

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

ADAPTED BY GIL GONZALEZ



The Comedy of Errors by William Shakespeare adapted by Gil Gonzalez is licensed under a [Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial 4.0 International License](https://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-nc/4.0/).

Characters

Narrators

Solinus, duke of Ephesus

Egeon, a merchant of Syracuse

Antipholus of Ephesus...twin brother and son to Egeon and Emilia

Antipholus of Syracuse...twin brother and son to Egeon and Emilia

Dromio of Ephesus...twin brother and attendant on Antipholus

Dromio of Syracuse...twin brother and attendant on Antipholus

Balthazar, a merchant

Angelo (or Angela)...a goldsmith

First Merchant, a friend of Antipholus of Syracuse

Second Merchant, to whom Angelo is a debtor

Pinch, a doctor

Emilia, wife to Egeon, and now an abbess of Ephesus

Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus

Luciana, her sister

Luce, also known as Nell, a servant to Adriana

Courtezan

Jailer, Officers, Attendants

Narrator. Our play begins with Egeon, a man who has been through quite a lot. He just arrived in Ephesus from the city of Syracuse in search of his wife, sons, and servants. It just so happens that his hometown of Syracuse has a deep and bitter friction with Ephesus. As a result Egeon had been sentenced to death, unless he pays a fee. Sit back and listen to the old man's story.

Act I, Scene 1: A COURTYARD BEFORE THE DUKE'S PALACE

ENTER DUKE, EGEON, JAILER (if a larger cast is desired, more attendants can be added)

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more!
I am not partial to infringe our laws.
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
If any born at Ephesus be seen
At any Syracusian marts and fairs;
Again: if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty and to ransom him!
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die!

Egeon. Yet this my comfort: when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departed'st from thy native home.

Egeon. In Syracuse was I born and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me.
With her I lived in joy. Our wealth increased
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, whereto I took my wife.
There had she not been long but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor woman gave birth
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Since their parents were exceedingly poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas! Too soon
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd
Before the always-wind-obeying-deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm.
And thus it was...
The sailors left the sinking ships to us.

My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms.
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And, by the benefit of his wished light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
But ere they came - O, let me say no more!

Duke. Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Egeon. There the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful Ship was splitted in the midst.
And in our sight they tree were taken up.
At length, another ship had seized on us;
And therefore homeward to Syracuse did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. What hath befall'n of them and thee till now.

Egeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother: and importuned me
That his attendant - so his case was like
Might bear him company in the quest of him.
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Egeon, I will favor thee in what I can.
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day
To seek thy help by beneficial help;
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.
Jailer, take him to thy custody.
Jailer. I will, my lord.

Egeon. Hopeless and helpless doth Egeon wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end.

EXIT

Narrator. After leaving his home, Antipholus of Syracuse has arrived in Ephesus with his servant Dromio of Syracuse, to find his long lost brother and his mother. We find him in the market place meeting with a merchant who has a warning for him. This is where you need to start paying attention because the confusion is about to ensue. Remember both Antipholus and Dromio have identical twins.

Act I, Scene 2: THE MART

Enter ANTIPHOLOUS of SYRACUSE, DROMIO of SYRACUSE, and FIRST MERCHANT

First Merchant. Here, sir. Say you are of Epidamnum.
This very day a Syracusian merchant,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money that I had to keep.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Go bear it to the Ceaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time.
Get thee away.

Dromio of Syracuse. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a mean.

EXIT

Antipholus of Syracuse. A trusty villan, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jest.
What, will you walk with me about town,
And then go to my inn, and dine with me?

First Merchant. I am invited, sir, t certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit.
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o' clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterward consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Farewell till then. I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

First Merchant. Sir, I commend you to your own content

EXIT

Antipholus of Syracuse. He that commends me to mine own content
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself.
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

ENTER DROMIO of EPHEBUS

What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon?

Dromio Ephesus. Return'd so soon! Rather approach'd too late.
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;

Antipholus of Syracuse. Stop in your wind, sir! Tell me this, I pray:
Where have you left the money that I gave you?

