

RSC ASSOCIATE SCHOOLS
PROGRAMME

PLAYMAKING
FESTIVAL

THE
TAMING
OF THE
SHREW
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY ROBIN BELFIELD

IN COLLABORATION WITH REGIONAL THEATRES

ALHAMBRA
THEATRE

NEW VIC THEATRE

THE GRAND
THEATRE | BLACKPOOL

N
NORTHERN
STAGE



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Theatre

INTER+MISSION
YOUTH THEATRE

THE
MARLOWE

THEATRE ROYAL
ROYAL CONCERT
HALL

HALL
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SILHOUETTE YOUTH THEATRE

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YORK
THEATRE
ROYAL

The Associate Schools programme is our partnership programme with regional theatres and schools across England. It is built around the principle of schools working in local partnerships to develop communities of practice inspired by Shakespeare's work. Each local partnership consists of a theatre partner (either the RSC or the school's local theatre) and a Lead Associate School who in turn recruits a number of Associate Schools. The programme aims to enrich the teaching, learning and enjoyment of Shakespeare's work across the country.

The Associate Schools programme also supports young people to perform Shakespeare's plays, engaging with his work as actors and theatre makers; exploring character and staging, making interpretive choices and speaking the language with understanding and confidence. This Playmaking pack - an abridged version of William Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* - has been created for young people and teachers. It is designed to support performances that will take place across the country through the Associate Schools programme and with our Stratford Schools partnership.

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This Playmaking Pack is an abridged version of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Some characters and their names have been edited in terms of gender and pronouns used. We support you to edit these yourself to fit the company you are working with.

As well as the usual scene divisions, this script has been broken down further into units of action for ease in rehearsals.

Dramatis Personae

BAPTISTA Minola - a wealthy gentleman of Padua

KATE (Katherina) – Baptista's eldest daughter, a 'shrew'

BIANCA – Baptista's younger daughter

PETRUCHIO - a gentleman from Verona, suitor to Kate

LUCENTIO - in love with Bianca
(disguises himself as 'Cambio', a Latin tutor)

GREMIO - an aged suitor to Bianca

HORTENSIO - friend of Petruchio and suitor to Bianca
(disguises himself as 'Litio', a music tutor)

TRANIO - Lucentio's servant

GRUMIO - Petruchio's servant

CURTIS – Petruchio's servant

WIDOW - A wealthy widow, later married to Hortensio

BIONDELLO – A servant

A TAILOR

A HABERDASHER

SERVANTS

WEDDING GUESTS

1

ACT 1 SCENE 1

Enter LUCENTIO and his man TRANIO.

LUCENTIO

Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived with thy good company.
My trusty servant, well approved in all.

LUCENTIO

But stay a while, what company is this?

TRANIO

Master, some show to welcome us to town.

Exeunt.

2

Enter BAPTISTA with his two daughters, KATHERINA and BIANCA, GREMIO and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand by.

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know:
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.
If either of you both love Katherina,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

GREMIO

To cart her rather. She's too rough for me.

KATE

(To Baptista) I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

HORTENSIO

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

KATE

I'faith, sir, you shall never need to fear.
I'll comb your noddle with a three-legged stool
And paint your face and use you like a fool.

TRANIO

(Aside to Lucentio)
Husht, master! Here's some good pastime toward:
That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

LUCENTIO

But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.
Peace, Tranio!

TRANIO

(Aside to Lucentio)

Well said, master. Shush, and gaze your fill.

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said, Bianca, get you in,
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

KATE

A pretty pet!

BIANCA

Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company,
On them to look and practise by myself.

HORTENSIO

Signor Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

GREMIO

Why will you mew her up?

BAPTISTA

Gentlemen, content ye, I am resolved.
Go in, Bianca.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments and poetry,
So teachers will I keep within my house
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such,
Prefer them hither.
And so farewell.— Katherina, you may stay,
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

Exit Bianca.

KATE

Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What, shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,
I knew not what to take and what to leave? Ha?

Exit.

Exit.

GREMIO

You may go to the devil's dam. Farewell. Yet for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

HORTENSIO

So will I, Signior Gremio. But we may yet again have access to our fair mistress and be happy rivals in Bianca's love.

