**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