'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

A Record and Analysis of a Production

by

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B.A., Bishop's University, 1965

A THESIS SUBMITTED IN PARTIAL FULFILMENT OF
THE REQUIREMENTS FOR THE DEGREE OF
MASTER OF ARTS
in the Department of
THEATRE

We accept this thesis as conforming to the
required standard

THE UNIVERSITY OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

May, 1967
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Department of [THEATRE]

The University of British Columbia
Vancouver 8, Canada

Date [MAY 17, 1967]
ABSTRACT

'Tis Pity She's A Whore, an Elizabethan revenge tragedy by John Ford, was produced and directed by Kenneth Livingstone, in partial fulfilment of the requirements for a Master of Arts degree in the Department of Theatre of the University of British Columbia, at the Frederic Wood Studio Theatre, from March 8 - 11, 1967. The following is a detailed record of that production along with the director's analysis and interpretation of the script.

'Tis Pity She's A Whore was produced on a budget of $300.00, with a 90 hour rehearsal period and had a five performance run in a theatre seating approximately ninety people. The play was performed by a predominantly student cast in a setting designed by Harry Soloveoff and with original music composed by Leon Dubinsky which was played each night by a small group of musicians employing recorders, guitars, drums, bells and a virginal.

This record is divided into three main sections. The first is an essay which starts by discussing the historical background of the play with reference to its position in the genre of Revenge Tragedy. This is followed by a brief biographical note on the author and then a detailed analysis of the play with reference to the significant critical interpretations available and concludes with a discussion of the
director's concept adopted for this production. The
director's interpretation is compared to, and contrasted
with, the various critical views already mentioned. The
essay is followed by a short bibliography which is not
intended as a complete academic record of works on Ford,
but merely indicates those views which were taken into
consideration in the preparation of this production.

The second section is made up of the actual script;
showing cuts, blocking, significant divisions and indicating
light, music and scenery cues. Each scene is preceded by a
brief analysis which indicates the major units within the
scene and the directorial approach taken in terms of purpose,
action, dominant emotions, character dominance, and particular
difficulties involved.

The third section is made up of various tables,
records, and illustrations relating directly to the production.
Included are lists of light cues, music cues, set changes,
properties, costumes, cost lists, and box office reports.
Also included are transcripts of the music composed for the
production, a sample of the program, and copies of the press
reviews. The illustrations include colour photographs of
the production, and finally, blueprints of the floor plan
and working drawings.
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ACKNOWLEDGMENT

I wish to express my sincere gratitude to all those whose names appear on the program for this production, and especially to Harry Soloveoff who designed the set and prepared coloured drawings, and Leon Dubinsky who composed, conducted and transcribed the music.
INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

It is the absolute condition of revolt, it is an exemplary case of love without respite which makes us, the spectators, gasp with anguish at the idea that nothing will ever be able to stop it.

- Antonin Artaud
I

John Ford's biography is brief and far from illuminating. He was born in Devon and baptized at Islington in April 1586. In 1602 he was admitted to the Middle Temple and records exist to prove he made his residence there until at least 1617. There is no record of his being called to the bar, but it seems unlikely that he would have remained that long at the Inns of Court without practising law. He retired to Islington shortly before the outbreak of the Civil War and remained there until his death.

Ford's work can conveniently be divided into three periods. The first, from 1606 to 1620, was non-dramatic and consisted mainly of poems and prose pamphlets, the most notable being *Fames' Memorial* (1606), an elegaic poem on the death of the Earl of Devonshire; a pamphlet entitled *Honour Triumphant* (1606) "in honour of all fair ladies, and in defence of these four positions following: 1. Knights in ladies service have no free will: 2. Beauty is the maintainer of valour. 3. Fair Lady was never false. 4. Perfect lovers are only wise;" and *Christies Bloodie Sweat* (1613), a poem.

The second period, from 1621 to 1625, consisted mainly of dramatic works written in collaboration and included his work with Rowley and Dekker on *The Witch of Edmonton* in 1622.
Any plays that Ford wrote independently during this period have been lost.

From 1628 to at least 1638, the probable date of his retirement to Devonshire, Ford produced his extant plays, all written independently. The generally accepted dates of these plays, usually based on records of first performance, are as follows: *The Lover's Melancholy* (1629), *'Tis Pity She's A Whore* (1633), *Loves' Sacrifice* (1633), *The Broken Heart* (1633), *Perkin Warbeck* (1634), *The Fancies Chaste and Noble* (1638), and *The Ladies' Trial* (1639). Authorship of *The Queen* (1653) has also been attributed to Ford.¹

It is on the first five of these plays that Ford's fame rests. *Love's Sacrifice*, *The Broken Heart*, and *Perkin Warbeck* are Ford's three most characteristic tragedies. These, together with his tragi-comedies: *The Lovers' Melancholy*, *The Fancies Chaste and Noble*, and *The Ladies' Trial*, comprise a body of work in which a particular style is developed. The nature of this style, and the various critical attitudes towards it, is not the prime concern of this analysis, which intends to deal primarily with *'Tis Pity She's A Whore* as it has been viewed by various critics, and as it was conceived for a particular theatrical production.

In taking this approach I have adopted the suggestion of Clifford Leech² that *'Tis Pity* should be considered as Ford's first independent play since its style is so
considerably different from that of the other three tragedies and that it can be examined most successfully in the light of Ford's great predecessors rather than by attempting to wrestle with it in terms of his own peculiar style. Leech's concern here is primarily with classifying Ford's plays according to their separate dramatic genres and this is the key to a proper understanding of 'Tis Pity, for in this play Ford harks back to the Jacobean revenge tragedies of Shakespeare, Tourneur, Middleton and Webster. While the love of Giovanni and Annabella may echo in The Broken Heart and Loves'Sacrifice, it is in Romeo and Juliet, Othello, The Revengers' Tragedy, and The White Devil that we find it's kindred spirit.

Apart from the consternation caused by its theme, 'Tis Pity has suffered at the hands of critics who either refuse to recognize its sources and therefore attempt to bend it to fit some preconceived idea of Fordian tragedy; or, recognizing its essential difference, find fault with it for that reason. This latter view, when it wishes to include 'Tis Pity with the other tragedies and draw general conclusions, usually solves the obvious difficulties by condemning the action as being made up of sensational episodes, designed solely to whet the jaded appetites of a decadent audience, and excusing the sub-plot as pointless buffoonery included to please the groundlings. While this approach is not without a certain validity with regard to some of the other plays, it is certainly
not the case in 'Tis Pity.

A good description of the prevalent mood in such plays as The Broken Heart and Loves' Sacrifice is given by Una Ellis-Fermor, and it is obvious that this is a different world from that of the earlier 'Tis Pity:

There is a coldness and restraint in much of his work; a grave and chill dignity in which the emotions seem to be recollected rather than felt; recollected not merely in tranquility, but in spellbound stillness. There is also a quality, at once firm, solid and motionless, which effects progressively his diction, his prosody, the demeanour of his characters and finally their groupings and relations and even the architecture itself of the inner form of the play.

This is hardly the mood of Giovanni's opening debate with the Friar nor of the impassioned scene with Annabella that leads to his confession of love. Restraint is a quality conspicuously absent in 'Tis Pity.

Una Ellis-Fermor divides English drama from the beginning of the Elizabethan era to the time of Ford into three phases: from the beginning to about 1598, from about 1598 to 1610-11, and from 1610-11 to about the end of the reign of James I. It is apparent then that all of Ford's great tragedies were written after the Elizabethan drama, as such, had to come to an end, in the increasingly rarefied atmosphere of the court of Charles I. However, it is to the second of the three phases, the Jacobean, that we must turn
to find the proper context for *Tis Pity.

Miss Fermor characterizes the first, or Elizabethan, phase as one of clarity and exhilaration in which the drama was concerned with war and patriotism, romance and bloodshed, but had none of the obsession with sadism and perversion which creeps in later. There is no doubt that the drama was brutal, but it was a brutality that sprang from the natural violence of normal life in the Elizabethan period rather than from jaded imaginations that could only be stirred by the sensational.

The tone of this drama changed significantly in the Jacobean period. The reasons for this are of course complex, but certain dominant factors can be noted. Most significant, perhaps, was the general mood of apprehension and disillusionment that followed the death of Elizabeth. This lack of stability, which was the natural result of the ending of an era of prosperity and security, brought with it a significant spiritual despair, as the materialistic world and the spiritual world drifted apart and men found that, since reconciliation seemed impossible, it was necessary to make a choice. The result of this was a pre-occupation with death that is a major characteristic of Jacobean drama.

The second significant force was the influence of Machiavelli, primarily as it was reflected in the plays of Marlowe during the Elizabethan period.
Machiavelli offered to the mind that could grasp him with any completeness a compact, unshakeable interpretation of civilization based frankly upon the assumption of weakness, ingratitude and ill-will as essential elements of human character and society, upon the acceptance of religion only as the means of making a people docile to their governors, upon the open admission of cruelty, parsimony and betrayal of faith as necessary (if regrettable) instruments.

It is not surprising then that tragedy, concerned as it is with interpreting man's place in the cosmos and in his own world, began to view the world as the domain of evil in which the Satanic powers vie with each other for control. The despair that is bred under such conditions permeates the great drama of the Jacobean era from King Lear to The Duchess of Malfi:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods, They kill us for their sport.  
(Lear, IV, i)

We are merely the stars tennis-balls (strook, and bandied which way please them).  
(Duchess of Malfi, V. iv)

This spiritual uncertainty led to a rejection of the spiritual for the corporeal: the choice that precipitates the tragedy in 'Tis Pity.

Whenever the characters in Jacobean drama attempt to come to terms with the spiritual the result is inevitably a confusion which leads either to resignation or rejection.
This rejection is not always complete however, and while the suffering is seldom resolved by an appeal to the stars, the appeal sometimes lingers:

If there is any comment (and often the tragedy ends in a crash of hardy and unmoved defiance) it is at most a thin, wavering doubt, a wandering scent blown for a moment on the tempest across the dark action of the final catastrophe.

Both attitudes are present at the end of 'Tis Pity. "Unmoved defiance" is the note struck by Vasques as he exits:

'Tis well; this conquest is mine, and I rejoice that a Spaniard outwent an Italian in revenge. 
(V. vi)

For that, "thin, wavering" groping towards the beyond we have Giovanni's

But d'ee think
That I shall see you there?—You look on me?
May we kiss one another, prate or laugh,
Or do as we do here?
(V. v)

But of course Giovanni is here trying to make heaven over in the image of his love.

It is the recognition of the enormity of the gulf that separates man from the stars, and the anguish which results, that Clifford Leech sees as the basic situation of Jacobean tragedy and the connection between it and 'Tis Pity:
This drama is characterized by an intellectual tension. On the one side there is a feeling of exaltation in the nature of man; on the other side there is a recognition of the limitations of man's power, his isolation in the universe.

Leech goes on to say that the drama this tension produced was not specifically anti-Christian in intention but that the dramatists were primarily concerned with:

a phase of human life that began with the establishment of a perilous situation and that ended with the hero's death.

While this is obviously a simplification that must be amplified to have any particular validity, it does suggest, in part, the reason why Ford has Giovanni so soon reject the abstract metaphysical world for the dangerous joys of his sister's bed. Only when death is imminent does Giovanni again consider the metaphysical question, and so strong is the bond he has forged on earth that he has little doubt that it will hold in the hereafter:

Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,
Freely to view my Annabella's face.

(V. v)

There is then, at the last moment, a recognition (or perhaps it is only that desperate need to see beyond) that there is a scheme of things beyond the machinations of the Jacobean world:
I could I believe  
This might be true, I could believe as well  
There might be hell or Heaven.  
(V. v)

According to Leech, a continuing belief in a Christian cosmology and the persisting problem of a Christian ethical scheme were essential to the Jacobean drama. Nowhere is the ethical problem more apparent than in the case of the revenger himself, the bulwark of Jacobean tragedy.

Revenge was against the ethics of the church and of society yet, in an age which exulted in man's ability to control his destiny and at the same time despained at his ultimate impotence before the cosmic order, to be one's own revenger was to assume a certain omnipotence that defied both the existing order and the cosmic order. The latter, while it could not be defeated ultimately, could be taunted till the last and then met with a sneer:

I limned this night-piece and it was my best.  
(The White Devil, V. vi)

Webster's Lodovico is the archetype of the Jacobean revenger and his defiance is echoed by Vasques in 'Tis Pity.

The authority for revenge as a fitting theme for tragedy came from Seneca but its particular appeal at this time was due largely to the Machiavellian philosophy as first propounded by Marlowe.
The revenge figure takes many forms. The greatest are the rebels: Hamlet, Vittoria, Vindice, Richard, Giovanni. For some the revolt is against an order that oppresses and corrupts; others embrace evil and carry it to its ultimate extreme. The reward in the end is always death and while it is just that they pay the price for their revolt, there is something in the force of their personalities that demands admiration no matter what crimes they have committed.

There is another type of revenger in Jacobean tragedy, of which Lodovico is the prime example and to which the character of Vasques in 'Tis Pity is most closely related. This is the professional, the instrument of the main intriguers, whose actions are governed entirely by the Machiavellian ethic. For such a character death is a profession in which he indulges to the limits of his imagination. It is not enough merely to be revenged, the act must be accomplished with artistry. This is the manner of the revengers in Webster and it is this that is behind Vasques' injunction to Soranzo that he give Giovanni free passage to his sister's bedroom before the trap swings closed:

... give him time enough, let him have your chamber and bed at liberty; let my hot hare have law ere he be hunted to his death

(V. iv)
There is, of course, something in this of the idea seen in Hamlet that the victim should be sent to his death with his sins fresh upon him, in order that his damnation be greater. But this somewhat perverted Christian ethic is less important than the desire of the professional to accomplish his revenge with style.

Una Ellis-Fermor notes the ready acceptance by the Elizabethan audience of this type of revenger as a technical convention, essential to the action but not to the emotion or thought of the play. This, however, as I will point out later, is not the case with Vasques, whose emotional involvement is an essential part of 'Tis Pity.

The Jacobean revenger then, be he rebel or instrument, is a figure calculated to win our admiration but condemned from the start to death. He exists in a world which fluctuates between Machiavellian scepticism and a still potent Christian scheme of values. This ambiguity of values is one of the most significant features of revenge tragedy and is basic to 'Tis Pity, where the Christian ideal remains, even when the Church itself is villain.

The basic mood of the Jacobean period has been described as a spiritual uncertainty springing in part from the spreading of Machiavellian materialism emphasized by Marlowe's tragic thought and in still greater from the cause which has reproduced it to-day for us, fear of the impending destruction of a great civilization.
It is not hard to see why, with such a world view and having the figure of the rebel as its hero, the Jacobean tragedy finds such ready sympathy to-day.

Having noted, briefly, some of the basic characteristics of Jacobean tragedy that reappear in 'Tis Pity, it is necessary, before turning to the play itself, to glance at the state of the theatre at the time the play was written.

From about 1610 there was a split in the London theatrical scene. The Kings' Men acquired the small Blackfriars theatre and gradually the court and the aristocracy formed the audience for this and similar smaller 'private' theatres while the general public patronized the larger Red Bull and Fortune Theatres. The important plays were written for the smaller courtly audience. It is impossible to know whether a play was performed solely before the court or also transferred to the public theatres, but it is evident that dramatists were now mainly writing for an aristocratic audience who wished to see plays that extolled the codes to which they aspired in a rhetoric that was both elegant and dignified yet tinged with a noble melancholy.

By the time of Charles I the tension created by the death of Elizabeth had subsided. With the gradual assumption of serenity came a tragedy that is concerned less with the immediate nature of the world than with the manner in which it should be enjoyed and with the proper way in which death should be met. In such a rarefied atmosphere horror becomes
titillating and is toyed with for its own sake from the luxury of a secure aristocratic code. The foundation stones of this code were the virtues of continence, courage, and chivalry; virtues that are not always permitted a world that sees itself on the verge of destruction.

While this philosophy plays a part in 'Tis Pity, it is the true subject of Ford's later tragedies, the best and most typical of which is The Broken Heart. Here the concern is less with the circumstances surrounding the hero's death than with the manner in which he meets it. The suffering itself, rather than the action, is all-important and it is a melancholy suffering in which only the elite can afford to indulge. A few lines from Calantha's great death speech in The Broken Heart indicate the ideals that this drama proclaims:

0, my lords,
I but deceiv'd your eyes with antic gesture,
When one news straight came huddling on another
Of death! and death! and death! still I danc'd forward;
But it struck home, and here, and in an instant.
Be such mere women, who with shrieks and outcries
Can vow a present end to all their sorrows,
Yet live to count new pleasures, and outlive them;
They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings.
Let me die smiling.

(V: iii)

Giovanni too, dies smiling, but not before he has committed the ultimate act of revenge and strewn the stage with corpses. It is Giovanni's compulsion to act rather than accept his suffering with melancholy dignity that separates 'Tis Pity
from *The Broken Heart* and places it within the context of the Jacobean era.

Few plays have raised the moral hackles of critics and commentators with such regularity as *'Tis Pity She's a Whore.* Before proceeding to an analysis of the play itself, it is perhaps advisable to dispense with the most extreme element of such criticism. One quote should serve to illustrate the general approach taken by such critics. H. G. Oliver gives an example from a work called *The Moral Tone of Jacobean and Caroline Drama*:

• • •' there is here a lamentable want of backbone and a deplorable effeminency, especially in the conduct of the man. • • • There is about her (Annabella) an atmosphere of impurity, which manifests itself in the sickly, extravagant praise of her brother's good outward parts, and she goes on with this nauseous commendation, even when she stands face to face with her husband after the detection. The only extenuating circumstance in her favour is the benevolent influence exercised upon her by the abominable nurse, but the latter is more than compensated by that admirable friar, who if to some extent a slave to convention, is an excellent spiritual counsellor."12

The effect of such a moral bias on a critical viewpoint need not be elaborated further. However, even those critics who attempt to explain Ford's modernity with a more objective moral approach continue to label his drama decadent and see in his choice of incest as the subject of tragedy a prurience peculiar to the Caroline theatre in its rapid decay before the Civil War. While it may be convenient, for the sake of
literary classification, to term the drama of this period decadent, such an approach by classifying various authors together purely on the grounds of the sensational elements in their plays, implies a common motivation for the choice of these elements which is misleading:

His comedies teem with the cheapest of wit; his tragedies equal and possibly excel in sensationalism those of John Webster and James Shirley. His principal characters, tortured with burning desires, whisper lecherous pleas and utter arguments for clandestine love which exceed in prurience some of the most erotic scenes in the plays of John Fletcher. Held up in this manner for comparison with men of his age, Ford clearly displays those dramatic sins of excess which common consent agrees to have forwarded dramatic decay; and for this reason alone, as tradition insists, Ford may rightly bear his title of high priest of decadence.13

This not only suggests that a definite moral bias still persists in modern criticism but, misses the very great difference in purpose in the works of Webster, the true Jacobean, and Shirley, the epitome of Caroline dramatists. As I have suggested above, Ford's body of work rests somewhere between these limits, with 'Tis Pity providing the significant link with Webster.

II

'Tis Pity She's A Whore is a Jacobean revenge tragedy. Richardetto seeks revenge against Hippolita, Hippolita attempts
to avenge her rejection by Soranzo, Soranzo attempts to avenge his being cuckolded by Giovanni, and Vasques is the prime instrument of revenge throughout. The ultimate act of revenge is Giovanni's.

The action of the play, in brief, is as follows: Giovanni, in love with his sister Annabella, seeks counsel from his tutor Friar Bonaventura, whose ineffectual piety is no match for Giovanni's determined logic, which he argues with a fierce, though sophistic, passion. When the Friar's suggested remedies prove useless, Giovanni confesses his love to Annabella, who has been suppressing her own desire for her brother. They consummate their love and, rejecting religion and social morality, vow to love only each other or die.

Eventually Annabella becomes pregnant and is forced to marry Soranzo, whose base treatment of Hippolita, once his mistress, leaves no doubt as to his true character. When Soranzo discovers Annabella's pregnancy he attempts to force her into revealing the identity of her lover. Annabella refuses, but Soranzo's servant, Vasques, succeeds in discovering that it is Giovanni by torturing Annabella's nurse, Putana.

Soranzo and Vasques plan a trap for Giovanni but at the last moment they are thwarted when Giovanni kills Annabella and then Soranzo, before he is himself stabbed to death by Vasques.

Hippolita's attempted revenge on Soranzo is foiled by
Vasques and results in her own death, and the plot of Richardetto, Hippolita's husband, to murder Soranzo results in the innocent death of Bergetto, a foppish suitor to Annabella.

Structurally the play is made up of the main plot: Giovanni and Annabella's incestuous love; a sub-plot of intrigue and treachery involving Hippolita and Richardetto which is linked to the main plot by the character of Soranzo; and a comic sub-plot concerned with the exploits of the foolish Bergetto and his man Poggio, which is related to the rest of the play by Bergetto's courting of, first, Annabella, and then Philotis, the innocent niece of Richardetto. Throughout the play the characters of the Friar and Putana act as moral foils to Giovanni and Annabella.

Even from so brief an outline, it is easy to see that 'Tis Pity bears certain specific resemblances to other Jacobean plays. Most noticeable are the parallels with Romeo and Juliet. In both there is a pair of "starcrossed" lovers, and in both there is a Friar and a bawdy nurse who attends the heroine. The Italianate setting is characteristic and is as appropriate to the mood of 'Tis Pity as Sparta is to the ideals of The Broken Heart. Echoes from other Jacobean plays may be detected. The relationship between Vasques and Soranzo bears some resemblance to that of Othello and Iago. As in other Jacobean plays, the love story which is at the center of the play is surrounded by violence and intrigue.
Having outlined the basic plot structure it is necessary now to look at the play in greater detail. Ford's opening scene presents us immediately with the principal dramatic conflict, the dominant mood of the play, the character of the hero, and the nature of his opposition. In essence the conflict in 'Tis Pity is between Giovanni's incestuous love and the established order. The spokesman for this religious, political, and moral order is the Friar, and so the opening debate between Giovanni and the Friar suggests the problem of the entire play.

From the start Giovanni is in the position of challenger. Like Hamlet, he is recently returned from the university, where he has made a reputation for himself as a student and acquired the habit of submitting all problems to rational debate. Realising his love for his sister, he appeals first to the Friar on intellectual grounds: can religion offer a solution or provide a rational explanation for his overriding emotion? Giovanni comes to reason with the Friar and for an answer he is told that religion is beyond reason. Small wonder then that he seeks his own justification in sophistic argument which can only gain impetus from the Friar's refusal to propose an alternative.

It is important to note that Giovanni, having recognized his passion for his sister, does not immediately rush to embrace her but goes to his tutor and religious advisor in order to
place his passion in a proper intellectual framework. He is not an atheist; it is only when religion fails him that he rejects it. According to Giovanni’s logic, the Friar must either justify his incestuous passion or find in religion a decisive rational argument against it. Failure to provide such an argument is taken by Giovanni as proof that one does not exist and that there is, therefore, no logical reason for him not to love Annabella. It is this logic that prompts Giovanni to exclaim, as his ultimate justification to Annabella:

I have asked counsel of the holy church,  
Who tells me I may love you . . .  
(I. ii)

The intellectual, forced by his nature to justify his passion, resorts to sophistry. Ford leaves little doubt about the nature of Giovanni’s passion:

Shall then, for that I am her brother born,  
My joys be ever banish’d from her bed?  
(I. i)

Giovanni is an intellectual driven by sexual desire for his sister but rationalizing this desire in terms of his own peculiar logic.

A very different interpretation is given by Sensabaugh whose The Tragic Muse of John Ford is based on two assumptions: that the foundations of modern thought are a supreme belief in scientific determinism and an ultimate faith in extreme
individualism; and that Ford's modernity stems from a similar philosophy which finds its scientific basis in Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* and its cult of individualism in the system of Platonic love promulgated by the court of Henrietta Maria, wife to Charles I.

Any critical approach which unhesitatingly defines modern thought within such strict, and certainly questionable, boundaries is likely to grind its axe very thin and this is indeed what Sensabaugh does. Giovanni is represented as suffering from heroic love and religious melancholy as they are described by Burton, and his actions are viewed as being motivated by an adherence to the Platonic code whose principal tenets Sensabaugh lists: Fate rules all lovers, beauty and goodness are one and the same, beautiful women are saints to be worshipped, true love is of equal hearts and divine, love is all-important and all-powerful, true love is more important than marriage, true love is the sole guide to virtue, and, true love allows any liberty of action and thought.

Such a list certainly seems to be made to order to explain the arguments Giovanni uses against the Friar, but in compiling it Sensabaugh seems too much to have interpreted the beliefs of the Platonic coterie with just such a pat explanation in mind. It seems highly likely that Ford drew on the cult for many of Giovanni's sophistic arguments and, as such, it provides an interesting historical footnote to the theatrical climate
in which Ford was writing. However, to argue that Giovanni
is a firm believer in this code and that all his actions are
motivated by it, is to deny the essential struggle in the play.
Giovanni uses his arguments to rationalize what he recognizes
as a physical desire and his vehemence in proclaiming them
stems from his awareness of his own sophistry. Also, the
atmosphere which produces such a code is, by its very nature,
likely to breed a special type of hypocrisy which uses the
aristocratic ideal to justify its decadence. Giovanni and
Annabella may be guilty of willful self-deception but they are
not decadent hypocrites.

If Sensabaugh bends his platonic ethics to fit the plays,
he is even more dogmatic in his application of Burton:

'Tis Pity She's A Whore, whatever its other
interests, is mainly significant in that it
presents the inception, the apparent cure,
and the final destructive powers of heroical
love.14

To prove his point he makes an almost word by word comparison
of Giovanni's imagery with Burton's description of the symptoms
and physical manifestations of this disease. This analysis
leads him to the statement:

It is clear that 'Tis Pity She's A Whore embodies
the letter and spirit of the mechanistic doctrine
of humours.15

To imply that Ford wrote 'Tis Pity with a copy of the
Anatomy of Melancholy open on his desk and that Giovanni is merely a pathological casebook study of heroical love is to reduce the characters to mechanical types and deprive the play of that humanity which gives it tragic stature. However, this interpretation is worth mentioning since it suggests a parallel between the influence of Burton on his day and that of Freud today. Both Ford and Giovanni would have the same awareness of the various diagnoses in the Anatomy of Melancholy as the modern writer and hero has of Freudian psychology, and this was bound to influence their reasoning.

Turning once again to the text, we find that Ford, having established the character of Giovanni and explained the peculiar conflict between passion and reason that will lead inevitably to tragedy, has provided in the character of the Friar, a spokesman for the world against which Giovanni's incestuous passion revolts.

It is worth noting when and why the Friar appears throughout the play. In the first scene he is the foil to Giovanni's arguments, against which he can provide no more meaningful alternative than blind, unreasoning faith and a prescription of prayer and fasting. His despairing attitude is epitomized in his first speech to Giovanni: "... no more; I may not hear it." This attitude is rather like that of the monkey who hides his eyes, ears, and mouth and then maintains that evil does not exist.
The next scene with the Friar takes place after Giovanni and Annabella have become lovers and Giovanni's approach is now that of one who, convinced he has made the right decision, is determined to win round the skeptics. The Friar's counsel is that Annabella be married since only this can save her from damnation. Giovanni retorts with contempt:

Marriage? Why, that's to damn her! That's to prove Her greedy of variety of lust. (II. v)

Faced with Giovanni's lyrical description of Annabella and his obvious determination to pursue his chosen course, the Friar again shrinks from any positive action, "what I can do is but pray."

When he appears next it is to torture Annabella with hell-fire and damnation and then to officiate, self-righteously, at her wedding to Soranzo. After this the Friar has one more function to perform. He acts as messenger between Annabella and Giovanni and overhears Annabella's confession with obvious satisfaction:

--my blessing ever rest with thee, my daughter: live, to die more blessed! (V. ii)

His final scene is the ultimate in moral weakness. Having delivered the letter, he witnesses Giovanni's determination to defy Soranzo and decides that he cannot remain to see his
inevitable destruction. Having failed to provide an answer to Giovanni's original dilemma, either positive or negative, he averts his eyes from the catastrophe and refuses to accept any responsibility for what is about to happen. His final statement leaves no doubt that he is washing the blood from his hands:

Well, young man, since no prayer
Can make thee safe, I leave thee to despair.

(V. iv)

I have dwelt on the weakness of the Friar's character because of the peculiar bias on the part of many critics who refuse to accept this weakness and attempt to make the Friar spokesman for the moral philosophy of the play. This view stems directly from an almost pathological refusal to accept the subject of incest unless it is chosen only to be condemned. For this to be the case, it is necessary to make the Friar the ultimate symbol of morality in the play.

This is the view taken by N. W. Bawcutt in his introduction to the edition of the play which was used as the script for this production. Bawcutt interprets the play as a series of warnings against the effects of passion and goes to painstaking pedantic lengths to support this assertion:

Fors uses the word "Heaven" in 'Tis Pity She's A Whore (over thirty times), and these allusions build up a clear picture of a divine agency intervening in human affairs.16
He excuses the Friar's inability to come to terms with the moral problem by saying that nothing he could have said would have had any affect on Giovanni anyway and he is not to be blamed for leaving, since Giovanni has spurned his affection by refusing to heed his advice. Bawcutt concludes:

Whatever criticisms may be made of the Friar, the impression still remains that Ford intended him as an admirable representative of orthodox morality.1 These are weak arguments but when presented as an introduction to an edition of the play published in 1966, they suggest the attitude with which the established order continues to view any presentation of incest that might be construed as favourable. This bias cannot help but obstruct an objective analysis of the play.

If we accept the intrinsic weakness of the Friar as being a basic part of the play's structure it is easy to relate the Hippolita sub-plot to the over-all purpose. If the Friar is the religious representative of the established order (ignoring for a moment the symbolic importance of the Cardinal), then Soranzo is its secular representative. By introducing Hippolita and carefully showing the hypocrisy in Soranzo's treatment of her, Ford establishes Soranzo's moral worthlessness and removes him permanently as a valid alternative to Giovanni.

