**Scrambled Scenes: Shakespeare Style**

**Scene D**

Enter CHRIS, reading

O, give me leave:
How does my good Lord Chris?

CHRIS
Well, God-a-mercy.

LORD SHERMAN
Do you know me, my lord?

CHRIS
Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

LORD SHERMAN
Not I, my lord.

CHRIS
Then I would you were so honest a man.

LORD SHERMAN
Honest, my lord!

CHRIS
Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be
one man picked out of ten thousand.

LORD SHERMAN
That's very true, my lord.

CHRIS
For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a
god kissing carrion,--Have you a daughter?

LORD SHERMAN
I have, my lord.

CHRIS
Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a
blessing: but not as your daughter may conceive.
Friend, look to 't.

LORD SHERMAN
[Aside] How say you by that? Still harping on my
daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I
was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and
truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for
love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.
What do you read, my lord?

CHRIS
Words, words, words.

LORD SHERMAN
What is the matter, my lord?

CHRIS
Between who?

LORD SHERMAN
I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

CHRIS
Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here
that old men have grey beards, that their faces are
wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and
plum-tree gum and that they have a plentiful lack of
wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir,
though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet
I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for
yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab
you could go backward.

LORD SHERMAN
[Aside] Though this be madness, yet there is method
in 't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

CHRIS
Into my grave.

LORD SHERMAN
Indeed, that is out o' the air.

Aside

How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness
that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity
could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will
leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of
meeting between him and my daughter.--My honourable
lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

CHRIS
You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will
more willingly part withal: except my life, except
my life, except my life.

LORD SHERMAN
Fare you well, my lord.

CHRIS
These tedious old fools!

Enter PAUL and ANDREW

LORD SHERMAN
You go to seek the Lord Chris; there he is.

PAUL
[To SHERMAN] God save you, sir!

Exit SHERMAN

ANDREW
My honoured lord!

PAUL
My most dear lord!

CHRIS
My excellent good friends! How dost thou,
Andrew? Ah, Paul! Good lads, how do ye both?

PAUL
As the indifferent children of the earth.

ANDREW
Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

CHRIS
Nor the soles of her shoe?

PAUL
Neither, my lord.

CHRIS
Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of
her favours?

ANDREW
'Faith, her privates we.

CHRIS
In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she
is a strumpet. What's the news?

PAUL
None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

CHRIS
Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true.
Let me question more in particular: what have you,
my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune,
that she sends you to prison hither?

PAUL
Prison, my lord!

CHRIS
Denmark's a prison.

ANDREW
Then is the world one.

CHRIS
A goodly one; in which there are many confines,
wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

ANDREW
We think not so, my lord.

CHRIS
Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing
either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me
it is a prison.

ANDREW
Why then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too
narrow for your mind.

CHRIS
O God, I could be bounded in a nut shell and count
myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I
have bad dreams.

PAUL
Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very
substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

CHRIS
A dream itself is but a shadow.