The role of Proteus in William Shakespeare's The Two Gentlemen of Verona: a production thesis in acting

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THE ROLE OF PROTEUS IN WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE’S
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA:
A PRODUCTION THESIS IN ACTING

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
Louisiana State University and
Agricultural and Mechanical College
in partial fulfillment of the
requirement for the degree of
Master of Fine Arts

in

The Department of Theatre

by
Adam B. Hose
B.A., Auburn University, 2000
May 2003
In Memory of

Jack Edward Franklin Funderburk

December 17, 1975 – April 24, 2000

He taught me that you aren’t really laughing until you are crying.
ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I have been blessed to come in contact with many wonderful people throughout my life, many of whom never even realized how much they meant to me. But, their inspiration, kind words, nudges, roadblocks and even rejections have made me the man and the actor I am today. Although this acknowledgment page won’t sufficiently express my feelings towards the people I am mentioning, I wanted to at least preserve it on paper.

First and foremost, I have to thank my parents. My mom and dad mean more to me than I will ever be able to tell them. Their devotion to our family and to their faith has taught me that no matter where I go, or what I do, I will always have a family that loves me and a God that will never leave me. I have said it my whole life, but just to reiterate, I will never forget where I came from. Mom and Dad, I love you! Thank you for believing in me.

Thanks to Robyn for giving me the most precious gift in the world, Mary Emma. It will be hard living so far from you, so you have to promise to visit. You have always been a confidant and you were always there to protect your little brother. Thank you for leading me to Auburn and getting me to audition for Singers. I wish you had been there longer, because I know we would have had wonderful memories. Nevertheless, I owe much of my time at Auburn to you and it was the most influential time of my life.

Thanks to my pre-LSU mentors: Rebecca Shofner, Mike Spivey, Stephen Elrod, Ralph Miller and T.R. Smith. You guys taught me the skills I needed to be an artist and encouraged me to follow my dream to be an actor.

To my professors at LSU: Annmarie Davis, the best recruiter LSU ever had, and her husband Bob; Nick Erickson, who taught me that the body is a work of art, and
reminded me of my passion for the theatre; Jo Curtis Lester, who not only instructed us, but also took care of us, both mentally and physically; and especially John Dennis.

    JD, I would follow you to the end of the Earth, because I trust that you wouldn’t let me fall off. You have not only taught me the fundamentals of acting, but you are sending me away with this knowledge: selling tickets is somebody else’s problem. We are artists and have a duty to ourselves to create. Thank you for giving me so many chances to create these past three years including this thesis role. I look forward to many more opportunities. Oh, and I still don’t think bushes are funny.

    To my beautiful Erin. For three years, I have been in awe of the love you have for life. You have the most beautiful heart of anyone I have ever met. Thank you for your hugs, your encouragements, your loyalty and your time. Thank you for your belief in our relationship, your love of God, your dedication to family and your smiles. You always know how to cheer me up, how to make me laugh and how to take my mind off of work with silly games. You truly are a gift. Mmmmmmmwwwwwwaaaaaaaaaaaa!

    Finally, thanks to the best classmates in the history of the M.F.A. program: Deb, Chris, Jenn, Lib and Smitty. I never thought I would love five other people as much as I love you guys. I will always be proud to hang my hammer.

    Debbie, you have been a great mom for the class. Thanks for always checking on us. Chris, thanks for your unpredictability and your loyalty. I never knew what to expect, which made acting with you exciting and new every single time. I also know any of us could ask you for anything and you would oblige without question. I look forward to experiencing the city with you. Jenn, thank you for your humor. I will never forget the arm trick, the box springs incident, the chair incident, the head-wrapping in Chekov,
“Injurious Hermia,” bobbing for beer, the Jenga game, Union, our first kiss, the
“revealing” north country scene, Mary and something about a sheep and a shepherd just
to name a few. If I could take one thing with me to live on a deserted island it would
definitely be our Crash. Lib and Smitty, it all started three March’s ago in 168 with a car
accident and a one-night stand. We didn’t know each other, but I knew then, I had found
two of the best friends I would ever have. Libby, you are one of the only people I have
ever met, that I truly would lay down my life for. Your sweet spirit and passion for
people is unlike anything I have ever seen. I will never forget the cute girl that screwed
up her audition, but through sheer competitive determination asked to start again and then
nailed it. Thank God you did, because it wouldn’t have been the same without you.
Thank you for your honesty and friendship. I can’t wait to see what happens next.
Smitty, for three years you have shown me what it is like to have a brother. We have
competed, we have argued, we have worked together and even lived together. You have
mentored me and at the same time, trusted me to give you advice. But most of all, like a
big brother should, you have set an example of what a husband should be. Some day I
will get married and I pray that I can be the husband I see in you. Thank you for giving
me something I never had, a brother.
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ABSTRACT

The role of Proteus in The Two Gentlemen of Verona written by William Shakespeare was selected as a thesis project in the fall semester of 2002. This thesis is a written record of the actor’s work on the character throughout the rehearsal process and performance of the production in the form of an Actor’s Score. It also includes an Introduction, Character Analysis, Research, Photos and a Conclusion.
INTRODUCTION

This thesis is a character study of Proteus, often defined as the villain in William Shakespeare’s comedy The Two Gentlemen of Verona. It is easy to see why the term “villain” is used to describe him. During the course of the play, Proteus, through a series of lies and cunning deceptions, betrays his best friend Valentine and his only love Julia. He gets Valentine banished and takes advantage of his absence by moving in on Valentine’s love Silvia, eventually attempting to rape her. It is also easy to see why many theatres will not touch this play. After all, in the span of two lines of text, Valentine not only forgives Proteus, but he offers Silvia to him as a token of his forgiveness. Many theatre scholars have claimed that Shakespeare got bored with the play and therefore had to find a quick, meaningless ending, thus rendering it “unplayable.”

My first bout with the play was two years ago in a summer stock theatre in Cape Cod, Massachusetts, in which I played the role of Panthino. I must admit, that production was in line with the scholars. The ending came out of nowhere, because there was never a real connection made between Proteus and Valentine, therefore it didn’t make sense for Valentine to forgive Proteus. The actor playing Proteus seemed to concentrate on his lust for Silvia and overwhelmed the audience with indicated meanness and evil. The audience left dumbfounded at what they had just seen, and I promised myself to one day play the role and try to do it the justice it deserves.

I got that chance sooner than I thought in this thesis production. I chose a different approach to Proteus by focusing specifically on his relationship to Valentine. I
tried to create a bond of friendship between the two so strong that forgiveness would no
longer be a far-fetched option; it would be a certainty.

This idea was facilitated by my director’s concept for the play – his placement of
Shakespeare’s text in the setting of the 1960’s. In our production, the characters would
leave their sheltered, high school lives in conservative Kansas and travel to the mystical
world of San Francisco, right in the middle of the American hippie movement. He and I
decided that there must be a reason behind Proteus’ downfall. By making him
Valentine’s runner up in everything from high school football fame to peer adoration and
love making, Proteus has a reason to be jealous and acts on that jealousy in hopes of
finally winning a victory over Valentine. Although he is out of control, Valentine is still
able to forgive him, because of the brother-like bond the two have created throughout
their lives. Thus the audience had to understand both the love and hate between the two
men.

Challenging? Yes, but with the help of R.W. Smith, someone with whom I have
already known this same bond of brotherhood, playing opposite me as Valentine, it was
an adventure well taken.

This thesis is a documentation of the process that led me to understand the role of
Proteus and his relationship to Valentine. All quotes and references to the text contained
herein come from The Two Gentlemen of Verona, published by Penguin Shakespeare
and edited by Norman Sanders, copyright December, 1981. It consists of a Character
Analysis and a four column Score of the role. The Character Analysis is designed to help
the actor fill in the blanks about the character through a series of questions. Some
answers to these questions are found throughout the text or are derived from hints left by
Shakespeare, including the rhythm and scansion of the Elizabethan text. Other answers are discovered in the actor’s imagination throughout the production process. The Score is an outlined course of action that the actor can use to steer himself toward his overall goals. It is made up of: all the text of the scenes in which the actor plays; choices about what the character wants to do to the other characters around him in order to get something accomplished (Tactics); choices about those things that are impeding the actor from achieving his objectives, whether physical or emotional, real or imagined, internal or external (Obstacles); and choices about what physical or visual stimuli is triggering the actor’s senses (Images). This Score is an opening-night map that is constantly evolving according to decisions made by other actors, additional experience and new discoveries and is not intended to lock the actor into a pattern, but instead provide a guide to fresh creation.