It is apparent that Ford wishes no diversion in focus and that he in no way suggests that there is a moral rival.
to Giovanni. The conclusion to be drawn here, in opposition to the views of Bawcutt, is that Ford was not concerned with the moral issue of incest as such. The function of each of the suitors in the play is to emphasize the decadence of the order that Annabella rejects by loving Giovanni. This view is supported by Oliver:

He does not take up the general moral issue, but adopts the justifiable course of keeping one's dramatic sympathies with Giovanni rather than his rivals Grimaldi, Bergetto and Soranzo.\(^1\)

This brings us to the Bergetto comic sub-plot. Apart from his choice of incest as a subject for tragedy, nothing has been so readily attacked in Ford as his comic sub-plots. Havelock Ellis\(^1\) supports Gifford's view that Ford's comic characters are "a déspicable set of buffoons." Representative of those who emphasize Ford's decadence is the view of The Cambridge History of English Literature:

Finally, in his attempts at comedy, Ford sinks to a lower level than any dramatist of his class, and his farce lacks the justification of much of the coarse buffoonery of his predecessors. It is not realistic; it is not the expression of high spirits; it is a perfunctory attempt to season tragedy and romance with an admixture of rubbish, without humour and without joy.\(^2\)

Whatever validity this may have for the comedy in Ford's other plays, it does not apply to 'Tis Pity. I have pointed out the importance of the suitors as foils to Giovanni:
Grimaldi is a coward, Soranzo a moral defective, and Bergetto a fool; but Bergetto's importance goes beyond this. Whether or not Ford intended a play on the Elizabethan meaning of "innocent" as fool, such a duality exists. Bergetto is a fool, but more significantly he is the innocent, and this gives a special emphasis to the gratuitous death which he suffers. In the established order maintained by Soranzo and the Friar it is the innocent fool who is victim when treachery misfires. It is not enough, therefore, for Leech to excuse the Bergetto episode by suggesting that Ford's motive for introducing it was to provide

the contrast between the intensity and the reluctance of Giovanni's love and the casualness and easy pleasure of Bergetto's.21

A proper appreciation of the comic plot is shown by Oliver when he says that Bergetto "becomes a pathetic and almost tragic figure, and his death is not the least of the many great scenes in the play."22

It is apparent then that the two sub-plots are essential to a proper understanding of the play and when they are excised, as they were by Maeterlink in his 1895 adaption for Le Théâtre de l'Oeuvre, Annabella, a serious disservice is done to Ford. One other general aspect of the play must be discussed and that is the frequent charge made by critics that Ford, dealing primarily with mental aberration, fills out the action:
of his plays with excessive horror and sensationalism for the titillation it would provide the decadent audience of the Caroline court. In particular, Giovanni's appearance with Annabella's bloody heart impaled on his dagger has been pointed to as a prime example of theatrical excess. The standard argument is upheld by Leech:

Not only must he kill Annabella, but he must make his last entry on the stage bearing her heart on the end of his dagger. The Jacobean writers had indeed cultivated the horrible and the shocking, needing to jolt an audience accustomed to tragedy, to prevent them from merely recognizing in disaster an old dramatic acquaintance. But there is something 'operatic', something in the Fletcherian mode, in 'Tis Pity She's A Whore. Though when he wrote it he was around forty years of age, Ford shows something of a mere desire to make our flesh creep.\(^2\)

This is far too glib a dismissal of Giovanni's final actions. They are grotesque but meaningful.

Oliver confesses that his original interpretation of the final action regarded it as a melodramatic acceptance of the tradition of bloody endings for tragedies of blood. Revising this however, he suggests that it is a psychological fact that the thinker, forced to become the man of action, overacts his part and his actions in real life appear melodramatic. He says, "He had to give a realistic presentation of melodramatic action; it has seemed to many a melodramatic presentation of reality."\(^2\) This view is consistent with the
development of Giovanni's character and repudiates the charges that Ford catered pointlessly to a decadent theatrical appetite.

In fact, when one considers the torment between passion and intellect that governs Giovanni's character and the intensity with which he has pursued his incestuous course, his final act of defiance, rather than seeming superfluous, appears almost inevitable.

In this general analysis of the play I have attempted to cover the major areas of critical debate and to take into account the significant differences in critical opinion, suggesting at the same time the viewpoints which come closest to my own.

I have attempted to show that 'Tis Pity is a Jacobean revenge tragedy reflecting the dominant mood and ethos of the time and concerned primarily with the conflict between, on the one hand, the established social and religious order, represented variously by the Friar, the Cardinal, and the suitors, and, on the other, the rebellious incestuous love of Annabella and Giovanni. The play is not a discussion of the moral question of incest, but essentially a love story. The hero and heroine are rebels, and the atmosphere that surrounds them is one of violence, treachery and intrigue. I have also suggested that from the very first scene we are made aware of the sexual nature of Giovanni's passion and that sex continues
to be a dominant force throughout the play. These are the
basic assumptions on which the production was based.

III

In terms of emotional interpretation I have been
influenced by the description of the play given by Artaud in
The Theatre and It's Double. The influence of Artaud, however,
is one of spirit rather than specific detail. His enthusiasm
tends to lose sight of the actual facts as they are stated in
the text and so eager is he to proclaim his support for the
incestuous theme that he becomes as extreme, in the opposite
direction, as the strict moralists:

In Ford's 'Tis Pity She's A Whore, from the
moment the curtain rises, we see to our utter
stupefaction a creature flung into a violent
vindication of incest, exerting all the vigor
of his youthful consciousness to proclaim and
justify it.25

We can argue that what Giovanni proclaims and justifies is not
incest per se, but his particular incestuous love for Annabella;
however, this is not as important as recognizing the emotional
impact behind Artaud's statements. What Artaud proclaims, and
what was taken as the springboard for this production, is the
heroic intensity with which Annabella and Giovanni plunge
themselves into their love. The tragedy of the play is that
they are able to rationalise and justify their decisions, not to the world against which they rebel, but to themselves.

Giovanni and Annabella are children convincing themselves that their game cannot be spoiled by contact with the world, whose existence when it refuses to support them they choose to ignore. The heroism in the play is the courage and conviction with which they face this world when it demands that they pay the price of their love. It is this unyielding defiance that Artaud speaks of when he says:

It is the absolute condition of revolt, it is an exemplary case of love without respite which makes us, the spectators, gasp with anguish at the idea that nothing will ever be able to stop it.26

Giovanni and Annabella grow and develop in the course of the play from the bravado of Giovanni's first debate with the Friar:

It were more ease to stop the ocean
From floats and ebbs than to dissuade my vows.
(I. i)

and the childish innocence of Annabella's determination to formalize their passion with ritual:

On my knees,
Brother, even by our mother's dust, I charge you,
Do not betray me to your mirth or hate,
love me or kill me, brother.
(I. ii)
to the calm strength with which Giovanni prepares to face his enemies:

Despair, or tortures of a thousand hells,
All's one to me: I have set up my rest.
If I must totter like a well-grown oak,
Some under-shrubs shall in my weighty fall
Be crushed to splits: with me they all shall perish.  
(V. iv)

and the worldly dignity with which Annabella, grown from child to woman, accepts the inevitable:

Brother, dear brother, know what I have been,
And know that now there's but a dining-time
'Twixt us and our confusion: let's not waste
These precious hours in vain and useless speech.  
(V. v)

Two basic assumptions were made in the interpretation of the love story of Giovanni and Annabella: their spiritual passion evolved out of a basic physical desire, and the intensity of their revolt when seen against the backdrop of their society was both noble and, ultimately, triumphant.

The complexity of Giovanni's character stems from the intrinsic conflict between idealism and sexuality and his determination to resolve it intellectually:

''... 'tis not, I know,
My lust, but 'tis my fate that leads me on.  
(I. ii)

Although Annabella seems to submit rather easily to her brother's impassioned rhetoric at the beginning of the play,
it is obvious that her strength is equal to his when required, and it is this defiant strength that she exhibits to Soranzo, even with his dagger at her throat:

I dare thee to the worst: strike, and strike home
I leave revenge behind, and thou shalt feel 't.

Passion, defiance, strength, and an unwavering loyalty to their oath of love or death: these are the qualities that are to be discovered in Giovanni and Annabella, and it is these that make their incestuous love the one symbol of purity in the play.

If this interpretation takes Annabella's and Giovanni's love as representing a special purity (what Artaud calls, "absolute freedom in revolt"

Often the evil springs from malicious intent, at times it is the result of moral cowardice and general ineptitude. Ford suggests no alternative to the path taken by his lovers through this grotesque society. The problem then is to emphasize the decadence and contrast it with the love story.

I have already mentioned the purpose of the parade of suitors early in the play. Even sexually, Giovanni emerges favourably in comparison with Soranzo and Grimaldi, whom both Putana and Vasques imply is impotent and who is not above using
aphrodisiacs to secure Annabella:

I love fair Annabella, and would know whether
in art there may not be potions to move
affection. (II. iii)

The peripheral characters, if not evil themselves,
contribute to the general decay of the society. Florio and
Donado are both well meaning but ineffectual and easy prey
to the machinations of those in control.

Putana is a sympathetic character from an audience
viewpoint, and her needless torture is genuinely horrifying,
but her bawdy licentious sexuality is in strong contrast to
the physical desire which motivates Giovanni and Annabella.
Her immorality is an example of an extreme as deplorable as
the Friar's perverted piety:

If a young wench feel the fit upon her,
Let her take anybody, father or brother, all is one. (II. 1)

There is a definite grotesqueness about Putana's bawdry. Her
earthiness, while often genuinely funny, is not meant to
represent an extension of Annabella's sexual attitude.

An important relationship in the play is that of
Richardetto and Philotis. Richardetto is a bona fide revenger
and his sinister plottings seem particularly evil since
Hippolita's adultry is used as a justification for his treachery.
There is also an unpleasant suggestion throughout his scenes
that he is an opportunist constantly seeking the approval and favour of the Cardinal. There seems to be little doubt that Ford meant him to be viewed ironically. A good example is his assurance to Donado, after the death of his nephew, that

The Cardinal is noble; he no doubt
Will give true justice.  

(III. ix)

There is a latent sexuality apparent in his relationship with Philotis: the phrase "my lovely niece!" recurs often enough to be suspicious. Consequently the scene in which he orders her to become a nun is utterly unmotivated and not credible. It must be taken as the one serious structural flaw in the play and for this reason it was cut completely.

It should be noted, however, that there is critical dissention on this point. Bawcutt, the Christian moralist, argues that it is essential to the meaning of the play and represents a moral alternative to human love.28 Oliver recognizes it as a clumsy plot lapse to get rid of a character for whom the dramatist has no further use.

I have already mentioned the importance of the absurdity of Bergetto's death and the almost tragic dimension it achieves. The quality of this scene and its ironic comment is one of the most striking examples of the modernity of 'Tis Pity. In a grotesque and evil world it is the rebel who becomes hero, and death, though occasionally glorious, is usually an
absurdity which claims the innocent by mistake.

Having set up the basic contrast between Giovanni and Annabella and their society, I have taken the church as the epitome of that society. Consequently both the Friar and the Cardinal are viewed ironically as representatives of moral corruption.

I have already dwelt at some length on the weakness of the Friar's character, his refusal to offer a moral alternative to Giovanni's arguments, and his ultimate betrayal when the end is near. Nowhere is the Friar's behaviour more contemptible than when he forces Annabella to agree to marry Soranzo, in a scene of verbal torture which reveals the twisted mentality behind his pious sanctimony.

The Cardinal is more a symbol than a character. His scarlet robes represent the stream of blood that flows through the blackness of Ford's Parma. The Cardinal makes only two significant appearances in the play: First, at the end of the first half, after the death of Bergetto, where his contempt for justice signals the violence that dominates the action of the remainder of the play; and again at the end to pronounce sentence on the slaughter and reap the spoils:

And all the gold and jewels, or whatsoever
Confiscate by the canons of the church,
We seize upon to the pope's proper use.  
(V. vi)
One other significant relationship needs to be discussed: that of Vasques and Soranzo. I have already mentioned that Vasques is a true Jacobean revenge figure in the tradition of Webster's Lodovico. This is why the position of Vasques in the play is emphasized. In a grotesque world the weak man is merely corrupt, but the man of strength who devotes his entire energy to the professional practice of murder and intrigue has a certain monstrous fascination about him and as such is the prime representative of this world. Vasques is such a man and his character is seen in peculiar relationship to Soranzo, who, despite his arrogance and cruelty, is essentially weak.

There is a definite, if latent, sexual flavour to this relationship, on the part of Vasques. It is significant that when Vasques fights Grimaldi on Soranzo's behalf he makes a point of mocking Grimaldi's virility.

When Vasques becomes Hippolita's accomplice, in order to foil her attempt to murder Soranzo, he plays his part well, but how loathsome a task it is for him is suggested by the force of the vitriolic abuse he hurls at Hippolita after he has poisoned her. Vasques' manipulation of Hippolita here bears some resemblance to the influence of De Flores on Beatrice in Middleton's *The Changeling*.

Having dispensed with Hippolita, Vasques is soon called upon to discover the identity of Annabella's lover. When
Soranzo agrees to let Vasques handle the investigation he acknowledges Vasques' control. A significant revelation of Vasques' true nature is his treatment of Putana. Having wrung the necessary information from her, he orders her gagged and her eyes put out. However, when his Banditti fumble the job, he leaps on her in an attack that is as violent as it is unnecessary:

Let me come to her; I'll help your old gums,  
You toad-bellied bitch.  

(IV. iii)

Vasques then delights in taunting Soranzo with an excessive almost feminine zeal:

Vasques: Am I to be believed now? First marry a strumpet that cast herself away upon you but to laugh at your horns, to feast on your disgrace, riot in your vexations, cuckold you in your bridebed, waste your estate upon panders and bawds!

Soranzo: No more, I say, no more!

Vasques: A cuckold is a goodly tame beast my lord.  

(V. ii)

Vasques' importance is then, that he represents evil at its most malevolent and dangerous extreme and consequently he is a more fitting opponent for Giovanni than Soranzo. It is significant that Vasques survives at the end of the play, and his pride is in sharp contrast to the hypocrisy of the Cardinal.
Finally, a note on the interpretation of Giovanni's final act of revenge. When he kills Annabella and tears out her heart it is the ultimate act of rebellion, a magnificent gesture of defiance and love. Again I acknowledge the spirit of Artaud:

Giovanni, the lover, inspired by the passion of a great poet, puts himself beyond vengeance, beyond crime, by still another crime, one that is indescribably passionate; beyond threats, beyond horror by an even greater horror, one which overthrows at one and the same time law, morality, and all those who dare set themselves up as administrators of justice. . . . You want, he seems to say, my love's flesh and blood. Very well, I will throw this love in your face and shower you with its blood—for you are incapable of rising to its height!"
NOTES


2. Leech, p. 37.


5. Ibid., p. 229.

6. Ibid., p. 12.

7. Ibid., p. 18.

8. Leech, p. 41.

9. Ibid.

10. Ellis-Fermor, p. 283.

11. Ibid., p. 3.


15. Ibid., p. 92.


17. Ibid., p. xx1.

18. Oliver, p. 90.


20. Sensabaugh, p. 5.


22. Oliver, p. 97.
23. Leech, p. 49.

24. Oliver, p. 95.


26. Ibid., p. 29.

27. Ibid.


29. Oliver, p. 97.

30. Artaud, p. 29.


'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

by

John Ford
Dispute no more in this, for know, young man,
These are no school-points; nice philosophy
May tolerate unlikely arguments,
But Heaven admits no jest: wits that presum'd
On wit too much, by striving how to prove
There was no God, with foolish grounds of art,
Discover'd first the nearest way to hell,
And fill'd the world with devilish atheism.
Such questions, youth, are fond; for better 'tis
To bless the sun than reason why it shines,
Yet He thou talk'st of is above the sun.
No more; I may not hear it.

GIOVANNI.
Gentle father,
To you I have unclasp'd my burdened soul,
Emptied the storehouse of my thoughts and heart,
Made myself poor of secrets; have not left
Another word untold, which hath not spoke
All what I ever durst or think or know;
And yet is here the comfort I shall have,
Must I not do what all men else may, love?

FRIAR.
Yes, you may love, fair son.

GIOVANNI.
Must I not praise

That beauty which, if fram'd anew, the gods
Would make a god of, if they had it there,
And kneel to it, as I do kneel to them?
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

FRIAR.
Why, foolish madman—
GIOVANNI. Shall a peevish sound, 
A customary form, from man to man,
Of brother and of sister, be a bar
'Twixt my perpetual happiness and me?
Say that we had one father, say one womb 
(Curse to my joys) gave both us life and birth;
Are we not therefore each to other bound
So much the more by nature, by the links
Of blood, of reason—nay, if you will have't,
Even of religion—to be ever one,
One soul, one flesh, one love, one heart, one all?
FRIAR.
Have done, unhappy youth, for thou art lost.
GIOVANNI.
Shall then, for that I am her brother born,
My joys be ever banish'd from her bed?
No, father; in your eyes I see the change
Of pity and compassion; from your age,
As from a sacred oracle, distils
The life of counsel: tell me, holy man,
What cure shall give me ease in these extremes.
FRIAR.
Repentance, son, and sorrow for this sin:
For thou hast mov'd a Majesty above
With thy unranged, almost blasphemy.
GIOVANNI.
O do not speak of that, dear confessor!
FRIAR.
Art thou, my son, that miracle of wit
Who once, within these three months, wert esteem'd
A wonder of thine age, throughout Bononia?
How did the University applaud
Thy government, behavior, learning, speech,

25. customary form] mere convention, formality.
45. unranged] probably meaning "wildly disordered".
51. government] good conduct, discretion.
Sweetness, and all that could make up a man!
I was proud of my tutelage, and chose
Rather to leave my books than part with thee.
I did so: but the fruits of all my hopes
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.
O, Giovanni, hast thou left the schools
Of knowledge to converse with lust and death?
For death waits on thy lust. Look through the world,
And thou shalt see a thousand faces shine
More glorious than this idol thou ador'st:
Leave her, and take thy choice, 'tis much less sin,
Though in such games as those they lose that win.

GIOVANNI.
It were more ease to stop the ocean
From floats and ebbs than to dissuade my vows.

FRIAR.
Then I have done, and in thy wilful flames
Already see thy ruin; Heaven is just.
Yet hear my counsel.

GIOVANNI. As a voice of life.

FRIAR.
Hie to thy father's house, there lock thee fast
Alone within thy chamber, then fall down
On both thy knees, and grovel on the ground:
Cry to thy heart, wash every word thou utter'st
In tears, and (if it be possible) of blood:
Beg Heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust
That rots thy soul, acknowledge what thou art,
A wretch, a worm, a nothing: weep, sigh, pray
Three times a day, and three times every night.
For seven days' space do this, then if thou find'st
No change in thy desires, return to me:
I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself
At home, whilst I pray for thee here. —Away,
My blessing with thee, we have need to pray.

57. Giovanni] to be pronounced with four syllables, not three as in Italian.
65. floats] flows.
65. vows] wishes, prayers.
I.i  'Tis Pity She's A Whore

GIOVANNI.

All this I'll do, to free me from the rod
Of vengeance; else I'll swear my fate's my god.  

[Enter Grimaldi and Vasques ready to fight—Giovanli exits; Wm. Frome, Luc Enringle with sword drawn]

Vasques.

Come, sir, stand to your tackling; if you prove craven, I'll
make you run quickly.  

Grimaldi.

Thou art no equal match for me.  

Vasques.

Indeed I never went to the wars to bring home news,
or cannot play the mountebank for a meal's meat, and swear I got my wounds in the field. See you these grey hairs? They'll not flinch for a bloody nose. Wilt thou to this gear?—Here Grimaldi's sword

Vasques.

Scold like a cot-quean, that's your profession. Thou poor shadow of a soldier, I will make thee know my master keeps servants thy betters in quality and performance. Com'st thou to fight or prate?

Grimaldi.

Neither, with thee. I am a Roman and a gentleman, one that have got mine honor with expense of blood.  

Vasques.

You are a lying coward and a fool; fight, or by these hils I'll kill thee. —Brave my lord! You'll fight?—Vasques pricks Grimaldi's sleeve Grimaldi draws

[14-15] Weber; Neither... thee./ I got/ Mine... blood. Q.

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1. tackling] weapons.
3. equal] socially equal; Grimaldi will not demean himself by fighting a servant.
7. gear] business (of fighting).
9. cast-off] servant wearing his master's cast-off clothing.
10. cot-quean] a man with too much interest in domestic matters; hence, effeminate and shrill.
17. Brave my lord!] "Do you dare to challenge my master?"
"Tis PITY SHE'S A WHORE

I.ii

GRIMALDI.
Provoke me not, for if thou dost—
VASQUES.
Have at you! —

They fight, Grimaldi hath the worst.

Enter Florio, Donado, Soranzo.

FLORIO.
What mean these sudden broils so near my doors?
Have you not other places but my house
To vent the spleen of your disordered bloods?
Must I be haunted still with such unrest
As not to eat or sleep in peace at home?
Is this your love, Grimaldi? Fie, 'tis naught.

DONADO.
And Vasques, I may tell thee, 'tis not well
To broach these quarrels; you are ever forward
In seconding contentions.

Enter above Annabella and Putana.

FLORIO.
What's the ground?

SORANZO.
That, with your patience, signors, I'll resolve:
This gentleman, whom fame reports a soldier,
(For else I know not) rivals me in love
To Signor Florio's daughter, to whose ears
He still prefers his suit, to my disgrace,
Thinking the way to recommend himself
Is to disparage me in his report.
But know, Grimaldi, though, may be, thou art
My equal in thy blood, yet this
A lowness in thy mind which, wert thou noble,
Thou wouldst as much disdain as I do thee

20. mean] Q corr.; meant Q uncorr.
37. bewrays] betrays, reveals.
"Tis pity she's a whore

For this unworthiness; and on this ground
I will'd my servant to correct his tongue,
Holding a man so base no match for me.

VASQUES.
And had not your sudden coming prevented us, I had let
my gentleman blood under the gills; I should have worm'd
you, sir, for running mad.

GRIMALDI.
I'll be reveng'd, Soranzo.

VASQUES.
On a dish of warm broth to stay your stomach—do, honest
innocence, do; spoon-meat is a wholesomer diet than a
Spanish blade.

GRIMALDI.
Remember this!

SORANZO.
I fear thee not, Grimaldi.

FLORIO.
My Lord Soranzo, this is strange to me, why you should storm, having my word engag'd:
Owing her heart, what need you doubt her ear?

VASQUES.
Yet the villainy of words, Signor Florio, may be such as
would make any unspleen'd dove choleric. Blame not my
lord in this.

FLORIO.
Be you more silent.
I would not for my wealth my daughter's love
Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.
Vasques, put up, let's end this fray in wine.

Exeunt [Florio, Donado, Soranzo and Vasques].

41. his] Dudley; this Q.

43. had not] Dudley; had Q.

44. worm'd] "Worming" was an operation performed on dogs to prevent
madness.

46. innocence] fool.

54. owning.

57. unspleen'd] lacking spleen, not easily angered.

62. put up] sheathe your sword.
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

I.ii

PUTANA.

How like you this, child? Here's threat'ning, challenging, quarrelling, and fighting, on every side, and all is for your sake; you had need look to yourself, charge, you'll be stol'n away sleeping else shortly.

ANNABELLA.

But tut'ress, such a life gives no content To me, my thoughts are fix'd on other ends; Would you would leave me.

PUTANA.

Leave you? No marvel else. Leave me no leaving, charge; this is love outright. Indeed I blame you not, you have choice fit for the best lady in Italy.

ANNABELLA.

Pray do not talk so much.

PUTANA.

Take the worst with the best, there's Grimaldi the soldier, a very well-timber'd fellow: they say he is a Roman, nephew to the Duke Montferrato, they say he did good service in the wars against the Milanese, but 'faith, charge, I do not like him, an't be for nothing but for being a soldier; not one amongst twenty of your skirmishing captains but have some privy maim or other that mars their standing upright. I like him the worse, he crinkles so much in the hams; though he might serve if there were no more men, yet he's not the man I would choose.

ANNABELLA.

Fie, how thou prat'st.

PUTANA.

As I am a very woman, I like Signor Soranzo well; he is wise, and what is more, rich; and what is more than that, kind, and what is more than all this, a nobleman; such a one, were I the fair Annabella myself, I would wish and pray for. Then he is bountiful; besides, he is handsome, and

---

75. well-timber'd] sturdy, well-built.
80-81. standing upright] implying that their wounds have rendered them impotent.
I.ii 'Tis Pity She's a Whore

by my troth, I think wholesome (and that's news in a gallant of three and twenty); liberal, that I know; loving, that you know; and a man sure, else he could never ha' purchase d such a good name with Hippolita, the lusty widow, in her husband's lifetime: and 'twere but for that report, sweet-heart, would 'a were thine. Commend a man for his qualities, but take a husband as he is a plain-sufficient, naked man: such a one is for your bed, and such a one is very close

Signor Soranzo, my life for't.

ANNABELLA.

Sure the woman took her morning's draught too soon.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

PUTANA.

But look, sweetheart, look what thing comes now: here's another of your ciphers to fill up the number. O brave old ape in a silk coat! Observe.

BERGETTO.

Didst thou think, Poggio, that I would spoil my new clothes, and leave my dinner, to fight?

POGGIO.

No, sir, I did not take you for so arrant a baby.

BERGETTO.

I am wiser than so: for I hope, Poggio, thou never heardst of an elder brother that was a coxcomb. Didst, Poggio?

POGGIO.

Never indeed, sir, as long as they had either land or money left them to inherit.

BERGETTO.

Is it possible, Poggio? O monstrous! Why, I'll undertake with a handful of silver to buy a headful of wit at any time; but sirrah, I have another purchase in hand, I shall have the

-100-102.] Weber: But... now/ 106-107.] Dodsley; I. . . thou/ Here's... number/... observe/ Q. . . . Never... coxcomb/ Didst, Pog-103-104.] Dodsley; Didst... my/ Q. New... fight? Q.

90. wholesome] healthy, not diseased.
91. liberal] generous with money (to Putana).
94. report] rumor, gossip.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

I.ii

wench, mine uncle says. I will but wash my face, and shift—

POGGIO.

[Walks affectedly.] Let us walk.

Sir—[Aside.] I have seen an ass and a mule trot the Spanish pavin with a better grace, I know not how often.

ANNABELLA.

This idiot haunts me too.

PUTANA.

Ay, ay, he needs no description; the rich magnifico that is below with your father, charge, Signor Donado his uncle, for that he means to make this his cousin a golden calf, thinks that you will be a right Israelite and fall down to him presently: but I hope I have tutor'd you better. They say a fool's bauble is a lady's playfellow, yet you having wealth enough, you need not cast upon the dearth of flesh at any rate: hang him, innocent!

Enter Giovanni.

ANNABELLA.

But see, Putana, see: what blessed shape
Of some celestial creature now appears?
What man is he, that with such sad aspect Walks careless of himself?

PUTANA.

Where?

ANNABELLA.

Look below.

PUTANA.

O, 'tis your brother, sweet.

ANNABELLA.

Ha!

PUTANA.

'Tis your brother.

ANNABELLA.

Sure 'tis not he: this is some woeful thing Wrapp'd up in grief, some shadow of a man.

116. pavin [pavan] pavanne, a stately dance.
118. magnifico [person in authority, magistrate.
120. golden calf [see Exodus, chapter 32.
123. bauble [stick or truncheon (but with an indecent implication).
123–125. yet you . . . rate] Since Annabella is wealthy, she need not gamble recklessly ("cast . . . at any rate") and accept Bergetto as a husband on the assumption that there will be a shortage of suitors ("dearth of flesh").
125.1. Enter] on the main stage below.
"Tis PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Alas, he beats his breast, and wipes his eyes.

Drown'd all in tears: methinks I hear him sigh.

Let's down, Putana, and partake the cause;

I know my brother, in the love he bears me,

Will not deny me partage in his sadness.

[Aside.] My soul is full of heaviness and fear.

GIOVANNI.

Lost, I am lost: my fates have doom'd my death.
The more I strive, I love; the more I love,
The less I hope: I see my ruin certain.

What judgment or endeavors could apply

To my incurable and restless wounds

I throughly have examin'd, but in vain:

O that it were not in religion sin

To make our love a god and worship it!

I have even wearied Heaven with prayers, dried up

The spring of my continual tears, even starv'd

My veins with daily fasts: what wit or art

Could counsel, I have practic'd; but alas,

I find all these but dreams and old men's tales

To fright unsteady youth; I'm still the same.

Or I must speak, or burst; 'tis not, I know,

My lust, but 'tis my fate that leads me on.

Keep fear and low faint-hearted shame with slaves;

I'll tell her that I love her, though my heart

Were rated at the price of that attempt.

O mel She comes.

Enter Annabella and Putana.

ANNABELLA.

Brother!

GIOVANNI [aside]. If such a thing

As courage dwell in men, ye heavenly powers,

Now double all that virtue in my tongue.

137. partage] a part or share.

138.] Some editors unnecessarily begin a new scene here. Annabella and Putana descend from the upper to the main stage while Giovanni speaks his soliloquy.

144. throughly] thoroughly.

"Tis Pity She's A Whore

I.ii

ANNABELLA.
Why, brother, will you not speak to me?

GIOVANNI.
Yes; how d'ee, sister?

ANNABELLA.
Howsoever I am, methinks you are not well.

PUTANA.
Bless us, why are you so sad, sir?

GIOVANNI.
Let me entreat you, leave us a while, Putana. Sister, I would be private with you.

ANNABELLA.
Withdraw, Putana.

PUTANA.
I will. [Aside.] If this were any other company for her, I should think my absence an office of some credit; but I will leave them together. Exit Putana.

GIOVANNI.
Come, sister, lend your hand, let's walk together. I hope you need not blush to walk with me; Here's none but you and I.

ANNABELLA.
How's this?

GIOVANNI.
Faith, I mean no harm.

ANNABELLA.
Harm?

GIOVANNI.
No, good faith; how is't with 'ee?

ANNABELLA [aside]. I trust he be not frantic. [To him.] I am very well, brother.

GIOVANNI.
Trust me, but I am sick, I fear so sick 'Twill cost my life.

ANNABELLA.
Mercy forbid it! 'Tis not so, I hope.

165-166.] this edn.; Let... Putana./ Sister... you. Q.

169. of some credit] deserving payment (as a bawd).
178. frantic] mad.
I.II  'Tis Pity She's a Whore

GIOVANNI.
I think you love me, sister.

ANNABELLA.
Yes, you know I do.

GIOVANNI.
I know't indeed. —'Y're very fair.

ANNABELLA.
Nay then, I see you have a merry sickness.

GIOVANNI.
That's as it proves. The poets feign, I read,
That Juno for her forehead did exceed
All other goddesses: but I durst swear
Your forehead exceeds hers, as hers did theirs.

ANNABELLA.
Troth, this is pretty!

GIOVANNI.
Such a pair of stars
As are thine eyes would, like Promethean fire,
If gently glanc'd, give life to senseless stones.

ANNABELLA.
Fie upon 'ee!

GIOVANNI.
The lily and the rose, most sweetly strange,
Upon your dimpled cheeks do strive for change.
Such lips would tempt a saint; such hands as those
Would make an anchorite lascivious.

ANNABELLA.
D'ee mock me or flatter me?

GIOVANNI.
If you would see a beauty more exact
Than art can counterfeit or nature frame,
Look in your glass and there behold your own.

ANNABELLA.
O you are a trim youth!

GIOVANNI.
Here.

186. The] Doddsy; They Q.

191. Promethean fire] In Greek mythology Prometheus first brought fire to men by stealing it from Heaven.

-16-
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

I.ii

ANNABELLA.
What to do? 

GIOVANNI.
—And here's my breast, strike home.
Rip up my bosom, there thou shalt behold
A heart in which is writ the truth I speak.
Why stand 'ee?

ANNABELLA.
Are you earnest?

GIOVANNI.
Yes, most earnest.
You cannot love?

ANNABELLA.
Whom?

GIOVANNI.
Me. My torment'd soul
Hath felt affliction in the heat
Of thy immortal beauty hath untun'd
All harmony both of my rest and life.
Why d'ee not strike?

ANNABELLA.
Forbid it, my just feared.
If this be true, 'twere fitter I were dead.

