

draft  
3(ish).

most recent, post-Paris.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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CHEEK BY JOWL

DECEMBER 2011

CHARACTERS

FRIAR Bonaventura

CARDINAL, Nuncio to the Pope

SORANZO, a Nobleman

FLORIO, Citizen of Parma

DONADO, Citizen of Parma

GRIMALDI, a Roman Gentleman

GIOVANNI, Son to Florio

DOCTOR

VASQUES, Servant to Soranzo

ANNABELLA, Daughter to Florio.

HIPPOLITA, a former lover to Soranzo.

PUTANA, Tutorress to Annabella.

(Banditti)

*The Scene — Parma.*

SCENE 1

Friar Bonaventura's Cell. Friar and Giovanni.

FRIAR

Dispute no more in this; for know, young man,  
These are no school points; nice philosophy  
May tolerate unlikely arguments,  
But Heaven admits no jest.  
Such questions, youth, are fond, for better 'tis  
To bless the sun, than reason why it shines;  
Yet He thou talk'st of, is above the sun.—  
No more! I may not hear it.

GIOVANNI

Gentle father,  
To you I have unclasped my burdened soul,  
Emptied the storehouse of my thoughts and heart,  
And yet is here the comfort I shall have?  
Must I not do what all men else may — love?

FRIAR

Yes, you may love, fair son.

GIOVANNI

Must I not praise  
That beauty, which, if framed anew, the gods  
Would make a god of, if they had it there,  
And kneel to it, as I do kneel to them?

FRIAR

Why, foolish madman!—

GIOVANNI

Shall a peevish sound,  
A customary form, from man to man,  
Of brother and of sister, be a bar  
'Twixt my perpetual happiness and me?

FRIAR

Have done, unhappy youth, for thou art lost.

GIOVANNI

Shall, then, for that I am her brother born,  
My joys be ever banished from her bed ?  
Tell me, holy man,  
What cure shall give me ease in these extremes ?

FRIAR

Repentance, son, and sorrow for this sin:  
For thou hast moved a Majesty above,  
With thy unranged (almost) blasphemy.

GIOVANNI

Oh do not speak of that, dear confessor.

FRIAR

Art thou, my son, that miracle of wit,  
Who once, within these three months, wert esteem'd  
A wonder of thine age, throughout Bologna?  
I was proud of my tutelage, and chose  
Rather to leave my books, than part with thee.  
I did so, but the fruits of all my hopes  
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.  
Oh Giovanni! Look through the world,  
And thou shall see a thousand faces shine  
More glorious than this idol thou ador'st:

GIOVANNI

It were more ease to stop the ocean  
From floats and ebbs, than to dissuade my vows.

FRIAR

Then I have done, and in thy wilful flames  
Already see thy ruin; Heaven is just;  
Yet hear my counsel.

GIOVANNI

As a voice of life.

FRIAR

Lock thee  
Alone within thy chamber; then fall down  
On both thy knees and grovel on the ground.  
Beg heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust  
That rots thy soul. Acknowledge what thou art:  
A wretch, a worm, a nothing. Weep, sigh, pray  
Three times a-day, and three times every night:  
For seven days space do this; then, if thou find'st  
No change in thy desires, return to me;  
I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself

GIOVANNI

All this I'll do, to free me from the rod  
Of vengeance; else I'll swear my fate's my god.

[Exeunt]



SCENE 2

The street before Florio's house. Enter Grimaldi and Vasques, ready to fight.

VASQUES

Come, sir, stand to your ground!

GRIMALDI

Thou art no equal match for me.

VASQUES

See you these hairs? They'll not flinch for a bloody nose.

GRIMALDI

Why, slave, think'st thou I'll balance my reputation with a servant?

VASQUES

Thou poor shadow of a soldier, com'st thou to fight or prate?

GRIMALDI

I am a Roman and a gentleman; one that have got mine honour with expense of blood.

VASQUES

You are a lying coward, and a fool.

GRIMALDI

Provoke me not, for if thou dost —

VASQUES

Have at you.

*[They fight, Grimaldi hath the worst. Enter Florio, Donado, and Soranzo.]*

FLORIO

What mean these sudden broils so near my doors?

Have you not other places but my house

To vent the spleen of your disordered bloods?

Must I be haunted still with such unrest

As not to eat or sleep in peace at home?

Is this your love, Grimaldi? Fie! 'tis naught.

DONADO

And, Vasques, I may tell thee, 'tis not well

To broach these quarrels.

What's the ground?

SORANZO

That, with your patience, signior Donado, I'll resolve:

This gentleman, whom fame reports a soldier,

(For else I know not) rivals me in love  
To Signior Florio's daughter  
And thinks the way to recommend himself,  
Is to disparage me in his report.—  
For this unworthiness; and on this ground  
I willed my servant to correct his tongue,  
Holding a man so base no match for me.

VASQUES

And had not your sudden coming prevented us, I had let my gentleman blood under the gills. [*To Grimaldi*] I should have wormed you, sir, for running mad.

GRIMALDI

I'll be revenged, Soranzo.

VASQUES

On a dish of warm broth to stay your stomach! Do, honest innocence, do: spoon-meat is a wholesomer diet than a Spanish blade.

GRIMALDI

Remember this!

SORANZO

I fear thee not, Grimaldi.

[*Grimaldi exits*]

FLORIO

My lord Soranzo, this is strange to me;  
Why you should storm, having my word engaged:  
Owing her heart, what need you doubt her ear ?  
Losers may talk, by law of any game.

VASQUES

Yet the villainy of words, Signior Florio, may be such, as would make any unspleened dove cholerick. Blame not my lord in this.

FLORIO

Be you more silent! You are but a servant.  
I would not for my wealth my daughter's love  
Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.  
Vasques, put up: let's end this fray in wine.

[*Exeunt Florio, Donado, Soranzo and Vasques*]

PUTANA

How like you this, child? Here's threatening, challenging, quarrelling, and fighting on every side, and all is for your sake. You had need look to yourself, charge: you'll be stolen away sleeping else shortly.

ANNABELLA

But, tutoress, such a life gives no content  
To me; my thoughts are fixed on other ends.  
Would you would leave me!

PUTANA

Leave you! No marvel else. Leave me no leaving, charge; this is love outright. Indeed, I blame you not; you have choice fit for the best lady in Italy.

ANNABELLA

Pray do not talk so much.

PUTANA

Take the worst with the best, there's Grimaldi the soldier, a very well-timbered fellow. They say he's a Roman, nephew to the Duke Montferrato; they say he did good service in the wars against the Milanese. But, 'faith, charge, I do not like him, an't be for nothing but for being a soldier: not one amongst twenty of your skirmishing captains but have some privy maim or other, that mars their standing upright. I like him the worse, he crinkles so much in the hams: though he might serve if there were no more men, yet he's not the man I would choose.

ANNABELLA

Fie, how thou prat'st!

PUTANA

As I am a very woman, I like Signior Soranzo well; he is wise, and what is more, rich; and what is more than that, kind; and what is more than all this, a nobleman. Such a one, were I the fair Annabella myself, I would wish and pray for. Then he is bountiful; besides, he is handsome, and by my troth, I think, wholesome – and that's news in a gallant of three-and-twenty. Liberal, that I know; loving, that you know; and a man sure, else he could never have purchased such a good name with Hippolita, the lusty widow, whose beauty still enchants the noblest men of Parma. An 'twere but for that report, sweetheart, would 'a were thine! Commend a man for his qualities, but take a husband as he is a plain, sufficient, naked man; such a one is for your bed, and such a one is Signior Soranzo, my life for't.

ANNABELLA

Sure the woman took her morning's draught too soon.

[Enter Giovanni, below]

ANNABELLA

But see, Putana, see! what blessed shape  
Of some celestial creature now appears!—  
What man is he, that with such sad aspect  
Walks careless of himself?

PUTANA

Where?

ANNABELLA

Look below.

PUTANA

Oh, 'tis your brother, sweet.

ANNABELLA

Ha!

PUTANA

Tis your brother.