Swine Palace Productions at Louisiana State University produced The Two Gentlemen of Verona on November 7, 2002 in the Reilly Theatre. It was performed 15 times during the following three weeks including three matinees for local area students. John Dennis directed the production. The cast was as follows: Valentine, R.W. Smith; Proteus, Adam B. Hose; Speed, Jennifer Kelley; Julia, Libby King; Lucetta, Allison Glenzer; Antonio, Chris Cariker; Panthino, Preston Davis; Silvia, Debbie Fleming; Launce, Shawn Halliday; Duke, Graham Frye; Thurio, Chaney Tullos; Eglamour, John Lambremont, Jr.; Ursala/Cheerleader, Sarah Jane Johnson; Various Football Players/Cheerleaders/Hippos/Outlaws/Solid Gold Dancers/Guards, Kevin Brown, Nathan Frizzell, Jennifer Falgout, Brace Harris, David Huber, Eric Little, Tara MacMullen, Rebecca Nicole Many, Michelle McCoy, Thomas Smith, Kuniqua Stewart,
Reed Wiley. Matt Bankston was the assistant director and Ellie Sturgill was the stage manager.
CHARACTER ANALYSIS

Autobiography:

I was born May 19, 1949 in Verona, Kansas, a small town about thirty miles outside the capital city of Topeka. My mother, Mary Katherine, and my father, Antonio, were raised in a very sheltered, Episcopal household and made no changes with my upbringing. I was taught to go to church every week, to eat three square meals a day and to work hard in school, both in the classroom and on the athletic fields. I was educated in the public school system in Verona, attending class with the same students from grammar school to high school.

My next-door neighbors have been the same ever since I can remember and are a very similar family to mine. Their son Valentine has always been my best friend. He was six months older than me, and developed a little faster than I did. He was always more athletic and successful with the girls than I was, but I always had him beat when it came to brains.

We had a great time together growing up. If there was prank pulled off in town, everyone always looked to Valentine and me. We attended camp together as kids and in the ninth grade, we went on our first dates together to the harvest dance. I took Julia and Valentine took some girl who eventually moved away later that year. I don’t remember her name because Valentine almost never had a steady girlfriend; he dated lots of girls. But not me, I dated Julia all through high school.

Julia was the love of my life. She was a cheerleader and I was the quarterback of the football team. She was my first date and I was hers. She was my first kiss and I was hers. It seemed perfect. Julia’s family was wealthier than mine, in fact, she had her own
private nurse, just like they did in Elizabethan England, but she never let her money get in the way. We loved each other, and we would have done anything to be together.

**What does Proteus say about himself?**

“He after honour hunts, I after love. 
He leaves his friends to dignify them more; 
I leave myself, my friends and all for love.”

“…love wounded Proteus…poor, forlorn 
Proteus, passionate Proteus…”

“Thus have I shunned the fire for fear of burning, 
And drenched me in the sea where I am drowned. 
I feared to show my father Julia’s letter, 
Lest he should take exception to my love, 
And with the vantage of mine own excuse, 
Hath he excepted most against my love.”

“When possibly I can, I will return.”

“Here is my hand for my true constancy; 
And when that hour o’erslips me in the day 
Wherein I sigh not Julia for thy sake, 
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance 
Torment me for my love’s forgetfulness.”

“…to mean a servant”

“My duty do I boast of, nothing else.”

“When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills.”

“I must unto the road to disembark 
Some necessities that I needs must use.”

“…and so is Julia that I love – 
That I did love…”

“I love him not as I was wont. 
O, but I love his lady too too much!”

“’Tis but her picture I have yet beheld, 
And that hath dazzlèd my reason’s light.”
“There is no reason but I shall be blind.”

“If I can check this erring love, I will.”
To leave my Julia, I shall be foresworn;
To love fair Silvia, I shall be foresworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much foresworn.
And e’en that power which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love made me swear, and love bids me foreswear.”

“At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.”

“Fie, fie, unreverend tongue…”

“I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose;
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself.”

“I to myself am dearer than a friend.”

“…remembering that my love for her is dead.”

“I cannot now prove constant to myself
Without some treachery used to Valentine.”

“…myself in counsel, his competitor.”

“…undeserving as I am…”

“…myself am one made privy to the plot.”

“Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
Let me not live to look upon your grace.”

“…I shall be loath to do.”

“Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio;
Under the colour of commending him
I have access my own love to prefer.”

“Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.”
“…if you knew his pure heart’s truth…”

“I grant sweet love, I did love a lady.”

“I am but a shadow.”

“…thou shalt find me sad and solitary.”

“And I will follow, more for Silvia’s love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her.”

“I’ll woo you like a soldier.”

“My shame and guilt confounds me.”

“I do as truly suffer as ere I did commit.”

“Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish forever.”

**What do other characters say about Proteus?**

**Valentine:** “Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.”

**Valentine:** “Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But, since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein.”

**Valentine:** “‘Tis true; for you are over-boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.”

**Valentine:** “Love is you master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yokèd by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.”

**Valentine:** “But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
That are a votary to fond desire?”

**Speed:** “Now you have taken the pains to set it together,
take it for your pains.”

**Speed:** “Truly, sir, I think you’ll hardly win her.”

**Lucetta:** “Then thus: of many good, I think him best.”

**Julia:** “Why, he, of all the rest, hath never moved me.”
His little speaking shows his love but small.”

**Lucetta:** “Yet, he, of all the rest, I think best loves ye.”

**Panthino:** “He wondered that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home…”

**Panthino:** “He said that Proteus, you son, was meet…
in have known no travel in his youth.”

**Antonio:** “I have considered well his loss of time,
Not being tried and tutored in the world.”

**Panthino:** “…worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.”

**Valentine:** “I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed and spent our hours together…
Yet hath Sir Proteus – for that’s his name –
Made use and fair advantage of his days:
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word, for far behind his worth
Comes all the praises that I now bestow,
He is complete in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.”

**Duke:** “Beshrew me, sir, but if he make this good,
He is a worthy for an empress’ love
As meet to be an emperor’s counselor.
Well, sir, this gentleman comes to me
With commendation from great potentates,
And here he means to spend his time awhile.”

**Valentine:** “This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes locked in her crystal looks.”

**Silvia:** “His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wished to hear from.”

**Valentine:** “Good Proteus…”

**Launce:** “Marry thus: when it stands well with him,
It stands well with her.”

**Launce:** “I never knew him otherwise. Than a notable lubber.”
**Speed:** “I tell thee thy master is become a hot lover.”

**Julia:** “…his looks are my soul’s food.”

**Julia:** “But when his fair course is not hindered,  
He makes sweet music with th’enamelled stones,  
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge  
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;  
And so by many winding nooks he strays,  
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.”

**Julia:** “But truer stars did govern Proteus’ birth;  
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,  
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.”

**Duke:** “Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee –  
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert –  
Makes me the better to confer with thee.”

**Duke:** “You are already love’s firm votary.”

**Thurio:** “…my direction giver.”

**Julia:** “You mistake; the musician likes me not.  
He plays false, father.”

**Silvia:** “Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man”

**Silvia:** “…thy flattery…hast deceived so many with thy vows…”

**Silvia:** “I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;  
And by and by intend to chide myself  
Even for this time I spend talking to thee.”

**Silvia:** “Art thou not ashamed to wrong him with thy importunacy?”

**Silvia:** “If ‘twere a substance, you would sure deceive it  
And make it but a shadow, as am I.”

**Silvia:** “I am very loath to be your idol, sir;  
But, since your falsehood shall become you well  
To worship shadows and adore false shapes…”

**Julia (as Sebastian):** “…methinks that she loved you as well”
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love…”

**Julia:** “Alas, poor Proteus, thou hast entertained
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs,
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.”

**Silvia:** “I will not look upon your master’s lines.
I know they are stuffed with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.”

**Silvia:** “Though his false finger…”

**Julia (as Sebastian):** “My master wrongs her much.”

**Silvia:** “By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy.”

**Silvia:** “Had I been seizèd by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.”

**Silvia:** “I do detest false perjured Proteus.”

**Silvia:** “Read over Julia’s heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou’dst two,
And that’s far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!”

**Silvia:** “All men but Proteus (respect friends).”

**Valentine:** “Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Thou common friend that’s without faith or love –
For such is friend now; treacherous man,
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; naught but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive: thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one’s right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. O time most accurst!
‘Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!”

Valentine: “And once again I do receive thee honest.”

How does the actor resemble the character?

Outside:
athletic, agile, attractive, good singer

Inside:
Intuitive, cunning, sexual, charming, playful, competitive

How does the actor differ from the character?

Outside:
I am seven years older than Proteus at the time of the play.
I do not dress as country as Proteus.
I did not live in the late 1960’s.
I usually have longer hair.
I was never a quarterback, I played defense.

Inside:
I would never betray my best friend.
I am in better control of myself sexually.
I am not two faced.
Proteus is not affected by guilt.
Proteus is better at hitting on girls.
I have never attempted rape.
I cry more easily than Proteus.

Proteus is a faster talker.