Dromio Ephesus. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Como, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season.
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

Dromio Ephesus. To me, sir? Why, you gave no gold to me.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast disposed thy charge.

Dromio Ephesus. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner.
My mistress and her sister stays for you.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money?
Where is the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

Dromio Ephesus. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.

Antipholus of Syracuse. The mistress' marks? What mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dromio Ephesus. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;

Antipholus of Syracuse. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

Dromio Ephesus. What mean you, sir? For Gods's sake, hold your hands!
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

EXIT

Antipholus of Syracuse. Upon my life, by some device or other
The villan is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll go to the Centaur, to go seek this slave
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

Narrator. At the Phoenix, Adriana, Antipholus of Ephesus's wife, is worried because her husband is not yet home. She suspects he is cheating on her and becomes jealous. Luciana, her sister, attempts to calm her down. While Adriana is bad-mouthing her husband, Dromio of Ephesus returns without Antipholus of Ephesus and Adriana turns on him. Dromio of Ephesus explains that his master wants his gold and refused to return home, but Dromio of Ephesus meant Antipholus of Syracuse, not Antipholus of Ephesus, his master and Adriana's husband.

Act II, Scene 1: THE HOUSE OF ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHESUS

ENTER ADRIANA and LUCIANA

Adriana. Neither my husband nor the slave return'd.
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luciana. Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and when they see time
They'll go or come: if so, be patient sister.

Adriana. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luciana. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adriana. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luciana. O, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adriana. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luciana. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.
There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects and at their controls:
Men more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world and wild watery seas,

Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords

Adriana. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luciana. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adriana. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luciana. Ere I learn love, I'll practice to obey.

Adriana. How if your husband start some other where?

Luciana. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adriana. Patience unmoved! No marvel though she pause;
The can be meek that have no other cause.

So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me!

Luciana. Well, I will marry one day, but to try.
Here comes your man; now is your husband nigh

ENTER DROMIO of EPHEBUS

Adriana. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

Dromio of Ephesus. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adriana. Say, didst thou speak with him? Know'st thou his mind?

Dromio of Ephesus. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear!

Luciana. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

Adriana. But say, I prithee, is he coming home?

Dromio of Ephesus. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adriana. Horn-mad, thou villain!

Dromio of Ephesus. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But sure, he is stark mad.

When I desired him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold;

"T is dinner-time," quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he:

"Your meat doth burn," quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he:

"Will you come home?" quoth I; "My gold!" quoth he,

"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?"

"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd;" "My gold!" quoth he:

"My mistress, sir," quoth I; "Hang up thy mistress!

I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!"

Luciana. Quoth Who?

Dromio of Ephesus. Quoth my master: "I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no mistress."

Adriana. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

Dromio of Ephesus. Go back again, and be beaten home? For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adriana. Hence, prating peasant! Fetch thy master home.

Dromio of Ephesus. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

EXIT

Luciana. Fie, how impatience loureth in your face!

Adriana. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? Then he hath wasted it:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home, poor I am but his stale.

Luciana. Self-harming jealousy! Fie, beat it hence!

Adriana. Sister, you know he promised me a chain;
Would that alone, alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luciana. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

EXIT

In this scene Dromio of Syracuse, returns to his master to find Antipholus of Syracuse extremely annoyed. Antipholus says that Dromio ticked him off by "messing" around, but Dromio says that was just doing what he was told and has no recollection of dinner, home, or a wife. Feeling better after beating Dromio, of Syracuse, Antipholus of Syracuse is shocked by the arrival of Adriana and Luciana, who mistake of Antipholus of Syracuse for Antipholus of Ephesus, Andriana's husband.

Act II, Scene 2: A PUBLIC PLACE

ENTER ANTIPHOLOUS of SYRACUSE

Antipholus of Syracuse. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur. And the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.

ENTER DROMIO of SYRACUSE

How now, sir! Is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? You recived no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phoenix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

Dromio of Syracuse. What answer, sir? When spake I, such a word?

Antipholus of Syracuse. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

Dromio of Syracuse. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

Dromio of Syracuse. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.