GIOVANNI.
True, Annabella; 'tis no time to jest.
I have too long suppress'd the hidden flames
That almost have consum'd me; I have spent
Many a silent night in sighs and groans,
Ran over all my thoughts, despis'd my fate,
Reason'd against the reasons of my love,
Done all that smooth-cheek'd virtue could advise,
But found all bootless; 'tis my destiny
That you must either love, or I must die.

ANNABELLA.
Comes this in sadness from you?

GIOVANNI.
Let some mischief
Befall me soon, if I dissemble aught.

ANNABELLA.
You are my brother Giovanni.

205. strike] Dodsley; strick Q.
223. smooth-cheek'd] Dodsley; smooth'd-cheek Q.

224. bootless] useless.
226. in sadness] seriously, sincerely.
I.ii 'Tis Pity She's a Whore

GIOVANNI. You
- My sister Annabella; I know this: And could afford you instance why to love
So much the more for this; to which intent Wise nature first in your creation meant
To make you mine; else't had been sin and foul
To share one beauty to a double soul.
Nearness in birth or blood doth but persuade A nearer nearness in affection.
I have ask'd counsel of the holy church, Who tells me I may love you, and 'tis just
That since I may, I should; and will, yes, will:
Must I now live, or die? 

ANNABELLA. Live: thou hast won
The field, and never fought; what thou hast urg'd My captive heart had long ago resolv'd.
I blush to tell thee—but I'll tell thee now— For every sigh that thou hast spent for me I have sigh'd ten; for every tear shed twenty: And not so much for that I lov'd, as that I durst not say I lov'd, nor scarcely think it.

GIOVANNI. Let not this music be a dream, ye gods. For pity's sake, I beg 'ee!

ANNABELLA. On my knees, Brother, even by our mother's dust, I charge you, Do not betray me to your mirth or hate, Love me or kill me, brother. 

GIOVANNI. On my knees. Sister, even by my mother's dust, I charge you, Do not betray me to your mirth or hate, Love me or kill me, sister. 

ANNABELLA. You mean good sooth then? 

GIOVANNI. In good troth I do,
And so do you, I hope: say, I'm in earnest.

256. sooth] truth. 

-18-
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

ANNABELLA.
I'll swear 't, I.
GIOVANNI. And I, and by this kiss, kisses her.

CUE 6
(Once more, yet once more; now let's rise by this). [They rise.] Kiss twice more
I would not change this minute for Elysium.
What must we now do?

ANNABELLA. What you will. standing in fear
GIOVANNI. Come then, takes her hand and
After so many tears as we have wept, leads her above table to
Let's learn to court in smiles, to kiss, and sleep.

LIGHT CUE 5

Enter Florio and Donado.

FLORIO. Signor Donado, you have said enough,
I understand you; but would you know
I will not force my daughter 'gainst her will.
You see I have but two, a son and her;
And he is so devoted to his book,
As I must tell you true, I doubt his health:
Should he miscarry, all my hopes rely
Upon my girl; as for worldly fortune,
I am, I thank my stars, blest with enough.
My care is how to match her to her liking:
I would not have her marry wealth, but love,
And if she like your nephew, let him have her,
Here's all that I can say.

DONADO. Sir, you say well,
Like a true father, and for my part, I,
If the young folks can like ('twixt you and me),
Will promise to assure my nephew presently
Three thousand florins yearly during life;
And after I am dead, my whole estate.

258. swear't, I] Gifford; swear't and
I Q.

[1.i.ii]
6. doubt] worry about.
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

I.iii

Florio.
"Tis a fair proffer, sir; meantime your nephew
Shall have free passage to commence his suit:
If he can thrive, he shall have my consent.
So for this time I'll leave you, signor.

Donado.
Well,
Here's hope yet, if my nephew would have wit:
But he is such another dunce, I fear
He'll never win the wench. When I was young
I could have done't, 'tis faith, and so shall he
If he will learn of me; and in good time
He comes himself.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.
How now, Bergetto, whither away so fast?
O uncle, I have heard the strangest news that ever came
out of the mint, have I not, Poggio?
Yes indeed, sir.
What news, Bergetto?
Why, look ye, uncle, my barber told me just now that
there is a fellow come to town who undertakes to make a
mill go without the mortal help of any water or wind,
only with sand-bags: and this fellow hath a strange horse,
a most excellent beast, I'll assure you, uncle (my barber
says), whose head, to the wonder of all Christian people,
stands just behind where his tail is; is't not true, Poggio?

So the barber swore, forsooth.
And you are running thither?
Ay forsooth, uncle.
Wilt thou be a fool still? Come, sir, you shall not go: you

29. How...fast?] Assigned to Donado by Weber; to Poggio in Q.
42. thither] Gifford; hither Q.

Exit off W.L.
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

I.iii

have more mind of a puppet-play than on the business I told ye; why, thou great baby, wilt never have wit, wilt make thyself a laughing-stock to all the world?

POGGIO.

Answer for yourself, master.

BERGETTO.

Why, uncle, should I sit at home still, and not go abroad to see fashions like other gallants?

DONADO.

To see hobby-horses! What wise talk, I pray, had you with Annabella, when you were at Signor Florio's house?

BERGETTO.

O, the wench! Uds sa' me, uncle, I tickled her with a rare speech, that I made her almost burst her belly with laughing.

DONADO.

Nay, I think so, and what speech was't?

BERGETTO.

What did I say, Poggio?

POGGIO.

Forsworn, my master said that he loved her almost as well as he loved parmesan, and swore (I'll be sworn for him) that she wanted but such a nose as his was to be as pretty a young woman as any was in Parma.

DONADO.

O gross!

BERGETTO.

Nay, uncle, then she ask'd me whether my father had any more children than myself: and I said, "No, 'twere better he should have had his brains knock'd out first."

DONADO.

This is intolerable.

BERGETTO.

Then said she, "Will Signor Donado your uncle leave you all his wealth?"

DONADO.

Ha! that was good, did she harp upon that string?

47. *may-game*] laughing-stock, comic butt.

53. *Uds sa' me*] God save me.

58. *parmesan*] parmesan cheese.
I.iii  
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

BERGETTO.
Did she harp upon that string? Ay, that she did. I answered, "Leave me all his wealth? Why, woman, he hath no other wit; if he had, he should hear on't to his everlasting glory and confusion: I know," quoth I, "I am his white boy, and will not be gull'd"; and with that she fell into a great smile and went away. Nay, I did fit her.

DONADO.
Ah, sirrah, then I see there is no changing of nature. Well, Bergetto, I fear thou wilt be a very ass still.

BERGETTO.
I should be sorry for that, uncle.

DONADO.
Come, come you home with me; since you are no better a speaker, I'll have you write to her after some courtly manner, and enclose some rich jewel in the letter.

BERGETTO.
Ay marry, that will be excellent.

DONADO.
Peace, innocent.
Once in my time I'll set my wits to school, If all fail, 'tis but the fortune of a fool.

BERGETTO.
Poggio, 'twill do, Poggio.

[II.i] Enter Giovanni and Annabella, as from their chamber.

GIOVANNI.
Come, Annabella: no more sister now, But love, a name more gracious; do not blush, Beauty's sweet wonder, but be proud to know That yielding thou hast conquer'd, and inflam'd A heart whose tribute is thy brother's life.

ANNABELLA.
And mine is his. O, how these stol'n contents

71. glory] apparently a malapropism by Bergetto.
72. white boy] favorite.
74. fit] give an appropriate answer.

—22—
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

Would print a modest crimson on my cheeks,
Had any but my heart's delight prevail'd!

GIOVANNI.
I marvel why the chaster of your sex
Should think this pretty toy call'd maidenhead
So strange a loss, when, being lost, 'tis nothing,
And you are still the same.

ANNABELLA.
'Tis well for you;
Now you can talk.

GIOVANNI.
Music as well consists
In th' ear, as in the playing.

ANNABELLA.
O, y'are wanton;
Tell on't, y'are best: do.

GIOVANNI.
Thou wilt chide me then.
Kiss me: so; thus hung Jove on Leda's neck,
And suck'd divine ambrosia from her lips.
I envy not the mightiest man alive,
But hold myself in being king of thee
More great than were I king of all the world.
But I shall lose you, sweetheart.

ANNABELLA.
But you shall not.

GIOVANNI.
You must be married, mistress.

ANNABELLA.
Yes? To whom?

GIOVANNI.
Someone must have you.

ANNABELLA.
You must.

GIOVANNI.
Nay, some other.

ANNABELLA.
Now prithee do not speak so: without jesting,
You'll make me weep in earnest.

GIOVANNI.
What, you will not!
But tell me, sweet, canst thou be dar'd to swear
That thou wilt live to me, and to no other?

ANNABELLA.
By both our loves I dare, for didst thou know,
My Giovanni, how all suitors seem

16. Leda] the mistress of Jove, who approached her in the form of a swan.
To my eyes hateful, thou wouldst trust me then.

GIOVANNI.

Enough, I take thy word. Sweet, we must part;— Hoofs faint above table

ANNABELLA.

Will you be gone?— Runs in front of arch and

GIOVANNI.

I must.

ANNABELLA.

When to return?

GIOVANNI.

Soon. Intercepts him

ANNABELLA.

Look you do.

GIOVANNI.

Farewell. Exit. Da Pech

ANNABELLA.

Go where thou wilt, in mind I'll keep thee here, above table looking out. Out of his way

Guardian! 

Enter Putana. Head approaches round corner of balcony

PUTANA.

Child, how is't, child? Well, thank Heaven, ha?— On top step.

ANNABELLA.

O guardian, what a paradise of joy— Runs up center

Have I pass'd over!

PUTANA.

Nay, what a paradise of joy have you pass'd under! Why, now I commend thee, charge; fear nothing, sweetheart; what though he be your brother? Your brother's a man, I hope, and I say still, if a young wench feel the fit upon her, let her take anybody, father or brother, all is one.

ANNABELLA.

I would not have it known for all the world.

PUTANA.

Nor I, indeed, for the speech of the people; else 'twere nothing.

FLORIO (within).— Ul off

Daughter Annabella!
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

II.i

ANNABELLA.

O me, my father! —Here, sir! —Reach my work.

FLORIO (within).

What are you doing?

ANNABELLA.

So: let him come now.

Enter Florio, Richardetto like a doctor of physic, and Philotis with a lute in her hand.

FLORIO.

So hard at work? That's well, you lose no time.
Look, I have brought you company: here's one, A learned doctor lately come from Padua, Much skill'd in physic, and for that I see You have of late been sickly, I entreated This reverend man to visit you some time.

ANNABELLA.

Y'are very welcome, sir.

RICHARDETTO.

I thank you, mistress.

Loud fame in large report hath spoke your praise.
As well for virtue as perfection:
For which I have been bold to bring with me A kinswoman of mine, a maid, for song And music one perhaps will give content;
Please you to know her.

ANNABELLA.

They are parts I love, And she for them most welcome.

PHILOTIS.

Thank you, lady.

FLORIO.

Sir, now you know my house, pray make not strange,
And if you find my daughter need your art, I'll be your paymaster.

RICHARDETTO.

Sir, what I am

56-61.} Weber; prose in Q. 72–73. Sir... command.] Weber; one line in Q.

54. work] needlework.
58. Padua] famous for the medical school of its university.
64. perfection] accomplishments.
68. parts] abilities.
70. make not strange] do not stand on ceremony.
II.i
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

She shall command.

**FLORIO.** You shall bind me to you. Daughter, I must have conference with you About some matters that concerns us both. Good master doctor, please you but walk in, We'll crave a little of your cousin's cunning. I think my girl hath not quite forgot To touch an instrument: she could have done't; We'll hear them both.

**RICHARDETTO.** I'll wait upon you, sir.

---

**SORANZO.**

"Love's measure is extreme, the comfort, pain, The life unrest, and the reward disdain:"

What's here? Look't o'er again: 'tis so, so writes This smooth licentious poet in his rhymes.

But Sannazar, thou liest, for had thy bosom Felt such oppression as is laid on mine,

Thou wouldst have kiss'd the rod that made thee smart.

To work then, happy muse, and contradict Sannazar hath in his envy writ.

"Love's measure is the mean, sweet his annoys, His pleasure's life, and his reward all joys."

Had Annabella liv'd when Sannazar Did in his brief encomium celebrate Venice, that queen of cities, he had left That verse which gain'd him such a sum of gold, And for one only look from Annabel Had writ of her and her diviner cheeks.

O how my thoughts are—

---

**VASQUES (within).**

Pray forbear; in rules of civility, let me give notice on't: I

---

77. *cunning* skill.

5. Sannazar Jacopo Sannazaro (?1456–1530), an Italian poet, author of a famous epigram praising Venice, for which the city lavishly rewarded him.
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

shall be tax'd of my neglect of duty and service.

SORANZO.
What rude intrusion interrupts my peace?

VASQUES (within).
Troth you wrong your modesty.

SORANZO.
What's the matter, Vasques, whô is't?

HIPPOLITA.
"Tis I:
Do you know me now? Look, perjur'd man, on her
Whom thou and thy distracted lust have wrong'd.
Thy sensual rage of blood hath made my youth
A scorn to men and angels, and shall I
Be now a foil to thy unsated change?
Thou know'st, false wanton, when my modest fame
Stood free from stain or scandal, all the charms
Of hell or sorcery could not prevail
Against the honor of my chaster bosom.
Thine eyes did plead in tears, thy tongue in oaths
Such and so many, that a heart of steel
Would have been wrought to pity, as was mine:
And shall the conquest of my lawful bed,
My husband's death urg'd on by his disgrace,
My loss of womanhood, be ill rewarded
With hatred and contempt? No, know Soranzo,
I have a spirit doth as much distaste
The slavery of fearing thee, as thou
Dost loathe the memory of what hath pass'd.

SORANZO.
Nay, dear Hippolita—

HIPPOLITA.
Call me not dear,

Nor think with supple words to smooth the grossness
Of my abuses; 'tis not your new mistress,
Your godly madam-merchant, shall triumph
On my dejection: tell her thus from me,

20. tax'd of] rebuked for.
30. foil] setting, background (to make his new love more enjoyable).
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

SORANZO.
You are too violent.

HIPPOLITA.
You are too double
In your dissimulation. Seest thou this,
This habit, these black mourning-weeds of care?
'Tis thou art cause of this, and hast divorc'd
My husband from his life and me from him,
And made me widow in my widowhood.

SORANZO.
Will you yet hear?

HIPPOLITA.
More of thy perjuries?
Thy soul is drown'd too deeply in those sins;
Thou need'st not add to th' number.

SORANZO.
Then I'll leave you;

HIPPOLITA.
You are past all rules of sense.

VASQUES.
Fie, mistress, you are not near the limits of reason: if my lord had a resolution as noble as virtue itself, you take the course to unedge it all. Sir, I beseech you, do not perplex her griefs, alas, will have a vent. I dare undertake Madam Hippolita will now freely hear you.

SORANZO.
Talk to a woman frantic! Are these the fruits of your love?

HIPPOLITA.
They are the fruits of thy untruth, false man:
Didst thou not swear, whilst yet my husband liv'd,
That thou wouldst wish no happiness on earth
More than to call me wife? Didst thou not vow,
When he should die, to marry me? For which,
The devil in my blood, and thy protests,
Caus'd me to counsel him to undertake
A voyage to Ligorn, for that we heard
His brother there was dead, and left a daughter

57. thy] Q corr.; the Q uncorr.
63. unedge] blunt, weaken.
72. protests] protestations.
74. Ligorn] Leghorn (Italian Livorno).
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

Young and unfriended, who, with much ado,
I wish'd him to bring hither: he did so,
And went; and as thou know'st died on the way.

Il.ii

Unhappy man, to buy his death so dear
With my advice! Yet thou for whom I did it
Forget'st thy vows, and leave'st me to my shame.

SORANZO.

Who could help this?

HIPPOLITA.

Who? Perjur'd man, thou couldst,
If thou hadst faith or love.

SORANZO.

The vows I made, if you remember well,
Were wicked and unlawful: 'twere more sin
To keep them than to break them; as for me,
I cannot mask my penitence. Think thou
How much thou hast digress'd from honest shame
In bringing of a gentleman to death
Who was thy husband, such a one as he,
So noble in his quality, condition,
Learning, behavior, entertainment, love,
As Parma could not show a braver man.

VASQUES.

You do not well, this was not your promise.

SORANZO.

I care not; let her know her monstrous life.
Ere I'll be servile to so black a sin,
I'll be accurs'd. Woman, come here no more:
Learn to repent and die, for by my honor
I hate thee and thy lust: you have been too foul

[Exit.]

VASQUES [aside].

This part has been scurvily play'd.

HIPPOLITA.

How foolishly this beast contemns his fate,
And shuns the use of that which I more scorn
Than I once lov'd, his love; but let him go.

97. accurs'd] this edn.; a Curse Q
uncorr.; a Coarse Q corr.

100. scurvily play'd] badly acted (Vasques thinks that Soranžo should have soothed Hippolita).
IL.ii ’Tis Pity She’s a Whore

My vengeance shall give comfort to this woe. She offers to go away.

VASQUES.

Mistress, mistress, Madam Hippolita, pray, a word or two! 105

HIPPOLITA.

With me, sir?

VASQUES.

With you, if you please.

HIPPOLITA.

What is’t?

VASQUES.

I know you are infinitely mov’d now, and you think you have cause: some I confess you have, but sure not so much as you imagine.

HIPPOLITA.

Indeed?

VASQUES.

O, you were miserably bitter, which you followed even to the last syllable. Faith, you were somewhat too shrewd; by my life you could not have took my lord in a worse time, since I first knew him: tomorrow you shall find him a new man.

HIPPOLITA.

Well, I shall wait his leisure.

VASQUES.

Fie, this is not a hearty patience, it comes sourly from you; troth, let me persuade you for once.

HIPPOLITA [aside].

I have it, and it shall be so; thanks, opportunity! [To him.] Persuade me to what?

VASQUES.

Visit him in some milder temper. O if you could but master a little your female spleen, how might you win him!

HIPPOLITA.

He will never love me. Vasques, thou hast been a too 125

104. this] this edn.; his Q. 105. Weber; Mistress . . . Hippolita, Pray . . . two! Q.

114. shrewd] sharp, outspoken.
"The Pity She's A Whore"

trustey servant to such a master, and I believe thy reward
in the end will fall out like mine.

VASQUES.
So perhaps too.

HIPPOLETA.
Resolve thyself it will. Had I one so true, so truly honest,
so secret to my counsels, as thou hast been to him and his, 130
I should think it a slight acquaintance, not only to make
him master of all I have, but even of myself.

VASQUES.
O you are a noble gentlewoman!

HIPPOLETA.
Wilt thou feed always upon hopes? Well, I know thou art
wise, and seest the reward of an old servant daily, what it is. 135

VASQUES.
Beggary and neglect.

HIPPOLETA.
True: but Vasques, wert thou mine, and wouldst be
private to me and my designs, I here protest myself and
all what I can else call mine should be at thy dispose.

VASQUES [aside].
Work you that way, old mole? Then I have the wind of 140
you. [To her.] I were not worthy of it by any desert that
could lie within my compass; if I could—

HIPPOLETA.
What then?

VASQUES.
I should then hope to live in these my old years with rest
and security. 145

HIPPOLETA.
Give me thy hand: now promise but thy silence,
And help to bring to pass a plot I have;
And here in sight of Heaven, that being done,
I make thee lord of me and mine estate.

VASQUES.
Come, you are merry; this is such a happiness that I can 150

[150-151.] Weber; Come ... merry;/
This ... can/Neither . . . believe, Q.

140. have the wind] see your intention.
neither think or believe.

HIPPOLOTA.

Promise thy secrecy, and 'tis confirm'd.

VASQUES.

Then here I call our good genii for witnesses, whatsoever your designs are, or against whomsoever, I will not only be a special actor therein, but never disclose it till it be effected.

HIPPOLOTA.

I take thy word, and with that, thee for mine; Come then, let's more confer of this anon. On this delicious bane my thoughts shall banquet: Revenge shall sweeten what my griefs have tasted.

Enter Richardetto and Philotis.

RICHARDETTO.

Thou seest, my lovely niece, these strange mishaps, How all my fortunes turn to my disgrace, Wherein I am but as a looker-on, Whilst others act my shame and I am silent.

PHILOTIS.

But uncle, wherein can this disguise Give you content?

RICHARDETTO. I'll tell thee, gentle niece. Thy wanton aunt in her lascivious riots Lives now secure, thinks I am surely dead In my late journey to Padua for you, As I have caus'd it to be rumor'd out; Now would I see with what an impudence She gives scope to her loose adultery, And how the common voice allows hereof: Thus far I have prevail'd.

155. for witnesses] Dodson; foe-witneses Q.

159. bon] poison.

[Ill.iii] 5. shape] disguise (the robe of a doctor).

13. how . . . hereof] what ordinary people think about her.
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

II.iii

PHILOTIS.  Alas, I fear
You mean some strange revenge.
RICHARDETTO.  O, be not troubled;
Your ignorance shall plead for you in all.
But to our business: what, you learn'd for certain
How Signor Florio means to give his daughter
In marriage to Soranzo?
PHILOTIS.  Yes, for certain.
RICHARDETTO.  But how find you young Annabella's love
Inclin'd to him?
PHILOTIS.  For aught I could perceive,
She neither fancies him or any else.
RICHARDETTO.  There's mystery in that which time must show.
She us'd you kindly?
PHILOTIS.  Yes.
RICHARDETTO.  And crav'd your company?
PHILOTIS.  Often.
RICHARDETTO.  'Tis well: it goes as I could wish.
I am the doctor now, and as for you,
None knows you; if all fail not, we shall thrive.
But who comes here?

Enter Grimaldi.  I know him: 'tis Grimaldi,
A Roman and a soldier, near allied
Unto the duke of Montferrat, one
Attending on the munici of the pope Cardinal.
That now resides in Parma, by which means
He hopes to get the love of Annabella.

GRIMALDI.
Save you, sir.
RICHARDETTO.  And you, sir.
GRIMALDI.  I have heard
Of your approv'd skill, which through the city

16.  You...all] You know nothing of my plans and cannot be held responsible for them.
I.iii 'Tis Pity She's a Whore

Is freely talk'd of, and would crave your aid.

RICHARDETTO.

For what, sir?

GRIMALDI. Marry, sir, for this—

But I would speak in private.

RICHARDETTO. Leave us, cousin.

GRIMALDI.

I love fair Annabella, and would know

Whether in art there may not be receipts

To move affection.

RICHARDETTO. Sir, perhaps there may,

But these will nothing profit you.

GRIMALDI. Not me?

RICHARDETTO. Unless I be mistook, you are a man

Greatly in favor with the cardinal.

GRIMALDI.

What of that?

RICHARDETTO. In duty to his grace,

I will be bold to tell you, if you seek

To marry Florio's daughter, you must first

Remove a bar 'twixt you and her.

GRIMALDI. Who's that?

RICHARDETTO.

Soranzo is the man that hath her heart,

And while he lives, be sure you cannot speed.

GRIMALDI.

Soranzo! What, mine enemy! Is't he?

RICHARDETTO. Is he your enemy?

GRIMALDI. The man I hate

Worse than confusion—

I'll kill him straight.

RICHARDETTO. Nay then, take mine advice,

Even for his grace's sake, the cardinal:

I'll find a time when he and she do meet,

40. art \textit{Dye}; arts Q.

54. kill] \textit{Q} corr.; tell \textit{Q} uncorr.
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

II.iv

Of which I'll give you notice, and to be sure
He shall not 'scape you, I'll provide a poison
To dip your rapier's point in; if he had
As many heads as Hydra had, he dies.

GRIMALDI.
But shall I trust thee, doctor?

RICHARDETTO. As yourself;
Doubt not in aught. [Aside.] Thus shall the fates decree:

Music cue. By me Soranzo falls, that ruin'd me.

GRIMALDI Exits. RICHARDETTO Exits.

[II.iv] Enter Donado, Bergetto, and Poggio.

DONADO. Well, sir, I must be content to be both your secretary and
your messenger myself. I cannot tell what this letter may
work, but as sure as I am alive, if thou come once to talk
with her, I fear thou wilt mar whatsoever I make.

BERGETTO. You make, uncle? Why, am not I big enough to carry mine
own letter, I pray?

DONADO. Ay, ay, carry a fool's head o' thy own! Why, thou dunce,
wouldest thou write a letter and carry it thyself?

BERGETTO. Yes, that I would, and read it to her with my own mouth;
for you must think, if she will not believe me myself when
she hears me speak, she will not believe another's handwriting. O, you think I am a blockhead, uncle! No, sir,
Poggio knows I have indited a letter myself, so I have.

POGGIO. Yes, truly, sir; I have it in my pocket.

DONADO. A sweet one, no doubt; pray let's see't.

BERGETTO. I cannot read my own hand very well, Poggio; read it,
Poggio.

DONADO. Begin.

63. ruin'd] Q corr.: min'd Q uncorr. [II.iv] Gifford; I... Poggio; Read... Poggio. Q:
"Most dainty and honey-sweet mistress, I could call you fair, and lie as fast as any that loves you, but my uncle, being the elder man, I leave it to him, as more fit for his age and the color of his beard. I am wise enough to tell you I can select where I see occasion: or if you like my uncle’s wit better than mine, you shall marry me; if you like mine better than his, I will marry you in spite of your teeth. So commending my best parts to you, I rest—Yours upwards and downwards, or you may choose, Bergetto."

**POGGIO.**

Aha, here’s stuff, uncle.

**DONADO.**

Here’s stuff indeed to shame us all. Pray whose advice did you take in this learned letter?

**POGGIO.**

None, upon my word, but mine own.

**BERGETTO.**

And mine, uncle, believe it, nobody’s else; ’twas mine own brain, I thank a good wit for’t.

**DONADO.**

Get you home, sir, and look you keep within doors till I return.

**BERGETTO.**

How! That were a jest indeed; I scorn it i’faith.

**DONADO.**

What! You do not?

**BERGETTO.**

Judge me, but I do now.

**POGGIO.**

Indeed, sir, ’tis very unhealthy.

**DONADO.**

Well, sir, if I hear any of your apish running to motions and fopperies, till I come back, you were as good not; look to’t.

---

23. bour’d jest.

40. motions puppet-shows.
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

BERGETTO.

Poggio, shall's steal to see this horse with the head in's tail?

POGGIO.

Ay, but you must take heed of whipping.

BERGETTO.

Do take me for a child, Poggio? Come, honest Poggio.

POGGIO.

Tis pity she's a whore.

BERGETTO.

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POGGIO.

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BERGETTO.

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POGGIO.

Ay, but you must take heed of whipping.

BERGETTO.

Do take me for a child, Poggio? Come, honest Poggio.
II.v

'Tis Pity She's a Whore

My sister's beauty being rarely fair
Is rarely virtuous; chiefly in her love,
And chiefly in that love, her love to me.
If hers to me, then so is mine to her;
Since in like causes are effects alike.

FRIAR.
O ignorance in knowledge! Long ago,
How often have I warn'd thee this before?
Indeed, if we were sure there were no deity,
Nor Heaven nor hell, then to be led alone
By nature's light, as were philosophers
Of elder times, might instance some defense.
But 'tis not so; then, madman, thou wilt find
That nature is in Heaven's positions blind.

GIOVANNI.
Your age o'errules you; had you youth like mine,
You'd make her love your Heaven, and her divine.

FRIAR.
Nay then, I see thou'rt too far sold to hell,
It lies not in the compass of my prayers
To call thee back; yet let me counsel thee:
Persuade thy sister to some marriage.

GIOVANNI.
Marriage? Why, that's to damn her! That's to prove
Her greedy of variety of lust.

FRIAR.
O fearful! If thou wilt not, give me leave
To shrive her, lest she should die unabsolv'd.

GIOVANNI.
At your best leisure, father; then she'll tell you
How dearly she doth prize my matchless love.
Then you will know what pity 'twere we two
Should have been sunder'd from each other's arms.
View well her face, and in that little round
You may observe a world of variety:
For color, lips; for sweet perfumes, her breath;

32. elder times] in the days of paganism, before Christianity had been revealed.
34. positions] doctrines (implying that the study of nature will teach us nothing about God).
'Tis PITY SHE'S A WHORE

For jewels, eyes; for threads of purest gold,
Hair; for delicious choice of flowers, cheeks;
Wonder in every portion of that throne:
Hear her but speak, and you will swear the spheres
Make music to the citizens in Heaven.
But, father, what is else for pleasure fram'd,
Lest I offend your ears, shall go unnam'd.

FRIAR.
The more I hear, I pity thee the more,
That one so excellent should give those parts
All to a second death; what I can do
Is but to pray: and yet I could advise thee,
Wouldst thou be rul'd.

GIOVANNI. In what?
FRIAR. Why, leave her yet;
The throne of mercy is above your trespass,
Yet time is left you both—

GIOVANNI. To embrace each other,
Else let all time be struck quite out of number.
She is like me, and I like her, resolv'd.

FRIAR. No more! I'll visit her; this grieves me most,
Things being thus, a pair of souls are lost.

Music Cup 14 Yonk Cup II Final Cup 9

[II.vi] Enter Florio, Donado, Annabella, Putanar

FLORIO. Where's Giovanni?

ANNABELLA. Newly walk'd abroad,
And, as I heard him say, gone to the friar,
His reverend tutor.

FLORIO. That's a blessed man,
A man made up of holiness; I hope
He'll teach him how to gain another world.

DONADO. Fair gentlewoman, here's a letter sent
To you from my young cousin; I dare swear
He loves you in his soul: would you could hear

54. throne] Presumably Giovanni sees Annabella's face as the throne for her mind or soul, though the text may be corrupt.
61. second death] damnation as well as physical death.
II.vi  'Tis Pity She's a Whore

Sometimes what I see daily, sighs and tears,
As if his breast were prison to his heart.

FLORIO.
Receive it, Annabella.

ANNABELLA.
Alas, good man.

DONADO.
What's that she said?

PUTANA.
An't please you, sir, she said, "Alas, good man." Truly
I do commend him to her every night before her first
sleep, because I would have her dream of him, and she hear­
kens to that most religiously.

DONADO.
Say'st so? God a-mercy, Putana, there's something for thee
[gives her money], and prithee do what thou canst on his behalf; sha' not be lost labor, take my word for't.

PUTANA.
Thank you most heartily, sir; now I have a feeling of your
mind, let me alone to work.

ANNABELLA.
Guardian!

PUTANA.
Did you call?

ANNABELLA.
Keep this letter.

DONADO.
Signor Florio, in any case bid her read it instantly.

FLORIO.
Keep it for what? Pray read it me hereright.

ANNABELLA.
I shall, sir.

DONADO.
How d'ee find her inclin'd, signor?

FLORIO.
Troth, sir, I know not how; not all so well
As I could wish.


27. hereright] immediately.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

Il.vi

ANNABELLA.
Sir, I am bound to rest your cousin's debtor.
The jewel I'll return; for if he love,
I'll count that love a jewel.

DONADO. Mark you that?
Nay, keep them both, sweet maid.

ANNABELLA. You must excuse me;
Indeed I will not keep it.

FLORIO. Where's the ring,
That which your mother in her will bequeathed,
And charg'd you on her blessing not to give't
To any but your husband? Send back that.

ANNABELLA. I have it not.

