

The Othello Project

By William Shakespeare
Adapted by Rod Carley

Location: Cypress, Mississippi. June 1964
Setting: Various locations in and around Cypress

DAY ONE

Scene One. A garage. A bedroom. 2300 hrs.

(Prologue montage into scene one. Pre-show music consists of various hymns recorded by Tennessee Ernie Ford. A recording of "Strange Fruit" begins - a lone female voice accompanied by only wind. As the song advances, flames appear on the back of the set and a wind pattern appears to blow across the stage and audience. Throughout the song the pre-show lighting gradually cross fades into a black-out on the final word. Suddenly driving drums. The sound of voices USL. Flashlights. Two figures with sacks disguising their faces throw a burlap sack into the swamp DSL. They laugh and run off into the darkness. A light snaps on USR to reveal the Clown letting out a scream and dance of anguish. Snap out as USL window gobo snaps on to reveal Brabantio starting awake from a nightmare, sitting bolt upright in bed. Light snaps on CS isolating Iago and Roderigo. Iago is sitting at a large work table. Roderigo slams down a metal pipe on table as light snaps up. As the opening dialogue unfolds area lights in gargage come up to reveal two civil rights workers (one black and one white) tied to two chairs, their backs to each other DSR. Their mouths are gagged. DSL is a crate with a checkerboard game on top of it. The playing pieces are toy soldiers and flags painted to represent the Ameripan army and the Viet Cong. Two metal boxes are at either side.)

Roderigo Never tell me, I take it much unkindly
That thou Iago who hast made my purse,
As if the strings were thine, should'st know of this.

(giving Roderigo his money)

Iago But you not heare me.
If ever I did dream
Of such a matter. abhorre me.

(threatening with blow torch)

Roderigo Thou told'st me.
Thou did'st hold him in thy hate.

Now Sir, be judge your selfe,
Whether I in any just terme am Affin'd
To love the Moore?

Roderigo I would not follow him then.

Iago O Sir content you.
I follow him, to serve my turne upon him
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters
Cannot be truely follow'd.

(taking revolver out of holster and threatening black civil rights worker. Pulls trigger. Empty cartridge.)

You shall marke
Many a dutious and knee-crooking knave;
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)
Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,
For naught but Provender, and when he's old retired,
Whip me such honest knaves.

Others there are
Who trym'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And throwing but shoves of Service on their Lords
Doe well thrive by them.
And when they have lin'd their Coates
Doe themselves Homage.
These Fellowes have some soule.
And such a one do I profess my selfe.

For Sir

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moore I would not be Iago;
In following him, I follow but myself.
Heaven is my judge, not for love and dutie
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In Complement extreme, 'tis not long after
But I will weare my heart upon my sleeve
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.

Roderigo What a fair Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe
If he can carry't thus?

(PAUSE. Notices his hand is resting on the phone at the work table)

Iago Call up her Father:
Rowse him, make after him.

Incense her kinsmen.

And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell.
Plague him with Files: though that his Joy be Joy.
Yet throw such chances of vexation on' t.
As it may loose some colour.

Roderigo *(looking through phone book and dialing)*

Heere is her Fathers house. Ile call aloud.

(the phone rings three times in bedroom. On second ring USL iwindow gobo intensifies. Brabantio awakes and answers-phone.)

Iago Doe, with like timerous accent, and dire yell.
As when (by Night and Negligence) the fire
is spied in populus Churches.

Roderigo *(into telephone)* What hoa: Brabantio, Senator Brabantio, hoa.

Iago Awake: what hoa. Brabardio: Theeves. Theeves.
Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags.
Theeves, Theeves.

Brabantio What is the reason of this terrible
Summons?
What is the matter there?

Roderigo Senator is all your Familie within?

Iago Are your Doores lock'd?

Brabantio Why?
Wherefore ask you this?

Iago Sir, ye are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,
Your heart is burst, you have lost halfe your soule
Even now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram
Is tugging your white Ewe.
Arise, arise,
Awake to the snorting Cittizens with the Bell,
Or else the devill will make a Grand-sire of you.
Arise I say.

Brabantio What, have you lost your wits?

Roderigo Most reverend Sir, do you know my voice?

Brabantio Not I: what are you?

Roderigo My name is Roderigo?

Brabantio The worsser welcome:
I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:

Roderigo Sir

Brabantio In honest plainenesse thou hast heard me say ,
My Daughter is not for thee.

Roderigo Sir

Brabantio And now in madnesse
(Being full of Supper, and distempring draughtes)
Upon malicious knaverie, dost thou come
To start my quiet.

Roderigo Sir.

Brabantio But thou must needs be sure,
My spirits and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Roderigo Most grace Brabantio,
In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

Iago Sir: you are one of those that will not serve God,
if the devill bid you.
Because we come to do you service.,
and you thinke we are Ruffians, you'le have your Daugh-
ter cover'd with a Barbary horse, you'le have your Ne-
phewes neigh to you -

Brabantio What prophane wretch art thou?

Iago I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-
ter and the Moore, are making the Beast with two backs.

Brabantio Thou art a Villaine.

Iago You are a Senator.

Roderigo Sir

Brabantio I know thee Roderigo. This thou shalt answer.

And there will I be with him.

So farewell.

(glancing at phone and then back to Roderigo and exiting. Roderigo looks at phone, pauses looks at civil rights workers, then at blowtorch. He picks up blowtorch and starts to cross the room. Driving drums and scene change lighting. Clown continues agony dance USR and rings burnt out church bell. Police sirens are heard wailing in the soundscore mix [NOTE: during each scene change the clown further develops his voodon rituals].)

Roderigo Yes Sir: I have indeed.

Brabantio Call up your Brother: oh would you had had her.
Doe you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moore?

Roderigo I thinke I can discover him, if you please
To get good Guard, and go along with me.

Brabantio Pray you lead on.
On good Roderigo, at every house We call,
get Weapons (hoa)
And raise some speciall Officers of night:

(Deputy exits)

I will deserve your paines.

(Roderigo exits. Brabantio exits USR as Bianca re-enters with a lantern. Sound of car engine and truck pulling away. Blue light fades out. Silvio and Bianca help Clown up and start to exit DSL. Driving drums and scene change lighting. Clown performs healing dance upon himself and returns to USR platform as scene changes)

(moving onto street. Patron on bench exits)

For know Iago,
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into Circumscription, and Confine,
For the Seas worth. But looke, what Lights come yond?

(Enter Lt. Cassio and an F.B.I. agent)

Iago These are the raised Father, and his Friends:
You were best go in.

Othello Not I: I must be found.
My Parts, my Title, and my perfect Soule
Shall manifest me rightly.
Is it they?

Iago By Janus, I thinke no.

Othello The Servants of the Dukes?
And my Lieutenant?
The goodnesse of the Night upon you Friends
What is the Newes?

Cassio The Duke in urgent state has come hither
And he requires your haste, Post haste appearance,
Even on the instant.

Othello What is the matter thinke you?

Cassio Something from the capital as I may divine:
It is a businesse of some heate.
You have bin hotly call'd for,
When being not at your lodging to be found,
The Duke hath sent about three severall Quests,
To search you out.

Othello 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but spend a word here in the house.
And goe with you.

(enters diner)

Cassio Aunciant, what makes he heere?

Iago Faith, he to night hath boarded a Land Carract
If it prove lawfull prize. he made for ever.

Cassio I do not understand.

Iago He's married.

Cassio To who?
(Othello returns)

Iago Marry to _____ Come Captaine, will you go?

Othello Have with you.

Cassio Here comes another Troope to seeke for you.

Brabantio Where is the Moore?
(Enter Brabantio. Roderigo, Deputy, and Mob)

Iago It is Brabantio captaine be advis'd,
He comes to bad intent.

Othello Holla, stand there.

Roderigo Senator, it is the Moore.

Brabantio Downe with him, Theefe.

Iago You. Roderigo?
Come Sir, I am for you.

Roderigo Hang Him

Othello Good Sir, you shall more command with
yeares then with your Weapons

Brabantio O thou foule Theefe
Where hast thou stow'd my Daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchaunted her
For Ile referre me to all things of sense,
(If she in Chaines of Magick were not bound)
Whether a Maid, so tender, Faire, and Happie,
So opposite to Marriage, that she shun'd
The wealthy curled Deareling of our nation
Would ever have (t'encurre a generall mocke)
Run from her Guardage of the sootie bosome,
Of such a thing as thou: to feare, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not grosse in sense,
That thou hast practis'd on her with foule Charmes,

Abus'd her delicate Youth, with Drugs or Minerals,
That weakens Motion.

 He have't disputed on,
'Tis probable and palpable to thinking;
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuser of the World, a practiser
Of Arts inhibited, and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him, if he do resist
Subdue him, at his perill.

Othello Hold your hands
Both you of my inclining, and the rest.
Were it my Cue to fight, I should have knowne it
Without a Prompter.
 Whether will you that I goe
To answere this your charge?

Brabantio To Prison, till fit time
Of Law, and course of direct Session
Call thee to answer.

Othello What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith satisfi'd,
Whose Messengers are heere about my side,
Upon some present businesse of the State,
To bring me to him.

{**Cassio**} 'Tis true most worthy senator,
The Dukes in Counsell, and your Noble selfe.
I am sure is sent for.

Brabantio How?
 The Duke in Counsel? Here?
In this time of the night?
 Bring him away;

(Bianca enters)

Othello Arms!

(Cassio, Iago, and Agent draw guns and surround and protect Othello. They exit)

Brabantio Mine's not an idle Cause.
The Duke himselfe.
Or any of my Brothers of the State, I
Cannot but feele this wrong, as 'twere their owne:
For if such Actions may have passage free,

(noticing Bianca)

Bond-slaves. and Pagans shall our Statesmen be.

(Silvio enters and rushes Bianca offstage DSR. Brabantio, Roderigo, Deputy and Mob exit DSL after Othello. Driving drums and scene change lighting. Clown performs protection dance USR and as scene lights come up begins making a doll.)

For my perticular grieffe
Is of so flood gate, and ore-bearing Nature,
That it engulfs, and swallows other sorrowes,
And it is still it selfe.

Duke

Why?
What's the matter?

Brabantio

My Daughter: oh my Daughter.

Montano

Dead?

Brabantio

I, to me.
She is abus'd, stolne from me, and corrupted
By Spels, and Medicines, bought of Mountebanks;

Duke

Who ere he be, that in this foule proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your Daughter of her selfe,
And you of her; the bloodie Booke of Law,
You shall your selfe read, in the bitter letter,
After your owne sense:
yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your Action.

Brabantio

Humbly I thanke your Grace.
Here is the man; this Moore, whom now it seemes
Your speciall Mandate, for the State affaires
Hath hither brought.

Duke

What in your owne part, can you say to this?

Brabantio

Nothing, but this is so.

Othello

Most Potent, Grave, and Reveren'd Senator
My very Noble, and approv'd goad Masters;
That I have tane away this old mans Daughter,
It is most true: true I have married her;
The verie head, and front of my offending,
Hath this extent; no more.
Rude am I, in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of Peace;
For since these Armes of mine, had seven years pith,
Till now, some nine weeks wasted, the y have us'd
Their deerest action, in the Tented Field:
And little of this great world can I speake,
More then pertaines to Feats of Broiles and Battaile,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for my selfe.
Yet, (by your gracious patience)

I will a round un-varnish'd u Tale deliver
Of my whole course of Love.
What Drugges, what Charmes,
What Conjuraton, and what mighty Magicke,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withall)
I won his Daughter.

