

Troilus and Cressida

By William Shakespeare

Performance Edit: Stephanie Crugnola

Characters in the Play

The Trojans

PRIAM, (Joaquin Gonzalez) *King of Troy*

CASSANDRA, (Rachel Stone) *Priam's daughter, a soothsayer*

TROILUS (Jeffery Miller), **HECTOR** (Cody R. Arn), **PARIS** (Lee Vineyard), **HELENUS** (Lars Maurseth), *Priam's sons*

ANDROMACHE (Sovereignty Harmony Bliss), *Hector's wife*

AENEAS (Arely Flores Martinez), *Trojan Leader*

ANTENOR (Madi Luebbers), *Trojan warrior & Musician*

CRESSIDA (Leah Luna), *the daughter of a Trojan nobleman*

CALCHAS (Cheyenne Gibbs), *her sister*

PANDARUS (Mike Crugnola), *her uncle*

ALEXANDRA (Tali Russell), *her servant*

The Greeks

AGAMEMNON (Danni Bondurant), *the general, king of Mycenae*

NESTOR (Andrew Speichinger), *king of Pyros*

ULYSSES (Robert Deike), *king of Ithaca*

DIOMEDES (Jacquelyn Lies), *king of Argos*

MENELAUS (Todd Jeffery), *brother to Agamemnon, king of Sparta*

HELEN (Renee Osborn), *Menelaus' wife, now with Paris in Troy*

AJAX (Darius Bego), *a warrior*

THERSITES (Shannon Gibson), *his servant*

ACHILLES (Ryan Leverone), *a better warrior*

PATROCLUS (Trent Clifford), *his companion*

CHORUS (Christina Dove), *a chorus.*

ACT I

Enter CHRISTINA (center curtain)

Action: Shadow play of Paris stealing Helen
Menelaus rallying armies
etc

CHORUS

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece
 The princes orgulous, their high blood chafed,
 Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
 Fraught with the ministers and instruments
 Of cruel war: sixty and nine; and their vow is made
 To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
 The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
 With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.

CASSANDRA & CALCHAS

Cry, Trojans, Cry! The flames of war you brought
 Across the sea burn greater than you know.

CHORUS

To Tenedos they come;
 And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
 Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains
 The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
 Their brave pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,
 Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
 And Antenorides—with massy staples
 And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
 Sperr up the sons of Troy.
 Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits,
 On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
 Sets all on hazard: and hither am I come
 A prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
 Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
 In like conditions as our argument,
 To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
 Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
 Beginning in the middle, starting thence away
 To what may be digested in a play.
 Like or find fault; do as your pleasures are:
 Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

Exit CHRISTINA (to sit in audience)

SCENE I. TROY. BEFORE PRIAM'S PALACE

Enter JEFFERY, MIKE (left)

TROILUS

I'll unarm again.

(To PANDARUS)

Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

PANDARUS

Will this gear ne'er be mended?

TROILUS

The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill and to their fierceness valiant;
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance,
And skillless as unpractised infancy.

PANDARUS

Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle
nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat
must needs tarry the grinding.

TROILUS

Have I not tarried?

PANDARUS

Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

TROILUS

Have I not tarried?

PANDARUS

Ay, the bolting, but you must tarry the leavening.

TROILUS

Still have I tarried.
At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressida comes into my thoughts,--
So, traitor! 'When she comes!' When is she thence?

PANDARUS

For my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not,
as they term it, praise her: but she is fair.

TROILUS

O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,--
I tell thee I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st 'she is fair;'
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice,
Handiest in thy discourse,
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

PANDARUS

I speak no more than truth.

TROILUS

Thou dost not speak so much.

PANDARUS

~~Faith, I'll not meddle in't.~~ Let her be as she is:
if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not,
she has the mends in her own hands.

TROILUS

What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

PANDARUS

Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen:
an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday
as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I?

TROILUS

Say I she is not fair?

PANDARUS

I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool
to stay behind her sister; let her to the Greeks;
and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part,
I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

TROILUS

Pandarus,--

PANDARUS

Not I.

TROILUS

Sweet Pandarus,--

PANDARUS

Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave
all as I found it, and there an end.

Exit MIKE (left)
SOUND: Alarum

TROILUS

Peace, you ungracious clamours! Peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this argument;
It is too starved a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus,--O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressida but by Pandarus;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo

As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.

SOUND: Alarum
Enter ARELY (Center Aisle)

AENEAS

How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

TROILUS

Because not there.

What news, AEneas, from the field to-day?

AENEAS

That Paris is returned home and hurt.

TROILUS

By whom, AEneas?

AENEAS

By Menelaus.

SOUND: Alarum

TROILUS

Are you bound thither?

AENEAS

In all swift haste.

TROILUS

Come, go we then together.

Exit JEFFERY, ARELY (center aisle)

SCENE II. TROY. A STREET.

Enter LEAH, TALI (center curtain)

*Enter RENEE, SOVEREIGNTY, RACHEL (left
cross to right)*

CRESSIDA

Who were those went by?

ALEXANDRA

Andromache and Helen.

CRESSIDA

And whither go they?

ALEXANDRA

Up to the eastern tower,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was moved:
He chid Andromache and struck his armorer;

And, like as there were husbandry in war,
 Before the sun rose he was harness'd light,
 And to the field goes he; where every flower
 Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
 In Hector's wrath.

CRESSIDA

What was his cause of anger?

ALEXANDRA

The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks
 A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
 They call him Ajax.

CRESSIDA

Good; and what of him?

ALEXANDRA

They say he is a very man per se,
 And stands alone.

CRESSIDA

So do all men, unless they are drunk.

ALEXANDRA

This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their
 particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion,
 churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant:
 a man into whom nature hath so crowded
 humours that his valour is crushed into folly,
 his folly sauced with discretion.
 There is no man hath a virtue that
 he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint
 but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy
 without cause and merry against the hair. He hath
 the joints of everything, but everything so out of
 joint that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and
 no use, or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight.

CRESSIDA

But how should this man, that makes
 me smile, make Hector angry?

ALEXANDRA

They say he yesterday coped Hector in the battle
 and struck him down, the disdain and shame
 whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Enter MIKE (left)

CRESSIDA

Who comes here?

ALEXANDRA

Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

CRESSIDA (*loudly*)

Hector's a gallant man.

ALEXANDRA

As may be in the world, lady.

PANDARUS

What's that? what's that?

CRESSIDA

Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

PANDARUS

Good morrow, cousin Cressida: what do you talk of?

Good morrow, Alexandra. How do you, cousin?

When were you at Ilium?

CRESSIDA

This morning, uncle.

PANDARUS

What were you talking of when I came?

Was Hector armed and gone ere ye came to Ilium?

Helen was not up, was she?

CRESSIDA

Hector was gone, but Helen was not up.

PANDARUS

Even so: Hector was stirring early.

CRESSIDA

That were we talking of, and of his anger.

PANDARUS

Was he angry?

CRESSIDA

So **she** says here.

PANDARUS

True, he was so: I know the cause too.

Troilus will not come far behind him: let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too.

CRESSIDA

What, is he angry too?

PANDARUS

Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

CRESSIDA

O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

PANDARUS

What, not between Troilus and Hector?
Do you know a man if you see him?

CRESSIDA

Ay, if I ever saw him before and knew him.

PANDARUS

Well, I say Troilus is Troilus.

CRESSIDA

Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

PANDARUS

No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

CRESSIDA

'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

PANDARUS

Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were.

CRESSIDA

He is not Hector.

PANDARUS

Himself! no, he's not himself: would a' were himself!
Well, the gods are above; time must friend or end: well,
Troilus, well:

(aside)

I would my heart were in her body.

(To Cressida)

No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

CRESSIDA

Excuse me.

PANDARUS

He is elder.

CRESSIDA

Pardon me, pardon me.

PANDARUS

Th' other's not come to't; you shall tell me
another tale, when th' other's come to't.
Hector shall not have his wit this year.

CRESSIDA

He shall not need it, if he have his own.

PANDARUS

Nor his qualities.

CRESSIDA

No matter.

PANDARUS

Nor his beauty.

CRESSIDA

'Twould not become him; his own's better.

PANDARUS

You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself praised
his complexion above Paris.

I swear to you. I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

CRESSIDA

Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

PANDARUS

Nay, I am sure she does.

SOUND: A retreat

ALEXANDRA

Hark! they are coming from the field!

PANDARUS

Shall we stand up here, and see them as they pass toward Ilium?
good niece, do, sweet niece Cressida.

CRESSIDA

At your pleasure.

PANDARUS

Here, here, here's an excellent
place; here we may see most
bravely: I'll tell you them all by
their names as they pass by; but
mark Troilus above the rest.

CRESSIDA

Speak not so loud.

*Enter ARELY (center aisle)
ARELY strut aisle*

PANDARUS

That's AEneas: is not that a brave man?
he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you:
but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

*Exit ARELY (left)
Enter MADI (center aisle)
MADI strut aisle*

CRESSIDA

Who's that?

PANDARUS

That's Antenor. He has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's
A man good enough. When comes Troilus?

Exit MADI (left)

Enter CODY (center aisle)

CODY strut aisle, cross to SOVEREIGNTY

That's Hector, that, that, look you, that;
there's a fellow! Go thy way, Hector! There's a brave man,
niece. O brave Hector! Look how he looks!
there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

CRESSIDA

O, a brave man!

PANDARUS

Is a' not? it does a man's heart good. Look you
what hacks are on his armor! look you yonder,
do you see? ~~look you there: there's no jesting;~~
~~there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say:~~
there be hacks!

CRESSIDA

Be those with swords?

Exit CODY, SOVEREIGNTY (right)

PANDARUS

Swords! any thing, he cares not; an the devil come
to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart
good. Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris.

Enter LEE (center aisle)

LEE strut aisle, cross to RENEE

Look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man too,
is't not? Why, this is brave now. Who said he came
hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do
Helen's heart good now, ha! Would I could see Troilus
now! You shall see Troilus anon.

Exit LEE, RENEE (right)

Enter LARS (center aisle)

LARS strut aisle

CRESSIDA

Who's that?

PANDARUS

That's Helenus. I marvel where Troilus is. That's Helenus. I think he went not forth to-day. That's Helenus.

