

TROILUS  
AND  
CRESSIDA

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Reims  
DR - 1 #4  
Small charge 2 #3.  
(op position)

# TROILUS & CRESSIDA

## William Shakespeare

Directed by DECLAN DONNELLAN Designed by NICK ORMEROD – 2008

### Dramatis Personae

PRIAM, King of Troy

His sons:

HECTOR

TROILUS

PARIS

DEIPHOBUS

HELENUS

MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam

Trojan commanders:

AENEAS

ANTENOR

CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks

PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida

AGAMEMNON, the Greek general

MENELAUS, his brother

Greek commanders:

ACHILLES

AJAX

ULYSSES

NESTOR

DIOMEDES

PATROCLUS

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Greek

ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida

SERVANT to Troilus

SERVANT to Paris

SERVANT to Diomedes

HELEN, wife to Menelaus

ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector

CASSANDRA, daughter to Priam, a prophetess

CRESSIDA, daughter to Calchas

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants

Presel 0.5

Ladies & Gentlemen

This is your Part one Beginner call

S/By Full Company

SIM

Technical Staff

Woodzee, Wigs

S/By H/L LXQ 0.7 - 2

SNDQ 1+2 + Announcement

QL 1, 2, 3

Surtitle - Reuben

---

3 men Announce.

Check

①  
SCENE: Troy and the Greek camp before it

PROLOGUE

In Troy, there lies the scene. <sup>scene</sup> From isles of Greece

The princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,  
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships  
Fraught with the ministers and instruments  
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore  
Their crownets regal from th' Athenian bay  
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made  
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures  
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,  
With wanton Paris sleeps-and that's the quarrel.  
To Tenedos they come,  
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge  
Their war-like fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains  
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch  
Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,  
Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,  
And Antenorides, with massy staples  
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,  
Spur up the sons of Troy.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits  
On one and other side, Troyan and Greek,  
Sets all on hazard-and hither am I come  
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence  
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited  
In like conditions as our argument,  
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play  
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,  
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away,  
To what may be digested in a play.

Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are;  
Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

2  
TRO: Peace, you ungracious clamours! Peace, rude sounds

On clearance → ANNOUNCEMENT

LXQ 0.7	H/L 1/2
complete	
LXQ 0.8 + QL3	H/L out
Hidden on bottom step	
LXQ1	
In Troy there lies the scene	
QL1,2 + LXQ2 + SND1	
	1st soldier steps SND 2

Marianne

3

Ch x 6

Shield + SW

1

Ch x 6

Shield + SW

2

2

4 [ ] [ ] 1

3 [ ] [ ] 2

Marianne ent 3

Circles stage

Chorus ent form line

DCa, Fy, Ant, Dam, Larry [M] DO, Mark, Paul, Oly, Tom

- |       |      |
|-------|------|
| 2     | 1    |
| DCa   | Ry.  |
| Ant   | Dam  |
| Larry | DO   |
| Mark  | Paul |
| Oly   | Tom  |

Mark, Larry,

, DO, Tom

S/By QL 3,4  
LXQ 2.5-4  
SNDQ 2A-3X

[LShu]

LX 2.5, SND 2A, QL3	X
"war"	
SND 3	
On shield slam	
LXQ3 + SND3X	

P.T.O.

3

ACT I. SCENE 1.

Troy. Before PRIAM'S palace

x  
Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS

TROILUS. Peace, you ungracious clamours! Peace, rude sounds.

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,  
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

I cannot fight upon this argument

It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.

3  
~~Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again.~~

Why should I war without the walls of Troy

That find such cruel battle here within?

Each Trojan that is master of his heart,

Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none!

PANDARUS. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

TROILUS. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,

Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,

Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,

Less valiant than the virgin in the night,

And skillless as unpractis'd infancy.

PANDARUS. Well, I have told you enough of this; for my part,

I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake,

out of the wheat must needs tarry the cooling too,

~~or you may chance to burn your lips.~~

4  
TROILUS. At Priam's royal table do I sit;

And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts-

So, traitor, when she comes when she is thence.

PANDARUS. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her

look, or any woman else.

TROILUS. I was about to tell thee: when my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,

~~Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,~~

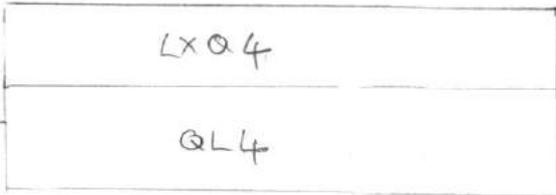
I have, as when the sun doth light a storm,

Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile.

PANDARUS. An her hair were somewhat darker like Helen's-well,

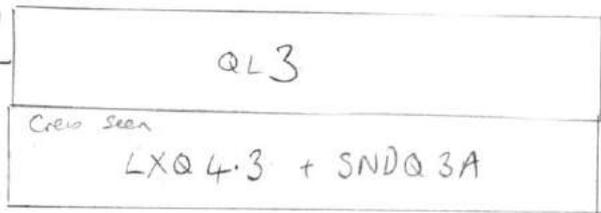


As Helen leaves area 1

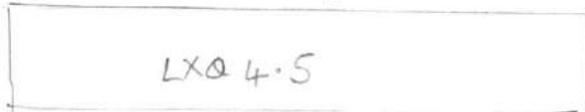


Panel

SIBy QL 3  
 LXQ4.3 - 4.5  
 SND 3A



As Crew 1st gets to area 3.



Tro

Sw + sh

3

Panel

4

Chans X

1, 2, 3, 4

Marianne X

1

Crew

3

~~Alex~~

~~2~~

~~Alex~~

~~2~~

○ Tro shield down  
 Chans exit. 3-4

Crew exit x 3 ↓

3  
go to- there were no more comparison between the women. But, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her, but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but-

5 (u)  
TROIILUS. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus-  
When I do tell thee there my hopes lie drown'd,  
Reply not in how many fathoms deep  
They lie indrench'd. I tell thee I am mad  
In Cressid's love. Thou answer'st 'She is fair'-  
Pourest in the open ulcer of my heart-  
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek! This thou tell'st me,  
As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;  
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,  
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me  
The knife that made it.

PANDARUS. I speak no more than truth.

TROIILUS. Thou dost not speak so much.

6  
PANDARUS. Faith, I'll not meddle in it. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

TROIILUS. Good Pandarus! How now, Pandarus!

PANDARUS. I have had my labour for my travail, ill thought on of her and ill thought on of you; gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

TROIILUS. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? What, with me?

PANDARUS. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen. An she were not kin to me, she would be as fair a Friday as Helen is on Sunday.

TROIILUS. Say I she is not fair?

Catch Cressid's dumb show  
PANDARUS. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father, traitor though he be and fled unto the Greeks, where daily he doth prosecute his suit to have his daughter, Cressida, conveyed. Let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her. For my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' th' matter.

TROIILUS. Pandarus!

PANDARUS. Not I.

TROIILUS. Sweet Pandarus!

S/By QL 2+3  
 SNDQ4+5  
 LXQ5+6

<del>Hotel</del> Friday	fair
QL 3	LXQ5, SNDQ4
fsd	<del>QL 2</del>

A) Calchas shakes hands with Aga

LXQ6 + SNDQ5
--------------

Cal
Switrose
3
Cal X
2
Aga + <del>Cal</del> + Dro
1

- Cal exit to Plat 1
- Cres x to Plat 1
- Cal x to 4 exit

(k)  
PANDARUS. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all  
as I found it, and there an end. ○

Exit.

(s)  
TROIILUS. But Pandarus-O gods, how do you plague me!

I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;  
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo  
As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.  
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,  
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?  
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl;  
Between our Ilium and where she resides  
Let it be call'd the wild and wand'ring flood,  
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar  
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

(8)  
~~Alarum.~~ Enter AENEAS

AENEAS. How now, Prince Troilus! Wherefore not afield?

TROIILUS. Because not there.

~~AENEAS. My lord?~~

TROIILUS. This womanish answer sorts  
For womanish it is to be from thence.

[Alarum] *Cressid: who were those war?*

~~AENEAS. Hark what good sport is out of town to-day!~~

~~TROIILUS. Better at home, if 'would I might' were 'may.'~~

~~But to the sport abroad. Are you bound thither?~~

~~AENEAS. In all swift haste.~~

~~TROIILUS. Come, go we then together.~~

Exeunt

*Alex: Queen Helen and the lord Paris*

*CRESS: And wither go they?*

*Alex: Up to the eastern tower*

*Whose height commands as subject all the vale*

*To see the battle, Hector whose patience*

*Is as a virtue fixed, to-day was moved*

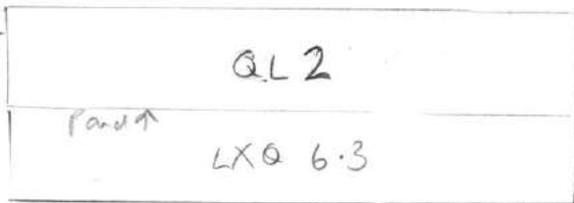
*He chid Andromachus and struck his armourer*

*CRESS: What was his cause of anger?*

*Alex: They say a Greek yesterday cop'd Hector in the battle  
and struck him down, the dishonour and shame whereof  
both ever since kept Hector fasting and weeping*

○ Pan x ↓ 3  
 Cress ↓ 1

SIBy LXQ 6.3-9  
 SNDG 7-8  
 QL 1, 2, 3, 4



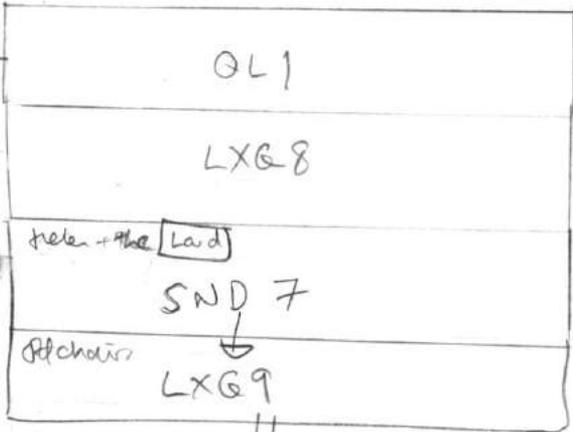
Aen  
 Sw, Tris clothes

2

Pand X

3

~~Cress X~~



Alex

Aen, Tris X

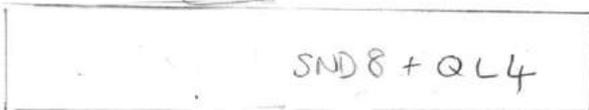
4

Alex  
 autograph, bind

2

~~Cress  
 Bind X~~

Up to the Eastern tower



Alex



Pand

6  
10  
ACT I. SCENE 2.

Troy. A street

Enter CRESSIDA and her man ALEXANDER

CRESSIDA. Who were those went by?

ALEXANDER. Queen Helen and lord Paris.

CRESSIDA. And whither go they?

ALEXANDER. Up to the eastern tower,  
Whose height commands as subject all the vale,  
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience  
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd.

He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;

CRESSIDA. What was his cause of anger?

ALEXANDER. They say a Greek yesterday cop'd Hector in the battle and  
struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since  
kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter PANDARUS

9  
ALEXANDER. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

CRESSIDA. Hector's a gallant man.

ALEXANDER. As may be in the world, lady.

PANDARUS. What's that? What's that?

CRESSIDA. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

PANDARUS. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of?- Good  
morrow, Alexander.-How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

CRESSIDA. This morning, uncle.

PANDARUS. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector arm'd  
and gone ere you came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

CRESSIDA. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

PANDARUS. E'en so. Hector was stirring early.

CRESSIDA. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

PANDARUS. Was he angry?

CRESSIDA. So he says here.

PANDARUS. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about  
him today, I can tell them that. And there's Troilus will not

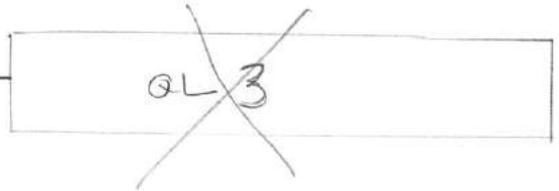


Cress x 3 ↓  
Alex x 1 ↓

Heck C mock fighting



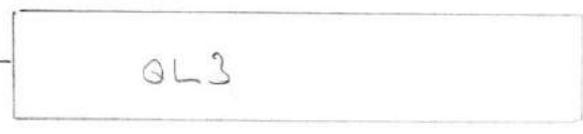
Heck  
2 sw  
4



Pard  
Binos  
3

Pard x 2 ↓

S/By QL3



Troi  
sw  
4

Tro x C to Heck  
Heck attacks Troi swords

S/By LxG 10-12  
SND 9-15  
QL 3+4 +A  
QL 1+2 MASTER  
intercomers

7  
come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

CRESSIDA. What, is he angry too?

PANDARUS. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

CRESSIDA. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

PANDARUS. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him? No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

CRESSIDA. Excuse me.

8  
PANDARUS. YOU have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore th' other day that Troilus, for a dark complexion, for so 'tis, I must confess- not dark neither-

CRESSIDA. No, but brown.

9  
CHEERING

10  
PANDARUS. Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here and see them as they pass toward Ilium? Good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

11  
CRESSIDA. At your pleasure.

PANDARUS. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely. I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest.

CRESSIDA. Speak not so loud.

PANDARUS. Yonder comes Paris, is that not a gallant man?

*A worthy paramour for the fairest she alive*  
- I swear to you I think Helen loves Troilus, now, better than Paris.

CRESSIDA. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

*She praised Troilus' complexion above Paris*  
PAND : [Sound a retreat]

*Why, Paris hath colour enough*  
CRESS : [Sound a retreat]

AENEAS passes

PANDARUS. That's Aeneas. Is not that a brave man? He's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you. But mark Troilus; you shall see anon and if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

CRESSIDA. Will he give you the nod?

PANDARUS. You shall see.

CRESSIDA. If he do.

ANTENOR passes

Cheers  
Tr 12 Cym

Military  
Tr 17

Trail exits

LX&10

SND 9 + <sup>master</sup> GL1+2  
latecomers

braveley

// pass

QL 3+4

// LX&11

ndr island

SNDQ10

gallen (man)

SNDQ10X + QLA // <sup>kiss</sup> SND10A + QL3

Greek island

LXQ12 + SND10AA

colan enghel

SNDQ10B + A

QL 3+4

SND11

P.T.O.

Mex X

3

Paris

3

Nel

4

Paris piece

Aen

Aen SW

Aen

SW

3

Aen

SW

3

Mec x 2 ↓

Tris x 4 ↓

Paris, Nel x 1-2 C

Aeneas x 2 ↑

Antena x 1 ↑

11  
CRESSIDA. Who's <sup>be these</sup> that?

PANDARUS. That's Antenor. He has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; ~~and he's a good man enough; he's one o' th' soundest judgements in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person. When comes Troilus? I'll show you Troilus anon.~~

HELENUS passes

12  
~~CRESSIDA. Who's that?~~

PANDARUS. <sup>Troilus</sup> That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's

Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus.

CRESSIDA. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

PANDARUS. Helenus! no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well. I marvel where Troilus is. Helenus is a priest

HECTOR passes

PANDARUS. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man, niece. O brave Hector! ~~Look how he looks.~~ Look you what hacks are on his helmet! Look you yonder, do you see? Look you there. There's no jesting; there's laying on; take't off who will, as they say. There be hacks.

CRESSIDA. Be those with swords?

PANDARUS. Swords! anything, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one. By God's lid, it does one's heart good and this will do Helen's heart good, also.

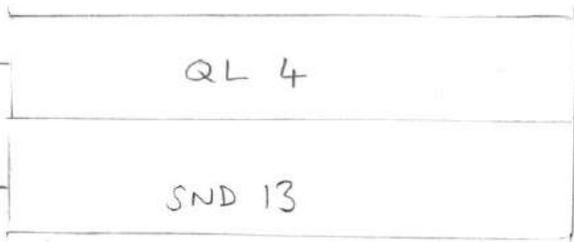
CRESSIDA. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROILUS passes

12  
PANDARUS. Where? 'Tis Troilus. There's a man, niece. Hem! Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

CRESSIDA. Peace, for shame, peace!

PANDARUS. Mark him; note him. O brave Troilus! Look well upon him, niece; his sword has not slept today, and his helm more hack'd than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he never saw three and twenty. Go thy way,



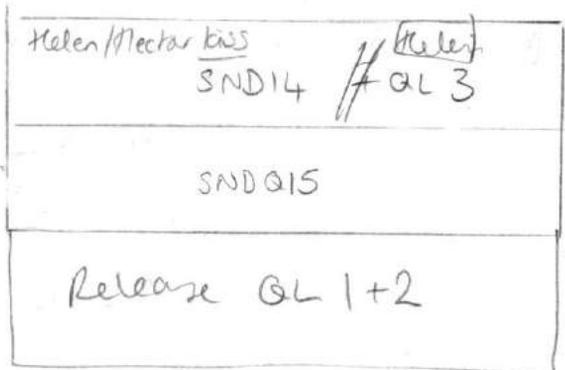
Helen  
Sw  
4

Helen x 3 ↑

Helen  
2 sw  
4

Helen x C

Helen lässt Helen



Helen  
Sw  
4

Helen x 4 ↑

Helen + Helen exit @ 1

S/By LXQ 17  
SND 16-17  
QL 3, 4

P.T.O !



