**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.