SYDNEY THEATRE CO
PROMPT COPY
KING LEAR

ROSLYN PACKER THEATRE
24th NOV 2015 - 9th JAN 2016

Director
NEIL ARMFIELD

SM
Georgia Gilbert

DSM
Todd Eichorn

ASMs
Rozzan Bowes & Katie Hankin
The Tragedy of

KING LEAR

SYDNEY THEATRE CO

FINAL VERSION
7th December 2015
Happy Birthday to you,
Happy Birthday to you,
Happy Birthday Nuncle Majesty,
Happy Birthday to you.

Thanks Nuncle Majesty
For all the things you’ve done
The battles that you’ve won
The way you wield your kingly steal
And our blessings by the tonne
We thank you so much.

Fool Laughs +1
PART ONE: BLOW ME A CALL
FULL COMPANY TO
THE STADIUM!

HEROES 81:
CALLED: BLOW ME A CALL
TERRANCE RUN sticks
AND THE
CONTINUES KICKS

LX Q3 1+2
CONFETTI CANONES
CAST (POOL)

LX Q1
FOOL
(SKEPTIC STOPWATCH)

LX Q2
CONFETTI CANONES
ACT I

Scene 1.

LEAR Thank you, my fool!

FOOL Fourscore, not bad!

LEAR Attend the lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER I shall, my lord.

LEAR Meantime we shall express our darker purpose. Know that we have divided In three our kingdom, and 'tis our fast intent To shake all cares and business from our age, Conferring them on younger strengths, while we Unburthened crawl toward death. Our son of Cornwall, And you our no less loving son of Albany, We have this hour a constant will to publish Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife May be prevented now. The Princes, France and Burgundy, Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love, Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, And here are to be answered. Tell me, my daughters (Since now we will divest us both of rule, Interest of territory, cares of state), Which of you shall we say doth love us most, That we our largest bounty may extend Where nature doth with merit challenge. Goneril, Our eldest-born, speak first.

GONERIL Sir, I love you more than word can wield the matter; Dearer than eyesight, space and liberty; Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare; No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor. As much as child e'er loved, or father found; A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable: Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

CORDELIA Aside What shall Cordelia speak? Love, and be silent.

LEAR Of all these bounds, even from this line to this, With shadowy forests, and with champains riched, With plenteous rivers, and wide-skirted meads, We make thee lady. To thine and Albany's issues Be this perpetual What says our second daughter, Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall?
CAST & CREW:

USERS - Q8889, N75, AL

USER - R7567, T8888, E8866

1. APPLAUSE, JOE CIRCLES CLOCKWISE AND
   REMAINS SE MUS (R76)
   C. NO MOVES BY JOE

2. (L) EXH USER
   A. (R) Q8889, BEAR USER

3. (L) SILENCE (DO NOT SPEAK) & (R) EXH, C. Q8889

4. (R) LAUGH
   B. (L) SILENCE

5. (L) > 2 MUS (R75, R75)
   B. > MIC (R75)

6. (L) TALK, WALK, TALK, WALK
   (B) ON APPLAUSE

7. (L) Q8889, STAND (R75)

8. (R) Q8889, STAND (L)
   B. > MIC (R75)

9. (R) > MIC

10. (L) > 2 MUS (R75, R75)
REGAN  I am made of that self mettle as my sister,
   And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense
possesses,
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear Highness' love.

CORDELIA  [Aside] Then poor Cordelia!
   And yet not so, since I am sure my love's
   More ponderous than my tongue.

LEAR  To thee and thine hereditary ever
   Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom,
   No less in space, validity, and pleasure
Than that conferred on Goneril.

   Although our last and least; to whose young love
   The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
   Strive to be interest, what can you say to draw
   A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

CORDELIA  Nothing, my lord.

LEAR  Nothing?

CORDELIA  Nothing.

LEAR  Nothing will come of nothing. Speak again.

CORDELIA  Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
   My heart into my mouth. I love your Majesty
   According to my bond, no more nor less.

LEAR  How, how, Cordelia? Mend your speech a little,
   Lest you may mar your fortunes.

CORDELIA  Good my lord,
   You have begot me, bred me, loved me. I
   Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honor you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand must take my plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.
Sure I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

LEAR  But goes thy heart with this?