GREMIO

How's that, I pray?

HORTENSIO

Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

GREMIO

A husband? A devil.

HORTENSIO

Tush, Gremio, there be good fellows in the world, that would take her for all her faults. And by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband we set her youngest free for a husband. Sweet Bianca! How say you, Signior Gremio?

GREMIO

I am agreed.

Exeunt both GREMIO and HORTENSIO.

3

TRANIO and LUCENTIO remain.

TRANIO

I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

LUCENTIO

O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely.
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness.

TRANIO

Master, you looked so longly on the maid,
Perhaps you marked not what's the pith of all.

LUCENTIO

O, yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face.

TRANIO

Saw you no more? Marked you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

LUCENTIO

Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air.
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

TRANIO

(Aside) Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.—
Her eldest sister is so curst and shrewd
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home,
Because she will not be annoyed with suitors.

LUCENTIO

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

TRANIO

Ay, marry, am I, sir, and now 'tis plotted.
You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

LUCENTIO

May it be done?

TRANIO

Not possible, for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's son.

LUCENTIO

We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces
For man or master. Then it follows thus:
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead.
'Tis hatched and shall be so. Tranio, at once
Uncase thee: take my coloured hat and coat.

They exchange clothes.

TRANIO

I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves.
And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth.
Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

Exeunt.

4

ACT 1 SCENE 2

Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO (with cases).

PETRUCHIO

Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua; but of all
My best belovèd and approvèd friend,
Hortensio, and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio, knock, I say.

GRUMIO

Knock, sir? Whom should I knock? Is there any man has abused your worship?

PETRUCHIO

Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRUMIO

Knock you here, sir? Why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

PETRUCHIO

Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

He goes to hit him.

GRUMIO

Help, someone, help! My master is mad.

Enter Hortensio.

HORTENSIO

How now? My dear friend Petruchio?
But tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO

Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home.
Antonio, my father, is deceased,
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Happily to wive and thrive as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favoured wife?
Thou'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel.
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich.
No I'll not wish thee to her.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice: and therefore, if thou know
One bold enough to be Petruchio's wife —
I come to wive her wealthily in Padua,
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

HORTENSIO

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife.
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst.

PETRUCHIO

Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough,
For I will wed her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

HORTENSIO

Her father is Baptista Minola.
The girl is Katherina Minola,
Renowned in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO

I know her father, though I know not her,
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her.

HORTENSIO

Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee,
For in Baptista's keep my treasure is:
She hath the jewel of my life in hold,
Her youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca
And her withholds from me and others too,
That none shall have access unto my love
Till Katherine the curst have got a husband.
So offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca.

5

Enter GREMIO and LUCENTIO disguised as 'Cambio', a school master.

GRUMIO

Master, look about you. Who goes there, ha?

HORTENSIO

Peace, Grumio, it is the rival of my love.

They stand aside.

GREMIO

What will you read to her?

LUCENTIO

Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you
As for my patron, stand you so assured,
As firmly as yourself were still in place.

GREMIO

O, this learning, what a thing it is!

GRUMIO

(Aside) O, this woodcock, what an ass it is!

PETRUCHIO

Peace, sirrah!

HORTENSIO

God save you, Signior Gremio.

GREMIO

And you are well met, Signior Hortensio.
Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola.
I promised to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca,
And by good fortune I have lighted well
On this young man, for learning and behaviour
Fit for her turn, well read in poetry
And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

HORTENSIO

'Tis well. And I have met a gentleman
Hath promised me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress.
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

GREMIO

Beloved of me, and that my deeds shall prove.

HORTENSIO

Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.
Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curst Katherine.

GREMIO

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

PETRUCHIO

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

GREMIO

But will you woo this wild cat?

PETRUCHIO

Why came I hither but to that intent?
Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puffed up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue?
Tush, tush! Fear boys with bugs.

GRUMIO

For he fears none.

Enter Tranio disguised as Lucentio.

TRANIO

Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of Baptista Minola?
He that has the two fair daughters:
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
And were this daughter fairer than she is
She may more suitors have, and me for one.

PETRUCHIO

Sir, understand you this of me, in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed.
The younger then is free, and not before.