CRESSIDA

Can Helenus fight, uncle?

PANDARUS

Helenus? no. Yes, he'll fight indifferent well.
I marvel where Troilus is. Hark! do you not hear
the people cry 'Troilus'?

Exit LARS (left)

CRESSIDA

What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter JEFFERY (center aisle)

JEFFERY strut aisle

PANDARUS

Where? yonder? 'Tis Troilus! there's a man,
niece! Hem! Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

CRESSIDA

Peace, for shame, peace!

PANDARUS

Mark him; note him. O brave
Troilus! Look well upon him, niece: look you how
his sword is bloodied, and his armor more hacked than
Hector's, and how he looks, and how he goes!
O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty.
Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way! Had I a sister were a
grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his
choice. O admirable man! Paris? Paris is dirt to him;
and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

Exit JEFFERY (left)

CRESSIDA

Here come more.

Enter JOAQUIN (center aisle)
JOAQUIN shake audience hands
JOAQUIN cross to RACHEL

PANDARUS

Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran!
porridge after meat! I could live and die i' the eyes
of Troilus. Ne'er look, ne'er look: the eagles are gone:
crows and daws, crows and daws! I had rather be such
a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

*Exit JOAQUIN, RACHEL
(right)*

CRESSIDA

There is among the Greeks Achilles, a better man than Troilus.

PANDARUS

Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel.

CRESSIDA

Well, well

PANDARUS

'Well, well!' why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

CRESSIDA

Ay, a minced man: and then to be baked with no date in the pie, for then the man's date's out.

PANDARUS

You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

CRESSIDA

Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

PANDARUS

You are such another!

Enter LARS (left)

HELENUS

Sir, my brother would instantly speak with you.

PANDARUS

Where?

HELENUS

At your own house; there he unarms him.

PANDARUS

Good, tell him I come.

Exit LARS (left)

I doubt he be hurt. Fare ye well, good niece.

CRESSIDA

Adieu, uncle.

PANDARUS

I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

CRESSIDA

To bring, uncle?

PANDARUS

Ay, a token from Troilus.

CRESSIDA

By the same token, you are a bawd.

Exit MIKE (left)

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
 He offers in another's enterprise;
 But more in Troilus thousand fold I see
 Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
 Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
 Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.
 That she beloved knows nought that knows not this:
 Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:
 That she was never yet that ever knew
 Love got so sweet as when desire did sue.
 Therefore this maxim out of love I teach:
 Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
 Then though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
 Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

Exit LEAH, TALIA (left)

SCENE III. THE GRECIAN CAMP. BEFORE AGAMEMNON'S TENT.

*Enter DANNI, ANDREW, DEIKE, JACKIE,
 TODD, CHEYENNE (right)*

AGAMEMNON

Princes, What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
 Why princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
 And call them shames?

ULYSSES

Agamemnon,
 Thou great commander, nerve and bone of Greece,
 Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit.
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
 Let it please all,

Thou great, and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.

AGAMEMNON

Speak, prince of Ithaca.

ULYSSES

Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength.

NESTOR

Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd
The fever whereof all our power is sick.

AGAMEMNON

The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses,
What is the remedy?

ULYSSES

The great Achilles—

ALL groan

ULYSSES

—Whom opinion crowns
The sinew and the forehead of our host, in his tent
Lies mocking our designs: with him Patroclus
Upon a lazy bed the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests,
And with ridiculous and silly action,
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls,
He pageants us. At this fusty stuff,
The large Achilles, on his pressed bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause,
Cries "Excellent! 'Tis Agamemnon right.
Now play me Nestor; hem and stroke thy chin,
As he being dressed to some oration."
And in this fashion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

NESTOR

And in the imitation of these twain,
Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice, many are infect:
Ajax—

ALL groan

NESTOR

–is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place
 As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle, and sets Thersites
 To match us in comparisons with dirt,
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How rank soever rounded in with danger.

DIOMEDES

They tax our policy, and call it cowardice,
 Count wisdom as no member of the war.

SOUND: Trumpet

AGAMEMNON

What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

MENELAUS

From Troy

Enter ARELY (left)

AGAMEMNON

What would you 'fore our tent?

AENEAS

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
 A prince call'd Hector,--Priam is his father,--
 Who in this dull and long-continued truce
 Is rusty grown: he bade me to this purpose speak.
 "Kings, princes, lords!
 If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
 That holds his honour higher than his ease,
 That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,
 That knows his valour, and knows not his fear,
 That loves his mistress more than in confession,
 With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
 And dare avow her beauty and her worth
 In other arms than hers,--to him this challenge.
 Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
 Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
 He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
 Than ever Greek did compass in his arms,
 And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
 Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
 To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
 If any come, Hector shall honour him;
 If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
 The Grecian dames are lowly and not worth
 The splinter of a lance." Even so much.

AGAMEMNON

This shall be told our lovers, Lord AEneas;
 If none of them have soul in such a kind,

We left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
 And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
 That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
 If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
 That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

NESTOR

Tell him of Nestor, that will be a man
 When Hector's grandson sucks. He is young now,
 But if there be not in our Grecian host
 A noble man that hath one spark of fire,
 To answer for his love, tell him from me
 I'll hide my lack of beard in a gold beaver,
 And meeting him will tell him that my lady
 Is fairer than his mother and as chaste
 As may be in the world: his age in flood,
 I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

AENEAS

Now heavens forbid such scarcity of strength!

ULYSSES

Amen.

AGAMEMNON

Fair Lord Aeneas, let me touch your hand;
 To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
 Achilles shall have word of this intent;
 So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
 Yourself shall feast with us before you go
 And find the welcome of a noble foe.

*Exit ARELY, CHEYENNE, DANNI, JACKIE
 (right)*

ULYSSES

I have a young conception in my brain;
 Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

NESTOR

What is't?

ULYSSES

This 'tis:
 Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
 That hath to this maturity blown up
 In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
 Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
 To overbulk us all.

MENELAUS

Well, and how?

ULYSSES

This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
 However it is spread in general name,
 Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

NESTOR

Achilles, were his brain as barren
 As banks of Libya,--though, Apollo knows,
 'Tis dry enough,--will, with great speed of judgment,
 find Hector's purpose Pointing on him.

ULYSSES

And wake him to the answer, think you?

NESTOR

Yes, 'tis most meet: whom may you else oppose,
 That can from Hector bring his honour off,
 If not Achilles? Though't be a sportful combat,
 Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
 For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute
 With their finest palate. Trust to me, Ulysses,
 It is supposed
 He that meets Hector issues from our choice
 And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election, and doth boil,
 As 'twere from us all, a man distill'd
 Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
 What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
 Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
 In no less working than are swords and bows
 Directive by the limbs.

ULYSSES

Give pardon to my speech: Therefore 'tis meet
 Achilles meet not Hector.
 Do not consent That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
 For both our honour and our shame in this
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

NESTOR

I see them not with my young eyes: what are they?

ULYSSES

What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
 But he already is too insolent;
 And we were better parch in desert sun
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
 Why then, we did our main opinion crush

In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
 And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
 The sort to fight with Hector: among ourselves
 Give him allowance for the better man;
 For that will physic the great Achilles
 Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
 His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
 If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still
 That we have better men. But, hit or miss,
 Our project's life this shape of sense assumes:
 Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

NESTOR

Ulysses, Now I begin to relish thy advice;
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith To Agamemnon!

MENELAUS

Go we to him straight.

Exit TODD, DEIKE, ANDREW (right)

ACT II

SCENE I. A PART OF THE GRECIAN CAMP.

Enter DARIUS, SHANNON (center curtain)

AJAX

Thersites!

THERSITES

Agamemnon, how if he had boils? full, all over, generally?

AJAX

Thersites!

THERSITES

And those boils did run? say so: did not the general
 run then? were not that a botchy core?

AJAX

Dog!

THERSITES

Then there would come some matter from him;
 I see none now.

AJAX

Thou wolf's son, canst thou not hear?
(tries to hit him)

Feel, then.

THERSITES

The plague of Greece upon thee,
thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

AJAX

Speak then, thou unsalted leaven, speak:
I will beat thee into handsomeness.

THERSITES

I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness:
but, I think, thy horse will sooner con an oration
than thou learn a prayer without book.

AJAX

Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

THERSITES

Thou art proclaimed a fool, I think.

AJAX

Do not, porpentine, do not: my fingers itch.

THERSITES

I would thou didst itch from head to foot and
I had the scratching of thee

AJAX

I say, the proclamation!

THERSITES

Thou grumblest and railest every hour on
Achilles, and thou art as full of envy at his
greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpine's beauty,
ay, that thou barkest at him.

AJAX

Thersites!

THERSITES

Thou shouldest strike him.

AJAX

You whoreson cur!

THERSITES

Thou hast no more brain than I have in mine elbows;
thou scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to thrash
Trojans; I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches.

AJAX

You dog!

THERSITES

You scurvy lord!

AJAX [Beating him]

You cur!

THERSITES

Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

Enter RYAN, TRENT (center curtain)

ACHILLES

Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus?

How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

THERSITES

You see him there, do you?

ACHILLES

Ay; what's the matter?

THERSITES

Nay, look upon him.

ACHILLES

So I do: what's the matter?

THERSITES

Nay, but regard him well.

ACHILLES

'Well!' why, I do so.

THERSITES

But yet you look not well upon him; for whosoever
you take him to be, he is Ajax.

ACHILLES

I know that, fool.

THERSITES

Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

AJAX

Therefore I beat thee.

THERSITES

I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones.
This lord, Achilles—Ajax, who wears his wit in his
belly, and his guts in his head—I'll tell you what I
say of him.

ACHILLES

What?

THERSITES

I say, this Ajax—

DARIUS *menaces him.*

ACHILLES

Nay, good Ajax.

THERSITES

Has not so much wit—

ACHILLES, to Ajax

Nay, I must hold you.

THERSITES

As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for
whom he comes to fight.

ACHILLES

Peace, fool!

THERSITES

I would have peace and quietness, but the
fool will not—he there, that he. Look you there.

AJAX

O, thou damned cur, I shall—

ACHILLES

Will you set your wit to a fool's?

THERSITES

No, I warrant you. The fool's will shame it.

