead?

27'

28' DUCHESS KILLED ←

29'

GHOSTS.

sacks of children onstage (P.R.)

Bos. She is what  
You'd have her: but here begin your pity—  
*Shows the Children strangled.*

Alas, how have these offended?

Ferd. The death  
Of young wolves is never to be pitied.

Bos. Fix your eye here:—

Ferd. Constantly.

Bos. Do you not weep? 260

Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out:  
The element of water moistens the earth,  
But blood flies upwards, and bedews the heavens.

Ferd. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

Bos. I think not so: her infelicity 265  
Seem'd to have years too many.

Ferd. She and I were twins:  
And should I die this instant, I had liv'd  
Her time to a minute.

Bos. It seems she was born first: 270  
You have bloodily approv'd the ancient truth,  
That kindred commonly do worse agree  
Than remote strangers.

Ferd. Let me see her face again:—  
Why didst not thou pity her? what an excellent  
Honest man mightst thou have been  
If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary! 275  
Or, bold in a good cause, oppos'd thyself  
With thy advanced sword above thy head,  
Between her innocence and my revenge!  
I bad thee, when I was distracted of my wits,  
Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast done 't. 280  
For let me but examine well the cause:  
What was the meanness of her match to me?  
Only I must confess, I had a hope,  
Had she continu'd widow, to have gain'd  
An infinite mass of treasure by her death: 285  
And that was the main cause: . . . her marriage!—  
That drew a stream of gall, quite through my heart.  
For thee, as we observe in tragedies  
That a good actor many times is curs'd  
For playing a villain's part) I hate thee for 't: 290  
~~And for my sake say thou hast done much ill well.~~

Bos. Let me quicken your memory; for I perceive  
You are falling into ingratitude: I challenge  
The reward due to my service.

Ferd. I'll tell thee  
What I'll give thee—

Bos. Do:—

Ferd. I'll give thee a pardon 295  
For this murder:—

Bos. Hah?

Ferd. Yes: and 'tis  
The largest bounty I can study to do thee.  
By what authority didst thou execute  
This bloody sentence?

31'

32'

33'

4 HOSTS.

10. F ex Dh.

## Sc II

Bos.

By yours—

Ferd.

Mine? was I her judge?

Did any ceremonial form of law 300

Doom her to not-being? ~~did a complete jury~~~~Deliver her conviction up i' th' court?~~

Where shalt thou find this judgement register'd

Unless in hell? See: like a bloody fool

Th' hast forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die for't. 305

Bos. The office of justice is perverted quite

~~When one thief hangs another:—~~ who shall dare

To reveal this?

Ferd.

O, I'll tell thee:

The wolf shall find her grave, and scrape it up:

Not to devour the corpse, but to discover 310

The horrid murder.

Bos.

You, not I, shall quake for't.

Ferd. Leave me:—

Bos.

I will first receive my pension.

Ferd. You are a villain:—

Bos.

When your ingratitude

Is judge, I am so.

Ferd.

O horror!

~~That not the fear of him which binds the devils~~ 315~~Can prescribe man obedience!~~

Never look upon me more.

Bos.

Why fare thee well:

Your brother and yourself are worthy men;

You have a pair of hearts are hollow graves,

Rotten, and rotting others: and your vengeance, 320

Like two chain'd bullets, still goes arm in arm—

You may be brothers; for treason, like the plague,

Doth take much in a blood. I stand like one

~~That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden dream.~~

I am angry with myself, now that I wake. 325

Ferd. Get thee into some unknown part o' th' world

That I may never see thee.

Bos.

Let me know

Wherefore I should be thus neglected? sir,

I serv'd your tyranny; and rather strove

To satisfy yourself, than all the world; 330

And though I loath'd the evil, yet I lov'd

You that did counsel it; and rather sought

To appear a true servant, than an honest man. (howl)

Ferd. I'll go hunt the badger, by owl-light:

'Tis a deed of darkness. (10) 35'

GHOSTS.