FLORIO. Ha, have it not! Where is't?

ANNABELLA. My brother in the morning took it from me,
Said he would wear't today.

FLORIO. Well, what do you say
To young Bergetto's love? Are you content
To match with him? Speak.

DONADO. There's the point indeed.

ANNABELLA [aside].
What shall I do? I must say something now.

FLORIO. What say? Why d'ee not speak?

ANNABELLA. Sir, with your leave,
Please you to give me freedom?

FLORIO. Yes, you have it.

ANNABELLA. Signor Donado, if your nephew mean
To raise his better fortunes in his match,
The hope of me will hinder such a hope;
Sir, if you love him, as I know you do,
Find one more worthy of his choice than me.
In short, I'm sure I sha' not be his wife.

DONADO. Why, here's plain dealing, I commend thee for't,
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

And all the worst I wish thee is, Heaven bless thee!
Your father yet and I will still be friends,
Shall we not, Signor Florio?

FLORIO. Yes, why not?

Look, here your cousin comes.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

DONADO [aside].

O coxcomb, what doth he make here?

BERGETTO.

Where's my uncle, sirs?

DONADO.

What's the news now?

BERGETTO.

Save you, uncle, save you! You must not think I come for nothing, masters: and how, and how is't? What, you have read my letter? Ah, there I—tickled you 'faith!

POGGIO.

But 'twere better you had tickled her in another place.

BERGETTO.

Sirrah sweetheart, I'll tell thee a good jest; and riddle what 'tis.

ANNABELLA.

You say you'd tell me.

BERGETTO.

As I was walking just now in the street, I met a swaggering fellow would needs take the wall of me, and because he did thrust me, I very valiantly call'd him rogue. He hereupon bade me draw: I told him I had more wit than so, but when he saw that I would not, he did so maul me with the hilts of his rapier that my head sung whilst my feet caper'd in the kennel gutter.

59. make] do.

70. take the wall] walk nearest to the wall, on the cleanest part of the street.

75. kennel] gutter.
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

II.vi

DONADO [aside].

Was ever the like ass seen?

ANNABELLA.

And what did you all this while?

BERGETTO.

Laugh at him for a gull, till I see the blood run about
mine ears, and then I could not choose but find in my
heart to cry; till a fellow with a broad beard—they say
he is a new-come doctor—call'd me into his house, and
gave me a plaster—look you, here 'tis—and, sir, there was
a young wench wash'd my face and hands most excellently,
i'faith, I shall love her as long as I live for't, did she not,
Poggio?

POGGIO.

Yes, and kiss'd him too.

BERGETTO.

Why, la now, you think I tell a lie, uncle, I warrant.

DONADO.

Would he that beat thy blood out of thy head had beaten
some wit into it; for I fear thou never wilt have any.

BERGETTO.

O, uncle, but there was a wench would have done a man's
heart good to have look'd on her—by this light she had
a face methinks worth twenty of you, Mistress Annabella.

DONADO.

Was ever such a fool born?

ANNABELLA.

I am glad she lik'd you, sir.

BERGETTO.

Are you so? By my troth I thank you, forsooth.

FLORIO.

Sure 'twas the doctor's niece, that was last day with us here.

BERGETTO.

'Twas she, 'twas she.

DONADO.

How do you know that, simplicity?

81. his [Gifford; this Q.]

94. lik'd] pleased.
II.vi

"Tis Pity She's A Whore

BERGETTO.
Why, does not he say so? If I should have said no, I should have given him the lie, uncle, and so have deserv'd a dry 100 beating again; I'll none of that.

FLORIO.
A very modest well-behav'd young maid
As I have seen.

DONADO. Is she indeed?

FLORIO. Indeed
She is, if I have any judgment.

DONADO.
Well, sir, now you are free, you need not care for sending 105 letters: now you are dismiss'd, your mistress here will none of you.

BERGETTO.
No? Why, what care I for that? I can have wenches enough in Parma for half-a-crown apiece, cannot I, Poggio?

POGGIO.
I'll warrant you, sir.

DONADO.
Signor Florio,
I thank you for your free recourse you gave For my admittance; and to you, fair maid, That jewel I will give you 'gainst your marriage. Come, will you go, sir?

BERGETTO.
Ay, marry will I. Mistress, farewell, mistress: I'll come again tomorrow. Farewell, mistress.

Exit DONADO.

Giovanni .

FLORIO.
Son, where have you been? What, alone, alone still? I would not have it so, you must forsake

102-103. A . . . seen.] Weber; one line 118-121.] Weber; prose in Q.
in Q. 118. still] Gifford; still, still Q.
111-115.] Dyce; prose in Q.

109. half-a-crown] the standard price of a prostitute.
114. 'gainst] against, in anticipation of.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

This over-bookish humor. Well, your sister
Hath shook the fool off.

GIOVANNI. 'Twas no match for her.

FLORIO. 'Twas not indeed, I meant it nothing less;
Soranzo is the man I only like—
Look on him, Annabella. Come, 'tis supper-time,
And it grows late. Exit Florio.

GIOVANNI. Whose jewel's that?

ANNABELLA. Some sweetheart's.

GIOVANNI. So I think.

ANNABELLA. A lusty youth,
Signor Donadó, gave it me to wear
Against my marriage.

GIOVANNI. But you shall not wear it:
Send it him back again.

ANNABELLA. What, you are jealous?

GIOVANNI. That you shall know anon, at better leisure.
Welcome, sweet night! The evening crowns the day.

Exeunt.

BERGETTO. Does my uncle think to make me a baby still? No, Poggio,
he shall know I have a sconce now.

POGGIO. Ay, let him not bob you off like an ape with an apple.

BERGETTO. 'Sfoot, I will have the wench if he were ten uncles, in despite
of his nose, Poggio.
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

POGGIO.
Hold him to the grindstone and give not a jot of ground.
She hath in a manner promised you already.

BERGETTO.
True, Poggio, and her uncle the-doctor swore I should
marry her.

POGGIO.
He swore, I remember.

BERGETTO.
And I will have her, that's more; didst see the codpiece-
point she gave me and the box of marmalade?

POGGIO.
Very well; and kiss'd you, that my chops water'd at the
sight on't. There's no way but to clap up a marriage in
hugger-mugger.

BERGETTO.
I will do't; for I tell thee, Poggio, I begin to grow valiant
methinks, and my courage begins to rise.

POGGIO.
Should you be afraid of your uncle?

BERGETTO.
Hang him, old doting rascal! No, I say I will have her.

POGGIO.
Lose no time then.

BERGETTO.
I will beget a race of wise men and constables, that shall
cart whores at their own charges, and break the duke's
peace ere I have done myself. —Come away. Exeunt.

6-7.] Weber; Hold . . . ground./ She 8-9.] Weber; True . . . doctor/ Swore
already. Q. 8. S. P. BERGETTO] Doddsley; Poggio Q.

11-12. codpiece-point] a lace for tying the codpiece, defined by OED as
"a bagged appendage to the front of the close-fitting hose or breeches worn
by men from the 15th to the 17th c.; often conspicuous and ornamented."
22. cart whores] Part of the traditional punishment for prostitutes was to
parade them through the streets in a cart or wagon.
Enter Florio, Giovanni, Soranzo, Annabella, Putana, and Vasques.

FLORIO.

My Lord Soranzo, though I must confess
The proffers that are made me have been great
In marriage of my daughter, yet the hope
Of your still rising honors have prevail'd
Above all other jointures; here she is:
She knows my mind, speak for yourself to her,
And hear you, daughter, see you use him nobly;
For any private speech I'll give you time.

Come, son, and you the rest, let them alone:
Agree they as they may.

SORANZO. I thank you, sir.

GIOVANNI [aside to Annabella].

Sister, be not all woman, think on me.

SORANZO. Vasques.

VASQUES.

My Lord?

SORANZO. Attend me without.

ANNABELLA.

Sir, what's your will with me?

SORANZO. Do you not know

ANNABELLA. Yes, you'll say you love me.

SORANZO. And I'll swear it too; will you believe it?

ANNABELLA. 'Tis no point of faith.

SORANZO. Have you not will to love?

III.ii  'Tis Pity She's a Whore

ANNABELLA. Not you. [Turns away]
SORANZO. Whom then? [aside]
ANNABELLA. That's as the fates infer. [Away]
SORANZO. Of those I'm regent now.
ANNABELLA. To live and die a maid. [quickly up GIOVANNI [aside].]
SORANZO. O, that's unfit. [Here's one can say that's but a woman's note.]
SORANZO. Did you but see my heart, then would you swear— [Follows her]
ANNABELLA. That you were dead. [X leaves GIOVANNI [aside].]
SORANZO. See you these true love's tears? [Annabella turns]
ANNABELLA. No. [Now she winces.]
SORANZO. They plead to you for grace.
ANNABELLA. Yet nothing speak. [On his knees]
SORANZO. O grant my suit! [To him]
ANNABELLA. What is't? [To him]
SORANZO. To let me live— [Offers her hand]
ANNABELLA. Take it. [quickly up]
SORANZO. —Still yours. [That is not mine to give.]
ANNABELLA. That is mine to give. [Rises]
SORANZO. One such another word would kill his hopes.

Mistress, to leave those fruitless strifes of wit, [Rises]
Know I have lov'd you long and lov'd you truly:

31. Know] Dod gly; I know Q.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

III.ii

Not hope of what you have, but what you are,
Have drawn me on; then let me not in vain
Still feel the rigor of your chaste disdain.
I'm sick, and sick to th' heart.

ANNABELLA. Help, aqua-vitae!

SORANZO. What mean you?

ANNABELLA. Why, I thought you had been sick.

SORANZO. Do you mock my love?

GIOVANNI [aside]. There, sir, she was too nimble.

SORANZO [aside]. 'Tis plain, she laughs at me. [To her.] These scornful taunts
Neither become your modesty or years.

ANNABELLA. You are no looking glass; or if you were,
I'd dress my language by you.

GIOVANNI [aside]. He

ANNABELLA. To put you out of doubt, my lord, methinks
Your common sense should make you understand
That if I lov'd you, or desir'd your love,
Some way I should have given you better taste:
But since you are a nobleman, and one
I would not wish should spend his youth in hopes,
Let me advise you to forbear your suit,
And think I wish you well, I tell you this.

SORANZO. Is't you speak this?

ANNABELLA. Yes, I myself; yet know—

Thus far I give you comfort—if mine eyes
Could have pick'd out a man amongst all those
That sued to me, to make a husband of,
You should have been that man. Let this suffice;
Be noble in your secrecy and wise.

GIOVANNI [aside].

Why, now I see she loves me.

38-49.] Dodsley; prose in Q. 48. to Gifford; here, to Q.

35. aqua-vitae] brandy, here to be used medicinally.
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

ANNABELLA. One word more: "Tis Pity she's a Whore

As ever virtue liv'd within your mind,
As ever noble courses were your guide,
As ever you would have me know you lov'd me,
Let not my father know hereof by you;
If I hereafter find that I must marry,
It shall be you or none.

SORANZO. I take that promise.

ANNABELLA. O, O, my head!

SORANZO. What's the matter? Not well?

ANNABELLA. O, I begin to sicken.

GIOVANNI [aside]. Heaven forbid!

SORANZO. Help, help within there, ho!

Enter Florio, Giovanni, Putana.

Look to your daughter, Signor Florio.

FLORIO. Hold her up, she swoons.

GIOVANNI. Sister, how d'ee?

ANNABELLA. Sisit—brother, are you there?

FLORIO. Convey her to her bed instantly, whilst I send for a physician; quickly, I say.

PUTANA. Alas, poor child!

Exeunt, except Soranzo.

VASQUES. My lord?

SORANZO. O Vasques, now I doubly am undone
Both in my present and my future hopes;

67.1] Weber; after l. 68 in Q. 68.] Assigned to Soranzo by Gifford; to Giovanni in Q.

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'Tis Pity She's a Whore

III.iii

She plainly told me that she could not love,
And thereupon soon sicken'd, and I fear
Her life's in danger.

80

VASQUES [aside].
By'r lady, sir, and so is yours, if you knew all. [To him.]
'Tis, sir, I am sorry for that; may be 'tis but the maid's-
sickness, an over-flux of youth, and then, sir, there is no such
present remedy as present marriage. But hath she given you
an absolute denial?

85

Soranzo.
She hath and she hath not; I'm full of grief,
But what she said I'll tell thee as we go.

Putana. O sir, we are all undone, quite undone, utterly undone,
and sham'd forever; your sister, O your sister!

Giovanni. What of her? For Heaven's sake, speak, how does she?

Putana. O that ever I was born to see this day!

Giovanni. She is not dead, ha? Is she?

Putana. Dead? No, she is quick; 'tis worse, she is with child. You
know what you have done; Heaven forgive 'ee! 'Tis too late
to repent now, Heaven help us.

Giovanni. With child? How dost thou know't?

Putana. How do I know't? Am I at these years ignorant what the
6-8.) Weber; Dead . . . child./ You
. . . 'ee! 'Tis . . . us. Q.

82-83. maid's-sickness] otherwise called green-sickness, a form of anemia
affecting young girls.
84. present] immediate.
6. quick] a play on two meanings of the word: (1) alive; (2) pregnant.
Tis Pity She's a Whore

meanings of qualms and water-pangs be? Of changing of colors, queasiness of stomachs, pukings, and another thing that I could name? Do not, for her and your credit’s sake, spend the time in asking how, and which way, 'tis so; she is quick, upon my word: if you let a physician see her water, y'are undone.

GIOVANNI.
But in what case is she?

PUTANA.
Prettily amended; 'twas but a fit which I soon espied, and she must look for often henceforward.

GIOVANNI.
Commend me to her, bid her take no care; Let not the doctor visit her, I charge you, Make some excuse, till I return. — O me! I have a world of business in my head. Do not discomfort her. —
How does this news perplex me! — If my father come to her, tell him she's recover'd well, Say 'twas but some ill diet; d'ee hear, woman? Look you to't.

PUTANA.
I will, sir.

[ILL.iv]

Enter Florio and Richardetto.

FLORIO.
And how d'ee find her, sir?

RICHARDETTO.
Indifferent well; I see no danger, scarce perceive she's sick, But that she told me, she had lately eaten Melons, and, as she thought, those disagreed With her young stomach.

FLORIO.
Did you give her aught?

24-26.] Gifford; Do . . . me! If . . . 25. does] Dodsley; doe Q. well, Q.

17. case] condition.
20. take no care] not worry.
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

RICHARDETTO.
An easy surfeit-water, nothing else.
You need not doubt her health; I rather think
Her sickness is a fulness of her blood—
You understand me?

FLORIO. I do; you counsel well,
And once, within these few days, will so order't
She shall be married ere she know the time.

RICHARDETTO.
Yet let not haste, sir, make unworthy choice;
That were dishonor.

FLORIO. Master Doctor, no;
I will not do so neither; in plain words,
My Lord Soranzo is the man I mean.

RICHARDETTO. A noble and a virtuous gentleman.

FLORIO. As any is in Parma. Not far hence
Dwells Father Bonaventure, a grave friar,
Once tutor to my son; now at his cell
I'll have 'em married.

RICHARDETTO. You have plotted wisely.

FLORIO. I'll send one straight to speak with him tonight.

RICHARDETTO.
Soranzo's wise, he will delay no time.

FLORIO. It shall be so.

Enter Friar and Giovanni.

FRIAR. Good peace be here and love.

FLORIO. Welcome, religious friar; you are one
That still bring blessing to the place you come to.

GIOVANNI. Sir, with what speed I could, I did my best
21.] Weber; I'll... straight/ To...
tonight.Q.

6. easy surfeit-water] mild cure for indigestion.

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III.iv

'Tis Pity She's a Whore

To draw this holy man from forth his cell
To visit my sick sister, that with words
Of ghostly comfort, in this time of need,
He might absolve her, whether she live or die.

FLOSTIO.

'Twas well done, Giovanni; thou herein
Hast showed a Christian's care, a brother's love.
Come, father, I'll conduct you to her chamber,
And one thing would entreat you.

FRIAR.

I have a father's dear impression,
And wish, before I fall into my grave,
That I might see her married, as 'tis fit;
A word from you, grave man, will win her more
Than all our best persuasions.

FRIAR.

Gentle sir,

All this I'll say, that Heaven may prosper her.

[III.v]
Enter Grimaldi.

GRIMALDI.

Now if the doctor keep his word, Soranzo,
Twenty to one you miss your bride; I know
'Tis an unnoble act, and not becomes
A soldier's valor, but in terms of love,
Where merit cannot sway, policy must.
I am resolv'd; if this physician
Play not on both hands, then Soranzo falls.

Enter Richardetto.

RICHARDETTO.

You are come as I could wish; this very night

8-11. You ... Married.] Doddsy;

prose in Q.

29. ghostly] spiritual.
35. impression] The meaning is not clear. Perhaps it might be paraphrased as "notion" or "idea" (of the sort that fathers usually have).

[III.v]
5. policy] cunning.
7. Play ... hands] is not acting as a double-agent, working for both sides.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

Soranzo, 'tis ordain'd, must be affied
To Annabella, and, for aught I know, Married.

GRIMALDI. How!

RICHARDETTO. Yet your patience.

The place, 'tis Friar Bonaventure's cell.
Now I would wish you to bestow this night
In watching thereabouts; 'tis but a night:
If you miss now, tomorrow I'll know all.

GRIMALDI. Have you the poison?

RICHARDETTO. Here 'tis in this box.

Doubt nothing, this will do't; in any case,
As you respect your life, be quick and sure.

GRIMALDI. I'll speed him.

RICHARDETTO. Do; away! for 'tis not safe
You should be seen much here. —Ever my love!

PHILOTIS. —Uncle?

RICHARDETTO. My lovely niece!

You have bethought 'ee?

PHILOTIS. Yes, and, as you counsel'd,
Fashion'd my heart to love him; but he swears
He will tonight be married, for he fears
His uncle else, if he should know the drift,

27-28. My... bethought 'ee? Gifford; one line in Q.

''Tis PITY SHE'S A WHORE

Will hinder all, and call his coz to shrift.

RICHARDETTO.
Tonight? Why, best of all!—but let me see,
I—ha—yes: so it shall be; in disguise
We'll early to the friar's, I have thought on't.

Enter Bergetto and Poggio.

Bergetto.
Lass, pretty lass, come buss, lass!—Aha, Poggio!

Poggio.
There's hope of this yet!

RICHARDETTO.
You shall have time enough; withdraw a little,
We must confer at large.

Bergetto.
Have you not sweetmeats or dainty devices for me?

Philotis.
You shall have enough, sweetheart.

Bergetto.
Sweetheart! Mark that, Poggio! By my troth, I cannot choose
but kiss thee once more for that word "sweetheart." Poggio, I have a monstrous swelling about my stomach,
whate'er the matter be.

Poggio.
You shall have physic for't, sir.

RICHARDETTO.
Time runs apace.

Bergetto.
Time's a blockhead.

RICHARDETTO.
Be rul'd; when we have done what's fit to do.
Then you may kiss your fill, and bed her too.

37. bus) kiss.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

[III.vi]

Enter the Friar sitting in a chair, Annabella kneeling and whispering to him; a table before them and wax-lights she weeps and we ep her hands.

FRIAR.

I am glad to see this penance; for, believe me,
You have unripp'd a soul so foul and guilty
As I must tell you true, I marvel how
The earth hath bore you up: but weep, weep on,
These tears may do you good; weep faster yet,
Whiles I do read a lecture.

ANNABELLA. Wretched creature!

FRIAR.

Ay, you are wretched, miserably wretched,
Almost condemn'd alive. There is a place—
List, daughter—in a black and hollow vault,
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,
But flaming horror of consuming fires,
A lightless sulphur, chok'd with smoky fogs
Of an infected darkness; in this place
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts
Of never-dying deaths; there damned souls
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed
With toads and adders; there is burning oil
Pour'd down the drunkard's throat; the usurer
Is forc'd to sup whole draughts of molten gold;
There is the murderer forever stabb'd,
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton
On racks of burning steel, whiles in his soul
He feels the torment of his raging lust.

ANNABELLA.

Mercy, O mercy!

FRIAR.

There stands these wretched things
Who have dream'd out whole years in lawless sheets
And secret incests, cursing one another:

0.1. Friar] Weber; Friar in his study Q.

0.1.] Q's in his study clearly seems an error, as the scene takes place in Annabella's bedroom (see III.iv.33).
6. read a lecture] deliver a rebuke.
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave
Had been a dagger's point; then you shall hear
How he will cry, "O would my wicked sister
Had first been damn'd, when she did yield to lust!"—
But soft, methinks I see repentance work
New motions in your heart; say, how is't with you?

ANNABELLA.
Is there no way left to redeem my miseries?

FRIAR.
There is, despair not; Heaven is merciful,
And offers grace even now. 'Tis thus agreed,
First, for your honor's safety, that you marry
The Lord Soranzo; next, to save your soul,
Leave off this life, and henceforth live to him.

ANNABELLA.
Ay me!

FRIAR. Sigh not; I know the baits of sin
Are hard to leave—O, 'tis a death to do't.
Remember what must come. Are you content?

ANNABELLA. I am.

FRIAR. I like it well; we'll take the time.

Who's near us there?

Enter Florio and Giovanni.

FLORIO. Did you call, father?

FRIAR. Is Lord Soranzo come?

FLORIO. He stays below.

FRIAR. Have you acquainted him at full?

FLORIO. I have,
And he is overjoy'd.

FRIAR. And so are we;—

Bid him come near.

46-47. I... overjoy'd.] Weber; one
47-48. And... near.] Weber; one

42. take the time] seize the opportunity.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

GIOVANNI [aside].
I fear this friar's falsehood. [To him.] I will call him. Exit. X, RIGHT AND EXIT UP STAIRS.

FLORIO.
Daughter, are you resolv'd?

ANNABELLA.
Father, I am. 50

Enter Giovanni, Soranzo, and Vasques.

FLORIO.
My Lord Soranzo, here
Give me your hand; for that I give you this.
[Join their hands.]

SORANZO.
Lady, say you so too?

ANNABELLA.
I do, and vow To live with you and yours.

PRIAR.
Timely resolv'd: My blessing rest on both; more to be done,
You may perform it on the morning sun. Exit, FLORIO AND PRIAR.

[III.vii] Enter Grimaldi with his rapier drawn and a dark lantern.

GRIMALDI.
'Tis early night as yet, and yet too soon To finish such a work; here I will lie to listen who comes next. He lies down, UP CENTER. Hides round corner.

Enter Bergetto and Philotis disguis'd, and after Richardetto and Poggio.

BERGETTO.
We are almost at the place, I hope, sweetheart.

GRIMALDI [aside].
I hear them near, and heard one say "sweetheart". 'Tis he; now guide my hand, some angry justice, Home to his bosom. [Aloud.] Now have at you, sir! Strikes Bergetto and exit.

BERGETTO.
O help, help! Here's a stitch fallen in my guts, O for a flesh-tailor quickly!—Poggio!

48–49. My... him.] Weber; My... 53–54. I... yours.] Weber; one line in Q.

9. [flesh-tailor] surgeon.
Ill.vii  'Tis Pity She's a Whore

PHILOTIS.  What ails my love?

BERGETTO.  I am sure I cannot piss forward and backward, and yet I am wet before and behind.—Lights, lights! ho, lights!

PHILOTIS.  Alas, some villain here has slain my love!

RICHARDETTO.  O Heaven forbid it!—Raise up the next neighbors instant, Poggio, and bring lights.

BERGETTO.  O my belly seethes like a porridge-pot, some cold water, I shall boil over else; my whole body is in a sweat, that you may wring my shirt; feel here—Why, Poggio!

Enter Poggio with Officers and lights and halberts.

POGGIO.  Here! Alas, how do you?

RICHARDETTO.  Give me a light. What's here? All blood! O sirs, Signor Donado's nephew now is slain. Follow the murderer with all the haste up to the city, he cannot be far hence; Follow, I beseech you.

OFFICERS.  Follow, follow, follow! Aye! 

RICHARDETTO.  Tear off thy linen, coz, to stop his wounds; Be of good comfort, man.

BERGETTO.  Is all this mine own blood? Nay, then, good night with me. Poggio, commend me to my uncle, dost hear? Bid him for my sake make much of this wench. O!—I am going

16-17. Gifford; How . . . Slain!/ It . . . hurt? Q.

32. make much of] take care of, treat generously.
the wrong way sure, my belly aches so. —O, farewell,
Poggio!—O!—O!—

PHILOTIS.

O, he is dead!

POGGIO. How! Dead!

RICHARDETTO. He's dead indeed.

'Tis now too late to weep; let's have him home,
And with what speed we may, find out the murderer.

PHILOTIS.

O, he is dead!

POGGIO. How! Dead!

RICHARDETTO. He's dead indeed.

'Tis now too late to weep; let's have him home,
And with what speed we may, find out the murderer.

POGGIO.

Enter Vasques and Hippolita.

HIPPOLITA.

Betroth'd?

VASQUES. I saw it.

HIPPOLITA.

And when's the marriage-day?

VASQUES. Some two days hence.

HIPPOLITA.

Two days! Why, man, I would but wish two hours
To send him to his last and lasting sleep;
And, Vasques, thou shalt see I'll do it bravely.

VASQUES. I do not doubt your wisdom, nor, I trust, you my secrecy;
I am infinitely yours.

HIPPOLITA.

I will be thine in spite of my disgrace.

VASQUES.

And that's a villainous fault in him.

HIPPOLITA.

No, let him laugh, I'm arm'd in my resolves;
Be thou still true.

VASQUES.

I should get little by treachery against so hopeful a prefer­
ment as I am like to climb to.
III.viii

'Tis Pity She's a Whore

HIPPOLITA.

Even to my bosom, Vasques. Let my youth
Revel in these new pleasures; if we thrive,

Magic Cue 73. He now hath but a pair of days to live. Exeunt. 20 DL

[III.ix]

Enter Florio, Donado, Richardetto, Poggio, and Officers.

FLORIO.

'Tis bootless now to show yourself a child,
Signor Donado; what is done, is done.
Spend not the time in tears, but seek for justice.

RICHARDETTO.

I must confess, somewhat I was in fault
That had not first acquainted you what love
Pass'd 'twixt him and my niece; but, as I live,
His fortune grieves me as it were mine own.

DONADO.

Alas, poor creature, he meant no man harm,
That I am sure of.

FLORIO. I believe that too.

But stay, my masters, are you sure you saw
The murderer pass here?

OFFICER.

And it please you, sir, we are sure we saw a ruffian, with a
naked weapon in his hand all bloody, get into my lord
cardinal's grace's gate, that we are sure of; but for fear of
his grace, bless us, we durst go no further.

DONADO.

Know you what manner of man he was?

OFFICER.

Yes, sure, I know the man, they say 'a is a soldier; he that
lov'd your daughter, sir, an't please ye; 'twas he for certain.

FLORIO.

Grimaldi, on my life!

OFFICER. Ay, ay, the same.

18. my youth] a contemptuous reference to Soranzo.

17. 'a] he.
Tis Pity She's a Whore

RICHARDETTO.

The cardinal is noble; he no doubt
Will give true justice.

DONADO.

Knock someone at the gate.

POGGIO.

I'll knock, sir.

SERVANT (within).

What would 'ee?

FLORIO.

We require speech with the lord cardinal
About some present business; pray inform
His grace that we are here.

Enter Cardinal and Grimaldi.

CARDINAL.

Why, how now, friends! What saucy mates are you,
That know nor duty nor civility?
Are we a person fit to be your host,
Or is our house become your common inn,
To beat our doors at pleasure? What such haste
Is yours as that it cannot wait fit times?
Are you the masters of this commonwealth,
And know no more discretion? O, your news
Is here before you; you have lost a nephew,
Donado, last night by Grimaldi slain:
Is that your business? Well, sir, we have knowledge on't.
Let that suffice.

GRIMALDI.

In presence of your grace,
In thought I never meant Bergetto harm.
But Florio, you can tell, with how much scorn
Soranzo, back'd with his confederates,
Hath often wrong'd me; I to be reveng'd,
(For that I could not win him else to fight)
Had thought by way of ambush to have kill'd him,
But was unluckily therein mistook,
Else he had felt what late Bergetto did:
And though my fault to him were merely chance,
Yet humbly I submit me to your grace,
To do with me as you please.
III.ix  "Tis Pity She's a Whore

CARDINAL. I TAKE MY SWORD, Ring Up Grimaldi. You citizens of Parma, if you seek
For justice, know, as nuncio from the pope,
For this offense I here receive Grimaldi
Into his holiness' protection.
He is no common man, but nobly born;
Of princes' blood, though you, Sir Florio,
Thought him too mean a husband for your daughter.
If more you seek for, you must go to Rome,
For he shall thither; learn more wit, for shame.
Bury your dead. —Away, Grimaldi—leave 'em!
Exit Cardinal and Grimaldi.

DONADO. Is this a churchman's voice? Dwells justice here? Himself

FLORIO. Justice is fled to Heaven and comes no nearer.
Soranzo! Was't for him? O impudence!
Had he the face to speak it, and not blush?
Come, come, Donado, there's no help in this,
When cardinals think murder's not amiss.
Great men may do their wills, we must obey;
But Heaven will judge them for't another day.

INTERMISSION

A Banquet. Hautboys. Enter the Friar, Giovanni, Annabella, Philotis,
Soranzo, Donado, Florio, Richardetto, Putana, and Vasques.

These holy rites perform'd, now take your times
To spend the remnant of the day in feast;
Such fit repasts are pleasing to the saints,
Who are your guests, though not with mortal eyes
To be beheld. —Long prosper in this day,
You happy couple, to each other's joy!

62. fled to Heaven] an allusion to the legend of Astraea, goddess of justice, who fled to Heaven when the Golden Age of earth came to an end.

[IV.i] 0.1. A Banquet] a dessert of confectionery, fruit, wine, etc.

0.1. Hautboy] "A wooden double-reed wind instrument of high pitch" (OED).
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

IV. i

Soranzo.
Father, your prayer is heard; the hand of goodness
Hath been a shield for me against my death,
And, more to bless me, hath enrich'd my life
With this most precious jewel; such a prize
As earth hath not another like to this.
Cheer up, my love, and gentlemen, my friends,
Rejoice with me in mirth; this day we'll crown
With lusty cups to Annabella's health.

Giovanni (aside).
O torture! Were the marriage yet undone,
Ere I'd endure this sight, to see my love
Clipp'd by another, I would dare confusion,
And stand the horror of ten thousand deaths.

Vasques.
Are you not well, sir?

Giovanni.
I need not thy officious diligence.

Florio.
Signor Donado, come, you must forget
Your late mishaps, and drown your cares in wine.

Soranzo.
Vasques!

Vasques.
My lord?

Soranzo.
Reach me that weighty bowl.
Here, brother Giovanni, here's to you;
Your turn comes next, though now a bachelor.
Here's to your sister's happiness and mine!

Giovanni.
I cannot drink.

Soranzo.
What!

Giovanni.
'Twill indeed offend me.

Annabella.
Pray do not urge him, if he be not willing.

Music Case 26

28. S.D. Hautboys Gifford; after l. 35 in Q.

IV.1
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

FLORIO.

How now, what noise is this?

VASQUES.