BEATING DROMIO of SYRACUSE.

Dromio of Syracuse. Well, sir, I thank you.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Thank me, sir! For what?

Dromio of Syracuse. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Antipholus of Syracuse. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for
something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

Dromio of Syracuse. No, Sir: I think the meat wants that I have.

Antipholus of Syracuse. In good time, sir; what's that?
Well, sir, learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things.

ENTER ADRIANA and LUCIANA

Adriana. Ay, ay, Antipholous, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.
How comes it now, my husband, O, how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Keep, then, fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not!
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town as to your talk!

Luciana. Fie, brother! How the world is changed with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Antipholus of Syracuse. By Dromio?

Dromio of Syracuse. By me?

Adriana. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dromio of Syracuse. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Villain, thou liest! For even her very words didst thou
deliver to me on the mart.

Dromio of Syracuse. I never spake with her in all my life.

Antipholus of Syracuse. How can she thus then call us by our names?
Unless it be by inspiration.

Adriana. How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Unsurping ivy, brier, or idle moss.

Antipholus of Syracuse. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married t her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luciana. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner!

Dromio of Syracuse. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!

We talk with goblins, owls, and sprites:
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.

Luciana. Why pratest thou to thyself, and answer'st not?

Adriana. Come, sir, to dinner. Dromio, keep the gate.
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day.
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter.
Come, sister. Dromio, play the porter well!

Dromio of Syracuse. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Luciana. Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late.

EXIT

While Adriana, Luciana, Antipholus of Syracuse, and Dromio of Syracuse are inside having their meal, Antipholus of Ephesus is wondering why his wife won't let him inside his own house. Little does he know his wife. And the other servants firmly believe she is already dining with him. Angry and offended, Antipholus of Ephesus and his friends leave to the Porpentine, the house of the Courtesan.

Meanwhile, Antipholus of Syracuse expresses his feelings for Luciana but she thinks that he is her brother-in-law. Later, Dromio of Syracuse comes in flustered after his confrontation with Luce, the kitchen maid. She has just expressed her love for Dromio (the wrong Dromio). Angelo delivers the necklace to the wrong Antipholus.

Act III, Scene 1: BEFORE THE HOUSE OF ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

ENTER ANTIPHOLUS of EPHEBUS, DROMIO of EPHEBUS, ANGELO

Antipholus of Ephesus. Good Signior Angelo, you must excuse us all.
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours.
Say that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carcanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charged him with a thousand marks in gold,
And that I did deny my wife and house.
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

Dromio of Ephesus. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know.

Antipholus of Ephesus. I think thou art an ass.

Dromio of Ephesus. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer and the blows I bear.

Antipholus of Ephesus. You're sad, Signior Balthazar. Pray God our cheer may

answer my good will and your good welcome here.

Balthazar. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

Antipholus of Ephesus. A table full of welcome make scarce one dainty dish.

Balthazar. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Antipholus of Ephesus. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words. Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart. But, soft! My door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

Dromio of Ephesus. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicel, Gillian, Ginn!

Dromio of Syracuse. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch! Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch. Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store, When one is one too many? Go, get thee from the door.

Antipholus of Ephesus. What art thou that keepest me out from the house I owe?

Dromio of Syracuse. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dromio of Ephesus. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name. The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame. If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Luce. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] What a coil is there, Dromio? Who are those at the gate?

Dromio of Ephesus. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] Faith, no; he comes too late, and so tell your master.

Dromio of Ephesus. O Lord, I must laugh! Have at you with a proverb--Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] Have at you with another; that's--When? Can you tell?

Dromio of Syracuse. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] If thy name be call'd Luce--Luce, thou hast answered him well.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Do you hear, you minion? You'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] I thought to have asked you.

Dromio of Syracuse. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] And you said no.

Dromio of Ephesus. So, come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dromio of Ephesus. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] Let him knock till it ache.

Antipholus of Ephesus. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adriana. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

Dromio of Syracuse. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adriana. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] Your wife, sir knave! Go get you from the door.