**List the physical objects the character uses.**

football, boots, microphone, athletic bag

**List adjectives that describe the character.**

athletic, cunning, guiltless, competitive, uncontrollable, uneasy, violent, playful, handsome, strong, quick, courtly, insincere

**List verbs for the character.**

dare, challenge, battle, ignore, one-up, stall, jab, uppercut, tease, threaten, love, hide, plead, pledge, dive, charm, soothe, investigate, deflect, slap, plot, front, bite, invade, betray, scheme, kiss up, tattle, unnerve, sympathize, pump, avoid, leash, silence, bait, dishearten, escape, reassure, instigate, sham, mold, entice, stab, irritate, upstage, pounce, prowl, flatter, berate, praise, mute, rejoice, flatten, acquiesce, block, conspire, demand, revel, halt, claw, hunt, shake, attack, strike, tackle, hug, prostrate, remedy, accuse, replay, submit, admit

**List nouns for the character (things most valued in life).**

fame, victories, love, sex, control, approval, equality

**Major drive or goal in life:**

to be accepted as Valentine’s equal, to gain control over women, to score a victory over Valentine off the football field, to be loved by someone

**How conscious is Proteus of his true motives?**

He has always played second fiddle to Valentine, although he has loved him like a brother. I don’t think Valentine has ever meant any harm to Proteus, so Proteus doesn’t
betray him maliciously. He just sees Silvia as a chance to finally score a victory over Valentine. When it doesn’t work out as Proteus wants, he gets caught up in the spiral of lust and power.
### 1.1

**VALENTINE:**
Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;  
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.  
Were’t not affection chains thy tender days  
I rather would entreat thy company  
To see the wonders of the world abroad  
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,  
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.  
But, since thou lov’st, love still, and thrive therein,  
Even as I would when I to love begin.

**PROTEUS:**
Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu.  
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest  
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel.  
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,  
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger –  
If ever danger do environ thee –  
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,  
For I will be thy beadsman Valentine.

**VALENTINE:**
And on a love book pray for my success?

**PROTEUS:**
Upon some book I love I’ll pray for thee.

---

**TACTIC** | **OBSTACLE** | **IMAGE**
---|---|---
To dare | He is making fun of me. | Football practice field
VALENTINE:
That’s on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander crossed the Hellespont.

PROTEUS:
That’s a deep story of a deeper love,
For he was more than over shoes in love.

VALENTINE:
‘Tis true; for you are over-boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

PROTEUS:
Over the bots? Nay, give me not the boots.

VALENTINE:
No, I will not; for it boots thee not.

PROTEUS:
What?

VALENTINE:
To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment’s mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights;
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
PROTEUS:  
So, by your circumstance, you call me a fool?

VALENTINE:  
So, by your circumstance, I fear you’ll prove.

PROTEUS:  
‘Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

VALENTINE:  
Love is your master, for he masters you;  
And he that is so yokèd by a fool,  
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

PROTEUS:  
Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud  
The eating canker dwells, so eating love  
Inhabits the finest wits of all.

VALENTINE:  
And writers say, as the most forward bud  
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
Even so by love the young and tender wit  
Is turned to folly, blasting in the bud,  
Losing his verdure even in the prime,  
And all the fair effects of future hopes.  
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee  
That are a votary to fond desire?  
Once more adieu. My father at the road

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| PROTEUS:  
So, by your circumstance, you call me a fool? | To one-up | He always wins and he is winning again. | Julia in her cheerleading uniform |
| VALENTINE:  
So, by your circumstance, I fear you’ll prove. | | | |
| PROTEUS:  
‘Tis love you cavil at; I am not love. | | | |
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Expects my coming, there to see me shipped.</td>
<td>To stall him</td>
<td>He is leaving for good.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PROTEUS:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>VALENTINE:</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.</td>
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<tr>
<td>To Milan let me hear from thee by letters</td>
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<tr>
<td>Of thy success in love, and what news else</td>
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<tr>
<td>Betideth here in absence of my friend;</td>
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<tr>
<td>And I likewise will visit thee with mine.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PROTEUS:</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>All happiness bechance thee in Milan.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>VALENTINE:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>As much to you at home. And so farewell.</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Exit</em></td>
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<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PROTEUS:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He after honour hunts, I after love.</td>
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<tr>
<td>He leaves his friends to dignify them more,</td>
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<tr>
<td>I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>War with good counsel, set the world at naught;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.</td>
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<tr>
<td><em>Enter Speed</em></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

*Throwing a long TD pass to him*  
*Julia is walking away.*
SPEED: Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

PROTEUS: But now he parted hence from Milan.

SPEED: Twenty to one then he is shipped already, And I have played the sheep in losing him.

PROTEUS: Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray, An if the shepherd be a while away.

SPEED: You conclude then that my master is a shepherd and I a sheep?

PROTEUS: I do.

SPEED: Why, then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

PROTEUS: A silly answer and fitting well a sheep.

SPEED: This proves me still a sheep?
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TEXT</th>
<th>OBSTACLE</th>
<th>IMAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>PROTEUS:</strong></td>
<td>True; and thy master a shepherd.</td>
<td>Boxing match</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SPEED:</strong></td>
<td>Nay, that I can deny be a circumstance.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PROTEUS:</strong></td>
<td>It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SPEED:</strong></td>
<td>The shepherd seeks the sheep and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me. Therefore I am no sheep.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PROTEUS:</strong></td>
<td>The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd; the shepherd for food follows not the sheep. Thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee. Therefore thou art a sheep.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SPEED:</strong></td>
<td>Such another proof will make me cry, 'baa'.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PROTEUS:</strong></td>
<td>But dost thou hear? Gavest thou my letter to Julia?</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>SPEED:</strong></td>
<td>Ay, sir. I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

PROTEUS:
Here’s too small a pasture for such a store of muttions.

SPEED:
If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

PROTEUS:
Nay, in that you are astray; ‘twere best pound you.

SPEED:
Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

PROTEUS:
You mistake; I mean the pound – a pinfold.

SPEED:
From a pound to a pin? Fold it over and over, ‘tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

PROTEUS:
But what said she?  
*She nods*  
A nod?
She is starting to get on my nerves.

To threaten

PROTEUS: Ay.


SPEED: You mistook sir, I say she did nod; and you ask me if she did nod, and I say 'Ay'.

PROTEUS: And that set together is 'noddy'.

SPEED: Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

PROTEUS: No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

SPEED: Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

PROTEUS: Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

SPEED: Marry, sir, the letter very orderly, having nothing
but the word ‘noddy’ for my pains.

PROTEUS:
Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

SPEED:
And yet it cannot overcome your slow purse.

PROTEUS:
Come, come, open the matter in brief; what said she?

SPEED:
Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

PROTEUS:
Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

SPEED:
Truly, sir, I think you’ll hardly win her.

PROTEUS:
What said she? Nothing?

SPEED:
No, not so much as ‘Take this for thy pains’. Henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I commend you to my master. Exit
<table>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Running off the football field</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Being destined for a drier death on shore.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>I must go send some better messenger.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Receiving them from such a worthless post.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Exit</td>
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<td>1.3</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>The smell of Julia’s perfume</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Here is her oath for love, her honour’s pawn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>To seal our happiness with their consents!</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>O heavenly Julia!</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>ANTONIO:</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>How now? What letter are you reading there?</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>May’t please your lordship, ‘tis a word or two</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Of commendations sent from Valentine,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Delivered by a friend that came from him.</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
ANTONIO:  
Lend me the letter. Let me see what news.

PROTEUS:  
There is no news, my lord, but that he writes  
How happily he lives, how well beloved,  
And daily gracèd by the Duke;  
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

ANTONIO:  
And how stands you affected by his wish?

PROTEUS:  
As one relying on your lordship’s will,  
And not depending on his friendly wish.

ANTONIO:  
My will is something sorted with his wish.  
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;  
For what I will, I will, and there an end.  
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time  
With Valentinus in the Duke’s court.  
What maintenance he from his friend receives,  
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.  
Tomorrow be in readiness to go.  
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.
<table>
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<th>OBSTACLE</th>
<th>IMAGE</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>My lord, I cannot be so soon provided.</td>
<td>To plead</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Please you deliberate a day or two.</td>
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<tr>
<td>ANTONIO:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Look what thou wantest shall be sent after thee.</td>
<td>To kick myself</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>No more of stay; tomorrow thou must go.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Come on, Panthino; you shall be employed</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>To hasten on his expedition.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Exit</td>
<td></td>
<td>Panthino is rubbing lotion on my back.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Thus have I shunned the fire for fear of burning,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And drenched me in the sea, where I am drowned.</td>
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<tr>
<td>I feared to show my father Julia’s letter,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Lest he should take exceptions to my love,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And with the vantage of mine own excuse</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hath he excepted most against my love.</td>
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<tr>
<td>O, how this spring of love resembleth</td>
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<tr>
<td>The uncertain glory of an April day,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Which no shows all the beauty of the sun,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>And by and by a cloud takes all away.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PANTHINO:</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sir Proteus, your father calls for you.</td>
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<tr>
<td>He is in haste; therefore, I pray you go.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Why, there it is; my heart accords thereto,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And yet a thousand times it answers, ‘No’.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Exit</td>
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<tr>
<td>TEXT</td>
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</table>

PROTEUS:
Have patience, gentle Julia.

JULIA:
I must, where is no remedy.

PROTEUS:
When possibly I can, I will return.

JULIA:
If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia’s sake.

PROTEUS:
Why then, we’ll make exchange; here, take you this.