O, sir, I had forgot to tell you, certain young maiden of Parma, in honor to Madam Annabella's marriage, sent their love to her in a masque, for which they humbly crave your patience and silence.

SORANZO.

We are much bound to them, so much the more as it comes unexpected; guide them in.

MUSIC Cue 27

Enter Hippolita and Ladies in (masks and) white robes, with garlands of willows. Music and a dance. Hippolita enters on top of stairs, left as a mask, she comes down steps, round before Soranzo and back left in front of table. All except Giovanni falls to praise table and Hippolita.

Music Cue 27

Hippolita.

Thanks, lovely virgins; now might we but know!

OMNES.

What think you now?

Hippolita.

Yes, you shall know; [Unmasks.]

OMNES.

'Tis she, be not amaz'd; nor blush, young lovely bride,

Hippolita.

I come not to defraud you of your man,

OMNES.

'Tis now no time to reckon up the talk

Hippolita.

What Parma long hath rumor'd of us both:

OMNES.

Let rash report run on; the breath that vents it Will, like a bubble, break itself at last.

OMNES.

But now to you, sweet creature: lend's your hand;

Hippolita.

Perhaps it hath been said that I would claim some interest in Soranzo, now your lord.

OMNES.

What I have right to do, his soul knows best:

Hippolita.

But in my duty to your noble worth,

34-35.] Gifford; prose in Q. 37. this] Q corr.; thy Q uncorr.
35.2. a dance.] Weber; a dance. Dance. Q.

29. noise] music.
34. bound] obliged.
35.2. willows] An emblem of disappointed love. Cf. the willow song in Othello, IV.iii.
37. beholding] indebted.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

Sweet Annabella, and my care of you,
Here take, Soranzo, take this hand from me:
I'll once more join what by the holy church
Is finish'd and allow'd; have I done well?

SORANZO.
You have too much engag'd us.

HIPPOLITA.
That you may know my single charity,
Freely I here remit all interest
I e'er could claim, and give you back your vows;
And to confirm—reach me a cup of wine—

VASQUES.
He gives her a poison'd cup; she drinks.

SORANZO.
Hippolita, I thank you, and will pledge
This happy union as another life;
Wine, there!

VASQUES.
You shall have none, neither shall you pledge her.

HIPPOLITA.
Know now, Mistress She-Devil, your own mischievous
treachery hath kill'd you; I must not marry you.

OMNES.
What's the matter?

VASQUES.
Foolish woman, thou art now like a firebrand that hath
kindled others and burnt thyself; 

68-69.} Weber; Know . . . treachery/ 73. inganna} Weber; niganna Q.
Hath . . . marry you. Q.

55. engag'd] put under an obligation.
56. single] sincere, single-minded.
73. troppo . . . inganna] too much hope deceives.
IV.i  'Tis pity she's a Whore

thy vain hope hath deceived thee, thou art but dead; if
thou hast any grace, pray.

HIPPOLETA.

Monster!

VASQUES.

Die in charity, for shame! This thing of malice, this
woman, had privately corrupted me with promise of
marriage, under this politic reconciliation, to poison
my lord, while she might laugh at his confusion on his
marriage day. I promis'd her fair, but I knew what my
reward should have been; and would willingly have
spar'd her life, but that I was acquainted with the danger
of her disposition, and now have fitted her a just payment
in her own coin. There she is, she hath yet --- and end
thy days in peace, vile woman; as for life there's no hope,
think not on't.

OMNES.

Wonderful justice!

RICHARDETTO.  Heaven, thou art righteous.

HIPPOLETA.

O, 'tis true;
I feel my minute coming. Had that slave
Kept promise (O, my torment), thou this hour
Hadst died, Soranzo — heat above hell fire!
Yet ere I pass away — cruel, cruel flames —
Take here my curse amongst you; may thy bed
Of marriage be a rack unto thy heart,
Burn blood and boil in vengeance — O my heart,
My flame's intolerable! — Mayst thou live
To father bastards, may her womb bring forth
Monsters, and die together in your sins,
Hated, scorn'd, and unpitied! — O! — O! —

Diss.

FLORIO.

Was e'er so vile a creature?

79. marriage] Dodley; malice Q.  85. yet — and] printed thus in Q.

79. politic] cunning, hypocritical.
85. yet — and] Some words may have dropped from the text here, or
possibly "yet" is a misprint for "that" or "it" (Hippolita's punishment).
'Tis pity she's a whore

IV.ii

RICHARDETTO. Here's the end
Of lust and pride.
ANNABELLA. It is a fearful sight.
SORANZO.

Vasques, I know thee now a trusty servant,
And never will forget thee. — Come, my love,
We'll home, and thank the Heavens for this escape.
Father and friends, we must break up this mirth;
It is too sad a feast.

Bear hence the body.

FRIAR. Here's an ominous change;
Mark this, my Giovanni, and take heed.
I fear the event; that marriage seldom's good,
Where the bride-banquet so begins in blood.

Enter Richardetto and Philotis.

RICHARDETTO.

My wretched wife, more wretched in her shame
Than in her wrongs to me, hath paid too soon
The forfeit of her modesty and life;
And I am sure, my niece, though vengeance hover,
Keeping aloof yet from Soranzo's fall,
Yet he will fall, and sink with his own weight.
I need not now my heart persuade me so—
To further his confusion; there is One
Above begins to work, for, as I hear,
Debates already twist his wife and him
Thicken and run to head; she, as he said,
Sightens his love, and he abandons hers.—
Much talk I hear; since things go thus, my niece,
In tender love and pity of your youth,
My counsel is, that you should free your years
From hazard of these woes by flying hence.
To fair Cremona, there to vow your soul—
In holiness a holy votariss;
Leave me to see the end of these extremes.
All human worldly courses are uneven;
No life is blessed but the way to Heaven.

—69—
IV.ii

'Tis Pity She's a Whore

PHILOTIS.

'Uncle, shall I resolve to be a nun?

RICHARDETTO.

Ay, gentle niece, and in your hourly prayers Remember me, your poor unhappy uncle. 
His to Cremona now, as fortune leads, Your home, your cloister, your best friends your beads. Your chaste and single life shall crown your birth; Who dies a virgin lives a saint on earth.

PHILOTIS.

Then farewell, world, and worldly thoughts, adieu! Welcome, chaste vows; myself I yield to you. Exeunt.

Music Case 29

[IV.iii] Enter Soranzo unbra’d, and Annabella dragg’d in.

SORANZO.

Come, strumpet, famous whore! Were every drop Of blood that runs in thy adulterous veins A life, this sword—dost see’t?—should in one blow Confound them all. Harlot, rare, notable harlot, That with thy brazen face maintainst thy sin, Was there no man in Parma to be bawd To your loose cunning whoredom else but I? Must your hot itch and pleurisy of lust, The heyday of your luxury, be fed Up to a surfeit, and could none but I Be pick’d out to be cloak to your close tricks, Your belly-sports? Now I must be the dad To all that gallimaufry that’s stuff’d In thy corrupted bastard-bearing womb, Say, must I?


0.1. unbra’d] with part of his clothing untied; a symbol of mental turmoil (cf. Hamlet, II.i.78). 5. maintainst] defend, persist in. 9. luxury] lust, lechery. 11. close] secret, concealed. 13. gallimaufry] an unpleasant mixture.
'Tis pity she's a whore

ANNABELLA. Beastly man! Why, 'tis thy fate.
I sued not to thee; for, but that I thought
Your over-loving lordship would have run
Mad on denial, had ye lent me time,
I would have told 'ee in what case I was.
But you would needs be doing.

SORANZO. Whore of whores! Dar'st thou tell me this?
ANNABELLA. O yes, why not?
You were deceiv'd in me; 'twas not for love
I chose you, but for honor; yet know this,
Would you be patient yet, and hide your shame,
I'd see whether I could love you.

SORANZO. Why, art thou not with child?
ANNABELLA. What needs all this
When 'tis superfluous? I confess I am.
SORANZO. Tell me by whom.

ANNABELLA. Soft, sir, 'twas not in my bargain.
Yet somewhat, sir, to stay your longing stomach,
I'm content t'acquaint you with; the man,
The more than man, that got this sprightly boy—
For 'tis a boy; that's for your glory, sir,
Your heir shall be a son—
SORANZO. Darnable monster!

ANNABELLA. Nay, and you will not hear, I'll speak no more.

SORANZO. Yes, speak, and speak thy last.

ANNABELLA. A match, a match! This noble creature was in every part
So angel-like, so glorious, that a woman
Who had not been but human, as was I,
Would have knee'd to him, and have begg'd for love.

32. that's for your] Mcllwraith; that for Q.; and therefore Dodsley.

35. A match] i.e., a bargain! agreed!
IV.iii
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

You! Why, you are not worthy once to name
His name without true worship, or, indeed,
Unless you kneel'd, to hear another name him.

SORANZO.
What was he call'd?

ANNABELLA.
We are not come to that.
Let it suffice that you shall have the glory
To father what so brave a father got.
In brief, had not this chance fall'n out as't doth,
I never had been troubled with a thought
That you had been a creature; but for marriage,
I scarce dream yet of that.

SORANZO.
Tell me his name.

ANNABELLA. 
Alas, alas, there's all!
Will you believe?

SORANZO. 
What?

ANNABELLA. 
You shall never know.

SORANZO. 
How!

ANNABELLA. Never; if you do, let me be curs'd.

SORANZO.
Not know it, strumpet! I'll rip up thy heart,
And find it there.

ANNABELLA. Do, do!

SORANZO.
Tear the prodigious lecher joint by joint.

ANNABELLA.
Ha, ha, ha, the man's merry!

SORANZO. 
Dost thou laugh?
Come, whore, tell me your lover, or, by truth,
I'll hew thy flesh to shreds; who is't?

ANNABELLA (sings).
Che morte piu dolce che morire per amore?

SORANZO.
Thus will I pull thy hair, and thus I'll drag

52. Never... curs'd] this edn.; 59. piu] Weber; plus Q.

Never; If... curs'd. Q.

59. Che... amore?] "What sweeter death than to die for love?"
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

IV.iii

Thy lust-be-leper'd body through the dust.
Yet tell his name.

ANNABELLA (sings).
Morendo in gratia Dei, morirei senza dolore.

SORANZO.
Dost thou triumph? The treasure of the earth
Shall not redeem thee; were there kneeling kings
Did beg thy life, or angels did come down
To plead in tears, yet should not all prevail
Against my rage! Dost thou not tremble yet?

ANNABELLA.
At what? To die? No, be a gallant hangman.
I dare thee to the worst; strike, and strike home;
I leave revenge behind, and thou shalt feel't.

SORANZO.
Yet tell me ere thou diest, and tell me truly,
Knows thy old father this?

ANNABELLA.
No, by my life.

SORANZO.
Wilt thou confess, and I will spare thy life?

ANNABELLA.
My life! I will not buy my life so dear.

SORANZO.
I will not slack my vengeance.

Enter Vasques.

VASQUES.
What d'ee mean, sir?

SORANZO.
Forbear, Vasques; such a damned whore
Deserves no pity.

63. Dei Weber; Lei Q.
63. morirei this ed.; morirei Q corr.; morire Q uncorr.

61. lust-be-leper'd] made leprous and repulsive through lust.
63. Morendo . . . dolore] A mixture of Italian and Latin: "Dying in the grace of God, I should die without sorrow." The reading morirei seems the most economical way of making sense of Q, but it is hard to explain why the compositor made the mistaken correction to morire; obviously he did not understand Italian. Annabella's two lines in Italian are presumably quotations, but no editor has identified them.
IV.iii 'Tis Pity She's a Whore

VASQUES.
Now the gods forfend! And would you be her executioner, and kill her in your rage too? O, 'twere most unmanlike.
She is your wife: what faults hath been done by her before she married you, were not against you; alas, poor lady, what hath she committed which any lady in Italy in the like case would not? Sir, you must be ruled by your reason and not by your fury, that were unhuman and beastly.

SORANZO.

She shall not live.

VASQUES.
Come, she must. You would have her confess the author of her present misfortunes, I warrant 'ee; 'tis an unconscionable demand, and she should lose the estimation that I for my part, hold of her worth, if she had done it. Why, sir, you ought not of all men living to know it: good sir, be reconciled; alas, good gentlewoman!

ANNABELLA.

Fish, do not beg for me: I prize my life as nothing; if the man will needs be mad, Why, let him take it.

SORANZO.
Vasques, hear'st thou this?

VASQUES.
Yes; and commend her for it; in this she shows the nobleness of a gallant spirit, and beshrew my heart, but it becomes her rarely. [Aside to Soranzo.] Sir, in any case smoother your revenge; leave the scenting-out your wrongs to me; be rul'd, as you respect your honor, or you mar all. [Aloud.] Sir, if ever my service were of any credit with you, be not so violent in your distractions. You are married now; what a triumph might the report of this give to other neglected suitors! 'Tis as manlike to bear extremities as godlike to forgive.

SORANZO.
O Vasques, Vasques, in this piece of flesh, This faithless face of hers, had I laid up The treasure of my heart! —Hadst thou been virtuous,

88. author] Dyce; authors Q.

80. forfend] forbid.
'Tis PITY SHE'S A WHORE

IV.iii

Fair, wicked woman, not the matchless joys
Of life itself had made me wish to live
With any saint but thee; deceitful creature,
How hast thou mock'd my hopes, and in the shame
Of thy lewd womb even buried me alive!
I did too dearly love thee.

VASQUES (aside).
This is well; follow this temper with some passion. Be brief
and moving; 'tis for the purpose.

SORANZO.

Be witness to my words thy soul and thoughts,
And tell me, didst not think that in my heart
I did too superstitiously adore thee?

ANNABELLA.
I must confess I know you lov'd me well.

SORANZO.

And wouldst thou use me thus? O, Annabella,
Be thou assur'd, whatsoe'er the villain was
That thus hath tempted thee to this disgrace,
Well he might lust, but never lov'd like me.
He doted on the picture that hung out
Upon thy cheeks, to please his humorous eye;
Not on the part I lov'd, which was thy heart,
And, as I thought, thy virtues.

ANNABELLA.

O my lord!
These words wound deeper than your sword could do.

VASQUES.

Let me not ever take comfort, but I begin to weep myself,
so much I pity him; why, madam, I knew when his rage was
over-past, what it would come to.

SORANZO.

Forgive me, Annabella: though thy youth

116-117.] Weber; This . . . well;/ 123. thou] Gifford; thus Q.
Follow . . . passion./ Be . . . purpose.
Q.
IV.iii 'Tis Pity She's a Whore

Hath tempted thee above thy strength to folly, 135
Yet will not I forget what I should be,
And what I am, a husband; in that name
Is hid divinity; if I do find
That thou wilt yet be true, here I remit
All former faults, and take thee to my bosom.

VASQUES.
By my troth, and that's a point of noble charity.

ANNABELLA.
Sir, on my knees—

SORANZO. Rise up, you shall not kneel. Get you to your chamber, see you make no show Of alteration; I'll be with you straight.
My reason tells me now that 'tis as common To err in frailty as to be a woman. Go to your chamber.

VASQUES. So, this was somewhat to the matter; what do you think of your heaven of happiness now, sir?

SORANZO. I carry hell about me; all my blood Is fir'd in swift revenge.

VASQUES. That may be, but know you how, or on whom? Alas, to marry a great woman, being made great in the stroke to your hand, is a usual sport in these days; but to know what ferret it was that haunted your cony-berry, there's the cunning.

SORANZO. I'll make her tell herself, or—

VASQUES. Or what? You must not do so. Let me yet persuade your sufferance a little while; go to her, use her mildly, win her

155. ferret] Dodgely; secret Q.

153. great] pregnant.
153. stock] trunk, body.
153-154. to your hand] ready for you, in advance.
155. cony-berry] rabbit-warren.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

if it be possible to a voluntary, to a weeping tune; for the rest, if all hit, I will not miss my mark. Pray, sir, go in; the next news I tell you shall be wonders.

SORANZO.

Delay in vengeance gives a heavier blow.

VASQUES.

Ah, sirrah, here's work for the nonce! I had a suspicion of a bad matter in my head a pretty whiles ago; but after my madam's scurvy looks here at home, her waspish perverseness and loud fault-finding, then I remember'd the proverb, that where hens crow and cocks hold their peace there are sorry houses. 'Sfoot, if the lower parts of a she-tailor's cunning can cover such a swelling in the stomach, I'll never blame a false stitch in a shoe whiles I live again. Up and up so quick? And so quickly too? 'Twere a fine policy to learn by whom this must be known; and I have thought on't—Here's the way, or none.

Enter Putana.

What, crying, old mistress! Alas, alas, I cannot blame 'ee, we have a lord, Heaven help us, is so mad as the devil himself, the more shame for him.

PUTANA.

O Vasques, that ever I was born to see this day! Doth he use thee so too, sometimes, Vasques?

VASQUES.

Me? Why, he makes a dog of me. But if some were of my mind, I know what we would do; as sure as I am an honest man, he will go near to kill my lady with unkindness. Say she be with child, is that such a matter for a young woman of her years to be blam'd for?

PUTANA.

Alas, good heart, it is against her will full sore.

VASQUES.

I durst be sworn, all his madness is for that she will not confess whose 'tis, which he will know, and when he doth

174.1] Weber; after I. 177 in Q.

160. voluntary] a pun: (1) an extempore or improvised piece of music; (2) a spontaneous confession.
IV.iii  
'Tis Pity She's A Whore

know it, I am so well acquainted with his humor, that he will forget all straight. Well, I could wish she would in plain terms tell all, for that's the way indeed.

PUTANA.
Do you think so?

VASQUES.
Foh, I know't; provided that he did not win her to't by force. He was once in a mind that you could tell, and meant to have wrung it out of you, but I somewhat pacified him for that; yet sure you know a great deal.

PUTANA.
Heaven forgive us all! I know a little, Vasques.

VASQUES.
Why should you not? Who else should? Upon my conscience, she loves you dearly, and you would not betray her to any affliction for the world.

PUTANA.
Not for all the world, by my faith and troth, Vasques.

VASQUES.
'Twere pity of your life, if you should, but in this you should both relieve her present discomforts, pacify my lord, and gain yourself everlasting love and preferment.

PUTANA.
Dost think so, Vasques?

VASQUES.
Nay, I know't; sure 'twas some near and entire friend.

PUTANA.
'Twas a dear friend indeed; but—

VASQUES.
But what? Fear not to name him; my life between you and danger. Faith, I think 'twas no base fellow.

PUTANA.
Thou wilt stand between me and harm?

VASQUES.
'Ud's pity, what else? You shall be rewarded too, trust me.

PUTANA.
'Twas even no worse than her own brother.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

IV.iii

VASQUES.

Her brother Giovanni, I warrant 'ee!

PUTANA.

Even he, Vasques; as brave a gentleman as ever kiss'd fair lady. O, they love most perpetually!

VASQUES.

A brave gentleman indeed; why, therein I commend her choice. —Better and better! —You are sure 'twas he?

PUTANA.

Sure; and you shall see he will not be long from her too.

VASQUES.

He were to blame if he would: but may I believe thee?

PUTANA.

Believe me! Why, dost think I am a Turk or a Jew? No, Vasques, I have known their dealings too long to belie them now.

VASQUES.

Where are you there? Within, sirs! Enter Banditti.

PUTANA.

How now, what are these?

VASQUES.

You shall know presently. Come, sirs, take me this old damnable hag, gag her instantly, and put out her eyes. Quickly, quickly!

PUTANA.

Vasques, Vasques!

VASQUES.

Gag her, I say! 'Sfoot, d'ee suffer her to prate? What d'ee fumble about? Let me come to her; I'll help your old gums, you toad-bellied bitch. Sirs, carry her closely into the coalhouse, and put out her eyes instantly; if she roars, slit her nose: d'ee hear, be speedy and sure. Why, this is excellent and above expectation. Exeunt [Banditti] with Putana.

224–226.} Weber; You . . . presently.} 233. S.D. Exeunt} Dodley; Exit Q. Come . . . hag,/ Gag . . . quickly! Q.

224. presently} immediately.

—79—
IV.iii  'Tis Pity She's a Whore

Her own brother! O horrible! To what a height of liberty
in damnation hath the devil train'd our age, her brother! 235
Well, there's yet but a beginning: I must to my lord, and
tutor him better in his points of vengeance; now I see
how a smooth tale goes beyond a smooth tail. But soft—
What thing comes next?

Enter Giovanni

Giovanni! As I would wish; my belief is strengthen'd, 240
'tis as firm as winter and summer.

Giovanni.
Where's my sister?

Vasques.

Troubled with a new sickness, my lord; she's somewhat ill.

Giovanni.

Took too much of the flesh, I believe.

Vasques.

Troth, sir, and you, I think, have e'en hit it. But my virtuous lady—

Giovanni.

Where's she?

Vasques.

In her chamber; please you visit her; she is alone.

[Vasques gives him money.]

Your liberality hath doubly made me your servant, and ever shall, ever.

Exit Giovanni.

Enter Soranzo.

Soranzo.

Sir, I am made a man, I have plied my cue with cunning and success; I beseech you let's be private.

Soranzo.

My lady's brother's come; now he'll know all.

Vasques.

Let him know't; I have made some of them fast enough. 255
246-247.] Weber; Troth . . . it./ But

... lady—Q.

234. liberty] license, libertinage.
235. train'd] lured, enticed.
245. Took . . . flesh] a bawdy double meaning: (1) eaten too much meat; (2) had too much sexual experience and become pregnant.
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

How have you dealt with my lady?

SORANZO.

Gently, as thou hast counsel'd. O, my soul
Runs circular in sorrow for revenge!
But, Vasques, thou shalt know——

VASQUES.

Nay, I will know no more, for now comes your turn to know; I would not talk so openly with you. Let my young master take time enough, and go at pleasure; he is sold to death, and the devil shall not ransom him. Sir, I beseech you, your privacy.

SORANZO:

No conquest can gain glory of my fear.

Enter Annabella above.

ANNABELLA.

Pleasures, farewell, and all ye thriftest minutes
Wherein false joys have spun a weary life
To these my fortunes now I take my leave.
Thou, precious Time, that swiftly rid'st in post
Over the world, to finish up the race
Of my last fate, here stay thy restless course,
And bear to ages that are yet unborn
A-wretched, woeful woman's tragedy.
My conscience now stands up against my lust
With depositions character'd in guilt.

Enter Friar [below]

And tells me I am lost: now I confess
Beauty that clothes the outside of the face
Is cursed if it be not cloth'd with grace.
Here like a turtle mew'd up in a cage.

265. S.D. Exeunt Dodgley; Exit Q. [V.i]

10. depositions] Dodgley; dispositions Q.

9. against] as a witness against.
10. depositions] This seems to fit the legal metaphor better than the reading of Q.
10. character'd in guilt] Apparently a punning phrase: (1) with gilt lettering; (2) written so as to expose Annabella's guilt.
V.i  'Tis Pity She's a Whore

Unmated, I converse with air and walls,
And descant on my vile unhappiness.

O Giovanni, that hast had the spoil
Of thine own virtues and my modest fame,
Would thou hadst been less subject to those stars
That luckless reign'd at my nativity:
O would the scourge due to my black offense
Might pass from thee, that I alone might feel
The torment of an uncontrolled flame!

FRIAR (aside).
What's this I hear?

ANNABELLA. That man, that blessed friar,
Who join'd in ceremonial knot my hand
To him whose wife I now am, told me oft
I trod the path to death, and showed me how.
But they who sleep in lethargies of lust
Hug their confusion, making Heaven unjust,
And so did I.

FRIAR (aside). Here's music to the soul

ANNABELLA. Forgive me, my good genius, and this once
Be helpful to my ends, let some good man
Pass this way, to whose trust I may commit
This paper double-lin'd with tears and blood:
Which being granted, here I sadly vow
Repentance, and a leaving of that life
I long have died in.

FRIAR. Lady, Heaven hath heard you.
And hath by providence ordain'd that I
Should be his minister for your behoof.

ANNABELLA. Ha, what are you?

FRIAR. Your brother's friend, the friar;
Glad in my soul that I have liv'd to hear
This free confession 'twixt your peace and you.
What would you, or to whom? Fear not to speak.

ANNABELLA. Is Heaven so bountiful? Then I have found

35. sadly] seriously.

-82-
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

More favor than I hop'd. Here, holy man—

Commend me to my brother; give him that,
That letter; bid him read it and repent.
Tell him that I, imprison'd in my chamber,
Barr'd of all company, even of my guardian,
Who gives me cause of much suspect, have time
To blush at what hath pass'd; bid him be wise,
And not believe the friendship of my lord.
I fear much more than I can speak: good father,
The place is dangerous, and spies are busy;
I must break off—you'll do't?

FRIAR. Be sure I will;

And fly with speed—my blessing ever rest
With thee, my daughter: live, to die more blessed!

Exit Friar.

ANNABELLA.

Thanks to the Heavens, who have prolong'd my breath
To this good use: now I can welcome death.

Am I to be believ'd now? First marry a strumpet that cast
herself away upon you but to laugh at your horns, to feast
on your disgrace, riot in your vexations, cuckold you in
your bride-bed, waste your estate upon panders and bawds!

SORANZO. No more, I say, no more!

VASQUES. A cuckold is a goodly tame beast, my lord.

SORANZO. I am resolv'd; urge not another word.
My thoughts are great, and all as resolute
As thunder; in mean time I'll cause our lady
To deck herself in all her bridal robes,
Kiss her, and fold her gently in my arms.

50. suspect] suspicion.

---83---
V.ii
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

Begone—yet hear you, are the banditti ready
To wait in ambush?

VASQUES.
Good sir, trouble not yourself about other business than
your own resolution; remember that time lost cannot be
recall'd.

SORANZO.
With all the cunning words thou canst, invite
The states of Parma to my birthday's feast;
Haste to my brother-rival and his father,
Entreat them gently, bid them not to fail.
Be speedy, and return.

VASQUES.
Let not your pity betray you till my coming back; think upon
 incest and cuckoldry.

SORANZO.
Revenge is all the ambition I aspire:
To that I'll climb or fall; my blood's on fire.

GIOVANNI.
Busy opinion is an idle fool,
That as a school-rod keeps a child in awe,
Frights the unexperienc'd temper of the mind:
So did it me; who, ere my precious sister
Was married, thought all taste of love would die
In such a contract; but I find no change
Of pleasure in this formal law of sports.
She is still one to me, and every kiss
As sweet and as delicious as the first
I reap'd, when yet the privilege of youth
Entitled her a virgin. O the glory
Of two united hearts like hers and mine!
Let poring book-men dream of other worlds,
My world, and all of happiness, is here,

18. states] people of importance, dignitaries.
[V.iii]
1. opinion] what most people think; commonly-held beliefs.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

And I'd not change it for the best to come:
A life of pleasure is Elysium.

Enter Friar.

Father, you enter on the jubilee
Of my retir'd delights; now I can tell you,
The hell you oft have prompted is nought else
But slavish and fond superstitious fear;
And I could prove it too—

Friar. Thy blindness slays thee.

Look there, 'tis writ to thee.

Giovanni.

From whom?

Friar. Unrip the seals and see;
The blood's yet seething hot, that will anon
Be frozen harder than congeal'd coral.
Why d'ee change color, son?

Giovanni. 'Fore Heaven, you make
Some petty devil factor 'twixt my love
And your religion-masked sorceries.
Where had you this?

Friar. Thy conscience, youth, is sear'd,
Else thou wouldst stoop to warning.

Giovanni. 'Tis her hand, and 'tis all written in her blood.
She writes I know not what. Death? I'll not fear
An armed thunderbolt aim'd at my heart.
She writes, we are discovered—pox on dreams
Of low faint-hearted cowardice! Discovered?
The devil we are; which way is't possible?
Are we grown traitors to our own delights?
Confusion take such dotage, 'tis but forg'd;
This is your peevish chattering, weak old man.

Enter Vasques.

40.1) Dyce; after l. 41 in Q.

17. jubilee This usually means "a time of rejoicing or celebration," but its precise meaning at this point is not clear.
30. sear'd] dried or withered, incapable of feeling.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

Now, sir, what news bring you?

My lord, according to his yearly custom keeping this day a feast in honor of his birthday, by me invites you thither. Your worthy father, with the Pope's reverend nuncio, and other magnificoes of Parma, have promis'd their presence; will't please you to be of the number?

GIOVANNI.

Yes, tell him I dare come.

VASQUES.

"Dare come"?

GIOVANNI.

So I said; and tell him more, I will come.

VASQUES.

These words are strange to me.

GIOVANNI.

Say I will come.

VASQUES.

You will not miss?

GIOVANNI.

Yet more? I'll come! Sir, are you answer'd?

VASQUES.

So I'll say. —My service to you. —Exit Vasques—

FRIAR.

You will not go, I trust.

GIOVANNI. Not go! For what?

FRIAR.

O, do not go! This feast, I'll gage my life, Is but a plot to train you to your ruin; Be rul'd, you sha' not go.

GIOVANNI. Not go? Stood Death Threat'ning his armies of confounding plagues, With hosts of dangers hot as blazing stars, I would be there. Not go? Yes, and resolve To strike as deep in slaughter as they all. For I will go.

47. him] Gifford; them Q.

56. gage] pledge, wager.

57. train] lure.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

V.i

FRIAR.

Go where thou wilt; I see
The wildness of thy fate draws to an end,
To a bad fearful end. I must not stay
To know thy fall; back to Bononia
With speed will haste, and shun this coming blow.
Parma, farewell; would I had never known thee,
Or aught of thine! Well, young man, since no prayer
Can make thee safe, I leave thee to despair. Exit Friar. 70

GIOVANNI.

Despair, or tortures of a thousand hells,
All's one to me; I have set up my rest.
Now, now, work serious thoughts on baneful plots,
Be all a man, my soul, let not the curse
Of old prescription rend from me the gall
Of courage, which enrols a glorious path
If I must totter like a well-grown oak,
Some under-shrubs shall in my weighty fall
Be crush'd to splits; with me they all shall perish. Exit Giovanni.

Enter Soranzo, Vasques, and Banditti.

SORANZO.

You will not fail, or shrink in the attempt?

VASQUES.

I will undertake for their parts. Be sure, my masters, to be
bloody enough, and as unmerciful as if you were preying
upon a rich booty on the very mountains of Liguria; for
your pardons, trust to my lord, but for reward you shall
trust none but your own pockets.

BANDITTI OMNES.

We'll make a murder.

71. S.P. giovanni] Dodsley; omitted in Q.

72. set up my rest] a metaphor from the card-game of primero, in which the
player eventually stands or rests upon his hand of cards in the hope that it
will prove better than his opponent's.

73. old prescription] apparently a reference to the biblical commandments.

74. enrols] sets one's name in the lists or records of those who have died bravely.

75. splits] splinters.
V. iv

'Tis Pity She's a Whore

SORANZO.
Here's gold, here's more; want nothing; what you do Is noble, and an act of brave revenge.
I'll make ye rich banditti, and all free.

OMNES.
Liberty, liberty!

VASQUES.
Hold, take every man a vizard; when ye are withdrawn, keep as much silence as you can possibly. You know the watchword; till which be spoken, move not, but when you hear that, rush in like a stormy flood; I need not instruct ye in your own profession.

OMNES.
No, no, no.

VASQUES.
In, then: your ends are profit and preferment. —Away!