12  
Troilus, go thy way. ~~Had I a sister were a grace or a daughter a~~  
14 goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris  
~~is dirt to him, and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an~~  
~~eye to boot.~~ Well niece, I told you a thing yesterday. Think on't.

CRESSIDA. So I do.

PANDARUS. I'll be sworn 'tis true Troilus will weep you an 'twere a man born in April.

CRESSIDA. Here comes more.

Common soldiers pass

PANDARUS. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran!  
porridge after meat. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone. Crows and daws,  
crows and daws. ! I could live and die in the eyes of Troilus.

15  
CRESSIDA. There is amongst the Greeks Achilles, a better man than your  
Troilus.

PANDARUS. Achilles? A drayman, a porter, a very camel!

CRESSIDA. Well, well.

PANDARUS. Well, well! Why, have you any discretion? Have you any  
eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good  
shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth,  
liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

CRESSIDA. Ay, a minc'd man.

PANDARUS. You are such a woman! A man knows not at what ward you  
lie.

16  
CRESSIDA. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend  
my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to  
defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these; and at all these  
wards I lie at, at a thousand watches. I can watch you for telling how I took the  
blow, unless I swell past hiding, and then I'm past watching.

PANDARUS. You are such another! Fare ye well, good niece.

I must meet with Troilus.

CRESSIDA. Adieu, uncle.

PANDARUS. ! I had rather be such a man as Troilus than <sup>any dr</sup> ~~Agamemnon~~ <sup>any together with the lord</sup> ~~and all the lords of Greece.~~ <sup>who pick their tents beneath our Trojan walls, including</sup> ~~Agamemnon himself~~ I will be with you, niece, by and by.

CRESSIDA. To bring, uncle.

PANDARUS. Ay, a token from Troilus.

CRESSIDA. By the same token, <sup>uncle</sup> you are a bawd. Exit

Nel, Par X

1-2

Acn, Ank, Me, Te, Hel X

1-2

3x SD  
SW

3+4

3x SD X

1-2

Aga

1 2

Uly

Fide

3

Nest

stick

4

Drum

2

Mare

wh, wr

2

Sols - Larry  
Richard  
Paul

QL 3, 4

SNDQ16

As 3<sup>rd</sup> man out

SNDQ17

Last 3 men to go

LXQ17

Column

SIBy LXQ18-20

SND17A

QL 1, 2, 3, 4

QL 1, 2, 3, 4

LXQ 18

Greeder

LXQ19

P.T.O. !!



14  
7  
ACT I. SCENE 3.

The Grecian camp. Before AGAMEMNON'S tent

17  
Sennet. Enter AGAMEMNON, NESTOR, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, MENELAUS, and others

AGAMEMNON. Princes,

What grief hath set these jaundies o'er your cheeks?

The ample proposition that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below

Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd,

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us

That after seven years' siege yet Troy walls stand;

Why then, you princes,

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works

And call them shames, which are, indeed, nought else

But the protractive trials of great Jove

To find persistive constancy in men;

18  
~~The fineness of which metal is not found~~

In fortune's love? For then the bold and coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,

The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin.

But in the wind and tempest of her frown

Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,

Puffing at all, winnows the light away;

And what hath mass or matter by itself

~~Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.~~

NESTOR. With due observance of thy godlike seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply

Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance

Lies the true proof of men. The sea being smooth,

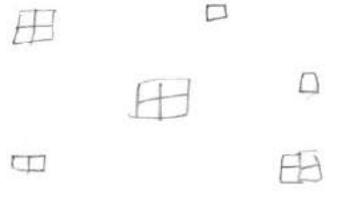
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail

Upon her patient breast, making their way

With those of nobler bulk!

But let the ruffian <sup>tempest</sup> Boreas once enrage

19  
The gentle <sup>Sea</sup> ~~Thetis~~, and anon behold



Crew	X
3	✓
Pand	X
2	✓
Men	
2	

LX@20 + SND 17A  
SIBy QLX, 2

QLX, 2 (Hold)

More

15  
~~The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid mountains cut,  
Bounding between the two moist elements  
Like Perseus' horse. Where's then the saucy boat,  
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now  
Co-rival'd greatness?) Either to harbour fled  
Or made a toast for Neptune.~~

ULYSSES. Agamemnon,

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,  
Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit  
In whom the tempers and the minds of all  
Should be shut up-hear what Ulysses speaks.

~~Besides the applause and approbation~~

20  
The which, [To AGAMEMNON] most mighty, for thy place and sway,  
[To NESTOR] And, thou most reverend, for thy stretch'd-out life,  
I give to both your speeches- which were such  
As Agamemnon every hand of Greece  
Should hold up high in brass; and such again  
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,  
Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree  
On which heaven rides, knit all the Greekish ears  
To his experienc'd tongue-yet let it please both,  
Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

AGAMEMNON. Speak, Prince of Ithaca.

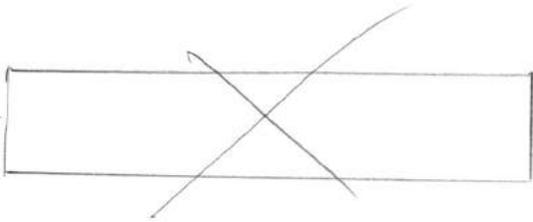
ULYSSES. Troy, <sup>still secure behind her walls had been dethron'd</sup> yet upon his basis, had been down;

~~And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a master,~~  
But for these <sup>reasons</sup> instances:

21  
The specialty of rule hath been neglected;  
And look how many Grecian tents do stand  
Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.

When that the general is not like the hive,  
To whom the <sup>worrier bees</sup> ~~feragers~~ shall all repair, <sup>due lully</sup>  
What honey is expected? Degree being vizarded,  
Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.

22  
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,  
Office, and custom, in all line of order;



Aga ↓ 1-2 C

Dr'o mares seat for him.

Wlys hands out papers

16

And therefore is the glorious planet Sol  
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd  
Above the other. But when the planets  
In evil mixture to disorder wander,  
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny,  
What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,  
Commotion in the winds! ~~Frights, changes, horrors,~~  
~~Divert and crack, rend and deracinate,~~  
~~The unity and married calm of states~~  
~~Quite from their fixture!~~ O, when degree is shak'd,  
~~Which is the ladder of all high designs,~~  
The enterprise is sick! ~~How could communities,~~  
~~Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,~~  
~~Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,~~  
~~But by degree, stand in authentic place?~~  
Take but degree away, untune that string,  
And hark what discord follows! The bounded waters  
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,  
And make a sop of all this solid globe;  
Strength should be lord of imbecility,  
And the rude son should strike his father dead;  
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong-  
Between whose endless jar justice resides-  
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.  
Then everything includes itself in power,  
Power into will, will into appetite;  
And appetite, an universal wolf,  
~~So doubly seconded with will and power,~~  
Must make perforce an universal prey,  
And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon,  
This chaos, when degree is suffocate,  
Follows the choking. The general's disdain'd  
By him one step below, he by the next,  
That next by him beneath; so every step,  
Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick  
Of his superior, grows to an <sup>emulous</sup> envious fever  
Of pale and bloodless ~~emulation~~. <sup>envy</sup>

Uly knocks chair over

19  
25  
And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot,  
Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,  
Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

~~NESTOR. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd~~

~~The fever whereof all our power is sick.~~

AGAMEMNON. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,  
What is the remedy?

ULYSSES. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns

The sinew and the forehead of our host,

Having his ear full of his airy fame,

Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent

Lies mocking our designs; with him Patroclus //

Upon a lazy bed the livelong day

~~Breaks scurril jests;~~

~~(And with ridiculous and awkward action-~~

~~Which, slanderer, he imitation calls-~~

~~He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,~~

Thy topless deputation he <sup>takes it</sup> ~~puts on; doth mimic~~

And like a strutting player acts thy greatness.

The large ~~Achilles~~, on his press'd bed lolling,

From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;

Cries 'Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.

~~Now play me Nestor. Play him me, Patroclus,~~

~~Arming to answer in a night alarm.'~~

And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age

Must be the scene of mirth: to cough and spit

And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,

Shake in and out the rivet. And at this sport

Sir Valour dies; cries 'O, enough, Patroclus;

Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all

In pleasure of my spleen.' And in this fashion

All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes, //

Achievements, orders, excitements to the field

or speech for truce, doth serve

As stuff for these two to make jests

NESTOR. And in the imitation of these twain- *many are*

~~Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns~~

SIBy SND18 + 19  
QL3

SND 18

P.T.O.

○ Aga steps down

○ Photos placed on C table.

~~With an imperial voice many are infect.~~

[Tucket]

AGAMEMNON. What <sup>draw</sup> ~~trumpet~~ <sup>comes here</sup>? Look, Menelaus.

ULYSSES. They tax our policy and call it cowardice,

Count wisdom as no member of the war,

And do esteem no act but that of hand.

They call this bed-work, mapp'ry, closet-war;

MENELAUS. From Troy.

Enter AENEAS

AGAMEMNON. What would you fore our tent?

AENEAS. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you?

AGAMEMNON. Even this.

AENEAS. May one that is a herald and a prince

Do a fair message to his kingly <sup>ear's</sup> eyes?

~~AGAMEMNON. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm~~

~~Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice~~

~~Call Agamemnon head and general.~~

AENEAS. Fair leave and large security. How may

A stranger to those most imperial looks

~~Know them from eyes of other mortals?~~

AGAMEMNON. ~~How?~~ <sup>good</sup> Proceed, my lord.

AENEAS

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

AGAMEMNON. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Aeneas?

AENEAS. Ay, Greek, that is my name.

AGAMEMNON. What's your affair, I pray you?

AENEAS. Sir, pardon; 'tis for Agamemnon's ears.

AGAMEMNON. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy.

AENEAS. Nor I from Troy come not to whisper with him;

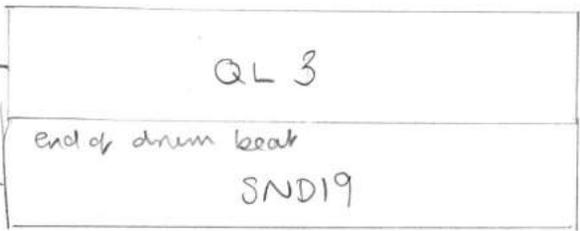
I bring a <sup>challenge</sup> ~~trumpet~~ to awake his ear,

AGAMEMNON. Speak frankly as the wind;

Troyan, he is awake, he tells thee so himself.

AENEAS. ~~Trumpet, blow loud,~~

~~Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;~~



Act

Act

Proc

3

Paper cleared away

19  
~~And every Greek of mettle, let him know  
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.~~

~~[Sound trumpet]~~

31  
A We have, great Agamemnon, yond in Troy  
A prince called Hector-Priam is his father-  
Who in this dull and long-continued truce  
Is resty grown; he bade me take a trumpet  
And to this purpose speak: Kings, princes, lords!

If there be one among the fair'st of Greece  
That holds his honour higher than his ease,  
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,  
That loves his mistress more than in confession  
And dare avow her beauty) -to him this challenge.

Hector, <sup>(in view of Troyans and of Greeks,</sup>  
~~Shall make it good or do his best to do it:~~

Hector hath a lady wiser, fairer, truer,  
~~Than ever Greek did couple in his arms;~~  
And <sup>beck</sup> will to-morrow with his trumpet call  
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy

To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.

If any come, Hector <sup>and</sup> shall honour him; <sup>most valiant Greek</sup>

If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,

The Grecian dames are sunburnt and not worth

The splinter of a lance. Even so much

AGAMEMNON. This shall be told our <sup>princes</sup> ~~lovers~~, Lord Aeneas.

If none of them have soul in such a kind,

We left them all at home.

32  
NESTOR. Tell him of Nestor, <sup>one</sup> ~~one that was a man~~

~~When Hector's grandsire suck'd. He is old now;~~

But if there be not in our Grecian mould

One noble man that hath one spark of fire //

To answer <sup>this his challenge</sup> for his love, tell him from me //

I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,

~~And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,~~

And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady

Was fairer than his grandame, and as chaste

As may be in the world..

~~Hector in view of Troyans and of Greeks  
will rouse with a trumpet call  
Midway between your tents & walls of Troy  
To rouse a Grecian that holds his honour  
higher than his ease  
That knows his valor & knows not his  
fear  
If any come, Hector shall challenge him~~

S/By ~~LXG 21.5~~

LXG 22-25

SND 20-21

GL 1, 3, 4

20  
AENEAS. Now heavens forfend such scarcity of youth!

ULYSSES. Amen.

AGAMEMNON. Fair Lord Aeneas, let me touch your hand;

To our pavilion shall I lead you, first.

Achilles shall have word of this intent.

33  
Exeunt all but ULYSSES and NESTOR

ULYSSES. <sup>My lo</sup> Nestor!

NESTOR. What says Ulysses?

ULYSSES. I have a young conception in my brain;

Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

NESTOR. What is't?

ULYSSES. This 'tis: This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,

However it is spread in general name,

Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

~~NESTOR. True. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance~~

~~ULYSSES. And wake him to the answer, think you?~~

NESTOR. <sup>True</sup> 'Tis ~~most~~ <sup>suppose</sup> meet. Who may you else <sup>win</sup> oppose

That can from Hector bring those honours off,

~~If not Achilles? Though 't be a sportful combat,~~

~~Yet in this trial much opinion dwells;~~

ULYSSES. Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.

~~Do not consent that ever Hector and Achilles meet;~~

No, ~~make a lottery, and, by device,~~ let blockish Ajax <sup>be our choice</sup> draw

~~The sort to fight with Hector and if he fail,~~ <sup>76</sup> The dull brainless Ajax come safe off

<sup>do we keep our reputation</sup> Yet go we under our opinion still <sup>we'll dress him up in praises, if Ajax fail</sup>

<sup>Since</sup> That we have better men.

But hit or miss, our projects life

The shape of sense assumes

Ajax employed, cuts down Achilles plumes.

Exeunt

34  
1  
Song  
13  
AJAY: Thersites,

Ago, Men, Aen, Diag X

3

QL1

Ach

As Ach behind drapes

LXQ22

Ach

Boke

1

Ach moves out

QL3  $\leftrightarrow$  LXQ22.5

Max

Ajax passes Nestor  
LXG23

Ajax

Proc

3

Ach X

2

QL 4

Thos

LXG25 + SNDQ20

Aes X

4 ✓

P.T.O.

W, X

4 ✓

ACT II. SCENE 1.

The Grecian camp

Enter Ajax and THERSITES

AJAX. Thersites! Thersites! Dog!

Thou bitch-wolf's son, canst thou not hear? Feel, then.

[Strikes him.]

THERSITES. The plague of Greece upon thee, thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

AJAX. Speak, then, thou whinid'st leaven, speak. I will beat thee into handsomeness.

THERSITES. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but I think thy horse will sooner con an oration than thou learn a prayer without book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? A red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

AJAX. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

THERSITES. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strikest me thus?

AJAX. The proclamation!

THERSITES. Thou art proclaim'd, a fool, I think.

AJAX. Do not, porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.

THERSITES. I would thou didst itch from head to foot and I had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loathsome scab in Greece.

AJAX. I say, the proclamation.

THERSITES. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy at his greatness as the thrice-headed dog Cerberus is at Proserpina's beauty—~~ay, that thou bark'st at him.~~

AJAX. Mistress Thersites!

THERSITES. Thou shouldst strike ~~him~~ Achilles.

AJAX. Cobloaf!

THERSITES. He would ~~put~~ <sup>smash</sup> thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

AJAX. You whoreson cur! [Strikes him]

THERSITES. Do, do.

AJAX. Thou stool for a witch!

THERSITES. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord! Thou hast no more

The <sup>design</sup>

Tray, Mahell, Lodis

3

The makes up space

⊠

⊠

○

⊠

⊠

SNDQ 21

○ Generates exit.

○ The collect tray

SIBy 0L1

brain than I have in mine elbows; an ass may tutor thee. ~~You~~  
~~scurvy valiant ass!~~ Thou art here but to thrash ~~Troyans,~~ and thou  
art bought and sold among those of any wit like a barbarian  
slave. ~~If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel and tell~~  
~~what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!~~

AJAX. You dog!

THERSITES. You scurvy lord!

AJAX. You cur! [Strikes him]

THERSITES. Mars his idiot! ~~Do,~~ rudeness; ~~do,~~ camel; ~~do, do,~~

*thou thing of no bowels*

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

ACHILLES. Why, how now, Ajax! Wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites! What's the matter, man?

THERSITES. You see ~~him~~ <sup>the Ajax</sup> there, do you?

ACHILLES. Ay; what's the matter?

THERSITES. Nay, look upon him.

ACHILLES. So I do. What's the matter?

THERSITES. Nay, but regard him well.

ACHILLES. Well! why, so I do.

THERSITES. But yet you look not well upon him; <sup>for how well you</sup> for who ~~some ever~~

<sup>look, he is still Ajax</sup> you take him to be, he is Ajax.

ACHILLES. I know that, fool.

THERSITES. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

AJAX. Therefore I beat thee.

THERSITES. Lo, lo, ~~lo, lo,~~ what modicums of wit he utters! I have bob'd his brain  
~~more than he has beat my bones.~~ This lord, Achilles, Ajax-~~who wears his wit in his~~  
~~belly and his guts in his head~~-I'll tell you what I say of him. //

ACHILLES. What?

THERSITES. I say this Ajax- [AJAX offers to strike him]

ACHILLES. Nay, good Ajax.

THERSITES. Has not so much wit-

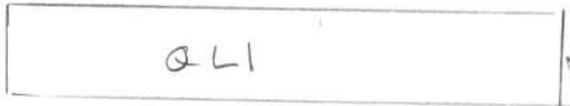
ACHILLES. Nay, I must hold you.