Your call  
Mr Brennan  
wardrobe for Mr Anton's  
Q change

SNOBY LxQ 39.5

LxQ 39.5 GO

(1m)

SNOBY LxQ 40 - 42

LxQ 40 GO

Kyne

Duchess & Canada use of x U.S. to sit

□ 0 □  
□ 10 □

MB } ex D.L. with sack each  
ck }  
d reenter S.L.

F. ent D.L.  
Card ent D.L.

Vis: Peter out of way of Duchess.  
LxQ 41 GO (Duch sat)

6-0

## SC II

Bos. He's much distracted:—off my painted honour:

~~While with vain hopes our faculties we tire,  
We seem to sweat in ice, and freeze in fire.~~

What would I do, were this to do again?

I would not change my peace of conscience

340

For all the wealth of Europe:—she stirs; here's life:

Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead mine

Out of this sensible hell:—she's warm, she breathes:—

Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart

To store them with fresh colour:—who's there?

345

Some cordial drink!—Alas! I dare not call:

So pity would destroy pity:—her eye opes,

And heaven in it seems to ope, that late was shut,

To take me up to mercy.

Duch. Antonio!

Bos. Yes, madam, he is living—

350

The dead bodies you saw were but feign'd statues;

He's reconcil'd to your brothers; the Pope hath wrought

The atonement.

Duch. Mercy!

She dies.

Bos. O, she's gone again: there the cords of life broke.

O sacred innocence, that sweetly sleeps

355

On turtles' feathers, whilst a guilty conscience

Is a black register, wherein is writ

All our good deeds and bad, a perspective

That shows us hell! That we cannot be suffer'd

To do good when we have a mind to it!

360

This is manly sorrow:

These tears, I am very certain, never grew

In my mother's milk. My estate is sunk

Below the degree of fear: where were

These penitent fountains while she was living?

365

O, they were frozen up! Here is a sight

As direful to my soul as is the sword

Unto a wretch hath slain his father

38'

↓ 39'

KARIE

(Act IV 36' - 12.9.95)

GHOSTS

(3x pads & pens  
compact mirror  
large book)

Lx Q42 GO  
(2 secs Dis state)

Your call  
ms Redmond

(Salamander skin)

10. Basola ent D.h.

# Act V.

V 1.

## Scene II (Sc. I is cut)

Ferd. What are these?

Card. Your doctors <sup>(they are)</sup> ~~(as move into position)~~

~~Leave me.~~

Mat. Mal. Why doth your lordship love this solitariness?

Ferd. Eagles commonly fly alone: they are crows, daws, and 30  
starlings that flock together:—look, what's that follows  
me?

Sean. Mal. Nothing, my lord.

Ferd. Yes:—

Peter Mal. 'Tis your shadow. 35

Ferd. Stay it, let it not haunt me.

SH chris Mal. Impossible: if you move, and the sun shine:—

Ferd. I will throttle it. [Throws himself down on his shadow.]

Ter. Mal. O, my lord: you are angry with nothing.

Ferd. You are a fool: how is't possible I should catch my 40  
shadow unless I fall upon't? When I go to hell, I mean to  
carry a bribe; for look you, good gifts evermore make way  
for the worst persons.

Guy Pes. Rise, good my lord.

Ferd. I am studying the art of patience. 45

Mat. Pes. 'Tis a noble virtue:—

Ferd. To drive six snails before me, from this town to Mos-  
cow; neither use goad nor whip to them, but let them take  
their own time:—the patientest man i'th' world match  
me for an experiment—and I'll crawl after like a sheep- 50  
biter.

Card. Force him up. [They raise him.]

Ferd. Use me well, you were best: what I have done, I have  
done: I'll confess nothing.

Sean. Doc. Now let me come to him:—are you mad, my lord? are 55  
you out of your princely wits?

Ferd. Let me have his beard sawed off, and his eyebrows filed  
more civil. 60

Peter Doc. I must do mad tricks with him, for that's the only way  
on't. I have brought your grace a salamander's skin

Ferd. I have cruel sore eyes.

7 chris Doc. The white of a cockatrix's egg is <sup>better</sup> present remedy. 65

Mat. Ferd. Let it be a new-laid one, you were best:—

\* Ferd. Hide me from him; physicians are like kings,  
They brook no contradiction.