Exeunt Banditti.— U£

SORANZO.
The guests will all come, Vasques?

VASQUES.
Yes, sir. And now let me a little edge your resolution. You see nothing is unready to this great work, but a great mind in you: call to your remembrance your disgraces, your loss of honor, Hippolita's blood, and arm your courage in your own wrongs; so shall you best right those wrongs in vengeance, which you may truly call your own.

SORANZO.
'Tis well; the less I speak, the more I burn,
And blood shall quench that flame.

VASQUES.
Now you begin to turn Italian. This beside—when my young incest-monger comes, he will be sharp set on his old bit: give him time enough, let him have your chamber and bed at liberty; let my hot hare have law ere he be

18.1. Exeunt Reed; Exit Q.

29. be... on] have a hungry appetite for.
31. law] a "start," or limited freedom before the pursuit begins.
hunted to his death, that if it be possible, he may post to hell in the very act of his damnation.

'St Pity She's a Whore

V.iv

Enter Giovanni.

Soranzo. It shall be so; and see, as we would wish,
He comes himself first. Welcome, my much-lov'd brother!
Now I perceive you honor me; y'are welcome.
But where's my father?

Giovanni. With the other states,
Attending on the nuncio of the Pope,
To wait upon him hither. How's my sister?

Soranzo. Like a good housewife, scarcely ready yet;
Y'are best walk to her chamber.

Giovanni. If you will.

Soranzo. I must expect my honorable friends;
Good brother, get her forth.

Giovanni. You are busy, sir.

Exit Giovanni.

Vasques. Even as the great devil himself would have it; let him go and glut himself in his own destruction.

Flourish.

Enter Cardinal, Florio, Donado, Richardetto, and Attendants.

Soranzo. Most reverend lord, this grace hath made me proud,
That you vouchsafe my house; I ever rest
Your humble servant for this noble favor.

45. S.D. Flourish] Q uncorr.; after 1.47, Q corr. (correction made in error by proofreader).

32-33. *post ... damnation* If he is killed in the middle of a sinful act, his soul will be damned as well as his body destroyed. This refinement of vengeance is mentioned in *Hamlet* (III.iii) and several other early seventeenth-century plays.

42. *expect* await.

49. *vouchsafe* deign to visit.
V.iv  'Tis Pity She's a Whore

CARDINAL.
You are our friend, my lord; his Holiness
Shall understand how zealously you honor
Saint Peter's vicar in his substitute.
Our special love to you.

Soranzo: Signors, to you
My welcome, and my ever best of thanks
For this so memorable courtesy.
Pleaseth your grace to walk near?

CARDINAL. My lord, we come
To celebrate your feast with civil mirth,
As ancient custom teacheth: we will go.

Soranzo. Attend his grace there! Signors, keep your way.

Enter Giovanni and Annabella lying on a bed.

GIOVANNI.
What, chang'd so soon? Hath your new sprightly lord
Found out a trick in night-games more than we
Could know in our simplicity? Ha! Is't so?
Or does the fit come on you, to prove treacherous
To your past vows and oaths?

ANNABELLA. Why should you jest
At my calamity, without all sense
Of the approaching dangers you are in?

GIOVANNI.
What danger's half so great as thy revolt?
Thou art a faithless sister, else thou know'st
Malice, or any treachery beside,
Would stoop to my bent brows; why, I hold fate
Clasp'd in my fist, and could command the course
Of time's eternal motion, hadst thou been
One thought more steady than an ebbing sea.
And what? You'll now be honest, that's resolv'd?

ANNABELLA. Brother, dear brother, know what I have been,

0.1 Enter . . . bed] The bed may have been pushed out onto the stage;
compare the S.D. in Middleton's A Chaste Maid in Cheapside, III.ii: “A bed
thrust out upon the stage; Allwit's wife in it.”
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

And know that now there's but a dining-time
'Twixt us and our confusion: let's not waste
These precious hours in vain and useless speech.
Alas, these gay attires were not put on
But to some end; this sudden solemn feast
Was not ordain'd to riot in expense;
I, that have now been chamber'd here alone,
Barr'd of my guardian, or of any else,
Am not for nothing at an instant freed
To fresh access. Be not deceiv'd, my brother:
This banquet is an harbinger of death
To you and me; resolve yourself it is,
And be prepar'd to welcome it.

GIOVANNI. Well, then;
The schoolmen teach that all this globe of earth
Shall be consum'd to ashes in a minute.

ANNABELLA. So I have read too.
GIOVANNI. But 'twere somewhat strange
To see the waters burn: could I believe
This might be true, I could believe as well
There might be hell or Heaven.

ANNABELLA. That's most certain.
GIOVANNI. A dream, a dream! Else in this other world
We should know one another.

ANNABELLA. So we shall.
GIOVANNI. Have you heard so?
ANNABELLA. For certain.
GIOVANNI. But d'ee think
That I shall see you there? —You look on me?
May we kiss one another, prate or laugh,
Or do as we do here?

ANNABELLA. I know not that.
GIOVANNI. But good, for the present, what d'ee mean

17. dining] Q corr.; dying Q uncorr. 39-40.] Dodiley; That...there,/
You...me?/ May...another,/ Prate or laugh, Q.

30. schoolmen] medieval theologians.
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

To free yourself from danger? Some way think
How to escape; I'm sure the guests are come.

GIOVANNI.
Look up, look here; what see you in my face?

ANNABELLA.
Distraction and a troubled countenance.

GIOVANNI.
Death, and a swift repining wrath—yet look,
What see you in mine eyes?

ANNABELLA.
Methinks you weep.

GIOVANNI.
I do indeed; these are the funeral tears
Shed on your grave; these furrowed up my cheeks
When first I lov'd and knew not how to woo.
Fair Annabella, should I here repeat
The story of my life, we might lose time.
Be record all the spirits of the air,
And all things else that are, that day and night,
Early and late, the tribute which my heart
Hath paid to Annabella's sacred love
Hath been these tears, which are her mourners now.
Never till now did Nature do her best
To show a matchless beauty to the world,
Which in an instant, ere it scarce was seen,
Tho' jealous Destinies requir'd again.
Pray, Annabella, pray; since we must part,
Go thou, white in thy soul, to fill a throne
Of innocence and sanctity in Heaven.
Pray, pray, my sister!

ANNABELLA. Then I see your drift—
Ye blessed angels, guard me!

GIOVANNI. So say I.
Kiss me; if ever after-times should hear
Of our fast-knit affections, though perhaps
The laws of conscience and of civil use
May justly blame us, yet when they but know
Our loves, that love will wipe away that rigor

'Tis PITY SHE'S A WHORE

V.v

Which would in other incests be abhor'd.
Give me your hand; how sweetly life doth run
In these well-colored veins! How constantly
These palms do promise health! But I could chide
With Nature for this cunning flattery.
Kiss me again—forgive me.

ANNABELLA. With my heart.

GIOVANNI.

Farewell.

ANNABELLA. Will you be gone?

GIOVANNI. He dark, bright sun;
And make this midday night, that thy gilt rays
May not behold a deed will turn their splendar
More seamy than the poets feign their Styx.
One other kiss, my sister.

ANNABELLA. What means this?

GIOVANNI. To save thy fame, and kill thee in a kiss.
Thus die, and die by me, and by my hand!
Revenge is mine; honor doth love command.

ANNABELLA. O brother, by your hand?

GIOVANNI. When thou art dead
I'll give my reasons for't; for to dispute
With thy (even in thy death) most lovely beauty,
Would make me stagger to perform this act,
Which I most glory in.

ANNABELLA. Forgive him, Heaven—and me my sins; farewell.

Brother unkind, unkind!—Mercy, great Heaven—O! O!—

MUSIC LIKE 37

Diss.

GIOVANNI.

She's dead, alas, good soul! The hapless fruit
That in her womb receiv'd its life from me
Hath had from me a cradle and a grave.
I must not dally. This sad marriage-bed,
In all her best, bore her alive and dead.
Soranzo, thou hast miss'd thy aim in this;

93. unkind] used here with two meanings: (1) harsh, cruel; (2) unnatural.
I have prevented now thy reaching plots,
And kill'd a love, for whose each drop of blood
I would have pawn'd my heart. Fair Annabella,
How over-glorious art thou in thy wounds,
Triumphing over infamy and hate!
Shrink not, courageous hand, stand up, my heart,
And boldly act my last and greater part.

"Exit with the body."
'Tis Pity She's a Whore

SORANZO.
Shall I be forestall'd?

GIOVANNI.
Be not amaz'd; if your misgiving hearts
Shrink at an idle sight, what bloodless fear
Of coward passion would have seiz'd your senses,
Had you beheld the rape of life and beauty
Which I have acted? My sister, O my sister!

FLORIO.
Ha! What of her?

GIOVANNI. The glory of my deed
Darken'd the midday sun, made noon as night.
You came to feast, my lords, with dainty fare;
I came to feast too, but I digg'd for food
In a much richer mine than gold or stone
Of any value balanc'd; 'tis a heart,
A heart, my lords, in which is mine entomb'd:
Look well upon't; d'ee know't?

VASQUES.
What strange riddle's this?

GIOVANNI. 'Tis Annabella's heart, 'tis; why d'ee startle?
I vow 'tis hers: this dagger's point plough'd up Her fruitful womb, and left to me the fame Of a most glorious executioner.

FLORIO.
Why, madman, art thyself?

GIOVANNI. Yes, father; and that times to come may know How as my fate I honor'd my revenge, List, father, to your ears I will yield up How much I have deserv'd to be your son.

FLORIO.
What is't thou say'st?

GIOVANNI. Nine moons have had their changes
Since I first throughly view'd and truly lov'd Your daughter and my sister.

FLORIO.
My lords, he's a frantic madman!

42-43. How... madman! [Meli-wraith; one line in Q.]
For nine months' space in secret I enjoy'd 
Sweet Annabella's sheets; nine months I liv'd 
A happy monarch of her heart and her. 
Soranzo, thou know'st this; thy paler cheek 
Bears the confounding print of thy disgrace, 
For her too fruitful womb too soon bewray'd 
The happy passage of our stol'n delights, 
And made her mother to a child unborn.

CARDINAL. 
Incestuous villain!

FLORIO. O, his rage belies him.

GIOVANNI. 
It does not, 'tis the oracle of truth; 
I vow it is so.

SORANZO. I shall burst with fury, 
Bring the strumpet forth!

VASQUES. 
I shall, sir.

GIOVANNI. Do, sir! Have you all no faith 
To credit yet my triumphs? Here I swear 
By all that you call sacred, by the love 
I bore my Annabella whilst she liv'd, 
These hands have from her bosom ripp'd this heart.

Enter Vasques. 
Is't true or no, sir?

VASQUES. 'Tis most strangely true.

FLORIO. Cursed man! —Have I liv'd to—

CARDINAL. 
Monster of children, see what thou hast done, 
Broke thy old father's heart! Is none of you 
Dares venture on him?

GIOVANNI. Let 'em! O, my father, 
How well his death becomes him in his griefs! 
Why, this was done with courage; now survives 
None of our house but I, gilt in the blood 
Of a fair sister and a hapless father.

SORANZO. 
Inhuman scorn of men, hast thou a thought
T'outlive thy murders?

GIOVANNI. Yes, I tell thee, yes;
For in my fists I bear the twists of life.

Soranzo, see this heart, which was thy wife's;
Thus I exchange it royally for thine,
And thus and thus! Now brave revenge is mine.

VASQUES. I cannot hold any longer. —You, sir, are you grown
insolent in your butcheries? Have at you!

[They fight.]

GIOVANNI. Come, I am arm'd to meet thee.

VASQUES. No, will it not be yet? If this will not, another shall. Not yet?
I shall fit you anon. —Vengeance!

Enter Banditti [and fight Giovanni].

GIOVANNI. Welcome, come more of you whate'er you be,
I dare your worst—
O, I can stand no longer! Feeble arms,
Have you so soon lost strength?

VASQUES. Now you are welcome, sir! —Away, my masters, all is done,
shift for yourselves! Your reward is your own; shift for yourselves.

BANDITTI. Away, away! —

VASQUES. How d'ee, my lord; see you this? How is't?

SORANZO. Dead; but in death well pleased that I have liv'd
To see my wrongs reveng'd on that black devil.

72. twists] an allusion to the legend of the Fates or Parcae, who spun the threads of man's life and cut them when they had reached the destined length.

79–80.] Deadpool: No... shall./ Not 85–87.] Weber; Now... sir!/... Vengeance! Q. Away... done./ Shift... own;/ Shift for yourselves. Q.

80. fit you] provide something that will cope with you.

80. Vengeance!] Presumably the watchword mentioned at V.iv.14.

—97—
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

O Vasques, to thy bosom let me give
My last of breath; let not that lecher live—O!—

VASQUES.
The reward of peace and rest be with him, my ever dearest lord and master.

GIOVANNI.
Whose hand gave me this wound?

VASQUES.
Mine, sir, I was your first man; have you enough?

GIOVANNI.
I thank thee; thou hast done for me but what I would have else done on myself. Art sure Thy lord is dead?

VASQUES.
O impudent slave! As sure as I am sure to see thee die.

CARDINAL.
Think on thy life and end, and call for mercy.

GIOVANNI.
Mercy? Why, I have found it in this justice.

CARDINAL.
Strive yet to cry to Heaven.

GIOVANNI.
O, I bleed fast.
Death, thou art a guest long look'd for; I embrace Thee and thy wounds; O, my last minute comes!
Where'er I go, let me enjoy this grace,
Freely to view my Annabella's face.

CARDINAL.
Strange miracle of justice!

CARDINAL.
Raise up the city; we shall be murdered all!

VASQUES.
You need not fear, you shall not; this strange task being ended, I have paid the duty to the son which I have vowed to the father.

CARDINAL.
Speak, wretched villain, what incarnate fiend Hath led thee on to this?
'Tis PITY SHE'S A WHORE

V.vi.

VASQUES.

Honesty, and pity of my master's wrongs; for know, my lord, I am by birth a Spaniard, brought forth my country in my youth by Lord Soranzo's father, whom whilst he liv'd I serv'd faithfully; since whose death I have been to this man as I was to him. What I have done was duty, and I repent nothing but that the loss of my life had not ransom'd his.

CARDINAL.

Say, fellow, know'st thou any yet unnam'd Of counsel in this incest?

VASQUES.

Yes, an old woman, sometimes guardian to this murdered lady.

CARDINAL.

And what's become of her?

VASQUES.

Within this room she is; whose eyes, after her confession, I caus'd to be put out, but kept alive, to confirm what from Giovanni's own mouth you have heard. Now, my lord, what I have done you may judge of, and let your own wisdom be a judge in your own reason.

CARDINAL.

Peace! First this woman, chief in these effects: My sentence is, that forthwith she be ta'en Out of the city, for example's sake, There to be burnt to ashes.

DONADO.

'Tis most just.

CARDINAL.

Be it your charge, Donado, see it done.

DONADO.

I shall.

VASQUES.

What for me? If death, 'tis welcome; I have been honest to the son as I was to the father.

CARDINAL.

Fellow, for thee: since what thou didst was done

125. *sometimes* formerly.
133. *this woman* Most critics take this to refer to Putana, but the Cardinal might possibly be thinking of the corpse of Annabella.
"Tis Pity She's a Whore

Not for thyself, being no Italian,
We banish thee forever, to depart
Within three days; in this we do dispense
With grounds of reason, not of thine offense. 145

VASQUES.
'Tis well; this conquest is mine, and I rejoice that a Spaniard outwent an Italian in revenge. Exit Vasques.

CARDINAL.
Take up these slaughtered bodies, see them buried;
And all the gold and jewels, or whatsoever
Confiscate by the canons of the church,
We seize upon to the Pope's proper use.

RICHARDETTO [discovers himself].
Your grace's pardon! this long I liv'd disguis'd
To see the effect of pride and lust at once
Brought both to shameful ends.

CARDINAL.
What, Richardetto whom we thought for dead? 155

DONADO.
Sir, was it you—

RICHARDETTO. Your friend.

CARDINAL. We shall have time
To talk at large of all; but never yet
Incest and murder have so strangely met.
Of one so young, so rich in nature's store,
Who could not say, 'tis pity she's a whore?

Music Cue 40

Light Cue 78

FINIS

The general commendation deserved by the actors in their presentation of this tragedy may easily excuse such few faults as are escaped in the printing. A common charity may allow him the ability of spelling whom a secure confidence assures that he cannot ignorantly err in the application of sense.
Act One (Scene 1)

The first scene is extremely important. It establishes the plot, defines the characters of Giovanni and the Friar, sets the themes, and creates the dominant mood of the play.

In terms of action, the scene is an argument between Giovanni, who is attempting to justify his love for his sister, and Friar Bonaventura, his tutor, who urges him to repent his sin before it is too late.

Beyond establishing incest as the basic plot situation the scene shows the conflict between Christian morality and Giovanni's passion for his sister which is the dominant struggle throughout the play. Giovanni's character is clearly shown by the obvious conflict between his reason and his passion and the determined sophistry by which he attempts to persuade the Friar. The key to the scene is when Giovanni demands to know why being her brother should banish him from Annabella's bed. Giovanni here reveals the true sexual nature of his passion in violent contrast to his attempt at logical rationalization.

Giovanni's determined passion dominates the scene and is contrasted by the ineffectual threats of the Friar whose basic weakness remains a foil to Giovanni throughout the play. It is obvious that the Friar can only combat Giovanni's fierce logic with vague threats.
The dominant emotion in the scene is the intensity of Giovanni's conviction and it is quite clear that although he agrees to try the Friar's remedy of prayer and fasting his determination has in no way been tempered by the Friar's argument.

The mood of the scene establishes the danger inherent in Giovanni's decision and at the same time suggests the oppressive nature of the moral order against which he is revolting. It is clear that the church, as represented by the Friar, is the oppressor.

The scene is played before a blood red grill representing the Friar's cell. Before the lights come up the sound of monk's chanting is heard in the background and while the Friar prescribes his remedy to the kneeling Giovanni the sound of tolling bells is heard under his speech, rising in volume until the end of the scene.

In order to better establish the ominous atmosphere required by the scene it was originally planned to have the Friar's cell dominated by a large grotesque baroque crucifix suspended above the actors. When the scene opened the crucifix was to be illuminated by a tall flickering taper lit by the Friar.

Because of the problems involved in changing scenes quickly the crucifix and candle were found to be impractical.
Act One (Scene 2)

The action of the scene is concerned with presenting, in turn, each of Annabella's suitors and, by showing their basic characters plus those of such attendant figures as Vasques, Putana, and Donado, with establishing the necessary contrast for Giovanni's wooing of his sister in the following scene.

Unit 1

The purpose is to introduce Vasques and Grimaldi. Vasques wants to provoke Grimaldi into fighting a duel and thereby remove his master's rival from the competition for Annabella's hand. Vasques also wants to assert his masculinity by suggesting that Grimaldi is both effeminate and a coward, and to give vent to his natural passion for violence.

Grimaldi does not wish to fight with Vasques since he is a servant and therefore beneath his dignity as a gentleman.

Vasques completely dominates the action as he plays cat and mouse with the reluctant Grimaldi who is off his guard and defensive. Vasques taunts and insults Grimaldi and finally goads him into fighting by forcing him to defend himself.

Vasques creates a mood of mounting tension and danger
which erupts in sudden physical violence.

The major difficulty is staging the actual sword fight which must be both convincing and safe.

Unit 2

The purpose is to introduce Soranzo and contrast him with the humiliated Grimaldi. Vasques keeps Grimaldi at sword point and is physically in control of the action. Soranzo takes advantage of Vasques' control to assert his superiority to Grimaldi, but he does not attempt to involve himself directly with Grimaldi, who remains sprawled on the ground until Vasques chooses to let him rise.

Grimaldi's threats are balanced by Soranzo's confidence, which is supported by the physical dominance of Vasques whose position is seen to be stronger than that of an ordinary servant when he addresses Florio. Florio is anxious that the quarrel be forgotten and it is quite clear that he favours Soranzo.

Unit 3

The purpose is to reveal Putana's character and at the same time to describe the relative merits of Grimaldi and Soranzo. Putana dominates the scene and it is obvious that she favours Soranzo and wishes to see Annabella married to him.
Putana is extremely coarse and bawdy and it is quite clear from her descriptions of the suitors that the final criterion is sexual. Putana pursues and scolds Annabella whose thoughts are fixed on Giovanni and who seems nervous and detached. Annabella is worried and resents her nurse's insistence and coarse implications. The mood of the scene is one of contrast between Putana's earthiness and Annabella's obvious distraction.

Annabella constantly attempts to avoid Putana, who pursues her course quite undeterred, though the action is limited to the area around the steps so that the women can quickly return to the balcony when the next suitor enters.

Unit 4

The purpose is to introduce Bergetto and Poggio and to establish their relationship. Annabella and Putana are openly contemptuous of Bergetto from their position on the balcony above.

Bergetto's foolishness is accentuated visually. He is determined to have Annabella and is quite confident that he will succeed.

In contrast Poggio shows a weary resignation and an obvious awareness of his master's shortcomings which does not, however, prevent him from displaying his basic affection and devotion.
Unit 5

Putana describes Bergetto and is quite obviously contemptuous. Annabella continues to be preoccupied and pays no attention to her.

Unit 6

The purpose is to show Annabella's obvious infatuation with Giovanni, who now appears below. Annabella suddenly dominates the action. She is nervous and extremely concerned about his appearance. It is obvious that he is something more than just her brother. The repeated use of the word "brother" contrasts Putana's indifference with Annabella's anxiety and creates a mood of ominous anticipation.
Act One (Scene 3)

Unit 1

The purpose of Giovanni's soliloquy is to show his state of mind immediately before he confronts Annabella with his love. For Giovanni it is the final attempt to rationalize and justify his decision.

The action centers around the table where Giovanni has been reading the Bible. The Bible itself is used as a sounding board against which he can direct his frustration at the Friar's failure to help and his final determination to reject the teachings of the church. The shadow of religion still hangs over him but he convinces himself that he is powerless to avoid the dictates of fate and in his disgust with the failure of the church to provide a satisfactory rebuttal, persuades himself that the warnings against incest are only superstitious tales meant to frighten him. However, at the height of his argument he reveals a subconscious awareness of his true motivation, even though he does so only to deny it. The very fact that he has to say to himself that it is not lust but fate which drives him on, proves that physical desire is uppermost in his mind.

The important thing is that Giovanni has already made up his mind. He knows that he can no longer conceal his true feelings from his sister, consequently the struggle
is not between fate and religion but between Giovanni's awareness of his sexual desire for his sister and his determination to rationalize and justify it in the name of fate.

Unit 2

The purpose of this scene is to reveal Giovanni and Annabella's mutual love and to show them making the irrevocable decision which precipitates their tragedy. The action of the scene is dominated by extreme tension as both Annabella and Giovanni struggle against the intense physical desire which, like a magnet, draws them to each other.

There are several climaxes, all of which increase the tension and build towards the ultimate physical contact which releases the desire that both have been suppressing. Above all, the emphasis of the scene is on the contrast between the overwhelming awareness on the part of both Annabella and Giovanni of the other's physical proximity and the futile rhetoric of the arguments each employs.

The first beat is dominated by nervousness and physical tension. The action is tentative and hesitant. Giovanni attempts to control himself in order to be rational in his explanation. Annabella is equally nervous. Her eyes never leave Giovanni. They make tentative physical contact by holding hands but Giovanni rapidly loses control. Both he and Annabella are aware of the implication when he says that
he thinks she loves him.

From this point the pace builds rapidly as Giovanni's rhetorical praise of Annabella's beauty becomes more intense as their bodies come closer together. Giovanni's embraces become increasingly more sexual until in ultimate frustration he plunges his dagger into the table.

Annabella has made only a token effort to escape from Giovanni's embraces but now the truth is out and she puts the width of the table between them as she listens to Giovanni confess his love. It is Annabella who must now put into words the fact that they are brother and sister, forcing Giovanni to a final outburst of false logic and sophistic rationalization. When even this is not enough to persuade her, he lies and states that the church has condoned his love. At the end of his plea there is a moments pause and then Annabella rushes into his arms.

The next beat is played with an almost childlike solemnity as Annabella for the first time takes the initiative. The action has a precise, ritualistic quality as they kneel and exchange sacred vows in front of the table in which Giovanni's dagger still quivers beside the discarded Bible. To emphasize the solemnity of the ritual Giovanni takes his silver crucifix and places it around Annabella's neck while she places on his finger the ring which her mother had left her to give only to her beloved.
After the exchange of tokens there is a moment's hesitancy as they become tremendously aware of what they have vowed and of their mutual desire. The kiss is the final release of this suppressed desire and brings with it an awareness of the enormity of their decision. The scene ends on a note of genuine shyness as they hesitate awkwardly before the final consummation of their love.

The main difficulty in staging the scene is to emphasize the sexuality that dominates the struggle and to maintain the tension until the final release. The problem of the dagger is solved by rotating the action about the table which can be used both for the dagger and as a physical barrier between the lovers when this is required. It also assumes something of the character of a profane altar, before which they kneel to make their vow.
Act One (Scene 4)

Unit 1

The purpose of this scene is to supply necessary background for the characters of Florio and Donado. Florio is shown as being good natured and complacent with a genuine love for his daughter and an obvious regret for the behaviour of Giovanni. Florio controls the opening exchange with genial condescension towards Donado. It is quite clear that he does not take the possibility of Annabella's favouring Bergetto seriously. Donado is eager to make a good impression on Florio for the sake of his nephew and at the same time is aware of Bergetto's shortcomings, which he vainly contrasts with his own youthful prowess. The scene is played on the steps of Florio's house as Donado is about to leave after presenting Bergetto's suit.

Unit 2

The action in this scene arises from Bergetto's desire to see the strange horse described by his barber and Donado's determination that he concern himself with becoming a proper suitor for Annabella. The scene is dominated by Bergetto's combination of gullible naivety and innocent foolishness. Bergetto is constantly getting excited about some new foolishness but is equally prone to be deflated by his uncle's disapproval.
He is completely unaware of his own foolishness and oblivious to the ridicule of others and so is convinced that he has charmed Annabella and thereby pleased his uncle. Bergetto's assurance is contrasted by Donado's increasing frustration in the face of his nephew's stupidity.

Poggio wears a constant expression of weary resignation as he is called upon to alternate as accomplice and nursemaid to Bergetto. Nevertheless, it is obvious that there is a genuine love and dependency between servant and master.

The dominant emotion is Bergetto's innocence and therefore the scene never loses a sense of high spirits even when Donado loses his temper.
Act Two (Scene 1)

Unit 1

The purpose of the scene is to show Giovanni and Annabella at the height of their happiness and quite serene in their mutual love. Consequently the scene has a relaxed playful quality, in marked contrast to the tension of the earlier confrontation scene. The important thing is that they are now actual lovers and from the security of their physical awareness they can afford to indulge in childish teasing. However, there is still a sense of danger in the scene and Giovanni is fully aware of the significance of his thinly disguised jests about marriage. These intrude on the gaiety like a breath of cold wind. The important thing is that the lovers, having reminded themselves of their situation, immediately choose to pretend that the danger doesn't exist after all. The predominant mood of the scene should be a relaxed childish innocence which, at the same time, underlines the danger that is implicit in the lovers actions.

Unit 2

The mood of this next exchange is sheer bawdry. Annabella's mixture of girlish eagerness to tell her news and natural embarrassment about the subject is completely
overwhelmed by Putana's exhuberant obscenities. Putana is thoroughly delighted at the outcome and her permissive morality, while based purely on sexual gratification, supports Annabella's decision and increases her confidence.

Unit 3

The purpose here is simply to introduce Richardetto and Philotis. Florio again shows a very fatherly concern for Annabella, who is charming and gracious towards her guests. Philotis appears shy and hesitant and is meekly obedient to her uncle who is both deferential and faintly sinister.
Act Two (Scene 2)

Unit 1

Soranzo's soliloquy serves to reveal more of his character, to prepare for his treatment of Hippolita and to provide a contrast with Giovanni's tormented soliloquy earlier. The speech presents Soranzo in all his pride and arrogance indulging his love for Annabella in the proper courtly manner. His vanity is evident in his casual assumption of the role of poet and his arrogance is ironically suggested by his altering of the descriptions of love which later apply exactly to the outcome of his love for Annabella.

Unit 2

Hippolita enters like a black fury and immediately commands the focus of the scene. The action consists of Soranzo's feeble attempts to ward off Hippolita's violent accusations as she hounds him back and forth across the stage until he finally turns on her, like a trapped rat, and curses her. Vasques remains in the background, keenly aware but only stepping in when the situation threatens to explode into actual violence.

The purpose of the scene is to expose Soranzo's hypocrisy by revealing the details of his affair with
Hippolita and his treatment of her leaves no doubt that he is the most repellent of Annabella's suitors. Hippolita, despite her rage, is willing to be reconciled if Soranzo reaffirms his love but his obvious scorn convinces her to seek revenge. Soranzo is both contemptuous of Hippolita and embarrassed by the obvious truth of what she says. He first tries to soothe her and then attempts reason; when neither succeeds he reveals his true hypocrisy by accusing her of having tempted him to false vows and of being responsible for her own husband's death. Soranzo's one desire is to get rid of Hippolita once and for all, and to wash his hands of the affair.

Vasques also wishes to see the end of Hippolita but he is aware of the danger she presents as a result of his master's actions and his chief concern is to keep the situation from exploding until he can find a means of gaining control of Hippolita.

The mood is tense and violent. Hippolita's fury dominates the scene but after her initial outburst her anger becomes a controlled venom. Soranzo, on the other hand, after vainly attempting to placate her, rapidly loses his temper and it is only the smooth manipulations of Vasques that keep the situation under control.
Unit 3

The action now revolves about Vasques' efforts to gain control of Hippolita while convincing her that he is actually submitting to her will. Vasques wishes to put himself at Hippolita's disposal in order to be in a position to foil her attempt to revenge herself on Soranzo. Hippolita wishes to gain Vasques' support in order to facilitate her revenge. The scene takes the form of a dual seduction.

Vasques is firm enough with Hippolita to prevent her from leaving but as soon as she responds he immediately assumes a bewildered ignorance and reacts obediently to Hippolita's seductions. Vasques remains the controlling figure in the scene while Hippolita appears to be manipulating him for her own ends. There is an interesting sexual mood to the scene. Vasques must suppress his natural aversion to Hippolita's physical presence by submitting to her advances. While Hippolita, convinced that she can seduce the older man, makes no attempt to disguise the nature of her proposals.
Unit 1

The purpose of this scene is to reveal Richardetto's true identity and hint at the revenge he is plotting for Hippolita and Soranzo. At the same time the scene serves to suggest the relationship between Richardetto and Philotis. Richardetto is the dominant character and he appears motivated by an intense hatred for his wife and her lover and only controls his resentment at having to remain silent by meditating on the revenge to come. It becomes evident that Richardetto has come to relish the role of revenger. It is evident too that his interest in his niece is of a questionable nature. The actions of Richardetto imply that once he has disposed of Hippolita he will turn his full attention to the vulnerable Philotis.

Philotis appears innocent of her uncle's desires but is extremely frightened of what she suspects he is planning to do to Hippolita.

The mood of the scene suggests treachery and Philotis' innocence is contrasted with Richardetto's thinly disguised lust.