Brabantio

A Maiden, never bold:
Of Spirit so stil, and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at her selfe, and she, in spight of Nature
Of Yeares, of Country, Credite, every thing
To fall in love, with what she fear'd to looke on;
It is a judgement main'd and most imperfect
That will confesse Perfection so could erre
Against all rules of Nature, and must be driven
To find out practises of cunning hell
Why this should be.

I therefore vouch againe,
That with some Mixtures, powrefull o're the blood,
Or with some Dram, (conjur'd to this effect)
He wrought up on her.

Duke

To vouch this, is no prooffe,
Without more wider, and more over Test
Then these thin habits, and poore likely-hoods
Of moderne seeming, do prefer against him.

Lodovico

But Othello, speake.
Did you, by indirect, and forced courses
Subdue, and poyson this young Maides affections?
Or came it by request, and such faire question
As soule, to soule affordeth?

Othello

I do beseech you,
Send for the Lady to the Sagitary
And let her speake of me before her Father;
If you do finde me foule in her report,
The Trust, The Office, I do hold of you
Not onely take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke

Fetch Desdemona hither.

Othello

Anunciant, conduct them;
You best know the place.

(Montano and Iago exit)

And tell she come, as truly as to heaven,

I do confesse the vices of my blood,
So justify to your Grave eares, Ile present
How I did thrive in this faire Ladies love,
And she in mine.

Duke Say it Othello.

Othello Her Father lov'd me, oft invited me:
Still question'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battaile, Sieges, Fortune ,
That I have past.
I ran it through, even from my boyish daies,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances :
Of moving Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth scapes i'th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Insolent Foe,
And sold to slavery.

Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Travellours historie.

These things to heare,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house Affaires would draw her hence :
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
She'l'd come againe, and with a greedie eare
Devoure up my discourse.

I found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
I often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did speake of some distressfull stroke
That my youth suffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gave me for my paines a world of kisses:
She swore in faith 'twas strange: 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull .
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man.

She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would wooe her.

Upon this hint I spake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I had past,
And lov'd her, that she did pittie them.
This onely is the witch-craft I have us'd,
Here comes the Ladie: Let her witnesse it.

(enter Desdemona, Iago, and Montano)

Duke I thinke this tale would win my Daughter too.
Good Brabantio, take up this mangled matter at the best-

Brabantio I pray you heare her speake.
Come hither gentle Mistris,
Do you perceive in all this Noble Companie,
Where most you owe obedience.

Desdemona My noble Father,
I do perceive heere a divided dutie.
To you I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learne me,
How to respect you.
You are the Lord of duty,
I am hitherto your Daughter.
But heere's my Husband;
And so much dutie as my Mother shew'd
To you, preferring you before her Father:
So much I challenge that I may professe
Due to the Moore my Lord.

Brabantio God be with you: I have done.
Please it your Grace, on to the State Affaires;
I had rather to adopt a Child, then get it.
Looke to her Moore if thou hast eies to see:
She ha's deceiv'd her Father, and may thee.
For your sake Jewell
I am glad at soule, I have no other Child.
For thy escape would teach me Tirranie
To hang clogges on them.
I have done my Lord.

(exit Brabantio and Mob)

Duke *(handing Othello file, reports and photographs)*

The Press with a most mighty Preparation
makes for Cyprus: Othello, the Fortitude of the place is
best knowne to you.

And though we have there a Substi-
tute of most allowed sufficiencie; yet opinion, a more
soveraigne Mistris of Effeds, throwes a more safer
voice on you: you must therefore be content to stubber
the glosse of your new Fortunes, with this more stub-
borne, and boystrous expedition.

Othello I do undertake
This present warre against my Brothers
Most humbly therefore bending to your State.

I crave fit disposition for my Wife.

Duke If you please, Be't at her father's.

Othello I will not have it so.

Desdemona Nor would I there recide.
To put my Father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye.

Duke Be it as you shall privately determine.
Either for her stay, or going: th' Affaire cries hast:
And speed must answer it.
At nine i'th'morning, here wee'l meete againe.
Othello, leave some Officer behind
And he shall our Commission bring to you:
And such things else of qualitie and respect
As doth import you.

Othello So please your Grace, my Ancient,
A man he is of honesty and trust:
To his conveyance I assigne my wife,
With what else needfull, your good Grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke Let it be so.

(exit Duke, Lodovico, Cassio, and Agents)

Montano Look to her Moore.

(exit Montano)

Othello My life upon her faith.
Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I prythee send for thy wife to attend on her,
And bring them to safe and secret lodgings.
Come Desdemona, I have but an houre
Of love, of wordly matter, and direction
To spend with thee.

We must obey the time.

(Othello and Desdemona exit. Iago watches them and reaches for phone. He dials the Operator and sighs heavily. Scene change lighting and Roy Orbison's "Blue Bayou" plays. Clown walks through scene change gathering grass and herbs. As scene change ends he is kneeling into the swamp water and pulling out leaves.)

DAY TWO

Scene Five. a dock. 0100 hrs.

(Lights up to reveal Roderigo walking on dock carrying his lantern. Clown scurries under dock. Roderigo sits and stares into water. The sound of a car pulling up offstage USL. Headlights glow in the mist. A figure enters USL)

Roderigo Iago.

Iago What saist thou Noble heart?

Roderigo What will I do, think'st thou?

Iago Why go to bed and sleepe.

Roderigo I will incontinently drowne my selfe.

Iago 'If thou do'st, I shall never love thee after.

Why

thou silly Gentleman?

Roderigo It is sillynesse to live, when to live is torment:
and then have we a prescription to dye, when death is
our Physition.

(jumping into swamp)

Iago Oh villanous: I have look'd upon the world
for foure times seven yeares, and since I could distinguish
betwixt a Benefit, and an Injurie: I never found man that
knew how to love himselfe.

Ere I would say, I would
drowne my selfe for the love of a Gynney Hen, I would
change my Humanity with a Baboone.

(dragging Roderigo onto the dock)

Roderigo I confesse it is my shame
to be so fond, but it is not in my vertue to amend it.

Iago Vertue?

A figge, 'tis in our selves that we are
thus, or thus.

Our Bodies are our Gardens, to the which,
our Wills are Gardiners.

So that if we will plant Nettels, or sowe Lettice: Set Hisope, and weede up Time: Supplie it with one gender of Hearbes, or distract it with many: either to have it sterrill with idlenesse, or manured with Industry, why the power, and Corrigeable authoritie of this lies in our Wills.

If the braine of our lives had not one Scale of Reason, to poize another of Sensualitie, the blood, and basenesse of our Natures would conduct us to most prepostrous Conclusions.

But we have Reason to coole our raging Motions, our carnall Stings, or unbitted Lusts: whereof I take this, that you call Love, to be a Sect, or Seyen.

Roderigo

It cannot be.

Iago

It is meerly a Lust of the blood, and a permission of the will.

Come, be a man: drowne thy selfe?

Drown

Cats, and blind Puppies.

I have profest me thy Friend, and I confesse me knit to thy deserving, with Cables of perdurable toughnesse.

I could never better steed thee then now.

I say put Money in thy purse.

It cannot be long that Desdemona should continue her love to the Moore, nor he his to her.

It was a violent Commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable Sequstration, put but Money in thy purse.

These Moores are changeable in their wills: fill thy purse with Money. The Food that to him now is as lushious as Locusts, shalbe to him shortly, as bitter as Coloquintida.

She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body she will find the errors of her choice.

Therefore make Money and thou shalt enjoy her.

For if thou wilt needs damne thy selfe, do it a more delicate way then drowning.

Seeke thou rather to be hang'd in Compassing thy joy, then to be drown'd, and go without her.

She ha's done my Office.

I know not if't be true,
But I, for meere suspition in that kinde,
Will do, as if for Surety.

He holds me well,
The better shall my purpose worke on him:
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now,

(tearing photo in half)

To get his Place, and to plume up my will
In double Knavery.

How?

How?

Let's see.

(reopening hand wound and letting blood drip on photo)

After some time, to abuse Othello's eares, That he is too familiar
with his wife:

He hath a person, and smooth dispose
To be suspected: fram'd to make women false.

The Moore is of a free, and open Nature,
That thinkes men honest, that but seeme to be so,
And will as tenderly be lead by'th' Nose

As Asses are:

I have't: it is engendred: Hell, and Night,
Must bring this monstrous Birth, to the worlds light.

(lights photo on fire and drops it into swamp. He exits. Car headlights pull away. Clown crawls onto dock. He touches a drop blood on dock and licks it. He hisses and convulses at the taste of it. Scene change lighting and "Harmonic Choir" plays.)

Scene Six. a farmhouse. 0130 hrs.

(Lights up to reveal Silvio mopping. Bianca scraping plates, and Clown sitting at large table constructing doll. Instrumental version of “Are You Lonesome Tonight?” plays on radio)

Silvio If the duke with the other dukes come not
to composition with the Senator,
why then all the dukes fall upon the Senator.

Clown Heaven grant us its peace, but not the Senator.

Bianca Amen.

Clown Thou shalt not steal?

Silvio Thou conclud’st like the santimonious pirate,
that went to sea with the Ten Commandments,
but scrap’d one out of the table.

Clown Thou shalt not steal?

Bianca Ay, that he raz’d,

(PAUSE. Silvio attempts to dance with Bianca. She pushes him away and sits at table and applies make-up)

Silvio A Huswife that by selling her desires
Buyes her selfe Bread and Cloath

(snaps off radio)

It is a Creature
That dotes on Cassio,

(begins leafing through bible)

Bianca Thou art always figuring diseases in me, but faith,
I’m sound.

Clown How now which one of your hips has the most profound
sciattica?

Silvio *(reading)* as tis the Strumpet’s plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil’d by one .

Bianca Fie on’t.

(she storms out)

Silvio

He when he heares of her cannot restraine
From the excess of Laughter.

(Clown shuts Silvio's bible and shows him doll. They both look in the direction Bianca exited. "Harmonic Choir" and scene change lighting.)

- I finde it still, when I have leave to sleepe.
Marry before your Ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
- Emilia** You have little cause to say so.
- Iago** Come on, come on: you are Pictures out of
Doore: Bells in your Parlours: Wilde-Cats in your Kit-
chens: Saints in your Injuries: Divels being offended:
Players in your Huswiferie, and Harlots in your
Beds.
- Desdemona** Oh, fie upon thee, Slanderer.
- Iago** Nay, it is true:
You rise to play, and go to bed to worke.
- Emilia** You snail not write my praise.
- Iago** No, let me not.
- Desdemona** What would'st write of me, if thou should'st
praise me?
- Iago** Oh, gentle Lady, do not put me too't,
For I am nothing, if not Criticall,
- Desdemona** Come on, assay.
There's one gone to fetch him.
- Cassio** I Madam.
- Desdemona** Come, how would'st thou praise me?
- Iago** I am about it, but indeed my invention comes
from my pate, as Birdlyme do's from Freeze, it pluckes
out Braines and all.
But my Muse labours, and thus she
Is deliver'd.
*If she be faire, and wise: fairnesse, and wit,
The ones for use, the other useth it.*
- Desdemona** Well prais'd:
How if she be Blacke and Witty?
- Iago** *If she be blacke, and thereto have a wit
She'le find a white, that shall her blacknesse fit.*

- Desdemona** Worse, and worse.
- Emilia** How if Faire, and Foolish?
- Iago** *She never yet was foolish that was faire,
For even her folly helpt her to an heire.*
- Desdemona** These are old fond Paradoxes, to make Fooles
laugh i'th' Akehouse.
What miserable praise hast thou
for her that's Foule, and Foolish.
- Iago** *There's none so foule and foolish thereunto,
But do's foule pranks, which faire, and wise -ones do.*
- Desdemona** Oh heavy ignorance: thou praisest the worst
best.
But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deser-
ving woman indeed?
One, that in the authority of her
merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice it selfe.
- Iago** *She that was ever faire, and never proud
Had tongue at will, but never flaunted dress;
Repressed her-desires. but knew when to say 'yes';
She who, aggrieved, and with vengeance at hand
Suffered the wrong, and let temper disband;
She whose behaviour was never so stupid
That bad became worse, dictated by Cupid;
She who could think, but not speak her mind;
See suitors pursue, and not look behind;
She was a wench, if such a wench was ever –*
- Desdemona** To do what?
- Iago** To suckle Fooles, and talk about the weather.
(Emilia exits into motel)
- Desdemona** Oh most lame and impotent conclusion.
Do
not learne of him Emilia though he be thy husband..
How say you Cassio is he not a most prophane, and li-
berall Counsailor.
- Cassio** He speakes home Madam you may relish
him more in the Souldier, then in the Scholler.
- Desdemona** I think there be more matter doth meet the eye.