TRANIO

If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest.

TRANIO

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

GRUMIO

O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.

Exeunt.

6

ACT 2 SCENE 1

Enter KATHERINA and BIANCA with her hands bound.

BIANCA

Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself,
To make a bondmaid and a slave of me.
And what you will command me will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

KATE

Of all thy suitors here I charge thee tell
Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble not.

BIANCA

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

KATE

Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

BIANCA

If you affect him, sister, here I swear
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

KATE

O, then belike you fancy old age more:
You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

BIANCA

Is it for him you do envy me so?
I prithee sister Kate, untie my hands.

Enter BAPTISTA.

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, dame? Whence grows this insolence?—
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl, she weeps. (Unties her.)
For shame, thou hilding, meddle not with her.
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATE

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

Goes to hit BIANCA.

BAPTISTA

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

Exit BIANCA.

KATE

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

Exit.

BAPTISTA

Was ever a gentleman thus grieved as I?

7

*Enter GREMIO, LUCENTIO (as 'Cambio'), PETRUCHIO with HORTENSIO
(disguised as 'Litio' a music teacher) bearing a lute and books and
TRANIO (disguised as Lucentio).*

GREMIO

Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

BAPTISTA

Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.

PETRUCHIO

And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter
Called Katherina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA

I have a daughter, sir, called Katherina.

PETRUCHIO

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty and her wit,
Her affability and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities and mild behaviour,
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
And for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong
His name is Litio, born in Mantua.

Presents HORTENSIO.

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son.

BAPTISTA

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

GREMIO

(Presents Lucentio) I freely give unto you this young scholar, as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics. His name is Cambio. Pray, accept his service.

BAPTISTA

A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio.
(To Tranio) But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger.
May I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

TRANIO

Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
Lucentio is my name.

BAPTISTA

Of whence, I pray?

TRANIO

Of Pisa, sir, son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA

A mighty man of Pisa. By report
I know him well. You are very welcome, sir.—
(To Hortensio and Lucentio)
Take you the lute, and you the set of books,
You shall go see your pupils presently.

Exit HORTENSIO and LUCENTIO.

PETRUCHIO

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

BAPTISTA

After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.
But, when the special thing is well obtained,
That is, her love, for that is all in all.

PETRUCHIO

Why, that is nothing, for I tell you, father,
That when two raging fires meet together
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury.
And I am rough and woo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA

Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou armed for some unhappy words.

Enter HORTENSIO (disguised as Litio), with his head broke.

BAPTISTA

How now, my friend? Why dost thou look so pale?

HORTENSIO

For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAPTISTA

Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

HORTENSIO

Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to me.

PETRUCHIO

Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench.
I love her ten times more than e'er I did.

BAPTISTA

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PETRUCHIO

I pray you do.

Exeunt all but PETRUCHIO.

**PETRUCHIO**

I'll attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew.
But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak.
Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear.

Enter KATE.

KATE

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

PETRUCHIO

You lie, in faith, for you are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate and sometimes Kate the curst,
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate.
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation,
Hearing thy mildness praised in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATE

Moved? In good time! Let him that moved you hither
Remove you hence.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATE

If I be waspish, best beware my sting.

PETRUCHIO

My remedy is then to pluck it out.

KATE

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

PETRUCHIO

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

KATE

In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

KATE

That I'll try.

She spits at him

PETRUCHIO

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

KATE

It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

PETRUCHIO

I was told you were rough and coy and sullen,
And now I find report a very liar,
For thou are pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.

KATE

Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO

It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

KATE

A witty mother, witless else her son.

PETRUCHIO

Thus in plain terms: your father hath consented
That you shall be my wife. I will marry you.
Thou must be married to no man but me,
For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,
And bring you from a wild Kate to a kind Kate.
I must and will have Katherine to my wife.

9

*Enter BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO (as Licio), GREMIO, GRUMIO, TRANIO
(as Lucentio).*

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

How but well, sir? How but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAPTISTA

Why, how now, daughter Katherine? In your dumps?

KATE

Call you me 'daughter'? Now, I promise you
You have showed a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half-lunatic,
A mad-cap ruffian and a swearing Jack.