Ter. Doc. Now he begins to fear me, now let me alone with him. (farty bit)

Card. How now, put off your gown! 70

Guy Doc. Let me have some forty urinals filled with rose-water:  
he and I'll go pelt one another with them—now he be-  
gins to fear me:—can you fetch a frisk, sir?—Let him  
go, let him go upon my peril: I find by his eye, he  
stands in awe of me; I'll make him as tame as a dor- 75  
mouse. (10)

40'

\* mined 41'

42'

GHOSTS

4. F ex D.S.R

6. Drs x U.H. to coffin

10. J ent D.R.

11. J ex D.R.

12. Card ex D.L.  
J ent D.R.

SNDBY lx Q43

(pistol + blank)

Vis: As Julia entes D.R.

lx Q43 GO  
(300000)

Sc II

*cut a caper*  
 Ferd. Can you fetch your frisks, sir?—I will stamp him into a  
 cullis, flay off his skin, to cover one of the bodies *this*  
~~rogue hath set i'th' cold wonder, in Barber-Chirurgions'~~  
 Hall. Hence, hence, you are all of you like beasts for sacri- 80  
 fice; there's nothing left of you, but tongue, and belly,  
 flattery, and lechery. (4) [Exit.]

Card. Doctor, he did not fear you thoroughly.

mat. True, ~~was~~ somewhat too forward. Card. Leave me [Exit.]

Bos. Mercy upon me, what a fatal judgement  
 Hath fall'n upon this Ferdinand! (6) 85

Bos. Sir, I would speak with you.

*We'll leave your grace,*  
~~Wishing to the sick prince, our noble lord,~~  
~~All health of mind and body.~~

Card.

You are most welcome.

[Exeunt all except Cardinal and BOSOLA.]

Now sir, how fares our sister?

I do not think but sorrow makes her look 110  
 Like to an oft-dy'd garment: she shall now  
 Taste comfort from me—why do you look so wildly? *how row?*  
 O, the fortune of your master here, the prince,  
 Dejects you—but be you of happy comfort: 44  
 If you'll do one thing for me I'll entreat, 115  
 Though he had a cold tomb-stone o'er his bones, (10)  
 I'd make you what you would be.

Julia. Sir, will you come in to supper?

Card.

I am busy, leave me.

Julia. [Aside] What an excellent shape hath that fellow! (11) Exit.

Card. 'Tis thus: Antonio lures here in Milan;  
 Inquire him out, and kill him:—while he lives 45  
 Our sister cannot marry, and I have thought 125  
 Of an excellent match for her:—do this, and style me  
 Thy advancement.

Bos. But by what means shall I find him out?

Card. There is a gentleman, call'd Delio,  
 Here in the camp, that hath been long approv'd 130  
 His loyal friend: set eye upon that fellow,  
 Follow him to mass—may be Antonio,  
 Although he do account religion  
 But a school-name, for fashion of the world  
 May accompany him; or else go inquire out 135  
 Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe  
 Him to reveal it; there are a thousand ways  
 A man might find to trace him, Do, and be happy. Exit. 145

Bos. This fellow doth breed basilisks in's eyes,  
 He's nothing else but murder: yet he seems  
 Not to have notice of the duchess' death—(12)  
 'Tis his cunning

GHOSTS.

RESET BABY  
NO 2

## SC II

[Enter JULIA pointing a pistol at him.]

Julia. So, sir, you are well met.

Bos. How now?

Julia. Nay, the doors are fast enough:—  
Now sir, I will make you confess your treachery.

Bos. Treachery?

Julia. Yes, confess to me  
Which of my women 'twas you hir'd, to put  
Love-powder into my drink? 155

Bos. Love-powder!

Julia. Yes,  
~~When I was at Malfi~~ when I was at Malfi  
Why should I fall in love with such a face else?  
I have already suffer'd for thee so much pain,  
The only remedy to do me good 160  
Is to kill my longing.

Bos. Sure your pistol holds

Nothing but perfumes, or kissing-comfits.

