

Resource A (edited text): **SHOW AND TELL**

1. POSTHUMUS IS BANISHED!

King Cymbeline discovers that his daughter, Imogen, has secretly married Posthumus, a man of low birth. Angered, the king banishes Posthumus from Britain. Imogen and Posthumus exchange love tokens to remember each other by

Cymbeline **Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.**

Posthumus **The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court! I am gone.**

2. THE BET!

In Rome, Posthumus boasts about his faithful wife, Imogen. A local gentleman, Iacomo bets that he can seduce her. Unbelievably, Posthumus agrees to the bet.

Iachimo **If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have
enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress,
my ten thousand ducats are yours.**

Posthumus **I embrace these conditions; if you make your voyage
upon her, I am no further your enemy;
she is not worth our debate**

3. IACOMO CHEATS!

Iacomo realises he cannot seduce Imogen so hides inside a chest in her bedroom. When she is asleep, he climbs out of it and makes a list of things he sees to prove he was there.

Imogen **I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:
Sleep hath seized me wholly.
[prays] To your protection I commend me, gods.
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye.**

[She sleeps. IACHIMO climbs out of the trunk]

Iachimo **O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying! Come off, come off:
[Taking off her bracelet] 'Tis mine.**

4. THE QUEEN PLOTS...

After rejecting the advances of Cloten, Imogen escapes the palace to be with Posthumus. The king is worried about her disappearance but the Queen is glad Imogen is gone. She is plotting to get her son, Colton, on the throne and reveals she has sent a servant, Pisanio, with poison for Posthumus.

Cymbeline **Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that which I fear
Prove false! [Exits]**

Queen **Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthumus!
He hath a drug of mine; I pray his absence
Proceed by swallowing that. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seized her,
she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.**

5. IMOGEN ESCAPES DEATH!

Iachimo lies and tells Posthumus he has seduced his wife. In fury, Posthumus sends Pisanio to kill Imogen. Imogen is appalled to hear she has been slandered. With her reputation ruined, she decides it is better to be dead. Pisanio advises Imogen to disguise herself as a man for protection.

Pisanio **You must forget to be a woman
'Tis in my cloak-bag: doublet, hat, hose, all
That answer to them
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of such a season**

Imogen **I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already ...this attempt
I am soldier to, and will abide it with
A prince's courage.**

6. IMOGEN MEETS HER BROTHERS.

Imogen arrives in Wales, disguised as Fidele and meets two young hunters, Polydore and Cadwal, who welcome her like a brother. Little do any of them know that these are the two princes stolen from Cymbeline by banished courtier, Balarius. Imogen feels unwell and takes the poison meant for Posthumus.

Belarius **[To IMOGEN] You are not well: remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.**

Cadwal **[To IMOGEN]. Brother, farewell.**

[They exit].

Imogen **Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my sex to be companion with them.
I am sick still; heart-sick. Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drug.**

7. THE BROTHERS MOURN...

Cloten comes looking for Imogen but runs into Polydore and insults him, thinking he is a worthless peasant. Polydore kills and beheads Cloten. The brothers find Fidele's body. Fortunately, Pisanio has swapped the Queen's poison for a sleeping potion but thinking Fidele is dead, the brothers lay Cloten's body nearby and sing a lament.

**Polydore & Cadwal [sing] Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.**

8. POSTHUMUS REGRETS HIS ACTIONS...

Imogen was up next to a headless corpse wearing her husband's clothes and believes Posthumus is dead. The Roman army arrive and General Lucius takes Fidele to be his page. A battle begins between the Romans and the British. Polydore, Cadwal and their father fight for the British. Posthumus regrets having Imogen killed and disguises himself as a Roman to get himself caught. In prison, he dreams of his dead parents and the god Jupiter gives him hope that his wife may return.

Ghost Parents **Help, Jupiter
Peep through thy marble mansion; help;
Or we poor ghosts will cry**

Against thy deity.

[Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunderbolt. The ghosts fall on their knees.]

Jupiter **No more, you petty spirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; hush!
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.**

Ghost Parents **Thanks, Jupiter!**

9. BACK AT COURT!

Cymbeline is told that the Queen has died after admitting her plots and treason. Cymbeline blames her good looks and charm for deceiving him. Iacomo admits his deceit and is forgiven by Posthumus. Imogen reveals her true identity and is reunited with Posthumus.

Imogen **Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again.**

[Embracing him]

Posthumus **Hang there like a fruit, my soul,
Till the tree die!**

10. ALL IS RESOLVED?!

The brothers are about to be punished for killing Cloten, but Belarius reveals their true identity. Cymbeline is reunited with his stolen sons and makes peace with Belarius and the Romans. A Soothsayer reveals the meaning of Posthumus's dream.

Soothsayer **The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two sons forth; who, by Belarius stol'n,
For many years thought dead, are now revived,
To the majestic cedar join'd, whose issue
Promises Britain peace and plenty.**

Cymbeline **Publish we this peace
To all our subjects.
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we'll ratify; Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.**