PETRUCHIO

Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world
That talked of her, have talked amiss of her:
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove,
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn,
And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together
That upon Sunday is the wedding day.

KATE

I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

GRUMIO

Hark, Petruchio, she says she'll see thee hanged first.

PETRUCHIO

I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
Give me thy hand, Kate. I will unto Venice
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day;
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests.
I will be sure my Katherine shall be fine.

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
I will to Venice. Sunday comes apace.
We will have rings and things and fine array,
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.
Exeunt Petruchio and Katherine separately.

BAPTISTA

Faith, gentlemen,
I am thus resolved: on Sunday next, you know
My daughter Katherine is to be married,
Now on the Sunday after, so shall Bianca.

Exeunt.

10

ACT 3 SCENE 1

*Enter LUCENTIO (disguised as Cambio), HORTENSIO
(disguised as Litio) and BIANCA.*

LUCENTIO

Fiddler, forbear. You grow too forward, sir.

HORTENSIO

Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of thine.

BIANCA

Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong
To strive for that which resteth in my choice.
I am no breeching scholar in the schools,
I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down.
Take you your instrument, play you the whiles.
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO

You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

LUCENTIO

That will be never. Tune your instrument.

BIANCA

Where left we last?

As Hortensio tunes while Bianca and Lucentio pretend to read Latin from a book.

LUCENTIO

Here, madam:

'Hic ibat', as I told you before, 'Simois', I am Lucentio, 'hic est', son unto Vincentio of Pisa, 'Sigeia tellus', disguised thus to get your love, 'Hic steterat', and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing, 'Priami', is my man Tranio. 'Regia.'

HORTENSIO

Madam, my instrument's in tune.

BIANCA

Let's hear (Hortensio plays) O fie! The treble jars.

LUCENTIO

Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIANCA

(To Lucentio) In time I may believe, yet I mistrust.

HORTENSIO

(To Lucentio) You may go walk, and give me leave a while.
My lessons make no music in three parts.

LUCENTIO

Are you so formal, sir? Well, I must wait —
(Aside) And watch withal, for, but I be deceived,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

He stands aside.

HORTENSIO

Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art...

Enter SERVANTS suddenly.

SERVANT

Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
And help dress your sister's chamber up.

SERVANT

You know tomorrow is the wedding day.

BIANCA

Farewell, sweet masters both, I must be gone.

Exeunt BIANCA.

LUCENTIO

Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

Exit.

HORTENSIO

But I have cause to pry into this teacher.
Methinks he looks as though he were in love.

Exit.

11

ACT 3 SCENE 2

*Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO (as Lucentio), KATHERINA, BIANCA,
LUCENTIO (as Cambio).*

BAPTISTA

Signor Lucentio, this is the appointed day,
That Katherine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.
What will be said? What mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom when the priest attends
To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage?

KATE

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour.
Now must the world point at poor Katherine,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her.

HORTENSIO

Patience, good Katherine, and Baptista too.
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise,
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

KATE

Would Katherine had never seen him though!

Exit weeping followed by BIANCA.

BAPTISTA

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

Enter SERVANTS.

SERVANT

Master, master, news! Old news, and such news as you never heard of!

BAPTISTA

Is it new and old too? How may that be?

SERVANT

Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?

BAPTISTA

Is he come?

SERVANT

Why, no, sir.

BAPTISTA

What then?

SERVANT

He is coming.

BAPTISTA

When will he be here?

SERVANT

When he stands where I am and sees you there.

TRANIO

But say, what to thine old news?

SERVANT(S)

Why, Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin!

Enter PETRUCHIO strangely dressed with GRUMIO.

TRANIO

'Tis some odd humour pricks him to this fashion.

PETRUCHIO

Come, where be these gallants? Who's at home?

BAPTISTA

You are welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO

But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?

How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown.

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,

As if they saw some wondrous monument,

Some comet or unusual prodigy?

BAPTISTA

Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day.

First were we sad, fearing you would not come,

Now sadder that you come so unprovided.

PETRUCHIO

But where is Kate? I stay too long from her.

The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

HORTENSIO

See not your bride in these unreverent robes.

Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

PETRUCHIO

Not I, believe me. Thus I'll visit her.