ANNABELLA

Sure 'tis not he; this is some woeful thing  
Wrapp'd up in grief, some shadow of a man.  
Alas, he beats his breast, and wipes his eyes,  
Drowned all in tears. Methinks I hear him sigh;  
Let's down, Putana, and partake the cause.  
I know my brother, in the love he bears me,  
Will not deny me partage in his sadness.  
My soul is full of heaviness and fear.

*[Exeunt Annabella and Putana]*

GIOVANNI

Lost! I am lost! My fates have doomed my death:  
The more I strive, I love; the more I love,  
The less I hope. I see my ruin certain.  
What judgment or endeavours could apply  
To my incurable and restless wounds,  
I thoroughly have examined, but in vain.  
O, that it were not in religion sin  
To make our love a god, and worship it!  
I have even wearied heaven with pray'rs, dried up  
The spring of my continual tears, even starv'd  
My veins with daily fasts : what wit or art  
Could counsel, I have practised. But, alas,  
I find all these but dreams, and old men's tales,  
To fright unsteady youth. I am still the same.  
Or I must speak or burst. 'Tis not, I know,  
My lust, but 'tis my fate, that leads me on.  
Keep fear and low faint-hearted shame with slaves!  
I'll tell her that I love her, though my heart  
Were rated at the price of that attempt.

*[Enter Annabella and Putana]*

ANNABELLA

Brother.

GIOVANNI *[aside]*

If such a thing  
As courage dwell in men, ye heavenly powers,  
Now double all that virtue in my tongue.

ANNABELLA

Why, brother, will you not speak to me?

GIOVANNI

Yes. How d'ee, sister?

ANNABELLA

Howsoe'er I am, methinks you are not well.

PUTANA

Bless us, why are you so sad, sir?

GIOVANNI

Let me entreat you, leave us a while, Putana.

Sister, I would be private with you.

ANNABELLA

Withdraw, Putana.

PUTANA

I will. [*aside*] If this were any other company for her, I should think my absence an office of some credit. But I will leave them together.

[*She exits*]

GIOVANNI

Come, sister, lend your hand. Let's walk together.

I hope you need not blush to walk with me,

Here's none but you and I.

ANNABELLA

How's this?

GIOVANNI

I'faith, I mean no harm.

ANNABELLA

Harm?

GIOVANNI

No, good faith. How is't with'ee?

ANNABELLA [*aside*]

I trust he be not frantic —

I am very well, brother.

GIOVANNI

Trust me, but I am sick — I fear so sick  
'Twill cost my life.

ANNABELLA

Mercy forbid it! 'Tis not so, I hope.

GIOVANNI

I think you love me, sister.

ANNABELLA

Yes, you know I do.

GIOVANNI

I know it, indeed — you are very fair.

ANNABELLA

Nay, then I see you have a merry sickness.

GIOVANNI

That's as it proves. The poets feign, I read,  
That Juno for her forehead did exceed  
All other goddesses; but I durst swear  
Your forehead exceeds hers, as hers did theirs.

ANNABELLA

Troth, this is pretty.

GIOVANNI

Such a pair of stars  
As are thine eyes would, like Promethean fire,  
If gently glanced, give life to senseless stones.

ANNABELLA

Fie upon'ee!

GIOVANNI

The lily and the rose, most sweetly strange,  
Upon your dimple cheeks do strive for change.  
Such lips would tempt a saint; such hands as those  
Would make an anchorite lascivious.

ANNABELLA

D'ee mock me, or flatter me?

GIOVANNI

If you would see a beauty more exact  
Than art can counterfeit, or nature frame,  
Look in your glass, and there behold your own.

ANNABELLA

Oh, you are a trim youth!

GIOVANNI

Here. [*He offers his dagger to her*]

ANNABELLA

What to do?

GIOVANNI

And here's my breast, strike home!

Rip up my bosom; there thou shalt behold

A heart, in which is writ the truth I speak —

Why stand'ee?

ANNABELLA

Are you earnest ?

GIOVANNI

Yes, most earnest. You cannot love?

ANNABELLA

Whom?

GIOVANNI

Me. My tortured soul

Hath felt affliction in the heat of death.

Oh, Annabella, I am quite undone!

The love of thee, my sister, and the view

Of thy immortal beauty, have untuned

All harmony both of my rest and life.

Why do you not strike?

ANNABELLA

Forbid it, my just fears!

If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.

GIOVANNI

True! Annabella; 'tis no time to jest.

I have too long suppressed my hidden flames,

That almost have consumed me; I have spent

Many a silent night in sighs and groans;

Ran over all my thoughts, despised my fate,

Reasoned against the reasons of my love,

Done all that smooth-cheeked virtue could advise,

But found all bootless: 'tis my destiny

That you must either love, or I must die.

ANNABELLA

Comes this in sadness from you?

GIOVANNI

Let some mischief

Befall me soon, if I dissemble aught.

ANNABELLA

You are my brother Giovanni.

GIOVANNI

You

My sister Annabella; I know this,

And could afford you instance why to love

So much the more for this, to which intent

Wise nature first in your creation meant

To make you mine; else't had been sin and foul

To share one beauty to a double soul.

Nearness in birth and blood, doth but persuade

A nearer nearness in affection.

I have ask'd counsel of the holy church,

Who tells me I may love you; and, 'tis just,

That, since I may, I should; and will, yes will!

Must I now live, or die?

ANNABELLA

Live. Thou hast won

The field, and never fought: what thou hast urged

My captive heart had long ago resolved.

I blush to tell thee, but I'll tell thee now:

For every sigh that thou hast spent for me,

I have sighed ten; for every tear, shed twenty.

And not so much for that I loved, as that

I durst not say I loved, nor scarcely think it.

GIOVANNI

Let not this music be a dream, ye gods,

For pity's sake, I beg'ee.

ANNABELLA

On my knees, [She kneels.]

Brother, even by our mother's dust, I charge you,

Do not betray me to your mirth or hate;

Love me, or kill me, brother.

GIOVANNI

On my knees, [He kneels.]

Sister, even by my mother's dust I charge you,



Do not betray me to your mirth or hate;  
Love me, or kill me, sister.

ANNABELLA

You mean good sooth, then?

GIOVANNI

In good troth, I do;  
And so do you, I hope. Say, I'm in earnest.

ANNABELLA

I'll swear it, and I.

GIOVANNI

And I; and by this kiss, [Kisses her]

What must we now do?

ANNABELLA

What you will.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE 3

A street. Enter Florio and Soranzo.

FLORIO

Signior Soranzo, you have said enough,  
I understand you, but would have you know,  
I will not force my daughter 'gainst her will.  
You see I have but two, a son and her;  
And he is so devoted to his book,  
As I must tell you true, I doubt his health.  
Should he miscarry, all my hopes rely  
Upon my girl. As for worldly fortune,  
I am, I thank my stars, blessed with enough.  
My care is, how to match her to her liking;  
I would not have her marry wealth, but love.

### SCENE 4 [formerly ACT 2]

An apartment in Florio's house. Enter Giovanni and Annabella.

GIOVANNI

Come, Annabella. No more Sister now  
But Love, a name more gracious. Do not blush,  
Beauty's sweet wonder, but be proud to know  
That yielding thou hast conquer'd, and inflamed  
A heart whose tribute is thy brother's life.

ANNABELLA

And mine is his. Oh, how these stolen contents  
Would print a modest crimson on my cheeks,  
Had any but my heart's delight prevailed!

GIOVANNI

I marvel why the chaster of your sex  
Should think this pretty toy called maidenhead,  
So strange a loss, when, being lost, 'tis nothing,  
And you are still the same.

ANNABELLA

'Tis well for you,  
Now you can talk.

GIOVANNI

Music as well consists  
In th' ear, as in the playing.

ANNABELLA

Oh, you are wanton!—  
Tell on't, you were best, do.

GIOVANNI

Thou wilt chide me then.  
Kiss me — so! [ *They kiss* ]  
But I shall lose you, sweetheart.

ANNABELLA

But you shall not.