(Othello and Lodovico enter)

Othello O, my faire Warriour.

Desdemona My deere Othello.

Othello Oh my Soules Joy:

Desdemona The Heavens forbid
But that our Loves
And Comforts should encrease
Even as our dayes do grow.

Othello Amen to that (sweet Powers)
I cannot speake enough of this content,
It stoppes me heere: it is too much of joy
And this, and this the greatest discords be

(They kiss)

That ere our hearts shall make.

Iago ‘Oh you are well tun’d now: But Ile set downe
the peggs that make this Musicke, as honest as I am.

Othello Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I doate
In mine owne comforts.
I prythee, good Iago,
Go to the Bay, and disimbarke my Officers
For the youths must be found by light of day
And thou dost know the best means and way
Come Desdemona.

(Othello and Desdemona exit into motel)

Iago Do thou meet me presently at the search site.

(Agents and Lodovico exit)

Come thither, if thou be ’st Valiant, (as they say base men
being in Love, have then a Nobilitie in their Natures,
more then is native to them).

(Montano exits)

Scene Eight. a truck, a swamp. 1015 hrs

(continuous action from previous scene. Iago and Roderigo sitting in front seat of pick-up truck.)

Iago

List me:

(Roderigo unlocks door)

Lay thy finger thus:

(Instructing Roderigo to give Deputy secret three finger Klan code. Deputy exits)

and let thy soule be instructed.

(Roderigo turns ignition and they start driving. Sound cues. Roderigo turns on radio. "Memphis" plays. Iago turns volume down)

The Lieutenant to-night watches on the Court of Guard

First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona, is directly in love with him.

Roderigo

With him?

Why, 'tis not possible. I

Iago

Marke me with what violence she first lov'd the Moore, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies.

To love him still for prating, let not thy discreet heart thinke it.

Her eye must be fed.

And what delight shall she have to looke on the divell?

When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport there should be a game to enflame it, and to give Satiety a fresh appetite Loveliness in favour, sympathy in { }, Manner, and Beauties: all which the Moore is defective in.

Now for want of these requir'd Conveniences, her delicate tendernesse wil finde it selfe abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhorre the Moore, very Nature wil

instruct her in it, and compell her to some second choice.
Now Sir, this granted (as it is a most pregnant and un-
Forc'd position) who stands so eminent in the degree of
this Fortune, as Cassio do's:

A pestilent compleat knave, and the
Woman hath found him already.

(coming to a sudden stop)

Roderigo I cannot beleave that in her, she's full of most
bless'd condition.

Iago Bless'd figges-end.

The Wine she drinkes is
made of grapes.

If shee had beene bless'd shee would
never have lov'd the Moore: Bless'd pudding.

Didst thou
not see her paddle with the palme of his hand?

Didst not
marke that?

Roderigo Yes, that I did: but that was but curtesie.

Iago Leacherie by this hand: an Index, and obscure
prologue to the History of Lust and foule Thoughts.
They met so neere with their lippes, that their breathes
embrac'd together.

Villanous thoughts Roderigo, when
these mutabilities so marshall the way, hard at hand
comes the Master, and maine exercise, th' incorporate
conclusion: Pish.

But Sir, be you rul'd by me.

(getting out of truck. Roderigo follows him)

Watch you tonight: for
The Command, Ile lay't upon you. Cassio
knows you not: Ile not be farre from you.

Do you finde some oc-
casion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or
tainting his discipline, or from what other course
you please, which the tine shall more favourably mi-
nister.

Roderigo Right.

(returns to truck)

Iago Sir, he's rash, and very sodaine in Choller: and happily may strike at you, provoke him that he may: for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to Mutiny. Whose qualification shall come into no true taste a-Gaine, but by the displanting of Cassio.

(sitting in truck)

So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the meanes I shall then have to preferre them.

And the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperitie.

Roderigo I will do this, if you can bring it any opportunity.

(Climbing into truck)

Iago I warrant thee.

(they both shut doors at same time. Roderigo attempts to turn key in ignition. Fails to turn over. 3 attempts later and Roderigo retrieves gas can from back of truck)

Farewell.

Roderigo Adieu.

(Roderigo exits DSR)

Iago *(exiting truck)*

That Cassio loves her. I do well beleev' t:
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great Credite.
The Moore (how be it that I endure him not)
Is of a constant, loving, Noble Nature,
And I dare thinke, he'le prove to Desdemona
A most deere husband.

Now I do love her too,
Not out of absolute Lust. {though peradventure
I stand accomptant for as great a sin)

The thought whereof.
Doth (like a poysonous Minerall) gnaw my Inwardes:
And nothing can, or shall content my Soule
Till I am eeven'd with him wife, for wife.

(hears rattlesnake [Clown with a rattle on USR platform] and draws his gun)

Or fayling soyet that I put the Moore,
At least into a Jelouzie so strong
That judgement cannot cure.

Which thing to do,
If this poore Trash of Cypress whom I trace
For his quicke hunting, stand the putting on,
Ile have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moore, in the right garbe
(For I feare Cassio with my Night-Cape too)

(shooting photograph)

Make the Moore thanke me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an Asse.
And practising upon his peace, and quiet,
Even to madnesse.

‘Tis heere: but yet confus’d,
Knaveries plaine face, is never seene, till us’d.

*(snap into scene change lighting as “Memphis” plays. Clown does
dance with a rooster on USSR platform)*

Scene Nine. a motel room. 2100 hrs.

(Lights up to reveal Bianca and Cassio on a bed after making love.)

Cassio What are you married?

Bianca No, my Lord.

Cassio A widow then?

Bianca Neither my Lord

Cassio Why you are nothing then:
neither maid, widow nor wife?

Bianca My Lord.

Cassio Tis but a jest. Thou hast my love,
is not that neighbourly?

Bianca I would have you.

(Cassio laughs and crosses to vanity. He puts on his glasses and takes a Klan pamphlet out of his open briefcase. He reads it while sipping on a glass of wine. Bianca snatches it from him. He playfully chases her around the bed. She won't hand it over. He begins to dress. She reads the pamphlet aloud)

Bianca Certaine tydings now arriv'd
importing the meere perdition of the Magnolia State,
every man put himselfe into wariness.
Some to pray, some to make Bonfires

(getting up as she realizes implications)

each man to what Sport and Revels his addition leads him.

For besides these Northern Newes,
it is the Celebration of his Nuptiall,
bruising hearts pierced through the ear.
Heaven blesse the state of Mississippi and send back this Moor.

(Cassio takes the pamphlet back and returns it to his briefcase. He watches Bianca's fear. He checks his watch, reacts, and exits hurriedly. Bianca collapses on bed. "Harmonic Choir" and scene change lighting. Clown sacrifices rooster.)

- Cassio** An inviting eye:
And yet me thinkes right modest.
- Iago** And when she speakes,
Is it not an Alarum to Love?
- Cassio** She is indeed perfection.
- Iago** Well: happinesse to their Sheetes.
Come Lieu-
tenant, I have a stope of Wine, and heere without are a
brace of Cyprus Gallants, that would faine have a mea-
sure to the health of blacke Othello.
- Cassio** Not to night, good Iago, I have very poore,
and unha ppie Braines for drinking.
- Iago** Oh, they are our friends: but one Cup, Ie
drinke for you.
- Cassio** I have drunke but one Cup to night, and that
was craftily qualified too: and behold what innovation
it makes heere.
I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and
dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.
- Iago** What man?
'Tis a night of Revels, the Gal-
lants desire it.
- Montano** Good-faith a little one: not past a pint, as I am a
Souldier.
- Iago** Some Wine hoa.
- Montano** *And let me the Klannakin clinke, clinke:
And let me the Klannikin clinke.
A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but the Klan.
Why then let a Souldier drinke.*
- And let me the Klannakin clinke, clinke:
And let me the Klannikin clinke.
A Souldiers a man: Oh, mans life's but the Klan.
Why then let a Souldier drinke.*
- Some Wine Boyes.
- Cassio** 'Fore Heaven': an excellent Song.

Iago Will you heare't againe.

Cassio No: for I hold him to be unworthy of his Place,
that do's those things.

Well: heav'ns above all: and
there be soules must be saved, and there be soules must
not be saved.

Iago It's true, good Lieutenant.

Cassio For mine owne part, no offence to the Captain
nor any man of qualitie: I hope to be saved.

Iago And so do I too Lieutenant.

Cassio I: (but by your leave) not before me.

(2 Agents enter DSL)

The Lieutenant is to be saved before the Ancient.

Let's have
no more of this: let's to our Affaires.

'Forgive us our
sinnes: Gentlemen let's looke to our businesse.

Do not
Thinke Gentlemen. I am drunke: this is my Ancient, this
is my right hand. and this is my left.

(Lodovico enters USC)

I am not drunke
now: I can stand well enough, and I speake well enough.

Lodovico Excellent well.

Cassio Why very well then: you must not thinke then,
that I am drunke.

(Cassio exits)

Montano To the docks Masters come. let's set the
Watch.

(Montano helps Cassio exit DSL with mob)

Iago You see this Fellow, that is gone before,
'Tis pittie of him:
On some odde time of his infirmitie
Will shake this whistle-stop.

Lodovico But is he often thus?

Iago 'Tis evermore his prologue to his sleepe.

Lodovico It were well
The Captain were put in mind of it:
Perhaps he sees it not, or his good nature
Prizes' the vertue that appears in Cassio,
And lookes not on his evils: is not this true.

(Roderigo enters)

Iago How now Roderigo?
I pray you after the Lieutenant, go.

(Roderigo exits)

Lodovico It were an honest Action, to say so
To the Moore.

Iago Not I,
I do love Cassio well: and would do much
To cure him of this evill. But hearke what noise?

Roderigo Monkey Lover

(Enter Cassio pursuing Roderigo)

Cassio You Rogue: you Rascall.

Lodovico What's the matter Lieutenant?

Cassio A Knave teach me my dutie?
Ile beate the
Knave into a Twiggen-Bottle.

Roderigo Beate me.

Cassio Dost thou prate, Rogue?

(Cassio beating Roderigo)

Lodovico Nay, good Lieutenant:

Montano I pray you Sir, hold your hand.

Cassio Let me go Sir
Or Ile knocke you o're the Mazard.

Montano Come, come: you're drunke.

Cassio Drunke?

(Cassio and Montano fight)

Iago Away I say: go and cry a Mutinie.
Nay good Lieutenant.

Alas Gentlemen:

Helpe hoa.

(Lodovico exits into motel)

Lieutenant.

Sir Montano:

Helpe Masters.

Heere's a goodly watch indeed.

(Iago rings bell. Agents try to break {up the fight between} them. A free-for-all.)