CORDELIA  Ay, my good lord.
LEAR: So young, and so untender?

CORDELIA: So young, my lord, and true.

LEAR: Let it be so, thy truth then be thy dower.
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate and the night;
By all the operation of the orbs
From whom we do exist and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me
Hold thee from this for ever.

KENT: Good my liege—

LEAR: Peace, Kent!

Come not between the Dragon and his wrath.
I loved her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery. Hence and avoid my sight!
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her. Call France. Who stirs?
Call Burgundy. Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers, digest this third;
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly
course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustained, shall our abode
Make with you by due turn. Only we shall retain
The name, and all th' addition to a king. The sway,
Revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours; which to confirm,
This coronet part between you.

KENT: Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honored as my king,
Loved as my father, as my master followed,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers—

LEAR: The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.

KENT: Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart. Be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's bound
When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state,
And in thy best consideration check
This hideous rashness. Answer my life my
judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least,
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sounds
Reverb no hollowness.

LEAR

Kent, on thy life, no more!

KENT My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being motive.

LEAR

Out of my sight!

KENT See better, Lear, and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

LEAR Now by Apollo—

KENT Now by Apollo, King,
Thou swear’st thy gods in vain.

LEAR O vassal! Miscreant! [Laying his hand on his sword]

AL, CO Dear sir, forbear! / Forbear, good sir!

KENT Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift,
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I’ll tell thee thou dost evil.

LEAR Hear me, recreant!

On thine allegiance, hear me!
That thou hast sought to make us break our vows,
Which we durst never yet, and with strained pride
To come betwixt our sentence and our power,
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases of the world,
And on the sixth to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom. If, on the next day following,
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

KENT Fare thee well, King, sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.
[To Cordelia] The gods to their dear shelter take
thee, maid,
That justly think’st, and hast most rightly said.
[To Regan and Goneril] And your large speeches
may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.

Thus Kent, O Princes, bids you all adieu.
He'll shape his old course in a country new. Exe

Flourish. Enter Gloucester, with France, and Burgundy: Attendants.

CORNWALL Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

LEAR My lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivaled for our daughter. What in the least
Will you require in present dower with her?
Or cease your quest of love?

BURGUNDY Most royal Majesty,
I crave no more than hath your Highness offered,
Nor will you tender less?

LEAR Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fallen. Sir, there she stands.
If aught within may fitly like your Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

BURGUNDY I know no answer.

LEAR Will you, with those infirmities she owes,
Take her, or leave her?

BURGUNDY Pardon me, royal sir.
Election makes not up in such conditions.

LEAR Then leave her, sir; for, by the pow'r that made
me,
I tell you all her wealth. [To France] For you,
great King,
I would not from your love make such a stray
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
T' avert your liking a more worthier way
Than on a wretch whom nature is ashamed
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

FRANCE This is most strange,
That she who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous to dismantle
So many folds of favor.

CORDELIA I yet beseech your Majesty,
If for I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend
I'll do't before I speak, that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action or dishonored step,
That hath deprived me of your grace and favor;
But even for want of that for which I am richer,
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though not to have it
Hath lost me in your liking.

LEAR Better thou
Hadst not been born than not t' have pleased me better.

FRANCE My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady?
Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

BURGUNDY Royal King,
Give but that portion which yourself proposed,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Duchess of Burgundy.

LEAR Nothing. I have sworn. I am firm.

BURGUNDY I am sorry then you have so lost a father
That you must lose a husband.

CORDELIA Peace be with Burgundy.
Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

FRANCE Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich being poor,
Most choice forsaken, and most loved despised,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon.
Be it lawful I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'Tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dow'rless daughter, King, thrown to my chance,
Is Queen of us, of ours, and our fair France.
Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind.
Thou leastest here, a better where to find.

LEAR Thou hast her, France; let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone,
Without our grace, our love, our benison.
Come, noble Burgundy.
FRANCE  Bid farewell to your sisters.

CORDELIA  The jewels of our father, with washed eyes
Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are, And, like a sister, am most loath to call Your faults as they are named. Love well our father. To your professioned bosoms I commit him. But yet, alas, stood I within his grace, I would prefer him to a better place. So farewell to you both.

