

draft
3 (ish).

most recent, post-Paris.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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CHEEK BY JOWL

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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, Tutor 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 choleric. 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