Unit 2

Grimaldi is at first hesitant about asking the strange
doctor for an aphrodisiac but it is obvious that his desire for Annabella has made him desperate. Vasques' implication, supported by Putana's remarks to Annabella that Grimaldi is impotent, lends a rather unpleasant quality to the request. The straightforward and impulsive Grimaldi is easily manipulated by the cunning Richardetto, who sinisterly, and with an obsequious bow towards Grimaldi's patron, the Cardinal, suggests that Grimaldi murder Soranzo. Richardetto is completely in control of Grimaldi, who agrees to his plan with scarcely a moment's hesitation. Grimaldi's overt violence is contrasted by the sinister velvet smooth quality of Richardetto's manipulations.
Act Two (Scene 4)

The sinister plottings of the previous scene are now contrasted by Donado's determination to secure Annabella for Bergetto. But once again his actions are foiled by Bergetto's insistence on employing his own tactics. The humour of the scene comes out of the different reactions to Bergetto's preposterous letter. Bergetto, of course, is convinced that it is a masterpiece and, though it is obvious that Poggio has had to do the actual writing, glows with pride at each ridiculous line. Poggio, on the other hand, is only too aware of the inanities his master has dictated and his initial attempt to carry off the reading of the letter bravely soon disintegrates under the rising fury of Donado, whose reaction goes quite unnoticed by Bergetto until the end of the letter. At first Bergetto, still convinced of the brilliance of his own wit, attempts to defy his uncle but the threat of Donado's stick quickly deflates his bravado. However, like a mischievous schoolboy playing hooky, he is up to mischief again as soon as his uncle is out of sight. Poggio is the last to exit, wearily shaking his head and muttering under his breath, "My master!" This phrase is established early in the play as a tag line in all the scenes with Bergetto and Poggio so that the full irony can be achieved when Poggio repeats it after Bergetto's death.
Act Two (Scene 5)

The tone of this scene is very different from that of the first scene between Giovanni and the Friar. Giovanni is no longer tormented by doubt and uncertainty or eager for advice from his tutor. Instead, he is completely confident of the validity of his actions and his eagerness now comes from his desire to make the Friar see that he was wrong and to acknowledge that Giovanni was right in his decision to love Annabella. The Friar, on the other hand, is no longer tolerant. His anger stems both from Giovanni's actions and from his awareness of his own inability to prevent him going any further. Instead of pleas and veiled warnings the Friar now openly threatens Giovanni and his resentment becomes increasingly more bitter.

Giovanni; however, is still determined to prove his point according to a rational philosophic approach and with the complete confidence of a sophistic logic he justifies his actions like a mathematician working out a successful proof. He has completely transcended the Friar's power by substituting Annabella for God and he scorns the Friar's refusal to accept this.

The important thing is that Giovanni is completely honest within the bounds of his own convictions. The Friar's suggestion that Annabella should be married is a miserable
attempt to reconcile a hypocritical morality, and Giovanni treats it with contempt.

Giovanni's description of Annabella is probably the most lyrical moment in the play and it is spoken with the utmost conviction and simplicity.

Giovanni plays the entire scene moving about the Friar, who remains huddled in his chair. The mood of the scene almost verges on gaiety as Giovanni gets carried away by the power of his own argument. In contrast the Friar, convinced that Giovanni is damned, makes virtually no attempt at positive action and rather than take any definite moral action he counters Giovanni's ultimate vow to worship only his love with a pronouncement which ends the scene with the finality of a curse.
Act Two (Scene 6)

Unit 1

The action involves Donado's gallant attempt to present Bergetto's suit and Annabella's firm but gracious refusal. Annabella and Putana match wits against the earnest entreaties of Florio and Donado and the scene has a particularly lighthearted quality to it. Annabella is amused by Donado's obvious embarrassment and the ridiculous gallantry of his letter, and Putana, as always, manages to benefit from the situation. But when Annabella is forced to say what she feels, her sincerity and goodwill towards Bergetto and Donado is quite genuine and Donado is very impressed with her honesty and kindness. The purpose of the scene, then, is to show Annabella at her best and to emphasize again the straightforward honesty that characterizes Giovanni and Annabella and sets them apart from their society. However, a note of danger is struck when Florio demands Annabella's ring and for a moment she is caught off guard. The irony of Florio's reassurance when he learns that Giovanni has the ring keeps the scene from drifting very far from the main action.

Unit 2

The purpose of the scene is to evoke sympathy for Bergetto. The story he relates about his beating is both
ludicrous and pathetic and it is obvious that Bergetto is as much the innocent as the fool. His renouncing of Annabella is as honest as it is ridiculous and it is quite obvious that he has been genuinely impressed by the simple Philotis. Annabella remains gracious to Bergetto even while she laughs at him and Donado is resigned. It is evident from Poggio's lecherous asides that he thinks there is a chance for his master to succeed. Bergetto's false bravado towards Annabella is childish and not malicious and he exits quite undaunted.

Unit 3

This short scene is important because Florio reveals that he is in favour of Soranzo as a husband for Annabella and this news prompts a reaction from both lovers. Giovanni is immediately suspicious when he sees Donado's jewel and Annabella plays on his jealousy to tease him. However, even though he smiles at her joke, Giovanni is quite adamant that she shall not wear it. His love is passionate and possessive.
Act Three (Scene 1)

This scene starts with Bergetto and Poggio sunk in gloom as they ponder Bergetto's chances of getting Donado to approve his match with Philotis. However, it is impossible for Bergetto to remain depressed for very long and as soon as Poggio offers the slightest bit of encouragement he immediately regains his confidence and rushes off to greet Philotis with a great display of bravado.

The difficulty in the scene is that in the space of a very few lines Bergetto must go from the depths of despair to a great comic battle cry as he leaps exultantly into the fray. This climax must come as the result of a rapid build with Bergetto drawing fuel from Poggio's encouragements and the excitement between them building to such a crescendo that Bergetto is motivated to leap onto Poggio's back and exit with all the fanfare of a military charge.
Act Three (Scene 2)

Unit 1

This short introductory section to the main action of the scene serves to establish the various attitudes of those not directly involved in Soranzo's courting. Florio makes it quite obvious from his speech and actions that he is highly in favour of such a match and this increases Annabella's tension as she prepares to meet Soranzo's advances. Florio's attitude, on the other hand, only strengthens Soranzo's confidence and self-assurance. Putana is aware of the situation and watchful. Giovanni's jealousy forces him to take his sister aside and remind her to be true even though he knows this is superfluous, and even then he is reluctant to leave the stage. The last to exit is Vasques, who also hesitates and feigns surprise at being asked to leave his master alone. He too is motivated by jealousy.

The mood of the scene is one of nervous tension on the part of all except Florio who, in his good natured conspiratorial manner, is oblivious to the awkwardness of the others.

Unit 2

The action of this scene involves Soranzo's pursuing
Annabella and attempting to propose to her while she succeeds in making a fool out of him and completely shattering the proud confidence with which he had begun. It is very definitely Annabella's scene. Knowing what he will say the moment they are alone, Annabella throws him off his guard by speaking first, thus taking the initiative in the conversation. At first Soranzo is pleased by her straightforwardness, thinking that she is willing to hear his suit, but what begins as a coy little game soon becomes a duel of wits with Soranzo lagging one stroke behind. When he realizes that Annabella is making fun of him his pride refuses to let him be humiliated, but his attempt at sincerity is deftly turned into a joke by Annabella who, having mastered her initial nervousness, is now openly making fun of him. When Soranzo's aristocratic pride costs him his temper Annabella is equally violent in return and for the first time in the play it is obvious that she has an iron will to match her brothers. Her sudden show of strength completely deflates Soranzo, who finds his dignity shattered, and he accepts with broken spirits Annabella's characteristically honest expression of her feelings for him. Having had her way with Soranzo, Annabella is absolutely sincere when she tells him that if ever she must marry it will be he, but she does not for a moment actually believe this will ever happen. The irony is that at precisely that moment the first signs
of her pregnancy cause her to faint.

The mood of the scene changes from an initial tension, to coquettish playfulness, to extreme seriousness. Annabella is always in control and Soranzo must continually struggle to keep up with her.

Giovanni's asides in the scene were cut since their flippancy was not consistent with the rest of his character. The comments themselves took the focus away from Annabella's handling of Soranzo, which is the prime interest in the scene. Consequently the exchange between Annabella and Soranzo was much more rapid and Annabella's nimbleness that much more apparent.

**Unit 3**

It is extremely important that when Annabella faints and Soranzo cries for help that Giovanni is at Annabella's side almost instantaneously. Reluctant to leave them alone, he has been waiting within earshot and rushes to catch her even before she reaches the ground. Their embrace is obviously intimate and it is only the confusion of Florio and Soranzo that prevents them from being aware of it.

**Unit 4**

In the brief exchange between Vasques and Soranzo there is an aura of subtle control on the part of Vasques.
In his distraught state of mind Soranzo makes no attempt to hide the fact that Vasques' position is much more than that of a mere servant. It is quite obvious that Vasques is not at all displeased by the course of events and he comes near to overstepping the mark in his rather insolent comment on Annabella's sudden illness.
Act Three (Scene 3)

The general mood of this short scene between Giovanni and Putana is panic. Putana immediately sees that Annabella is pregnant and is quite convinced that this will bring disaster to them all, and that she will, somehow, be held responsible. Her initial reaction to Giovanni's incredulous disbelief is a rather selfish bitterness; however, Giovanni gains control of himself enough to make her promise to do as he says and she agrees, though still convinced that there is no hope for them. The news of Annabella's pregnancy momentarily shatters Giovanni—its grim reality has no place in their ideal romance. However, he quickly recovers and takes charge of the situation.
Act Three (Scene 4)

Unit 1

The purpose of this scene is to show Richardetto taking advantage of the situation to further his own plot. Richardetto is not aware of Annabella's condition but her sudden illness gives him an excuse to question the distraught Florio and discover that he does indeed intend Annabella to marry Soranzo. Prodding further, he discovers that Florio has taken his suggestion and intends to have them married right away. With this information Richardetto can immediately put his plan to assassinate Soranzo into action. Richardetto's almost casual manipulations lend a sinister mood to the scene.

Unit 2

Giovanni's hurried return with the Friar suits Florio's plans exactly and the Friar is equally anxious to have Annabella married immediately. Giovanni, aware that Annabella's pregnancy must not be discovered, is torn by doubt and confusion and can only numbly comply.
Act Three (Scene 5)

Unit 1

The web of intrigue is being drawn tight and the scene has a note of urgency. Grimaldi's hatred for Soranzo is such that he wastes little time in justifying his murder and when Richardetto appears with the news of Annabella's impending marriage he can hardly control his passion. As always, Richardetto has worked out the details and made the necessary preparations. He hastily sends Grimaldi away, taking no chance that they might be seen together, and then gloats on the revenge to come.

Unit 2

Philotis arrives with the news that she and Bergetto will go to the Friar's that evening in disguise. This is in accord with Richardetto's plans but it is obvious that as the time draws nearer for his revenge on Hippolita his desire for Philotis increases. The entrance of Bergetto and Poggio provides a moment of bawdy humour as Bergetto finds that he can hardly control himself and for once Poggio's laconic shrugs are replaced by an excitement almost equal to his master's. Their boisterous enthusiasm is in direct contrast to the sinister figure of Richardetto who looms ominously over their gaiety. They exit quickly at his command and it is obvious that Richardetto sees all his schemes working out exactly as planned.
Act Three (Scene 6)

Unit 1

This is a scene of torture. Annabella is helpless before the Friar who, before the scene begins, has forced a confession from her when she is hardly aware of what she is saying. She knows only that suddenly and frightenlingly she is pregnant and must somehow prevent it from being discovered. At last the Friar can come into his own. He has been proved right and instead of offering comfort he indulges in a sadistic horror story calculated to terrify Annabella into agreeing to his commands.

The Friar's sermon seems to be motivated more by an almost sexual passion than by the desire merely to chastise Annabella. The speech builds in monstrous intensity as Annabella's weeping grows louder and louder until at the climax the Friar collapses in exhaustion and Annabella begs desperately for mercy.

The Friar is now all sanctimonious hypocrisy as he speaks softly to her and tells her that all will be forgiven if she marries Soranzo. He is almost exultant when she agrees. The mood of the scene is extremely grotesque but the horror of it comes from the Friar's absolute conviction that he is right and that he is motivated only by concern for Annabella.
While the Friar and Florio prepare Annabella to be betrothed to Soranzo she remains absolutely numb. Giovanni is helpless to prevent the inevitable. When Soranzo enters it is obvious that, while he is overjoyed at the prospect of marriage to Annabella, he has not forgotten her words to him and it is only after he hears the marriage vows from her own lips that he believes it to be true. The scene ends with the Friar, Florio, and Soranzo excitedly leading off the still numb Annabella. For both Giovanni and Vasques the wedding announcement has come as a profound shock.
Act Three (Scene 7)

The important thing about Bergetto's death is that the sheer absurdity of it makes it tragic rather than funny. It is completely meaningless, quite unnecessary and infinitely moving.

As Bergetto and Philotis, cloaked and hooded, pause in the shadows to embrace, Grimaldi appears from nowhere, runs his blade through him and then is gone again so quickly that it is almost as if it had never happened, except that suddenly Bergetto is dying.

After the initial shock, Bergetto's reaction is one of absolute bewilderment. It just isn't possible and yet the blood on his hands cannot be denied. It is Bergetto's incredulity that creates the tremendous poignancy that the scene demands. While everyone else is clamouring for lights and shouting for the guard, alarums are being rung and flaming torches dash across the stage; Bergetto contrasts with the confusion and noise by speaking absolutely simply. This simplicity takes all the humour out of his ludicrous lines and his death becomes pathetic and yet strangely moving, for when Bergetto finally comprehends the enormity of this last colossal joke that the world has played on him, his dying lines have a certain quiet dignity.

Richardetto, his plans having gone awry, wastes no time on needless sentimentality and hastily removes Philotis,
leaving Poggio alone, cradling Bergetto's body in his arms
repeating, helplessly, but with a terrible new significance,
"My master! My master."
Act Three (Scene 8)

Soranzo's impending marriage means that Hippolita's plan must now be put into immediate action and Vasques is quick to arrange a secret assignation. The scene has a furtive quality and is played in the light of a flickering torch. Like Richardetto, Hippolita can hardly restrain herself and the thought of vengeance makes her abandon any caution in her advances to Vasques who remains coldly imperturbable.
Act Three (Scene 9)

Unit 1

The dominant emotion is Donado's bitter grief. Florio secures the whereabouts of the murderer from the Officers and Richardetto is quick to praise the Cardinal but hovers discreetly in the shadows when Florio calls for the Officers to knock at the Cardinal's gate. To emphasize the power and fear wielded by this enormous figure, there is a moment's hesitation while neither of the Officers will venture a challenge, then suddenly Poggio bursts between them and pounds loudly on the gate.

Unit 2

This scene has a definitely grotesque quality. The Cardinal's entrance is anticipated by an incredible tension among those poised in the flickering torch light beneath his balcony. His appearance is that of an enormous and yet stately monster. He is absolutely dignified and absolutely corrupt and when he enters a perceptible shudder runs through the men that have summoned him. In his scarlet robes and dripping with jewels, he is more a presence than a person. The Cardinal visually epitomises the corruptness of the society which stands against Giovanni and Annabella. When he speaks it is with a combination of condescension
and contempt. Grimaldi's confession is merely a statement of fact. He surrenders himself formally to the Cardinal without the slightest loss of pride and the Cardinal takes this gesture as an opportunity to scorn the magnificoes of Parma. For a moment after he disappears the others are too numb to speak, except for Poggio, who spits his disgust but then must cross himself; the power of the church cannot be denied. The first half of the play closes on a note of despair with the removal of any positive element in Florio's final speech.
Act Four (Scene 1)

Unit 1

This scene opens on a note of forced cheerfulness and false gaiety. The noise and laughter of the wedding ceremony forms a steady background babble as the Friar, convinced that Christianity has triumphed, toasts the newly wedded couple and Soranzo replies with all the customary gallantry of the magnanimous bridegroom. In contrast to the mood of celebration are Giovanni, Annabella and Vasques. Annabella is surrounded by Soranzo and the Friar, who engage in animated conversation while she remains absolutely still and silent. Giovanni has isolated himself from the action and his brooding is duly observed by the ever-watchful Vasques, who manages to be part of the celebration while at the same time he remains on guard for the unexpected and the dangerous.

The climax of the scene comes when Soranzo separates himself from the others and offers Giovanni the wine bowl. It is only when Giovanni refuses it twice that Annabella speaks, for the first time in the scene, in a desperate attempt to avert the imminent crisis. There is an embarrassed pause, which is only saved from becoming dangerous by the arrival of the minstrel. The first chord of the music shatters the tension which has suddenly hushed the celebration.
Unit 2

Hippolita enters alone, dressed as a minstrel and masked. As she sings she moves through the guests urging them to join in the chorus and finally delivering most of the song directly to Soranzo who cheerfully sings with her. The lyrics are an ironic description of Soranzo's treatment of Hippolita. At the end of the song there is general applause which is suddenly stifled when Hippolita removes her mask.

Unit 3

The mood of this scene is one of extreme tension as Hippolita repeats the Friar's ceremony and again joins the wedding couple's hands before calling for a toast. There is a hushed air of uncertainty as the guests, all of whom are aware of Hippolita's past relationship with Soranzo, try to understand what is happening.

It is Hippolita's scene and she plays with her audience like a magician; every move is calculated to shock and surprise the onlookers. Her movements are slow and deliberate and she plays with Annabella's obvious discomfort. It is all a carefully prepared ceremony climaxed by her calling for wine.

Soranzo relaxes his initial distrust and is eager to make what seems like an easy reconciliation, so that Vasques'
sudden outburst comes as a complete surprise, exploding like a grenade in the hypnotic calm that Hippolita has woven.

For the first time in the play Vasques reveals his true nature. The subtle, imperturbable facade is shattered by the viscous stream of abuse which he hurls at the dying Hippolita. Not only is he saving his master but he is getting his revenge for the loathsome guise he has been forced to wear.

Hippolita's death is that of a poisonous snake. As she writhes in agony she spits her venomous curses in all directions until, with her last breath, she crawls to within an inch of where Annabella stands pressed against the wall. As Hippolita twists in her death agonies the guests crowd around to peer down, fascinated, at her final spasms. It is Richardetto whose triumphant voice breaks the silence after her death.

The Friar's ominous prophecy ends the scene and is the cue for the first line of the next.
Act Four (Scene 3)

Unit 1

Apart from the thematic reasons for cutting Act Four Scene 2 in its entirety, in dramatic terms it means that the action goes directly from the Friar's prophecy of doom at the end of Scene 1 to the actual physical violence of the opening of Scene 3.

Physical violence is the key to this scene. It begins with Annabella being hurled from the top of the stairs and the action continues to be punctuated throughout by violent physical contact. The explosive force of this violence is in direct contrast to, and comes out of, the sexual frustration that motivates Soranzo's actions.

The dominant character throughout is Annabella. While she is physically assaulted she emerges spiritually victorious and Soranzo, who releases an almost animalistic fury of physical energy, remains spiritually impotent. Annabella is motivated throughout by a proud defiance while Soranzo is driven by a combination of blind rage, wounded pride, jealousy and frustration. Soranzo's actions in this scene, as Annabella says, are all superfluous. While Soranzo flails wildly about in his rage Annabella remains deadly accurate and each of her thrusts hits home.
The purpose of the scene is to show the strength of Annabella's love in the face of Soranzo's torture and to show Soranzo for the animal he actually is.

Soranzo's frustration stems mainly from his being unable to cope with the wound to his pride that the discovery of Annabella's pregnancy has been. It is this desecration of his honour that goads him more than the betrayal of love. Soranzo's sadism has a very sexual basis. He has discovered Annabella's pregnancy because she could no longer keep him from her and now he takes out this frustration by throwing her to the ground and threatening her with his dagger. As his fury increases so does Annabella's strength and his impotence in the face of her defiance drives him to greater physical excess. Towards the end of the scene he is rolling on the ground with her, almost begging that she tell her lover's name. At the climax she sings in his face and he drags her across the stage by her hair, only to collapse on his knees beside her. Only once, when Soranzo threatens to tell her father, does Annabella waver, but the more he threatens her the greater her defiance, until ultimately out of absolute frustration Soranzo raises his dagger to strike.

The main difficulty in the scene is maintaining the level of violence without losing the intensity of the emotional conflict in the sheer physical struggle.
Unit 2

Vasques' entrance comes at the paroxysm of violence and in one swift stroke he takes complete control of the situation and extinguishes the fuse that was about to explode. Vasques is no longer a servant, but even though he makes himself master of the situation he does it with his usual calm, soothing persuasiveness. Where Soranzo was fire, Vasques is cold ice. His control is velvet smooth but twice as powerful as Soranzo's unrestrained violence. Vasques' purpose is to stop Soranzo before his actions endanger himself and then, while appearing to support Annabella, to persuade Soranzo to stifle his natural feelings and placate Annabella long enough to let Vasques go about discovering the truth by much more subtle means. Vasques completely dominates Soranzo and by the time he takes him aside and gives him back his dagger Soranzo has controlled himself enough to be able to see the wisdom of Vasques' strategy.

Soranzo's threats meant nothing to Annabella except to increase her determination to defy him but now he turns from physical violence to a much more dangerous weapon. He appeals to her sense of honour and truth. By playing the hypocrite and asking for her forgiveness on the plea that he was driven to fury only by his love for her, constantly supported by Vasques' subtle apologies on behalf of his lord,
Soranzo finds the one weak chink in her armour and Annabella's resistance collapses. While it is Soranzo who plays the hypocrite and eventually succeeds, he is little more than a puppet manipulated, move by move, by Vasques until Annabella is safely out of the way. The mood of the scene is triumphantly evil.

Unit 3

The purpose now is to show the true balance of power between Soranzo and Vasques. There is a long pause before Vasques speaks and his voice is almost a sneer as he taunts Soranzo. Vasques is completely in control and he goads Soranzo to a helpless rage with his soft insinuations and pointed instructions. It is obvious that Vasques relishes his role. There is a definite sexual quality to his awareness that Soranzo is now wholly dependant on him.

Unit 4

Vasques approaches the task of revenge with the calm assurance of a professional. His soliloquy has a tone of methodical efficiency, but at the same time it is tinged with an almost sexual excitement as he anticipates the results of his investigation.

Unit 5

Vasques' purpose is now to gain Putana's confidence
and thus secure, by treachery, the information that Soranzo
could not gain by force. Putana is almost in hysterics
when she enters and Vasques plays with her like a cat with
a mouse.

The whole scene has the quality of a steel trap
slowly swinging closed on Putana. Vasques mingles vague
threats with soothing assurances, the whole time circling
round and round the helpless Putana and speaking with an
almost hypnotic assurance. He easily wins her confidence
and convinces her that for the sake of her mistress's and
her own safety, Soranzo must know the identity of Annabella's
lover. Vasques' tone becomes increasingly more intimate and
persuasive and Putana, who is too terrified to be suspicious,
is soothed and lulled into a pathetic eagerness to confide
in him.

Even when Putana reveals the truth Vasques does not
betray his hand until he has made absolutely sure that he
can believe Putana. His reaction to the fact that it is
Giovanni is one of pleasure as much as surprise.

Unit 6

Vasques' transition is abrupt and violent. The soft
wheedling tone is replaced by a hard emotionless command.
Vasques orders Putana's eyes put out with cold dispassion,
but there is a note of urgency in his voice and when the
Banditti fumble their job he can no longer control himself.
His latent violence explodes against Putana in an orgasmic attack as he savagely holds her to the ground and gags her. The cruelty of this attack is such that he is forced to step back and recover himself while the Banditti finish with Putana. The sudden release of pent-up violence and Putana's uncomprehending terror combine to throw a pall of horror over the scene. It is significant that Vasques' attack comes as a surprise. It is unnecessary and sadistic and an important revelation of his character.

Unit 7

After Putana is dragged out, Vasques pauses to recover his composure. The prospects for treachery increase moment by moment. He reacts to the news that Giovanni is Annabella's lover with something approaching admiration. For Vasques there is a hierarchy of crime and this news only whets his appetite.

Unit 8

So elated is Vasques that when Giovanni suddenly enters, his obsequiousness is almost overdone. Giovanni can hardly suppress his jealousy and suspicion, but when Vasques responds to his implied obscenity and returns it with a knowing leer, he does not hide his disgust. Giovanni does not suspect Vasques' eagerness to offer information as being
anything more than a servant's greed. Their obvious mutual contempt gives the scene a tone of dangerous irony.

Unit 9

This last exchange is dominated by Vasques' complete confidence. Events have worked out even better than he could have anticipated and he can now demand Soranzo's admiration and love. Soranzo enters as agitated as before, his fears increased at the thought of Giovanni's hearing how his sister has been treated. Vasques handles him with an almost paternal calm that demands obedience.

The ending of the scene is made extremely ominous by giving the last line to Vasques. The danger to Giovanni and Annabella is accelerating rapidly.
Act Five (Scene 1)

This scene has been cut quite considerably for two reasons. In the first place, as written, it is extremely rhetorical and quite unbelievably contrived and therefore large cuts have been made in order to tighten the emotional content and make the Friar's opportune appearance rather more believable. More important, however, is the thematic unbelievability of the scene. The proud defiant Annabella of Act Four is suddenly presented as a melancholy, frightened and repentant girl whose one desire seems to be to unburden herself of an unholy love and embrace the church in the hope of forgiveness. As if in answer to her prayers, the Friar miraculously appears at just the right moment.

Taken thus, the scene appears as an almost complete reversal of Annabella's character and is not only inconsistent with what has gone before, but contradicts Annabella's calm dignity in her final scene with Giovanni.

However, it is extremely significant that Annabella's pious rhetoric ceases the moment the Friar reveals himself and offers to help. Annabella is suddenly firm and to the point as she instructs the Friar to carry her letter to Giovanni. This change of attitude is the key to the purpose of the scene. Working backwards from this point, it becomes obvious that Annabella is motivated by one purpose alone—to
warn Giovanni. She is quite sincere in her resignation, it seems to her that death is only a short distance away; however, she prepares to face it proudly. She does not betray her love but rather uses her last resources in an attempt to save Giovanni.

Her grief is quite genuine but it is necessary to convince the Friar that she has repented and is begging for the forgiveness of the church. In order to guarantee that he will take her letter directly to Giovanni, she will do it.

Consequently only those lines have been retained which serve to show that Annabella has resigned herself to death but is determined to save Giovanni first. The Friar's appearance is seized upon as a means to this end.

The mood of the scene therefore is dominated by Annabella's strength rather than her weakness and the Friar's eagerness becomes grimly ironic.
Act Five (Scene 2)

The action of this scene is very rapid. Vasques has told Soranzo his news and now his prime concern is to goad Soranzo into a great enough fury that he will have no qualms about carrying out his revenge. It is extremely important for Vasques that Soranzo not have the opportunity to recall any love for Annabella and, because of it, hesitate at the last moment. Vasques' taunts have an almost feminine bitchiness about them and he obviously relishes the task of cataloguing Soranzo's humiliations. It is important that Vasques' insistence makes Soranzo's decision to set the trap, seem as much an attempt to regain Vasques' approval as a means to satisfy his own desire for revenge. Soranzo's final resolution gives Vasques a definite grim satisfaction but he continues to fan the flames of humiliation and jealousy.
Act Five (Scene 3)

Unit 1

Giovanni's soliloquy is an ironic moment of calm before the storm of revenge breaks. Its purpose is to make the shock even greater by emphasizing Giovanni's unsuspecting vulnerability. There is a confident tone to Giovanni's speech that carries with it a note of arrogance. It is clear that Giovanni innocently believes that his love for Annabella, by surviving even her marriage to Soranzo, is absolutely secure. He greets the Friar with genuine pleasure; having proved him wrong again, he is eager to demonstrate his happiness.

Unit 2

The entrance of the Friar is that of the angel of death. He appears silently on the steps before Giovanni has finished his speech and stands immobile looking down on him until Giovanni turns and greets him. The Friar extends Annabella's letter with the deliberate finality of a death sentence. It is obvious from the manner of the Friar's appearance that he is performing a solemn ritual which he considers not only inevitable but, ultimately, just.
Giovanni recoils from the letter as if from a physical blow. He is staggered, and only by turning violently on the Friar can he pretend not to believe what he knows immediately to be the truth.

Unit 3

Vasques appears suddenly at the head of the stairs as Giovanni seizes the Friar by his throat. His calm smile freezes Giovanni like an icy gust of wind.

The exchange between Vasques and Giovanni is like a duel. They play with the words like rapiers, deftly turning the implications. There is a dangerous tension that is emphasized by the apparent control that each displays until Vasques' sneering obsequiousness finally goads Giovanni into a yell. Both are aware of the significance of the invitation but neither is fully aware of the other's knowledge.

Unit 4

The ending of the scene is completely dominated by Giovanni's deadly calm. During the exchange with Vasques he has regained control and acknowledged the implications of the letter. His too, is a noble resignation.

The Friar's reaction to Giovanni's decision is an uncomprehending resentful anger. He recognizes his own
weakness when confronted by Giovanni's strength and he retreats. The Friar's exit is his ultimate act of moral betrayal and his last line has the ugliness of a curse.

Giovanni has now become terrifyingly calm. He seems to grow in stature with the strength of his decision. His oath is stated very quietly and the rhetoric gains significance from the almost detached delivery. Giovanni's awareness of what he must do is both heroic and mad. The scene ends on a note of absolute conviction and frightening intensity.
Act Five (Scene 4)

Unit 1

Again it is Vasques who dominates the action. His attitude towards the Banditti is one of crisp efficiency and there is an instinctive understanding between the professionals. It is clear that Soranzo is out of his depth in such company and his treatment of the Banditti is characterized by a nervous attempt to justify what both Vasques and the Banditti calmly acknowledge as treachery.

Vasques states his purpose quite openly to Soranzo—he intends to edge his resolution. When it is obvious that Soranzo is eager to carry through to the end, Vasques reacts with the pride of a master who knows he has tutored well. It is Vasques who plans the details of the revenge and there is the desire of an artist for perfection behind his suggestion that Giovanni be given free access to Annabella.

Unit 2

Giovanni's entrance is the test of Soranzo's mettle and he responds with a fiendish delight that is worthy of his tutor. His embrace has the quality of the kiss of death. Soranzo's effusive greetings are countered by Giovanni's obvious suspicion and Vasques' sardonic silence. Giovanni is wearing a sword for the first time in the play and as he mounts the stairs to his sister's chamber he is fully aware
of the trap that closes behind him. Soranzo and Vasques can hardly restrain themselves.

Unit 3

The purpose of the ending of the scene is to once again focus on the world that Giovanni and Annabella have defied and which is now joining forces to crush them. The entrance of the Cardinal takes the form of a regal procession and Soranzo humbles himself to this symbol of corruption. The mood of the scene is one of hypocrisy and it sets up the final confrontation of Giovanni and Annabella.
Act Five (Scene 5)

Unit 1

The difficulty of this scene lies in the complexity of emotions that are involved and the tremendous level of intensity at which it is played. The purpose of the scene is to express the tragedy of Giovanni and Annabella in such a way that Giovanni's final decision becomes the ultimate act of defiance and a last great glorification of his love. Giovanni's actions have a terrible inevitability about them, and his madness is revealed in his determination to carry his love to its logical extreme, far beyond where it can be contaminated any further by contact with the world represented by Vasques and the Cardinal. Giovanni kills Annabella as the ultimate expression of his love and the revenge against a world that could not comprehend such love.

