

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served her from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at her hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, she heats me with beating; when I am warm, she cools me with beating; I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return; nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think when she hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Come, go along; my mate is coming yonder.
Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtezan, and PINCH

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Adrian, 'respice finem,' respect your end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's-end.'

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Wilt thou still talk?
Beating him

Courtier

How say you now? is not your mistress mad?

ADRIAN

Her incivility confirms no less.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish her in her true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Courtier

Mark how she trembles in her ecstasy!

PINCH

Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.
Striking him

PINCH

I charge thee, Satan, housed within the girl,
To yield possession to my holy prayers
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven!

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

ADRIAN

O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

You minion, you, are these your customers?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut
And I denied to enter in my house?

ADRIAN

O dear wife, God doth know you dined at home;
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame!

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Well, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Perdie, your doors were lock'd and you shut out.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

And did not he himself revile me there?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Sans fable, he himself reviled you there.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Did not the kitchen-drudge rail, taunt, and scorn me?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Certes, he did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

And did not I in rage depart from thence?

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

In verity you did; my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

ADRIAN

Is't good to soothe her in these contraries?

PINCH

It is no shame: the madness finds its line,
And yielding to her humours well her frenzy.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

ADRIAN

Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

Money by me! heart and goodwill you might;
But surely master, not a rag of money.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Went'st not thou to him for a purse of ducats?

ADRIAN

She came to me and I deliver'd it.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

God and the rope-maker bear me witness
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

PINCH

My lord, each of these women is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

ADRIAN

I did not, my gentle love, lock thee forth.

DROMIO OF EPHEBUS

And, gentle Lady, I received no gold;
But I confess, true, that we were lock'd out.

ADRIAN

Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

ADRIAN

O, bind her, bind her! let her not come near me.

PINCH

More company! The fiend is strong within her.

ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

What, will you murder me? Thou gaoler, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Officer

Masters, let her go
She is my prisoner, and you shall not have her.

PINCH

Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.