Fie, fie Lieutenant,

You'le be asham'd for ever.

(enter Othello and Lodovico)

Othello What is the matter heere?
Hold for your lives.

Iago Hold hoa: Lieutenant, Sir Montano, Gentlemen:
Have you forgot all place of sense and dutie?
Hold.

The Captain speaks to you: hold for shame.

Othello Why how now hoa?
For Christian shame, put by this barbarous Brawle:
He that stirs next, to carve for his owne rage,
Holds his soule light: He dies upon his Motion.

(Iago silences Roderigo and Roderigo exits)

Who began this?

On thy love I charge thee, Iago?

Iago I do not know: Friends all, but now, even now.
In Quarter, and in termes like Bride, and Groome
Devesting them for Bed: and then, but now:
Fists out, and tilting one at others breastes.

Othello How comes it Michael you are thus forgot?

Cassio I pray you pardon me, I cannot speake.

Othello Montano what's the matter
That you unlace your reputation thus.
And spend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler?

Montano Your Officer Iago, can informe you.

I

Othello What in a Towne of hate
Yet wilde, the peoples hearts brim-full of feare,
To Manage private, and domesticke Quarrell?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safetie?
- Iago, who began't?

Montano If thou dost deliver more, or lesse then Truth,
Thou art no Souldier.

Iago I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Then it should do offence to Michael Cassio.
Sir, men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet surely Cassio I beleeeve receiv'd
From him that fled, some strange indignitie,
Which patience could not passe.

Othello I know Iago
Thy honestie, and love doth make this matter.
Making it light to Cassio: Cassio, I love thee,
But never more be Officer of mine.

(takes Cassio's gun and badge)

(enter Desdemona and Emilia)

Looke if my gentle Love be not rais'd up:
He make thee an example.

Desdemona What is the matter Deere?

Othello All's well, Sweeting:
Come away to bed
Lead him off:

(Montano, Deputy, and Mob members exit)

Iago, looke with care about the Towne,

And silence those whom this vil'd brawle distracted.
Come Desdemona, 'tis the Soldiers life,
To have their Balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

*(Othello, Desdemona, and Lodovico exit into motel. Agents exit
DSL. Emilia exits back into room DSR)*

Iago What are you hurt Lieutenant?

Cassio I, past all Surgery.

Iago Marry Heaven forbid.

Cassio Reputation, Reputation, Reputation: Oh I have
lost my Reputation.

I have lost the immortall part of
myselfe, and what remaines is bestiall.

My Reputation,
Iago, my Reputation.

Iago Reputation is an idle, and most false
imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without de-
serving.

You have lost no Reputation at all, unlesse you
repute your selfe such a looser.

What man, there are
more wayes to recover the Captain againe.

You are
but now cast in his moode, (a punishment more in poli-
cie, then in malice) even so as one would beate his of-
fencelesse dogge, to affright an Imperious Lyon.

Sue to
him againe, and he's yours.

Cassio I will rather sue to be despis'd, then to deceive
so good a Commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so
indiscreet an Officer.

Drunke?

Iago Come. come: good wine, is a good familiar
Creature, if it be well us'd: exclaime no more against it.
And good Lieutenant, I thinke, you thinke I love you.

Cassio I have well approved it, Sir.

I drunke?

Iago You, or any man living, may be drunke at a
time man.

I tell you what you shall do: Our Captain's

Wife, is now the Captain.

I may say so, in this respect,
for that he hath devoted, and given up himselfe to the
Contemplation, marke: and devotement of her parts
and Graces.

Confesse your selfe freely to her: Impor-
tune her helpe to put you in your place againe.

She is
of so free, so kinde, so apt, so blessed a disposition,
she holds it a vice in her goodnesse, not to do more
then she is requested.

Cassio You advise me well, and betimes in the mor-
ning, I will beseech the vertuous Desdemona to undertake
for me: I am desperate of my Fortunes if they check me.

Iago You are in the right: good night Lieutenant, I
must go to the Watch.

Cassio Good night, honest Iago.

(Cassio exits. Roderigo rushes in, knocking Iago down)

Iago How now Roderigo.

Roderigo My Money is almost spent; I have bin to night
exceedingly well Cudgell'd: And I thinke the issue
will bee, I shall have so much experience for my paines;
And so, with no money at all, and a little more Wit, re-
turne againe home.

Iago Dos't not go well?

Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hath casheer'd Cassio:
For whiles this honest Foole
Plies Desdemona, to repaire his Fortune,
And she for him, pleades strongly to the Moore,
Ile powre this pestilence into his eare:
That she repeales him, for her bodies Lust
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credite with the Moore.
Content thy selfe, a-while.

(Rooster crow)

In troth 'tis Morning;
Pleasure, and Action, make the houres seeme short.
Retire thee, go where thou art Billited:
Away, I say, thou shalt know more heereafter:

Nay get thee gone.

(Roderigo exits)

Divinitie of hell,

Two things are to be done:

My Wife must move for Cassio to her Mistris:

Ile set her on my selfe, a while, to draw the Moor apart,

And bring him jumpe, when he may Cassio finde

Soliciting his wife: I, that's the way:

Dull not Device, by coldness, and delay.

(Iago exits into motel)

DAY THREE

Scene Eleven. the motel. 0700 hrs.

(Morning before the motel. The sun is again beating down. Black F.B.I. agent enters and sits on steps wiping brow. Clown enters from DSR and sits on barrel SL. The agent and he acknowledge one another. Emilia enters from USR and crosses to USL. Cassio enters from DSR and pauses before approaching agent.)

Cassio I pray you send the lady hither,

(Agent takes out his I.D. and shows it to Cassio. Clown laughs with Agent. Cassio approaches Clown and takes out a couple of bills)

Sirrah?

(Clown stares at him. Rises. Suddenly he plucks a hair off of Cassio's head. Agent laughs. Clown starts to exit into motel. Cassio is puzzled and uncomfortable. He touches his head and begins to sit on his briefcase when Silvio enters from DSL singing "O Mistress Mine." He stops upon seeing Cassio. There is an awkward silence and he resumes singing pointedly at Cassio. Clown re-enters)

Clown Why Masters, hath your Instrument bin in N'Orleans
that it speake i'th'Nose thus?

F.B.I. Agent How Sir? how?

(pointing to Silvio)

Clown Is that, I pray you, a winde instrument?

Silvio I marry it is sir.

(referring to his crotch)

Clown Oh, thereby hangs a tale.

Silvio Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clown Marry sir, by many a winde Instrument that I
know.

(mocking Cassio. Agent, Clown, and Silvio laughing. Emilia re-

enters USL and exits USR)

Cassio Dost thou heare me, mine honest Friend?

Silvio No, I heare not you honest Friend: I heare you.

Cassio Prythee keepe up thy Quillets.

(Iago enters from motel)

Iago Lieutenant.

(gesturing Agent to exit)

Cassio In happy time.

(to Silvio who then exits DSL)

Iago?

Iago You have not bin a-bed then?

Cassio Why no: the day had broke before we parted.
I have made bold Iago to send in to your wife:
My suite to her is, that she will to vertuous Desdemona
Procure me some accesse.

Iago Ile send her to you presently:
And Ile devise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your converse and businesse
May be more free.

(Iago exits into motel)

Cassio I humbly thanke you for't.
I never knew
an American more kinde, and honest.

(Clown exits DSL. Emilia and Iago enter USR from motel. Iago pushes her toward Cassio. He watches her from USL)

Emilia Goodmorrow good Lieutenant I am sorrie
For your displeasure: but all will sure be well.
The Captain and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly.
The Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great Fame in Cyprus,
And great Affinitie: and that in wholsome Wisedome
He might not but refuse you.

But he protests he loves you
And needs no other Suitor, but his likings
To bring you in againe.

Cassio Yet I bessech you
If you thinke fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some breefe Discourse
With Desdemon alone.

Emilia Pray you come in:

(Iago exits USL)

I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speake your bosome freely.

Cassio I am much bound to you.

(Emilia and Cassio exit into motel. Driving drums and scene change lighting. Clown performs dance with Cassio's hair ending with his fingers forming a binocular-like mask spying on the opening of the next scene.)

Scene Twelve. a swamp. 0900 hrs.

(Mist. The bodies of the two civil-rights workers from the opening scene are covered with black body bags. 1st Agent kneeling over them, as scene begins, pulling bags over their faces and then removing latex gloves. 2nd agent kneeling into swamp and recovering from vomiting. Othello stands with Iago US of the bodies. Montano and Deputy watch in the shadows USL)

1st F.B.I. Agent For sooth they did swallow fire

2nd F.B.I. Agent He was my kinsman

Othello These letter send Iago to the Duke
And by him do my duties to the Senate:
That done, I will be taking in the ruins,
Repaire there to mee.

Iago Well, my good Lord, Ile doo't.

(exits DSR)

Othello This sanctuary (Gentlemen) shall we see't?

(exits DSR)

2nd Agent I'll waite upon your Lordship.

(snap into driving drums and scene change lighting. Clown performs a frenetic warning dance ending with the crushing of a large rock which cues the start of the next scene.)

Scene Thirteen. a motel room. 1300 hrs.

(Iago's motel room. Desdemona sitting on end of bed in discussion with Cassio who sits on chair by vanity SL. Emilia is smoking and watching out window USL)

Desdemona Be thou assur'd (good Cassio) I will do
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

Emilia Good Madam do:
I warrant it grieves my Husband,
As if the cause were his.

Desdemona Do not doubt Cassio
But I will have my Lord, and you againe
As friendly as you were.

Cassio Madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never any thing but your true Servant.

Emilia Madam, heere comes my Lord.

Cassio Madam, Ile take my leave.

Desdemona Why stay, and heare my speake.

Cassio Madam, not now: I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine owne purposes.

Desdemona Well do your discretion.

(Cassio exits USR as Iago and Othello enter from USL. Othello is busy reading reports)

Iago Hah?
I like not that.

Othello What dost thou say.

Iago Nothing my Lord; or if – I know not what.

(Iago and Othello enter room)

Desdemona How now my Lord?
I have bin talking with a Suitor heere,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Iago My Noble Lord.

Othello What dost thou say, Iago?

Iago Did Michael Cassio
When he woo'd my Lady, know of your love?

Othello He did, from first to last.
Why dost thou aske?

Iago But for a satisfaction of my Thought,
No further harme.

Othello Why of thy thought, Iago?

Iago I did not thinke he had bin acquainted with her.

Othello O yes, and went betweene us very oft.

Iago Indeed?

Othello Indeed?
I indeed.
Discern'st thou ought in that?
Is he not honest?

Iago Honest, my Lord?

Othello Honest?
I, Honest.

Iago My Lord, for ought I know.

Othello What do'st thou think?

Iago Thinke, my Lord?

Othello Thinke. By heavens he echoes me. Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say even now, thou likes't not that,
When Cassio left my wife. If thou do'st love me
Show me thy thoughts.

Iago My Lord, you know I love you.

Othello I thinke thou do'st:

Iago For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworne, I thinke that he is honest.

- Othello** I thinke so too.

(*pause*)
- Iago** Men should be what they seem.
- Othello** Certaine men should be what they seem.
- Iago** Why then I thinke Cassio's an honest man.
- Othello** Nay, yet there's more in this?
I prythee speake to me, as to thy thinkings.
- Iago** Good my Lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to:
Utter my thoughts?
- Othello** Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago
If thou but think'st him wrong'd and makest
his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
- Iago** It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
To let you know my thoughts.
- Othello** Zounds!
- Iago** Good name in Man, and woman (deere my Lord)
Is the immediate Jewell of their Soules;
Who steales my purse, steales trash:
'Tis something, nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has bin slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good Name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poore indeed.
- Othello** Ile know thy Thoughts.
- Iago** Oh beware my Lord, of jealousy
It is the greene-ey'd Monster, which doth mocke
The meate it feeds on.
- Othello** Why? Why is this?
Think'st thou, I'd make a Life of Jealousie:
To follow still the changes of the Moone
With fresh suspitions? No Iago,
Ile see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove.