BAPTISTA

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

PETRUCHIO

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

Exeunt PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

TRANIO

He hath some meaning in his mad attire.

BAPTISTA

I'll after him, and see the event of this.

Exeunt BAPTISTA and GREMIO.

12

TRANIO

(To Lucentio) Good sir, love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking, which to bring to pass,
As before I imparted to your worship,
Must make assurance here in Padua
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

LUCENTIO

Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage,
Which once performed, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

TRANIO

Signior and madam, came you from the church?

GUEST

As willingly as e'er I came from school.

TRANIO

And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GUEST

A bridegroom, say you? 'Tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

TRANIO

Curster than she? Why, 'tis impossible.

GUEST

Tut, she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
Such a mad marriage never was before.
Enter Petruchio, Kate, Lucentio (as Cambio), Bianca, Hortensio
Baptista, Grumio and other guests.

PETRUCHIO

Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains.
I know you wish to dine with me today,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer,
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAPTISTA

Is't possible you will away tonight?

PETRUCHIO

I must away today, before night come.
And honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

TRANIO

Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

PETRUCHIO

It may not be.

GREMIO

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

It cannot be.

KATE

Let me entreat you.

PETRUCHIO

I am content.

KATE

Are you content to stay?

PETRUCHIO

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

KATE

Now, if you love me, stay.

PETRUCHIO

Grumio, my horse.

GRUMIO

Ay, sir, they be ready, the oats have eaten the horses.

KATE

Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go today,
No, nor tomorrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way;
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself.
Gentlemen, onward with the bridal dinner.
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist

PETRUCHIO

They shall go onward, Kate, at thy command.—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her.
On with the feast, revel and domineer,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret.
She is my goods, my chattels, she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my everything,
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare.
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate.
I'll buckler thee against a million.

Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATE and GRUMIO.

BAPTISTA

Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

TRANIO

Of all mad matches never was the like.

LUCENTIO

Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIANCA

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

GREMIO

I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Exeunt.

14

ACT 4 SCENE 1

PETRUCHIO'S house. Enter PETRUCHIO and KATE.

PETRUCHIO

Where be these knaves? What, no man at door
To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse?
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

Enter Grumio, Curtis and other servants.

SERVANTS

Here! Here sir, here sir!

PETRUCHIO

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

GRUMIO

Here, sir, as foolish as I was before.

PETRUCHIO

You peasant swain. You whoreson malt-horse drudge.
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
Go, rascal, go, and fetch my supper in.
Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Exit GRUMIO.

Food, food, food, food!

Enter GRUMIO and with supper.

Why, when, I say? Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.—

Off with my boots, you rogues! You villains! When?

A servant takes off his boot.

Out, you rogue! You pluck my foot awry.

Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.

Strikes him.

Be merry, Kate.— Some water, here. What, ho!

Where's my spaniel Troilus? Sirrah, get you hence.

Where are my slippers? Shall I have some water?

A servant brings a bowl of water.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.—

A servant spills water.

You whoreson villain, will you let it fall?

Strikes servant.

KATE

Patience, I pray you. 'Twas a fault unwilling.

PETRUCHIO

Come, Kate, sit down, I know you have a stomach.
What's this? Mutton?

GRUMIO

Ay.

PETRUCHIO

Who brought it?

GRUMIO

I.

PETRUCHIO

'Tis burnt, and so is all the meat.

What dog is this? Where is the rascal cook?

Throws the meat and dishes.

KATE

I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet.

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

PETRUCHIO

I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it.

Be patient, tomorrow it shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

Exit PETRUCHIO and KATE.

15

GRUMIO, CURTIS and SERVANTS come forward.

GRUMIO

Curtis, didst ever see the like?

He kills her in her own humour.

CURTIS

Where is he now?

GRUMIO

In her chamber.

He rails and swears and rates that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

All exit and re-enter PETRUCHIO alone.

PETRUCHIO

Thus have I politicly begun my reign,

And 'tis my hope to end successfully.

So now amid this hurly I intend

That all is done in reverend care of her.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,

Now let him speak. 'Tis charity to show.

Exit.

ACT 4 SCENE 2

Padua. Enter TRANIO (as Lucentio) and HORTENSIO (as Licio).