THERSITES. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he  
comes to fight.

ACHILLES. Peace, fool.

THERSITES. I would have ~~peace~~ and quietness, but the fool will not-

*he there, that Ajax took you there*



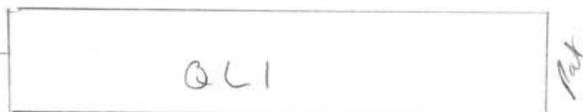
Ach
Boole
1

Then on ground, Ajax on top  
Ach ↓ reads

Then pass coffee

Then clean sticks @ 3

SIBy QLI



Pat
1

Pat ↻ kick boxes

24  
he there; that <sup>Ajax</sup> hé; look you there.

AJAX. O thou damned cur! I shall-

ACHILLES. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

THERSITES. No, I ~~warrant you~~, the fool's will shame it.

39  
ACHILLES. What's the quarrel?

AJAX. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

THERSITES. I serve thee not. <sup>Ajax</sup>

AJAX. Well, go to, go to.

THERSITES. I serve <sup>at my lord Achilles</sup> here, voluntary.

ACHILLES. 'tis not voluntary. No

man is beaten voluntary. Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under suffrance.

THERSITES. E'en so; your <sup>land Achilles</sup> wit, lies but in your

sinews. Hector shall have a great catch

an he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

ACHILLES. What, <sup>now, rails at</sup> with me too, Thersites?

THERSITES. There's Ulysses and old Nestor-~~whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes-yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the wars.~~

~~ACHILLES. What, what?~~

~~THERSITES. Yes, good sooth. To Achilles, to Ajax, to-~~

AJAX. I shall cut out your tongue.

THERSITES. 'Tis no matter; I shall <sup>still</sup> speak as much, as thou afterwards. <sup>sense</sup>

PATROCLUS. No more words, Thersites; peace!

40 35  
THERSITES. <sup>Ooh</sup> I will hold my peace when Achilles' <sup>bitch</sup> ~~brach~~ bids me, shall I?

ACHILLES. There's for you, Patroclus.

THERSITES. I will see you hang'd ~~like a cat~~ ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools.

Exit

PATROCLUS. A good riddance. 

ACHILLES. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host, That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,

Pat x 3-4 end

Ther x area 4, clean stobs

Siby SND 22

As Ther exits

SND 22

P.T.O.

Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy,  
To-morrow morning, call some knight to arms  
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare  
Maintain I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.

AJAX. Farewell. Who shall <sup>challenge</sup> answer him?

ACHILLES. I know not; 'tis put to <sup>election</sup> lottery. Otherwise. <sup>Mechor</sup> He knew his

<sup>man.</sup> ~~Achilles~~ ~~Ajax~~  ~~Ajax's lord~~ ~~Mechor's challenge~~  
AJAX. O, meaning you, I will go learn more of ~~it~~.

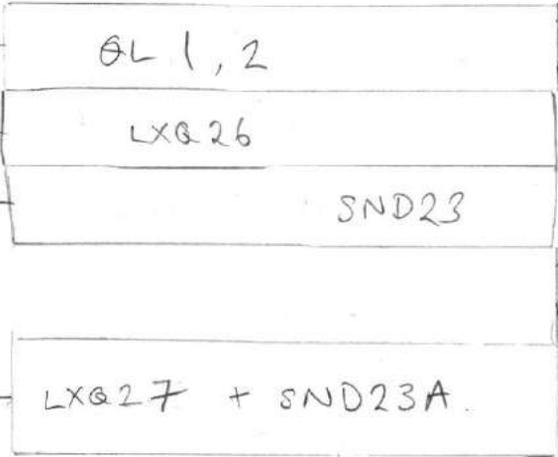
Exit

<sup>come from the mighty prince Hector, the leader</sup> <sup>Pais</sup> <sup>& from Troy</sup>  
THERSITES. Here is such ~~patchery~~, such juggling and such knavery. All  
<sup>the war</sup> The argument is ~~the~~ <sup>a</sup> ~~whore~~, ~~Helen~~ and a cuckold ~~Menelaus~~ <sup>king</sup> - a good quarrel to draw  
envy and factions and bleed to death. Now a murrain on <sup>Helen</sup> Priam and all his princely  
sons in Troy. Now the dry serpigo on ~~the subject~~ <sup>the Greek's share</sup> and war ~~and~~ <sup>death</sup> lechery confound all!

Exeunt

M/Ps  
Track 8  
4 // 4 phrases

SIBy LXQ 26-28  
 SND 23-24  
 OL 1,2



P. TO!

Pat	X
	2
Adn	X
	2
Ajax	X
	3
Rec	
	1
Tro	
	1
Pais	
	2
Net	
	<del>X</del>
Tro	
Bedding	
	1
Net, Pram	
Lette	
	2
Thee	X
	1-2

4 Greeks set up bed

26  
M  
TV 8  
42

ACT II. SCENE 2.

Troy. PRIAM'S palace

43

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS

PRIAM. After so many hours, lives, speeches, spent,  
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:  
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else-  
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,  
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd  
In hot digestion of this cormorant war-  
Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to't?

44

HECTOR. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,  
As far as toucheth my particular,  
Yet, dread Priam,  
There is no lady of more softer bowels,  
More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,  
More ready to cry out 'Who knows what follows?'  
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety secure but modest doubt is called  
The beacon of the wise. Let Helen go.  
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,  
Every tith soul 'mongst many thousand dead  
Hath been as dear as Helen-I mean, of ours.  
If we have lost so many tenths of ours  
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us,  
Had it our name, the value of one ten,  
What merit's in that reason which denies  
The yielding of her up?

44

TROILUS. Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,  
So great as our dread father's, in a scale  
Of common ounces? Fie, for godly shame!

HELENUS. No marvel though you bite so sharp at reasons,  
You are so empty of them. Should not our father, Priam  
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,  
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

LXQ 28 + SND 24



27  
TROIILUS. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest;

You fur your gloves with reason. ~~Here are your reasons:~~

You know an enemy intends you harm;

You know a sword employ'd is perilous,

And reason flies the object of all harm.

Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

The very wings of reason to his heels

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,

~~Or like a star disorb'd?~~ Nay, if we talk of reason,

Let's shut our gates and sleep. Manhood and honour

Should have hare hearts, would they but fat their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason. Reason and respect

Make livers pale and lustihood deject.

HECTOR. Brother, she is not worth what she doth, cost

The keeping.

TROIILUS. What's aught but as 'tis valued?

HECTOR. But value dwells not in particular will:

It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 'tis precious of itself

As in the prizer. 'Tis mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the god-

TROIILUS.

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant

When we have soil'd them; It was thought meet

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks;

Your breath with full consent bellied his sails;

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness

Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes stale the morning.

Why keep we <sup>Helen</sup> her? Is she worth the keeping?

Why, she is a pearl

Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

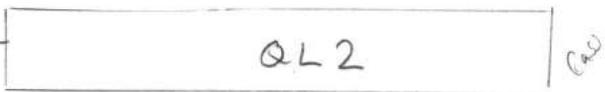
~~If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went-~~

~~As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go'-~~

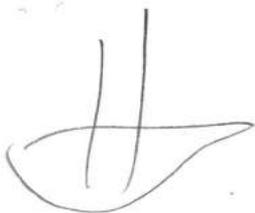
~~If you'll confess he brought home worthy prize-~~

~~As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,~~

SIBy SMD 25  
QL2



P TO !!



25  
~~And cried 'Inestimable!' - why do you now~~  
~~Beggar the estimation which you priz'd~~  
~~Richer than sea and land? O theft most base,~~  
That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

47  
CASSANDRA. [Within] Cry, Troyans, cry.

PRIAM. What noise, ~~(what shriek)~~ is this?

TROILUS. 'Tis our mad sister.

CASSANDRA. [Within] Cry, Troyans.

HECTOR. It is Cassandra.

~~PRIAM. Bring her to me.~~

Enter CASSANDRA, raving

CASSANDRA. Cry, Troyans, cry. Lend me ten thousand eyes,  
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

HECTOR. Peace, sister, peace.

CASSANDRA. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled eld,

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,

Add to my clamours, <sup>Phonon: boys, Cassandra to me.</sup> Let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

48  
Cry, Troyans, cry. Practise your eyes with tears.

Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;

Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Troyans, cry, A Helen and a woe!

Cry, cry. Troy burns, or else let Helen go.  

~~Hector~~

TROIL : Why brother Hector, Her brain sick raptures  
cannot detaste the goodness of a quarrel  
Exit which hath our several honours all engag'd  
To make it gracious

49  
HECTOR. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains

Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse, or is your blood

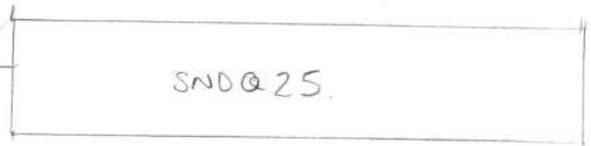
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualify the same?

TROILUS. Why, brother Hector,

Do not deject the courage of our minds



Cass

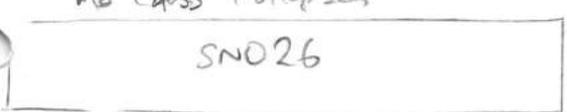
2

Cass x into bed  
 Deck x 1 crys

SIBy

SNDQ26

As Cass collapses



Cass X

2

Pair X+erk

2

Cut  
 LX29  
 as Cass exits

28  
29  
30  
Because Cassandra's mad, ~~Her brain-sick raptures~~  
~~Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel~~  
~~Which hath our several honours all engag'd~~  
To make it gracious. For my private part,  
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;  
And Jove forbid there should be done amongst us  
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen  
To fight for and maintain. ~~Speak brother Paris.~~

PARIS I do attest the gods, your full consent  
Gave wings to my desire and did cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project.  
For what, alas, can these my single arms?  
What propugnation is in one man's valour  
To stand the push and enmity of all  
This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,  
Were I alone to pass the difficulties,  
And had as ample power as I have will,  
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done  
Nor faint in the pursuit.

51  
PRIAM. Paris, you speak ~~slap~~  
Like one besotted on your sweet delights.  
You have the honey still, but these the gall.

PARIS. Sir, I propose not merely to myself  
The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;  
But I would have the soil of her fair rape  
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.  
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,  
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,  
Now to deliver her possession up  
On terms of base compulsion! ~~Can it be~~  
~~That so degenerate a strain as this~~  
~~Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?~~  
There's not the meanest spirit on our party  
Without a heart to dare or sword to draw  
When Helen is defended; ~~nor none so noble~~  
~~Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfam'd~~  
~~Where Helen is the subject. Then, I say,~~

31

~~Well may we fight for her whom we know well  
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.~~

HECTOR. Paris and Troilus, you have both said well;

And on the cause and question now in hand  
Have gloz'd, but superficially; not much  
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought  
Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

The reasons you allege do more conduce  
To the hot passion of distemp' red blood  
Than to make up a free determination  
'Twixt right and wrong; ~~for pleasure and revenge~~

~~Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice  
Of any true decision.~~ Nature <sup>howsel'f doth</sup> craves

53

All dues be rend' red to their owners. Now,  
What nearer debt in all humanity  
Than wife is to the husband? ~~If this law~~  
Of nature be corrupted through affection,  
And that great minds of partial indulgence  
To their benumbed wills resist the same;  
There is a law in each well-order'd nation  
To curb those raging appetites that are  
~~Most disobedient and refractory.~~

If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king-  
As it is known she is-these moral laws  
Of nature and of nations speak aloud  
To have her back return'd. Thus to persist  
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,  
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion  
Is this, in way of truth. Yet, ne'er the less,  
My spritely brethren, I prehend to you  
In resolution to keep Helen still;  
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependence  
Upon our joint and several dignities.

54

TROILUS. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design.

~~Were it not glory we more affected  
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,  
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood~~

SIBy

LXG 30-31

SND 27

~~QET~~

P. T. O.

31  
55  
~~Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,  
She is a theme of honour and renown,  
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,  
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,  
And fame in time to come canonize us;~~

32  
THOR:  
~~For I presume brave Hector would not lose  
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory  
For the wide world's revenue.~~

How, now, Therites

~~HECTOR. I am yours,  
You valiant offspring of great Priamus.  
I have a roisting challenge sent amongst  
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks  
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.  
I was advis'd that great Achilles slept,  
Whilst envy in the Greekish army crept.  
This, I presume, will wake him.~~

Exeunt

LXQ 30

How new Thesis  ✓

LXQ 31 + SND

<sup>SND</sup>  
311 + 27

Nec X

1-2

Paris X

1-2

Trio + lead X

4

Nel + Pian X

4

ACT II. SCENE 3.

The Grecian camp. Before the tent of ACHILLES

Enter THERSITES, solus

47  
THERSITES. How now, Thersites! <sup>What,</sup> lost in the labyrinth of thy <sup>Hector's witless challenge will rouse the lazy Aeneas,</sup> fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? He beats me, and I rail at him. ~~O~~ worthy satisfaction! Would it were otherwise: that I could beat <sup>Ajax</sup> him, whilst <sup>Ajax</sup> he rail'd at me! ~~Stout, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful execrations.~~ Then there's Achilles, a rare engineer! If Troy be not taken till <sup>me & Ajax</sup> these two undermine it, the walls will stand til they fall of themselves. After this, <sup>on them all</sup> the vengeance on the whole camp ~~or, rather,~~ the Neapolitan bone-ache! <sup>for that,</sup> methinks, is the curse depending on those that war for a whore. I have said my prayers; and devil Envy say 'Amen.' ~~What ho! my Lord Achilles!~~

Enter PATROCLUS

56  
PATROCLUS. ~~Who's there?~~ Thersites! Good Thersites, go <sup>off</sup> in and rail. *Leave us in peace.*

57  
THERSITES. ~~It is no matter;~~ rail thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue!! Let thy blood be thy direction till thy death ~~(and discipline come not near thee. Then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corpse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lepers.)~~ Amen.

33  
PATROCLUS What, art thou devout? Wast thou in prayer?

THERSITES. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk; thou art said to be Achilles' male varlet.

PATROCLUS. Male varlet, you rogue! What's that?

THERSITES. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the rotten diseases <sup>of the flesh</sup> of the south, the guts-gripping ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel in the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, ~~wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limekilns i' th' palm,~~ incurable bone-ache, ~~and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again~~ such preposterous discoveries! //

The  
Clock, spray  
1

The rearranges  
stools

The cleans stools

SIBy QLI

QLI

Pat

1

Check spray

Thes applies hand cream

SIBy QLI

33  
PATROCLUS. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

THERSITES. Do I curse thee?

58  
PATROCLUS. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

THERSITES. No! Why art thou, then, exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleid silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, ~~(thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou?)~~ Ah, how the poor world is pest' red with such water-flies-diminutives of nature!

PATROCLUS. Out, gall!

THERSITES. Finch egg!

Enter ACHILLES

ACHILLES. Art thou <sup>returned Thersites</sup> come? Why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals? Come, <sup>kill me Thersites</sup> what's Agamemnon?

34  
THERSITES. <sup>Agamemnon - He's</sup> Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

59  
PATROCLUS. Thy lord, Thersites. Then tell me, I pray thee, what's Thersites?

THERSITES. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

PATROCLUS. Thou must tell that knowest.

ACHILLES. O, tell, tell,

THERSITES. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

PATROCLUS. You rascal!

THERSITES. Peace, fool! I have not done.

ACHILLES. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, Thersites.

THERSITES. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

ACHILLES. Derive this; come.

THERSITES. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a

QL1

Ach  
Book  
1

Pats picks Thers up one shoulder  
Sees Ach + they "befriend"

They clean Achilles boots

SIBy QL3

P.T.O.

34

fool to serve such a fool; and this ~~Patroclus~~ is a fool positive.

PATROCLUS. Why am I a fool?

THERSITES. Make that demand of the Creator. It suffices ~~me~~ thou

~~art~~. Look you, who comes here?

ACHILLES. Come, Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody. Come in with me,  
Thersites.

1-00  
Tech  
change  
↓

Exit Achilles & Thersites

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES,  
And AJAX

AGAMEMNON. Where is Achilles?

PATROCLUS. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

AGAMEMNON. Let it be known to him that we are here.

PATROCLUS. I shall say so to him. //

35

Exit PATROCLUS

ULYSSES. We saw him at the opening of his tent.

He is not sick.

AJAX. Yes, sick in the head. You may call it  
melancholy, if you will favour the ~~man~~; but, by my head, 'tis  
pride. But why, why? Let ~~him~~ <sup>Achilles</sup> show us a cause.

Re-enter PATROCLUS

Here comes Patroclus.

ULYSSES. No Achilles with him.

PATROCLUS. Achilles bids me say he is much sorry

If any thing more than your sport and pleasure

Did move your greatness and this noble state

To call upon him; he hopes it is no other

But for your health and your digestion sake,

An after-dinner's breath.

AGAMEMNON. Hear you, Patroclus.

1-01

QL3

Greeks

Act, Ther X

1 ✓

Dio, Ul, Aj, Nes, Aga

Stick, medal

3

SIBy QL1 / X

Pat X

Troy - Lodi

1 ✓

QL1 / X

Pat

Pat

1

2 stools moved to make  
chair for Agamen

35  
We are too well acquainted with his evasion  
*and much be reason why we ascribe it to him*  
Much attribute he hath. Yet all his virtues,

Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;  
~~Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,~~  
~~Are like to rot untasted.~~ Go and tell him  
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin  
If you do say we think him over-proud  
And under-honest. Tell him so.