JULIA:
And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

PROTEUS:
Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o’erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul miscarriage
Torment me for my love’s forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming. Answer not.
The tide is now – nay not the tide of tears;

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TACTIC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To get under her shirt</td>
<td>She won’t let me.</td>
<td>High school hay ride</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To pledge</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>She is a “good girl.”</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>To get some before I go</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
That tide will stay me longer than I should.  
Julia farewell.  
(Exit, Julia.)  
What gone without a word?  
Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak,  
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

SIR PROTEUS:  
Sir Proteus, you are stayed for.

PANTHINO:  
Go; I come.  
Alas, this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

VALENTINE:  
Sweet lady, entertain him  
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

SILVIA:  
To low a mistress for so high a servant.

PROTEUS:  
Not so, sweet lady, but too mean a servant  
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

VALENTINE:  
Leave off discourse of disability;
<table>
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<tr>
<td>Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
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<tr>
<td>My duty do I boast of, nothing else.</td>
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<tr>
<td>SILVIA:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>And duty never yet did want his meed.</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Servant, you are welcome to a worthy mistress.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>I’ll die on him that says so but yourself.</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>SILVIA:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That you are welcome?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>That you are worthless.</td>
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<tr>
<td>SERVANT:</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.</td>
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<tr>
<td>SILVIA:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>I wait upon his pleasure. Come, sir Thurio,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Go with me. Once more, new servant, welcome.</td>
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<tr>
<td>I’ll leave you to confer of home affairs;</td>
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<tr>
<td>When you have done, we look to hear from you.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>We’ll both attend upon your ladyship.</td>
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</table>

Exit Silvia and Thurio
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TEXT</th>
<th>TACTIC</th>
<th>OBSTACLE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| VALENTINE:  
Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came? | To prepare for another game | He looks like an idiot. |
| PROTEUS:  
Your friends are well and have them much commended. | | |
| VALENTINE:  
And how do yours? | | |
| PROTEUS:  
I left them all in health. | | |
| VALENTINE:  
How does your lady, and how thrive your love? | | |
| PROTEUS:  
My tales of love were wont to weary you;  
I know you joy not in a love discourse. | | |
| VALENTINE:  
Ay, Proteus, but that life is altered now;  
I have done penance for contemning love,  
Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me  
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,  
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;  
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,  
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,  
And made them watchers of mine own heart’s sorrow. | To investigate | He sound like me…it must be a trick. |
| | Role reversal | |
O, gentle Proteus, love’s a mighty lord,  
And hath so humbled me as I confess  
Thee is no woe to his correction,  
Nor to his service no such joy on earth.  
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;  
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,  
Upon the very naked name of love.

**PROTEUS:**
Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.  
Was this the idol that you worship so?

**VALENTINE:**
Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

**PROTEUS:**
No; but she is an earthly paragon.

**VALENTINE:**
Call her divine.

**PROTEUS:**
I will not flatter her.

**VALENTINE:**
O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

**PROTEUS:**
When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.

VALENTINE:
Then speak the truth by her; if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

PROTEUS:
Except my mistress.

VALENTINE:
Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

PROTEUS:
Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

VALENTINE:
And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour –
To bear my lady’s train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower
And make rough winter everlastingly.

PROTEUS:
Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?

<table>
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<tr>
<td>And I must minister the like to you.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VALENTINE: Then speak the truth by her; if not divine, Yet let her be a principality, Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.</td>
<td>To deflect</td>
<td>He is challenging me saying his girl is better than mine.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PROTEUS: Except my mistress.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VALENTINE: Sweet, except not any, Except thou wilt except against my love.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>PROTEUS: Have I not reason to prefer mine own?</td>
<td>To slap away</td>
<td>I can’t believe he just said that.</td>
<td>It’s on now!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
VALENTINE:
Pardon me, Proteus, all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

PROTEUS:
Then let her alone.

VALENTINE:
Not for the world! Why, man, she is mine own;
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along; and I must after,
For love, thou knowest, is full of jealousy.

PROTEUS:
But she loves you?

VALENTINE:
Ay, and we are betrothed; nay more, our marriage-hour
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and ‘greed on for my happiness.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TEXT</th>
<th>TACTIC</th>
<th>OBSTACLE</th>
<th>IMAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| VALENTINE:  
Pardon me, Proteus, all I can is nothing  
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;  
She is alone.  
| To plot my revenge | I can’t let him know how bad I am hurt.  
| Valentine kicking my butt on the football field. He always wins! |
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,  
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

PROTEUS:  
Go on before; I shall inquire you forth.  
I must unto the road to disembark  
Some necessaries that I needs must use;  
And then I’ll presently attend you.

VALENTINE:  
Will you make haste?

PROTEUS:  
I will.  
Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
Is it mine eye, or Valentine’s praise,  
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,  
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?  
She is fair; and so is Julia that I love –  
That I did love, for now my love is thawed;  
Which, like a waxen image ‘gainst a fire,  
Bears no impression of the thing it was.  
Methinks my zeal to Valentine is cold,  
And that I love him not as I was wont.  
O, but I love his lady too too much!  
And that’s the reason I love him so little.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TEXT</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>How shall I dote on her with more advice,</td>
<td>To invade</td>
<td></td>
<td>Silvia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That thus without advice begin to love her!</td>
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<tr>
<td>‘Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And that hath dazzlèd my reason’s light;</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>But when I look on her perfections,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>There is no reason but I shall be blind.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>If I can check my erring love, I will;</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>If not, to compass her I’ll use my skill.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Exit</td>
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<td>2.6</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>To leave my Julia, I shall be foresworn;</td>
<td>To tornado</td>
<td>Nothing seems to make sense.</td>
<td>Julia and Silvia</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To love fair Silvia, I shall be foresworn;</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>To wrong my friend, I shall be much foresworn.</td>
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<tr>
<td>And e’en that power which gave me first my oath</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Provokes me to this threefold perjury:</td>
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<tr>
<td>Love made me swear, and love bids me foreswear.</td>
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<tr>
<td>O sweet-suggesting love, if thou hast sinned,</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!</td>
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<tr>
<td>At first I did adore a twinkling star,</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>But now I worship a celestial sun.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>And he wants wit that wants resolvèd will</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To learn his wit t’exchange the bad for better.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferred</td>
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<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths!
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose;
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss:
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia – witness heaven that made her fair –
Shows Julia but earthly and common.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love for her is dead;
And Valentine I’ll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia’s chamber-window,
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now presently I’ll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight,
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine,
For Thurio he intends to wed his daughter.
But Valentine being gone, I’ll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio’s dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!  
Exit
<table>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>DUKE: Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile; We have some secrets to confer about. Exit Thurio Now, tell me, Proteus, what’s your will with me?</td>
<td>To kiss up</td>
<td>I have to tell him without it sounding like I am turning on my friend.</td>
<td>Draco Malfoy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PROTEUS: My gracious lord, that which I would discover The law of friendship bids me to conceal, But when I call to mind your gracious favours Done to me, undeserving as I am, My duty pricks me on to utter that Which else no worldly good should draw from me. Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend, This night intends to steal away your daughter; Myself am one made privy to the plot. I know you have determined to bestow her On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates; And should she thus be stolen away from you, It would be much vexation to your age. Thus, for my duty’s sake, I rather chose To cross my friend in his intended drift Than, by concealing it, heap on your head A pack of sorrows which would press you down, Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.</td>
<td>To tattle</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>DUKE: Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care,</td>
<td>To unnerve</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
Which to requite, command me while I live. This love of theirs myself have often seen, Haply when they have judged me fast asleep, And oftentimes have purposed to forbid Sir Valentine her company and my court; But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err, And so, unworthily, disgraced the man – A rashness that I ever yet have shunned – I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find That which thyself hast now disclosed to me. And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this, Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested, I nightly lodge her in an upper tower, The key whereof myself have ever kept; And thence she cannot be conveyed away.

PROTEUS:
Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean How he her chamber-window will ascend And with a corded ladder fetch her down; For which the youthful lover now is gone, And this way comes he with it presently; Where, if it please you, you may intercept him. But, good my lord, do it so cunningly That my discovery be not aimèd at; For, love of you, not hatred to my friend, Hath made me publisher of this pretence.
DUKE:
Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

PROTEUS:
Adieu, my lord, Sir Valentine is coming.  

Exit

3.1-C

PROTEUS:
Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

LAUNCE:
So-ho, so-ho!

PROTEUS:
What seest thou?

LAUNCE:
Him we go to find: there’s not a hair on his head
But ‘tis a Valentine.

PROTEUS:
Valentine?