PATROCLUS

Good words, Thersites.

ACHILLES (To Ajax)

What's the quarrel?

AJAX

I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenor of the proclamation
And he rails upon me.

THERSITES

I serve thee not

AJAX

I shall cut out your tongue.

THERSITES

'Tis no matter! I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

PATROCLUS

No more words, Thersites; peace!

THERSITES

I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach bids me, shall I?

ACHILLES

There's for you, Patroclus.

THERSITES

I will keep where there is wit stirring and leave this faction of fools.

Exit SHANNON (center curtain)

PATROCLUS

A good riddance.

ACHILLES

Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:
That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will with a trumpet 'twixt our tents and Troy
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms
That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare
Maintain--I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

AJAX

Farewell. Who shall answer him?

ACHILLES

I know not: 'tis put to lottery; otherwise
He knew his man.

AJAX

O, meaning you. I will go learn more of it.

Exit DARIUS, RYAN, TRENT (Center Curtain)

SCENE II. TROY. A ROOM IN PRIAM'S PALACE.

Enter JOAQUIN, CODY, SOVEREIGNTY (right)

Enter JEFFERY, RENEE, LEE, LARS (left)

PRIAM

After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:
'Deliver Helen, and all damage else--
As honour, loss of time, travail, expense,
Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consumed
In hot digestion of this cormorant war--
Shall be struck off.' Hector, what say you to't?

HECTOR

Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I
 As far as toucheth my particular,
 Yet, dread Priam, Let Helen go:
 Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
 Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,
 Hath been as dear as Helen; I mean, of ours:
 If we have lost so many tenths of ours,
 To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,
 Had it our name, the value of one ten,
 What merit's in that reason which denies
 The yielding of her up?

TROILUS

Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king
 So great as our dread father's in a scale
 Of common ounces? fie, for godly shame!

HELENUS

No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
 You are so empty of them. Should not our father
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

TROILUS

You are for dreams and slumbers, brother;
 You fur your gloves with reason.
 Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates and sleep: manhood and honour
 Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
 With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
 Make livers pale and lustihood deject.

HECTOR

Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
 The keeping.

TROILUS

What is aught, but as 'tis valued?

HECTOR

But value dwells not in particular will;
 It holds his estimate and dignity
 As well wherein 'tis precious of itself
 As in the prizer.

TROILUS

It was thought meet

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
 Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;
 Why keep we her?
 Is she worth keeping? Why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships;

~~And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.
 If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went—
 As you must needs, for you all cried 'Go, go,'
 —why do you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar the estimation which you prized
 Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
 That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!
 But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
 That in their country did them that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place!~~

CASSANDRA [Within]
 Cry, Trojans, cry!

PRIAM
 What noise? what shriek is this?

TROILUS
 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

CASSANDRA [Within]
 Cry, Trojans!

HELENUS
 It is Cassandra.

Enter RACHEL (center curtain)

CASSANDRA
 Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

HELENUS
 Peace, sister, peace!

CASSANDRA
 Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
 Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all.
 Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe:
 Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

Exit RACHEL, SOVEREIGNTY (left)
ACTION: SOVEREIGNTY try to pull RENEE
out with you, RENEE refuse to leave

HECTOR
 Now, youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
 Of divination in our sister work
 Some touches of remorse? or is your blood
 So madly hot that no discourse of reason,
 Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
 Can qualify the same?

TROILUS

Why, brother Hector,
 We may not think the justness of each act
 Such and no other than event doth form it,
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
 Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
 Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel
 Which hath our several honours all engaged
 To make it gracious. For my private part,
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons.

PARIS

Else might the world convince of levity
 As well my undertakings as your counsels:
 But I attest the gods, your full consent
 Gave wings to my propension and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.
 For what, alas, can these my single arms?
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties
 And had as ample power as I have will,
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

PRIAM

Paris, you speak
 Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
 You have the honey still, but these the gall;
 So to be valiant is no praise at all.

PARIS

Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
 What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up
 On terms of base compulsion!
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party
 Without a heart to dare or sword to draw
 When Helen is defended, nor none so noble
 Whose life were ill bestow'd or death unfamed
 Where Helen is the subject; then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her whom, we know well,
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

HECTOR

Paris and Troilus, you have both said well.
 If Helen then be wife to Sparta's king,
 As it is known she is, these moral laws
 Of nature and of nations speak aloud
 To have her back return'd: thus to persist

In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
 Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
 My spritely brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep Helen still,
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

TROILUS

~~Why, there you touch'd the life of our design:~~
 I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
 She is a theme of honour and renown,
~~A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,~~
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame in time to come canonize us.

HECTOR

I have a roisting challenge sent amongst
 The dun and factious nobles of the Greeks
 Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
 I was advertised their great general slept,
 Whilst emulation in the army crept:
 This, I presume, will wake him.

Exit JEFFERY, LEE, RENEE (left)

Exit JOAQUIN, CODY, LARS (right)

SCENE III. THE GRECIAN CAMP. BEFORE ACHILLES' TENT.

*Enter SHANNON (right - around outside of
 tiring house)*

THERSITES

How now, Thersites! what lost in the labyrinth of
 thy fury! Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? He
 beats me, and I rail at him: O, worthy satisfaction!
 Then there's Achilles, a rare enginer! If Troy be not
 taken till these two undermine it, the walls will stand
 till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter
 of Olympus, forget that thou art Jove, the king of gods
 and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy
 caduceus, if ye take not that little, little less than little
 wit from them that they have! I have said my prayers
 and devil Envy say Amen. What ho! my Lord Achilles!

PATROCLUS (*within*)

Who's there? Thersites! Good Thersites, come in and rail.

THERSITES

If I could have remembered a guilt counterfeit, thou

wouldst not have slipped out of my contemplation:
but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The
common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance,
be thine in great revenue! Heaven bless thee from
a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Amen.

Enter TRENT (center curtain)

Where's Achilles?

PATROCLUS

What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?

THERSITES

Ay: the heavens hear me!

Enter RYAN (center curtain)

ACHILLES

Who's there?

PATROCLUS

Thersites, my lord.

ACHILLES

Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion, why hast
thou not served thyself in to my table so many meals?
Come, what's Agamemnon?

THERSITES

Thy commander, Achilles. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

PATROCLUS

Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself?

THERSITES

Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

PATROCLUS

Thou mayst tell that knowest.

ACHILLES

O, tell, tell.

THERSITES

I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles;
Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower, and Patroclus is a fool.

PATROCLUS

You rascal!

THERSITES

Peace, fool! I have not done!

ACHILLES

He is a privileged man. Proceed, Thersites.

THERSITES

Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool;
Thersites is a fool, and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

ACHILLES

Derive this; come.

THERSITES

Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles;
Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon;
Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool, and
Patroclus is a fool positive.

PATROCLUS

Why am I a fool?

THERSITES

Make that demand of the creator. It suffices me thou art.

*Enter DANNI, DEIKE, ANDREW, JACKIE,
TODD, DARIUS, CHEYENNE (right)*

Look you, who comes here?

ACHILLES

Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.
Come in with me, Thersites.

Exit RYAN, SHANNON (center curtain)

AGAMEMNON

Where is Achilles?

PATROCLUS

Within his tent; but ill disposed, my lord.

AGAMEMNON

Let it be known to him that we are here.

PATROCLUS

I shall say so to him.

Exit TRENT (center curtain)

NESTOR

We saw him at the opening of his tent: He is not sick.

AJAX

Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy,
if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride. A word my lord.

DARIUS and DANNI walk aside

DIOMEDES

What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

CALCHAS

Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.

DIOMEDES

Who, Thersites?

CALCHAS

He.

DIOMEDES

Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

CALCHAS

No. You see, he is his argument that has his argument: Achilles.

ULYSSES

All the better. Their faction is more our wish than their faction.

Enter TRENT (center curtain)

MENELAUS

Here comes Patroclus.

DIOMEDES

No Achilles with him.

ULYSSES

The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

PATROCLUS

Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry,
If any thing more than your sport and pleasure
Did move your greatness and this noble state
To call upon him; he hopes it is no other
But for your health and your digestion sake,
And after-dinner's breath.

AGAMEMNON

Hear you, Patroclus:

We are too well acquainted with these answers:
But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn,
Cannot outfly our apprehensions.
Go and tell him,
We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin,
If you do say we think him over-proud
And under-honest.

PATROCLUS

I shall; and bring his answer presently.

Exit TRENT (center curtain)

AGAMEMNON

In second voice we'll not be satisfied;
We come to speak with him. Ulysses, enter you.

Exit DEIKE (center curtain)

AJAX

What is he more than another?

AGAMEMNON

No more than what he thinks he is.

AJAX

Is he so much? Do you not think he thinks himself
a better man than I am?

NESTOR

No question.

AJAX

Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

AGAMEMNON

No, noble Ajax; you are as strong, as valiant,
as wise, no less noble, much more gentle,
and altogether more tractable.

AJAX

Why should a man be proud? How doth pride grow?
I know not what pride is.

AGAMEMNON

Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and your virtues
the fairer. He that is proud eats up himself.

AJAX

I do hate a proud man as I hate the engendering of toads.

NESTOR *aside*

And yet he loves himself. Is't not strange?

Enter DEIKE (center curtain)

ULYSSES

Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

NESTOR

What's his excuse?

ULYSSES

He doth rely on none.

AGAMEMNON

Why will he not upon our fair request
Untent his person and share the air with us?

ULYSSES

Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: possess'd he is with greatness,
And speaks not to himself but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath. What should I say?

AGAMEMNON

Let Ajax go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

ULYSSES (*overdramatic, to gull Ajax*)

O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
This thrice worthy and right valiant lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquired;
Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
As amply titled as Achilles is,
By going to Achilles.
This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
And say in thunder 'Achilles go to him.'

NESTOR *aside to Diomedes*

O this is well; he rubs the vein of him.

DIOMEDES *aside to Nestor*

And how his silence drinks up this applause!

AJAX

If I go to him, with my armed fist
I'll pash him o'er the face.

AGAMEMNON

O, no, you shall not go.

AJAX

An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze his pride:
Let me go to him.

ULYSSES

Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

AJAX

A paltry, insolent fellow!

NESTOR *aside*

How he describes himself!