Iago I speake not yet of prooffe:
Looke to your wife, observe her well with Cassio,
She did deceive her Father, marrying you,
And when she seem'd to shake, and feare your lookes,
She lov'd them most.

Othello And so she did.

Iago Why go too then:
Shee that so young could give out such a Seeming
To seele her Fathers eyes up, close as Oake,
He thought 'twas Witchcraft.
But I am much too blame:
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

Othello I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago I see this hath a little dash'd your Spirits.

Othello Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago Trust me, I feare it has:
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from your Love.
Cassio's my worthy Friend:
My Lord. I see y'are mov'd.

Othello No, not much mov'd:
I do not thinke but Desdemona's honest.

Iago Long live she so;
And long live you to thinke so.

Othello And yet how Nature erring from itselife.

Iago I, there's the point:
As (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many proposed Matches
Of her owne Clime, Complexion, and Degree,
one may smel in such a will most ranke,
Foule disproportions, Thoughts unnaturall.

Othello Enough.

Desdemona How now, my deere Othello?

*(Desdemona and Emilia enter USL. Othello exits room.
Desdemona crosses to him)*

Othello If she be false, Heaven mock'd it selfe:
Ile not beleev't.

Desdemona Your dinner attends your presence.
Are you not well?

Othello I have a paine upon my Forehead, heere.

Desdemona Why that's with watching, 'twill away againe.
Let me but binde it hard, within this houre
It will be well.

Othello Your napkin is too little:

(She drops her handkerchief)

Let it alone: Come, Ile go in with you.

Desdemona I am very sorry that you are not well.

*(Othello and Desdemona exit USL. Emilia picks up handkerchief
and enters motel room)*

Iago How now?
What do you heere alone?

Emilia Do not you chide: I have a thing for you.

Iago You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing.

Emilia Hah?

Iago To have a foolish wife.

Emilia Is that all?
What will you give me now
For that same Handkerchiefe.

Iago What Handkerchiefe?

Emilia What Handkerchiefe?
That which you did bid me steale.

Iago Hast stolne it from her?

Emilia No: but she let it drop by negligence.
Looke, heere 'tis.

Iago Give it me.

Emilia What will you do with't, that you have bene
so earnest to have me filch it?

Iago Why, what is that to you?

(taking handkerchief)

Emilia If it be not for some purpose of import,
Giv't me againe.
Poore Lady, shee'l run mad
When she shall lacke it.

Iago I have use for it. Go leave me.

(Emilia exits)

I will in Cassio's Lodging loose this Napkin,
And let him finde it. And then to find the Moore.

(Iago exits. Driving drums and scene change lighting. Clown {...}.)

Where's Satisfaction?

It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkeyes.

Othello Give me a living reason she's disloyall.

Iago Roomed I will Cassio lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleepe.

There are a kinde of men,
So loose of Soule, that in their sleepes will mutter
Their Affayres: one of this kinde is Cassio:
In sleepe heard him say, let us hide our Loves
And then Sir would he gripe, and wring my hand:
Cry, oh sweet Creature: then kisse me hard,
As if he pluckt up kisses by the rootes
That grew upon his lippes, laid his Leg ore my Thigh,
And sigh, and kisse, and then cry cursed Fate,
That gave thee to the Moore.

Othello Ile tear her all to peeces.

Iago Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seene a Handkerchiefe,
Intricately worked with lace in your wives hand?

Othello I gave her such a one

Iago I know not that: but such a one
(I am sure it was your wives) did I to day
See Cassio wipe his Brow with.

(Pause)

Othello If it be that.

Iago If it be that, or any, It was hers.
It speakes against her with the other proofes.

Othello Now do I see 'tis true.
O that the Slave had forty thousand lives:
One is too poore, too weake for my revenge.

Iago Yet be content.

Othello Oh blood, blood, blood

Iago Patience I say: your minde may change.

Othello Never Iago.
my bloody thoughts, with violent pace
Shall nev'r looke backe, nev'r ebbe to humble Love,
Till that a capeable, and wide Revenge
Swallow them up.
Now by yond Marble Heaven,
In the due reverence of a Sacred vow,
I heere engage my words.

(he kneels)

Iago Do not rise yet:

(he kneels)

Witnesse you ever-burning Lights above,
You Elements, that clip us round about,
Witnesse that heere Iago doth give up
The execution of his will, hands, heart,
To wrong 'd Othello's Service.

(They rise)

Othello Within these three dayes let me heare thee say,
That Cassio's not alive.

Iago My Friend is dead:
'Tis done at your Request.
But let her live.

Othello Damne her lewde Minx.
O damne her,
Now art thou my lieutenant.

(exits DSR)

Iago I am you owne for ever.

(exits DSR. Black-out. opening Drums fade in.)

(Intermission)

DAY FOUR

Scene Fifteen. the motel. 0700 hrs.

(Halfway through the intermission Clown enters with a bucket. Relaxes under the hot sun. He crosses down to swamp and begins searching in the water for something. He finds a crystal (an object used for fortune-telling in the Voodon religion) and crosses USR and sits on barrel. He puts the crystal in the bucket of water and begins his ritual of future-sight. Silvio enters and sits beside him watching his ritual quietly. Clown puts crystal in his pocket. He hands Silvio the doll he has completed making, Cassio's hair, and a needle. Houselights go out as Desdemona and Emilia enter USL from motel and cross to DSL)

Desdemona Do you know Sirrah, where Lieutenant Cassio lyes?

Silvio I dare not say he lies any where.

Desdemona Why man?

Silvio He's a Soldier, and for me to say a Souldier lyes, 'tis stabbing.

Clowne Go too:

Desdemona where lodges he?

Clowne To tell you where he lodges, is to tel you where I lye.

Desdemona Can any thing be made of this?

Clowne I know not where he lodges

Silvio and for mee to devise a lodging, and say he lies heere, or he lies there, were to lye in mine owne throat.

(Silvio exits DSR)

Desdemona Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clowne I will Catechize {something} the world for him, that is, make Questions, and by them answer.

Desdemona Seeke him, find out, then bidde Cassio come hither: tell him, I have moov'd my Lord on his behalfe, and hope all will be well.

Clowne To do this, is within the compasse of mans Wit,

and therefore I will attempt the doing it.

(hands her the crystal for protection and exits DSR)

Desdemona Where should I loose the Handkerchiefe, Emilia?

Emilia I know not Madam.

Desdemona Beleeve me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of Cruzadoes.

And but my Noble Moore
Is true of minde, and made of no such basenesse,
As jealous Creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill-thinking.

Emilia Is he not jealous?

Desdemona Who, he?

(looking through crystal)

I thinke the Sun where he was borne,
Drew all such humors from him.

Emilia Looke where he comes.

(Othello enters DSR)

Desdemona I will not leave him now, till {let} Cassio be
Call'd to him.

(gives Emilia the crystal)

How is't with you, my Lord?

Othello Well my good lady.
How do you, Desdemona?

Desdemona Well, my good Lord.

Othello This hand is moist my Lady.

Desdemona It hath felt no age, nor knowne no sorrow.

Othello This argues fruitfulness, and liberall heart:
Hot, hot, and moyst. {something} Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Desdemona You may indeed say so:

For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

Othello A liberrall hand.

Desdemona I cannot speake of this:
Come, now your promise.

Othello What promise, Chucke?

Desdemona I have sent to bid Cassio come speake with you.

(Long pause)

Othello Lend me thy Handkerchiefe.

Desdemona Heere my Lord.

Othello That which I gave you.

Desdemona I have it not about me.

Othello Not?

Desdemona No indeed, my Lord.

Othello That's a fault: That Handkerchiefe
Did my Father to my Mother give:

Desdemona Is't possible?

Othello The Wormes were hallowed, that did breede the Silke.

Desdemona Then would to Heaven {God}, that I had never seene't?

Othello Is't lost?
Is't gon?
Speak, is't out o'th'way?

Desdemona Blesse us.

Othello Say you?

Desdemona It is not lost: but what and if it were?

Othello How?

Desdemona I say it is not lost.

Othello Fetcht. let me see't.

Desdemona Alas

Cassio If my offence be of such mortall kinde,
That nor my Service past, nor present Sorrowes,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ransome me into his love againe,
But to know so, must be my benefit:
So shall I cloath me in a forc'd content,
And shut my selfe up in some other course
To Fortunes Almes.

Desdemona Alas (thrice-gentle Cassio)
My Advocation is not now in Tune;
My Lord, is not my Lord; You must awhile be patient:
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Then for my selfe, I dare.
Let that suffice you.

Iago Is my Lord angry?

Emilia He went hence but now:
And certainly in strange unquietnesse.

Iago Can he be angry?
I have seene the Cannon
When it hath blowne his Rankes into the Ayre,
And like the Divell from his very Arme
Puff't his owne Brother: And is he angry?
Something of moment then: I will go meet him,
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.

(Iago exits)

Desdemona I prythee do so
Something sure of state,
Either from the Capital or some unhatch'd practise
Made demonstrable heere in Cyprus, to him
Hath pudled his cleare Spirit: and in such cases,
Mens Natures wrangle with inferiour things
Though great ones are their object,
'Tis even so,
For Let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthfull members, even to a sense
Of paine.
Nay, we must thinke men are not Gods,
Nor of them looke for such observancie
As fits the Bridall.

Beshrew me much, Emilia,

I was (unhandsome Warrior, as I am)
 Arranging his unkindness with my soule
 But now I finde, I had suborn'd the Witsesse,
 And he's indited falsely.

Emilia Pray heaven it bee
 State matters as you thinke, and no Conception,
 Nor no Jealious Toy, concerning you.

Desdemona Alas the day, I never gave him cause.

Emilia But Jealious soules will not be answer'd so;
 They are not ever jealous for the cause,
 But jealous, for they're jealous.
It is a Monster
 Begot upon it selfe, borre on it selfe.

Desdemona Heaven keepe the Monster from Othello's mind.

Emilia Lady. Amen.

Desdemona I will go seeke him. Cassio, walke heere about:
 If I doe finds him fit, Ile move your suite,
 And seeks to effect it to my uttermost.

Cassio I humbly thanke your Ladyship.

(Bianca enters)

Bianca Save you

Cassio What make you from home?

Bianca Friend Cassio.

Cassio How is't with you, my most faire Bianca?
 Indeed sweet Love I was coming to your house.

Bianca And I was going to your Lodging, Cassio.
 What? keepe away?

Cassio Pardon me, Bianca:
 I have this while with leaden thoughts beene prest,
 But I shall in a more continuate time
 Strike off this score of absence.
Sweet Bianca
 Take me this worke out.

Bianca Oh Cassio whence came this?
 This is some Token from a newer Friend,

To the felt-Absence: now I feele a Cause:
Is't come to this?

Well, well.

Cassio Go too, woman:
Throw your vilde gesses in the Divels teeth,
You are jealous now,
That this is from some Mistris, some remembrance;
No, in good troth Bianca.

Bianca Why, who's is it?

Cassio I know not neither:
I found it in my Chamber,
I like the worke well; Ere it be demanded
(As I like enough it will) I would have it coppied:
Take it, and doo't, and leave me for this time.

Bianca Leave you?
Wherefore?

Cassio I do attend here on the Captain
And thinke it no addition nor my wish
To have him see me woman'd

Bianca Why, I pray you?

