

Useful text extracts for comparison with *The School For Scandal*

The texts below are worth reading by any student of *The School For Scandal*.

- The extracts from Shakespeare's *Henry IV Part Two* and *The Merchant of Venice* are relevant to Act Three Scene One.
- The two extracts from *The Bible* and the one from Shakespeare's *Othello* are useful when studying Act Four Scene Three.

Please see also the *Saccharissa* poems of Edmund Waller in the separate PDF, for comparison with Act One Scene One.

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HENRY IV'S DYING SPEECH FROM SHAKESPEARE'S *HENRY IV PART TWO*

KING HENRY IV

Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.
How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas;
Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect
Of mediation, after I am dead,
Between his greatness and thy other brethren:
Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,
Nor lose the good advantage of his grace
By seeming cold or careless of his will;
For he is gracious, if he be observed:
He hath a tear for pity and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,
As humorous as winter and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
His temper, therefore, must be well observed:
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,
When thou perceive his blood inclined to mirth;
But, being moody, give him line and scope,
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,
That the united vessel of their blood,
Mingled with venom of suggestion--
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in--
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

SHYLOCK'S SPEECH FROM SHAKESPEARE'S *THE MERCHANT OF VENICE*

SHYLOCK

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' Or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness, Say this;
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys'?

STORY OF THE PATRIARCH JOSEPH FROM GENESIS 39:7-15

- 7 And it came to pass after these things, that his master's wife cast her eyes upon Joseph; and she said, Lie with me.
- 8 But he refused, and said unto his master's wife, Behold, my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and he hath committed all that he hath to my hand;
- 9 There is none greater in this house than I; neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife: how then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?
- 10 And it came to pass, as she spake to Joseph day by day, that he hearkened not unto her, to lie by her, or to be with her.
- 11 And it came to pass about this time, that Joseph went into the house to do his business; and there was none of the men of the house there within.
- 12 And she caught him by his garment, saying, Lie with me: and he left his garment in her hand, and fled, and got him out.
- 13 And it came to pass, when she saw that he had left his garment in her hand, and was fled forth,
- 14 That she called unto the men of her house, and spake unto them, saying, See, he hath brought in an Hebrew unto us to mock us; he came in unto me to lie with me, and I cried with a loud voice:
- 15 And it came to pass, when he heard that I lifted up my voice and cried, that he left his garment with me, and fled, and got him out.

STORY OF JOSEPH THE HUSBAND OF MARY FROM MATTHEW'S GOSPEL 1:18-25

- 18 Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise:
When as his mother Mary was espoused to
Joseph, before they came together, she was
found with child of the Holy Ghost.
- 19 Then Joseph her husband, being a just [man],
and not willing to make her a publick example,
was minded to put her away privily.
- 20 But while he thought on these things, behold,
the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a
dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear
not to take unto thee Mary thy wife: for that
which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.
- 21 And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt
call his name JESUS: for he shall save his people
from their sins.
- 22 Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled
which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet,
saying,
- 23 Behold, a virgin shall be with child, and shall
bring forth a son, and they shall call his name
Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with
us.
- 24 Then Joseph being raised from sleep did as the
angel of the Lord had bidden him, and took unto
him his wife:
- 25 And knew her not till she had brought forth her
firstborn son: and he called his name JESUS.

EXTRACT FROM SHAKESPEARE'S *OTHELLO* ACT THREE SCENE THREE

Lines 35-40

Exit CASSIO

IAGO

Ha! I like not that.

OTHELLO

What dost thou say?

IAGO

Nothing, my lord: or if--I know not what.

OTHELLO

Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

IAGO

Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.

OTHELLO

I do believe 'twas he.

And later . . . lines 93-210

IAGO

My noble lord—

OTHELLO

What dost thou say, Iago?

IAGO

Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

OTHELLO

He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?

IAGO

But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.

OTHELLO

Why of thy thought, Iago?

IAGO

I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

OTHELLO

O, yes; and went between us very oft.

IAGO

Indeed!

OTHELLO

Indeed! ay, indeed: discern'st thou aught in that?
Is he not honest?

IAGO

Honest, my lord!

OTHELLO

Honest! ay, honest.

IAGO

My lord, for aught I know.

OTHELLO

What dost thou think?

IAGO

Think, my lord!

OTHELLO

Think, my lord!
 By heaven, he echoes me,
 As if there were some monster in his thought
 Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:
 I heard thee say even now, thou likedst not that,
 When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?
 And when I told thee he was of my counsel
 In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst 'Indeed!'
 And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
 As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
 Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,
 Show me thy thought.

IAGO

My lord, you know I love you.

OTHELLO

I think thou dost;
 And, for I know thou'rt full of love and honesty,
 And weigh'st thy words before thou givest them breath,
 Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:
 For such things in a false disloyal knave
 Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just
 They are close delations, working from the heart
 That passion cannot rule.

IAGO

For Michael Cassio,
 I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

OTHELLO

I think so too.

IAGO

Men should be what they seem;
 Or those that be not, would they might seem none!

OTHELLO

Certain, men should be what they seem.

IAGO

Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.

OTHELLO

Nay, yet there's more in this:

I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.

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? Why, say they are vile and false;
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But some uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets and law-days and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

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

I do beseech you--
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not--that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

OTHELLO

What dost thou mean?

IAGO

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

OTHELLO

By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts.

IAGO

You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

OTHELLO

Ha!

IAGO

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on; that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

OTHELLO

O misery!

IAGO

Poor and content is rich and rich enough,
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

OTHELLO

Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a lie of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved: exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And on the proof, there is no more but this,--
Away at once with love or jealousy!

IAGO

I am glad of it; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abused; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

OTHELLO

Dost thou say so?

IAGO

She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seem'd to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.



Because plays are
written to be seen.