AJAX

I'll let his humorous blood.

MENELAUS *aside*

He will be the physician that should be the patient.

AJAX

An all men were o' my mind,--

ULYSSES *aside*

Wit would be out of fashion.

AJAX

A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first:
shall pride carry it?

MENELAUS *aside*

An 'twould, you'd carry half

AJAX

I will knead him, I'll make him supple.

ULYSSES *aside to Agamemnon*

My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

NESTOR *aside to Agamemnon*

Our noble general, do not do so.

DIOMEDES *aside to Agamemnon*

You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

AJAX

A dog, that shall pelter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!

NESTOR

What a vice were it in Ajax now,--

ULYSSES

If he were proud,--

DIOMEDES

Or covetous of praise,--

ULYSSES

Ay, or surly borne,--

DIOMEDES

Or strange, or self-affected!

ULYSSES

Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure.
But he that disciplined thy arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: and, for thy vigour,
 Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield
 To sinewy Ajax. Here's Nestor,
 He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.
 But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
 As green as Ajax' and your brain so tempered,
 You should not have the eminence of him,
 But be as Ajax.

AJAX

Shall I call you father?

NESTOR

Ay, my good son.

DIOMEDES

Be ruled by him, Lord Ajax.

ULYSSES

There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles
 Keeps thicket. Please it our great general
 To call together all his state of war;
 Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow
 We must with all our main of power stand fast:
 And here's a lord,--come knights from east to west,
 And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

AGAMEMNON

Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:
 Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

*Exit DANNI, DEIKE, ANDREW, JACKIE, TODD,
 DARIUS, CHEYENNE (right)*

ACT III

SCENE I. TROY. PRIAM'S PALACE.

*Enter MADI (left)
 MADI sing: Dionysus
 Enter LEE, RENEE (left)
 LEE, RENEE cross right to listen
 Enter LARS (left)
 Enter MIKE (left)*

PANDARUS *to Helenus*

Friend, you! pray you, a word:
 What music is this?

HELENUS

I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts.

PANDARUS

Know you the musicians?

HELENUS

Wholly, sir.

PANDARUS

Who play they to?

HELENUS

To the hearers, sir.

PANDARUS

At whose pleasure, friend

HELENUS

At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

PANDARUS

Command, I mean, friend.

HELENUS

Who shall I command, sir?

PANDARUS

Friend, we understand not one another:
I am too courtly and thou art too cunning.
At whose request do these men play?

HELENUS

That's to 't indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request of
Paris my brother, who's there in person; with him,
the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's
invisible soul,--

PANDARUS

Who?

HELENUS

Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

PANDARUS

I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus:
I will make a complimentary assault upon him,
for my business seethes.

HELENUS

Sodden business! there's a stewed phrase indeed!

*MADI: stop playing
Exit LARS (left)*

PANDARUS

Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company!
fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!
especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

HELEN

Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

PANDARUS

You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.
Fair prince, here is good broken music.

PARIS

You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life,
you shall make it whole again; you shall piece
it out with a piece of your performance.

HELEN

He is full of harmony.

PANDARUS

Truly, lady, no.

HELEN

O, sir –

PANDARUS

Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

PARIS

Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.

PANDARUS

I have business to my lord, dear queen.
My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

HELEN

Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

PANDARUS

Well, sweet queen. you are pleasant with me.
But, marry, thus, my lord: my dear lord and most
esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,--

HELEN

My Lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,--

PANDARUS

Go to, sweet queen, to go:--commends
himself most affectionately to you,--

HELEN

You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do,
our melancholy upon your head!

PANDARUS

Sweet queen, sweet queen! that's a sweet queen, i' faith.

HELEN

And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

PANDARUS

Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall not, in truth, la.
Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you,
that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

HELEN

My Lord Pandarus,--

PANDARUS

What says my sweet queen, my very very sweet queen?

PARIS

What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night?

HELEN

Nay, but, my lord,--

PANDARUS

What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you.
You must not know where he sups.

PARIS

I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

PANDARUS

No, no, no such matter; you are wide: come, your disposer is sick.

PARIS

Well, I'll make excuse.

PANDARUS

Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida?
no, your poor disposer's sick.

PARIS

I spy.

PANDARUS

You spy! You spy! what do you spy?
Come, give me an instrument. Now, sweet queen.

HELEN

Why, this is kindly done.

PANDARUS

My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

HELEN

She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

PANDARUS

He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain.

HELEN

Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

PANDARUS

Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

HELEN

Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord,
thou hast a fine forehead.

PANDARUS

Ay, you may, you may.

HELEN

Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all.
O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!

PANDARUS

Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

PARIS

Ay, good now, "love, love, nothing but love."

PANDARUS

In good troth, it begins so.

Sings

*Love, love, nothing but love, still love, still more!
For, O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe.
The shaft confounds
Not that it wounds
But tickles still the sore.*

*These lovers cry "O ho!" they die,
Yet that which seems the wound to kill
Doth turn "O ho!" to "Ha ha he!"
So dying love lives still.
"O ho!" awhile, but "Ha ha ha!"
"O ho!" groans out for "ha ha ha!"—Hey ho!*

Exit MADI (right)

HELEN

In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose.

PARIS

He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds
hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot
thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

PANDARUS

Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts,

and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

PARIS

Hector, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy:
I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?

HELEN

He hangs the lip at something: you know all, Lord Pandarus.

PANDARUS

Not I, honey-sweet queen. I long to hear how they sped to-day.
You'll remember your brother's excuse?

PARIS

To a hair.

PANDARUS

Farewell, sweet queen.

HELEN

Commend me to your niece.

PANDARUS

I will, sweet queen.

Exit MIKE (left)
SOUND: A retreat

PARIS

They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,
With these your soft enchanting fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel
Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more
Than all the island kings,--disarm great Hector.

HELEN

'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, overshines ourself.

PARIS

Sweet, above thought I love thee.

Exit LEE, RENEE (left)

SCENE II. THE SAME. PANDARUS' ORCHARD.

Enter MIKE (left)
Enter TALI (right)

PANDARUS

How now! where's Troilus? at my cousin Cressida's?

ALEXANDRA

No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

PANDARUS

O, here he comes.

Enter JEFFERY (left)

How now, how now!

TROILUS

Friend, walk off.

Exit TALI (right)

PANDARUS

Have you seen my cousin?

TROILUS

No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door,
Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks
Staying for waftage. O gentle Pandarus,
From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings
And fly with me to Cressid!

PANDARUS

Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight.

Exit MIKE (center curtain)

TROILUS

I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.
The imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice repured nectar?

Enter MIKE (center curtain)

PANDARUS

She's making her ready, she'll come straight:
you must be witty now.

Enter LEAH (center curtain)

Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.
Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you
have sworn to me. What, are you gone again?
Why do you not speak to her?

TROILUS

You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PANDARUS

Words pay no debts, give her deeds: What, billing again?
 Here's 'In witness whereof the parties interchangeably'--
 Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire.

MIKE hides in audience

CRESSIDA

Will you walk in, my lord?

TROILUS

O Cressida, how often have I wished me thus!

CRESSIDA

Wished, my lord! The gods grant,--O my lord!

TROILUS

What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption?
 What too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

CRESSIDA

More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

TROILUS

Fears make devils of cherubims; they never see truly.

CRESSIDA

Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than
 blind reason stumbling without fear:
 to fear the worst oft cures the worse.

TROILUS

O, let my lady apprehend no fear:
 in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

CRESSIDA

Nor nothing monstrous neither?

TROILUS

Nothing, but our undertakings;
 when we vow to weep seas,
 live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers.
 This is the monstrosity in love, lady.

CRESSIDA

They say all lovers swear more performance
 than they are able.
 They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares,
 are they not monsters?

TROILUS

Are there such? such are not we:
 Troilus shall be such to Cressida as what envy
 can say worst shall be a mock for his truth,

and what truth can speak truest not truer than Troilus.

CRESSIDA

Will you walk in, my lord?

MIKE re-emerge

PANDARUS

What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

CRESSIDA

Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

PANDARUS

I thank you for that: if my lord get a boy of you,
you'll give him me. Be true to my lord:
if he flinch, chide me for it.

TROILUS

You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

PANDARUS

Nay, I'll give my word for her too: our kindred,
though they be long ere they are wooed, they are
constant being won: they are burs, I can tell you;
they'll stick where they are thrown.

MIKE hides in audience

CRESSIDA

Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart.
Prince Troilus, I have loved you night and day
For many weary months.

TROILUS

Why was my Cressida then so hard to win?

CRESSIDA

Hard to seem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the first glance that ever--pardon me--
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.
I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it: in faith, I lie;
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother. See, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?
But, though I loved you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws

My very soul of counsel! stop my mouth.

TROILUS

And shall, albeit sweet music issues thence.

JEFFERY, LEAH: kiss

CRESSIDA

My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpose, thus to beg a kiss:
I am ashamed. O heavens! what have I done?
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

TROILUS

Your leave, sweet Cressid!

PANDARUS *popping up*
Leave?!

CRESSIDA

Pray you, content you.

TROILUS

What offends you, lady?

CRESSIDA

Sir, mine own company.

TROILUS

You cannot shun yourself.

CRESSIDA

Let me go and try:
Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

TROILUS

Well know they what they speak that speak so wisely.

CRESSIDA

Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love
And fell so roundly to a large confession
To angle for your thoughts. But you are wise,
Or else you love not; for to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might.

TROILUS

O, that I thought it could be in a woman—
As, if it can, I will presume in you—
~~To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love,~~
~~To keep her constancy in plight and youth,~~
~~Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind~~
~~That doth renew swifter than blood decays!~~
~~Or that persuasion could but thus convince me~~

That my integrity and truth to you
 Might be affronted with the match and weight
 Of such a winnowed purity in love;
 How were I then uplifted! But, alas,
 I am as true as truth's simplicity
 And simpler than the infancy of truth.

CRESSIDA

In that I'll war with you.

TROILUS

O virtuous fight,
 When right with right wars who shall be most right!
 True swains in love shall in the world to come
 Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath and big compare,
 Want similes, truth tired with iteration,
 As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,
 Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth's authentic author to be cited,
 'As true as Troilus' shall crown up the verse,
 And sanctify the numbers.