PATROCLUS. I shall, and bring his answer presently.

Exit

36  
AGAMEMNON. Ulysses, enter you.

Exit ULYSSES

AJAX. What is Achilles more than another?

AGAMEMNON. No more than what he thinks he is.

1-02  
AJAX. Is he so much? Do you not think <sup>Achilles</sup> he thinks himself a better  
man than I am?

AGAMEMNON. No question.

AJAX. Will you subscribe his thought and say he is?

AGAMEMNON. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant, as wise,  
no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

AJAX. Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow? I know not  
what pride is.

AGAMEMNON. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues the  
fairer.

Re-enter ULYSSES

AJAX. I do hate a proud man as I do hate the engend'ring of toads.

1-03  
ULYSSES. <sup>My lord,</sup> Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

AGAMEMNON. What's his excuse?

ULYSSES. He doth rely on none

Possess'd he is with greatness; imagin'd worth  
Holds in his blood such swol'n and hot discourse  
That 'King Achilles in commotion rages,  
And batters down himself. What should I say?  
He is so plaguy proud.

OLX, 1

OLX, 1

pat X

1

Wly X

1

Wly

Wly

1

AGAMEMNON. Let Ajax go to him.

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent.

<sup>It's said he holds you well</sup>  
ULYSSES. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!

No, this thrice-worthy and right valiant lord

Shall not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd,

This lord go to <sup>Achilles</sup>him! Jupiter forbid,

And say in thunder 'Achilles go to <sup>Ajax</sup>him.'

AJAX. If I go to him, with my armed fist I'll pash him o'er the face.

AGAMEMNON. O, no, you shall not go.

AJAX. An 'a be proud with me I'll pheeze his pride.

Let me go to him.

ULYSSES. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

AJAX. A paltry, insolent fellow! Can he not be sociable?

An all men were a my mind-

A whoreson dog, that shall palter with us thus!

Would he were a Trojan! I'd smash him o'er the head

ULYSSES. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure

Praise him that gat thee, she that gave thee suck.

Here's Nestor,

Instructed by the antiquary times-

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise;

~~But pardon, father Nestor, were your days~~

~~As green as Ajax~~

AJAX: Shall I challenge Hector?

NESTOR: Ay, my good

AJAX. Shall I call you father?

~~NESTOR. Ay, my good son.~~

DIOMEDES. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

ULYSSES. ~~There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles~~

~~Keeps thicket.~~ Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Ajax shall <sup>win for us</sup>cope the best.

~~AGAMEMNON. Let Achilles sleep.~~

PRAND: Friend, you, a word with you. You know me, do you not?

ALEX: In faith, my lord Pandarus, I do but know you superficially

Exeunt

Alceman  
Traffic  
T15

SIBy OL1,3 ~~4~~  
LXQ 32-37  
SND 28-31

Dion moves stools for throne.

Ajax ↓  
Aga medal to Nes  
Nestor medal to Ajax

OL1

part

Ajax ↓ podium  
LXQ32 + OL3

part

all X

1-2

<sup>log book know you</sup>  
if Faith sits superficially   
LXQ33 + SNDQ28 + OL 3, ~~4~~  
Generals 6th / end of intro  
SNDQ.29

part

P. T. O.

39

ACT III. SCENE 1.

Troy. PRIAM'S palace

56  
Music sounds within.

Enter PANDARUS and ALEXANDER

PANDARUS. Friend, you <sup>with you</sup> pray you, a word. You know me do you not?

<sup>my lord Pandarus, I do not know you</sup>  
ALEXANDER. Faith, <sup>st</sup> superficially.

1-06  
PANDARUS. I come to speak with the lord Paris, from the lord Troilus.

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended

PANDARUS. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company!

Fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them-especially

to you, fair queen! Fair thoughts be your fair pillow. PL

HELEN. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

PANDARUS. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen. Fair prince,  
here is good broken music.

PARIS. You have broke it, cousin; and by my life, you shall <sup>mend</sup> ~~make~~ it  
~~whole again; you shall piece it out~~ with a piece of your  
performance.

HELEN. He is full of harmony.

PANDARUS. Truly, lady, no. PL

HELEN. O, sir-

PANDARUS. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

PARIS. Well said, my lord. Well, you say so in fits.

PANDARUS. I have business to my lord, dear queen. My lord, will you  
vouchsafe me a word?

1-07  
HELEN. Nay, this shall not hedge us out. We'll hear you sing,  
certainly-

PANDARUS. Well sweet queen, you are pleasant with me. But, marry,  
thus, my lord: my dear lord and most esteemed friend, your  
brother Troilus-

HELEN. My Lord Pandarus, honey-sweet lord-

PANDARUS. Go to, sweet queen, go to-commends himself most  
affectionately to you-

HELEN. You shall not bob us out of our melody. // If you do, our



Pand ?mc, gomo
Net, pair
3/4
David O maher
3
Lich hair
3
Gals clothes
3

LXQ36 + SND30

LXQ37 + SND31

SIBy LXQ38  
SND 32

melancholy upon your head!

PANDARUS. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

HELEN. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

PANDARUS. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not,

in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. -And, my

lord, he desires you <sup>FL</sup> that, if the King his father call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

HELEN. My Lord Pandarus!

PANDARUS. What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

PARIS. What exploit's in hand? Where sups <sup>brother Troilus</sup> he to-night?

HELEN. Nay, but, my lord-

PANDARUS. What says my sweet queen?-My cousin will fall out with you.

HELEN. You must not know where <sup>Troilus</sup> he sups.

PARIS. I'll lay my life, with <sup>your niece</sup> my disposer Cressida.

PANDARUS. No, no, no such matter; you are wide. Come, <sup>my niece</sup> your disposer is sick.

PARIS. Well, I'll make <sup>my brother's</sup> excuse. <sup>FL</sup>

PANDARUS. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida?

No, <sup>my niece is</sup> your peer disposer's sick.

PARIS. <sup>That I board a sashed fork, ~~the~~ I spy.</sup> I spy. <sup>You mean</sup>

PANDARUS. You spy! What do you spy?-Come, bring me my instrument.

Now, sweet queen.

HELEN. Why, this is kindly done.

PANDARUS. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

HELEN. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

PANDARUS. He! No, she'll none of him; they two are twain. <sup>FL</sup>

HELEN. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

PANDARUS. Come, come. I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

HELEN. Ay, ay, prithe now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

PANDARUS. Ay, you may, you may.

HELEN. Let thy song be love, ~~nothing but~~ love. This love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

~~PANDARUS. Love! Ay, that it shall, i' faith.~~

LXQ 38 + SND 32

SIBy LXQ 39-40  
SND 33-34

LXQ 39 + SND 33

LXQ 40 + SND 34

SIBy

SND 35 Visual.

Sty X+ent  
wind

4

3xSty X

4

(k)  
1-10  
PARIS. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

PANDARUS. In good troth, it begins so.

[Sings]

Love, love, nothing but love, still love, still more!

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe;

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry, O ho, they die!

Yet that which seems the wound to kill

Doth turn O ho! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still.

O ho! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

O ho! groans out for ha! ha! ha!-hey ho!

*L L, nothing but love, still love, still more*  
For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe;

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry, O ho, they die! //

Yet that which seems the wound to kill

Doth turn O ho! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still.

1-11  
HELEN. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

PARIS. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood,  
and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot  
deeds, and hot deeds is love.

PANDARUS. Is this the generation of love: hot blood, hot thoughts,  
and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers. Is love a generation of  
vipers? Sweet lord, <sup>Paris</sup> who's a-field today?

PARIS. Hector, <sup>Paris</sup> Deiphobus, Helenus, <sup>Antenor</sup> Antenor, and all the gallantry  
of Troy. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not  
have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not? //

As needle on record

SND 35

S/By SND 36, visual

~~Notes~~ Grab's needle

SND 36

LXG 42-42.5

S/By SND 37-38

RL 1, 2, 4

HELEN. He hangs the lip at something. You know all, Lord Pandarus.

PANDARUS. Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they spend  
to-day. My lord, You'll remember your brother's excuse?

PARIS. To a hair.

PANDARUS. Farewell, sweet queen.

HELEN. Commend me to your niece.

PANDARUS. I will, sweet queen. Exit. Sound a retreat

PARIS. <sup>My brother's name</sup> ~~They're~~ come from the field. Let us to Priam's hall

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector. ~~His stubborn buckles,~~

With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel

~~(Or force of Greekish sinews) you shall do more~~

~~Than all the island kings disarm great Hector.~~

HELEN. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty

Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,

Yea, overshines ourself.

PARIS. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

<sup>HELEN</sup> Exeunt <sup>This last will words is</sup> all

<sup>TROILUS.</sup> I am giddy, expectant - <sup>isn't</sup> me round

Cross

4

land X

1 ✓

Par exits with grams

SND37

QL 2.4 2.1

TRC

Rel X

4 ✓

As Tr reaches start

LXB42

Par X

2 ✓

all QL 1 // LXB42.5 + SND38

(which is the round)

TRC

land

1

44  
PANDARUS. She's making her ready, <sup>ill fed on her</sup> she'll come straight; you must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite. ~~I'll fetch her.~~ It is the prettiest villain; she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow.

Exit

TROILUS. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom.

My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse,

And all my powers do their bestowing lose,

~~Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring~~

~~The eye of majesty.~~

Re-enter PANDARUS With CRESSIDA

1-17  
PANDARUS. Come, come, what need you blush? Shame's a baby.-Here she is now; swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.-

What, are you gone again? You must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; an you draw backward, we'll put you i' th' fills.-Why do you not speak to her?-Come, draw this curtain and let's see your picture.

1-18  
Alas the day, how loath you are to offend daylight! An 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now, a kiss in fee-farm! Build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' th' river. Go to, go to.

TROILUS. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

1-19  
PANDARUS. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; but she'll bereave you o' th' deeds too, if she call your activity in question.

Come in, come in; I'll go get a fire.

Exit

1-20  
CRESSIDA. Will you walk in, my lord?

TROILUS. O Cressid, how often have I wish'd me thus!

CRESSIDA. Wish'd, my lord! The gods grant-O my lord!

TROILUS. What should they grant? What makes this pretty abruption?

What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our

Siby LXG 43

LXG 43

<del>Pard</del>	<del>X</del>
<del>3</del>	<del>✓</del>

<del>Pard, Cress</del>	<del>X</del>
<del>3</del>	<del>✓</del>

Cress ↑ × 3-4  
Troi ↑ × 1-2

Pard X	
veit	
3	✓

45  
love?

CRESSIDA. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

1-20  
TROILUS. Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

CRESSIDA. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst oft cures the worse.

TROILUS. O, let my lady apprehend no fear! In all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

CRESSIDA. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

1-21  
TROILUS. Nothing, but our undertakings when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

CRESSIDA. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters? //

TROILUS. Are there such? Such are not we. Praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove; our head shall go bare till merit crown it. ~~We will not name desert before his birth; and, being born, his addition shall be humble.~~ Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such to Cressid as what envy can say worst; and truer to Cressid than Truth can speak true.

1-22  
CRESSIDA. Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS

PANDARUS. What, blushing still? Have you not done talking yet?

CRESSIDA. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

PANDARUS. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

TROILUS. You know now your hostages: your uncle's word and my firm faith.

S1By GL3

QL3

land

3

Trai takes + scarf + jacket

46  
PANDARUS. Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred, though  
<sup>we</sup> they be long ere <sup>we</sup> they are wooed, <sup>we</sup> they are constant being won;  
<sup>we</sup> they are burs, I can tell you; <sup>we</sup> they'll stick where <sup>we</sup> they are  
thrown.

CRESSIDA. Boldness comes to me now and brings me heart.

1-23  
Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day

For many weary months.

TROILUS. Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

CRESSIDA. Hard to seem won; but I was won, my lord,

With the first glance that ever-pardon me.

If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but till now not so much

But I might master it. In faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!

Why have I blabb'd? Who shall be true to us,

When we are so unsecret to ourselves?

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;

And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,

Or that we women had men's privilege

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,

For in this rapture I shall surely speak

The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,

Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

TROILUS. And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

PANDARUS. Pretty, i' faith.

CRESSIDA. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;

'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss.

1-24  
~~I am ashamed. O heavens! what have I done?~~

For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

TROILUS. Your leave, sweet Cressid!

PANDARUS. Leave! An you take leave till to-morrow morning-

CRESSIDA. Pray you, content you.

TROILUS. What offends you, lady?

CRESSIDA. Sir, mine own company.

TROILUS. You cannot shun yourself.

0 Tro x to kiss Crews

67  
CRESSIDA. Let me go and try.

1-25  
I have a kind of self resides with you;  
But an unkind self, that itself will leave  
To be another's fool. I would be gone.  
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

TROILUS. Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

CRESSIDA. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love;  
And fell so roundly to a large confession  
To angle for your thoughts; but you are wise-  
Or else you love not; for to be wise and love  
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

TROILUS. O that I thought it could be in a woman-

As, if it can, I will presume in you-  
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;  
To keep her constancy in plight and youth,  
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind  
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!  
Or that persuasion could but thus convince me  
~~That my integrity and truth to you~~  
~~Might be affronted with the match and weight~~  
~~Of such a winnowed purity in love.~~  
How were I then uplifted! but, alas,  
I am as true as truth's simplicity,  
And simpler than the infancy of truth.

1-26  
CRESSIDA. In that I'll war with you.

TROILUS. O virtuous fight,

1-27  
When right with right wars who shall be most right!  
True swains in love shall in the world to come  
Approve their truth by Troilus, when their rhymes,  
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,  
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration-  
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,  
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,  
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' centre-  
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,  
As truth's authentic author to be cited,  
'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse

5 mins to Interval

S/By LX@44.5

LX@44.5

Troilus takes off scarp & jct

Troi ↑ area 2

Cress ↓ area 4

45  
And sanctify the numbers.

CRESSIDA. Prophet may you be!

1-28  
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,  
When time is old and hath forgot itself,  
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,  
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,  
And mighty states characterless are grated  
To dusty nothing-yet let memory  
From false to false, among false maids in love,  
Upbraid my falsehood when th' have said 'As false  
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,  
(As fox to lamb, or wolf to heifer's calf,  
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son'-  
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,  
'As false as Cressid.'

1-29  
PANDARUS. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it; I'll be the  
witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's. If ever you  
prove false one to another, since I have taken such pains to  
bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be call'd to  
the world's end after my name-call them all Pandars; let all  
constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all  
brokers between Pandars. Say 'Amen.'

TROILUS. Amen.

CRESSIDA. Amen.

1-30  
PANDARUS. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a chamber  
and a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your  
pretty encounters, press it to death. Away!  
~~And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,  
Bed, chamber, pander, to provide this gear!~~

Exeunt

1-31  
INTERVAL

S/By LXQ 45-47 + H/L

LXQ 45
73 LXQ 46
Canv out LXQ 47 + H/L

All X

3

Troi ↓ area 2

Cross ↑

Pand ↑ x C

Tro ↑ x C to Pand

Cross x C to Pand

Ladies & Gentlemen,

This is your Part Two Beginners call

SIBy Part Two Beginners

SIM

Technical Staff

Wardrobe, Wigs

SIBy HIL LXQ 50-51

SNOA 40

GL 1, 2

Surtitler - ~~Rouber~~ 3 men  
announce -  
next

49

ACT III. SCENE 3.

The Greek camp

Flourish. Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NESTOR, AJAX,  
MENE LAUS, and CALCHAS

AGAMEMNON. What wouldst thou of us, Calchas? Make demand.

CALCHAS. You have a Trojan prisoner ~~call'd Antenor,~~  
Yesterday took.

Of't have I desir'd my Cressid in exchange,  
Let him be sent, great Princes,  
And he shall buy my daughter; and her <sup>return</sup> ~~presence~~  
Shall quite strike off all service I have done.

AGAMEMNON. Let Diomedes bear him,  
And bring us Cressid hither. Calchas shall have  
What he requests of us. Good Diomed,  
Furnish you fairly for this interchange.

DIOMEDES. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden  
Which I am proud to bear.

Exit Diomedes & Calchas

50

ULYSSES. Achilles stands I' th' entrance of his tent  
Please it our general <sup>walk</sup> ~~pass~~ strangely by him  
As if he were forgot, ~~and princes all~~  
~~Lay negligent and loose regard upon him~~  
~~I will come last.~~

AGAMEMNON. I will lead the way.

The generals pass over the stage

ACHILLES. What means these fellows, Know they not Achilles.  
~~They pass by strangely.~~ What, am I poor of late?  
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men too. What the declin'd is,  
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others  
As feel in his own fall; But 'tis not so with me.

On clearance

Announcement LXQ 50	HL 1/2
LXQ 50-5	HL out
to complete SNDQ 40 + QL 1,2	
Catchas set LXQ 51	

S/By LXQ 51.5 - 52  
SNDQ 41

As Catchas leaves special

LXQ 51.5
----------

LXQ 52 + SND 41
-----------------

S/By LXQ 53

Aj, Ach, Ul, Cal

1
Die, Aga, No, Men

2
---

Cal-Diam X
1

Genes X
3-4



Greater ent, cross, side bed

Ach & Bed

Cal x 3-4 C

Also line up 1-2, Aga in front

O Ach ↑

Genes exit 3-4

50  
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy  
At ample point all that I did possess  
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out  
Something not worth in me such rich beholding  
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses.  
I'll interrupt his reading.  
How now, Ulysses!