Still, as always, the dominant force is sexual and the scene opens with Giovanni struggling violently to embrace Annabella. When she resists, because of her anxiety that he escape, he flings her violently from him. Giovanni's jealous outburst is ugly in its obvious attempt to cover up his genuine terror at the knowledge of what he must do. His momentary arrogance is the bravado of a frightened boy who still hopes to postpone the inevitable.

In this opening sequence it is Annabella who is the pillar of strength, and for the first time between them,
her strength is independent of her brother's. Giovanni's outburst means nothing and he collapses into Annabella's arms. She speaks from a quiet acceptance of reality. There is no hope and she is not afraid. Her one purpose is to save her brother, but even as she speaks Giovanni steels himself for what must come.

Unit 2

There is an almost pathetic tenderness to this sequence. Giovanni long ago rejected heaven for the world he shared with Annabella, but now that he knows he must destroy that world, he turns desperately to the hope of a heaven that his logic has convinced him does not exist, a heaven where he and Annabella can love forever. There is desperation in his questions as he almost begs Annabella to defeat his logic and convince him that a heaven is possible. If this is so then he can justify her death with no fear of it being meaningless. Annabella does not understand, her thoughts are occupied with the immediacy of their danger, but it is not necessary. Giovanni has convinced himself with the same blind reasoning which he used to justify his rejection of religion at the very beginning, and from this point on his actions are automatic and inexorable.

Unit 3

The pace becomes urgent as Giovanni dominates the
action. Everything builds towards the ultimate act and Giovanni must maintain the intensity in order to have the courage to carry it through. Annabella sees his madness and knows that she is powerless to resist. But even at the last moment the power of the flesh and Giovanni's logic clash violently. Three times he pulls her to him, kisses her, and thrusts her away and each time he speaks it is a desperate attempt to justify the physical act. At the moment of climax he stabs her and the agony is his. Annabella's last words are tinged with regret, but she does not resist nor does she blame her brother. The mood of her death is a triumphant agony.

Unit 4

There is a long pause after Annabella dies and then Giovanni very gently carries her to the bed and lays her on it in her bridal gown. Then he kneels beside her. The tone of the scene is now hushed and almost tender. Giovanni has made his greatest decision and what is to come cannot frighten him. Only when he thinks of Soranzo does his agony break through. His actions now have an air of calm dignity and a resolve that cannot be destroyed. Now that Annabella is dead there is nothing to conflict with Giovanni's terrible rational purpose. There is a certain joy about his actions now. Only one more task remains and then he will have gained his ultimate freedom.
Act Five (Scene 6)

Unit 1

The scene opens with laughter and loud conversation as the banquet guests enter in small groups and disperse about the stage talking amongst themselves. Vasques and Soranzo enter just before the others, whispering to themselves. Vasques even at the last moment takes no chances that his master might waver and call off the plan. Soranzo, however, does not need to be coaxed any further; revenge is within his grasp. Towards the Cardinal he is a genial and deferential host. The mood of the scene is tense and expectant as Soranzo calls for Giovanni.

Unit 2

Giovanni's entrance is the single most explosive moment in the play. As if he has been waiting for the cue from Soranzo, he suddenly bursts into view on the balcony above the guests and stands towering over them, his sister's heart impaled on his dagger and his rapier naked in his fist. His grisly surgery has left him dripping with blood and in his eyes there is the glitter of madness. However, it is a colossal madness born of love and when he speaks it is with the tremendous intensity of a fanatic who has stepped beyond the limits of reason and against whom nothing can prevail.

The initial reaction of all is one of stunned
incredulity. As Giovanni moves slowly down the steps, speaking almost wistfully of his sister, they are hypnotized by him until suddenly, with a great shout, he leaps onto the banquet table and demands that they acknowledge the enormity of what he has done. The guests recoil in horror and Florio cries out desperately that his son is mad. But Giovanni's madness is a terrible lucidity and with an almost sadistic honesty he details the story of his love.

Although he holds the guests at bay with his sword he makes no attempt to resist when Soranzo orders Vasques to bring forth Annabella. When Vasques appears, holding Annabella's bloody corpse in his arms, Giovanni's is a yell of triumph.

The shock is too great for Florio, but as he falls forward at his son's feet Giovanni welcomes his death with a strange pride. His father's death seems noble at that moment, for it frees him completely from any last responsibility on earth. With an exultant cry he leaps from the table and thrusts his sword through Soranzo. Vasques leaps towards him and Giovanni fights with all the force of his magnificent madness. Forced to the ground Vasques screams for the Banditti and as they rush in Giovanni turns and welcomes them, and as he smiles Vasques thrusts his sword into his back.
Giovanni dies magnificently with all the dignity and grandeur of a toppling stag. For a moment there is absolute silence as Giovanni stands surrounded by his assassins, their blades poised ready to strike again; then he falls to the ground with what is almost a sigh of relief and gratitude.

The scene now is confusion and panic as the Banditti flee and Vasques rushes to embrace the dying Soranzo. Vasques' agony cannot be hidden. When Giovanni speaks it is with absolute simplicity. To the Cardinal's demand that he cry for mercy he replies, more with sadness for what the Cardinal cannot comprehend than with contempt. He welcomes death as a lover.

Unit 3

It is now the Cardinal who dominates the action. He has cowered from the actual violence but determines now to assert his power. He looms over the bloody corpses like a great scarlet inquisitor. Yet it is Vasques who is in control. He gives his account of the events which precipitated the slaughter with absolute dignity. His voice is flat and emotionless. Soranzo is dead but Vasques has seen his death avenged and now he demands his sentence with proud defiance. When the Cardinal announces his verdict Vasques is not humbled by his false leniency; he expects nothing less.
His final remark has a certain grim humour to it, and he exits with pride and dignity.

Unit 4

The scarlet robes of the Cardinal tower above the carnage and as he struggles to make order out of the ruins, he epitomizes the world that Giovanni and Annabella have escaped.

Having cut Richardetto's poorly motivated and ultimately unnecessary revelation of his identity, the scene sweeps directly from the nobility of Giovanni's death, and Vasques' proud arrogance, to the absolute demonstration of corruption as the Cardinal loots the corpses in the name of the Church. The irony of his final line is an echo of the evil and hypocrisy that has dominated the tone of the play.
DETAILS OF PRODUCTION
Music Cues

Cue 1: Following cue from stage manager.
Music before play: approximately ten minutes long.
(A) Two heart-beats on drums.
(B) One verse of Annabella on recorder.
(C) One verse of Annabella on strings.
(D) Combined Annabella bridge, 4-beat pause.
(E) Hippolita Minor on all; slow tempo.
(F) 4-beat transition to Major on guitar.
(G) Hippolita Major on all; fast tempo.
(H) 4-beat transition to Em on guitar.
(I) Two verses of Banquet music; spightly.
(J) 4-beat transition to Dm on guitar.
(K) One verse of Annabella on strings;
Recorder plays last line alone;
Guitar diminished minor walk-down to Dm.

Note: The "pre-play" music continues in a cycle,
so that the stage-manager can extend the playing-
time if required while the Studio is filling.
The final verse (K) is then played, approximately
five minutes before the production proper begins.

Cue 2: Following cue from stage manager.
Chant: three lines of Gregorian chant with bells.
Start strong and fade under lights up.

Cue 3: Following Friar's line, p. 7.
"Hie thee to thy father's house."
Bells; double-beat softly under dialogue.

Cue 4: Following Giovanni's line, p. 7.
"Else I'll swear my fate's my God."
Continue loud bells to exit, then Dm dissonant
chords fading under next dialogue.

Cue 5: Following Annabella's line, p. 14.
"My soul is full of heaviness and fear."
Recorder plays verse of Annabella theme;
fade under next dialogue.

Cue 6: Following Giovanni's line, p. 19.
"Now let's rise by this."
Strings play Annabella theme until exit.
Cue 7: Following Bergetto's line, p. 22.
"Twill do Poggio."
Recorder trills until exit.

Cue 8: Following last cue, p. 7.
Strings play Annabella theme under dialogue until Giovanni's line: "But I shall lose you."

"I'll wait upon you sir."
All, on light banquet music, recorder stops after scene is established (approximately second line of music; strings continue and fade under next dialogue.)

Cue 10: Following Hippolita's line, p. 32.
"My griefs have tasted."
Guitar on strong Am dissonant chord, then one strong Hippolita minor line, ending in dissonant chord which fades under dialogue.

Cue 11: Following Richardetto's line, p. 35.
"That ruin'd me."
Guitar on Am dissonant chords, fading under next dialogue.

Cue 12: Following Bergetto's line, p. 37.
"Come honest Poggio."
Comic line on recorder until exit.

Cue 13: Following last cue, p. 37.
Bells until next dialogue.
Fade under dialogue.

Cue 14: Following Friar's line, p. 39.
"A pair of souls are lost."
Two bells, then Annabella theme to dialogue.

Cue 15: Following Florio's line, p. 45.
Annabella theme on strings to Giovanni's line, "evening crowns the day."
Cue 16: Following Bergetto's line, p. 46.
"Come, away!"
Comic line on recorder to exit.

Cue 17: Following last cue.
Light banquet music throughout scene.
Finish on crowd exiting.

Cue 18: Following Richardetto's line, p. 56.
"and bed her too."
Bells until lights are up.

Cue 19: Following Friar's line, p. 59.
"perform it on the morning sun."
Bells until next dialogue.

Cue 20: Following Richardetto's line, p. 60.
"instantly Poggio and bring lights."
Alarm bell until officers enter.

Cue 21: Following Poggio's line, p. 61.
"My master, my master."
Guitar plays 2-beat Am's 'till blackout.

Cue 22: Following last cue, p. 61.
On blackout, guitar plays A dissonant chords.
Fade under dialogue.

Cue 23: Following Hippolita's line, p. 62.
"A pair of days to live."
Repeated dramatic dissonant chords on guitar.
Fade in under next dialogue.

Cue 24: Following Florio's line, p. 64.
"We must obey."
Dramatic Cardinal march as exit begins.
Continue to blackout.

INTERMISSION
Cue 25: Following signal from stage manager.
Begin light banquet music.
Cut music on Friar's signal.

Cue 26: Following Annabella's line, p. 65.
"If he be not willing."
Loud beginning of Hippolita's song,
then fade as dialogue resumes, slowing
the tempo to normal singing speed.

Cue 27: Following Soranzo's line, p. 66.
"Guide them in."
Hippolita's Song, all instruments following.

Cue 28: Following Donado's line, p. 69.
"Bear hence the body."
Guitar soft dissonant chords (A) under dialogue.
With funereal drum-beat; loud in blackout.

Cue 29: Following Friar's line, p. 70.
"Begins in blood"; continue chords and drums;
On sight signal that Annabella is dressed,
two loud beats for lighting crew.

Cue 30: Following Vasques' line, p. 81.
"I beseech you, your privacy."
Recorder plays Annabella until next dialogue.

Cue 31: Following Annabella's line, p. 83.
"Now I can welcome death."
All play Annabella to next dialogue.

Cue 32: Following Soranzo's line, p. 84.
"My blood's on fire."
Strings play Annabella; cut guitar on dialogue.
Continue theme on virginal until Giovanni's line
"A life of pleasure is Elysium."

Cue 33: Following Giovanni's line, p. 87.
"With me they all shall perish."
Loud dissonant chord, fade to dialogue.
Cue 34: Following Vasques' line, p. 89.
"Glut himself in his own destruction."
Trumpet alarum.

Cue 35: Following last cue, on Cardinal's entrance.
Cardinal march with drums until entrance.

Cue 36: Following Cardinal's line, p. 90.
"We will go." Trumpet alarum and drums;
continue drums to exit.

Cue 37: Following Annabella's death, p. 93.
Begin simulated heartbeat on drum (muffled).
Continue at same volume and tempo until
Giovanni's line, "My last and greater part."

Cue 38: Following last cue, p. 94.
Banquet music until Giovanni's entrance.
"Here Soranzo!"

Cue 39: Following Giovanni's leap on table, p. 95.
Begin heartbeat very low; continue to
Giovanni's death, slowly building.

Cue 40: Following Cardinal's line, p. 100.
"'Tis Pity She's a Whore."
One verse of Annabella theme on recorder,
sustained last note. Two beats on drum.
**Light Plot**

Cue 1: Before play begins the set lit by a blue glow on cyc.

Cue 2: After Blackout down right area only (cell lighting) brought up with the red backlight in the arches.

Cue 3: Blackout, then general exterior light with blue cyc.

Cue 4: Blackout, then interior down right and center with red cyc.

Cue 5: Cross fade down right out and down left up. Cross fade cyc red to blue.

Cue 6: Cross fade down left out and down right up. Cross fade cyc blue to red. On Putana's entrance fade up left.

Cue 7: Blackout, then general interior up.

Cue 8: Cross fade to up center and right. Cross fade cyc from red to blue.

Cue 9: Cross fade down right out up left up.

Cue 10: Blackout then cell lighting with red backlight. No cyc.

Cue 11: Blackout then general interior with red cyc.

Cue 12: Cross fade to center only. Cross fade cyc red to blue.

Cue 13: Cross fade up to general interior. Cross fade cyc blue to red.

Cue 14: Cross fade to center and down right only. Blue cyc.

Cue 15: Blackout then down right only with red cyc.

Cue 16: Fade up center and down left.

Cue 17: Cross fade to blue shaft of light from stage left only. Cross fade cyc red to blue.

Cue 18: Blackout then down left arch special only.

Cue 19: Cross fade to up right and up center low with blue cyc.
Cue 20: Blackout then red cyc only during intermission.
Cue 21: Blackout then general interior with red cyc.
Cue 22: Blackout then general interior with red cyc.
Cue 23: Cross fade to up center only very low. Cyc cross fade red to blue.
Cue 24: Cross fade to general interior. Cyc blue to red.
Cue 25: Cross fade to center only then slowly fade up interior during soliloquy.
Cue 26: Cross fade to center, up right and up left only.
Cue 27: Blackout then cell lighting with green backlight and no cyc.
Cue 28: Blackout then general interior with red cyc.
Cue 29: On last line medium fade on set. Cyc stays red until set is out then fades to black.
Panel Plot

In order to vary locations on the standard unit set, the arches upstage right were fitted with a set of five movable panels which were placed in grooves directly behind the arches and alternated as required for each scene. When a panel was removed the next was already in position therefore the majority of these changes were made without blackouts.

The standard panel, used for all exteriors, was painted the same colour as the rest of the set and when in place the arches seemed part of a solid wall. Florio's house and Soranzo's house were each represented by an ornamented coloured screen: Florio's in purple, and Soranzo's in gold. These first three panels were all used when the acting area involved the entire set. In two cases, however—the Friar's cell and Annabella's bedroom in Soranzo's house—the acting area was limited to directly in front of the panels in order to represent the enclosed locations. For these scenes the panels used were made of scrim and backlit to create the required atmosphere. For the Friar's cell a black vertical grill on a blood red screen was used. For Annabella's bedroom a curved ornamented grill was used on a translucent green screen. Sketches of the different screens are included with the set designs.

Cue: 1-Wall  11-Wall
       2-Friar Grill  12-Florio Screen
       3-Wall  13-Wall
       4-Florio Screen  14-Soranzo Screen
       5-Soranzo Screen  15-Wall
       6-Wall  16-Soranzo Screen
       7-Friar Grill  17-Florio Screen
       8-Florio Screen  18-Soranzo Screen
       9-Wall  19-Annabella Grill
      10-Florio Screen  20-Soranzo Screen
Property List

Act I - Scene 1

Chair (set right center)

Act I - Scene 2

2 swords (Vasques and Grimaldi)
2 embroidery sets (Annabella and Putana)
Bible (Giovanni)

Act I - Scene 3

Table and chair (set right center)
Bible (Giovanni)
Dagger (Giovanni)
Silver crucifix (Giovanni)
Ring (Annabella)

Act I - Scene 4

Walking stick (Donado)

Act II - Scene 1

Table and chair (as set previously)
2 embroidery sets (Annabella and Putana)
Lute (Philotis)

Act II - Scene 2

Book (Soranzo)
Sword (Vasques)

Act II - Scene 3

Sword (Grimaldi)

Act II - Scene 4

Walking stick (Donado)
2 letters (Donado and Poggio)
Act II - Scene 5

Chair (set right center)

Act II - Scene 6

Walking stick (Donado)
Letter (Donado)
Jewel (Donado)
Coin (Donado)
Head bandage (Bergetto)

Act III - Scene 5

Sword (Grimaldi)
Poison box (Richardetto)

Act III - Scene 7

Sword (Grimaldi)
2 torches (Officers)
2 helmets (Officers)
2 pikes (Officers)

Act III - Scene 8

Sword (Vasques)
Torch (Vasques)

Act III - Scene 9

3 sticks (Poggio, Donado, and Florio)
2 torches (Poggio and Officer)
2 helmets (Officers)
Sword (Grimaldi)
Large jeweled cross (Cardinal)
Rings (Cardinal)

Act IV - Scene 1

Banquet table (set left center)
Cup for each guest (held)
Wine bowl (on table)
Mask (Hippolita)
Sword (Vasques)
Act IV - Scene 3

Dagger (Soranzo)
Sword (Vasques)
Gag (Banditti)
Coin (Giovanni)

Act V - Scene 1

Letter (Annabella)

Act V - Scene 2

Sword (Vasques)

Act V - Scene 3

Ring (Giovanni)
Letter (Friar)
Sword (Vasques)

Act V - Scene 4

Sword (Vasques)
2 masks (Vasques)
Sword (Giovanni)
Cross (Cardinal)

Act V - Scene 5

Bed (set right center)
Dagger (Giovanni)

Act V - Scene 6

Banquet table (set left center)
Sword (Vasques)
Dagger (Soranzo)
Sword (Giovanni)
Bloody heart impaled on dagger (Giovanni)
Blood soaked sheet (Annabella)
2 masks (Banditti)
2 spears (Banditti)
Fake blood (Giovanni)
Cross and rings (Cardinal)
Costume Plot

Annabella: Blue dress (I.ii, I.iii, II.1, V.1)
Yellow dress (II.vi, III.ii, III.vi)
White wedding gown (IV.1, V.v, V.vi)
White night gown (IV.iii)

Giovanni: Black jacket and pants, with white shirt,
no jacket (V.v, V.vi)

Soranzo: Red and gold jacket and pants with white shirt.
Cloak and hat (I.ii, III.ii, III.vi, IV.1, V.iv, V.vi)

Hippolita: Black dress with cape and hood (II.ii, III.viii)
Short black jacket, black tights and mask (IV.1)

Vasques: Black and silver jacket, black tights and sword.
Black cloak (I.ii, III.ii, III.vi, III.viii, V.iii)

Bergetto: Brown jacket and pants trimmed with lace,
short black cloak, white lace handkerchief,
black plumed hat, brown wig.

Cardinal: Scarlet robe with black collar, scarlet gloves and hat.

Putana: Long grey gown with white wimple and apron.

Friar: Brown monk's habit.

Florio: Purple jacket and pants, white shirt, grey robe, black hat.

Donado: Dark brown jacket and pants, brown robe,
brown hat, white wig and beard.

Richardetto: Black gown with doctor's pouch, black tights,
black cloak with scarlet lining, black hat,
black wig and beard.

Poggio: Green jacket, brown pants, brown hat.

Grimaldi: Gold jacket and pants, white shirt, cloak, hat and sword.

Philotis: Green dress and hat. Blue dress (IV.1)

Officers: Red uniforms with red sashes and black tights,
silver helmets.

Banditti: Brown jackets and pants, dark grey cloaks and hoods.
## Cost Report

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Ticket Sales: $329.75

Profit: $110.59

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Total Cost: $219.16
## Box Office Report

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Deposits $329.75
ANNABELLA'S THEME

SLOWLY

RECORD

GUITAR

VIRGINAL

DRUMS

F   G   Dm   Dm   Dm   C   Am   Dm   Dm   Dm

1,3 1,3 2,4 1,3 2,4 2,5 2,5 2,4 1,3 2,4

Ⅲ: F etc.
### Annabella and Hippolyta Themes

**Slowly**

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Treble Clef</th>
<th>Bass Clef</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>C An</td>
<td>Dm C An</td>
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Once lived a maid of
And she had suffered

**Sprightly**

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<td>Dm C D</td>
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mournful song does anyone know her name? For she had given
scornful wrong...

* See page 8 for complete lyrics to Hippolyta's song.

Last two lines of lyrics take second ending (next page).
promised vow and he had given kissed brow, she was left behind and
blind till now does anyone know her name.
NOTE: FOR BANQUET MUSIC, SAME MELODY, DOUBLE TEMPO.
BERG GTO'S "EXIT" THEME
EXTREMELY RAPID (TONOR AND DRUMS ONLY)
HIPPOLITA'S SONG

Once lived a maid of mournful song,
Does anyone know her name?
And she had suffered scornful wrong,
Does anyone know her name?

For she had given her promised vow,
And he had given but kissed brow,
She was left behind and blind 'till now,
Does anyone know her name?

And then at last her soul fought free,
Does anyone know her name?
And she sees now what could not be,
Does anyone know her name?

The manly male who spurned her so,
Was passing pale as good men go,
It was he not she unworthy low,
Does anyone know his name?

It was she, not he, said--gladly--no!
Does anyone know her name?

Music and lyrics by Leon Dubinsky.
'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE
by JOHN FORD
(an M.A. Thesis Production)

Directed by KEN LIVINGSTONE

Designed by Harry Soloveoff
Original Music by Leon Dubinsky
CAST

Friar Bonaventura..............Dermot Hennelly
Giovanni..........................Jace Vanderveen
Vasques............................Michael Irwin
Grimaldi............................Mark Parry
Soranzo..............................Tom Shandel*
Florio...............................Gordon Kempton
Donado.................................Nick Kendall
Annabella..................Mariko Van Campen
Putana.............................Elizabeth Murphy
Bergetto......................Ellis Pryce-Jones
Poggio.................................Brian Paisley
Hippolita........................Jean Guiguet
Richardetto....................Kees Van Westen
Philotis............................Tricia Goodlad
Cardinal......................Walter Shynkaryk
Banditti.........................Gary Rupert

* Appears courtesy of Actors' Equity

MUSICIANS

Patsy Mallek........................Virginal
Tony MacFea....................Recorder
Joe Berarducci..................Percussion
Jack Kouhry......................Guitar

Virginal lent by Ray Nurse
Drums lent by Harry Kalensky

SCENE - Parm., about 1630

There will be one intermission of fifteen minutes.
PRODUCTION

Stage Manager......................Judi Frieman
Lighting............................Brian Bueckert
Assistant to the Director.......Sarah Kendall
Costume Mistress................Anne Chislett
Stage Crew........................Gary Rupert
................................Darrell Evans
House Manager.....................Geli Green
Publicity.........................Nan Gregory
Fights arranged by.............Michael Irwin
..........................Dermot Hennelly

Technical Direction, Scenery Construction, Properties, Costumes, Box Office:
Theatre Department Staff

SINCERE THANKS TO

Ross Bollerup, Arlon Gislason, Donn Elliot,
Ian Pratt, The Sun, The Province, Vancouver Life,
Vancouver Radio and T.V. Stations, Buildings and
Grounds.
COMING EVENTS

LA PARISIENNE
by Henry Becque
March 31 – April 8

Directed by Klaus Strassmann with Pat Gage
Buckets of blood in ‘Tis Pity’

By JAMES BARBER

‘Tis Pity She’s A Whore is the most complete catalogue of 17th Century sins I have yet seen. Bastardy, cuckoldry, incest, poisonings, stabblings, blasphemy, well mixed with double standard morality, lust, conscience and remorse strut a stage littered with corpses, maidenheads and broken vows.

It is a long play, and at times I thought it could have been cut, but when the hero romps on stage halfway through the second act, carrying, like a candy apple on a stick, his sister’s heart impaled bloody on his dagger, the audience settled down for a good rounded out conclusion.

All the participants are killed, except for an Iago-like servant whose virtuous “I’m-only-trying-to-help-you” meddling precipitated the whole thing.

‘Tis Pity is an M.A. thesis production, directed by Ken Livingstone of the UBC theatre department, and presented in the theatre workshop.

It is a difficult play to stage, suffering from the same fragmentation as is often criticized in television adaptations for the stage. There are innumerable scene and location changes, and the original, written in five acts, obviously was intended to be presented over a longer period of time, to allow audiences breathing space. Livingstone handles it most interestingly.

Harry Soloveoff’s set is simple and basic, using sliding panels and a great range of lighting to provide very effective changes. Technically it is an excellent production, set over a pattern of delicate recorder and virginal music which is in as strange contrast to the violence of the script as “Greensleeves” would be to Who’s Afraid of Virginia Woolf.

The surviving servant, Vasques (Michael Irwin) dominates the play, and Irwin’s interpretation in many ways is representative of the production, which has two distinct standards of acting, as though half the cast were completely rehearsed, and the remainder still a little scared. Vasques is a Spaniard, but he starts out in almost Anglo-Saxon embarrassment and only really comes to the part when the tide of blood is at its highest.

Giovanni, the incestuous brother (Jace Vanderveen) delivers a performance of agonized excellence, which marks him for death and violence from the moment he is seen, hollow-eyed, gaunt and sleepless in the friar’s confessional. His sister Annabella (Marika van Campen) has a restrained passion which only shows itself in anger, and could have been put to so much more effect in the tightly-focused scene where she and her brother declare their love.

Tom Shandel and Elizabeth Murphy, a disappointed lover and a too-trusting nurse, both eventually betrayed, make great sense of their roles, and there is a delightful cameo performance by Ellis Pryce-Jones, whose camp ineffectual would have delighted both Robert Morley and Oscar Wilde. Surprisingly, he knows not only how to amuse, but also to disturb as he dies, pathetically the victim of violence intended for another. For the rest, youth occasionally shows itself, despite the grey beards and red eyes.

Generally speaking, a good production, worth seeing. There is a peculiar sense of intimacy and participation created by the little theatre which must in some way mirror the reaction of the original audiences 300 years ago.
Play Gives Taboo Subject An Overwhelming Impact

BY DAVID WATMOUGH
Sun Drama Critic

It is doubtful whether at any time in its more than 300-year history John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's a Whore has had more relevance than now—a point adequately brought home in the University of B.C. Theatre Department production which opened for a four-performance run Wednesday night in the Frederic Wood Studio Theatre. Certainly the play cries out for a larger area than the Studio context permits and director Ken Livingstone had understandable difficulty in keeping basically larger-than-life emotions down to a scale that the cramped space would permit to come through with an adequate degree of realism. But restrictions of this nature and one or two inadequate performances by student actors did not prevent the extraordinary power and pertinence of this harrowing masterpiece to crescendo its overwhelming impact across the crowded little theatre.

SEARING TREATMENT

In the first place 'Tis Pity She's a Whore is largely concerned with a searing but sympathetic treatment of one of the most trenchantly taboo subjects in our western world—incest. Shorn of all 20th century psychological niceties and against a bleak and bloody background of morality upheld by the rapier and the rack, John Ford yet manages to bring us a portrait of a young girl and her brother (admirably played by Mariko Van Campen and Jace Vander-veen) that demanded our 'emotional commitment.'

In our age when so much is now explicit and there is so much striving among adults for understanding of emotional anomaly, incest can still touch the hackles. But only a spiritually cold bigot or moralistic-maniac could fail to respond to the poignancy of this sad parody of a Romeo and Juliet, as Ken Livingstone and his company have so touchingly rendered them.

SOME RELIEF

If there is occasion for sadness and a black poetry of despair over this aspect of the play, Ellis Pryce-Jones provides a nuance of relief and contrast in a camp-comic role of Bergelino, the half-hearted suitor of the beautiful Annabella who is in love with her brother. Yet even Bergetto is dead by the end of act one—and here is the key to the other major aspect of John Ford's dark drama which relates strangely to so much contemporary theatre, notably John Osborne's latest play, A Bond Honoured.

For if incest relates to our psychologically knowing minds the overall ethos of this play is acted-out violence. Another subject our contemporary world is greatly aware of. Life is cheap in John Ford's 17th century England, and by setting his play in Italy, Latin passion permits of even greater emotional turbulence and mayhem. No more death, however, than we reap on our roads, and when, at the play's end, the stage is strewn with four cadavers plus a carved out human heart, each relates to moral purpose.

Taking in some savage digs at papal corruption and ecclesiastical obscurantism along the way, 'Tis a Pity She's a Whore yet questions sensitive, shibboleths such as incest, oversimplified concepts of rewards and punishments and ritually enacts some of the profoundest tensions of the human psyche. The result is compelling theatre well worth the seeing.
Heart bleeds coolly

"Enter Giovanni, with a heart on his dagger" is one of the more cheerful stage directions of the Jacobean drama. It comes from John Ford's play 'Tis Pity She's A Whore, which Ken Livingstone is directing as an M.A. thesis production this week at the Freddy Wood studio.

The heart in question belongs to Mariko Van Campen, and it has been removed, under rather unsurgical conditions, by Jace Vanderveen. He's her brother, you see, and the two of them have been indulging in a little friendly incest, cuckoldry, and other merry pastimes.

Ford stands at the end of the long line of dramatists who make up the finest period of the English stage; he wrote in the 1620's, and his work is the reflective afterglow of the violence of Webster and Tourneur.

'Tis Pity takes a difficult subject, and treats it with a fine moral discrimination, presenting a whole range of attitudes between the two unacceptable extremes of Putana's licentiousness and friar's shallow moralism.

Any production faces the difficulty that modern audiences are unaccustomed to long verse plays, and much of the text's subtlety must necessarily be lost: Ken Livingstone attempts to strike a balance between the action and the verse, and if the action tends to win, who can blame him?

The heart, by the way, is oozy realistic.
"...I'll swear my fate's my god." (I. i)

"Love me or kill me, sister." (I. iii)
"I will beget a race of wise men and constables..." (III. i)

"-Why, Foggio!" (III. vii)
"...may her womb bring forth monsters" (IV. 1)

"I'll hew thy flesh to shreds..." (IV. iii)
"...think upon incest and cuckoldry." (V. ii)

"Look up, look here; what see you in my face?" (V. v)
"...'tis a heart,
A heart my lords, in which is mine entom'd."

"I can stand no longer! Feeble arms,
Have you so soon lost strength?" (V. vi)
Cyc to be 5 flats 4' x 9'6"

Grey Drapes

Ladder

Flat

Provision for a sliding mull must be made between the arches and the drapes.

Drape rod flat

Flat 6'0"

ARCH 10'0"

1'6" El.

1'10" El.

3'0" El.

6'0"

6'0"

2'0" elevation

2'6" El.

8'0"

G" El.

6" El.

1'6" El.

2'0" elevation

4'0"

1'6" El.

4'0"

6" El.

10'0"

16'0"

Proscenium

6" El.

Note: Radii for all arches is half their width.

Scale: 1/2" = 1'