CRESSIDA

Prophet may you be!
 If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing, yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said 'as false
 As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,
 'Yea,' let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 'As false as Cressid.'

MIKE re-emerge

PANDARUS

Go to, a bargain made. Seal it, seal it! I'll be the witness.
 Let all constant men be Troiluses, all false women Cressids,
 And all brokers-between Panders. Say "amen".

TROILUS

Amen.

CRESSIDA

Amen.

PANDARUS
Amen!

JEFFERY, LEAH: embrace, MIKE: join hug
Exit JEFFERY, LEAH (center curtain)
MADI: Play Bright Star
MIKE: cheer w/audience
ACTION: MIKE start to follow them center,
CHRISTINA pull him off to both exit (left)

****INTERMISSION****

MADI: Play Morning
ACTION: Capturing Antenor
Enter CHRISTINA (center curtain)

CHORUS

When whence we parted: Cressid's new love sealed,
The war 'twixt cousins held back at spear's tip.
Though tension's running high in Greece and Troy
As both sides ply their foes in diff'rent ways.
The sons of Priam struggle to decide
If Helen's face that launched a thousand ships
Is worth the blood to keep in Trojan robes.
The Kings of Greece discuss a different woe:
Achilles in his tent, content to rest
In glory of his lover's arms, not war's.
Will Ajax spur the great Achilles on
To meet the needs of scheming Grecian Lords?
How long will all our heroes have to spend
Enjoying spoils of this mid-war peace?
To answer that, let's make our way to Greece.

Exit CHRISTINA (to sit in audience)

SCENE III. THE GRECIAN CAMP. BEFORE ACHILLES' TENT.

Enter DANNI, DEIKE, ANDREW, DARIUS,
TODD (right)
Enter JACKIE, CHEYENNE with MADI bound
(left)

CALCHAS

Now, princes, for the service I have done you,
The advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompense. Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
I have abandon'd Troy, left my sister,

Incurr'd a traitor's name; exposed myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom and condition
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature,
 And here, to do you service, am become
 As new into the world, strange, unacquainted:
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many register'd in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

AGAMEMNON

What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? make demand.

CALCHAS

You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor,
 Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you – often have you -- thanks therefore--
 Desired my sister Cressida in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest in their affairs
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my sister; and her presence
 Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pain.

AGAMEMNON

Let Diomedes bear him,
 And bring us Cressida hither: Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us. Good Diomedes,
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
 Withal bring word if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

DIOMEDES

This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
 Which I am proud to bear.

Exit JACKIE, CHEYENNE with MADI (right)

Enter RYAN, TRENT (center curtain)

ULYSSES

Achilles stands i' the entrance of his tent:
 Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
 As if he were forgot; and, princes all,
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
 I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
 Why such unplausible eyes are bent on him.

If so, I have derision medicinal
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
 It may do him good.

AGAMEMNON

We'll execute your purpose, and put on
 A form of strangeness as we pass along. I will lead the way.

ACHILLES

What, comes the general to speak with me?
 You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy.

AGAMEMNON *to Nestor*

What says Achilles? would he aught with us?

NESTOR *to Achilles*

Would you, my lord, aught with the general?

ACHILLES

No.

NESTOR *to Agamemnon*

Nothing, my lord.

AGAMEMNON *to Nestor*

The better.

Exit DANNI, ANDREW (left)

ACHILLES

Good day

(louder)

Good day.

MENELAUS *(to everyone but Achilles (audience))*

How do you? how do you?

Exit TODD (left)

ACHILLES

What, does the cuckold scorn me?

AJAX

How now, Patroclus!

ACHILLES

Good morrow, Ajax.

AJAX

Ha?

ACHILLES *louder*

Good morrow.

AJAX

Ay, and the next day too.

Exit DARIUS (left)

ACHILLES

What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

PATROCLUS

They pass by strangely: they were used to bend
To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they used to creep
To holy altars.

ACHILLES

What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with fortune,
Must fall out with men too: What the declined is
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall, for men, like butterflies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer,
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor, but honor for those honors
That are without him—as place, riches, and favor,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit,
Which, when they fall, as being slippery slanders,
The love that leaned on them, as slippery too,
Doth one pluck down another and together
Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something not worth in me such rich beholding
As they have often given. Here is Ulysses;
I'll interrupt his reading. How now Ulysses!
What are you reading?

ULYSSES

A book

ACHILLES

And who wrote it?

ULYSSES

*A strange fellow
Who in his circumstances expressly proves
That no man is the lord of anything
Till he communicate his parts to others,
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in the applause
Where they're extended, like a gate of steel*

Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt in this
 And apprehended here immediately
 Th' unknown Ajax. Heavens, what a man is there!
 Now we'll see tomorrow Ajax renowned.
 Oh, Mars! These Grecian Lords! Why, even already
 They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder
 As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast
 And great Troy shrieking.

ACHILLES

I do believe it, for they pass'd by me
 As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me
 Good word nor look: what, are my deeds forgot?

ULYSSES

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honor bright. If you give way,
 Or turn aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entered tide do all rush by
 And leave you hindmost.
 Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'errun and trampled on.
 Therefore marvel not, thou great and complete man,
 That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive
 And case thy reputation in thy tent—

ACHILLES

Of this my privacy,
 I have strong reasons.

ULYSSES

But 'gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical.
 Farewell, my lord. I as your lover speak.
 The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break.

Exit DEIKE (left)

PATROCLUS

To this effect, Achilles, have I moved you.
 A woman impudent and mannish grown
 Is not more loathed than an effeminate man

In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this;
 They think my little stomach to the war
 And your great love to me restrains you thus:
 Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
 And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
 Be shook to air.

ACHILLES

Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

PATROCLUS

Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

ACHILLES

I see my reputation is at stake.
 My fame is shrewdly gored.

PATROCLUS

O, then, beware;
 Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.
 Omission to do what is necessary
 Seals a commission to a blank of danger,
 And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
 Even then when they sit idly in the sun.

ACHILLES

Go call Thersites hither, sweet Patroclus.
 I'll send the fool to Ajax and desire him
 To invite the Trojan lords after the combat
 To see us here unarm'd. I have a woman's longing,
 An appetite that I am sick withal,
 To see great Hector in his weeds of peace,
 To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
 Even to my full of view.

Enter SHANNON (center curtain)

A labour saved!

THERSITES

A wonder!

ACHILLES

What?

THERSITES

Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

ACHILLES

How so?

THERSITES

He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector,
and is so prophetically proud of an heroic cudgelling
that he raves in saying nothing.

ACHILLES

How can that be?

THERSITES

Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock—
a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess
that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set
down her reckoning; The man's undone forever,
for if Hector break not his neck i' th' combat,
he'll break 't himself in vainglory. He knows not
me. I said "Good morrow, Ajax," and he replies
"Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this
man that takes me for the General? He's grown a
very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of
opinion! A man may wear it on both sides, like a
leather jerkin.

ACHILLES

Thou must be my ambassador to him,
Thersites.

THERSITES

Who, I? Why, he'll answer nobody. He
wears his tongue in 's arms. I will put on his presence.
Let Patroclus make his demands to me. You
shall see the pageant of Ajax.

ACHILLES

To him, Patroclus. Tell him I humbly desire
the valiant Ajax to invite the most valorous Hector
to come unarmed to my tent, and to procure safe-conduct
for his person of the magnanimous and
most illustrious, six-or-seven-times-honored captain
general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon,
et cetera. Do this.

PATROCLUS, *to Thersites, who is playing Ajax*
Jove bless great Ajax.

THERSITES *as Ajax*
Hum!

PATROCLUS

I come from the worthy Achilles—

THERSITES *as Ajax*

Ha?

PATROCLUS

Who most humbly desires you to invite
Hector to his tent—

THERSITES *as Ajax*

Hum!

PATROCLUS

And to procure safe-conduct from
Agamemnon.

THERSITES *as Ajax*

Agamemnon?

PATROCLUS

Ay, my lord.

THERSITES *as Ajax*

Ha!

PATROCLUS

What say you to 't?

THERSITES *as Ajax*

God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

PATROCLUS

Your answer, sir.

THERSITES *as Ajax*

If tomorrow be a fair day, by eleven of the
clock it will go one way or other. Howsoever, he
shall pay for me ere he has me.

PATROCLUS

Your answer, sir.

THERSITES *as Ajax*

Fare you well with all my heart.

SHANNON pretends to exit.

ACHILLES

Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

THERSITES

No, but he's out of tune thus. What music
will be in him when Hector has knocked out his
brains I know not.

ACHILLES

Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

THERSITES

Let me bear another to his horse;
for that's the more capable creature.

ACHILLES

My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;
And I myself see not the bottom of it.

Exit RYAN, TRENT (center curtain)

THERSITES

Would the fountain of your mind were clear again,
that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick
in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance.

Exit SHANNON (center curtain)

ACT IV

SCENE I. TROY. A STREET.

Enter ARELY (left)
Enter LEE, JACKIE, MADI (right)

DIOMEDES

Good morrow, Lord AEneas.

PARIS

A valiant Greek, AEneas,--take his hand.

AENEAS

Health to you, valiant sir,

DIOMEDES

Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, health!
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

AENEAS

And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly
With his face backward. In humane gentleness,
Welcome to Troy! By Venus' hand I swear
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

DIOMEDES

We sympathize, Jove. Let Aeneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!

AENEAS

We know each other well.

DIOMEDES

We do, and long to know each other worse.

PARIS

This is the most spiteful gentle greeting,
The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, lord, so early?

AENEAS

I was sent for to the king; but why, I know not.

PARIS

His purpose meets you: 'twas to bring this Greek
To Calchas' house, and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressida:
Let's have your company, or, if you please,
Haste there before us:

(Aside to Aeneas)

I constantly do think--
Or rather, call my thought a certain knowledge--
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him and give him note of our approach.
With the whole quality wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

AENEAS *(Aside to Paris)*

That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressida borne from Troy.

PARIS *(Aside to Aeneas)*

There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so

(Aloud)

On, lord; we'll follow you.

AENEAS

Good morrow, all.

Exit ARELY (left)

PARIS

And tell me, noble Diomedes, faith, tell me true,
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

DIOMEDES

Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
Both merits poised, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, the heavier for a whore.