Cassio Not that I love you not.

Bianca But that you do not love me.
I pray you bring me on the way a little,
And say, if I shall see you soone at night?

Cassio 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend heere:

Bianca 'Tis very good. I must be circumstanc'd.

(Bianca exits, letting handkerchiefe drop. Cassio picks it up {...} scene change)

Scene Sixteen. the diner. 0900 hr

(Othello is sitting in washroom his head buried in his lap. Iago is writing a note at large table. Cassio enters DSR. Iago crosses and meets him CS.)

Iago (to Cassio) Stand you a while apart

(Iago enters washroom. Cassio sits on bench)

(to Othello) Confine your selfe but in a patient List
Whil'st you were heere, o're-whelmed with your griefe
A passion most unsuiting such a man
Cassio came hither. Speak with me.

Othello He had my handkerchiefe

Iago I what of that?

Othello That's not so good now.

Iago Do but encave yourselfe
What if I had said, I had seene him do you wrong
Or heard him say.

Othello Hath he said anything?

Iago No more than he'le unsweare
Marke the Fleeres, the Gybes and notable Scornes
That dwell in every Region of his face.

Othello What hath he said?

Iago Why that he did:

Othello What?

Iago I know not what he did

Othello What?

Iago Lye.

Othello With her?

Iago With her

(taking out tape recorder and bugging devices and placing on sink)

On her: what you will.

And will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is againe to cope your wife.
I say, but marke his gloating: marry Patience
Or I shall say y'are all in all in Spleene
And nothing of a man

Othello Do'st thou heare, Iago,
I will be found most cunning in my Patience:
But do'st thou heare most bloody

Iago That's not amisse,
But yet keepe time in all: will you Withdraw?

(exits bathroom into diner. Othello puts receiver in his ear. Iago attaches transmitter to his inside jacket pocket.)

Now I will question Cassio of Bianca,
And his unbookish Jelousie must conserve
Poor Cassio's light behaviour s
Quite in the wrong.

{Missing stage direction at bottom of 52}

Cassio The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even killes me.

Iago Ply Desdemona, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this Suit lay in Bianca's dowre

(as he says Bianca, Iago covers his transmitter. Othello adjusts earphone.)

How quickly should you speed?

Cassio Alas poore Caitiffe.

Iago I never knew woman love man so.

Cassio Alas poore Rogue. I thinke indeed she loves me.

Othello Now he denies it faintly: and laughes it out.

Iago Do you heare Cassio?

Othello Now he importunes him
To tell it o're: go too,

Iago She gives it out, that you shall marry her. Do you intend it?

Cassio Ha, ha, ha
I marry.

What?

A customer, prythee beare
Some Charitie to my wit, do not thinke it
So unwholesome.

Ha, ha, ha.

Iago Why the cry goes, that you marry her.

Cassio Prythee say true.
This is the Monkeys owne giving out:
She is perswaded I will marry her
Out of her owne love & flattery, not out of my promise.
She was heere even now: she haunts me in every place,
and falls me thus about my neck.
So hangs, and lolls, and weepes upon me:
So shakes, and pulls me.

Ha, ha, ha.

Othello Now he tells how she pluckt him to my Chamber:
oh, I see that nose of yours, but not that dogge,
I shall throw it to.

Cassio Well, I must leave her companie.

(Bianca enters)

Iago Before me: looke where she comes.

Cassio What do you meane by this haunting of me?

Bianca Let the divell, and his dam haunt you: what
did you meane by that same Handkerchiefe, you gave
me even now?

I was a fine Foole to tales it: I must take
out the worke?

A likely piece of worke, that you should
finde it in your Chamber, and not who left it there.
This is some Minxes token, & I must take out the worke?
There, give it your Hobbey-horse, wheresoever you had
it, Ile take out no worke on't.

Cassio How now, my sweet Bianca.
How now?

How now?

Othello By heaven, that should be my Handkerchiefe.

Bianca If you'le come to supper to night you may, if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for.

Iago After her: after her.

Cassio I must, she'l rayle in the streets else.

Iago Will you sup there?

Cassio Yes, I intend so.

Iago Well, I may chance to see you: for I would very faine speake with you.

Cassio Prythee come: will you?

Iago Go too: say no more. Meet me upon the midnight hour.

(Cassio exits DSR. Othello sits at table in diner. Iago removes transmitter and crosses into diner.)

Othello How shall I murder him, Iago.

Iago Did you peeve how he laugh'd at his vice?

Othello Oh, Iago.

Iago And the Handkerchiefe.

Othello Was that mine?

Iago Yours by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife: she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Othello I would have him nine yeeres a killing:
A fine woman, a faire woman, a sweete woman?
I had beene happy, if the generall Campe,
Pyoners and all, had tasted her sweet Body,
So I had nothing knowne.

What sense had I, in her stolne houres of Lust?

I saw't not, thought it not: it harm'd not me:
I slept the next night well, fed well, was free, and merrie.
I found not Cassio's kisses on her Lippes:

Iago Nay, you must forget that.

Othello I, let her rot and perish, and be damn'd to night, for she shall not live.

No, my heart is turn'd to stone: I strike it, and it hurts my hand.

Oh, the world hath not a sweeter Creature: she might lye by an Emperours side, and command him Taskes.

Iago Nay, that's not your way.

(sitting beside him)

Othello Hang her, I do but say what she is. So delicate with her Needle: an admirable Musitian.

Oh she will sing the Savagenesse out of a Beare: of so high and plenteous wit, and invention?

Iago She's the worse for all this.

Othello Oh, a thousand, a thousand times: And then of so gentle a condition?

Iago I too gentle.

Othello Nay that's certaine:
But yet the pittty of it, Iago, the pittty of it

(Rising)

Iago.

I will drop her into Messes: Cukold me?

(storming out of diner)

(entering DSR)

Owner My Lord, I say

Montano Othello.

(grabs them and throws them back)

Othello Handkerchiefe. Dost thou mocke me.

Iago They mocke you not, by Heaven:
Would you beare your Fortune like a Man.

Othello

A Horned man's a Monster, and a Beast.

Oh now, for ever

Farewell the Tranquill minde; farewell Content;

Othello's Occupation's gone. Farewell:

(rushes out DSL)

Iago

Ther's many a Beast then in a populous Citty,

And many a civill Monster.

(exits into diner. Driving drums and scene change lighting. Sound of Bianca's voice on tape repeating "What did you mean by that same Handkerchiefe, you gave me even now? {...pg 54})

Scene Seventeen. an office. 1100 hrs.

(Lights up to reveal Othello interrogating Emilia in his temporary office.)

Othello You have seene nothing then?

Emilia Nor ever heard: nor ever did suspect.

Othello Yes. You have seene Cassio, and she together.

Emilia But then I saw no harme: and then I heard,
Each syllable that breath made up betweene them.

Othello What?
Did they never whisper?

Emilia Never my Lord.

Othello Nor send you out o'th'way?

Emilia Never.

Othello To fetch her Fan, her Gloves, her Veil, nor nothing?

Emilia Never my Lord.

Othello That's strange.

Emilia I durst (my Lord) to wager, she is honest:
Lay downe my Soule at stake: If you thinke other,
Remove your thought.

It doth abuse your bosome:
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let Heaven requit it with the Serpents curse,
For if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy.

Othello Bid her come hither: go.

(Emilia exits)

She saies enough: yet she's a simple Baud
That cannot say as much.

This is a subtile Whore:
A Closset Locke and Key of Villainous Secrets,
And yet she'le kneele, and pray: I have seene her do't

Sleep'd me in povertie to the very lippes,
 Given to Captivitie, me, and my utmost hopes,
 I should have found in some place of my Soule
 A drop of patience.

But alas, to make me
 The fixed Figure for the time of Scorne,
 To point his slow and moving finger at,
 Yet could I bears that too, well, very well:
 But there where I have garnerd up my heart,
 Where either I must live, or bears no life,
 The Fountaine from the which my currant runnes,
 Or else dries up: to be discarded thence,
 Or keeps it as a Cesteme, for foule Toades
 To knot and gender in.

Desdemona I hope my Noble lord esteemes me honest.

Othello Oh I, as Sommer Flyes are in the Shambles,
 That quicken even with blowing.
 Oh thou weed:
 Who art so lovely faire, and smell'st so sweete,
 That the Sense akes at thee.
 Would thou had'st never bin borne.

Desdemona Alas what ignorant sin have I committed?

Othello Committed?
 Oh. thou publicke Commoner.
 I should make very Forges of my cheekes,
 That would to Cynders burne up Modestie,
 Did I but speake thy deedes.
 What committed?
 Heaven stoppes the Nose at it, and the Moore winks:
 The baudy winde that kisses all it meetes,
 Is hush'd within the hollow Myne of Earth
 And will not hear't.
 What committed.

Desdemona By Heaven you do me wrong.

Othello Are not you a Strumpet?

Desdemona No, as I am a Christian

(Emilia enters)

If to preserve this vessell for my Lord,
 Be not to be a Strumpet, I am none.

Iago What is your pleasure Madam?
How is't with you.

Desdemona I cannot tell: those that do teach yong Babes
Do it with gentle meanes, and easie taskes,
He might have chid me so: for in good faith
I am a Child to chiding.

Iago What is the matter Lady?

Emilia Alas Iago my Lord hath so bewhor'd her,
Throwne such dispight, and heavy termes upon her
That true hearts cannot beare it.

Desdemona Am I that name, Iago?

Iago What name faire lady?

Desdemona Such as she said my Lor d did say I was

Emilia He call'd her whore: a Beggar to his drinke:
Could not have laid such termes upon his Callet.

Iago Why did he so?

Desdemona I do not know: I am sure I am none such.

Iago Do not weepe , do not weepe:

Emilia Hath she forsooke so many Noble Matches?
Her Father? And her Country? And her Friends?
To be call'd Whore?
 Would it not make one weepe?

Desdemona It is my wretched Fortune.

Iago Beshrew him for't:
How comes this Tricke upon him.

Desdemona Nay, Heaven doth know.

Emilia I will be hang'd if
Some cogging, cozening Slave, to get some Office,
Have not devis'd this Slander.

Iago Fie, there is no such man: It is impossible.

Desdemona If any such there be , God pardon him.

Scene Eighteen. the office. 1300 hrs

(Immediately following. Iago sitting at desk. Othello enters USR and stands in doorway.)

Othello Get me some poyson, Iago, this night.
Ile not
expostulate with her: least her body and beautie unpro-
vide my mind againe: this night Iago.

Iago Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed,
Even the bed she hath contaminated.

Othello Good, good:
The Justice of it pleases: very good.

Iago And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker:
You shall heare more by midnight.

(Lodovico, Desdemona, Montano. and Agents enter)

Othello Excellent good:

Lodovico Save you worthy Captain.

Othello With all my heart Sir.

Lodovico The Duke, and the senators of the Capital greet you.

Othello I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

Lodovico Lieutenant, how do's Cassio?

Iago Lives Sir.

Desdemona Sir, there continues twixt My Lord and he
an unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Othello Are you sure of that?

Desdemona My Lord?

Othello This faile you not to do as you will.

Lodovico He did not call: he's busie in the paper.

Desdemona I would do much

I do beseech your Lordship call her backe.

Othello Mistris.

Desdemona My Lord.

Othello What would you with her, Sir?

Lodovico Who I, my Lord.

Othello I, you did wish, that I would make her turne :
Sir, she can turne, and turne: and yet go on
And turne againe.
And she can weepe, Sir. weepe.
And she's obedient: as you say obedient.
Very obedient: pioceed you in your teares.
Concerning this Sir, (oh well-painted passion)
I am commanded home: get you away:
He send for you anon.