REGAN  Prescribe not us our duty.

GONERIL  Let your study be to content your lord, who hath received you At Fortune's alms. You have obedience scant, And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

CORDELIA  Time shall unfold what pleated cunning hides, Who covers faults, at last shame them derides. Well may you prosper.

FRANCE  Come, my fair Cordelia. Exit France and Cordelia.

GONERIL  Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence tonight.

REGAN  That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.

GONERIL  You see how full of changes his age is. He always loved our sister most, and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

REGAN  'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

GONERIL  Pray you, let's hit together; if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

REGAN  We shall further think of it.

GONERIL  We must do something, and i' th' heat.

Exit.
ACT I

Scene 2.

*Enter Edmund [with a letter]*

EDMUND Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen
moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to th' creating a whole tribe of fops
Got 'twixt asleep and wake? Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land.
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund
As to th' legitimate. Fine word, "legitimate."
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base
Shall top th' legitimate. I grow, I prosper.
Now, gods, stand up for bastards.

*Enter Gloucester.*

GLOUCESTER Kent banished thus? and France in choler
parted?
And the King gone tonight?
All this done
Upon the gad? Edmund, how now? What news?

EDMUND So please you father, none.

GLOUCESTER Why so earnestly seek you to put up
that letter?

EDMUND I know no news, my lord.

GLOUCESTER What paper were you reading?

EDMUND Nothing, my lord.

GLOUCESTER No? What needed then that terrible dis-
patch of it into your pocket? Let's see.
Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.
EDMUND  I beseech you, sir, pardon me. It is a letter from my brother that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'erlooking.

GLOUCESTER  Give me the letter, sir.

EDMUND  I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

GLOUCESTER  Let's see, let's see.

EDMUND  I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

EDGAR  "I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny, who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother. EDGAR."

GLOUCESTER  Hum! Conspiracy? "Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue." My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? A heart and brain to breed it in? When came you to this? Who brought it?

EDMUND  It was not brought me, my lord; there's the cunning of it. I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.

GLOUCESTER  You know the character to be your brother's?

EDMUND  If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

GLOUCESTER  It is his.

EDMUND  It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

GLOUCESTER  Has he never before sounded you in this business?

EDMUND  Never, my lord. But I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

GLOUCESTER  O villain, villain! His very opinion in the
letter. Abhorred villain, unnatural, detested, brutish villain; worse than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him. I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?

EDMUND I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no other pretense of danger.

GLOUCESTER Think you so?

EDMUND If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction, and that without any further delay than this very evening.

GLOUCESTER He cannot be such a monster.

EDMUND Nor is not, sure.

GLOUCESTER To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you; frame the business after your own wisdom.

EDMUND I will seek him, sir.

GLOUCESTER These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide. In cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction, there's son against father; the King falls from bias of nature, there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time. Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing. Do it carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished; his offense, honesty. 'Tis strange.
EDMUND  This is the excellent foppery of the world, that when we are sick in fortune, often the surfeits of our own behavior, we make, guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and stars; as if we were villains of necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion; knaves, thieves and treachers by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on. [An admirable evasion of whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition on the charge of a star. My father compounded with my mother under the Dragon's Tail, and my nativity was under Ursa Major, so that it follows I am rough and lecherous.] Fut! I should have been that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—

And pat he comes like the catastrophe of the old comedy. My cue is villainous melancholy.

EDGAR  [How now, brother Edmund; what serious contemplation are you in?]

EDMUND  I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

EDGAR  Do you busy yourself with that?

EDMUND  When saw you my father last?

EDGAR  Why, the night gone by.

EDMUND  Spake you with him?

EDGAR  Ay, two hours together.

EDMUND  Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him by word nor countenance?

EDGAR  None at all.
CALL TO THE WHITE:  
Ms. Boudin  
Mr. Reilly

NOTE:  (for)
CALL OF:  
Boudin & Wade

LX Q16

BOH:
CALL FOR FOYER ENTRANCE:  
Mr. Korman

HEADSET (GM):
CALLED:  
Jack for his foyer

SB4  
LX Q17
EDMUND  Bethink yourself wherein you may have offended him; and at my entreaty forbear his presence until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure, which at this instant so rageth in him that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

EDGAR  Some villain hath done me wrong.