PARIS

You are too bitter to your countrywoman.

DIOMEDES

She's bitter to her country;
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

PARIS

Fair Diomedes, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
But we in silence hold this virtue well,
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.
Here lies our way.

Exit JACKIE, LEE, MADI (left)

SCENE II. THE SAME. COURT OF PANDARUS' HOUSE.

Enter JEFFERY, LEAH (center curtain)

TROILUS

Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

CRESSIDA

Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

TROILUS

Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought!

CRESSIDA

Good morrow, then.

TROILUS

I prithee now, to bed.

CRESSIDA

Are you a-weary of me?

TROILUS

O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,

And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

SOUND: Knocking

CRESSIDA

Who's that at door?
My lord, come you again into my chamber:
You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

TROILUS

Ha, ha!

CRESSIDA

Come, you are deceived. I think of no such thing.

SOUND: Knocking

How earnestly they knock! Pray you, come in:
I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

Exit JEFFERY, LEAH (center curtain)

Enter MIKE (right)

PANDARUS

Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door?

Enter ARELY (left)

AENEAS

Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

PANDARUS

My Lord AEneas! what news with you so early?

AENEAS

Is not Prince Troilus here?

PANDARUS

Here! what should he do here?

Enter JEFFERY (right, around tiring house as if sneaking out- go up through audience)

AENEAS

Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:
It doth import him much to speak with me.

PANDARUS

Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn.

AENEAS

Come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware:
go fetch him hither; go.

Enter JEFFERY (center aisle)

TROILUS

How now! what's the matter?

AENEAS

My lord, there is at hand Paris your brother,
The Grecian Diomedes, and our Antenor
Deliver'd to us; and for him within this hour,
We must give up to Diomedes' hand
The Lady Cressida.

TROILUS

Is it so concluded?

AENEAS

By Priam and the general state of Troy.

TROILUS

How my achievements mock me!
I will go meet them: and, my Lord Aeneas,
We met by chance; you did not find me here.

AENEAS

Good, good, my lord.

Exit JEFFERY, ARELY (left)

PANDARUS

Is't possible? no sooner got but lost?

Enter LEAH (center curtain)

CRESSIDA

How now! what's the matter? who was here?

PANDARUS

Ah, ah!

CRESSIDA

Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord?
gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

PANDARUS

Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

CRESSIDA

O the gods! what's the matter?

PANDARUS

Prithee, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born!
I knew thou wouldst be his death.

CRESSIDA

Good uncle, I beseech you, what's the matter?

PANDARUS

Thou must be gone, thou must be gone;
thou art changed for Antenor: thou must to thy sister,
and be gone from Troilus: 'twill be his death;
'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

CRESSIDA

O you immortal gods! I will not go.

PANDARUS

Thou must.

CRESSIDA

I will not, uncle: I have forgot my sister;
I know no kin no love, no blood, no soul so near me
As the sweet Troilus. O you gods divine!
Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can;
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I'll go in and weep,--

PANDARUS

Do, do.

CRESSIDA

Tear my bright hair and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.

LEAH, MIKE move to bench

SCENE III. THE SAME. STREET BEFORE PANDARUS' HOUSE.

Enter LEE, ARELY, MADI, JACKIE, JEFFERY

(left)

PARIS

It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon. Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.

TROILUS

Walk into her house;
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently.

PARIS (*Aside to Troilus*)

I know what 'tis to love;
And would, as I shall pity, I could help. –

Exit JEFFERY (right)

(*Aloud*)

Please you walk in, my lords.

Exit LEE, MADI, JACKIE,

ARELY (right)

SCENE IV. THE SAME. PANDARUS' HOUSE.

PANDARUS

Be moderate, be moderate.

CRESSIDA

Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief.
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

PANDARUS

Here, here, here he comes.

Enter JEFFERY (center curtain)

Ah, sweet ducks!

CRESSIDA

O Troilus! Troilus!

JEFFERY, LEAH: embrace

PANDARUS

What a pair of spectacles is here!
Let me embrace too.

MIKE: join hug

TROILUS

Cressida, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

CRESSIDA

Have the gods envy?

PANDARUS

Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

CRESSIDA

And is it true that I must go from Troy?

TROILUS

A hateful truth.

CRESSIDA

What, and from Troilus too?

TROILUS

From Troy and Troilus.

CRESSIDA

Is it possible?

TROILUS

And suddenly.

AENEAS *[Within]*

My lord, is the lady ready?

TROILUS

Hark! you are call'd: some say the genius
Cries so to him that instantly must die.
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Exit MIKE (center curtain)

CRESSIDA

I must then to the Grecians?

TROILUS

No remedy.

CRESSIDA

A woeful Cressida 'mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?

TROILUS

Hear me, my love: be thou but true of heart,--

CRESSIDA

I true! how now! what wicked deem is this?

TROILUS

Nay, I speak not 'be thou true,' as fearing thee,
For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But 'be thou true,' say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation; be thou true,

And I will see thee.

CRESSIDA

O, you shall be exposed, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.

TROILUS

And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

CRESSIDA

And you this glove. When shall I see you?

TROILUS

I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,
To give thee nightly visitation.
But yet, be true.

CRESSIDA

O heavens! "Be true" again?

TROILUS

Hear why I speak it, love.
The Grecian youths are full of quality,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise.
I cannot sing,
~~Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,~~
~~Nor play at subtle games—fair virtues all,~~
~~To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant.~~
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
Makes me afeard.

CRESSIDA

My lord, will you be true?

TROILUS

Who I? Alas, it is my vice, my fault.
Fear not my truth. The moral of my wit
Is "plain and true"; there's all the reach of it.

AENEAS *[Within]*

Nay, good my lord,--

TROILUS

Come, kiss; and let us part.

PARIS *[Within]*

Brother Troilus!

TROILUS

Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Aeneas and the Grecian with you.

*Enter ARELY, LEE, MADI, JACKIE, MIKE
(center curtain)*

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady
Which for Antenor we deliver'd you:
~~At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,~~
~~And by the way possess thee what she is.~~
Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressida and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam is in Illium.

DIOMEDES

Fair Lady Cressida,
So please you, save the thanks this prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomedes
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

TROILUS

Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

DIOMEDES

O, be not moved, Prince Troilus:
I'll do nothing on charge. To her own worth
She shall be prized; but that you say "Be't so,"
I speak it in my spirit and honor: "no".

*JEFFERY: start to lunge at JACKIE
SOUND: Trumpet*

Enter TALI (center curtain) cross to LEAH

PARIS

Hark! Hector's trumpet.

AENEAS

How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That sore to ride before him to the field.

PARIS

'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field with him.

AENEAS

Yea, Let us address to tend on Hector's heels:

The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry.

Exit ARELY, MIKE, MADI, LEE, JEFFERY (left)
Exit JACKIE, LEAH, TALI (center aisle)

SCENE V. THE GRECIAN CAMP. LISTS SET OUT.

Enter DARIUS, DANNI, RYAN, TRENT, TODD,
DEIKE, ANDREW, CHEYENNE, Trumpeter
(right)

AGAMEMNON *(to Ajax)*

Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,
Anticipating time with starting courage.
Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,
Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air
May pierce the head of the great combatant
And hale him hither.

AJAX *(to Trumpeter)*

Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe: Blow, villain,
Come, stretch thy chest and let thy eyes spout blood;
Thou blow'st for Hector.

SOUND: Trumpet

ULYSSES

No trumpet answers.

ACHILLES

'Tis but early days.

AGAMEMNON

Is not yond Diomedes, with Calchas' sister?

MENELAUS

'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter JACKIE, LEAH, TALI (center aisle)

AGAMEMNON

Is this the Lady Cressida?

CALCHAS

Even she.

ACTION: CHEYENNE try to run to
LEAH for a hug, LEAH refuse it

AGAMEMNON *Kisses her hand*

Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

NESTOR

Our general doth salute you with a kiss.
Kisses her hand
 So much for Nestor.

ACHILLES

I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady.
Kisses her cheek
 Achilles bids you welcome.

MENELAUS

I had good argument for kissing once.

PATROCLUS *stepping between Menelaus and Cressida*

But that's no argument for kissing now,
 For thus popped Paris in his hardiment
 And parted thus you and your argument.

ULYSSES

O deadly gall and theme of all our scorns,
 For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

TRENT kisses her cheeks

MENELAUS

O this is trim!

PATROCLUS

Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

MENELAUS

I'll have my kiss. Lady, by your leave.

CRESSIDA

In kissing, do you render or receive?

MENELAUS

Both take and give.

CRESSIDA

I'll make my match to live,
 The kiss you take is better than you give;
 Therefore no kiss.

MENELAUS

I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

CRESSIDA

You're an odd man; give even or give none.

MENELAUS

An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

CRESSIDA

No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

MENELAUS

You fillip me o'th' head.

CRESSIDA

No, I'll be sworn.

ULYSSES

It were no match, your nail against his horn.
May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

CRESSIDA

You may.

ULYSSES

I do desire it.

CRESSIDA

Why beg two.

ULYSSES

Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss
When Helen is a maid again and his.

CRESSIDA

I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.

ULYSSES

Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

DIOMEDES

Lady, a word

*Exit JACKIE, LEAH (right)
Exit, following, CHEYENNE (right)*

NESTOR

A woman of quick sense.

MENELAUS

Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip;
Nay, her foot speaks. Her wanton spirits look out
At every joint and motive of her body.

SOUND: Trumpet

PATROCLUS

The Trojans' trumpet.

AGAMEMNON

Yonder comes the troop.

Enter CODY, ARELY, JEFFERY (left)

AENEAS

Hail, all you state of Greece! what shall be done
To him that victory commands? Or do you purpose
A victor shall be known?

AGAMEMNON

Which way would Hector have it?

AENEAS

He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

AGAMEMNON

'Tis done like Hector.

ACHILLES

But securely done,
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The knight opposed.

AENEAS

If not Achilles sir,
What is your name?

ACHILLES

If not Achilles, nothing.

AENEAS

Therefore Achilles. But whate'er, know this:
Valor and pride excel themselves in Hector,
The one almost infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
And that which looks like pride is courtesy.
This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood,
In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
This blended knight, half Trojan and half Greek.