GIOVANNI

You must be married, mistress.

ANNABELLA

Yes? To whom?

GIOVANNI

Someone must have you.

ANNABELLA

You must.

GIOVANNI

Nay, some other.

ANNABELLA

Now prithee do not speak so without jesting;  
You'll make me weep in earnest.

GIOVANNI

What, you will not!

But tell me, sweet, canst thou be dared to swear

That thou wilt live to me, and to no other?

ANNABELLA

By both our loves I dare; for didst thou know,

My Giovanni, how all suitors seem

To my eyes hateful, thou would'st trust me then.

GIOVANNI

Enough, I take thy word: sweet, we must part;

Remember what thou vow'st; keep well my heart.

ANNABELLA

Will you be gone?

GIOVANNI

I must.

ANNABELLA

When to return?

GIOVANNI

Soon.

ANNABELLA

Look you do.

GIOVANNI

Farewell.      [*He exits*]

ANNABELLA

Go where thou wilt, in mind I'll keep thee here,  
And where thou art, I know I shall be there.  
Guardian!

[Enter Putana]

PUTANA

Child, how is't, child? Well, thank heaven, ha?

ANNABELLA

Oh, guardian, what a paradise of joy  
Have I passed over!

PUTANA

Nay, what a paradise of joy have you past under! why, now I commend thee, charge. Fear nothing, sweet-heart; what though he be your brother? your brother's a man, I hope; and I say still, if a young wench feel the fit upon her, let her take any body, father or brother, all is one.

ANNABELLA

I would not have it known for all the world.

PUTANA

Nor I indeed; for the speech of the people; else 'twere nothing.

FLORIO (within)

Daughter Annabella!

ANNABELLA

O me! My father! [to Florio] Here, sir! [to Putana] Reach my work.

FLORIO (within)

What are you doing?

[Enter Florio]

FLORIO

Daughter Annabella, so hard at work! That's well; you lose no time.

[Exeunt]

## SCENE 5

A Room in Soranzo's House. Enter Soranzo, with a book.

SORANZO [reads]

*Loves measure is extreme, the comfort pain;*

*The life unrest, and the reward disdain.*

What's here? Look't o'er again. 'Tis so — so writes

This smooth licentious poet in his rhymes.

But, Sannazar, thou liest, for had thy bosom  
Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,  
Thou would'st have kiss'd the rod that made thee smart.  
To work then, happy muse, and contradict  
What Sannazar hath in his envy writ.

[Writes]

*Loves measure is the mean, sweet his annoys,  
His pleasures life, and his reward all joys.*  
Had Annabella lived when Sannazar  
Did in his brief Encomium celebrate  
Venice, that queen of cities, he had left  
That verse which gained him such a sum of gold,  
And for one only look from Annabel,  
Had writ of her, and her diviner cheeks.  
O, how my thoughts are —

VASQUES (within)

My lord.

SORANZO

Can I be nowhere private? What's the matter, Vasques?  
Who is't?

[Enter Hippolita and Vasques]

HIPPOLITA

'Tis I.

Do you know me now, Soranzo? Look, perjured man, on her  
Whom thou and thy distracted lust have wronged.  
Thy sensual rage of blood hath made my youth  
A scorn to men and angels, and shall I  
Be now a foil to thy unsated change?  
Thou know'st, false wanton, when my modest fame  
Stood free from stain or scandal, all the charms  
Of hell or sorcery could not prevail  
Against the honour of my chaster bosom.  
Thine eyes did plead in tears, thy tongue in oaths,  
Such, and so many, that a heart of steel  
Would have been wrought to pity, as was mine.  
And shall the conquest of my lawful bed,  
My husband's death, urged on by his disgrace,  
My loss of womanhood, be ill-rewarded  
With hatred and contempt? No. Know, Soranzo,  
I have a spirit doth as much distaste  
The slavery of fearing thee, as thou  
Dost loath the memory of what hath passed.

SORANZO

Nay, dear Hippolita —

HIPPOLITA

Call me not dear,  
Nor think with supple words to smooth the grossness  
Of my abuses. 'Tis not your new mistress,  
Your goodly madam-merchant, shall triumph  
On my dejection; tell her thus from me,  
My birth was nobler, and by much more free.

SORANZO

You are too violent.

HIPPOLITA

You are too double  
In your dissimulation. Seest thou this,  
This habit, these black mourning weeds of care ?  
'Tis thou art cause of this, and hast divorced  
My husband from his life, and me from him,  
And made me widow in my widowhood.

SORANZO

Will you yet hear?

HIPPOLITA

More of thy perjuries?  
Thy soul is drown'd too deeply in those sins;  
Thou need'st not add to th' number.

SORANZO

Then I'll leave you;  
You are past all rules of sense.

HIPPOLITA

And thou of grace.

VASQUES

[to Soranzo] Sir, I beseech you do not perplex her; griefs, alas, will have a vent. I dare undertake madam Hippolita will now freely hear you.

SORANZO

[to Hippolita] Are these the fruits of our love?

HIPPOLITA

They are the fruits of thy untruth, false man!  
Did'st thou not swear, whilst yet my husband lived.  
That thou would'st wish no happiness on earth  
More than to call me wife? Did'st thou not vow,  
When he should die, to marry me? Yet thou,  
Forget'st thy vows, and leav'st me to my shame.

SORANZO

Who could help this?

HIPPOLITA

Who? Perjured man, thou could'st,  
If thou hadst faith or love.

SORANZO

You are deceived:  
The vows I made, if you remember well,  
Were wicked and unlawful; 'twere more sin  
To keep them than to break them. As for me,  
I cannot mask my penitence. Think thou  
How much thou hast digressed from honest shame,

VASQUES

You do not well; this was not your promise.

SORANZO

I care not; let her know her monstrous life.  
Ere I'll be servile to so black a sin,  
I'll be accursed. Woman, come here no more;  
Learn to repent, and die, for by my honour  
I hate thee and thy lust: you have been too foul.

[*He exits*]

HIPPOLITA

How foolishly this beast contemns his fate.  
But let him go: [*She starts to go.*]

VASQUES

Mistress, mistress! Madam Hippolita! Pray, a word.

HIPPOLITA

With me, sir?

VASQUES

With you, if you please.

HIPPOLITA

What is't?

VASQUES

I know you are infinitely moved now, and you have cause.

HIPPOLITA

Indeed!

VASQUES

By my life, you could not have took my lord in a worse time since I first knew him; tomorrow, you shall find him a new man.

HIPPOLITA

Well, I shall wait his leisure.

VASQUES

Troth, let me persuade you for once.

HIPPOLITA [*aside*]

Persuade me to what?

VASQUES

Visit him in some milder temper. Oh, if you could but master a little your female spleen, how might you win him!

HIPPOLITA

He will never love me. Vasques, thou hast been a too trusty servant to such a master, and I believe thy reward in the end will fall out like mine.

VASQUES

So perhaps too.

HIPPOLITA

Resolve thyself it will. Had I one so true, so truly honest, so secret to my counsels, as thou hast been to him and his, I should think it a slight acquittance, not only to make him master of all I have, but even of myself.

VASQUES

O you are a noble gentlewoman!

HIPPOLITA

Wilt thou feed always upon hopes? Well, I know thou art wise, and seest the reward of an old servant daily, what it is.

VASQUES

Shame and dishonour.

HIPPOLITA

True, but, Vasques, wert thou mine, and would'st be private to me and my designs, I here protest, myself, and all what I can else call mine, should be at thy dispose.

VASQUES [*aside*]

I were not worthy of it by any desert that could lie within my compass; if I could —

HIPPOLITA

What then?

VASQUES



I should then hope to live in these my old years with rest and security.

HIPPOLITA

Give me thy hand : now promise but thy silence,  
And help to bring to pass a plot I have;  
And here, in sight of Heaven, that being done,  
I make thee lord of me and mine estate.

VASQUES

Come, you are merry; this is such a happiness that I can neither think or believe.

HIPPOLITA

Promise thy secrecy, and 'tis confirmed.