Excellent lady,

You have a pretty way on't to discover

Your longing: come, come, I'll disarm you, *BANG!!*

And arm you thus—yet this is wondrous strange. 165

Julia. Compare thy form, and my eyes together,  
You'll find my love no such great miracle.

Now you'll say

I am wanton: this nice modesty in ladies

Is but a troublesome familiar 170

That haunts them.

Bos. Know you me, I am a blunt soldier.

Julia. The better—

Sure, there wants fire where there are no lively sparks  
Of roughness.

Bos. And I want compliment.

Julia. Why ignorance 175

In courtship cannot make you do amiss,  
If you have a heart to do well.

Bos. You are very fair.

Julia. Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,  
I must plead unguilty.

Bos. Your bright eyes  
Carry a quiver of darts in them, sharper  
Than sunbeams. 180

Julia. You will mar me with commendation,  
Put yourself to the charge of courting me  
Whereas now I woo you.

Bos. [Aside] I have it, I will work upon this creature—  
[To her] Let us grow most amorously familiar: 185  
If the great cardinal now should see me thus,  
Would he not count me a villain? *(Caw)*

GHOSTS

10. Bos ex P.R. & Card ent O.L.

## Sc. II

*Julia.* No: he might count me a wanton,  
 Not lay a scruple of offence on you;  
 For if I see and steal a diamond, <sup>upon</sup> 190  
 The fault is not i'th' stone, but in me the thief  
 That purloins it:—I am sudden with you;  
 We that are great women of pleasure use to cut off  
 These uncertain wishes, and unquiet longings,  
 And in an instant join the sweet delight 195  
 And the pretty excuse together; had you been i'th' street,  
 Under my chamber window, even there  
 I should have courted you.

*Bos.* O, you are an excellent lady.

*Julia.* Bid me do somewhat for you presently,  
 To express I love you.

*Bos.* I will, and if you love me, 200  
 Fail not to effect it.

\* *The cardinal is grown wondrous melancholy;  
 Demand the cause, let him not put you off  
 With feign'd excuse, discover the main ground on't.*

*Julia.* Why would you know this?

*Bos.* I have depended on him, 205

*Julia.* I'll be your maintenance.

*Bos.* And I your loyal servant—  
 But I cannot leave my calling.

*Julia.* Not leave  
 An ungrateful general, for the love of a sweet lady?  
 You are like some, cannot sleep in feather-beds,  
 But must have blocks for their pillows. 50'

*Bos.* Will you do this? 215

*Julia.* Cunningly.

*Bos.* Tomorrow I'll expect th' intelligence.

*Julia.* Tomorrow? get you into my cabinet,  
 You shall have it with you: do not delay me,  
 No more than I do you; I am like one  
 That is condemn'd—I have my pardon promis'd, 220  
 But I would see it seal'd:—go, get you in, ⑩  
 You shall see me wind my tongue about his heart.  
 Like a skein of silk.

[Exit BOSOLA.]

# GHOSTS

2. G rise - U.L. as priests

4. G kneel

(1) G kneel

8. G x to coffin

Sc II

[Enter Cardinal, followed by Servants.]

Card. Where are you? ②

Serv. Here.

Card. Let none upon your lives  
Have conference with the Prince Ferdinand, 225  
Unless I know it: *leave me* ④ [Exeunt Servants.]

—[Aside] in this distraction

He may reveal the murder. *of our sister*

Yon's my ling'ring consumption:

I am weary of her, and by any means

Would be quit of.

Julia. How now, my lord? 230  
What ails you?

Card. Nothing. ⑧  
Julia. O, you are much alter'd:  
Come, I must be your secretary, and remove  
This lead from off your bosom—what's the matter?

\* Card. I may not tell you. *thee*

Julia. Are you so far in love with sorrow, 235

You cannot part with part of it? or think you

I cannot love your grace when you are sad,

As well as merry? or do you suspect

I, that have been a secret to your heart

\* These many winters, *hence* cannot be the same 240

Unto your tongue?

Card. Satisfy thy longing—  
The only way to make thee keep my counsel  
Is not to tell thee.