Enter JACKIE (right)

AGAMEMNON

Here is Sir Diomedes. Go, gentle knight,
Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Aeneas
Consent upon the order of their fight,

So be it, either to the uttermost
Or else a breath. The combatants being kin
Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

ACTION: DARIUS, CODY: square up

ULYSSES

They are opposed already.

SOUND: Alarum

ACTION: CODY, DARIUS: fight

AGAMEMNON

They are in action.

NESTOR

Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

TROILUS

Hector, thou sleep'st; Awake thee!

MENELAUS

His blows are well disposed: there, Ajax!

DIOMEDES

You must no more.

AENEAS

Princes, enough, so please you.

AJAX

I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

DIOMEDES

As Hector pleases.

HECTOR

Why, then will I no more:
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,
A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:
Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so
That thou couldst say 'This hand is Grecian all,
And this is Trojan. Let me embrace thee, Ajax:
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms!
Hector would have them fall upon him thus:
Cousin, all honour to thee!

AJAX

I thank thee, Hector.
Thou art too gentle and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

AENEAS

There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

HECTOR

We'll answer it;
The issue is embracement: Ajax, farewell.

AJAX

If I might in entreaties find success--
As seld I have the chance--I would desire
My famous cousin to our Grecian tents.

HECTOR

Give me thy hand, my cousin;
I will go eat with thee and see your knights.

AJAX

Great Agamemnon comes to meet us here.

HECTOR *To Aeneas*

The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.

AGAMEMNON

Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of oblivion; But in this extant moment,
From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome.

HECTOR

I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

AGAMEMNON *[To TROILUS]*

My well-famed lord of Troy, no less to you.

MENELAUS

Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

HECTOR *To Aeneas*

Who must we answer?

AENEAS

The noble Menelaus.

HECTOR

O, you, my lord?
Your quondam wife swears still by Venus' glove.
She's well, but bade me not commend her to you.

MENELAUS

Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly theme.

NESTOR

I knew thy brother
And once fought with him; he was a soldier good,
But by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee! O let a young man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

AENEAS *To Hector*

'Tis the youth Nestor.

HECTOR

Most innocent Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.

ULYSSES

Most gentle and most valiant Hector, welcome:
After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me and see me at my tent.

ACHILLES

I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, thou!
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perused thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.

HECTOR

Is this Achilles?

ACHILLES

I am Achilles.

HECTOR

Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look on thee.

ACHILLES

Behold thy fill.

HECTOR

Nay, I have done already.

ACHILLES

Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

HECTOR

O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

ACHILLES

Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, or there, or there?
 That I may give the local wound a name
 And make distinct the very breach whereout
 Hector's great spirit flew: answer me, heavens!

HECTOR

It would discredit the blest gods, proud man,
 To answer such a question: stand again:
 Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
 As to prenominate in nice conjecture
 Where thou wilt hit me dead?

ACHILLES

I tell thee, yea.

HECTOR

Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
 I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee well;
 For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
 But, by the forge that stithied Mars his helm,
 I'll kill thee every where

AJAX

Do not chafe thee, cousin:
 And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
 Till accident or purpose bring you to't.

HECTOR

I pray you, let us see you in the field.

ACHILLES

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
 To-night all friends.

HECTOR

Thy hand upon that match.

AGAMEMNON

First, all you peers of Greece, go to my tent;
 There in the full convive we: afterwards,
 As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
 Concur together, severally entreat him.
 Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets blow,
 That this great soldier may his welcome know.

Exit CODY, ARELY, DANNI, DARIUS (right)
Exit, following TODD, RYAN, TRENT, JACKIE,
ANDREW (right)
Exit, following TALI (right)

TROILUS

My Lord, tell me, I beseech you,
 In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

ULYSSES

At Menelaus' tent, most princely Troilus:
 There Diomedes doth feast with him to-night;
 Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
 But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
 On the fair Cressida.

TROILUS

Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
 After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
 To bring me thither?

ULYSSES

You shall command me, sir.

As gentle tell me, of what honour was
 This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
 That wails her absence?

TROILUS

She was beloved, she loved; she is, and doth:
 But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

Exit JEFFERY, DEIKE (right)

ACT V

SCENE I. The Greek camp, before Achilles tent.

Enter RYAN and TRENT (center curtain)

ACHILLES

I'll heat his blood with Greekish wine tonight,
 Which with my scimitar I'll cool tomorrow.
 Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

PATROCLUS

Here comes Thersites.

Enter SHANNON (left)

ACHILLES

How now, thou core of envy, what's the news?

THERSITES

Why, thou picture of what thou seemest and
 idol of idiot-worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

RYAN move aside to read

PATROCLUS

Who keeps the tent now?

THERSITES

Prithee, be silent, boy. I profit not by thy talk. Thou art said to be Achilles' male varlet.

PATROCLUS

"Male varlet," you rogue! What's that?

THERSITES

Why, his masculine whore.

PATROCLUS

Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what means thou to curse thus?

THERSITES

Do I curse thee?

PATROCLUS

Why, no, you ruinous butt, no.

THERSITES

No? Why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sleeve-silk

PATROCLUS

Out, gall!

THERSITES

Finch egg!

ACHILLES, (coming forward)

My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in tomorrow's battle.
Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba,
Taxing me and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it.
Fall, Greeks; fail, fame; honor, or go or stay;
My major vow lies here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent.
This night in banqueting must all be spent.

RYAN, TRENT exit (center curtain)

THERSITES

With too much blood and too little brain,
these two may run mad; but if with too much brain
and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen.
Here's Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough
and one that loves quails, but he has not so much
brain as earwax. And the goodly transformation
of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull.
To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a
toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without
a roe, I would not care; but to be Menelaus! I

would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites, for I care not to be the louse of a lazar so I were not Menelaus.

Enter (all drunk) CODY, JEFFERY, ARELY, DARIUS, DANNI, DEIKE, ANDREW, TODD, JACKIE, TALI (around tiring house, right)

Heyday! Sprites and fires!

AGAMEMNON

We go wrong, we go wrong.

AJAX

No, yonder—'tis there, where we see the lights.

HECTOR

I trouble you.

AJAX

No, not a whit.

Enter RYAN (center curtain)

ULYSSES, to Hector

Here comes himself to guide you.

ACHILLES

Welcome, brave Hector. Welcome, princes all.

AGAMEMNON, to Hector

So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.
Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

HECTOR

Thanks, and good night to the Greeks' general.

MENELAUS

Good night, my lord.

HECTOR

Good night, sweet lord Menelaus.

THERSITES, aside

Sweet draught. "Sweet," quoth he?
Sweet sink, sweet sewer.

ACHILLES

Good night and welcome, both at once, to those
That go or tarry.

AGAMEMNON

Good night.

Exit DANNI, TODD (right)

ACHILLES

Brave Nestor tarries, and you too, Diomedes.
Keep Hector company an hour or two.

DIOMEDES

I cannot, lord. I have important business,
The tide whereof is now.—Good night, great Hector.

HECTOR

Give me your hand.

ULYSSES, (aside to Troilus)

Follow his torch; he goes to Calchas' tent.
I'll keep you company.

TROILUS

Sweet sir, you honor me.

HECTOR

And so, good night.

Exit JACKIE, followed by JEFFERY, DEIKE (left)

ACHILLES

Come, come, enter my tent.

*Exit RYAN, DARIUS, ANDREW, CODY, ARELY, TALI
(center curtain)*

THERSITES

That same Diomedes' a false-hearted rogue,
a most unjust knave. I will no more trust him when
he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses.
The sun borrows of the moon when
Diomedes keeps his word. I will rather leave to see
Hector than not to dog him.
I'll after. Nothing but lechery! All incontinent varlets!

Exit SHANNON (left)

SCENE II. The same. Before Calchas' tent.

Enter JACKIE (left, around tiring house)

DIOMEDES

What, are you up here, ho? speak.

CALCHAS [Within]

Who calls?

Enter CHEYENNE (Center curtain)

DIOMEDES

Diomedes. Where's your sister?

CALCHAS

She comes to you.

Exit CHEYENNE (center curtain)

*Enter JEFFERY, DEIKE (around tiring house
left, into audience)*

Enter SHANNON (behind them, hiding)

ULYSSES

Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter LEAH (Center curtain)

DIOMEDES

How now, my charge!

CRESSIDA

Now, my sweet guardian! Hark, a word with you.

LEAH: Sits JACKIE down

TROILUS

Yea, so familiar!

DIOMEDES

Will you remember?

CRESSIDA

Remember? yes.

DIOMEDES

Nay, but do, then; and let your
mind be coupled with your words.

TROILUS

What should she remember?

ULYSSES

List.

CRESSIDA

Sweet Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

DIOMEDES

Nay, then,--

CRESSIDA

I'll tell you what,--

DIOMEDES

Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are forsworn.

CRESSIDA

In faith, I cannot: what would you have me do?

DIOMEDES

What did you swear you would bestow on me?

CRESSIDA

I prithee, Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

DIOMEDES

Good night.

CRESSIDA

Diomedes—

DIOMEDES

No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

CRESSIDA

Hark, one word in your ear.

TROILUS

O plague and madness!

ULYSSES

You are moved, prince; let us depart, this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

TROILUS

Behold, I pray you!

ULYSSES

Nay, good my lord, go off:
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.

TROILUS

I pray you, stay; by hell and all
hell's torments I will not speak a word!

DIOMEDES

And so, good night.

CRESSIDA

Nay, but you part in anger.

DIOMEDES

Give me some token.

CRESSIDA

Here, Diomedes, keep this sleeve.

TROILUS

O beauty! where is thy faith?

ULYSSES

My lord

TROILUS

I will be patient; outwardly I will.

CRESSIDA

You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.
He loved me--O false wench!--Give't me again.

DIOMEDES

Whose was't?

CRESSIDA

It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee, Diomedes, visit me no more.

DIOMEDES

I shall have it.

CRESSIDA

What, this?

DIOMEDES

Ay, that.

CRESSIDA

O, all you gods! O pretty, pretty pledge!
Nay, do not snatch it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.

DIOMEDES

I had your heart before, this follows it.

DEIKE holds JEFFERY back

TROILUS

I did swear patience.