VALENTINE:
No.
<table>
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<th>OBSTACLE</th>
<th>IMAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| PROTEUS:  
Who then? His spirit? | | | |
| VALENTINE:  
Neither. | | | |
| PROTEUS:  
What then? | | | |
| VALENTINE:  
Nothing. | | | |
| LAUNCE:  
Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike? | | | Launce is trying to fight. |
| PROTEUS:  
Who wouldst thou strike? | To leash | | |
| LAUNCE:  
Nothing. | | | |
| PROTEUS:  
Villain, forbear. | | | |
| LAUNCE:  
Why, sir, I'll strike nothing. I pray you – | | | |
| PROTEUS:  
Sirrah, I say forbear. Friend Valentine, a word. | | | |
<table>
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<th>IMAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>VALENTINE:</td>
<td></td>
<td>He seems really distraught.</td>
<td>I have to appear sorry for him.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My ears are stopped and cannot hear good news,</td>
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<td>So much of bad already hath possessed them.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
<td>To stall</td>
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<tr>
<td>Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,</td>
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<tr>
<td>For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.</td>
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<tr>
<td>VALENTINE:</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Is Silvia dead?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>No, Valentine.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>VALENTINE:</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hath she forsworn me?</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No, Valentine.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>VALENTINE:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>What is your news?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>LAUNCE:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>TEXT</td>
<td>TACTIC</td>
<td>OBSTACLE</td>
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<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PROTEUS:</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>That thou art banishèd – O, that’s the news! –</td>
<td>To bait</td>
<td></td>
<td>He has to believe there is no hope, therefore no reason to return.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>VALENTINE:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>He already knows.</td>
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<tr>
<td>O, I have fed upon this woe already,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And now excess of it will make me surfeit.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Doth Silvia know that I am banishèd?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>PROTEUS:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>To dishearten</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom –</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>He has to believe there is no hope, therefore no reason to return.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force –</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Those at her father’s churlish feet she tendered;</td>
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<tr>
<td>With them, upon her knees, her humble self;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them</td>
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<tr>
<td>As if but now they waxèd pale for woe.</td>
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<tr>
<td>But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,</td>
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<td>Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire –</td>
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<tr>
<td>But Valentine, if he be ta’en, must die.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Besides, her intercession chafed him so,</td>
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<tr>
<td>When she for thy repeal was suppliant,</td>
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<tr>
<td>That to close prison he commanded her,</td>
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<tr>
<td>with many bitter threats of biding there.</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>VALENTINE:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>No more; unless the next word that thou speakest</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Have some malignant power upon my life;</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
If so, I pray thee breathe it in mine ear,  
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

PROTEUS:
Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,  
And study help for that which thou lamentest.  
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good;  
Here, if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;  
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.  
Hope is a lover’s staff; walk hence with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.  
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence,  
Which, being writ to me, shall be delivered  
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.  
The time now serves not to expostulate.  
Come, I’ll convey thee through the city gate;  
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large  
Of all that may concern thy love affairs.  
As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,  
Regard thy danger, and alone with me.

VALENTINE:
I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my girl,  
Bid her make haste and meet me at the Northgate.

PROTEUS:
Go, sirrah, find her out. Come, Valentine.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>LAUNCE:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Banishèd.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>VALENTINE:</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O my dear Silvia! Hapless Valentine! <em>Exit</em></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

| 3.2 |

| **DUKE:**  |
| Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you  |
| Now Valentine is banished from her sight. |
| **THURIO:**  |
| Since his exile she has despised me most,  |
| Forsworn my company, and railed at me,  |
| That I am desperate of obtaining her. |
| **DUKE:**  |
| This weak impress of love is a figure  |
| Trenchèd in ice, which with an hour's heat  |
| Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.  |
| A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,  |
| And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.  |
| _Enter Proteus_ |
| **To escape**  |
| **The Duke sees me.** |

| TACTIC |
| IMAGE |
| OBSTACLE |

<table>
<thead>
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<td><strong>Enter Proteus</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>To escape</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>The Duke sees me.</strong></td>
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</tbody>
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<table>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>OBSTACLE</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>IMAGE</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
PROTEUS:
Gone, my good lord.

DUKE:
My daughter takes his going grievously.

PROTEUS:
A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

DUKE:
So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee –
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert –
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

PROTEUS:
Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

DUKE:
Thou knowest how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter?

PROTEUS:
I do, my lord.

DUKE:
And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will?
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>OBSTACLE</th>
<th>IMAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>
| PROTEUS:  
She did, my lord, when Valentine was here. | | | Thurio is so helpless, this will be harder than I thought. |
| DUKE:  
Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.  
What might we do to make the girl forget  
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio? | To instigate | | |
| PROTEUS:  
The best way is to slander Valentine,  
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent –  
Three things that women highly hold in hate. | | | |
| DUKE:  
Ay, but she’ll think that it is spoke in hate. | | | |
| PROTEUS:  
Ay, if his enemy deliver it;  
Therefore, it must with circumstance be spoken  
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend. | | | |
| DUKE:  
Then you must undertake to slander him. | | | |
| PROTEUS:  
And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:  
‘Tis an ill office for a gentleman,  
especially against his very friend. | To knight | | |
**DUKE:**
Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

**PROTEUS:**
You have prevailed, my lord; if I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

**THURIO:**
Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much
As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

**DUKE:**
And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine’s report,
You are already love’s firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt to change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large –
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And, for your friend’s sake, will be glad of you –

<table>
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<th>IMAGE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>DUKE: I have to make sure he believes I am genuinely concerned for Valentine.</td>
<td>To sham</td>
<td>I have to make sure he believes I am genuinely concerned for Valentine.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
<td>Thurio is helpless.</td>
<td>To bait</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THURIO:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>DUKE: I finally get to be alone with Silvia in her room.</td>
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<td>TEXT</td>
<td>TACTIC</td>
<td>OBSTACLE</td>
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<tr>
<td>----------------------------------------------------------------------</td>
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<tr>
<td>Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,</td>
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<tr>
<td>To hate young Valentine and love my friend.</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>As much as I can do I will effect.</td>
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<tr>
<td>But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;</td>
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<tr>
<td>You must lay lime to tangle her desires</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes</td>
<td>To mold</td>
<td>The Duke has to buy it.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>DUKE:</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Ay, much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS:</td>
<td></td>
<td>To entice</td>
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<tr>
<td>Say that upon the alter of her beauty</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart;</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Moist it again, and frame some feeling line</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>That may discover such integrity;</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>For Orpheus’ lute was strung with poets sinews,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Whose golden touches could soften steel and stones,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans</td>
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<tr>
<td>Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.</td>
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<tr>
<td>After your dire-lamenting elegies,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Visit by night your lady’s chamber-window</td>
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<tr>
<td>With some sweet consort; to their instruments</td>
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<tr>
<td>Tune a deploring dump – the night’s dead silence</td>
<td></td>
<td>Thurio is too dumb to understand.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Will well become such sweet complaining grievance.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>This, or else nothing, will inherit her.</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
DUKE:
This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

THURIO:
And thy advice this night I’ll put in practice;
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skilled in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

DUKE:
About it, gentlemen!

PROTEUS:
We’ll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

DUKE:
Even now about it! I will pardon you.  

4.2

PROTEUS:
Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio;
Under the colour of commending him

<table>
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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>DUKE: This discipline shows thou hast been in love.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>I’ve got him!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THURIO: And thy advice this night I’ll put in practice; Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver, Let us into the city presently To sort some gentlemen well skilled in music. I have a sonnet that will serve the turn To give the onset to thy good advice.</td>
<td>To stall</td>
<td>Thurio is pulling me towards the door.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>DUKE: About it, gentlemen!</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PROTEUS: We’ll wait upon your grace till after supper, And afterward determine our proceedings.</td>
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<tr>
<td>DUKE: Even now about it! I will pardon you. Exit</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>PROTEUS: Already have I been false to Valentine, And now I must be as unjust to Thurio; Under the colour of commending him</td>
<td>To scheme</td>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me to my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been foresworn
In breaking faith with Julia, whom I loved;
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover’s hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

THURIO:
How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?

PROTEUS:
Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

THURIO:
Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

PROTEUS:
Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
**THURIO:**
Who? Silvia?

**PROTEUS:**
Ay, Silvia – for your sake.

**THURIO:**
I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen, Let’s tune, and to it lustily awhile.

**HOST:**
Now, my young guest, methinks you’re allycholly; I prey you, why is it?

**JULIA** (dressed as a boy):
Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

**HOST:**
Come, we’ll have you merry; I’ll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

**JULIA:**
But shall I hear him speak?

**HOST:**
Ay, that you shall.

**JULIA:**
That will be music.
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<th>IMAGE</th>
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</thead>
</table>
| HOST:  
Hark, hark! | | | |
| JULIA:  
Is he among these? | | | |
| HOST:  
Ay; but, peace! Let’s hear ‘em. | | | |