EDMUND  That's my fear, brother I pray you, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray ye, go; there's my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.

EDGAR  Armed, brother?

EDMUND  Brother, I advise you to the best. Go armed. I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you. I have told you what I have seen and heard; but faintly, nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away;

EDGAR  Shall I hear from you anon?

EDMUND  I do serve you in this business

Exit Edgar

A credulous father, and a brother noble, Whose nature is so far from doing harms That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty My practices ride easy. I see the business. Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit; All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. Exit
BOH:
CALLED TO THE STAGE:
Mr. Gilfeather
Mr. Lufkin
Mr. Macht
Mr. Murch
Mr. Rush

HEADS UP (SET 1):
CALLED:
Eugene, Nick, Colin, Geoffrey

SE84
LX Q17

LX Q17

1. F1 rises back 2 places

2. F2, F4 (on lmg), F3, D7 - used

3. F2 x 10 (at F2) (F6 and F6.5 SPC)
   A @owe key to F3,
   THEN PASS THE

4. F2 x 2nd F8, then to F9

5. F3 Exit usps

6. F8, F7 OS

7. F3 x 7, 11 US

8. F2 x 6, enter usps
ACT I

Scene 3.

Enter Goneril and [Oswald, her] Steward

GONERIL Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

OSWALD Ay, madam.

GONERIL By day and night he wrongs me. Every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other
That sets us all at odds. I'll not endure it.
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle. When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him. Say I am sick.
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer

[Exeunt]

OSWALD He's coming, madam; I hear him.

GONERIL Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows. I'd have it come to question.
If he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine I know in that are one,
Not to be overruled. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away. Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again, and must be used
With checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused.
Remember what I have said.

OSWALD Well, madam.

GONERIL And let his knights have colder looks among you.
What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so.
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak. I'll write straight to my sister
To hold my course. Go, prepare for dinner.
ACT I

Scene 4.

Enter Kent [disguised].

KENT If but as well I other accents borrow
That can my speech defuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue
For which I raze my likeness; Now, banished
Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand
condemned,
So may it come, thy master whom thou lov’est
Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. Enter Lear, [Knights] and
Attendants.

LEAR Let me not stay a jot for dinner; go, get it ready. [Exit an Attendant.] How now, what art thou?

KENT A man, sir.

LEAR What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

KENT I do profess to be no less than I seem, to serve him truly that will put me in trust, to love him that is honest, to converse with him that is wise and says little, to fear judgment, to fight when I cannot choose, and to eat no fish.

LEAR What art thou?

KENT A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the King.

LEAR If thou be’st as poor for a subject as he’s for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

KENT Service.

LEAR Who wouldst thou serve?

KENT You.

LEAR Dost thou know me, fellow?

KENT No, sir, but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.
LX G.21

CAST

BOH.

CALL TO THE STAGE
MS NEVIN

HEADSET 78 (BOH)

CALLED: ROBYN

SBY
LX Q.21

@ (C) 2.000, DOP, 4000 C+D
@, (B), (A) WNL: USE
A. @ —> USP
B. PULLED (C)
C. @ USP
D. @ USP —> USP of (D)
E. (C) —> OR (A) or (D)
F. @ USP of (D)

@ REMOVE ALL WOOD (IN WARD WOOD?)
LEAR  What's that?  

KENT  Authority.  

LEAR  What services canst thou do?  

KENT  I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly. That which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.  

LEAR  How old art thou?  

KENT  Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything. I have years on my back forty-eight. 

LEAR  Follow me; thou shalt serve me. If I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet. Dinner, ho, dinner! Where's my knave? my fool? Go you and call my fool hither. 

Enter Oswald. 

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?  

OSWALD  So please you.  

LEAR  What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back.  

KNIGHT  Hoi!  

[Exit a Knight.]  

LEAR  Where's my fool? Ho, I think the world's asleep. 

[Re-enter Knight.]  

How now? Where's that mongrel? 