Julia. Tell your echo this,  
Or flatterers that like echoes still report  
What they hear though most imperfect, and not me: 245  
For, if that you be true unto yourself,  
I'll know.

Card. Will you rack me?

Julia. No, judgement shall  
Draw it from you: it is an equal fault  
To tell one's secrets unto all, or none.

Card. The first argues folly.

Julia. But the last tyranny. 250

Card. Very well—why imagine I have committed  
Some secret deed, which I desire the world  
May never hear of.

Julia. Therefore may not I know it?

\* *Sir* You have conceal'd for me as great a sin  
As adultery:—sir, never was occasion 255  
For perfect trial of my constancy  
Till now: sir, I beseech you.

Card. You'll repent it.

Julia. Never.

Card. It hurries thee to ruin: I'll not tell thee—  
Be well advis'd, and think what danger 'tis  
To receive a prince's secrets: they that do, 260  
Had need have their breasts hoop'd with adamant

V.S.

51'

52'

53'

GHOSTS

6. Bas ent D.R.

(postal)

Your call  
Mr MacFadyen  
~~Mr MacFadyen~~  
Mr Parkes

SNOPY Lx Q4C \$45

---

SC II To contain them: I pray thee yet be satisfy'd;  
Examine thine own frailty; 'tis more easy  
To tie knots, than unloose them:—'tis a secret  
That, like a ling'ring poison, may chance lie  
Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven year hence.

265

Julia. Now you dally with me.

Card. No more; thou shalt know it.  
By my appointment, the great Duchess of Malfi,  
And two of her young children, four nights since,  
Were strangled.

Julia. O heaven! sir, what have you done? 270

Card. How now? how settles this? think you your bosom  
Will be a grave, dark and obscure enough,  
For such a secret?

Julia. You have undone yourself, sir.

Card. Why?

Julia. It lies not in me to conceal it.

Card. No? (6 move) NO (Lyne) 55'  
Come, I will swear you to't upon this book. (Sancho) 275

Julia. Most religiously.

Card. Kiss it. (6) [She kisses the book.]  
Now you shall never utter it; thy curiosity  
Hath undone thee: thou'rt poison'd with that book;  
Because I knew thou couldst not keep my counsel,  
I have bound thee to't by death. 280

[Enter BOSOLA.]

Bos. For pity-sake, hold!

Card. Ha, Bosola! 56'

Julia. I forgive you. 'Tis weakness,  
Too much to think what should have been done—I go,  
I know not whither. [Dies.]

Card. Wherefore com'st thou hither?

Bos. That I might find a great man, like yourself, 290  
Not out of his wits as the Lord Ferdinand,  
To remember my service.

Card. I'll have thee hew'd in pieces.

Bos. Make not yourself such a promise of that life  
Which is not yours to dispose of.

Card. Who plac'd thee here?

Bos. Her lust, as she intended.

Card. Very well, 295  
Now you know me for your fellow murderer.

Bos. And wherefore should you lay fair marble colours  
Upon your rotten purposes to me?  
Unless you imitate some that do plot great treasons,  
And when they have done, go hide themselves i'th' graves  
Of those were actors in't? 301

Card. No more, there is a fortune attends thee.

Bos. Shall I go sue to Fortune any longer?  
'Tis the fool's pilgrimage.

Card. I have honours in store for thee.

Bos. There are a many ways that conduct to seeming  
Honour, and some of them very dirty ones. 305

Card. Throw to the devil  
Thy melancholy: the fire burns well,  
What need we keep a stirring of't, and make  
A greater smother? thou wilt kill Antonio? 310

Bos. Yes.

Card. Take up that body.

Bos. I think I shall  
Shortly grow the common bier for churchyards.

Card. I will allow thee some dozen of attendants  
To aid thee in the murder.

GHOSTS

2. Hum begins & 6 fill space

4. Delio & Ant ent U.R

8. Kynie

P.M. escort Julia U.R. to D.S. chair

Card ex D.L

Bos ex S.L.

End of Kynie

MB ex S.R

(lx Q44 GO

(S sees gold corridor)

Vis: As Ant & Delio & Julia x at U.R

(lx Q45 GO

Your call  
Mr Handy

Bos.