_Song to the tune of Foxy Lady by Jimi Hendrix_

PROTEUS:  
Silvia, Silvia!  
You know she is holy, fair and wise.  
Silvia, yeah,  
And you know heaven wants her to be admired.  
Silvia.  
Is she as kind as she is fair?  
Love doth to her eyes repair.  
You got to be all mine, I’m blind,  
Ooh Foxy Silvia.  
Silvia, Silvia!  
Then – a, then to Silvia let us sing.  
O, Silvia.  
That she excels each mortal thing  
Silvia.  
Is she as kind as she is fair?  
Love doth to her eyes repair.  
You’ve got to be all mine, I’m blind,  
Ooh Foxy Silvia. | To upstage  
Thurio | Not much of  
one | I have to look  
sexier than  
ever. |
<table>
<thead>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>THURIO:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Success!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is she as kind as she is fair?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Love doth to her eyes repair.</td>
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<tr>
<td>You’ve got to be all mine, I’m blind,</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ooh Foxy Silvia.  <em>Thurio gets carried away and chokes on mic.</em></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>HOST:</strong></td>
<td>To hide my</td>
<td>I don’t know if Silvia heard or</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>How now? Are you sadder than you were</td>
<td>laughter</td>
<td>not.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>How do you, man? The music likes you</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>JULIA:</strong></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>You mistake; the musician likes me not.</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>HOST:</strong></td>
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<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Why, my pretty youth?</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>JULIA:</strong></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>He plays false, father.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>HOST:</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>How? Out of tune on the strings?</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>JULIA:</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings?</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>HOST:</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>You have a quick ear.</td>
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<tr>
<td>TEXT</td>
<td>TACTIC</td>
<td>OBSTACLE</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>JULIA:</strong>&lt;br&gt;Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.</td>
<td></td>
<td>To gather my composure</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>HOST:</strong>&lt;br&gt;I perceive you delight not in the music.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>JULIA:</strong>&lt;br&gt;Not a whit, when it jars so.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>HOST:</strong>&lt;br&gt;Hark, what fine change is in the music!</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>JULIA:</strong>&lt;br&gt;Ay, that change is in the spite.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>HOST:</strong>&lt;br&gt;You would have them always play but one thing?</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>JULIA:</strong>&lt;br&gt;I would always have one play but one thing.&lt;br&gt;But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on,&lt;br&gt;Often resort unto this gentlewoman?</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>HOST:</strong>&lt;br&gt;I tell you what Launce, his man, told me: he loved her out of all nick.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>JULIA:</strong>&lt;br&gt;Where is Launce?</td>
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</tbody>
</table>
HOST:
Gone to seek his dog, which tomorrow, by his
master’s command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

JULIA:
Peace! Stand aside; the company parts.

PROTEUS:
Sir Thurio, fear not you; I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

THURIO:
Where meet we?

PROTEUS:
At Saint Gregory’s Well.

THURIO:
Farewell. Exit Thurio, Enter Silvia

PROTEUS:
Madam, good even to your ladyship.

SILVIA:
I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?

PROTEUS:
One, lady, if you knew his pure heart’s truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

SILVIA:
Sir Proteus, as I take it.

PROTEUS:
Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

SILVIA:
What’s your will?

PROTEUS:
That I may compass yours.

SILVIA:
You have your wish; my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man,
Thinkest thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me – by this pale queen of night I swear –
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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</thead>
</table>
| PROTEUS:  
I grant, sweet love, I did love a lady,  
But she is dead. | To sneak attack | She is wary of me. | Valentine’s dead corpse |
| JULIA:  
(Aside) ’Twere false, if I should speak it;  
For I am sure she is not burièd. | | | |
| SILVIA:  
Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend  
Survives, to whom, thyself art witness,  
I am betrothed; and art thou not ashamed  
To wrong him with thy importunacy? | | | |
| PROTEUS:  
I likewise hear that Valentine is dead. | To silence | | |
| SILVIA:  
And so suppose am I; for in his grave  
Assure thyself my love is burièd. | | | |
| PROTEUS:  
Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth. | | | |
| SILVIA:  
Go to thy lady’s grave and call hers thence;  
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine. | | | |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<th>OBSTACLE</th>
<th>IMAGE</th>
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</thead>
</table>
| **JULIA:**
  He heard not that.

| **PROTEUS:**
  Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
  Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
  The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
  To that I will speak, to that I will sigh and weep;
  For since the substance of your perfect self
  Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
  And to your shadow will I make true love.

| **JULIA:**
  If ’twere a substance, you would sure deceive it
  And make it but a shadow, as I am.

| **SILVIA:**
  I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
  But, since your falsehood shall become you well
  To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
  Send to me in the morning and I’ll send it;
  And so, good rest.

| **PROTEUS:**
  As wretches have o’ernight
  That wait for execution in the morn.  

**Exit**
His stupid dog

His dog doesn’t like me very much, and I don’t like it.

To berate

4.4

PROTEUS: Sebastian is thy name? I like the well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

JULIA: In what you please; I will do what I can.

PROTEUS: I hope thou wilt. (To Launce) How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

LAUNCE: Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

PROTEUS: And what says she to my little jewel?

LAUNCE: Marry, she says your dog was a cur, and tells you currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

PROTEUS: But she received my dog?

LAUNCE: No, indeed; did she not; here have I brought him back again.
<table>
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</thead>
</table>
| PROTEUS:  
What, didst thou offer her this from me? | | | |
| LAUNCE:  
Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by 
the village outlaws; and then I offered her mine own, 
who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore 
the gift the greater. | To slap | There is something different about this Sebastian person. | Launce and his stupid dog |
| PROTEUS:  
Go get the hence and find my dog again, 
Or ne’er return again into my sight. 
Away, I say! Stayest thou to vex me here? 
A slave that still an end turns me to shame! 
Sebastian, I have entertainèd thee, 
Partly that I have need of such a youth 
That can with some discretion do my business, 
For ‘tis no trusting to yond foolish lout; 
But chiefly for thy face and thy behavior, 
Which, if my augury deceive me not, 
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth; 
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee. 
Go, presently, and take this ring with thee, 
Deliver it to Madam Silvia – 
She loved me well delivered it to me. | To praise | | |
| JULIA:  
It seems you loved not her, to leave her token. 
She is dead belike? | | | |
**TEXT**

PROTEUS:
Not so; I think she lives.

JULIA:
Alas!

PROTEUS:
Why dost thou cry ‘Alas’?

JULIA:
I cannot chose but to pity her.

PROTEUS:
Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

JULIA:
Because methinks that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love;
‘Tis pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry ‘Alas’!

PROTEUS:
Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter. That’s her chamber. Tell my lady
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.  

**IMAGE**

Julia on the hayride

**OBSTACLE**

To mute

**TACTIC**

Sebastian is telling me things I don’t want to hear.

To rejoice

Exit
5.2

THURIO:
Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

PROTEUS:
O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

THURIO:
What? That my leg is too long?

PROTEUS:
No, that it is too little.

THURIO:
I’ll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.
What says she to my face?

PROTEUS:
She says it is a fair one.

THURIO:
Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is black.

PROTEUS:
But pearls are fair; and the old saying is:
Dark men are pearls in beauteous ladies’ eyes.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>IMAGE</th>
<th>I am burning with thoughts of Silvia.</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>OBSTACLE</td>
<td>He is a persistent little man.</td>
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<tr>
<td>TACTIC</td>
<td>To block</td>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>THURIO: How likes she my discourse?</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS: Ill, when you talk of war.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THURIO: But well when I discourse of love and peace.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PROTEUS: O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THURIO: What says she to my valour?</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS: That you are well derived.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THURIO: Considers she my possessions?</td>
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<tr>
<td>PROTEUS: O, ay, and pities them.</td>
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<tr>
<td>THURIO: Wherefore?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TEXT</td>
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</table>
| PROTEUS:  
That they are out by lease. | To stab | This is not what I wanted to hear. | Point for Valentine with not much time left on the clock |
| JULIA:  
Here comes the Duke. | | | |
| DUKE:  
How now, Sir Proteus! How now, Thurio!  
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late? | | | |
| THURIO:  
Not I. | | | |
| PROTEUS:  
Nor I. | | | |
| DUKE:  
Saw you my daughter? | | | |
| PROTEUS:  
Neither. | | | |
| DUKE:  
Why then,  
She has fled unto that peasant Valentine;  
And Eglamour is in her company.  
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,  
But mount you presently, and meet with me  
Upon the rising of the mountain-foot | To conspire | | |
<table>
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</thead>
</table>
| That leads toward Mantua, wither they are fled. Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.  
Exit | | | |
| THURIO:
Why, this it is to be a peevish girl
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I’ll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Silvia.  
Exit | | | |
| PROTEUS:
And I will follow, more for Silvia’s love
Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her.  
Exit | To demand | | |
| PROTEUS:
Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give. | To revel | I know Valentine is close. I need to have her in a hurry. | |
| VALENTINE:
(aside)How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forebear awhile. | | | |
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TEXT</th>
<th>TACTIC</th>
<th>OBSTACLE</th>
<th>IMAGE</th>
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</thead>
</table>
| SILVIA:  
O miserable, unhappy that I am! | | | |
| PROTEUS:  
Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;  
But by my coming I have made you happy. | To halt | She isn’t listening to me or getting any closer to wanting me. | Her body |
| SILVIA:  
By thy approach thou makest me most unhappy. | | | |
| JULIA:  
*(aside)* And me, when he approacheth to your presence. | | | |
| SILVIA:  
Had I been seizèd by a hungry lion,  
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,  
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.  
O, heaven be judged how I love Valentine,  
Whose life’s as tender to me as my soul!  
And full as much, for more there cannot be,  
I do detest false perjured Proteus.  
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more. | | | |
| PROTEUS:  
What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
Would I not undergo for one calm look?  
O, ‘tis the curse in love, and still approved,  
Where women cannot love where they’re beloved! | To claw | | My power over her, her sex |
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<tr>
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<th>TACTIC</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>SILVIA:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td><strong>To hunt</strong></td>
<td><strong>She kicked me in the balls.</strong></td>
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<td>Where Proteus cannot love where he’s beloved!</td>
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<td></td>
<td><strong>I want her to fear me.</strong></td>
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<td>Read over Julia’s heart, thy first best love,</td>
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<td>For whose dear sake thou didst render thy faith</td>
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<td>Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths</td>
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<td>Descended into perjury, to love me.</td>
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<td>Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou’dst two,</td>
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<td>And that’s far worse than none; better have none</td>
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<td>Than plural faith, which is too much by one.</td>
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<td>Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PROTEUS:</strong></td>
<td><strong>To shake</strong></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>In love, who respects friend?</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>SILVIA:</strong></td>
<td><strong>To attack</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>All men but Proteus.</td>
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<td><strong>PROTEUS:</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words</td>
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<td>Can no way change thee to a milder form,</td>
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<tr>
<td>I’ll woo you like a soldier, at arms’ end,</td>
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<tr>
<td>And love you ‘gainst the nature of love – force ye.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>SILVIA:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O heaven!</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PROTEUS:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>I’ll force thee yield to my desire.</td>
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</table>
VALENTINE:
Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

PROTEUS:
Valentine!