CRESSIDA

You shall not have it, Diomedes; faith, you shall not;
I'll give you something else.

DIOMEDES

I will have this: whose was it?

CRESSIDA

It is no matter.

DIOMEDES

Come, tell me whose it was.

CRESSIDA

'Twas one's that loved me better than you will.

DIOMEDES

Whose was it?

CRESSIDA

By all Diana's waiting-women yond,
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

DIOMEDES

To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

TROILUS

Wert thou the devil, and worest it on thy horn,
It should be challenged.

DEIKE holds JEFFERY back

CRESSIDA

Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past: and yet it is not;
I will not keep my word.

DIOMEDES

Why, then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomedes again.

Exit JACKIE (center curtain)

CRESSIDA

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind:
What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

Exit LEAH (center curtain)

ULYSSES

All's done, my lord.

TROILUS

It is.

Hark, Greek: as much as I do Cressida love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomedes:
That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: ~~not the dreadful spout~~
~~Which shipmen do the hurricano call,~~
~~Constringed in mass by the almighty sun,~~
~~Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear~~
~~In his descent than shall my prompted sword~~
~~Falling on Diomedes.~~

ULYSSES

O, contain yourself
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter ARELY (left around tiring house)

AENEAS

I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

TROILUS

Accept distracted thanks.

Exit ARELY, JEFFERY, DEIKE (right around tiring house)

THERSITES (*coming forward*)

Would I could meet that rogue Diomedes! I
would croak like a raven; I would bode, I would
bode. Lechery, lechery, still wars and lechery! Nothing
else holds fashion. A burning devil take them!

Exit SHANNON (up center aisle)

SCENE III. TROY. BEFORE PRIAM'S PALACE.

Enter CODY and SOVEREIGNTY (left)

ANDROMACHE

When was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

HECTOR

You train me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!

ANDROMACHE

My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

HECTOR

No more, I say.

Enter RACHEL (left)

CASSANDRA

Where is my brother Hector?

ANDROMACHE

Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent.
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night

Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

CASSANDRA

O, 'tis true.

HECTOR

Be gone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

CASSANDRA

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows.

ANDROMACHE

O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

CASSANDRA

Unarm, sweet Hector.

HECTOR

Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter JEFFERY (right)

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight to-day?

ANDROMACHE

Cassandra, call your father to persuade.

Exit RACHEL (left)

HECTOR

No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go, and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee and me and Troy.

TROILUS

Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

HECTOR

What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

TROILUS

When many times the captive Grecian falls,
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

HECTOR

O'tis fair play.

TROILUS

Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

HECTOR

How now! how now!

TROILUS

For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers,
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

HECTOR

Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.

TROILUS

Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears;
Not you, my brother, with your true sword drawn,
Opposed to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Enter RACHEL, JOAQUIN (left)

CASSANDRA

Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast:
He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

PRIAM

Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

HECTOR

Aeneas is a-field;
And I do stand engaged to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

PRIAM

Ay, but thou shalt not go.

HECTOR

I must not break my faith.
 You know me dutiful; therefore,
 Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
 To take that course by your consent and voice,
 Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

CASSANDRA

O Priam, yield not to him!

ANDROMACHE

Do not, dear father.

TROILUS

This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
 Makes all these bodements.

ANDROMACHE

O, farewell, dear Hector!
 Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns pale!
 Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!

CASSANDRA

Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
 How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
 Behold, distraction, frenzy and amazement,
 Like witless antics, one another meet.
 And all cry, Hector! Hector's dead!

TROILUS

Away, away!

Exit JEFFERY (center aisle)

ANDROMACHE

O Hector!

CASSANDRA

Farewell: yet, soft! Hector! take my leave:
 Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

Exit SOVEREIGNTY, RACHEL (left)

HECTOR

You are amazed, my liege, at her exclaim:
 Go in and cheer the town: we'll forth and fight,
 Do deeds worth praise and tell you them at night.

PRIAM

Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

Exit JOAQUIN (left)
Exit CODY (center aisle)
SOUND: Alarum

SCENE IV. PLAINS BETWEEN TROY AND THE GRECIAN CAMP.

SOUND: Alarum

Enter SHANNON (center aisle)

THERSITES

Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on.

Enter CODY (center aisle)

HECTOR

What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

THERSITES

No, no, I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave: a very filthy rogue.

HECTOR

I do believe thee: live.

THERSITES

God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me;
but a plague break thy neck for frightening me!

SHANNON: hide in audience

SCENE V. ANOTHER PART OF THE PLAINS.

Enter TRENT (right)

CODY, TRENT: fight

TRENT: falls

Exit CODY (left)

*Enter DANNI, TODD, ANDREW (right, around
tiring house)*

AGAMEMNON

Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: bastard Helenus
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings: haste we, Diomedes,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

DANNI, TODD, ANDREW see TRENT

NESTOR

Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles.
 There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
 Now here he fights on Galathe his horse,
 And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
 And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls
 Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,
 And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:
 Here, there, and every where, he leaves and takes,
 Dexterity so obeying appetite
 That what he will he does, and does so much
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter RYAN, DEIKE (center curtain)
RYAN sees TRENT

ULYSSES

O, courage, courage, princes!
 Patroclus' wounds have roused Achilles drowsy blood.

ACHILLES

Where is this Hector?
 Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
 Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:
 Hector? where's Hector? I will none but Hector.

Exit RYAN (center aisle)

Exit DANNI, DEIKE, ANDREW, with TRENT
body (center curtain)

SCENE VIII. ANOTHER PART OF THE PLAINS.

Enter LEE (left)
LEE, TODD: fight

THERSITES

The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.
 Now, bull! now, dog! Loo, Paris! Loo, now my double
 henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo! The bull has the game:
 ware horns, ho!

Exit LEE, TODD (center aisle - fighting)

Enter LARS (left)
LARS: Sees SHANNON

HELENUS

Turn, and fight.

THERSITES

What art thou?

HELENUS

A bastard son of Priam's.

THERSITES

I am a bastard too; I love bastards:
One bear will not bite another, and
wherefore should one bastard? Farewell, bastard.

SHANNON: hide in audience

HELENUS

The devil take thee, coward!

Exit LARS (center aisle)

SCENE IX. ANOTHER PART OF THE PLAINS.

Enter CODY (left)

HECTOR

Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

*CODY: Puts off his helmet and hangs his shield
behind him*

Enter RYAN (center aisle)

*Enter DARIUS, JACKIE, ANDREW, DANNI,
DEIKE (right)*

ACHILLES

Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

HECTOR

I am unarm'd; forego this vantage, Greek.

ACHILLES *(to the Greeks)*

This is the man I seek.

CODY, RYAN: fight

CODY: falls (behind/through center curtain)

So, Ilium, fall thou next!
Come, Troy, sink down!
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.
The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separates.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

Exit RYAN (center curtain)

AJAX

Bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

WITHIN

"Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles."

AGAMEMNON

Hark! hark! what shout is that?

NESTOR

Peace, drums!

AGAMEMNON

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

Exit DARIUS, JACKIE, ANDREW, DANNI,

DEIKE (scatter out to behind audience)

SCENE X. ANOTHER PART OF THE PLAINS.

Enter ARELY (left)

AENEAS

Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field:
Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter JEFFERY (center aisle)

TROILUS

Hector is slain.

AENEAS

Hector! the gods forbid!

TROILUS

He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!

AENEAS

My lord, you do discomfort all the host!

TROILUS

You understand me not that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
 But dare all imminence that gods and men
 Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
 Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?
 But march away: Hector is dead; there is no more to say.

Enter JACKIE (center aisle)

DIOMEDES

Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

TROILUS

O traitor Diomedes!
 Let Titan rise as early as he dare, I'll through and
 through you! and, thou great-sized coward,
 No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
 I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
 That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.
 Strike a free march to Troy! with comfort go:
 Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

JEFFERY, JACKIE: fight

Enter RACHEL: center curtain

*Enter RENEE, SOVEREIGNTY, JOAQUIN,
 (left)*

CASSANDRA

Peace, Troilus, Peace!
 Let not this anger carry you away.

Slowly through the next speech:

Enter DANNI, TODD,

DEIKE, ANDREW, CHEYENNE,

MADI, LEE, DARIUS, RYAN, MIKE, LARS,

TALI (from wherever you are)

HELEN

Before the blood shed reaches further depths,
 Before more widows made and orphans turned,
 Lay down your swords and with them set your pride.
 Brave Hector's soul has had no time to rest
 Since rash Achilles dragged him through our streets,
 His body and his legend broken, bruised
 By your wild hearts and blind, destructive hate.
 The heavens weep for Greece and Troy alike
 When neither keeps the grace of war in mind.

ANDROMACHE

The muddy scarlet banks of tear-fed streams
 Have stained our waters blush with shame and rage
 The screams of mothers

CASSANDRA

Sisters

HELEN

Wives

PRIAM

And Kings

ANDROMACHE

Pierce through the empty wind that dares not stir
Lest by its blows it brings a new found fight.
Be still and give the earth its chance to grieve.

Enter LEAH (center curtain)

CRESSIDA

My valiant Troilus, and you Diomed,
Put down your arms and hear Cressida speak.
To each of you I am with duty bound;
Kept here in Greece, a sister's sacrifice,
And to you Diomedes I'll be fair,
Keep house, keep service, keep all but your bed.
But Troilus, know my heart will ne'er be false
As patiently I wait upon the day
When to your arms return mine to remain.
Until that time my constancy I'll prove
But, win this war, Great Troy, in name of love.

ALL ACTORS: Freeze
Enter CHRISTINA (from audience)

CHORUS

Now tell me have your pleasures liked the pomp,
Or have they here found fault in what fell out?
The chance of war's been good to both our sides,
And bad in equal measure as fate lies.
What will become of lovers ripped apart
By death or fear or trades against their will?
How many sons of Priam, Kings of Greece
Will lose their lives out on the battlefield?
Can Troilus find the patience to stay true?
Should Diomedes walk out from this brawl?
Will Priam fin'lly heed Cassandra's cries?
Or will his stubbornness cause Troy to fall?
The war will gallop to an end in time
But that part of the tale's not mine to tell
So whether we did please or did offend
Give us your hands, and let's depart as friends.