61  
ULYSSES. Now, great Thetis' son!

ACHILLES. What are you reading?

ULYSSES. A strange fellow here

Writes me that man-how ever much in having  
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,  
Nor feels not what he owns, but by reflection;

ACHILLES. This is not strange, Ulysses.

The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To others' eyes; This is not strange at all.

ULYSSES. I do not strain at the argument-

It is familiar-but at the author's drift;  
Who, in his circumstance, expressly proves  
That no man is the lord of anything  
Till he communicate his parts to others;

~~Nor doth he of himself know them for aught  
Till he behold them formed in th' applause-~~

I was much rapt in this;

And apprehended here immediately

Th' unknown Ajax. Heavens, what a man is there!

A very horse that has he knows not what!

~~Nature, what things there are that yet are hid!~~

~~Most abject in regard and dear in use!~~

~~What things again most dear in the esteem-~~

~~And poor in worth!~~ Now shall we see to-morrow *in the field*

~~An act that~~ <sup>combat</sup> very chance doth throw upon him-

Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,

While some men leave to do!

To see these Grecian lords!-why, even already

They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,

~~Uly~~

~~Bole~~

~~2~~

LXQ53

51  
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,  
And great Troy shrinking.

ACHILLES. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me

As misers do by beggars-neither gave to me  
Good word nor look. What, are my deeds forgot?

ULYSSES. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
A great-siz'd monster of ingritudes.

Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon

As done. (Perseverance, dear my lord,

Keeps honour bright.) To have done is to hang, my lord

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty sword

In monumental mock'ry. <sup>there's danger in delay ✓</sup> Take the instant way,

<sup>there's danger in delay</sup> For honour travels through a strait so narrow -

But one may pass abreast. Keep then the path,

For father envy hath a thousand sons

That one by one pursue; if you give way,

Like to an ent'red tide they all rush by

And leave you hindmost, o'er-run and trampled on.

For Time is like a fashionable host,

That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;

But with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,

Grasps in the comer. His welcome ever smiles,

While farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was;

For beauty, wit, love, friendship, charity,

Are subjects all t'envious and calumniating Time.

The present eye praises the present object.

Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,

Since things in motion sooner catch the eye

Than what stirs not. <sup>their praise</sup> The cry went once on thee,

And still it might, and yet it may again,

If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive

And <sup>wide</sup> ~~case~~ thy reputation in thy tent,

Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late-

SIBy LXQ54

As Uly leaves 1-2 area

LXQ54

SIBy LXQ55  
QL1

LXQ55

QL1

17X

62  
~~Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,  
And drave great Mars to faction.~~

ACHILLES. Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

ULYSSES. But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical.

Thou'rt known, Achilles!

(Enter PATROCLUS)

ACHILLES. Ha! known!

ULYSSES. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state  
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;  
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps;  
Keeps place with thought, and almost, like the gods,  
Do thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.  
There is a mystery-with whom relation  
Durst never meddle-in the soul of state,  
Which hath an operation more divine  
Than breath or pen can give expressure to.  
All commerce that you have my Lord is known  
Farewell, my lord. I as your lover speak.  
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

Exit

PATROCLUS. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you.

A woman impudent and mannish grown  
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man  
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;  
They think my little stomach to the war  
And your great love to me restrains you thus.  
Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid  
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,  
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,  
Be shook to airy air.

ACHILLES. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

PATROCLUS. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

ACHILLES. I see my reputation is at stake;  
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Pat  
down  
1

Pat enr x 3-4 end  
↳ on towel to sunbath

S/By LXQ56

As Uly exits

LXQ56

Uly x  
3 ✓

P.T.O.

Pat ↑

PATROCLUS. O, then, beware:

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves;

Omission to do what is necessary

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Even then when they sit idly in the sun. [slap]

ACHILLES. Sweet Patroclus.

~~PATROCLUS exits.~~

Enter THERSITES.

THERSITES. Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself.

~~ACHILLES. How so?~~

THERSITES. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector, and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

~~ACHILLES. How can that be?~~

THERSITES. Why, 'a stalks up and down like a peacock-a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' th' combat, he'll break't himself in vainglory. He knows not me. I said 'Good morrow, Ajax'; and he replies 'Thanks, Agamemnon.' What think you of this man that takes me for the general? He's grown a very land fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of opinion!

ACHILLES. I have a woman's longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;

To talk with him, and to behold his visage,

Even to my full of view.

~~THERSITES. I would rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.~~

Paris: welcome to Troy

Is the prince Paris risen so early!

SIBy LXG 57  
SND 42  
QL 2.4

stay

~~The  
tray~~

~~3~~

The

↪  
pans coffee

QL 2 + 4

P.H. 21001

"view"

LXG 57

"see early"

SND 42

~~The~~

~~X~~

~~3~~

P.T.O.

56  
11  
ACT IV. SCENE 1.

Troy. A street

Enter PARIS, DIOMEDES the Grecian, and others

PARIS Welcome to Troy.

DIOMEDES. Is the Prince Paris <sup>risen so early</sup> here ~~in person?~~

Had I so good occasion to lie long

As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

PARIS. Tell me, noble Diomed-faith, tell me true,

Who in your thoughts deserves fair Helen best,

Myself or Menelaus?

DIOMEDES. Both alike:

He merits well to have her that doth seek her, //

Not making any scruple of her soilure,

With such a hell of pain and world of charge;

And you as well to keep her that defend her,

Not palating the taste of her dishonour,

With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.

He like a puling cuckold would drink up

The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;

You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins

Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors.

Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;

But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

PARIS. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

DIOMEDES. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:

For every false drop in her bawdy veins

A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple

Of her contaminated carrion weight //

A Trojan hath been slain; since she could speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath

As for her Greeks and Trojans suffred death.

PARIS. Fair Diomed, you do <sup>chry</sup> as men do,

Dispraise the thing that you <sup>h</sup> desire to buy;

But we in silence hold this virtue well:

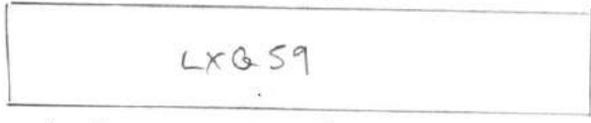
*We'll not commend what we intend to sell*

Paris
- sheet
3
Dis
1
Male
sheet
4
Pat X
1
Ach X
3

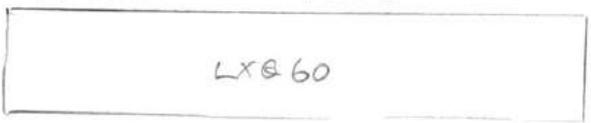
Dis 6  
Paris 6

SIBy LX659 +60

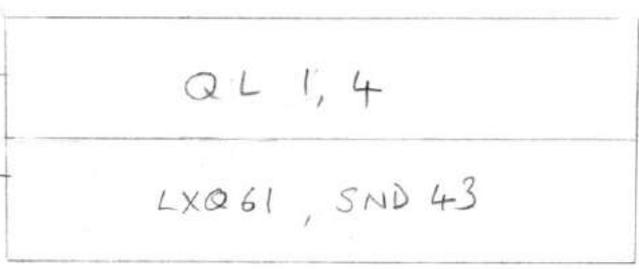
As Paris leaves 3-4



As Male reaches Patroc



SIBy LX661  
SND43  
QL 1, 4



Male across bed - head @ 4  
Paris ↓ 3 of bed  
Drom ↓ 1 of bed

As Male

(57)

We'll not commend what we intend to sell.

Enter AENEAS & Helenus

→ DIOMEDES. Good morrow, Lord Aeneas.

→ ~~PARIS. A valiant Greek, Aeneas take his hand:~~

AENEAS. Health to you, valiant sir,

DIOMEDES. The one and other Diomed embraces. //

Our bloods are now in calm; and so long health!

But when contention and occasion meet,

By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life

AENEAS. By Venus' hand I swear

No man alive can love in such a sort

The thing he means to kill, ~~more excellently.~~

DIOMEDES. We know each other well.

AENEAS. We do; and long to know each other worse.

(~~PARIS. This is the most spiteful'st gentle greeting~~

~~The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of~~

AENEAS Helenus  
What business, lord, so early?

(~~AENEAS. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.~~

Helenus  
~~PARIS. His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek~~

To Calchas' house, and there to render him,  
the fair Cressid.

~~Let's have your company.~~ I constantly believe-

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night.

I fear we shall be much unwelcome.

(58)  
AENEAS. That I assure you:

Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece

Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Helenus  
~~PARIS. There is no help;~~

The bitter disposition of the time

Will have it so.

Exeunt

TROI Dear trouble not yourself, the moon is cold

SIBy LXQ62-62.5  
 SND43A  
 QL 2+4

QL 2+4

T&C jump into bed

LXQ62



LXQ62.5 + SND43A

Aen	
	4
MelS	
Docu	1
Cres	
Sned. PANS	4
Tro	
Bed tone, Cobne	3
Rel X	
	1
Pans X	
	3

Pans gives docu to Aeneas

51  
14  
ACT IV. SCENE 2.

Troy. The court of PANDARUS' house

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA

TROILUS. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

CRESSIDA. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;  
He shall unbolt the gates.

TROILUS. Trouble him not;  
To bed, to bed! Sleep kill those pretty eyes,  
And give as soft attachment to thy senses  
As infants' empty of all thought!

CRESSIDA. Good morrow, then.

TROILUS. I prithee now, to bed.

CRESSIDA. Are you aweary of me? //

TROILUS. O Cressida! but that the busy day,  
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,  
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,  
I would not from thee.

CRESSIDA. Night hath been too brief.

TROILUS. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays  
As tediously as hell, but flies the grasps of love  
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.  
You will catch cold, and curse me.

CRESSIDA. Prithee tarry.

You men will never tarry.  
O foolish Cressid! I might have still held off,  
And then you would have tarried.

PANDARUS. [Within] What's all the doors open here?

TROILUS. It is your uncle.

Enter PANDARUS

CRESSIDA. A pestilence on him! Now will he be mocking.  
I shall have such a life!

PANDARUS. How now, how now! How go maidenheads?  
Here, you maid! Where's my cousin Cressid?

Pais X

3

Acn. Dro X

4

Neles X

2

0

Fight over cases, Tri out of bed

LXG 64

LXG 64

SIBy OL 4

OL4

Pand

Pand

Tr. clothes

3

Pand chases Tri round bed

CRESSIDA. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle.

You bring me to do, and then you flout me too.

PANDARUS. To do what? to do what? Let her say what.

What have I brought you to do?

CRESSIDA. Come, come, beshrew your heart! You'll ne'er be good,  
Nor suffer others.

PANDARUS. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchia! hast not  
slept to-night? Would he not, a naughty man, let it sleep? A  
bugbear take him!

CRESSIDA. Did not I tell you? Would he were knock'd i' th' head!

[One knocks]

Who's that at door? Good uncle, go and see.

My lord, come you again into my chamber.

You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

TROILUS. Ha! ha!

CRESSIDA. Come, you are deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.

[Knock]

How earnestly they knock! Pray you come in:

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

Exeunt TROILUS and CRESSIDA

PANDARUS. Who's there? What's the matter? Will you beat down the  
door? How now? What's the matter?

Enter AENEAS

AENEAS. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

PANDARUS. Who's there? My lord Aeneas? By my troth,  
I knew you not. What news with you so early?

AENEAS. Is not Prince Troilus here?

PANDARUS. Here! What should he do here?

AENEAS. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him.

It doth import him much to speak with me.

PANDARUS. Is he here, say you? It's more than I know, I'll be  
sworn. For my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

AENEAS. Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you are

Siby QL3  
LX65

QL3

Knock

QL3

Knock

QL3 // have you seen here  
LX65

Ken

Ken

Docu

3

T+C → bed

Troll dresses

61  
ware; you'll be so true to him to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

Re-enter TROILUS

TROILUS. How now! What's the matter?

AENEAS. My lord, I ~~scarce have leisure to salute you,~~

~~My matter is so rash.~~ There is at hand

Prince Paris ~~your brother~~, and the Grecian Diomed

Within this hour we must give up

to Diomedes' hand, the Lady Cressida

To bestow upon her father.

TROILUS. Is it so concluded?

AENEAS. By <sup>your father</sup> Priam, and the general state of Troy.

They are at hand and ready to effect it.

TROILUS. How my achievements mock me!

I will go meet them; and, my lord Aeneas,

We met by chance; you did not find me here.

AENEAS. Good, good, my lord, the secrets of neighbour Pandar

Are not more taciturn.

Exeunt TROILUS and AENEAS

PANDARUS. Is't possible? No sooner got but lost? The devil take her father! The young prince will go mad. A plague upon her father! I would they had broke's neck.

Re-enter CRESSIDA

CRESSIDA. How now! What's the matter? Who was here?

PANDARUS. Ah, ah!

CRESSIDA. Why sigh you so profoundly? Where's my lord? Gone? Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

PANDARUS. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

CRESSIDA. O the gods! What's the matter?

PANDARUS. ~~(Pray thee, get thee in.)~~ Would thou hadst ne'er been born!

I knew thou wouldst be his death! O, poor gentleman! A plague upon your father!

CRESSIDA. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you,

Trois out of bed x 1-2

S/By LXQ66

Tro, Aen X

3 ✓

LXQ66

Pand into bed

Cross to bed to comfort Pand

62  
what's the matter?

PANDARUS. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone ; thou must to thy father, and be gone from

Troilus. 'Twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

CRESSIDA. O you immortal gods! I will not go.

PANDARUS. Thou must.

CRESSIDA. I will not, uncle. I have forgot my father;  
I know no touch of consanguinity,  
No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me  
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine,  
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,  
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,  
Do to this body what extremes you can,  
But the strong base and building of my love //  
Is as the very centre of the earth,  
Drawing all things to it.

PANDARUS. Be moderate, be moderate.

CRESSIDA. Why tell you me of moderation?

24  
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,  
How can I moderate it? ~~My love admits~~  
~~No qualifying dross, no more my grief.~~

Enter TROILUS

PANDARUS. Here, here, here he comes. ~~Ah, sweet ducks!~~

CRESSIDA. O Troilus! Troilus! [Embracing him]

~~PANDARUS. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too.~~  
~~We see it, we see it. How now, lambs!~~

TROILUS. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity  
That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,  
More bright in zeal than the devotion which  
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

CRESSIDA. Have the gods envy?

PANDARUS. Ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

CRESSIDA. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

S/By OL3

OL3

Top

Tri

3

Pand X

4 ✓

Pand collect clothes + case

63  
TROILUS. A hateful truth.

CRESSIDA. What, and from Troilus too?

TROILUS. From Troy and Troilus.

CRESSIDA. Is't possible?

TROILUS.

12  
We two, that with so many thousand sighs  
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves.  
Injurious time now with a robber's haste  
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how.  
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,  
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,  
He fumbles up into a loose adieu,  
And scants us with a single furnish'd kiss.

AENEAS. [Within] My lord, is the lady ready?

TROILUS. Hark! you are call'd. Some say the Genius so

Cries 'Come' to him that instantly must die.

PARIS: Come brother Troilus

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

PANDARUS. Where are my tears?

23  
Exit

CRESSIDA. I must then to the Grecians?

TROILUS. No remedy.

CRESSIDA. A woeful Cressid 'mongst the merry Greeks!

When shall we see each other again?

TROILUS. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart-

CRESSIDA. I true! how now! What wicked deem is this?

TROILUS. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us.

I speak not 'Be thou true' as fearing thee,

For I will throw my glove to Death himself

That there's no seed of treason in thy heart;

But 'Be thou true' say I to fashion in

My sequent protestation: be thou true,

And I will see thee.

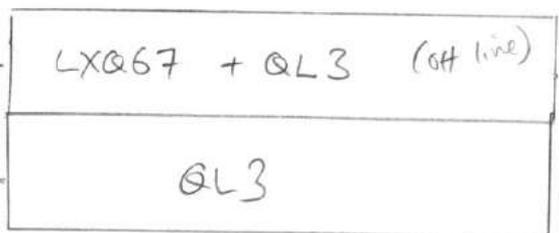
CRESSIDA. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers

As infinite as imminent! But I'll be true.

TROILUS. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

CRESSIDA. And you this glove. When shall I see you?

S1By QL3  
LXQ67



Pand  
Clothes, rose, gum  
4

Pand shirt de band  
Cress dresses

Pand X  
3

Cress packs

64  
TROILUS. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels  
To give thee nightly visitation.  
But yet be true.

CRESSIDA. O heavens! 'Be true' again!

TROILUS. Hear why I speak it, love.  
The Grecian youths are full of quality;  
They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of nature,  
And flowing o'er with arts and exercise.  
How novelties may move, and parts with person,  
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy,  
Which I beseech you call a virtuous sin,  
Makes me afraid.

CRESSIDA. O heavens! you love me not.

TROILUS. Die I a villain, then!  
In this I do not call your faith in question  
So as my merit. I cannot sweeten talk,  
Nor play at subtle games-fair virtues all,  
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant;  
But I can tell that in each grace of these  
There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil  
That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted. //

CRESSIDA. Do you think I will?

TROILUS. No.  
But something may be done that we will not;  
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,  
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,  
Presuming on their changeful potency.

AENEAS. [Within] Nay, good my lord!

TROILUS. Come, kiss; and let us part.