Dromio of Ephesus. If you went in pain, master, this 'knave' would go sore.

Angelo. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Balthazar. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dromio of Ephesus. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

Antipholus of Ephesus. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in. Go fetch me something! I'll break ope the gate.

Dromio of Syracuse. [*FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, A DOOR*] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Go get thee gone; fetch me an iron crow.

Balthazar. Have patience, sir; O, let it not be so!
Herein you war against your reputation
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.

Antipholus of Ephesus. You have prevailed: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle:
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,

My wife--but, I protest, without desert--
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner.

[To Angelo] Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine;
For there's the house: that chain will I bestow--
Be it for nothing but to spite my wife--
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Angelo. I'll meet you at that place some hour hence.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense.

EXIT

Act III, Scene 2: BEFORE THE HOUSE OF ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS.

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of SYRACUSE

Luciana. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husband's office? Shall, Antipholus,
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness:
Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness:
Let not my sister read it in your eye.
We in your motion turn and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife!

Antipholus of Syracuse. Are you a god? Would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears:
Sing, siren, for thyself and I will dote.

Luciana. What, are you mad, that you do reason so?

Antipholus of Syracuse. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luciana. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

Antipholus of Syracuse. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luciana. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

Antipholus of Syracuse. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luciana. Why call you me love? call my sister so.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Thy sister's sister.

Luciana. That's my sister.

Antipholus of Syracuse. No! It is thyself, mine own self's better part.

Luciana. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I am thee.

Thee will I love and with thee lead my life:

Thou hast no husband yet nor I no wife.

Give me thy hand.

Luciana. O, soft, air! hold you still:

I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

EXIT

ENTER DROMIO of SYRACUSE

Antipholus of Syracuse. Why, how now, Dromio! where runn'st thou so fast?

Dromio of Syracuse. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man?
am I myself?

Antipholus of Syracuse. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

Dromio of Syracuse. I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides myself.

Antipholus of Syracuse. What woman's man? And how besides thyself? Besides
thyself?

Dromio of Syracuse. One that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

Antipholus of Syracuse. What claim lays she to thee? What is she?

Dromio of Syracuse. A very reverent body. She is a wondrous fat marriage.

Antipholus of Syracuse. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dromio of Syracuse. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen wench and all grease;

and I know not what use to put her to but to make a

lamp of her and run from her by her own light.

If she lives till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

Antipholus of Syracuse. What complexion is she of?

Dromio of Syracuse. Black, like my shoe, but her face nothing half so clean kept: for why, she sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

Antipholus of Syracuse. That's a fault that water will mend.

Dromio of Syracuse. No, sir, 'tis in grain. Noah's flood could not do it.

Antipholus of Syracuse. What's her name?

Dromio of Syracuse. Nell, sir; but her name and three quarters, that's an ell and three quarters, will not measure her from hip to hip.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Then she bears some breadth?

Dromio of Syracuse. No longer from head to foot than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe! To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me Dromio; swore I was assured to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as, the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amazed ran from her as a witch!

Antipholus of Syracuse. Go hie thee presently, post to the road.
If every one knows us and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

Dromio of Syracuse. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife.

EXIT

Antipholus of Syracuse. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

ENTER ANGELO WITH A GOLD NECKLACE

Angelo. Master Antipholus!

Antipholus of Syracuse. Ay, that's my name.

Angelo. I know it well, sir, lo, here is the chain.
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Antipholus of Syracuse. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Angelo. What please yourself, sir: I have made it for you.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Angelo. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have.
Go home with it and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you
And then receive my money for the chain.

Antipholus of Syracuse. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor money more.

Angelo. You are a merry man, sir: fare you well.

EXIT

Antipholus of Syracuse. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay
If any ship put out, then straight away.