(Desdemona exits)

Sir I obey the Mandate,
And will returne
Hence, avaunt.
Cassio shall have my Place.

(Places gun and badge on desk)

You may inform the Duke.
Goates and Monkeys.

(Othello exits)

Lodovico Is this the Noble Moore, whom our full Senate
Call all in all sufficient?
Are his wits safe?
Is he not light of Braine?

Iago He's that he is:

Lodovico What?
Strike his wife?
Is it his use?
Or did the Letters, worke upon his blood,
And new create his fault?

Iago Alas, alas:
It is not honestie in me to speake

What I have seene, and knowne.

You shall observe him,
And his owne courses will denote him so,
That I may save my speech: do but go after
And marks how he continues.

Lodovico

I am sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.
Inform Lt. Cassio of his new state.

(Lodovico and Agents exit. Distant thunder rumble)

(Montano shares a look with Iago and exits. Iago takes out his Pocket square and wraps Othello's gun in it. He tucks the gun in his waist, checks his watch and leans back in the chair. An exhale. Scene change lighting and Johnny Cash's recording of "Big River" plays, Clown begins applying white make-up to his face and chest in the shadows USR.)

Scene Nineteen. a hall. 2300 hrs.

(An illegal white drinking hall. 2 patrons are shooting pool USL. A bartender is behind the large table SR. Roderigo drinking heavily stands at the table scrawling out a letter. Cassio enters from USL. The patrons stare at him. Cassio checks his watch and the address that Iago has given him. He does not see Roderigo nor does Roderigo see him. Cassio exits DSL to an offstage washroom. Iago enters USL. The music fades out. Thunder rumbles get louder throughout the-scene.)

Iago How now Roderigo?

Roderigo I do not finde
That thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago What in the contrarie?

Roderigo I have wasted my
selfe out of my meanes.
I The purse you have had from
me to deliver Desdemona, would halfe have corrupted a
pale-faced nun.
You have told me she hath receiv'd them,
and return'd me expectations and comforts of sodaine
respect, and acquaintance, but I finde none.

Iago Well, go too: very well.

Roderigo Very well, go too: I cannot go too. (man) nor
'tis not very well I will make my
selfe known to Desdemona.
She will returne me my love.
If not, I will seeke satisfaction of you.

Iago Why, now I see there's mettle in thee:
give me thy hand Roderigo.
Thou hast taken against me a most just excepti:
on: but yet I protest I have dealt most directly in thy
Affaire.

Roderigo It hath not appeer'd. I

Iago I grant indeed it hath not appeer'd: and
your suspition is not without wit and judgement.
But Roderigo, if thou hast that in thee indeed, which
I have greater reason to beleeve now then ever (I
meane purpose, Courage, and Valour) this night

prove it.

If thou the next right following enjoy not
Desdemona, take me from this world with Treacherie.

There is especiall Coniunction come from the Capital
to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Roderigo Why then Othello send Desdemona
returne againe to Washington.

Iago Unlessse his a-
bode be lingered heere by some accident.
Where-
in none can be so determinate as the removing of
Cassio.

Roderigo How do you meane removing him?

Iago By making him incapable of Othello's
place: knocking out this braines.

Roderigo And that you would have me to do.
I have no great devotion to the deed.

Iago It makes us, or marres us.
I will be neere
to second your Attempt, and he shall fall betweene
us.
Come stand not amaz'd at it, but I heard him comming.

(Cassio enters)

Roderigo I know his gate, 'tis he: Villaine thou dyest.

*(Roderigo attacks Cassio. Cassio floors him. A bar brawl ensues.
Cassio defeats the 3 patrons. Iago shoots out the lights, shoots Cassio,
and shoots and kills the 3 patrons. He exits USR.)*

Roderigo Oh, I am skaine.

Cassio I am maym'd for ever.
Helpe hoa:

(Agents enter with flashlights into darkness)

Agent 2 What hoa?

Agent 1 No Watch?
No passage?

Roderigo Murther, Murther.

Agent 1 Tis some mischance.

Agent 2 The voyce is very direfull.

Cassio Oh helpe.

Agent 1 Hearke.

Roderigo Oh wretched Villaine.

Agent 2 Two or three groane.

Agent 1 'Tis heavy night:

(Thunder rumble)

These may be counterfeits: Let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry, without more helpe.

Roderigo Nobody come: then shall I bleed to death

(Enter Iago)

Agent 1 Hearke.

Iago Who's there?
Who's noyse is this that cries on murther?

Agent 2 We do not know.

Iago Do not you heere a cry?

Cassio Heere, heere: for heaven sake helpe me.

Iago What's the matter?
What are you heere, that cry so greevously.

Cassio Iago?
Oh I am spoyl'd, undone by Villaines:
Give me some helpe.

Iago O mee, Lieutenant!
What villaines have done this?

Cassio I thinke that one of them is heereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago Oh treacherous Villaines:
What are you there?
Come in, and give some helpe.

Roderigo O helpe me there.

(1st Agent inspects bodies by large table 2nd Agent exits towards DSL washroom.)

Cassio That's one of them.

Iago Oh murd'rous slave!

(crossing to Roderigo)

Roderigo Iago?

(Iago breaks Roderigo's neck killing him instantly)

Iago Kill men I'th' darke?
Where be these bloody Theeves?
How silent is this Towne?

(Montano and Deputy enter with flashlights)

Ho, murther, murther,
What may you be?
Are you of good, a evill?

Montano As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago Montano

Montano He Sir.

Iago I cry you mercy: here's Cassio hurt by Villaines.

Montano Cassio?

Iago How is't Brother?

Cassio My Legge is cut in two.

Iago Marry heaven forbid:
Ile binde it with my shirt.

(Bianca enters)

Bianca What is the matter. Who is't that cry'd?

Iago Who is't that cry'd?

Bianca Oh my deere Cassio
My sweet Cassio: Oh Cassio,

Iago O notable Strumpet.
Cassio, may you suspect
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cassio No.

Bianca Alas he faints.
Oh Cassio. Cassio. Cassio.

Iago Gentlemen all, I do suspect this Trash

(Pulls Bianca up)

to be a party in this injurie.
Patience awhile. good Cassio.
Come. come;
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?

Montano Alas my Friend, and my deere Countryman
Roderigo?

Iago He, he, 'tis he:
Some good man beare him carefully from hence,

(2nd Agent begins to lead Cassio out US)

Go fetch a surgeon.

(Deputy exits)

For you Misris
Save you your labour.

Montano He that lies slaine heere Cassio
Was my deere friend.

(attacking Cassio. Iago gets between them.)

Iago What malice was between you?

Cassio None in the world: nor do I know the man.

Iago What? looke you pale?

Oh beare him o'th'ayre
Stay you good Gentlemen.

(Cassio and 2nd Agent exit)

Looke you pale. Mistris?
Do you perceive the gastnesse of her eye?
Nay, if you stare, we shall heare more anon.

(Silvio enters. 1st Agent covers him)

Behold her well: I pray you looke upon her:
Do you see Gentlemen?

Nay, guiltinesse will speake
Though tongues were out of use.
Come Mistris, you must tel's another Tale.
Go know of Cassio where he Supt to night?
What, do you shake at that?

Bianca He supt at my house, but I therefore shake not.

Iago O did he so?
I charge you go with him.

(exit all but Iago)

This is the night that either makes me, or fordoes me quight.

(taking Othello's gun and placing it, in the dead Roderigo's hand. He exits. Scene change lighting with "Harmonic Choir". Clown performs trance-like dance. final stage of ritual.)

- Desdemona** So would not I: my love doth so approve him,
That even stubbornesse, his checks, his frownes,
(Prythee un-pin me) have grace and favour.
- (sound of distant freight train)*
- Emilia** I have laid those Sheetes you bad me on the bed.
- Desdemona** All's one: good Father, how foolish are our minds?
If I do die before, prythee shrow'd me
- (starts and stops metronome)*
- In one of these same Sheetes.
- Emilia** Come, come: you talke.
- (crossing to Desdemona)*
- Desdemona** My Mother had a Maid call'd Barbarie,
She was in love: and he she lov'd prov'd mad,
And did forsake her.
- She had a Song of Willough,
An old thing 'twas: but it express'd her Fortune,
And she dy'd singing it.
- That Song to night.
Will not go from my mind: I have much to do,
But to go hang my head all at one side
And sing it like poore Barbarie, prythee dispatch.
- Emilia** Shall I go fetch your Night-gowne?
- Desdemona** No. un-pin me here.
This Lodovico is a proper man
- Emilia** *(helping Desdemona undress)*
- A very handsome man.
- Desdemona** He speakes well.
- Emilia** I knew a First Lady in Dallas would have walk'd
barefoot to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip.
- Desdemona** *The poore Soule sat singing, by a Sicamour tree,
Sing all a greene Willough:
Her hand on her bosoms her head on her knee,*
- (Crossing to water basin DSR. Washing her face.)*

*Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
The fresh Streames ran by her, and murmur'd her moanes
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.
Her salt teares fell from her, and softned the stones,
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.*

(Emilia crosses to her with nightgown)

Prithee high thee: he'le come anon.

*Sing all a greene Willough must be my Garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorne I approve.*

Nay that's not next.

(Emilia crosses up to window and drapes nightgown on chair)

(Lighting flash and thunder clap. Clown appears at window. He places rooster head on radiator. He stands and stares at Emilia.)

Desdemona

Who ist that knockes?

(Clown puts finger to his lips and exits slowly US. Emilia covers head with nightgown.)

(Pause)

Emilia

It's the wind.

Desdemona

*I call'd my Love false Love: but what said he then?
Sing Willough, Willough, Willough.*

(crosses to bible at USL table)

If I court mo women, you'le couch with mo men.

So get thee gone, good night: mine eyes do itch:

(sitting on bed)

Doth that bode weeping?

Emilia

Tis neyther heere. nor there.

(crosses down to her)

Desdemona

I have heard it said so.

O these Men. these men!

Do'st thou in conscience thinke (tell me Emilia)

- That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross ktrde'?
- Emilia** There be some such, no question.
- Desdemona** Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
- Emilia** Why, would not you?
- Desdemona** No, by this Heavenly fight.
- Emilia** Nor I neither, by this Heavenly light:
I might doo't as well I'th' darke.
- Desdemona** Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?
- Emilia** The world's a huge thing:
It is a great price, for a small vice.
- Desdemona** Introth, I thinke thou would' st not.
- Emilia** Introth I thinke I should, and undoo't when
I had done.
Marry. I would not doe such a thing for a
joynt Ring, nor for measures of Lawne, nor for Gownes,
(hands her crystal)
nor Caps. nor any Petty exhibition.
But for
all the whole world: why, who would not make her hus-
band Cuckold, to make him a Monarch?
I shall ven-
ture Purgatory for't.
- Desdemona** Beshrew me, if I world do such a wrong
For the whole world.
(rises and crosses to DSL chair)
- Emilia** Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world:
and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in
your owne world, and you might quickly make it right.
- Desdemona** I do thinke there is any such woman.
(sitting in shock)
- Emilia** Yes, a dozen: and as many to th'Vantage, as

would store the world they plaid for.
But I do thinke it is their Husbands faults
If Wives do fall: (Say, that they slacke their duties,
And powre our Treasures into forragine laps:
Or else breake out in peevisch Jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us: Or say they shall strike us,
Or scant our forme r having in despight)
Why we have galles: and though we have some Grace,
Yet have we some Revenge.

(lightning flash and thunderstorm commences)

Let Husbands know,
Their wives have sense like them: They see, and smell.
And have their Palats both for sweet, and sowre,
As Husbands have.