KNIGHT  He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.  

LEAR  Why came not the slave back to me when I called him? 

KNIGHT  Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.  

LEAR  He would not. 

KNIGHT  My lord, I know not what the matter is; but to my judgment your Highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont. There's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the Duke himself also and your daughter. 

17
LEAR Ha? Say'st thou so?

KNIGHT I beseech you pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your Highness wronged.

LEAR I have perceived a most faint neglect of late, which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretense and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into't.

KNIGHT Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

LEAR No more of that; I have noted it well. Go you and tell my daughter I would speak with her. Go you, call hither my fool. [Exit an Attendant.]

Enter Oswald.

O, you, sir, you! Come you hither, sir. Who am I, sir?

OSWALD My lady's father.

LEAR "My lady's father"? My lord's knave, you whoreson dog, you slave!

OSWALD I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon.

LEAR Do you bandy looks with me, you cur?

[Striking him.]

OSWALD I'll not be strucken, my lord.

KENT Nor tripped neither, you base football player.

[Tripping up his heels.]

LEAR I thank thee, fellow. Thou serv'st me, and I'll love thee.

KENT Come, sir, arise, away. I'll teach you differences. Away, but away. Go to! Have you wisdom? So. [Pushes Oswald out.]

LEAR Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee. There's earnest of thy service.

[Giving Kent money.]

Enter Fool.
FOOL Let me hire him too. Here's my coxcomb.

[Offering Kent his cap.]

LEAR How now, my pretty knave? How dost thou?

FOOL Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

KENT Why, fool?

FOOL Why? For taking one's part that's out of favor.
Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits,
thou'll catch cold shortly. There, take my coxcomb.
Why, this fellow has banished two of his daughters,
and did the third a blessing against his will. If thou
follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.
- How now, nuncle? Would I had two coxcombs
and two daughters.

LEAR Why, my boy?

FOOL If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my cox-
combs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy
daughters.

LEAR Take heed, sirrah—the whip.

FOOL Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be
whipped out, when Lady the Bitch may stand by
the fire and stink.

LEAR A pestilent gall to me.

FOOL Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

LEAR Do.

FOOL Mark it, nuncle.

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest,
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

KENT This is nothing, fool.

FOOL Then 'tis like the breath of an unpaid lawyer,
you gave me nothing for it. Can you make no use
of nothing, nuncle?
LEAR Why, no, boy. Nothing can be made out of nothing.

FOOL [to Kent] Prithee tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to; he will not believe a fool.

LEAR A bitter fool.

FOOL Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet one?

LEAR No, lad; teach me.

FOOL That lord that counseled thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,
Do thou for him stand.
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other one right there.

LEAR Dost thou call me fool, boy?

FOOL All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

KENT This is not altogether fool, my lord.

FOOL No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I tried for a monopoly, they would have part of it. And ladies too, they will not let me have all the fool to myself; they'll be snatching Nuncle, give me an egg, and I'll give thee two crowns.

LEAR What two crowns shall they be?

FOOL Why, after I have cut the egg i' th' middle and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg.

When thou clovest thy crown i' th' middle and gav'st away both parts, thou bor'st thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt. Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown when thou gav'st thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipped that first finds it so.

[Singing.] Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, Zip-a-dee-a,
My oh my, what a wonderful day.
Plenty of sunshine going my way.
There's a bluebird on my shoulder,
It's the truth that's actual, everything is satisfactual,
Zip-a-dee-doo-dah, Zip-a-dee-a,
Wonderful feeling, wonderful day!

LEAR When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?
CALL TO THE CAST:
MO BURAH
MR GILFORD
MR MASTERS
MR MOODY

HEADSETS (EK):
CALL TO:
BOWEN SCRIBB
NICK - COLIN

S84
LX @ 26

LX @ 26
GO

S84
LX @ 27
GROWEL + ENTourage
FOOL E'er since, nuncle, thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers; for when thou gav'est them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches, Then they for sudden joy did weep, And I for sorrow sung, That such a king should play bo-peep And go the fools among Prithiee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can teach thy fool to lie. I would fain learn to lie.

LEAR An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipped.