TRANIO

Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

HORTENSIO

Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO (as Cambio).

LUCENTIO

Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIANCA

What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

LUCENTIO

I read that I profess, the Art of Love.

BIANCA

And may you prove, sir, master of your art.

LUCENTIO

While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.

LUCENTIO and BIANCA talk aside.

TRANIO

I tell thee, Licio, this is monstrous.

HORTENSIO

Mistake no more, I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorn to live in this disguise.
Know, sir, that I am called Hortensio.

TRANIO

Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca.

HORTENSIO

See how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more, but do forswear her.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.
I will be married to a widow ere three days past,
Which hath as long loved me as I have loved
That proud, disdainful haggard.
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love. And so I take my leave.

Enter BAPTISTA.

Exit HORTENSIO.

17

BAPTISTA

You sir shall have my daughter with constent.
It likes me well. Cambio, hie you home,
And sweet Bianca make you ready straight.
And, if you will, tell what hath happened:
And how you soon shall be Lucentio's wife.

*Tranio indicates to Lucentio,
and secretly gives him the thumbs up.*

Exit LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

TRANIO

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way?
Welcome! One mess is like to be your cheer.

BAPTISTA

I follow you.

Exeunt TRANIO and BAPTISTA.

18

ACT 4, SCENE 3

PETRUCIO'S house. Enter KATE and PETRUCHIO'S servants.

KATE

What, did he marry me to famish me?
I'm starved for meat, giddy for lack of sleep,
With oaths kept waking and with brawling fed.
And that which spites me more than all these wants,
He does it under name of perfect love.
I prithe go and get me some repast,
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Enter PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO eating.

PETRUCHIO

How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amout?
Mistress, what cheer?

KATE

Faith, as cold as can be.

PETRUCHIO

Pluck up thy spirits. Now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's house
And revel it as bravely as the best,
With silken coats and caps and golden rings,
With ruffs and cuffs and fardingales and things,
What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure
To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.
Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments.

Enter a TAILOR with a fancy dress.

Lay forth the gown
What news with you sir?

HABADASHER

Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

PETRUCHIO

Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap.
Away with it! Come, let me have a bigger.

KATE

I'll have no bigger. This doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PETRUCHIO

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

HORTENSIO

(Aside) That will not be in haste.

KATE

Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak,
And speak I will. I am no child, no babe.
Your betters have endured me say my mind,
And if you cannot, best you stop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart concealing it will break,
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

PETRUCHIO

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

KATE

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

PETRUCHIO

O mercy, God! What masquing stuff is here?
What's this? A sleeve? 'Tis like a demi-cannon.
What, up and down, carved like an apple tart?
Why, what a' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

TAILOR

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

Enter a HABERDASHER with a fine hat.

Looking at the dress.

KATE

I never saw a better-fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.

PETRUCHIO

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marred her gown.
Well, come, my Kate. We will unto your father's
Even in these honest mean habiliments:
Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor,
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich,
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
O no, good Kate, neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture and mean array.
If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me.
And therefore frolic. We will hence forthwith,
To feast and sport us at thy father's house.

Exeunt.

19

ACT 4 SCENE 5

*Enter PETRUCHIO, HORTENSIO, KATE, GRUMIO
and SERVANTS travelling to Padua.*

PETRUCHIO

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

KATE

The moon? The sun! It is not moonlight now.

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATE

I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO

Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father house.
(To the servants) Go on, and fetch our horses back again.
Evermore crossed and crossed, nothing but crossed!

HORTENSIO

(To Kate) Say as he says, or we shall never go.

KATE

Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.

PETRUCHIO

I say it is the moon.

KATE

I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO

Nay, then you lie. It is the blessèd sun.

KATE

Then, God be blessed, it is the blessèd sun.
But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes even as your mind.
What you will have it named, even that it is,
And so it shall be so for Katherine.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, go thy ways. The field is won.

PETRUCHIO

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,
As those two eyes become that heav'nly face?—
Then lovely maid, once more toward our father's.

Exeunt.

20

ACT 5 SCENE 1

*Padua. Enter, LUCENTIO (as himself) and BIANCA (with a wedding bouquet)
GREMIO, BAPTISTA, KATE, PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO.*

LUCENTIO

(Kneels) Pardon, sweet father.