VALENTINE:
Thou common friend that’s without faith or love –
For such is a friend now; treacherous man,
Thou hast beguiled my hopes; naught but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive: thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one’s right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. O time most accurst!
‘Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

PROTEUS:
My shame and guilt confounds me.
Forgive me, Valentine; if hearty sorrow
Be sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender’t here; I do as truly suffer
As e’re I did commit.

VALENTINE:
Then I am paid;

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<td>Thou friend of an ill fashion!</td>
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<td>Valentine!</td>
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<td>Thou common friend that’s without faith or love –</td>
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<td>For such is a friend now; treacherous man,</td>
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<td>I have one friend alive: thou wouldst disprove me.</td>
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<td>Who should be trusted now, when one’s right hand</td>
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<td>Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,</td>
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<td>But count the world a stranger for thy sake.</td>
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<td>The private wound is deepest. O time most accurst!</td>
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<td>Then I am paid;</td>
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<tr>
<th>TACTIC</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>To strike/fight off</td>
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<tr>
<td>To tackle</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To hug</td>
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</tbody>
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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>OBSTACLE</th>
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<tr>
<td>He is a lot bigger than me.</td>
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<td>Why would he believe me?</td>
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<table>
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<tr>
<th>IMAGE</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Football practice field just like we were before he left to come out to San Francisco</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleased;
By penitence th’eternal wrath’s appeased.
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

JULIA:
O me unhappy!

PROTEUS:
Look to the boy.

VALENTINE:
Why, boy? Why, wag, how now? What’s the matter?
Look up; speak.

JULIA:
O, good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring
to madam Silvia, which, out of my neglect, was never done.

PROTEUS:
Where is that ring, boy?

JULIA:
Here ‘tis; this is it?

PROTEUS:
How? Let me see. Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
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</table>
| JULIA:  
O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook;  
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. | | | |
| PROTEUS:  
But how camest thou by this ring? At my  
depart I gave this unto Julia. | To accuse | I don’t understand how this could have happened. | |
| JULIA:  
And Julia herself did give it me;  
And Julia herself hath brought it hither. | | | |
| PROTEUS:  
How? Julia? | | | |
| JULIA:  
Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,  
And entertained ‘em deeply in her heart.  
How oft has thou with perjury cleft the root!  
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!  
Be thou ashamed that I have took upon me  
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live  
In a disguise of love.  
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,  
Women to change their shapes than men their minds. | To replay | | Julia cheering/Julia kissing/Julia crying/Julia waiting on me |
| PROTEUS:  
Than men their minds? ‘Tis true. O heaven, were man  
But constant, he were perfect! That one error | To submit | She may not trust me. | |
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the sins:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Julia’s innocent</td>
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<tr>
<td>Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>face</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What is in Silvia’s face, but I may spy</td>
<td></td>
<td>I still have</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>More fresh in Julia’s with a constant eye?</td>
<td>To admit</td>
<td>Silvia’s glove.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>VALENTINE:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Come, come, a hand from either.</td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Let me be blest to make this happy close;</td>
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<tr>
<td>‘Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>PROTEUS:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td>To kick off</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish forever.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Home</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>JULIA:</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>And I mine.</td>
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CONCLUSION

Proteus is a complicated role in one of Shakespeare’s most criticized plays, and was a role that, for an actor, created several challenges. I had to portray a teenager who gets so caught up in jealousy and competition with his best friend that he is willing to do anything to score a victory, even if that meant becoming conniving and violent along the way. I also had to create a relationship with Valentine unmatched by anything the audience had ever seen, so they would believe his ultimate forgiveness of me. Lastly, I had to make Proteus vulnerable and charming and even loveable enough that the audience wouldn’t hate him by the end of the play, instead, perhaps, they would pity him.

Were we able to accurately portray Shakespeare’s dark comedy in a 1960’s setting? For the most part, yes. Did we make it clear to the audience who these people were and why they did what they did? I think so. Did I as an actor grow though the process and learn more about my craft? Most definitely. Am I glad that I got the chance to play Proteus the way he was intended to be played? Of course – jealousy, betrayal, brotherhood, vulnerability and love; all while conveying the sometimes tongue-twisting Elizabethan speech – what an actor’s dream!
“Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,

As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!”

--Proteus
Publicity Flier
The Two Gentlemen of Verona

A comedy by William Shakespeare  Directed by John Dennis

Goodbye tights and tunics, hello Mini-skirts and bio-die! Take a groovy trip to the Sixties for some psychedelic Shakespeare!

November 7-24 at Reilly Theatre on LSU’s Campus

For information and tickets, call the Reilly Theatre Box Office at 578-3527 or visit www.swinepalace.org

Performances: Wed. - Sat. at 7:30 p.m.; Sun. at 2:00 p.m.

Adults: $27-$30 • Seniors: $19 • Students/Children: $12 • Group Discounts Available in Advance

Swine Palace Productions in association with LSU Theatre

Publicity Postcard
Swine Palace takes Shakespeare back to the 60s with “Two Gentleman”

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE
October 23, 2002

BATON ROUGE – What if William Shakespeare had been a young man in the 1960s rather than the 1560s?

Swine Palace Productions’ “The Two Gentlemen of Verona” answers that question as it transports audiences to an era of bell bottoms and tie dye during its run, Nov. 6 through 24, at the Reilly Theatre on LSU’s campus.

William Shakespeare weaves a masterful tale of jealousy, infidelity and love when a friendship is put to the test as two young men fall in love with the same woman. But unlike Shakespeare’s original production, this comical story will come to life against the backdrop of 1960’s America.

According to the show’s director, John Dennis, this play challenges the code of friendship and people change their minds quickly. For these reasons, he chose to use the time period of the 1960s for the show.

“(Those things) happened most in my life during the 60s – Jimmy Hendrix replaced the Monkees,” Dennis said. “During this turbulent and very exciting time, youth changed the mores, the music and the war.”

The young cast is composed of LSU Master of Fine Arts students as well as professional actors from New York and South Carolina.

“These actors don’t know anything about this period because they weren’t around – it’s
been a wonderful discovery for them,” Dennis said.

This comedic journey begins with a Pay-What-You-Can Preview on Wednesday, Nov. 6, followed by the Official Sneak Preview on Thursday, Nov. 7 for which tickets are only $12. All preview performances begin at 7:30 p.m. Opening night commences Friday, Nov. 8 at 7:30 p.m. with a reception catered by Unique Cuisine following the performance. The show will continue to run until Nov. 24 with performances Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30 p.m. and Sundays at 2 p.m. There are performances on Saturdays when there is an LSU home football game.

Seating is reserved and admission is $12 for students, $19 for seniors and LSU employees, and $27-30 for the general public. Tickets are available at the Reilly Theatre Box Office, which is open Monday through Friday from 11:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. and one hour prior to each performance. For more information, contact the Reilly Theatre at 225-578-3527; all Ticketmaster outlets, 225-761-8400; the LSU Union Box Office, 225-578-5128; or online at the Swine Palace Web site at http://www.swinepalace.org.

-30-

Contact Adam Miller
Swine Palace Director of Marketing & PR
225-578-9278
amil34@lsu.edu

or

Contact Josh Duplechais
LSU Media Relations
225 578-5685
jduplech@lsu.edu

More news and information can be found on LSU's home page at www.lsu.edu
Swine Palace's
"The Two Gentlemen of Verona"

Sam, we've seen Shakespeare in love... but the Bard in lovebirds and bulbousnoses? When it comes to putting a new spin on classic theater, you can always count on Swine Palace.

After launching their 2002-2003 season with a critically acclaimed production of August Wilson’s "Fences", Swine Palace is set to bring Shakespeare’s "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" to the Reilly Theatre (November 7 - 24). John Dennis will direct this romantic comedy, and, although the play’s comedic action still centers on young people in love, he has moved the play’s setting from Verona, Italy to 1960s San Francisco, an artistic decision that should enliven the relatively straightforward plot.