I must look to my footing:

In such slippery ice-pavements, men had need  
To be frost-nail'd well; they may break their necks else.

The precedent's here afore me: how this man  
Bears up in blood! seems fearless! Why, 'tis well:

335

58'

Security some men call the suburbs of hell,  
Only a dead wall between. Well, good Antonio,

~~I'll seek thee out, and all my care shall be  
To put thee into safety from the reach~~

340

//

## Scene III

chair removed &amp; Nicola exits

Delio. Xon's the cardinal's window:—this fortification  
Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey;

59'

And to yon side o'th' river, lies a wall,  
Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion  
Gives the best echo <sup>have</sup> that you ever heard,  
So hollow, and so dismal, and withal  
So plain in the distinction of our words,  
That many have suppos'd it is a spirit  
That answers.

5

cig - Delio

Ant.

I do love these ancient ruins:

We never tread upon them but we set  
Our foot upon some reverend history.  
And questionless, here in this open court,  
~~Which now lies naked to the injuries~~  
Of stormy weather, some men lie interr'd  
Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to't,  
They thought it should have canopy'd their bones  
Till doomsday; but all things have their end:  
Churches and cities, which have diseases like to men,  
Must have like death that we have.

10

15

Echo.

Like death that we have.

Delio. Now the echo hath caught you:—

Ant.

It groan'd methought, and gave

20

A very deadly accent.

Echo.

Deadly accent.

Delio. I told you 'twas a pretty one: you may make it  
A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,  
Or a thing of sorrow.

GHOSTS

8. Card ent S.L

10. Ant ex U.R.

SNOPY NQ46

6-0m

Sc III

Echo. *A thing of sorrow.*

Ant. Ay sure: that suits it best.

Echo. *That suits it best.*

25

Ant. 'Tis very like my wife's voice.

Echo. *Ay, wife's voice.*

Delio. Come, let's walk farther from't:—

Antonio I would not have you go to th' cardinal's tonight:  
Do not.

Echo. *Do not.*

Delio. Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting sorrow

30

Than time: take time for't; be mindful of thy safety.

Echo. *Be mindful of thy safety.*

Ant. Necessity compels me:

Make scrutiny throughout the passes  
Of your own life, you'll find it impossible  
To fly your fate.

Echo. *O, fly your fate!*

35

Delio. Hark: the dead stones seem to have pity on you  
And give you good counsel.

Ant. Echo, I will not talk with thee,  
For thou art a dead thing.

Echo. *Thou art a dead thing.*

Ant. My duchess is asleep now,

40

And her little ones, I hope sweetly: O heaven,  
Shall I never see her more?

Echo. *Never see her more.*

Ant. I mark'd not one repetition of the echo

But that: and on the sudden, a clear light  
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.

45

Delio. Your fancy, merely.

Ant. Come: I'll be out of this ague;  
For to live thus is not indeed to live:

It is a mockery, and abuse of life—

I will not henceforth save myself by halves; <sup>(8)</sup>

Lose all, or nothing. <sup>(10)</sup>

Better shall once  
than ever be falling

Delio. <sup>(11)</sup> Your own virtue save you!

I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you:

It may be that the sight of his own blood

Spread in so sweet a figure may beget

The more compassion. In the Cardinal.

GHOSTS

Kynie

1. Delib ex U.R.

2. Bos ent S.L.

4. Ferd ent S.L.

(Bosola's knife)

5. Ant ent S.L.

12. 6 x 30 coffin U.L.

Aud: on Kynie

Lx Q46 GO

## Scene IV (KYRIE ELEISON - underneath)

Card. O, my conscience!  
I would pray now: but the devil takes away my heart  
For having any confidence in prayer. (2)

(2)  
About this hour I appointed Bosola  
To fetch the body: when he hath serv'd my turn,  
He dies.

30  
Exit.

Enter BOSOLA.

Bos. Hah? 'twas the cardinal's voice: I heard him name  
Bosola, and my death: listen, I hear one's footing.

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferd. Strangling is a very quiet death.

Bos. [Aside] Nay then, I see I must stand upon my guard.