VASQUES

Then here, whatsoever your designs are, or against whomsoever, I will not only be a special actor therein, but never disclose it till it be effected.

HIPPOLITA

I take thy word, and, with that, thee for mine.  
On this delicious bane thy thought shall banquet,  
Revenge shall sweeten what my griefs have tasted.

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE 6

**Friar Bonaventura's Cell.** Enter Friar and Giovanni.

FRIAR

Peace! Thou hast told a tale, whose every word  
Threatens eternal slaughter to the soul.  
Nay, then I see thou'rt too far sold to hell:  
It lies not in the compass of my prayers  
To call thee back, yet let me counsel thee;  
Persuade thy sister to some marriage.

GIOVANNI

Marriage? Why, that's to damn her; that's to prove  
Her greedy of variety of lust.

FRIAR

O fearful! If thou wilt not, give me leave  
To shrive her, lest she should die unabsolv'd.

GIOVANNI

View well her face, and in that little round  
You may observe a world's variety:  
For colour, lips; for sweet perfumes, her breath;

For jewels, eyes; for threads of purest gold,  
Hair; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks;  
Wonder in every portion of that throne.  
But, father, what is else for pleasure framed,  
Lest I offend your ears, shall go unnamed.

FRIAR

The more I hear, I pity thee the more;  
Wouldst thou be ruled by me.

GIOVANNI

In what?

FRIAR

Why leave her yet:  
The throne of mercy is above your trespass;  
Yet time is left you both —

GIOVANNI

To embrace each other,  
She is like me, and I like her, resolved.

[*Exeunt*]

#### SCENE 7 [formerly Act 3]

A Room in Florio's House. Enter Florio, Giovanni, Soranzo, Annabella, Putana and Vasques.

FLORIO

My lord Soranzo, though I must confess  
The proffers that are made me have been great  
In marriage of my daughter, yet the hope  
Of your still rising honours have prevailed  
Above all other jointures. Here she is.  
She knows my mind; speak for yourself to her.  
And hear you, daughter, see you use him nobly;  
For any private speech, I'll give you time.  
Come, son, and you the rest; let them alone,  
Agree they as they may.

SORANZO

I thank you, sir.

GIOVANNI            [*aside to Annabella*]

Sister, be not all woman, think on me.

SORANZO

Vasques!

VASQUES

My lord.

SORANZO

Attend me without

*[Exeunt all but Soranzo and Annabella]*

ANNABELLA

Sir, what's your will with me?

SORANZO

Do you not know what I should tell you?

ANNABELLA

Yes, you'll say you love me.

SORANZO

And I will swear it too. Will you believe it?

ANNABELLA

'Tis no point of faith.

SORANZO

Have you not will to love?

ANNABELLA

Not you.

SORANZO

Whom then?

ANNABELLA

That's as the fates infer.

GIOVANNI *[aside]*

Of those I'm regent now.

SORANZO

What mean you, sweet?

ANNABELLA

To live and die a maid.

SORANZO

Oh, that's unfit.

Did you but see my heart, then would you swear –

ANNABELLA

That you were dead.

SORANZO

See you these true love's tears?

ANNABELLA [ *She closes her eyes.* ]

No.

GIOVANNI [ *aside* ]

Now she winks.

SORANZO

They plead to you for grace.

ANNABELLA

Yet nothing speak.

SORANZO

Oh, grant my suit.

ANNABELLA

What is't ?

SORANZO

To let me live —

ANNABELLA

Take it.

SORANZO

Still yours.

ANNABELLA

That is not mine to give.

GIOVANNI [ *aside* ]

One such another word would kill his hopes.

SORANZO

Mistress, to leave those fruitless strifes of wit,  
Know I have loved you long, and loved you truly:  
Not hope of what you have, but what you are  
Hath drawn me on. Then let me not in vain  
Still feel the rigour of your chaste disdain.  
I'm sick, and sick to the heart.

ANNABELLA

Help, aqua vitae!

SORANZO

What mean you?

ANNABELLA

Why, I thought you had been sick.

SORANZO

Do you mock my love?

GIOVANNI [aside]

There, sir, she was too nimble.

SORANZO [aside]

'Tis plain; she laughs at me. — These scornful taunts  
Neither become your modesty or years.

ANNABELLA

You are no looking-glass, or if you were,  
I would dress my language by you.

GIOVANNI

I am confirm'd!

ANNABELLA

To put you out of doubt, my lord, methinks  
Your common sense should make you understand,  
That if I loved you, or desired your love,  
Some way I should have given you better taste :  
But since you are a nobleman, and one  
I would not wish should spend his youth in hopes,  
Let me advise you to forbear your suit,  
And think I wish you well, I tell you this.

SORANZO

Is't you speak this?

ANNABELLA

Yes, I myself. Yet know,  
Thus far I give you comfort: if mine eyes  
Could have picked out a man, amongst all those  
That sued to me, to make a husband of,  
You should have been that man; let this suffice,  
Be noble in your secrecy, and wise.

GIOVANNI

Why, now I see she loves me.

ANNABELLA

One word more.  
As ever virtue lived within your mind,

As ever noble courses were your guide,  
As ever you would have me know you loved me,  
Let not my father know hereof by you:  
If I hereafter find that I must marry,  
It shall be you or none.

SORANZO

I take that promise.

ANNABELLA

Oh, oh, my head!

SORANZO

What's the matter, not well?

ANNABELLA

Oh, I begin to sicken.

GIOVANNI

Heaven forbid!                    *[Exit from above.]*

SORANZO

Look to your daughter, Signior Florio.

Help, help, within there, ho!

*[Enter Florio, Giovanni, and Putana]*

FLORIO

Hold her up, she swoons.

GIOVANNI

Sister, how d'ee?

ANNABELLA

Sick, brother; are you there?

FLORIO

Convey her to bed instantly, whilst I send for a physician; quickly, I say.

PUTANA

Alas, poor child!

*[Exeunt all but Soranzo. Enter Vasques]*

VASQUES

My lord.

SORANZO

Oh, Vasques! now I doubly am undone,  
She plainly told me that she could not love,  
And thereupon soon sickened, and I fear  
Her life's in danger.

VASQUES

'Las, sir, I am sorry for that. Maybe, 'tis but the maid's sickness, an over-flux of youth; and then, sir, there is no such present remedy as present marriage. But hath she given you an absolute denial?

SORANZO

She hath, and she hath not; I'm full of grief.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE 8

Another room in the same. Enter Giovanni and Putana.

PUTANA

Oh, sir, we are all undone, quite undone, utterly undone, and shamed for ever: your sister, oh your sister!

GIOVANNI

What of her? For heaven's sake, speak! How does she?

PUTANA

Oh that ever I was born to see this day!

GIOVANNI

She is not dead, ha? Is she?

PUTANA

Dead! No, she is quick; 'tis worse, she is with child. You know what you have done; heaven forgive 'ee! 'Tis too late to repent now, heaven help us!

GIOVANNI

With child? How dost thou know't ?

PUTANA

How do I know't? Am I at these years ignorant what the meanings of qualms and water-pangs be? Of changing of colours, queasiness of stomachs, pukings, and another thing that I could name? Do not, for her and your credit's sake, spend the time in asking how, and which way, 'tis so: she is quick, upon my word. If you let a physician see her water, you are undone.

GIOVANNI

But in what health is she?

PUTANA

Prettily amended: 'twas but a fit, which I soon espied, and she must look for often henceforward.

GIOVANNI

Commend me to my sister, bid her take no care.  
Let not the doctor visit her, I charge you;  
Make some excuse, till I return. If my father  
Come to her, tell him she's recovered well  
Say 'twas but some ill diet — d'ee hear, woman ?  
Look you to't.

PUTANA

I will, sir.

[*Exeunt*]

## SCENE 9

Another room in the same. Enter Florio and a Doctor.

FLORIO

Master Doctor. And how d'ee you find her, Master Doctor?