EXIT

Welcome to Act 4! Here's what you need to know. Antipholus of Ephesus has ordered a necklace for his wife, Adriana. Unfortunately, Angelo accidentally gave the necklace to his twin, Antipholus of Syracuse. Antipholus of Ephesus refuses to pay for the necklace he never received and as a result is arrested. He sends Dromio of Syracuse (the right Dromio) to his home to ask his wife to bail him out of jail. Upon his arrival, Dromio finds Luciana sharing that her sister's husband, who is actually Antipholus of Syracuse, has been trying to put the moves on her. DRAMA!

Act IV, Scene 1: A PUBLIC PLACE

ENTER SECOND MERCHANT, ANGELO, OFFICER

Second Merchant. You know since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importuned you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Angelo. Even just the sum that I do owe to you
Is growing to me by Antipholus,
And in the instant that I met with you
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock
I shall receive the money for the same.

Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond and thank you too.

ENTER ANTIPHOLUS of EPHESUS, DROMIO of EPHESUS.

Officer. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Antipholus of Ephesus. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end: that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, soft! I see the goldsmith. Get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope and bring it home to me.

Dromio of Ephesus. I buy a thousand pound a year: I buy a rope.

EXIT

Antipholus of Ephesus. A man is well help up that trusts to you:
I promised your presence and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Angelo. Saving your merry humour, here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold and chargeful fashion.
Which doth amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharged,
For he is bound to sea and stays but for it.

Antipholus of Ephesus. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town.
Good signior, take the stranger to my house
And with you take the chain and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Angelo. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Antipholus of Ephesus. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Angelo. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you?

Antipholus of Ephesus. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Angelo. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain:
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Good Lord! you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Second Merchant. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Angelo. You hear how he importunes me;--the chain!

Antipholus of Ephesus. Why, give it to my wife and fetch your money.

Angelo. Come, come, you know I gave it you even now.
Either send the chain or send me by some token.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath,
where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Second Merchant. My business cannot brook this dalliance.
Good sir, say whether you'll answer me or no:
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

Antipholus of Ephesus. I answer you! What should I answer you?

Angelo. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Antipholus of Ephesus. I owe you none till I receive the chain.

Angelo. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

Antipholus of Ephesus. You gave me none: you wrong me much to say so.

Angelo. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Second Merchant. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Officer. I do; and charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Angelo. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay this sum for me
Or I attach you by this officer.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Consent to pay thee that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou darest.

Angelo. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer,
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Officer. I do arrest you, sir: you hear the suit.

Antipholus of Ephesus. I do obey thee till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Angelo. Sir, sir, I will have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame; I doubt it not.

ENTER DROMIO of SYRACUSE

Dromio of Syracuse. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum and aqua-vitae.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Antipholus of Ephesus. How now! a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Dromio of Syracuse. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose and what end.

Dromio of Syracuse. You sent me for a rope's end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.

Antipholus of Ephesus. I will debate this matter at more leisure
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight:
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it:
Tell her I am arrested in the street
And that shall bail me; hie thee, slave, be gone!
On, officer, to prison till it come.

EXIT SECOND MERCHANT, ANGELO, OFFICER, ANTIPHOLUS of EPHEBUS

Dromio of Syracuse. To Adriana! that is where we dined,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfill.

EXIT

Act IV, SCENE 2: THE HOUSE OF ANTIPHOLUS OF EPHEBUS

ENTER ADRIANA, LUCIANA

Adriana. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
That he did plead in earnest? Yea or no?

Luciana. First he denied you had in him no right.

Adriana. He meant he did me none; the more my spite.

Luciana. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adriana. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luciana. Then pleaded I for you.

Adriana. And what said he?

Luciana. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.

Adriana. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luciana. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adriana. Didst speak him fair?

Luciana. Have patience, I beseech.

Adriana. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-faced, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere.

Luciana. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adriana. Ah, but I think him better than I say,
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

ENTER DROMIO of SYRACUSE

Dromio of Syracuse. Here! Go! The desk, the purse! Sweet, now, make haste.

Luciana. How hast thou lost thy breath?

Dromio of Syracuse. By running fast.

Adriana. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

Dromio of Syracuse. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him.

Adriana. Why, man, what is the matter?

Dromio of Syracuse. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.

Adriana. What, is he arrested? Tell me at whose suit.