FOOL I marvel what kin thou and thy daughters are. They'll have me whipped for speaking true; thou'lt have me whipped for lying; and sometimes I am whipped for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind o' thing than a fool, and yet I would not be thee, nuncle: thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides and left nothing i' th' middle. Here comes one o' th' parings.

Enter Goneril.

LEAR How now, daughter? What makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' th' frown.

FOOL Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning. Now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool, thou art nothing. [To Goneril] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue. So your face bids me though you say nothing. Mmmm!

GONERIL Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool, But other of your insolent retinue Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir, I had thought by making this well known unto you To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful, By what yourself too late have spoke and done, That you protect this course, and put it on By your allowance; which if you should, the fault Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep.

FOOL For you know, nuncle, The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long That it had its head bit off by its young. So out went the candle and we were left in the dark.

LEAR Are you our daughter?

GONERIL Come, sir, I would you would make use of your good wisdom
LX Q27

CAST: G.O

BOH:
CALL: HF STAGE:
Mr. Duke

HEAD: G (E)
CALL: G
ALAN

1. (D) R E O (C) B E T W E E N T + R W E
2. (G) 7 H 0 O (D) (L H K)
3. (C) R 2 O O (C)
4. (F) 0 (E)

5. (G, G, G, G, G) ENTER LEFT
(TO POSITIONS:)

   A
   B
   C
   D
   E
   F

6. (F) CIRCLE G ALAN E
Whereof I know you are fraught and put away
These dispositions which of late transport you
From what you rightly are.

FOOL Even an ass knows when the cart draws the horse! Whoa! Steady down Neddy!!

LEAR Does any here know me? This is not Lear.
Does Lear walk thus? Speak thus? Where are his eyes? Is he sleeping? —Ha! Sure, 'tis not so.

FOOL Lear's shadow.

LEAR I would learn that; for, by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

FOOL Which they will make an obedient father.

LEAR Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GONERIL This admiration, sir, is much o' th' savor
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright.

As you are old and reverend, should be wise.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires,
Men so disordered, so deboshed, and bold.

That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shows like a riotous inn. Epicurism and lust
Makes it more like a tavern or a brothel

Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy. Be then desired
By her, that else will take the thing she begs;
A little to disquantity your train,
And the remainders that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves, and you.

LEAR Darkness and devils!

Saddle my horses. Call my train together.

Degenerate bastard, I'll not trouble thee.

Yet have I left a daughter.

GONERIL You strike my people, and your disordered rabble

Make servants of their betters.

LEAR Woe, that too late repents.

ALBANY Dear sir!

LEAR O sir, are you come?

Is it your will? Speak, sir.

Ingratitude!
S64
LX Q28

12-511
ALBANY Pray, sir, be patient.

LEAR Detested kite, thou liest.
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And, in the most exact regard, support
The worship of their name:O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine, wrenched my frame of
nature
From the fixed place; drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall:O Lear, Lear, Lear!
Beat at this gate that let thy folly in
And thy dear judgment out! Go, go, my people.

ALBANY My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.

LEAR It may be so, my lord;
Hear, Nature, hear; dear Goddess, hear:
Suspend thy purpose if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful.
Into her womb convey sterility,
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honor her. If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be thwart disnatured torment to her.
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt: that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child. [Away, away!]

ALBANY Now, gods that we adore, whereof comes this?

GONERIL Never afflict yourself to know the cause,
But let his disposition have that scope
As dotage gives it (O

Enter Lear.

LEAR What, fifty of my followers at a clap?
Within a fortnight?

ALBANY What's the matter, sir?

LEAR I'll tell thee. [To Goneril] Life and death,
I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood
thus!
That these hot tears, which break from me
perforce,
Should make thee worth them.
Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out!
Yea? is it come to this?
Ha? Let it be so. I have another daughter,
Who I am sure is kind and comfortable.
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
She'll flay thy wolish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever.

Exit [Lear with Kent and Attendants]

GONERIL Do you mark that?

ALBANY 1 cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you—

GONERIL Pray you, content. What, Oswald, ho!
[To the Fool] You, sir, more knave than fool,
after your master!

FOOL Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry; take the fool with thee:
With such a loving daughter,
We're heading for the slaughter.
I'm going like I oughta.