DOCTOR

Indifferent well:

I see no danger, scarce perceive she's sick,  
But that she told me, she had lately eaten  
Melons, and, as she thought, those disagree'd  
With her young stomach.

FLORIO

Did you give her aught?

DOCTOR

An easy surfeit-water, nothing else.  
You need not doubt her health; I rather think  
Her sickness is a fullness of her blood.  
You understand me?

FLORIO

I do; you counsel well;  
And once, within these few days will so order it,  
She shall be married ere she know the time.

DOCTOR

Yet let not haste, sir, make unworthy choice:  
That were dishonour.

FLORIO

Master doctor, no;  
I will not do so neither. In plain words,  
My Lord Soranzo is the man I mean.



DOCTOR

A noble and a virtuous gentleman.

FLORIO

As any is in Parma.

DOCTOR

You have plotted wisely.

FLORIO

I'll send one straight to speak with him tonight.

DOCTOR

Soranzo's wise; he will delay no time.

FLORIO

It shall be so. Not far hence  
Dwells Father Bonaventure, a grave friar,  
Once tutor to my son; now at his cell  
I'll have them married.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE 10

Annabella's chamber.

FRIAR

I am glad to see this penance, for, believe me,  
You have unripp'd a soul so foul and guilty  
As I must tell you true, I marvel how  
The earth hath borne you up. There is a place –  
List, daughter! – in a black and hollow vault  
Where day is never seen: there shines no sun  
But flaming horror of consuming fires,  
There lies the wanton  
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul  
He feels the torment of his raging lust  
There stand these wretched things  
Who have dreamed out whole years in lawless sheets  
And secret incests, cursing one another.  
Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave  
Had been a dagger's point; then you shall hear  
How he will cry, "Oh, would my wicked sister  
Had first been damn'd, when she did yield to lust!"  
But soft, methinks I see repentance work  
New motions in your heart; say, how is't with you?

ANNABELLA

Is there no way left to redeem my miseries?

FRIAR

There is, despair not; Heaven is merciful  
And offers grace even now. 'Tis thus agreed:  
First, for your honour's safety, that you marry  
My lord Soranzo; next, to save your soul,  
Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.

ANNABELLA

Ay me.

FRIAR

Sigh not; I know the baits of sin  
Are hard to leave; oh, 'tis a death to do't.  
Remember what must come: are you content?

ANNABELLA

I am.

FRIAR

I like it well; we'll take the time.  
Who's near us there?

*[Enter Florio and Giovanni]*

FLORIO

Did you call, father?

GIOVANNI *[aside]*

My sister weeping?

*[He exits]*

FLORIO

Daughter, are you resolved?

ANNABELLA

Father, I am.

*[Enter Giovanni with Soranzo and Vasques]*

SCENE 11

A room in Hippolita's house. Vasques and Hippolita.

HIPPOLITA

Betrothed?

VASQUES

I saw it.

HIPPOLITA

And when's the marriage day?

VASQUES

Some two days hence.

HIPPOLITA

Two days! Why man I would but wish two hours,  
To send him to his last and lasting sleep.  
And, Vasques, thou shalt see I'll do it bravely.  
Have you the poison?

VASQUES

I have it. Doubt nothing this will cut him to the quick.

HIPPOLITA

So, if this but hit I'll laugh and hug revenge  
And they that now dream of a wedding feast  
May chance to mourn the lusty bridegroom's ruin.

VASQUES

I do not doubt your wisdom, nor, I trust, you my secrecy; I am infinitely yours.

HIPPOLITA

I will be thine in spite of my disgrace.  
So soon Soranzo? O wicked man! I durst be sworn  
He'd laugh to see me weep.

VASQUES

And that's a villainous fault in him.

HIPPOLITA

No, let him laugh; I am armed in my resolves;  
Be thou still true.

VASQUES

I should get little by treachery against so hopeful a preferment.

HIPPOLITA

Let my youth  
Revel in these new pleasures. If we thrive,  
He now hath but a pair of days to live.  
[Exeunt

#### SCENE 12 [formerly ACT 4]

A room in Florio's house. A Banquet set out. Hautboys.

Enter the Friar, Giovanni, Annabella, Soranzo, Donado, Florio, Doctor, Putana, and Vasques.

FRIAR

These holy rites performed, now take your times  
To spend the remnant of the day in feast.  
Long prosper in this day,  
You happy couple, to each other's joy!

SORANZO

Father, your prayer is heard: the hand of goodness  
Hath been a shield for me against my death,  
And, more to bless me, hath enriched my life  
With this most precious jewel; such a prize  
As earth hath not another like to this. –  
Cheer up, my love. – And gentlemen, my friends,  
Rejoice with me in mirth; this day we'll crown  
With lusty cups to Annabella's health.

GIOVANNI            *[aside]*

Oh torture! Were the marriage yet undone,  
Ere I'd endure this sight, to see my love  
Clipped by another, I would dare confusion,  
And stand the horror of ten thousand deaths.

SORANZO

Here, brother Giovanni, here's to you!  
Your turn comes next, though now a bachelor.  
Here's to your sister's happiness, and mine!  
*[Drinks, and offers him the bowl]*

GIOVANNI

I cannot drink.

SORANZO

What?

GIOVANNI

'Twill indeed offend me.

ANNABELLA

Pray do not urge him, if he be not willing.

*[Hautboys / Noises within]*

FLORIO

How now! What's this?

VASQUES

O sir, I had forgot to tell you; a certain young maiden of Parma, in honour to Madam Annabella's marriage, has sent her love to her in a masque, for which she humbly craves your patience and silence.

SORANZO

We are much bound to her; conduct her in.

HIPPOLITA

Be ever present, Vasques.

VASQUES

Fear me not madam.

HIPPOLITA

And be ever ready with the poison when I call.

*How could I lose you, you were there from the start?*

*How could I lose you, you live in my heart?*

*Is somebody calling you from far away?*

*Can destiny ever lead true love astray?*

*Oh, how could I lose you?*

*How could I lose you?*

*While my heart beats for you.*

SORANZO

Thanks, lovely virgin. Now might we but know

To whom we have been beholding for this love,

HIPPOLITA

Yes, you shall know: [*unmasks herself*]

SORANZO

Hippolita!

HIPPOLITA

'Tis she! What think you now?

Be not amazed, nor blush, young handsome groom,

I come not to defraud you of your bride.

'Tis now no time to reckon up the talk

What Parma long hath rumoured of us both;

Let rash report run on; the breath that vents it

Will, like a bubble, break itself at last.

[*to Annabella*] But now to you, sweet creature;— lend your hand —

[*Takes Annabella's hand*]

Perhaps it hath been said that I would claim

Some interest in Soranzo, now your lord;

What I have right to do, his soul knows best.

But in my duty to your noble worth,

Sweet Annabella, and my care of you,

Here, take, Soranzo, take this hand from me,

I'll once more join, what by the holy church

Is finished and allowed. Have I done well?

SORANZO

You have too much engaged us.

HIPPOLITA

One thing more,  
That you may know my single charity:  
Freely I here remit all interest  
I e'er could claim, and give you back your vows;  
And to confirm't — [*to Vasques*] reach me a cup of wine —  
My lord Soranzo, in this draught I drink  
Long rest t'ee! — [*aside*] — Another draft for my lord Soranzo.

VASQUES

Fear nothing.

SORANZO

Hippolita, I thank you; and will pledge  
This happy union as another life.  
[*to Vasques*] Wine, there!

VASQUES

You shall have none.

HIPPOLITA

How!

VASQUES

Know now, mistress she-devil, your own mischievous treachery hath poisoned you; I must not marry you.

HIPPOLITA

Villain!

VASQUES

Foolish woman, thou art now like a firebrand that hath kindled others and burnt thyself: thy vain hope hath deceived thee. Thou art but dead; if thou hast any grace, pray.

HIPPOLITA

Monster!

VASQUES

Die in charity, for shame! This thing of malice, this woman, hath privately corrupted me with promise of marriage, under this politic reconciliation, to poison my lord, whilst she might laugh at his confusion on his marriage-day. There she is, she hath yet a minute to live. [*to Hippolita*] Repent and end thy days in peace, vile woman; as for life, there's no hope, think not on't.

