**Scrambled Scenes: Shakespeare Style**

**Scene E**

ANGELINA
Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

PAUL
I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

ANGELINA
My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

PAUL
No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

ANGELINA
My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

PAUL
Ha, ha! are you honest?

ANGELINA
My lord?

PAUL
Are you fair?

ANGELINA
What means your lordship?

PAUL
That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should
admit no discourse to your beauty.

ANGELINA
Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than
with honesty?

PAUL
Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner
transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the
force of honesty can translate beauty into his
likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the
time gives it proof. I did love you once.

ANGELINA
Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

PAUL
You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot
so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of
it: I loved you not.

ANGELINA
I was the more deceived.

PAUL
Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a
breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest;
but yet I could accuse me of such things that it
were better my mother had not borne me: I am very
proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at
my beck than I have thoughts to put them in,
imagination to give them shape, or time to act them
in. What should such fellows as I do crawling
between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves,
all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.
Where's your father?

ANGELINA
At home, my lord.

PAUL
Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the
fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

ANGELINA
O, help him, you sweet heavens!

PAUL
If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for
thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as
snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a
nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs
marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough
what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go,
and quickly too. Farewell.

ANGELINA
O heavenly powers, restore him!

PAUL
I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God
has given you one face, and you make yourselves
another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and
nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness
your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath
made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages:
those that are married already, all but one, shall
live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a
nunnery, go.

Exit

ANGELINA
O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING VINNY and RONALD

KING VINNY
Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

LORD RONALD
It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Angelina!
You need not tell us what Lord Paul said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

KING VINNY
It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

Exeunt