Dromio of Syracuse. I know not at whose suit he is arrested well;
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that can I tell.
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adriana. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit LUCIANA*] This I wonder at, That he, unknown to me,
should be in debt. Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

Dromio of Syracuse. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain! Do you not hear it ring?

Adriana. What, the chain?

Dromio of Syracuse. No, no, the bell: 'tis time that I were gone!

REENTER LUCIANA WITH A PURSE

Adriana. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit--
Conceit, my comfort and my injury.

EXIT

Your personal Shakespeare guides are here for you! You might think this is a series of unfortunate events. However, let me organize the confusion for you. In these next two scenes, Antipholus of Syracuse decides he needs to leave Ephesus because everyone in this city is crazy, but he ends up stepping into a larger mess. The Courtesan he previously jilted is trying to get her ring back from Antipholus of Syracuse, who doesn't have it. Adriana is upset with Antipholus of Ephesus (her true husband) because she thinks he has gone mad. So she summons an exorcist, the witty Doctor Pinch, to cure her husband's ails. What a great wife, right? So just to recap, during the scenes to come, be on the lookout for a ring, a rope, a sassy courtesan, and an exorcist!

Act IV, Scene 3: A PUBLIC PLACE.

ENTER ANTIPHOLUS of SYRACUSE

Antipholus of Syracuse. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me; some invite me.
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me.

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

ENTER DROMIO of SYRACUSE

Dromio of Syracuse. Master, here's the gold you sent me for!

Antipholus of Syracuse. What gold is this? Is there any ship puts forth tonight? May we be gone?

Dromio of Syracuse. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since that the bark Expedition put forth to-night. Here are the angels that you sent for to deliver you.

Antipholus of Syracuse. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

ENTER COURTEZAN

Courtezan. Well met, well met, Master Antipholus.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promised me today?

Antipholus of Syracuse. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not.

Dromio of Syracuse. Master, is this Mistress Satan?

Antipholus of Syracuse. It is the devil.

Dromio of Syracuse. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light!
Come not near her.

Courtezan. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We'll mend our dinner here?

Antipholus of Syracuse. Avoid then, fiend!

Courtezan. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.
I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain:
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Avoid, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.

EXIT ANTIPHOLUS of SYRACUSE, DROMIO of SYRACUSE

Courtezan. Now, out of doubt Antipholus is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promised me a chain:
Both one and other he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose;
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

EXIT

Act IV, Scene 4: A STREET.

ENTER ANTIPHOLUS of EPHESUS, OFFICER

Antipholus of Ephesus. Fear me not, man; I will not break away!
Enter DROMIO of EPHESUS with a rope.
Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, sir! have you that I sent you for?

Dromio of Ephesus. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

Antipholus of Ephesus. But where's the money?

Dromio of Ephesus. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

Dromio of Ephesus. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

ANTIPHOLUS of EPHESUS CHASING AND BEATING DROMIO of EPHESUS

Officer. Good sir, be patient.

Dromio of Ephesus. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Officer. Good, now, hold thy tongue.

Dromio of Ephesus. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

Dromio of Ephesus. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel
your blows.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an
ass.

Dromio of Ephesus. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have served him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. I am waked with it when I sleep; raised with it when I sit; driven out of doors with it when I go from home; welcomed home with it when I return.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

ENTER ADRIANA, LUCIANA, COURTEZAN, PINCH

Dromio of Ephesus. Mistress, 'respice finem,' respect your end; or rather, the prophecy like the parrot, 'beware the rope's-end.'

Antipholus of Ephesus. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beating DROMIO of EPHEBUS*]

Courtezan. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

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

Luciana. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Courtezan. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand and let me feel your pulse.

Antipholus of Ephesus. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear. [*Striking PINCH*]

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

Antipholus of Ephesus. Peace, dotting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adriana. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

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

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

Antipholus of Ephesus. Dined at home! Thou villain, what sayest thou?

Dromio of Ephesus. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Were not my doors lock'd up and I shut out?