HIPPOLITA

Oh 'tis true,  
I feel my minute coming. Had that slave  
Kept promise,— oh, my torment!— thou this hour  
Hadst died, Soranzo — heat above hell-fire!—

— cruel, cruel flames!—

Take here my curse amongst you; may thy bed  
Of marriage be a rack unto thy heart;  
Burn blood, and boil in vengeance! — Oh, my heart,  
My flame's intolerable — may'st thou live  
To father bastards; may her womb bring forth  
Monsters, and die together in your sins,  
Hated, scorned and unpitied! — oh, oh — [Dies.

### SCENE 13

A chamber in Soranzo's house. Enter Soranzo unbraced, and dragging in Annabella.

#### SORANZO

Come, strumpet, famous whore! Were every drop  
Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veins  
A life, this blade — dost see't? — should in one blow  
Confound them all! Harlot, rare, notable harlot,  
That with thy brazen face maintain'st thy sin,  
Was there no man in Parma to be bawd  
To your loose cunning whoredom else but I?  
Must your hot itch and pleurisy of lust,  
The heyday of your luxury, be fed  
Up to a surfeit, and could none but I  
Be picked out to be cloak to your close tricks,  
Your belly-sports? Now I must be the dad  
To all that gallimaufry that is stuffed  
In thy corrupted bastard-bearing womb!—  
Why, must I?

#### ANNABELLA

Beastly man! Why? 'tis thy fate.  
I sued not to thee, for, but that I thought  
Your over-loving lordship would have run  
Mad on denial, had you lent me time,  
I would have told you in what case I was:  
But you would needs be doing.

#### SORANZO

Whore of whores!  
Darest thou tell me this?

#### ANNABELLA

Oh yes; why not ?  
You were deceived in me; 'twas not for love  
I chose you, but for honour; yet know this,  
Would you be patient yet, and hide your shame,  
I'd see whether I could love you.

#### SORANZO

Excellent quean!

Why, art thou not with child?

ANNABELLA

What needs all this,

When 'tis superfluous? I confess I am.

SORANZO

Tell me by whom.

ANNABELLA

Soft, sir, 'twas not in my bargain.

Yet somewhat, sir, to stay your longing stomach

I am content t'acquaint you with: the man,

The more than man, that got this sprightly boy,—

For 'tis a boy, that's for your glory, sir,

Your heir shall be a son —

SORANZO

Damnably monster!

ANNABELLA

Nay, an you will not hear, I'll speak no more.

SORANZO

Yes speak, and speak thy last.

ANNABELLA

A match, a match!

This noble creature was in every part

So angel-like, so glorious, that a woman,

Who had not been but human, as was I,

Would have kneeled to him, and have begged for love.

You, why, you are not worthy once to name

His name without true worship; or indeed,

Unless you kneel'd, to hear another name him.

SORANZO

What was he called?

ANNABELLA

We are not come to that.

Let it suffice, that you shall have the glory

To father what so brave a father got.

In brief, had not this chance fallen out as't doth,

I never had been troubled with a thought

That you had been a creature; but for marriage,

I scarce dream yet of that.



SORANZO

Tell me his name.

ANNABELLA

Alas, alas, there's all! Will you believe?

SORANZO

What?

ANNABELLA

You shall never know.

Never; if you do, let me be cursed.

SORANZO

Not know it, strumpet! I'll rip up thy heart,  
And find it there.

ANNABELLA

Do, do.

SORANZO

And with my teeth,  
Tear the prodigious lecher joint by joint.

ANNABELLA

Ha, ha, ha! the man's merry.

SORANZO

Dost thou laugh?  
Come, whore, tell me your lover, or by truth  
I'll hew thy flesh to shreds; who is't ?

ANNABELLA

[Sings]

*How could I lose you?*

SORANZO

Thus will I pull thy hair, and thus I'll drag  
Thy lust be-leper'd body through the dust.  
Yet tell his name.

ANNABELLA

[Sings]

*You were thee from the start.*

SORANZO

Dost thou triumph? The treasure of the earth  
Shall not redeem thee: were there kneeling kings  
Did beg thy life, or angels did come down  
To plead in tears, yet should not all prevail  
Against my rage. Dost thou not tremble yet?

ANNABELLA

At what? To die? No, be a gallant hangman.  
I dare thee to the worst; strike, and strike home.

SORANZO

Yet tell me ere thou diest, and tell me truly,  
Knows thy old father this?

ANNABELLA

No, by my life.

SORANZO

Wilt thou confess, and I will spare thy life?

ANNABELLA

My life! I will not buy my life so dear.

[*Enter Vasques*]

VASQUES

My lord?

SORANZO

Forbear, Vasques! Such a damned whore  
Deserves no pity.

VASQUES

Now the gods forefend! And would you be her executioner, and kill her in your rage too? Oh 'twere most unmanlike!  
She is your wife, what faults have been done by her before she married you, were not against you. Alas, poor lady,  
what hath she committed, which any lady in Italy in the like case would not? Sir, you must be ruled by your reason,  
and not by your fury.

SORANZO

She shall not live.

VASQUES

Come, she must. You would have her confess the authors of her present misfortunes, I warrant you. 'Tis an  
unconscionable demand: why, sir, you ought not, of all men living, to know it. Good sir, be reconciled! Alas, good  
gentlewoman.

ANNABELLA

Pish, do not beg for me! I prize my life  
As nothing; if the man will needs be mad,  
Why let him take it.

SORANZO

Vasques, hear'st thou this?

VASQUES

Yes, and commend her for it. In this she shows the nobleness of a gallant spirit; and beshrew my heart, but it becomes her rarely.— [*aside to Soranzo*] — Sir, leave the scenting out your wrongs to me; be ruled, as you respect your honour, or you mar all.— [*aloud*]— Sir, if ever my service were of any credit with you, be not so violent in your distractions: you are married now; what a triumph might the report of this give to other neglected suitors? 'Tis as manlike to bear extremities, as godlike to forgive.

SORANZO

Oh Vasques, Vasques, in this piece of flesh,  
This faithless face of hers, had I laid up  
The treasure of my heart. — Hadst thou been virtuous,  
Fair, wicked woman, not the matchless joys  
Of life itself, had made me wish to live  
With any saint but thee. Deceitful creature,  
How hast thou mocked my hopes, and in the shame  
Of thy lewd womb even buried me alive!  
I did too dearly love thee.  
Tell me, didst not think that in my heart  
I did too superstitiously adore thee ?

ANNABELLA

I must confess, I know you loved me well.

SORANZO

And would'st thou use me thus? Oh Annabella,  
Be thou assured: whatsoe'er the villain was  
That thus hath tempted thee to this disgrace,  
Well he might lust, but never loved like me.  
He doted on the picture that hung out  
Upon thy cheeks, to please his humorous eye,  
Not on the part I loved, which was thy heart,  
And, as I thought, thy virtues.

ANNABELLA

Oh, my lord!  
These words wound deeper than your blows could do.

SORANZO

Forgive me, Annabella: though thy youth  
Hath tempted thee above thy strength to folly,  
Yet will I not forget what I should be  
And what I am: a husband. In that name  
Is hid divinity: if I do find  
That thou wilt yet be true, here I remit  
All former faults, and take thee to my bosom.

ANNABELLA

Sir, on my knees — [*Kneels*]

SORANZO

Rise up, you shall not kneel.  
See you make no show  
Of alteration; I'll be with you straight.  
My reason tells me now, that 'tis as common  
To err in frailty as to be a woman.

[Exit Annabella]

VASQUES

So! This was somewhat to the matter: what do you think of your heaven of happiness now, sir?

SORANZO

I carry hell about me but I love her, Vasques;  
All my blood is fired in swift revenge.

VASQUES

That may be; but know you how, or on whom?