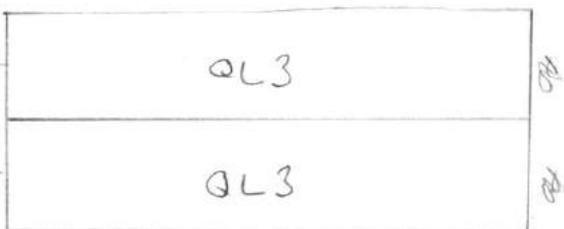
PARIS. [Within] Brother Troilus!

TROILUS. Good <sup>sister</sup> Paris, come you hither;  
And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you.

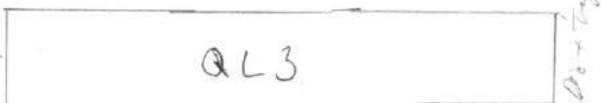
CRESSIDA. My lord, will you be true?

TROILUS. Who, I? Alas, it is my vice, my fault!  
Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,  
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;  
Whilst some with cunning ~~gild~~ their copper crowns,

S/By GL3



Both put shoes on



With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.  
Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit  
Is 'plain and true'; there's all the reach of it.

Enter AENEAS, PARIS, and DIOMEDES *& Helenus*

Welcome, Sir Diomed! Here is the lady  
Which to her father you will deliver;  
At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,  
And by the way possess thee what she is.  
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,  
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,  
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe  
As Priam is in Ilion.

DIOMEDES. Fair Lady Cressid,  
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects.  
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,  
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed  
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

TROILUS. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously //  
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee  
In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece,  
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises  
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.  
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;  
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,  
Though the <sup>nighly Ajax</sup> ~~great bulk Achilles~~ be thy guard,  
I'll cut thy throat.

DIOMEDES. O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus.    
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message  
To be a speaker free: when I am ~~hence~~ <sup>in the Grecian camp</sup>  
I'll answer to my lust. And know you, lord,  
I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth  
She shall be priz'd ~~amongst the Greeks~~.    
But that you say 'Be't so,'  
I speak it in my spirit and honour, No.

*Exeunt*

Tra ↓ area 2

Cross ↑

Pand ↑ x C

Tra ↑ x C to Pand

Cross x C to Pand

8/By LXQ 45-47 + H/L

All X

3

LXQ 45

73

LXQ 46

Cont of

LXQ 47 + H/L

Exeunt

Set up bed  
4x4 @ C

Par, Par, Dia + Hole

3

T + C x 1-2 end

Par + Aeneas move in on Cross.

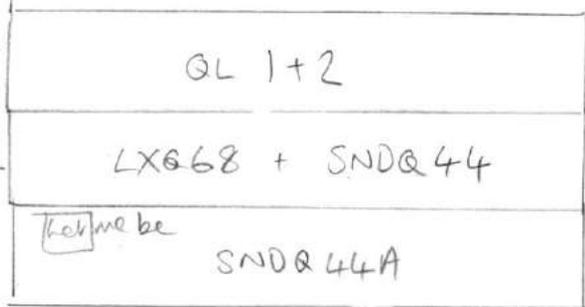
Dian x to 1 dr bed

Tr, Par + Aen x 3-4

Dic ↓ on bed

Aen pulls bed cores from Dian

SIBy LXQ 68-70  
SND 44-45  
QL 1, 2



Ajax

1

Age, U, N, Par

2

& SIBy QL 3



Gabriel strikes bedding

P. To

67  
28  
ACT IV. SCENE 5.

The Grecian camp. Lists set out

Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES, PATROCLUS, MENELAUS,  
ULYSSES, NESTOR

GREEKS CHANT. Ajax!

AJAX. Thou, trumpet.

Crack thy lungs and split thy brazen pipe;

Blow, villain, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood:

Thou blowest for Hector. [Trumpet sounds]

ULYSSES. No trumpet answers. 'Tis but early days.

~~Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure~~ *Praised be thy rigour, Ajax*

~~Praise him that gat thee, she that gave thee suck~~

~~Fam'd be thy tutor and thy parts of nature.~~

~~Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition~~

But he that disciplined thine arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain and give him half.

*I will not praise thy wisdom, which like a boorne  
A pale, a shore confines thy spacious and dilated parts*

Enter DIOMEDES, with CRESSIDA

AGAMEMNON. Is this the lady Cressid?

DIOMEDES. Even she.

AGAMEMNON. Most <sup>dearly</sup> welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady. *Agamemnon*

NESTOR. Our general doth salute you with a kiss.

ULYSSES. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

NESTOR. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.

~~So much for Nestor.~~

AJAX. Fair lady, Ajax bids you welcome.

ULYSSES: What think you, lord Menelaus.

MENELAUS. I had good argument for kissing once.

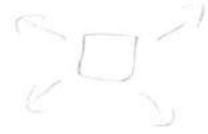
CRESSIDA: PATROCLUS. But that's no argument for kissing now;

PAT: The first was Menelaus' kiss; this, mine-

[Kisses her again]

Patroclus kisses you.

MENELAUS. I'll have my kiss, sir. Lady, by your leave.



LXG 70 + SNDQ45

Per, Pen, Ms, Tris X

3

Dir, Cress X

1

QL3

Dir/Cross

Diem  
csl

3

Cress

3

s/By QL4

QL4

Men

Men

Wp - glass

3

Menelaus

~~He~~ give you three for one.

CRESSIDA. You are an odd man, ~~Lord Menelaus~~

MENELAUS. An odd man, lady? Every man is odd.

CRESSIDA. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

~~NESTOR. A woman of quick sense.~~

ULYSSES. May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

CRESSIDA. You may.

ULYSSES. I do desire it.

CRESSIDA. Why, beg then.

DIOMEDES & CRESSIDA Exit

ULYSSES. Fie, fie upon her!

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint and motive of her body.

~~Oh these encounters so glib of tongue~~

~~That give a coasting welcome ere it comes,~~

~~And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts~~

~~To every ticklish reader! Set them down~~

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game. ~~[Trumpet within]~~

~~ALL. The Trojans' trumpet.~~

Enter HECTOR, armed; AENEAS, TROILUS, HELENUS,  
and other Trojans, with attendants

~~AGAMEMNON. Yonder comes the troop.)~~

AENEAS. Hail, all the state of Greece! What shall be done

To him that victory commands? ~~Hector bade ask.~~

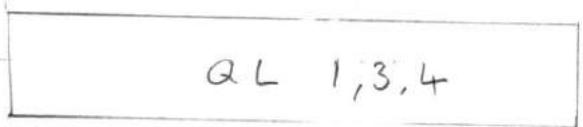
AGAMEMNON. Which way would Hector have it?

AENEAS. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

~~Re-enter DIOMEDES~~

AGAMEMNON. Here is Sir Diomed. Go, gentle knight,  
Stand by our Ajax. As you and Lord Aeneas

SIBy QL 1,3,4



QL 1,3,4

Diss, Cross X

1

Diss

1

(Acc)

Diss

Acc, Tr, Med

sw

3

Acc

swish

3



SIBy LXQ71

P.T.O.

○ Uly exits 3-4

○ Uly reappears

Uly 4 x 1-2

Greels x 3-4 C

Greels trace Uly

○ Diam etc

Greels set  
stalls to lists



(a)  
Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it; either to the uttermost, <sup>death</sup>

~~Or else a breath. Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.~~

[AJAX and HECTOR enter the lists]

~~ULYSSES. They are oppos'd already.~~

(~~AGAMEMNON. What Trojan is that same that looks so heavy?~~

~~ULYSSES. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;~~

~~They call him Troilus, and on him erect~~

~~A second hope as fairly built as Hector.)~~

(39)  
[Alarum. HECTOR and AJAX fight]

AGAMEMNON. They are in action.

~~NESTOR. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!~~

~~TROILUS. Hector, thou sleep'st;~~

~~Awake thee.~~

~~AGAMEMNON. His blows are well dispos'd. There, Ajax!~~

~~[Trumpets cease]~~

(40)  
HECTOR. Will I no more.

Let me embrace thee, Ajax.

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus.

Ajax, all honour to thee!

AJAX. I came to kill thee, Hector.

AENEAS. There is expectance here from both the sides

What further you will do.

HECTOR. We'll answer it:

The issue is embracement. (41)

AJAX. If I might in entreaties find success,

As seld I have the chance, I would desire //

This famous Hector to our Grecian tents.

HECTOR. Aeneas, call my brother Troilus to me,

And signify this peace to Troy.

Give me thy hand, ~~my coz;~~ Ajax

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights

~~The worthiest of them tell me name by name;~~

LXQ 71

Trojans - 4-1

Greeks - 3-2

SIB<sub>3</sub> LXQ 72

LXQ 72

○ Nec + Ajax embrace

71

~~Save~~ ~~how I will recognise~~  
~~But for Achilles, my own searching eyes~~

~~Shall find him by his large and portly size.~~

AGAMEMNON. Worthy all arms! as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy.

But that's no welcome. Understand more clear,

What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,

Bids thee with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

HECTOR. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON. [To Troilus] My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

MENELAUS. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting.

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

HECTOR. Who must we answer?

AENEAS. The noble Menelaus. <sup>[1/2 laugh]</sup>

HECTOR. O you, my lord? By Mars his gauntlet, thanks!

Mock not that I affect the untraded oath;

Your <sup>Kelen</sup> ~~quondam~~ wife swears still by Venus' glove.

She's well, but bade me not commend her to you. <sup>[laugh]</sup>

MENELAUS. Name her not now, sir; <sup>my wife is</sup> ~~she's~~ a deadly theme.

HECTOR. O, pardon; I offend. <sup>[laugh]</sup>

NESTOR I knew thy grandsire,

And once fought with him. He was a soldier good,

But, ~~by great Mars, the captain of us all,~~

Never like thee. O, let an old man embrace thee;

~~And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.~~

AENEAS. 'Tis the old Nestor.

HECTOR. Let me embrace thee,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time.

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee. <sup>[clap]</sup>

NESTOR. I would my arms could match thee in contention <sup>[laugh]</sup>

~~As they contend with thee in courtesy.~~

HECTOR. I would they could. <sup>[laugh]</sup>

NESTOR. Ha!

By this white <sup>lash</sup> beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow. <sup>[laugh]</sup>

Aga ↑ stage

○ Mene S to stage via 1-2

Heckar unams  
- gives armor to Aencas

○ Nes S stage via 1-2

72

Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time. [cheer + day]

ULYSSES. I wonder now how yonder city stands,  
When we have here her base and pillar by us.

HECTOR. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.  
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,  
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed  
In Ilion on your Greekish embassy. [laugh]

ULYSSES. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.  
My prophecy is but half his journey yet;  
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,  
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,  
Must kiss their own feet.

HECTOR. I must not believe you. [laugh]  
There they stand yet; and modestly I think  
The fall of every Trojan stone will cost  
A drop of Grecian blood. The end crowns all;  
And that old common arbitrator, Time,  
Will one day end it.

ULYSSES. So to him we leave it.

Enter ACHILLES

ACHILLES. Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;  
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,  
And quoted joint by joint.

HECTOR. Is this Achilles?

ACHILLES. I am Achilles.

HECTOR. Stand fair, I pray thee; let me look on thee.

ACHILLES. Behold thy fill.

HECTOR. Nay, I have done already. [laugh]

ACHILLES. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,  
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

HECTOR. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;  
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.  
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye? [laugh]

ACHILLES. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body  
Shall I destroy him? Whether there, or there, or there?

68

62

73

SIBy LXG 72.5 -  
72.7

LXG 72.5

Acc

And

As Activities in activity area

LXG 72.7

That I may give the local wound a name,  
And make distinct the very breach whereout  
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens.

HECTOR. It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,  
To answer such a question. Stand again.  
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly?

ACHILLES. I tell thee yea.

HECTOR. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,  
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;  
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;  
But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,  
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.  
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag.  
His insolence draws folly from my lips;  
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,  
Or may I never-

AJAX. Do not chafe thee, cousin;  
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone.

HECTOR. I pray you let us see you in the field;  
We have had <sup>but</sup> pelting wars since you refus'd  
The Grecians' cause.

ACHILLES. Dost thou entreat me, Hector?  
To-morrow do I meet thee <sup>in the field</sup>, fell as death;  
To-night all friends.

HECTOR. Thy hand upon that match.

AGAMEMNON.

Beat loud the tambourines, let the trumpets blow,  
That this great soldier may his welcome know.

Exeunt all but ACHILLES and PATROCLUS

~~ACHILLES.~~

~~PATROCLUS~~ We'll heat his blood with greekish wine tonight.

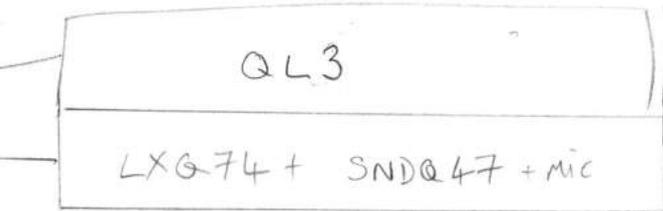
ACHILLES. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite  
From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle.  
My mind is troubled like a fountain stirred;  
And I myself see not the bottom of it.  
I can not fight.

*My dearest Hector,  
we shall lead you to  
the ~~height~~ welcome brave  
Hector, welcome prizes all  
Come, come, Enter my tent*

S/By QL3

S/By LXG ~~74~~-74

SNDQ ~~47~~-47+mic



○ Nectar mad out break - held back by Trj.  
All ↑ stage

~~Dic collects arms~~  
~~Acneous collects arms~~

76  
43  
50  
ACT V. SCENE 1.

Enter THERSITES, HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES,  
NESTOR, MENELAUS, HELENUS, AENEAS, PATROCLUS, ACHILLES and  
DIOMEDES

THERSITES. (sings) Love, love, nothing but love, still love, still more!

~~ACHILLES. Gentlemen!~~

THERSITES (sings) For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe;

~~The shaft confounds~~

~~Not that it wounds,~~

→ Therites welcomes the sons of Troy

For, oh, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe;

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.



My lord Achilles bids you welcome

Most gentle and most valiant Hector, ~~welcome.~~

ACT: tonight all friends

~~The very brave Hector, the very, very, very brave Hector~~

hector  
THER: Let me look on thee.

Hey dey.

my lord Achilles  
After ~~the general~~ I beseech you next to feast with me.

Come - enter my tent.

I will ~~kiss~~ <sup>kill</sup> you here and here and here, nay, I will kill thee everywhere

For thy lusty arms subdued the camel Ajax.

come hither  
Ajax - thou full dish of fool, "I am not warm yet, let me fight again" <sup>villain</sup> Blaw, Blaw, T'was blawed for Hector

God a mercy.

(Welcome Prince Troilus - he is yclept Troilus, and on him - gather and surmise, Troy  
erects a second hope as fairly built as Hector - od's my little life.)

(Prince Troilus - I will not dispraise thy sister Cassandra's wit - no - "Cry, Trojan's,  
cry", no, not for the love of Grace)

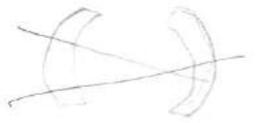
our general  
The illustrious Agamemnon <sup>my lord Achilles</sup> welcomes you - how if he had boils full all over,

generally and those boils did run, say so - then there would come some matter from  
him - I see none now... look upon him, he is an honest fellow enough but he has not  
so much brain as ear wax

Diomedes welcomes you.

Here comes Diomedes

Ther  
mic  
3



Pat Xient  
glasses etc  
1

Stiles to ~~benard~~ scattered  
by Patric + Ach

Agar Mene Hel Ach  
Rec Agn uly Patr  
TI Hen NS Doin

Siby LXG 76  
SND 48

Ther out spot / Lock note // On appraise

LXG 76 // SND 48

Ther is an Rec lap

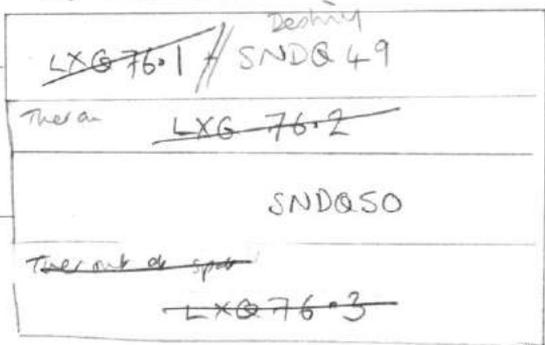
100% Rec

Ther ↑



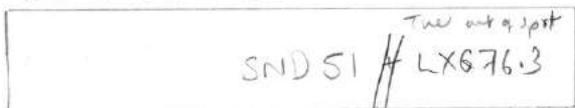
S/By ~~LXG 76.1 - 76.3~~  
SNDG 49 - 50

As Ther exits

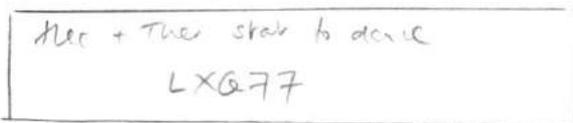


S/By LXG 76.3  
SND 51

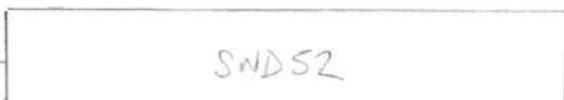
Last die, blow



S/By LXG 77



S/By SNDG 52 - 54  
LXG 78 - 78.5



P.T.O.

Ther dances with Hector  
Dion exits  
Ner / Aga dance  
Other dance

77

AGAMEMNON. We go wrong, we go wrong.  
So now, fair Prince of Troy, I bid good night;  
HECTOR. Thanks, and good night to the Greeks' general.  
AGAMEMNON. Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

HECTOR. I trouble you.