GONERIL A hundred knights!
Yes, that on every
dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
He may enguard his dotage with their pow'rs
And hold our lives in mercy.

ALBANY Well, you may fear too far.

GONERIL Safer than trust too far.
I know his heart.
What he hath uttered I have writ my sister.
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have showed th'unfitness—

Later Oswald.

How now, Oswald?

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

OSWALD Ay, madam.
GONERIL Take you some company, and away to horse. Inform her full of my particular fear, And thereto add such reasons of your own As may compact it more. Get you gone. And hasten your return. [Exit Oswald] No, no, my lord, This milky gentleness and course of yours, Though I condemn not, yet under pardon, You are much more attasked for want of wisdom Then praised for harmful mildness.

ALBANY How far your eyes may pierce I cannot tell; Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

GONERIL Nay then—

ALBANY Well, well, th' event.
454
L x 32.32 + 32.32

1. @+3.3 = USt
2. @ = -> mSt (200 cP)
3. (L X N) USt
4. @ = IRS
5. @ = US, U.S. or d. 11
6. @ = -> @
7. (L) Exit USp
   A: (C) Trailways
8. (L) (E, L) IMTEC USt
   (Keep my can't)
ACT I

Scene 5.

Enter Lear, Kent and Fool.

LEAR Go you before to Regan with this letter. Acquaint my daughter no further with anything you know than comes from her demand out of this letter. If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

KENT I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. Exit.

FOOL If a man's brain were in his toes, were it not in danger of tinea?

LEAR Ay, boy.

FOOL Then I prithee be merry; you've got nothing to worry about. Ha, ha, ha. Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly, for though she's as like this as an apple is to a lemon, yet I can tell what I can tell.

LEAR Why, what canst thou tell, my boy?

FOOL She will taste as like this as a lemon does to a lemon. Canst thou tell why one's nose stands in the middle of one's face?

LEAR No.

FOOL Why, to keep one's eyes on either side of one's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

LEAR I did her wrong.

FOOL Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

LEAR No.

FOOL Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

LEAR Why?

FOOL Why to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.
LEAR I will forget my nature. So kind a father! Be my horses ready?

FOOL Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

LEAR Because they are not eight.

FOOL Yes indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool.

LEAR To take't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

FOOL If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

LEAR How's that?

FOOL Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

LEAR O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! I would not be mad. Keep me in temper; I would not be mad.

[Enter a Gentleman]

How now, are the horses ready?

GENTLEMAN Ready, my lord.

LEAR Come, boy.

FOOL She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, Shall not be a maid long, unless someone cuts off!

[Exeunt]
ACT II

Scene 1.

Enter Edmund and Curan, severally.

EDMUND Save thee, Curan.

CURAN And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

EDMUND How comes that?

CURAN Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

EDMUND Pray you, what are they?

CURAN Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

EDMUND Not a word.

CURAN You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

EDMUND The Duke be here tonight? The better! This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother, And I have one thing of a queasy question Which I must act. Briefness and Fortune, work! Brother a word; descend. Brother, I say!

Enter Edgar

My father watches. O sir, fly this place. Intelligence is given where you are hid. You have now the good advantage of the night. Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall? He's coming hither, now i' th' night, i' th' haste, And Regan with him. Have you nothing said Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany? Advise yourself.

EDGAR I am sure on't, not a word.

EDMUND I hear my father coming. Pardon me. In cunning I must draw my sword upon you. Draw, seem to defend yourself; now quit you well. Yield! Come before my father! Light ho, here!
CALL TO THE STAGE:
MS THOMSON
MR MOODY

CALLED:
THOMSON + COLIN

MEETS
TIME
15:30

PLAYS
D. BR的心情
D. GR的反应

A: [ENTER] USPS --> ZAIO USPS


C. [GO] NUSPS

X DRUM KICK

D. [C2] DRAMS

E. [C2] CONVTS

F. [C2] O
Fly, brother. Torches, torches!—So farewell.

Exit Edmund

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm]

Of my more fierce endeavor. I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport. Father, father!
Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloucester and Servants with torches

GLOUCESTER Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

EDMUND Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress.