SORANZO

I'll make her tell herself, or —

VASQUES

Or what? You must not do so! Let me yet persuade your sufferance a little while. Go to her, use her mildly; win her, if it be possible, to a voluntary, to a weeping tune; for the rest, if all hit, I will not miss my mark. Pray, sir, go in; the next news I tell you shall be wonders.

[Exit Soranzo]

VASQUES

Ah, sirrah, here's work for the nonce! If I were to know the dad of my mistress' brat. 'Twere a fine policy to learn by whom : this must be known; and I have thought on't.

[Enter Putana, in tears]

What, crying, beautiful mistress? Alas, alas, I cannot blame 'ee; we have a lord, Heaven help us, is so mad as the devil himself, the more shame for him.

PUTANA

Oh Vasques, that ever I was born to see this day! Doth he use thee so too, sometimes, Vasques?

VASQUES

Me? Why he makes a dog of me! But if some were of my mind, I know what we would do. As sure as I am an honest man, he will go near to kill my lady with unkindness. Say she be with child: is that such a matter for a young woman of her years to be blamed for?

PUTANA

Ah, I know you too well, sirrah.  
Alas, good heart, it is against her will full sore.

VASQUES

I durst be sworn, all his madness is for that she will not confess whose 'tis, which he will know; and when he doth know it, I am so well acquainted with his humour, that he will forget all straight. Well, I could wish she would in plain terms tell all, for that's the way, indeed. Yet sure you know a great deal.

PUTANA

Go to, thou art nought, Vasques.

I know a little, Vasques.

VASQUES

Trust me in this you should both relieve her present discomforts, pacify my lord, and gain yourself everlasting love and preferment. I know't! Sure 'twas some near and entire friend.

PUTANA

'Twas a dear friend indeed; but —

VASQUES

But what? Fear not to name him. Who was Annabella's lover?

PUTANA

'Twas even no worse than her own brother.

VASQUES

Her brother Giovanni, I warrant'ee?

PUTANA

Even he, Vasques; as brave a gentleman as ever kiss'd fair lady. Oh, they love most perpetually.

VASQUES

A brave gentleman indeed!

*[calls]*

Where are you? Sirrah!

*[Enter Banditti]*

PUTANA

How now, what is this?

VASQUES

Come, sir, take me this old damnable hag, gag her instantly, and put out her eyes, quickly, quickly!

*[The Banditti seize her]*

PUTANA

Vasques! Vasques!

VASQUES

Gag her, I say; 'sfoot, d'ee suffer her to prate? What d'ee fumble about? Let me come to her; I'll help your old gums, you toad-bellied bitch! What say'st thou, old hag. [*They gag her*] Sir, get you in, and put out her eyes instantly; if she roars, slit her nose. D'ee hear? Be speedy and sure.

[*Exeunt Banditti with Putana*]

Why this is excellent, and above expectation — her own brother!

[*Enter Giovanni*]

GIOVANNI

Where's my sister?

VASQUES

Troubled with a new sickness, my lord: she's somewhat ill.

GIOVANNI

Took too much of the flesh, I believe.

VASQUES

Troth, sir, and you, I think, have e'en hit it! But my virtuous lady —

GIOVANNI

Where's she?

[*Giovanni gives him money*]

VASQUES

In her chamber; please you visit her; she is alone.

[*Enter Soranzo*]

GIOVANNI

How now, Sir.

SORANZO

How now, brother Giovanni.

[*Exit Giovanni*]

SCENE 15

SORANZO

My lady's brother's come; now he'll know all.

VASQUES

Let him know it. I know a secret that will harrow up the confines of your soul.

SORANZO

So you know the man?

VASQUES

I do my lord.

SORANZO

For pity's sake, I pray unmask the lecher.

VASQUES

Good master you shall know. Your brain shall burst with the very horror of it.

SORANZO

My dearest Vasques, I beg you, I must know all.

Tell me, though his name do deafen hell itself.

VASQUES

Twas none other than her brother Giovanni.

SORANZO

He shall not live.

VASQUES

And for his sister that mongrel bitch?

SORANZO

Enough sirrah, speak not so of my beloved wife,

An angel wronged beyond her childish grasp,

A cherubim shall sing her to her rest.

VASQUES

What, marry a strumpet that cast herself away upon you but to laugh at  
your horns, to feast on your disgrace, riot in your vexations, cuckold you in  
your bride-bed –

SORANZO

No more, I say, no more!

VASQUES

A cuckold is a goodly tamed beast my lord.

SORANZO

Urge not another word. In meantime I'll  
kiss her, and fold her gently in my arms.  
Haste to my brother-rival and his father  
With all the cunning words thou canst invite  
The States of Parma to my birthday's feast  
And there the crashing sounds of fife and drum  
Shall drown the cries of our young incest-monger.

VASQUES

Let not your pity betray you; till my coming back, think upon incest and  
cuckoldry.

SORANZO

Sirrah enough, look thou to Giovanni. Begone

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE 14      [formerly Act 5]

Annabella, above.

ANNABELLA

Pleasures, farewell, and all ye thriftless minutes  
Wherein false joys have spun a weary life;  
To these my fortunes now I take my leave.  
Thou, precious Time, that swiftly rid'st in post  
Over the world, to finish up the race  
Of my last fate, here stay thy restless course  
And bear to ages that are yet unborn  
A wretched, woeful woman's tragedy.  
My conscience now stands up against my lust,  
With depositions character'd in guilt,

[*Enter Friar, below*]

And tells me I am lost: now I confess;  
Beauty that clothes the outside of the face  
Is cursed if it be not clothed with grace.  
Here like a turtle, mew'd up in a cage,  
Unmated, I converse with air and walls,  
And descant on my vile unhappiness.  
O Giovanni, that hast had the spoil  
Of thine own virtues and my modest fame;  
Would thou hadst been less subject to those stars  
That luckless reigned at my nativity!  
Forgive me my good genius, and this once  
Be helpful to my ends: let some good man  
Pass this way, to whose trust I may commit  
This paper double-lined with tears and blood;  
Which being granted, here I sadly vow  
Repentance, and a leaving of that life  
I long have died in.

FRIAR              [*aside*]

Here's music to the soul!

ANNABELLA

Ha! What are you?

FRIAR

Your brother's friend, the Friar;  
Glad in my soul that I have lived to hear  
This free confession 'twixt your peace and you.  
What would you, or to whom? Fear not to speak.



ANNABELLA

Is heaven so bountiful? Then I have found  
More favour than I hoped; here, holy man –  
[*Throws down a letter*]  
Commend me to my brother. Give him this,  
This letter. Bid him read it, and repent.  
Tell him I have had time  
To blush at what hath passed. Bid him be wise  
And not believe the friendship of my lord:  
You'll do it?

FRIAR

Be sure, I will,  
And fly with speed: my blessing ever rest  
With thee, my daughter. Live, to die more blest!

[*Exit*]

ANNABELLA

Thanks to the heavens!

#### SCENE 16

A room in Florio's house. Enter Giovanni.

GIOVANNI

Busy opinion is an idle fool  
That, as a school-rod keeps a child in awe,  
Frights the unexperienced temper of the mind.  
So did it me; who, ere my precious sister  
Was married, thought all taste of love would die  
In such a contract; but I find no change  
Of pleasure in this formal law of sports.  
She is still one to me, and every kiss  
As sweet and as delicious as the first  
I reaped, when yet the privilege of youth  
Entitled her a virgin. Oh, the glory;  
Of two united hearts like hers and mine!  
Let poring book-men dream of other worlds;  
My world, and all of happiness, is here,  
And I'd not change it for the best to come:  
A life of pleasure is Elysium.

[*Enter Friar*]

Father, you enter on the jubilee  
Of my retired delights. Now I can tell you,  
The hell you oft have prompted, is nought else  
But slavish and fond superstitious fear.  
And I could prove it too –

FRIAR

Thy blindness slays thee:

Look there; 'tis writ to thee. *[Gives him the letter]*

GIOVANNI

From whom?

FRIAR

Unrip the seals and see.

The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon

Be frozen harder than congealed coral.

Why d'ee change colour, son?