What is it that they do.
When they change us for others?
Is it Sport?
I thinke it is: and doth Affection breed it?
I thinke it doth.

Is't Frailty that thus erres?
It is so too.

And have not we Affections?
Desires for Spaor? and Frailty, as men have?
Then let them use us well: else let them know,
The illes we do, their illes instruct us so.

Desdemona

Good night,

(huge lightning flash and thunder clap)

Good night:

(gives Emilia crystal and hurries her out. Kneeling and praying by the bed)

Heaven me such uses send,
Not to picke bad, from bad; but by bad, mend.

(She crawls under the covers and attempts sleep)

(Othello enters USR and stares in through the window. Lightning)

Othello

It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soule)
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Starres,
It is the Cause.

(Othello enters)

Yet Ile not shed her blood,
Nor scarre that whiter skin of hers, then Snow,
And smooth as Monumentall Alablaster:

(enters room)

Yet she must dye, else shee' I betray more men:
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
I can again thy former light restore,

(blows out candle)

Should I repent me.

But once put out thy Light,
Thou cunning'st Patterne of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that Promethaen heate
That can thy Light re-Lume.

(Kisses her)

Thy Rose.
Oh Balmy breath, One more, one more:
One more, and that's the last.

(lightning flash and thunder clap awake Desdemona)

Desdemona

Who's there? Othello?

Othello

I Desdemona

Desdemona

Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Othello

Have you pray'd to night, Desdemon?

Desdemona

I my Lord

Othello

If you bethinke your selfe of any Crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to Heaven, and Grace,
Solicite for it straight.

Desdemona

Alacke, my Lord,
What may you meane by that?

Othello

Well, do it, and be breefe,
I would not kill thy unprepar'd Spirit,
No, Heavens fore-fend I would not kill thy Soule.

Desdemona Talke you of killing?

Othello I, I do.

Desdemona Then Heaven have mercy on mee.

Othello Amen, with all my heart.

Desdemona If you say, I hope you will not kill me.

Othello Peace and be still.

(lightning flash and thunder clap)

Desdemona And yet I feare you:
Why I should feare, I know not,
Since gultinesse I know not:

Othello Thinke on thy sinnes.

Desdemona They are Loves I beare to you.

Othello That Handkerchiefe
Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st to Cassio.

Desdemona No by my Life, and Soule: send for the man,
And aske him.

Othello Sweet Soule, take heed, take heed of Perjury,
Thou art on thy death-bed.

Desdemona O Heaven have mercy on me.

Othello I say, Amen.

Desdemona And have you mercy too.
I never did love Cassio,
But with such generall warrantie of Heaven,
As I might love.
I never gave him Token.

Othello By Heaven I saw my Handkerchiefe in's hand.
O perjur'd woman, thou do'st stone my heart,
And makes me call, what I intend to do,
A Murther, which I thought a Sacrifice.
I saw the Handkerchiefe.

(lightning flash and thunderclap)

Desdemona He found it then.
I never gave it him: Send for him hither:
Let him confesse a truth.

Othello He hath confest.

Desdemona What, my Lord?

Othello That he hath us'd thee.

Desdemona How? unlawfully?

Othello I.

Desdemona He wil not say so.

Othello No: his mouth is stopp'd
Honest Iago hath 'tane order for't.

Desdemona What is he dead?

Othello Had all his haire bin lives, my great Revenge
Had stomacke for them all.

Desdemona Alas.

Othello Out Strumpet: weep'st thou for him to my face?

Desdemona O banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.

Othello Downe Strumpet.

Desdemona Kill me to morrow. let me live to night. .

Othello Nay. if you strive.

(He begins to drown her in the water basin. Thunder and lightning flash knock out the lights. Phone in room starts ringing and continues ringing. Othello carries Desdemona who is gasping for air to the bed. He strangles her with a pillow. Pause. Phone still ringing. He grabs the receiver and slams it down.)

Othello What noise is this?
Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I that am cruël, am yet mercifull,
I would not have thee linger in thy pains?
So, so.

Othello 'Tis Emilia by and by.

Shee's dead.

(covers her body with sheet)

Hah, no more moving?

Still as the Grave.

Shall she come in?

Wer't good?

(Lightning flash)

I thinks she stirres againe.

No, what's best to do?

If she come in, shee'l sure speake to my wife:

My wife, my wife: what wife?

I have no wife.

Oh insupportable!

Oh heavy houre!

(trying to revive her)

Me thinkes, it should be now a huge Eclipse
Of Sunne, and Moone; and that th'affrighted Glob
Did yawne at Alteration

(Lightning flash)

Emilia

(enters with candle)

I do beseech you

That I may speake with you.

Oh good my Lord.

Othello

I had forgot thee: oh come in Emilia.

Soft, by and by.

What's the matter wkh thee now?

(rises from Desdemona's body. Her arm drops lifeless beside her.)

Emilia

Oh, lady, speak

Sweet Desdemona, speak!

Oh, who has done this deed?

Desdemona

(With last gasp of her dying breath. Almost inaudible)

Nobody - I myself – commend me to my kind Lord

(Othello sits in shock)

Othello You heard her say herself it was not I.

Emilia She said so. I must needs report the truth.
(Covering Desdemona's face)

Othello She's like a liar gone to burning hell,
'Twas I that kill'd her.
(*crossing to vanity*)
She turn'd to folly and she was a whore.

Emilia Liar.

Othello Cassio did top her. Ask thy husband else

Emilia That she was false to Wedlocke.

Othello I, with Cassio: had she bin true,
If Heaven would make me such another world.
Of one entyre and perfect Chrysolite.
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emilia My husband say she was false?

Othello I, Was he that told me on her first.

Emilia My husband?

Othello What needs this utterance, Woman?
I say, thy Husband
Do'st understand the word?
My Friend, thy Husband; honest, honest Iago.

Emilia If he say so, may his pernicious Soule
Rot halfe a graine a day: he lyes to'th'heart.
She was too fond of her most most filthy Bargaine.

Othello Peace.

Emilia Do thy worst:
This deede of thine is no more worthy Haven,
Then thou was't worthy her.

Othello Peace, you were best.

Emilia Thou hast not halfe that powre to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt.

Iago I did.

Emilia You told a Lye an odious damned Lye:
upon my Soule, a Lye; a wicked Lye.
Shee false with Cassio?
Did you say with Cassio?

Iago With Cassio, Mistris.
Go too, charme your tongue.

Emilia I will not charme my tongue:
I am bound to speake.
My Mistris heere lyes murdered in her bed.

Montano Oh Heavens, foretend.

Emilia And your reports have set the murder on.

Othello Nay stare not Masters,
It is true indeede.

Montano O villainy!

Emilia Good Gentlemen, let me have leave to speake:

Iago What. are you mad?
I charge you get you home.

Emilia ‘Tis proper I obey him; but not now:
Perchance Iago, I will ne’re go home.
No, I will speake as liberall as the North.
Let Heaven, and Men, and Divels, let them all,
All, all, crie shame against me, yet Ile speake.
Oh thou dull Moore.
That Handkerchiele thou speak’ st of
I found by Fortune, and did give my Husband:

Iago Whore.

(suddenly shoots and kills Emilia. She falls into Othello's arms. Iago exits USR.)

Othello Are there no stones in Heaven.
But what serves for the Thunder?
Villaine.

(Iago rushes out)

Deputy Sure he hath kill’ d his Wife.

Montano Ile after that same villaine,
For 'tis a damned Slave.

(Montano exits. Deputy exits to outside of door)

Emilia Moore, she sas chaste: She lov'd thee.

Othello Let it go all.

(Long Pause. He makes his way to chair at window USR and sits. Pause.)

Looks in upon me then, and speake with me,
or naked as I am I will assault thee.

Deputy What is the matter?

(Deputy re-enters. Deputy steps down to him. Othello disarms him and forces him to DSL chair.)

Othello Behold, I have a weapon:
A better never did it selfe sustain
Upon a Soldiers Thigh.

I have seene the day,
That with this little Gun, and this good Hand
I have made my way through more impediments
Then twenty times your stop.

'Tis not so now.

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd:
Here is my journey's end.
Do you go backe dismaid?

'Tis a lost feare:

Man but a Rush against Othello's brest,
And he retires.

Where should Othello go?

(kneels beside Desdemona)

Now: how dost thou looke now?

Oh ill-Starr'd wench.

Pale as thy Smocke: when we shall meete at compt,
This looke of thine will hurle my Soule from Heaven,
And Fiends will snatch at it.

Cold, cold my Girle?

Even like thy Chastity.

O cursed, cursed Slave!

Whip me ye Divels,

From the possession of this Heavenly sight
Blow me about in windes, roast me in Sulphure,
Wash me in steepe-downe gulfes of Liquid fire.
I kiss thee before I kill thee
No way but this, to die upon a kiss.

(shoots himself and dies)

*(Lodovico rushes in followed by Cassio limping [his leg bandaged],
Iago and Clown being held by 2 Agents. Iago is handcuffed. Lodovico
collapses beside Othello.)*

Deputy That was Othello:

Lodovico Oh this rash and most unfortunate man
Poore Desdemon
I am glad thy Father's dead
Thy Match was mortall to him: and pure greefe
Shore his old thred in twaine.
Did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turne:
Yea, curse his better Angell from his side,
And fall to Reprobance.

(crossing to water basin)

Where is that Viper?
Bring the Villaine forth

(throwing Iago onto the floor DS).

Montano This wretch hath part confest his Villainy:

Lodovico Demand thy demi devil why he hath done this.

Iago Demand me nothing: what you know, you know:
From this time forth, I never will speake word.

(staring at Emilia's silent face)

Lodovico What? not to pray?

Montano Torments will ope your lips.

(throws Iago into chair at vanity)

Lodovico Oh thou Othello, that was once so good,
Falne in the practise of a cursed Slave,
What shall be saide of thee.

Cassio Deere Captain, I never gave you cause.

(sitting at small USL table)

Lodovico Sir,
You shall understand what hath befallne,
(Which, as I thinke, you know not) heere is a Letter
Found m the pocket of the slaine Roderigo,
And heere another, the one of them imports
The death of yourself to be undertooke
By Roderigo.

(handing Cassio letter and candle)

Cassio Most Heathenish, and most grosse.
There is besides in Roderigo's Letter,
How he upbraides Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the Watch: whereon it came
That I was cast:

Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

(reporter and photographer enter USR Agents stop them)

Lodovico You must forsake this roome, and go with us: Come. bring away.

(To the press. Reporter steps down and records Cassio's speech)

Cassio Soft you; a word or two before you goe:
I have done the State some service, and they know't:
No more of that,

I Pray you in your Letters.
When you shall these unluckie deeds relate,
Speaks of him as he was

Nothing extenuate,
Nor set dowre ought in malice.
Then must you speake.
Of one that Iovd not wisey, but too we!!:
Of one, not easily Jealious, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame:
Set you dovme this: For he was great of heart.
The fortunes upon the Moore succeed upon you.

Lodovico To you Remaines the Censure of this hellish villaine:
The Time, the Place, the Torture, oh inforce it:
My selfe will straight aboard, and to the State.
This heavie act with heavie heart relate.

(Lodovico, Agents, Press, and Clown exit. Montano looks to Cassio. Cassio nods for Montano to exit. Montano is confused. Looks to Iago and back to Montano. Cassio again nods for him to leave. Montano looks at Deputy and nods. They exit USR. Iago looks at Cassio surprised. Cassio takes the handkerchief out of his pocket and lets it fall on Othello and Desdemona. He blows out candle. Black out. A fiddle recording of "Amazing Grace" is heard in the darkness.)