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

Antipholus of Ephesus. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dromio of Ephesus. Sans fable, she herself reviled you there.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dromio of Ephesus. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Antipholus of Ephesus. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dromio of Ephesus. In verity you did; my bones bear witness!

Antipholus of Ephesus. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

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

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

Antipholus of Ephesus. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adriana. He came to me and I deliver'd it.

Luciana. And I am witness with her that she did.

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

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

Adriana. O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

THEY OFFER TO BIND DROMIO of EPHEBUS

Adriana. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Officer. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be required of me.

Adriana. I will discharge thee ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. O most unhappy day!

Antipholus of Ephesus. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dromio of Ephesus. Master, I am here entered in bond for you.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dromio of Ephesus. Will you be bound for nothing? Be mad, good master:
cry 'The devil!'

Luciana. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adriana. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.

EXIT ALL BUT ADRIANA, LUCIANA, OFFICER, COURTEZAN

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Officer. One Angelo, a goldsmith: do you know him?

Adriana. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Officer. Two hundred ducats.

Adriana. Say, how grows it due?

Officer. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adriana. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Courtezan. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house and took away my ring--
The ring I saw upon his finger now--
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adriana. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come, jailer, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

ENTER ANTIPHOLUS of SYRACUSE WITH HIS SWORD DRAWN, DROMIO of SYRACUSE

CHASE, THEN ALL BUT ANTIPHOLUS of SYRACUSE, DROMIO of SYRACUSE EXIT

Antipholus of Syracuse. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

Dromio of Syracuse. She that would be your wife now ran from you.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence.
I will not stay tonight for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

EXIT

Narrator. Ok, so we're coming to the end of the play and it's about to get even wackier?! Remember! There are the two sets of twins and the lovely sisters Adrianna and Luciana. We've also got poor Ægeon who is about to be beheaded, and a feisty and protective Abbess, who you will meet in this scene. Mistaken identities are a given when both the Antipholi and Dromios meet for the first time in a very long time. Will a happy ending be their fate? Will they all die? That couldn't happen, right? After all, this is a comedy remember! But a comedy of errors... so someone could die... goodness. I hope not! Guess you'll just have to wait and see.

Act V, Scene 1: A STREET BEFORE A PRIORY

ENTER SECOND MERCHANT and ANGELO

Angelo. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Second Merchant. How is the man esteemed here in the city?

Angelo. Of very reverend reputation, sir.
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Second Merchant. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

ENTER ANTIPHOLUS of SYRACUSE, DROMIO of SYRACUSE

Angelo. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck.
Signior Antipholus,
This chain which now you wear so openly,
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

Antipholus of Syracuse. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Second Merchant. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?

Second Merchant. These ears of mine, thou know'st did hear thee.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou darest stand.

Second Merchant. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [*They draw swords or hands*]

ENTER ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the COURTEZAN, OTHERS

Adriana. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake! he is mad.

Dromio of Syracuse. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house!
This is some priory. In, or we are spoil'd!

EXIT ANTIPHOLUS of SYRACUSE and DROMIO of SYRACUSE to the Priory

ENTER THE LADY ABBESS, EMILIA

Emilia. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?

Adriana. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast
And bear him home for his recovery.

Emilia. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adriana. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much different from the man he was;
But till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Good people enter and lay hold on him.

Emilia. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adriana. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Emilia. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands
Till I have brought him to his wits again.
Therefore depart and leave him here with me.

Adriana. I will not hence and leave my husband here:
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Emilia. Be quiet and depart: thou shalt not have him.

EXIT

Luciana. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adriana. I will fall prostrate at his feet.

Second Merchant. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale,
The place of death and sorry execution,

Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Luciana. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey.

ENTER DUKE SOLINUS, EGEON, OFFICER

Adriana. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Solinus. It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adriana. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband, this ill day,
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurried through the street,
With him his bondman, all as mad as he--
Once did I get him bound and sent him home,
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again and madly bent on us,
Chased us away; till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them. Then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them:

ENTER a SERVANT

Servant. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My master and his man are both broke loose,
And sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adriana. Peace, fool! thy master and his man are here,
And that is false thou dost report to us.