GIOVANNI

Where had you this?

FRIAR

Thy conscience, youth, is seared,

Else thou would'st stoop to warning.

GIOVANNI

'Tis her hand,

I know't; and 'tis all written in her blood.

She writes I know not what — Death? I'll not fear

An armed thunderbolt aimed at my heart.

She writes we are discovered — pox on dreams

Of low faint-hearted cowardice! — discovered?

The devil we are! Which way is't possible?

Are we grown traitors to our own delights?

Confusion take such dotage; 'tis but forged.

This is your peevish chattering, weak old man!—

*[Enter Vasques]*

Now, sir, what news bring you?

VASQUES

My lord, according to his yearly custom, keeping this day a feast in honour of his birthday, by me invites you thither.

Your worthy father, with the Pope's reverend Nuncio, and other magnificoes of Parma, have promised their presence.

Will't please you to be of the number?

GIOVANNI

Yes, tell them I dare come.

VASQUES

Hese words are strange to me.

GIOVANNI

And tell him more, I will come.

VASQUES

You will not miss?

GIOVANNI

Say I'll come, sir.

[*Exit Vasques*]

FRIAR

You will not go, I trust.

GIOVANNI

Not go? For what?

FRIAR

Oh, do not go! This feast, I'll gage my life,  
Is but a plot to train you to your ruin.

Be ruled: you sha' not go.

GIOVANNI

Not go? Yes, and resolve  
To strike as deep in slaughter as they all,  
For I will go.

FRIAR

Go where thou wilt; — I see  
The wildness of thy fate draws to an end,  
To a bad fearful end. I leave thee to despair.

[*Exit Friar*]

ALL

Despair!

GIOVANNI

Despair, or tortures of a thousand hells,  
All's one to me.  
[*Exit*]

## SCENE 17

A hall in Soranzo's house. Enter Soranzo, Vasques, and Banditti.

SORANZO

[*Enter Giovanni*]

Welcome, my much-loved brother.

ALL

Welcome!

GIOVANNI

How's my sister?

SORANZO

You were best walk to her chamber.

*[Exit Giovanni]*

DONADO

*[Flourish]*

Hark, his eminence the lord Cardinal, his papal nuncio is at hand;

VASQUES

Good sir, be ready to receive him.

*[Enter Cardinal, Florio, Donado, (and Attendants)]*

SORANZO

Most reverend lord, this grace hath made me proud,  
That you vouchsafe my house; I ever rest  
Your humble servant for this sacred favour.

CARDINAL

You are our friend, my lord. His holiness  
Shall understand how zealously you honour  
Saint Peter's vicar in his substitute.  
Our special love to you. My lord, we come  
To celebrate your feast with civil mirth,  
As ancient custom teacheth: we will go.

SORANZO

Attend his grace there. — Signiors, keep your way.

*[Exeunt]*

## SCENE 18

**Annabella's bedchamber.** Annabella and Giovanni.

GIOVANNI

What, chang'd so soon? Hath your new sprightly lord  
Found out a trick in night-games more than we  
Could know, in our simplicity? — Ha! is't so?  
Or does the fit come on you, to prove treacherous  
To your past vows and oaths ?

ANNABELLA

Why should you jest  
At my calamity, without all sense  
Of the approaching dangers you are in?

GIOVANNI

What danger's half so great as thy revolt ?  
Thou art a faithless sister.  
And what? You'll now be honest, that's resolved?

ANNABELLA

Brother, dear brother, know what I have been,  
Be not deceiv'd, my brother:

GIOVANNI

Well, then,  
The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth  
Shall be consumed to ashes in a minute.

ANNABELLA

So I have read too.

GIOVANNI

But 'twere somewhat strange  
To see the waters burn; could I believe  
This might be true, I could believe as well  
There might be hell or heaven.

ANNABELLA

That's most certain.

GIOVANNI

A dream, a dream! Else in this other world  
We should know one another.

ANNABELLA

So we shall.

GIOVANNI

Have you heard so?

ANNABELLA

For certain.

GIOVANNI

But d'ee think,  
That I shall see you there, you look on me;  
May we kiss one another, prate or laugh,  
Or do as we do here?

ANNABELLA

I know not that;  
But, good, for the present, what d'ee mean  
To free yourself from danger? Some way, think.  
I'm sure the guests are come.

Brother!

GIOVANNI

Look up, look here; what see you in my face?

ANNABELLA

Distraction and a troubled conscience.

GIOVANNI

Yet look, what see you in mine eyes ?

ANNABELLA

Methinks you weep.

GIOVANNI

I do indeed; these are the funeral tears  
Shed on your grave; these furrow'd up my cheeks  
When first I loved and knew not how to woo.  
Fair Annabella, should I here repeat  
The story of my life, we might lose time.  
Pray, Annabella, pray. Since we must part,  
Go thou, white in thy soul to fill a throne  
Of innocence and sanctity in heaven.  
Pray, pray, my sister.

ANNABELLA

Then I see your drift;  
Ye blessed angels, guard me!

GIOVANNI

So say I;  
Kiss me.           [*They kiss*]  
If ever after-times should hear  
Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps  
The laws of conscience and of civil use  
May justly blame us, yet when they but know  
Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigour,  
Which would in other incests be abhorred.  
Give me your hand: how sweetly life doth run  
In these well-coloured veins! How constantly  
These palms do promise health! But I could chide  
With nature for this cunning flattery —  
Kiss me again —           [*They kiss*]  
Forgive me.

ANNABELLA

With my heart.

GIOVANNI

Farewell!

ANNABELLA

Will you be gone?

GIOVANNI

Be dark, bright sun,  
And make this mid-day night, that thy guilt rays  
May not behold a deed, will turn their splendour  
More sooty than the poets feign their Styx.  
One other kiss, my sister.

ANNABELLA

What means this?

GIOVANNI

To save thy fame, and kill thee in a kiss.  
Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand!

ANNABELLA

Oh brother, by your hand!

GIOVANNI

When thou art dead I'll give my reasons for't; for to dispute  
With thy — even in thy death — most lovely beauty  
Would make me stagger to perform this act,  
Which I most glory in.

ANNABELLA

Forgive him, Heaven — and me my sins. Farewell,  
Brother unkind, unkind! Mercy, great Heaven!  
[*She dies*]

GIOVANNI

Alas, good soul! The hapless fruit,  
That in her womb received its life from me,  
Hath had from me a cradle and a grave.  
I must not dally. This sad marriage-bed  
In all her best, bore her alive and dead.  
Soranzo, thou hast missed thy aim in this:  
I have prevented now thy reaching plots,  
And killed a love for whose each drop of blood  
I would have pawned my heart. Fair Annabella,  
How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,  
Triumphing over infamy and hate!  
Shrink not, courageous hand, stand up, my heart,  
And boldly act my last, and greater part!

[*Exits with the body*]

SCENE 19

A Banquet. Enter the Cardinal, Florio, Donado, Soranzo, Vasques (and attendants)

SORANZO

[*to Cardinal*] Pleaseth your grace

To taste these coarse confections? Reverend sir,

Though the use of such entertainments

More consist in custom than in cause.

I am still made your servant by your presence.

CARDINAL

And we your friend.

SORANZO

But where's my brother Giovanni ?

[*Enter Giovanni, with a heart upon his dagger*]

GIOVANNI

Here, here, Soranzo!

That triumphs over death.

CARDINAL

What means this ?

FLORIO

Son Giovanni!

GIOVANNI

Be not amazed.

'Tis Annabella's heart, 'tis; why d'ee startle?

FLORIO

Why, madman, art thyself?

GIOVANNI

Yes Father.

For nine months space, in secret, I enjoyed

Sweet Annabella's sheets; nine months I lived

A happy monarch of her heart and her.

But her too fruitful womb too soon bewray'd

The happy passage of our stolen delights

Made her mother to my child unborn.

CARDINAL

Incestuous villain!

SORANZO



[*to Vasques*] Where is your sister?

GIOVANNI

Within, sir

FLORIO

Cursed madman!

[*He dies*]