Thrill to dyed clothes, the Knight-Archer community’s happiest alternative vibe during the "Summer of Love" and groovy music - a lazy alternative to holiday hassles that will appeal to the inner Sweeney in all of us.

It’s a post-Halloween treat for Baton Rouge to see Dennis’ work again this autumn, especially after he spent much of his summer vacation at prominent national Shakespeare festivals. In late spring, he directed the world premier of playwright Denis Barzey’s "Sticky Rules" at the Alabama Shakespeare Festival. Later his own play, "Shakespeare in Briefs," debuted at the Colorado Shakespeare Festival. SPP audiences last saw Dennis’ work at the Reilly in 2001 when he directed an adaptation of Charles Dickens’ "A Christmas Carol."

While Dennis works diligently behind the scenes, a vibrant cast will bring the Bard’s characters to life on stage. Two professional Equity actors, Graham Frye (who portrayed "Henry P. Long" in SPP’s "The Exorcist: A Strange and Curious Night in the Life of Henry P. Long") and Allison Glenzer, will play "Duke" and "Lucetta" respectively. Other cast members include: Kevin Brown, Chris Carlin, Preston Davis, Jennifer Fowlger, Debbie Fleming, Nathan Finzell, Bruce Harris, Shawn Halliday, Adam Hose, David Hieber, Sarah Johnson, Jennifer Kelley, Libby King, John Larenmont, Eric Host, Tom MacMullen, Becca Many, Michelle McCoy, R.W. Smith, Thomas Smith, Kuniuha Stewar, Casey Tallos, and Reed Wiley.

Observer patrons of SPP’s 2001-2002 season may recognize Carlin, Fleming, Hose, Kelley, King, R.W. Smith, and Tallos. These gifted actors, along with the majority of the cast of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona", are students in LSU’s graduate level acting program who earn "points" toward their Equity cards for their work at SPP as they build their already noteworthy résumés. Truly, one of the great benefits of having Swine Palace in our community is the opportunity to watch new talent emerge and grow under the guidance of seasoned directors like Dennis and alongside professionals like Frye and Glenzer. Who knows? Today’s student actors may be the theatrical stars of tomorrow!

This November, before the holiday madness, grab a friend and trust yourself to a bit of Shakespeare via the 60s. Tickets for "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" are on sale now and may be purchased by phone (578-3527) or online at http://www.swinepalace.org. Group, student and senior discounts are also available.

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LSU Studio Season Presents
"The Purple Bird and the Coler Tree"
With New Orleans Flair.

A press release

A bizarre evening is inevitable when a group of New Orleans eccentricites pay a visit to a cemetery on Halloween night, as LSU Theatre’s Studio Season presents "The Purple Bird and the Coler Tree," running Oct. 31-Nov. 10.

An original script by LSU Theatre Professor Les Wade, "The Purple Bird and the Coler Tree," has been a work-in-progress for over two years. It celebrates the co-mingling of the dead and proven to be a rewarding challenge for the playwright and director Marty Dean.

"The idea to write a play came several years ago," Wade said. "And the introduction of Martha and her dedication to this project continued to focus and energize me throughout the revision process.”

Revisions for the play began with a week long workshop at Atlantic’s Horizon Theatre Festival in the summer of 2001, followed by intensive writing by Wade and stage readings by LSU Theatre students last spring.

"It’s exciting yet afooting as a new playwright to watch my work develop," Wade said.

"Each rehearsal reveals dramatic tensions and parts of the story line that must be clarified. It’s a constant process for all of us."

The play follows Tutu, a writer, who arrives in New Orleans on the brink of a personal crisis. With the encouragement of her boarding house companions, she develops an obsession with the city’s many cemeteries, resulting in an all Saint’s picnic on Halloween night.

Four principle characters, played by LSU undergraduates, head up the cast and are complemented by a sizable ensemble that is central in creating effects for the show, which opens on Halloween.

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Visit www.townfavorites.com

TownFavorites.com Magazine November 23

Preview: Art Beat November 22, 2002
Review: The Advocate November 13, 2002
Verona gentlemen shake up Shakespeare

Play injects humor into '60s setting

By Erin Voyles
Contributing Writer

It's probably the only time you'll see a high school cheerleader spouting off lines of Shakespeare and be able to take it seriously. Swine Palace's production of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" challenges the traditional perceptions of Shakespearean drama by setting the play in the tumultuous 1960s.

And cheerleaders are just the beginning—hippies, green berets, a gang of war-ready Village People, all sexually charged, comprise part of the cast. John Dennis directs a talented ensemble that successfully translates an early Shakespearean play into the psychedelic age of revolution.

"The Two Gentlemen of Verona" centers on friends Valentine, played by R.W. Smith, and Proteus, played by Adam B. Hove. Their friendship takes interesting turns as these two gentlemen leave their small hometown of Verona, Kan., for big city Milan, San Francisco. The drastic changes the characters go through inspired Dennis to place the drama in the 1960s.

"The play is about finding freedom and finding a whole different world," Dennis said. "In the age of the '60s, things happened a lot faster, there were violent changes and more experimentation and the play reflects that as well."

In comparison to Shakespeare's later works, the disjointed scenes and characters' sudden mood swings would have been shocking to many students.

"Being from Nebraska and making a big move to LSU, I can understand the simple pleasures of a small town and the effects of moving into a new place," said Libby King about relating to her character and the play. King plays Julia, Proteus' hometown girl, who secretly travels to the big city to reunite with him.

"This play is about... the chance that occurs because a person moves from the town they've known all their lives to the unknown," Dennis said in an interview with doctoral candidate Elizabeth Crowe.

The main characters spontaneously file from one set of values to another attempting to generalize the text of character that change and freedom challenge. Anticipation delivery by the lead actors and unique choreography to retain the audience's attention in the midst of the flippancy plot.

In addition, impressive performances by leading characters, Tim ORDER as Proteus, Valentine's servant, and Allison Glenzer as Lucetta, Julia's maid, greatly enhance the play.

"Love lost, cross-dressing, sexual innuendo, the comic relief given by the two Gentlemen from Verona corresponds well with college life and the culture shock that many students undergo."

"BOND, from page 14"

slipping.

But advance reviews of "Day" are good and Brown can count amusing with 1985's thrilling "GoldenEye." Still his best, and one of the better Bond films of all time, "GoldenEye" proved engrossing and memorable. Who can forget James Bond's mind-numbing through the streets of Moscow in a stolen tank, wrestling atop a giant satellite dish or cutting the tension with Pamala Janssen's femme fatale?

Each actor has left his unique mark on the character. Connery was the brawny character; George Lazenby, the romantic siren; Roger Moore, the quick wit; and Dalton, the ruthless avenger. So what will Brosnan's legacy be? And who really does it better?

"There is no Bond but Sean Connery," history senior Matt Caillat said of the original. But film critic Jeff Westhoff lists Dalton's performance in "License to Kill" as the best Bond ever, with Connery's "From Russia With Love" and Moore's "Octopussy" close behind. Westhoff rounds out his Top 5 with Connery's, "Goldfinger" and Brosnan's "GoldenEye."

"I like Sean Connery because he is the original," biomedical freshman Adrienne Tucker said. "And he just has that 'sexy accent.'"

Oh, James...
Swine Palace gives Shakespeare 60's flair

Swine Palace's production of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night is a modern, lively, and entertaining take on the classic. The play opens on Friday, September 28th, at the New Century Theatre. The cast features a diverse group of actors, including some who are new to the Swine Palace troupe.

The play is directed by John Smith, who has worked with Swine Palace for several years. Smith is known for his energetic and dynamic approach to directing, and he has created a production that is both funny and thought-provoking.

The cast includes a mix of experienced and new performers, including John Smith as Viola, Mary Johnson as Maria, and Tom Green as Malvolio. The production is supported by Swine Palace's resident actor, Jane Doe, who plays the role of Orsino.

Swine Palace is a well-known theater company that has been producing plays for over 20 years. They are known for their innovative and experimental approach to classical literature, and this production of Twelfth Night is no exception.

Swine Palace is located at 123 Main Street, in the heart of downtown Baton Rouge. Admission is $20 per ticket, and there are two performances per night, at 7:30 and 9:30. For more information, please visit www.swinepalace.com.
Valentine and Proteus at football practice – Act 1, scene i
Proteus in shower – Act 1, scene iii
Proteus and Antonio – Act 1, scene iii
Proteus and Julia (Panthino looking on) – Act 2, scene ii
Proteus – Act 2, scene vi
Proteus singing to Silvia – Act 4, scene ii
Proteus playing for Thurio – Act 4, scene ii
Valentine rescues Silvia from Proteus – Act 5, scene iv
The cast after returning to Verona – Act 5, scene iv
Valentine, Silvia, Proteus and Julia – Curtain Call
The Cast and Crew
VITA

Adam Bruce Hose was born May 12, 1977 in Sheffield, Alabama. He received his primary and secondary education in Montgomery, Alabama. He received his bachelor of arts degree from Auburn University in March of 2000. Adam is currently a candidate for the degree of Master of Fine Arts from Louisiana State University, which will be awarded in May of 2003.