

Resource B: **CLOTEN**

Speech 1

Cloten I love and hate her: for she's fair and royal,
 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
 The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
 Outsells them all; I love her therefore: but
 Disdaining me and throwing favours on
 The low Posthumus slanders so her judgment
 That what's else rare is choked; and in that point
 I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
 To be revenged upon her.

Speech 2

Imogen Profane fellow
 Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
 Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
 The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
 For being preferred so well.
 He never can meet more mischance than come
 To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
 That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer
 In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
 Were they all made such men.

Speech 3

Cloten She said upon a time—the
 bitterness of it I now belch from my heart—that she
 held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect
 than my noble and natural person together with the

adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined,—which, as I say, to vex her I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.