Servant. Mistress upon my life, I tell you true.
Cry within

Hark, hark! I hear him, mistress. fly, be gone!

Adriana. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we housed him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

ENTER ANTIPHOLUS of EPHESUS, DROMIO of EPHESUS

Antipholus of Ephesus. Justice, most gracious duke, O, grant me justice!

Egeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,

I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

Antipholus of Ephesus. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there!
She whom thou gavest to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me!

Solinus. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

Antipholus of Ephesus. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Solinus. A grievous fault! Say, woman, didst thou so?

Adriana. No, my good lord: myself, he and my sister
Today did dine together. So befall my soul
As this is false he burdens me withal!

Luciana. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Antipholus of Ephesus. My liege, I am advised what I say.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there,
Could witness it, for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjured goldsmith swear me down
That I this day of him received the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd
Then fairly I bespoke the officer
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates. Along with them
They brought one Pinch,
And, gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as 'twere, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence
And in a dark and dankish vault at home!

Angelo. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him,
That he dined not at home, but was lock'd out.

Solinus. You say he dined at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying. Sirrah, what say you?

Dromio of Ephesus. Sir, he dined with her there, at the Porpentine.

Courtezan. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

Antipholus of Ephesus. 'Tis true, my liege; this ring I had of her.

Courtezan. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Solinus. Why, this is strange. Go call the abbess hither.
I think you are all mated or stark mad.

EXIT OFFICER TO THE LADY ABBESS

Egeon. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word:
Haply I see a friend will save my life
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Solinus. Speak freely, Syracusian, what thou wilt.

Egeon. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholus?
And is not that your bondman, Dromio?

Dromio of Ephesus. Within this hour I was his bondman sir.

Egeon. I am sure you both of you remember me.

Dromio of Ephesus. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Egeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

Antipholus of Ephesus. I never saw you in my life till now.

Egeon. O, grief hath changed me since you saw me last!

Antipholus of Ephesus. Neither.

Egeon. Dromio, nor thou?

Dromio of Ephesus. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Egeon. I am sure thou dost.

Dromio of Ephesus. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a
man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Egeon. Not know my voice! Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Antipholus of Ephesus. I never saw my father in my life.

Egeon. But seven years since, in Syracuse, boy,
Thou know'st we parted!

Antipholus of Ephesus. The duke and all that know me in the city
Can witness with me that it is not so
I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Solinus. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

REENTER EMILIA, with ANTIPHOLUS of SYRACUSE, DROMIO of SYRACUSE

Emilia. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
All gather to see them

Adriana. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Solinus. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these. Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dromio of Syracuse. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dromio of Ephesus. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.

Antipholus of Syracuse. Egeon art thou not? Or else his ghost?

Dromio of Syracuse. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Emilia. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds
And gain a husband by his liberty.
Speak, old Egeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Emilia
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons:
O, if thou be'st the same Egeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Emilia!

Egeon. If I dream not, thou art Emilia:
If thou art she, tell me where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Emilia. By men of Epidamnum he and I
And the twin Dromio all were taken up;
But by and by rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them
And me they left with those of Epidamnum.
What then became of them I cannot tell
I to this fortune that you see me in.

Solinus. Why, here begins his morning story right.
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Adriana. Which of you two did dine with me today?

Antipholus of Syracuse. I, gentle mistress.

Adriana. And are not you my husband?

Antipholus of Ephesus. No; I say nay to that.

Antipholus of Syracuse. And so do I; yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.

To LUCIANA

What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Courtezan. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

Antipholus of Ephesus. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Emilia. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company.
The duke, my husband and my children both,
Go to a gossips' feast and go with me;
After so long grief, such festivity!

EXIT all but DROMIO of SYRACUSE and DROMIO of EPHEBUS

Dromio of Syracuse. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dromio of Ephesus. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

Dromio of Syracuse. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dromio of Ephesus. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dromio of Syracuse. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then lead thou first.

Dromio of Ephesus. Nay, then, thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother;

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

EXIT