AJAX. No, not a whit.

MENELAUS. Good night, my lord.

*Ach - Good night my lord*  
HECTOR. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

AGAMEMNON. Good night.

HECTOR. Give me your hand.

And so, good night.

*Ach: Good night my lord.*

Exit all but TROILUS, ULYSSES and THERSITES

*My sweet Patroclus*

78

TROILUS. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,

*I am thwarted quite from my great purpose in Helen's battle*

In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

*My mind is troubled like a fountain stirred & I myself see not the bottom of it*

ULYSSES. In his tent, most princely Troilus.

*I cannot fight*

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night,

Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,

But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view

On the fair Cressid.

TROILUS. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,

To bring me thither?

ULYSSES. You shall command me, sir.

As gentle tell me of what honour was

This Cressida in Troy? Hath she no lover there

That wails her absence?

TROILUS. O sir, to such a boasting show their scars

A mock is due. ~~Will you walk on. My lord?~~

ULYSSES. Let us follow Diomed's torch. I'll keep you company.

~~THERSITES. I'll stay. Nothing but lechery! All incontinent varlets!~~

LXQ 78

X

1

Antic, solve (learn):

SND 54

X

2

X

3

As Ach shaka do more st

X

LXQ 78.5

4

○ Patr exits

Siby LXQ 80

QLI

SND 85

Cross

QLI

Chauvito

1

LXQ 80 + SND 85

Do

1

79  
53  
ACT V. SCENE 2.

The Grecian camp. Before CALCHAS' tent

Enter DIOMEDES and CRESSIDA

1.00  
ULYSSES. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

~~Here she comes, my lord.~~  
TICK - All in combination variety

ULY. Cressid comes forth to him.

DIOMEDES. How now, my charge!

CRESSIDA. Now, my sweet guardian! Hark a word with you. (whispers)

TROILUS. Yea, so familiar!

DIOMEDES. Will you remember?

CRESSIDA. Remember? Yes.

DIOMEDES. Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

TROILUS. What shall she remember?

80  
ULYSSES. List!

CRESSIDA. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

THERSITES. Roguery!

DIOMEDES. Nay, then-

CRESSIDA. I'll tell you what-

DIOMEDES. Fo, fo! come, tell a pin; you are forsworn-

CRESSIDA. In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?

甲

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

○ □

60  
THERSITES. A juggling trick

DIOMEDES. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

CRESSIDA. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;  
Bid me do anything but that, sweet Greek.

DIOMEDES. Good night.

~~TROILUS. Hold, patience!~~

~~ULYSSES. How now, Troyan!~~

CRESSIDA. Diomed!

DIOMEDES. No, no, good night; I'll be your fool no more.

CRESSIDA. Hark! a word in your ear.

TROILUS. O plague and madness!

1. or  
61  
ULYSSES. You are moved, Prince; let us depart, I pray,  
This place is dangerous;  
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

TROILUS. Behold, I pray you.

~~ULYSSES. Nay, good my lord, go off,  
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.~~

TROILUS. I prithee stay.

ULYSSES. You have not patience; come.

TROILUS. ~~I pray you, stay;~~ by hell and all hell's torments,  
I will not speak a word.

DIOMEDES. And so, good night.

4  
CRESSIDA. Nay, but you part in anger.

TROILUS. Doth that grieve thee? ~~○ withered truth!~~

~~ULYSSES. How now, my lord?~~

~~TROILUS. By Jove, I will be patient.~~

CRESSIDA. Diomed! Why, Greek!

DIOMEDES. Fo, fo! adieu! you palter.

CRESSIDA. In faith, I do not. Come hither once again.

ULYSSES. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?

You will break out.

~~TROILUS. She strokes his cheek.~~

TROILUS: That crafty <sup>sweet</sup> ~~is~~ calling dog-fox Ulysses

ULYSSES. Come, come.

TROILUS. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:

(There is between my will and all offences  
A guard of patience.) Stay a little while.

102  
THERSITES. How the devil lust, with his fat rump and potato  
finger, tickles these together! Fry, lechery, fry!

DIOMEDES. But will you, then?

CRESSIDA. In faith, I will, lo; never trust me else.

DIOMEDES. Give me some token for the surety of it.

CRESSIDA. I'll fetch you one.

Exit

Cross X

1 ✓

Matle

82  
ULYSSES. You have sworn patience.

TROILUS. Fear me not, my lord;

. I am all patience.

ULT Nay good my lord you flew to great distraction

Re-enter CRESSIDA

ULT Come my lord

TROI (~~I prithee stay~~) - I will be patient - outwardly I will.

THERSITES. Now <sup>she brings him her</sup> ~~the~~ pledge; now, now, now!

TROILUS: My sleeve! She holds my sleeve

CRESSIDA. Here, Diomed, <sup>^</sup>keep this sleeve.

TROILUS. O beauty! where is thy faith?

(~~ULYSSES. My lord!~~)

~~TROILUS. I will be patient; outwardly I will.)~~

CRESSIDA. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.

He lov'd me-O false wench!-Give't me again.

DIOMEDES. Whose was't?

23  
CRESSIDA, <sup>It is no matter,</sup> It is no matter, now I ha't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night.

I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.

THERSITES. Now she sharpens. Well said, whetstone.

DIOMEDES. I shall have it.

CRESSIDA. What, this?

DIOMEDES. Ay, that.

CRESSIDA. O all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!

Thy master now lies thinking on his bed

Tr + Uly x 6 area 4.

Crew
Scott
1

Tr + Uly to area 2

Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,  
As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me;  
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

DIOMEDES. I had your heart before; this follows it.

CRESSIDA. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith, you shall not;  
I'll give you something else.

DIOMEDES. I will have this. Whose was it?

CRESSIDA. It is no matter.

DIOMEDES. Come, tell me whose it was.

CRESSIDA. 'Twas one's that lov'd me better than you will. [slay]

But, now you have it, take it.

DIOMEDES. Whose was it?

CRESSIDA. By all Diana's waiting women yond,  
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

DIOMEDES. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,  
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

TROILUS. Wert thou the devil and wor'st it on thy horn,  
It should be challeng'd.

CRESSIDA. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not;  
I will not keep my word.

DIOMEDES. Why, then farewell;  
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

CRESSIDA. You shall not go. One cannot speak a word  
But it straight starts you.

DIOMEDES. I do not like this fooling.

~~TROILUS. Nor I, by Plato, but that that likes not you  
Pleases me best.~~

DIOMEDES. What, shall I come? The hour-

CRESSIDA. Ay, come-O Jove! Do come. I shall be plagu'd.

DIOMEDES. Farewell till then. //

CRESSIDA. Good night. I prithee come. Exit DIOMEDES

Exit

THERSITES. A proof of strength she could not publish more,

slap

Tr + Uly x back to larva

SIBy LXG 81

P.T.O!

~~Cress exits~~

~~LXG 81~~

Dion X
!
Cress X
84
Ther X

84  
○ Unless she said 'My mind is now turn'd whore.' Lechery, Lechery. Still wars & Lechery.  
Nothing else holds fashion.  
ULYSSES. All's done, my lord.

TROILUS. It is.

ULYSSES. Why stay we, then?

TROILUS.

Was Cressid here?

ULYSSES. I cannot conjure, Troyan.

TROILUS. She was not, sure.

ULYSSES. Most sure she was.

TROILUS. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

ULYSSES. Nor mine, my lord. Cressid was here but now.

TROILUS. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood.

Think, we had mothers; think this not Cressid.

ULYSSES. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our mothers?

TROILUS. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

~~THERSITES. Will 'a swagger himself out on's own eyes?~~

TROILUS. This she? No; this is Diomed's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,

If sanctimony be the god's delight,

If there be rule in unity itself,

This was not she (O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bifold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.

Within my soul there doth conduce a fight

~~Of this strange nature; Instance, O instance!~~

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven.

~~Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself:~~

The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd;

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,

The fractions of her faith, crumbs of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

ULYSSES. May worthy Troilus be half-attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express?

LX81

○ Crew x exit 4  
The x to area 2

85

TROILUS. Ay, Greek; and that shall be divulged well *with my fair sword*

~~In characters as red as Mars his heart~~

~~Inflam'd with Venus.~~ Never did young man fancy

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

~~Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressid love,~~

~~So much by weight hate I her Diomed.~~

(That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;

Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill

My sword should bite it.)

~~THERSITES. He'll tickle it.~~

TROILUS. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false, false!

ULYSSES. O, contain yourself;

Your passion draws ears hither.

*108*  
*Hector 2*  
*Helus 3*

Enter AENEAS

AENEAS. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord.

*Hector don't stand engaged to many Greeks, even in the faith of valour, to appear that morning to them*

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;

*Myself have stayed*  
~~Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.~~

*And 4*

TROILUS. Have with you, Prince. My courteous lord, adieu.

ULYSSES. I'll bring you to the gates.

TROILUS. Accept distracted thanks.

Exeunt TROILUS, AENEAS. and ULYSSES

~~THERSITES. That crafty, swearing rascal, <sup>dog for</sup> Ulysses, <sup>He will spend his time and money for</sup> Would I could meet that rogue~~

~~Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would bode, <sup>He</sup> Patroclus will give~~

~~me anything for the intelligence of this whore. Lechery,~~

~~lechery! Still wars and lechery! Nothing else holds fashion. A~~

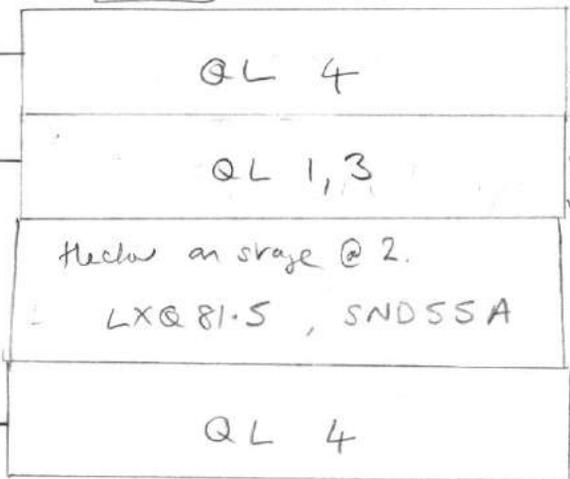
~~burning devil take <sup>the Greeks and with them Hector</sup> them!~~

Exit

*109*

SIBy QL 1,2,3,4  
 LXQ 81.5 - 84 + ~~base~~  
 SND SSA - 56

Contain



End of beat  
 LXQ 82 + SND 55B

↓  
 P.T.O.

Acn	
3	
Tro, Acn	X
3	
ully	X
2	
<del>Ther</del>	<del>X</del>
<del>1-2</del>	

87  
1-04  
Masha  
Masha

ACT V. SCENE 3.

Troy. Before PRIAM'S palace

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE

ANDROMACHE. When was my lord so much ungently temper'd  
To stop his ears against admonishment?  
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

HECTOR. You train me to offend you; get you in.  
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go.

ANDROMACHE. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

HECTOR. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA

(off) CASSANDRA. Where is my brother Hector?

ANDROMACHE. Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent.  
Consort with me, <sup>Cassandra</sup> in loud and dear petition,  
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt  
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night  
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

CASSANDRA. O, 'tis true!

(HECTOR. Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

~~CASSANDRA. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother!~~

HECTOR. Be gone, I say. The gods have heard me swear.

CASSANDRA. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;  
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd  
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

Rec ~~1~~

Both + answer  
1

And

3

Sub X

~~1111~~  
2-2

And x ↓ 2 d bid

LX84 + ~~1100~~ SNDS6

QL 2

(20)

Case  
Stores  
2

S/By ~~SNDS8~~

[Empty box]

ANDROMACHE. O, be persuaded! Do not count it holy  
To hurt by being just. It is as lawful,  
For we would give much, to use violent thefts  
And rob in the behalf of charity.

CASSANDRA. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;  
But vows to every purpose must not hold.

HECTOR. Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate.  
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man  
Holds honour far more precious dear than life.

CASSANDRA. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast;  
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.  
I tell thee that this day is ominous.  
Therefore, come back.

HECTOR. Aeneas is a field;  
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,  
Even in the faith of valour, to appear  
This morning to them.

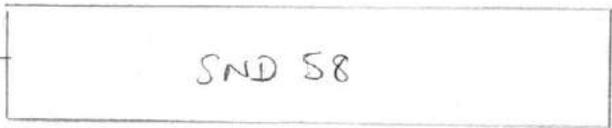
CASSANDRA. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

HECTOR. I must not break my faith.  
You know me dutiful; therefore,  
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave  
To take that course by your consent and voice  
Which you do here forbid me.

ANDROMACHE. Do not go, dear Hector.

HECTOR. Andromache, I am offended with you.  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

S/By QLI, 2  
SND 58



P70 !

Andro X

3 ✓

And clear bend

Enter Troilus

CASSANDRA. O, farewell, dear Hector!

Look how thou diest. Look how thy eye turns pale.

Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents.

Hark how Troy roars; how Hecuba cries out;

How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth;

Behold distraction, frenzy, and amazement,

Like witless antics, one another meet,

And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

TROILUS. Away, away! *Mad sister*

CASSANDRA. Farewell!-yet, soft! Hector, I take my leave.

Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

TROILUS. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl

Makes all these bodements.

*Tech change*  
(HECTOR. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth.)

TROILUS. Brother, you have a vice ~~of~~ *of* mercy in you

~~Which better fits a lion than a man.~~

HECTOR. What vice is that, good Troilus?

Chide me for it.

TROILUS. When many times the captive Grecian falls,

~~Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,~~

You bid them rise and live.

HECTOR. O, 'tis fair play!

TROILUS. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

HECTOR. How now! how now!

Tri + Melens

both

1

OL 1, 2

160  
170

SIBy SND 59

com X

2 ✓

SND 59

Check down paged!

Tri com Hechar

90  
TROILUS. For th' love of all the gods,

Let's leave the hermit Pity with our mother;

~~And when we have our armours buckled on,~~

<sup>And</sup>  
~~The~~ venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,

~~Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth!~~

HECTOR. Fie, savage, fie!

TROILUS. Hector, then 'tis wars.

HECTOR. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

TROILUS. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars

~~Beck'ning with fiery truncheon my retire;~~

Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;

Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,

~~Oppos'd to hinder me,~~ should stop my way,

But by my ruin.

*No faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth*  
HECTOR. ~~I am to-day i' th' vein of chivalry.~~

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

Enter PANDARUS

PANDARUS. Do you hear, my lord? Do you hear?

TROILUS. What now?

PANDARUS. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.

TROILUS. Let me read.



9  
1.18  
Love  
11

PANDARUS. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl, and what one thing, what another, that I shall leave you one o' th's days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ache in my bones that unless a man were curs'd I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she there?

TROILUS. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;

Th' effect doth operate another way.

[Tearing the letter]

Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change together.

Proud Diomed, believe,

I come to lose my arm or win my sleeve.

Exeunt severally

HELEN: Like as find fault, do as your pleasures are  
Now good as bad, tis but the chance of war!

Rec X

1 ✓

~~Cred~~

~~3~~

tearing SND 60

Parade

Disarmed

QL 1, 2

Parade X

2

LXQ90 + SNDQ61

Trail your line

QL 3

Parade

~~To X~~

~~1-2~~

They pass bench

Relax & bend

SND 62 + MIC



LXQ91

P.T.O.

93  
1-11

ACT V. SCENE 4.  
The plain between Troy and the Grecian camp

Enter THERSITES. Excursions

THERSITES. Now they are clapper-clawing <sup>one another</sup> all for the whore Helen. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got the sleeve of that scurvy doting foolish knave Troilus on his helm.

At t'other side, the policy of the most illustrious 6 or 7 times honour'e Captain General of the Grecian army – Agamemnon. That stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses – is not prov'd worth a blackberry. They set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, with that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles; and now is the cur, Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles.

The Trojan priest Helenus will challenge the cuckold Menelaus, fighting for the whore queen Helen, defended by the Trojan commander Aeneas and the leader of the Trojan cause, the heroic prince Hector.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following

Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

TROILUS. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx  
I would swim after.

DIOMEDES. Thou dost miscall retire.  
I do not fly. Have at thee.

THERSITES. Hold thy whore, Grecian; now for thy whore,  
Trojan—now the sleeve, ~~now the sleeve~~

THERSITES. Menelaus  <sup>fights for his Queen (Sung)</sup>  engages Helenus! Now, bull! now, dog!  
~~The bull has the game.~~

HECTOR What art thou, Greek

HELENUS. Turn, slave, and fight.

THERSITES. What art thou?



Cass + Helen on bend - embrace

Ther mic 1-2
Cass 1-2
Pion sw 4 1-2
Aga btaoc 3 1-2
Nayr btaoc 4 1-2
Uly btaoc 3 1-2
Acax sw 4 1-2
Adl 2sw 4 1-2
Helen Both 4 1-2
Men Both 2
Aen Both 1
Hec 2sw 1-2
Aga X 1
nes, Helen X 2
Uly, Doa X 3
Men, Aar X 4

○ All move

○ All move

○ Ther X gives me & Helen

○ All move

○ All leave 1-2

Stalls cleared by Mark, Larry, Roger

SND 63

As Helen ↓ bend  
LXQ 93

SIB LXQ 95-99  
SND 64-68B  
QL 1, 3, 4

HELENUS. A bastard son of Priam's.