BAPTISTA

How hast thou offended? Where is Lucentio?

LUCENTIO

(Indicating himself) Here's Lucentio,
The son of the good Vincentio,
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit supposes bleared thine eyne.

GREMIO

Here's packing, with a witness to deceive us all!

BAPTISTA

Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

BIANCA

Cambio is changed into Lucentio.

LUCENTIO

Love wrought these miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my state with Tranio.
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

BAPTISTA

But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will? Go to.
But I will in to be revenged for this villainy.

Exit BAPTISTA.

LUCENTIO

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

Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

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KATE

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

PETRUCHIO

First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

KATE

What, in the midst of the street?

PETRUCHIO

What, art thou ashamed of me?

KATE

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

PETRUCHIO

Why, then let's home again.— Come, Grumio, let's away.

KATE

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

They kiss.

PETRUCHIO

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

Exeunt.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, LUCENTIO and BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATE, HORTENSIO, the WIDOW, GRUMIO, TRANIO and SERVANTS.

LUCENTIO

At last, though long, our jarring notes agree,
And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.
I, fair Bianca, bid thy father welcome.
Brother Petruccio, sister Katherina,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house.

PETRUCHIO

Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat.

BAPTISTA

Padua affords this kindness, son Petruccio.

PETRUCHIO

Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

HORTENSIO

For both our sakes, I would that word were true.

PETRUCHIO

Now for my life Hortensio fears his widow.

WIDOW

Then never trust me if I be afeared.

BIANCA

You are welcome, all.

Exit KATE, BIANCA and WIDOW.

BAPTISTA

Now, in good sadness, son Petruccio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

PETRUCHIO

Well, I say no: and therefore for assurance
Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he whose wife is most compliant
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

LUCENTIO

Content.

GREMIO

Who shall begin?

LUCENTIO

That will I.

Go, Tranio, bid your mistress come to me.

TRANIO

I go.

Exit TRANIO.

BAPTISTA

Son, I'll be your half, Bianca comes.

LUCENTIO

I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

How now! What news?

Re-enter TRANIO.

TRANIO

Sir, my mistress sends you word

That she is busy and she cannot come.

She bids you come to her.

PETRUCHIO

How! She is busy and she cannot come!

Is that an answer?

GRUMIO

Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

PETRUCHIO

I hope better.

HORTENSIO

Sirrah Biondello, go and entreat my wife

To come forthwith.

Exit BIONDELLO.

PETRUCHIO

O ho! 'Entreat' her!

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

HORTENSIO

Now where's my wife?

BIONDELLO

She says you have some goodly jest in hand

She will not come. She bids you come to her.

PETRUCHIO

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress;

Say, I demand her to come to me.

Exit GRUMIO.

HORTENSIO

I know her answer.

PETRUCHIO

What?

HORTENSIO

She will not.

BAPTISTA

Now, by my holidame, here comes Katherina!

Re-enter KATE.

KATE

What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

PETRUCHIO

Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?

KATE

They sit conferring by the parlor fire.

PETRUCHIO

Go fetch them hither: if they deny to come
Swinge me them soundly forth unto their husbands.

Exit KATE.

LUCENTIO

Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

HORTENSIO

And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

PETRUCHIO

Marry, peace it bodes, and love and quiet life.

Re-enter KATE, BIANCA and the WIDOW.

WIDOW

Lord, let me never have a cause to sigh,
Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

BIANCA

Fie! What a foolish duty call you this?

PETRUCHIO

Katherina, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

BIANCA

Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

KATHERINA

Fie, fie! Unknit that threatening unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
It blots thy beauty as frosts do bite the meads,
Confounds thy fame as whirlwinds shake fair buds,
And in no sense is meet or amiable.
I am ashamed that people are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy and sway,
When they have sworn to love, honour and obey.
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reason haply more,
To bandy word for word and frown for frown;
But now I see our lances are but straws.
So vail your stomach, for it is no boot,
And place your hands below your husband's foot.
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease.

PETRUCHIO

Why, there's a wench! Come on and kiss me, Kate.

Exeunt.