\* Ferd. What say' to that? whisper, softly: do you agree to't?  
So it must be done i'th' dark: the cardinal  
Would not for a thousand pounds the doctor should see it.

35  
Exit.

Bos. My death is plotted; here's the consequence of murder:  
*We value not desert, nor Christian breath,  
When we know black deeds must be cur'd with death.*

40

Enter ANTONIO and Servant.

Ant. Could I take him at his prayers,  
There were hope of pardon.

Bos. I have this cardinal in the forge already,  
Now I'll bring him to th' hammer:

~~Fall right my sword!~~ [Stabs him.]

I'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray. (12)  
Ant. O, I am gone! Thou hast ended a long suit  
In a minute.

46

Bos. What art thou?

Ant. A most wretched thing,  
That only have thy benefit in death,  
To appear myself.

[Enter Servant with a light.]

Bos. -Antonio!  
The man I would have sav'd 'bove mine own life!  
I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear  
Shall make thy heart break quickly: Thy fair duchess  
And two sweet children—

Ant. Their very names  
Kindle a little life in me.

Bos. Are murder'd!

Ant. I would not now  
Wish my wounds balm'd, nor heal'd, for I have no use  
To put my life to. In all our quest of greatness,  
Like wanton boys whose pastime is their care,  
We follow after bubbles, blown in th' air.

65

1.03'

1.04'

GHOSTS

2. Ant dies

Sc III & IV.

Bos. Break heart!—

Ant. And let my son fly the courts of princes. (2.)  
[Dies.]

ANTONIO DIES

SCENA V.

Enter Cardinal, with a book.

Card. I am puzzled in a question about hell:  
He says, in hell there's one material fire,  
And yet it shall not burn all men alike.  
Lay him by:—how tedious is a guilty conscience! (1)  
When I look into the fish-ponds, in my garden,  
Methinks I see a thing, arm'd with a rake  
That seems to strike at me:—

1.05'

Bos: <sup>30</sup> Enter BOSOLA, and Servant with ANTONIO's body.

Card: Bosola, Now! art thou come?  
Thou look'st ghastly:  
There sits in thy face some great determination,  
Mix'd with some fear.

Bos. Thus it lightens into action: 10  
I am come to kill thee.

Card. Hah? help! our guard!

Bos. Thou art deceiv'd:  
They are out of thy howling.

Card. Hold: and I will faithfully divide  
Revenues with thee.

Bos. Thy prayers and proffers 15  
Are both unseasonable.

Card. Raise the watch!  
We are betray'd!

Card. What cause hast thou to pursue my life?

Bos. Look there:—

Card. Antonio!

Bos. Slain by my hand unwittingly:—

Pray, and be sudden; when thou kill'd'st thy sister,  
Thou took'st from Justice her most equal balance, 40  
And left her naught but her sword.

1.06'

Card. O, mercy!

Bos. Now it seems thy greatness was only outward;  
For thou fall'st faster of thyself, than calamity

Can drive thee. I'll not waste longer time: there! [Stabs him.]

Card. Thou hast hurt me:—

CARDINAL STABBED

# GHOSTS

2. Ferd ent S.L.

④ F stabs Card under R arm.

⑥ F stab Bos in chest.

⑧ Bos stab F in stomach.

⑫ G x fill <sup>U.S.L.</sup> space & stop kyne

⑭ Bos dies.  
Debs ent O.L.



⑮ Kyne all men rise & move to chairs  
Ferd sits in Julia seat (she rises)  
Card sits in Carole seat (she rises)  
Bos & Ant x up above chairs & push ch.  
G x to coffee

SNDBY FOR Lx DOWN  
ON SHOW

Your call ms Clarke  
ms Redmond

SNDBY Lx Q47-51 & Hse Lx  
S.M.

Aud: on waiting  
Lx Q47 GO  
(prop 10s)

Aud: on him  
Lx Q48 GO  
(20/25)

Lx Q49 GO

Vis: Actes move into call positions

Lx Q50 GO  
(5)

End of calls

Lx Q51 & Hse Lx  
(preset)