THERSITES. I am a bastard too; I love bastards. <sup>I am a bastard begdr, bastard</sup> ~~Take heed, the quarrel's most~~

~~ominous to us for if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts~~

~~judgment.~~  
*in mind, bastard in law, in everything illegitimate.*

AGENS  
HECTOR. What art thou, Greek?

THERSITES. I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

HECTOR. I do believe thee Live.

~~Enter PATROCLUS~~

~~The Trojans kill Patroclus~~

Exit Trojans  
~~TRIS: Is Achilles by? Look, there comes Patroclus~~

THERSITES. God-a-mercy, ~~that thou will believe me,~~  
~~Here comes Patroclus.~~ *Look, where comes Patroclus*

Exit

Achilles: Where is ~~his~~ Hector Hector

Stores cleared

QL1

Pat Rec

keys [ho]

SND 64 // SND 65  
As Trojans move in  
LXQ 95, SND 66 + QL1

Pat Rec

Pat  
|  
Rec X  
|

Hel x 1  
Crews x 3

Pat ↓  
LXQ 97 + SND 67  
where is ~~the~~ reducer  
SND 68

Ther X

P.T.O.

Pat Rec X

95  
1-13

ACT V. SCENE 5.

Another part of the plain

Enter ULYSSES and Achilles

WJ ↓

1-22

~~ULYSSES. O, courage, courage, courage, Princes! Great Achilles is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance. Patroclus' death has rous'd his drowsy blood, Together with his mangled Myrmidons, That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to Him. Crying on Hector.~~

ACHILLES. Where is this Hector?    
Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;  
Know what it is to meet Achilles angry.  
Hector! Where's Hector? I will none but Hector.  

WALK  
STEP

~~ULYSSES. Ajax foams at mouth  
Roaring for Troilus; who hath done today  
Such mad and fantastic execution,  
As if that lust, in very spite of cunning,  
Bade him win all.~~

AJAX: Troilus, then toward Troilus, show thy head

Exeunt



Act  
2 sw  
2

Ul, Nes, Aga  
binoc  
3

Tro X  
1-2

rel X  
1-2

Act X  
1-2

I will note her Heckler  
LXQ 98, SND 68A  
<sup>3/4 off</sup> As far leaves  
OL3 // LXQ 99 + SND 68B + OL4  
Show my head  
QL1

Adax  
sw  
3

Tro  
sw  
2

D.O.  
sw  
4

97  
1-14  
ACT V. SCENE 6.

Another part of the plain

Enter AJAX

AJAX. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show thy head.

Enter DIOMEDES

DIOMEDES. Troilus, I say! Where's Troilus?

AJAX. What wouldst thou?

DIOMEDES. I would correct him. //

AJAX. Troilus, I say! What, Troilus!

Enter TROILUS

TROILUS. O traitor Diomed! Turn thy false face, thou traitor,

DIOMEDES. Ha! art thou there?

AJAX. I'll fight with him alone. Stand, Diomed.

DIOMEDES. He is my prize. I will not look upon.

TROILUS. Come, both, you cogging Greeks; have at you

Exeunt fighting

4  
Enter HECTOR

HECTOR. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my youngest brother!

98  
ACHILLES. Now do I see thee, <sup>Hector</sup> ~~he~~ Have at thee, Hector!

5  
Hector & Achilles fight

Ul. ~~Ag~~ Aga X

3-4

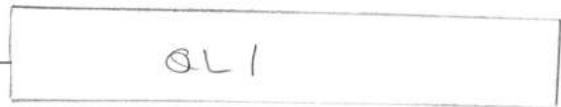
nes X

3-4

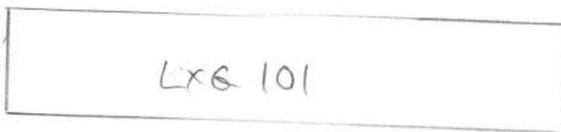
S/By LXG 101  
QL1

De, A, Tris X

4 ✓



Rec



Rec

23w

1

αβ  
1.24  
HECTOR. Pause, if thou wilt.

ACHILLES. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud Trojan.

1.25 (50)  
Be happy that my arms are out of use;

My rest and negligence befriends thee now,

But thou anon shalt hear of me again;

Till when, go seek thy fortune.

HECTOR. Fare thee well.

I would have been much more a fresher man,

Had I expected thee.

Song  
Tr 1  
Exit

SIBy LxG 102  
SND 69  
QL 3,4

QL 3,4
LxG 102 + SND69

ruc	x
4	
Pat	x
<del>1-2</del>	

P.T.O.

99  
1-17

ACT V. SCENE 7.

Another part of the plain

1-26

Enter ACHILLES, with Myrmidons

ACHILLES. Come here about me, you my Myrmidons;

Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel;

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath;

And when I have the bloody Hector found,

Empale him with your weapons round about;

In fellest manner execute your arms.

Exeunt

SI by LXQ 102.5

LXQ 102.5

Oliver
SW Sh
1
Ryan
SW Sh
2 ✓
Dam
SW Sh
3
Lang, Mark
SW Sh
4

Ryan, shield only

101  
1-17 1/2

ACT V. SCENE 8.

Another part of the plain

HECTOR. Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath;

1-27  
A Rest, sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death!

[Disarms]

ACHILLES and his Myrmidons come to life

Breathing  
ACHILLES. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels;  
Even with the vail and dark'ning of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

HECTOR. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

ACHILLES. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.

6  
[HECTOR falls]

1-28  
So, Ilium, fall thou next! Come, Troy, sink down;

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.

On, Myrmidons, and cry you all amain

'Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.'

CASSANDRA. Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

1-29  
ACHILLES. ~~Hark! a retire upon our Grecian part.~~

The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth

And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.

[Sheathes his sword]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

1-22  
Exeunt Hector's slain

AGA: Hark, hark. What shout is this

DIOM: The bruit is Hector's slain & by Achilles

AJAX: If it be so, yea brogless let it be

Great Hector was an good a man as he

SIBy LXG 103  
SND 69A - 71

LXG 103 + SND 69A

○ Hector disarms

As Myr attack - more in

SND 69B

Sword over head      Hec falls

SND 70      //      SND 71

SIBy LXG 104 - 104.7  
SND 72 - 73  
QL      3, 4

Myr form arrow head 3-4 end

LXG 104 + SND 72 // Hec starts to stand  
LXG 104.3  
Hec upright      Hec has turned \*  
SND 72A // LXG 104.5  
QL 3 + 4  
as good a man as he      Hec nearly off  
SND 73 + QL 4 // LXG 104.7

Hec, Myr

Act	X
	1
Sv Myr	X
	4
Hec	X
	3

103  
1-22-12

ACT V. SCENE 10.

Another part of the plain

Enter AENEAS, ~~PARIS~~

1-30

AENEAS. Stand, ho! Still are we masters of the field.  
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS

TROILUS. Hector is slain.

AENEAS. Hector! The gods forbid!

TROILUS. He's dead, and at the murderer's horse's tail,  
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.  
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed.  
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy.  
I say at once let your brief plagues be mercy,  
And linger not our sure destructions on.

AENEAS. My lord, you do discomfort all our troops. ~~☒~~

TROILUS. You understand me not that tell me so.

1-31

I do not speak of flight, of fear of death,  
But dare all imminence that gods and men  
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone.  
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?  
Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd  
Go in to Troy, and say there 'Hector's dead.'  
There is a word will Priam turn to stone;  
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives,  
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,  
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away;  
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

1-32

Stay yet. You vile abominable Greeks,  
Thus proudly <sup>pitched</sup> ~~pitch~~ upon our <sup>Trojan</sup> ~~Phrygian~~ plains,  
~~Let Titan rise as early as he dare,~~

Acn

Sw

3

Tri

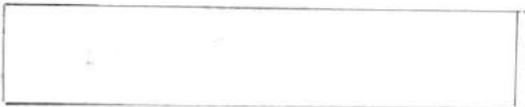
Sw

4

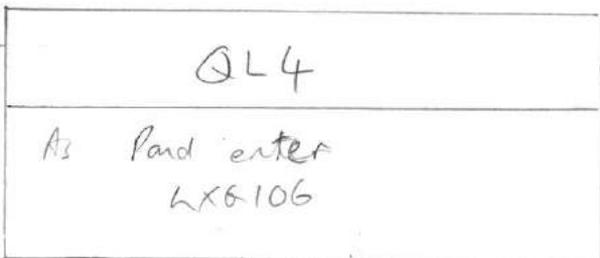
Hel

4

SIBy



SIBy LXG 106  
GL 4



0 Dno Hel exit 3

104  
~~I'll through and through you. Achilles thou coward,  
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;  
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,  
That mouldeth goblin swift as frenzy's thoughts.  
Strike a free march to Troy. With comfort go;  
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.~~

Enter PANDARUS

PANDARUS. But hear you, hear you!

1-33  
TROILUS. Hence, broker-lackey. Ignominy and shame  
Pursue thy life and live aye with thy name!

Exeunt all but PANDARUS

1-34  
PANDARUS. A goodly medicine for my aching bones! world! world! thus  
is the poor friend despis'd! traitors and bawds, how earnestly are  
you set a work, and how ill requited! Why should our endeavour be  
so lov'd, and the performance so loathed? What verse for it? What  
instance for it? Let me see-

Love, love, nothing but love, still love, still more!  
For, oh, love's bow  
Shoots buck and doe;  
The shaft confounds  
Not that it wounds,  
But tickles still the sore.  
These lovers cry, O ho, they die!

1-35  
1-28  
1-31  
Good traders in the flesh, weep out at Pandar's fall;  
Or, if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,  
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.  
Till then I'll sweat and seek about for eases,  
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

Love, love, nothing but love, still love, still more!

~~QL4  
As Paul ever  
LX0106~~



SIBy QL 1,2,3,4

QL 1,2,3,4

SIBy LX0108-110 + HIL  
SND 74, 75  
QL 1,2,3,4

SND 74 // LX0108 B10  
LX0109 // Under approval SND 75 Calls  
All off QL1,2,3,4 / ~~QL1,2,3,4~~ / All off QL2,4 // 1,2,3,4 // Large Alex on  
All off LX0110 + HIL

Paul	Paul bag 3
Tru	x
	4 ✓
Ken, Hal	x
	4 ✓
John, Mark, Blue	1
Eyer, <del>Don</del> , DO, Paul	2
<del>Don</del> , Lucy, Aub, Gab	3
Don, Larry, Mark, Tom, Alex	4

David Ca

104

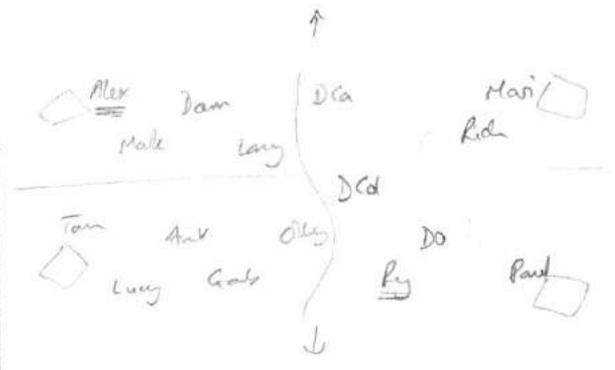
~~For, oh, love's bow  
Shoots buck and doe;  
The shaft confounds  
Not that it wounds,  
But tickles still the sore.~~

Exit

THE END

1-36

1-37



1 bar, turn by r/b,  
Cross 1 bar stt



1 bar, turn by r/b  
Cross 1 bar stt.

(2)

→ Luy ← Alex  
↓ indimite  
other join.  
Bar, turn bar  
D+N join  
Bar, turn bar  
x 4-1 bar  
x 3-2 bar  
x C  
exit

## BKUP QUE LIST MINI DISC

NOTE: HAVEN'T ADDED SUB TO THESE DESK STATES AS THIS IS LAST RESORT BACKUP

MD QUE	QUE	WHAT IS IT	ROUTING (MY NOTES)	LEVEL	DESK Q	NOTES
TRK 1	Q1	PROLOUGE DRUMS	FOH.SURR RVB. STAGE	-5	3	
	Q2			-20		
	Q2A			0		SLOW BUILD
	Q3	STOP DRUMS		OUT		SNAP
TRK 2	Q3X	DRUMS SOILDERS EXIT	EM1,2. SURR RVB	-15	3	
	NO QUE 3A - 5					
TRK 3	Q7	PARADE	SURROUND	-10	3	LEFT CHEERING, RIGHT MUSIC, USE ONLY CHEERING TO START
	Q8-17	MANUAL LEVEL ADJUSTMENT				
TRK 4	Q17A	STING	FOH. SUB.	-5	3	
TRK 5	Q18	DRUMS FROM TROY	EM1.2. SURR RVB?	-10	4	
	Q19	STOP DRUMS		OUT		SNAP
	NO QUE 20-21					
TRK 6	Q23	<b>DON'T USE QUE HAS CHANGED</b>				
TRK 7	Q25	CASSANDRA STING		-10	3	
TRK 8	Q27	STING	FOH, SUB	-5	3	
	NO QUE 28-29					
TRK 9	Q30	CAMERA CLICKS	FOH, EM 1.2?	-5	5	
TRK 10	Q31	CAMERA CLICKS	FOH, EM 1.2?	-5	5	
TRK 11	Q32	CAMERA CLICKS	FOH, EM 1.2?	-5	5	
TRK 12	Q33	CAMERA CLICKS	FOH, EM 1.2?	-5	5	
TRK 13	Q34	CAMERA CLICKS	FOH, EM 1.2?	-5	5	
TRK 14	Q35	GRAM	GRAM	0	6	
	Q36	STOP GRAM		OUT		SNAP
TRK 15	Q37	RETREAT	EM 1,2	-20	5	
TRK 16	Q38	BOING STING	FOH, SUB.	-5	3	
TRK 17	Q40	DRUMS TOP PART 2	FOH, SUB, SURR RVB	PLUS 5	3	
TRK 18	Q41	GREEKS EXIT DRUM	FOH, SUB, SURR RVB	0	3	
	NO QUE 42-43					
TRK 19	Q43A	STING WINDY	FOH, SUB, SURR RVB	-5	3	
TRK 20	Q44	DRUMS GREEKS ARRIVE	FOH, SUB, SURR RVB	PLUS 5	3	
	NO QUE 44A-44B					
TRK 21	Q45	TRUMPET FOR HECTOR	FOH, SUB, SURR RVB	PLUS 5	3	
TRK 22	Q46	<b>DON'T USE QUE HAS BEEN CUT</b>				

TRK 23	Q47	THERSITES SONG 1	FOH, RVB, EM 1,2	0	3	
TRK 24	Q48	UNDERSCORE	FOH, RVB, EM 1,2	-20	3	
	Q49	STOP UNDERSCORE				FADE
TRK 25	Q50	THERSITES SONG 2	FOH RVB	0	3	
TRK 26	Q51	DANCE LOOP	FOH RVB, STAGE	-20	7	FADE IN, FADE UP A BIT WHEN DANCING STARTS
	Q51	FADE LOOP A BIT				
	Q54	FADE LOOP TO UNDERSCORE				
	Q55	FADE OUT LOOP				
TRK 27	Q56	STING	FOH, SUB	-5	3	
		NO QUE 58-59				
TRK 28	Q60	2ND PARADE	FOH SUB, SUR RVB	-30	3	LEFT MUSIC RIGHT CHEERING
	Q61	FADE UP IN 1SEC		0		
	Q62	FADE DOWN IN 4 SEC		PLUS 5		
	Q63	FADE OUT IN 20SEC		OUT		
TRK 29	Q64	SONG WALTZ	FOH, SUB, SURR RVB	-30	3	
	Q65	FADE UP IN 3 SEC		0		
	Q66	FADE UP IN 2 SEC		-15		WIND UP RVB FOR KILLING MIX 15 AND 16
	Q67	SNAP OUT		OUT		
TRK 30	Q68	STING	FOH, SUB	-5	3	
TRK 31	Q68A	WATER PIPE	FOH, SUB, SURR RVB	-5	3	
	Q68B	WATER PIPE OUT		OUT		FADE IN 3 SEC
TRK 32	Q69	MYRMIDONS	FOH, SUB, SURR RVB	-30	3	
	Q69A	FADE UP A BIT IN 6 SEC		-20		
	Q69B	FADE UP A LOT IN 3 SEC		-5		
	Q70	UP BIT MORE		PLUS 5		WIND IN BIT MORE RVB FOR KILLING MIX 15 AND 16
	Q71	OUT		OUT		
TRK33	Q72	PIPE AND V/O HECTORS SLAIN	FOH RVB	-5	3	(V/O WILL KICK IN AROUND THE RIGHT TIME ON THE TRACK)

1  
PANDARUS

love love

Chords: D, F#m7, F#, F#, F#, F#, F#m7, A

no. thing but love still love, still more for

Chords: Bm, D, Em7, A, F#, F#, F#, F#, F#m7, A

oh love's bow shoots buck & doe. The shaft con-founds not that it

Chords: F#, F#, F#, F#, F#, F#, C, Bb

wounds But tickles still the sore. These io- veks cry o

Chords: Ams, A7, D, A, Bm, D

2

Ho! They die yet that which seems the wound to kill Jost

Em7 A F#m Bm G D A

turn 'o Ho! to Ha! Ha! He! - So dy-ing love lives still -

Em7 F#m7 Bm7 F#m7 Em7 F#m7

Ho! a while but Ha! Ha! Ha! o Ho! groans out for

D F#m7 D F#m7 D F#m7

Ha! Ha! Ha! Hey Ho

D A#6 D D D