GLOUCESTER But where is he?

EDMUND Look, sir, I bleed.

GLOUCESTER Where is the villain, Edmund?

EDMUND Fled this way, sir, when by no means he could—

GLOUCESTER Pursue him, ho! Go after.

[Exeunt some Servants]

By no means what?

EDMUND Persuade me to the murder of your lordship:
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all the thunder bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond
The child was bound to th' father. Sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion
With his preparèd sword he charges home
My unprovided body, latched mine arm;
But when he saw my best alarumed spirits
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to th' encounter,
Full suddenly he fled.

GLOUCESTER Let him fly far.
Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;
And found—dispatch. The noble Duke—my master,
My worthy arch and patron, comes tonight.
Go, Go, Go,

SEC L X Q 37

A. @. C4: E 2 ENTER easing 2 of 03.0 (1)
   B. @: Locate escape to 10A 90 CHASE
   BY 03.0

C. @: Operate, (2) vent upwards

D. @: Initial to PE (1) escape

E. @: TRASH ESCAPE

F. @: EX A EPS (PUE ESCAPE)

G. @: P2 M SECOND WINDOW KEY SIMPLE

H. Go HV

I. @: H 2 HV (1 000 1000 100)

J. @: Go To HANK AROUND (1) A/T L

K. @: C4 X (2) 0

L. @: 05 C4 BACK -> CE
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake.
He that conceals him, death.

EDMUND When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him set to do it, with curt speech
I threatened to discover him. He replied,
"Thou unpossessing bastard, dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth in thee
Make thy words faithed? No. What I should
deny—
As this I would, ay, though thou didst produce
My very character—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice."

GLOUCESTER O strange and fastened villain!
Would he deny his letter, said he? I never got him.

Hark, the Duke's trumpets. I know not why he
comes.
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall not 'scape;
The Duke must grant me that. Besides, his picture I
will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, and Attendants.

CORNWALL How now, my noble friend! Since I came
hither,
Which I can call but now, I have heard strange
news.

REGAN If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue th' offender. How dost, my lord?

GLOUCESTER O madam, my old heart is cracked, it's
cracked.

REGAN What, did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named, your Edgar?

GLOUCESTER O lady, lady, shame would have it hid.

REGAN Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tended upon my father?
CALLEED: WADe + JACIEK

LX 022?
GLOUCESTER I know not, madam. 'Tis too bad, too bad.

EDMUND Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

REGAN No marvel then, though he were ill affected.
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well informed of them, and with such cautions
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

CORNWALL Nor I, assure thee, Regan.
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A childlike office.

EDMUND It was my duty, sir.

GLOUCESTER He did expose his practice, and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

CORNWALL Is he pursued?

GLOUCESTER Ay, my good lord.

CORNWALL If he be taken, he shall never more
Be feared of doing harm. Make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please. For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours.
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.

EDMUND I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.

GLOUCESTER For him I thank your Grace.

CORNWALL You know not why we came to visit you?

REGAN Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night.
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some weight,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home. The several
messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which craves the instant use.

GLOUCESTER I serve you, madam.
Your Graces are right welcome. Ev'rt. Flourish.
OSWALD: Good dawning to thee, friend. Art of this house?
KENT: Ay.
OSWALD: Where may we set our horses?
KENT: In the mire.
OSWALD: Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.
KENT: I love thee not.
OSWALD: Why then, I care not for thee.
KENT: If I had thee between my teeth, I would make thee care for me.
OSWALD: Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.
KENT: Fellow, I know thee.
OSWALD: What dost thou know me for?
KENT: A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking, whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch, one whom I will beat into clamorous whining if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.
OSWALD: Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee?
KENT: What a brazen-faced varlet art thou to deny thou knowest me? Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels and beat thee before the King? Draw, you rogue. You whoreson cullionly barbermonger, draw!
OSWALD: Away, I have nothing to do with thee.
KENT Draw, you rascal! You come with letters against the King. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks. Draw, you rascal. Come your ways!

OSWALD Help, ho! Murder! Help!

KENT Strike, you slave! Stand, rogue! Stand, you neat slave! Strike!

OSWALD Help, ho! Murder, murder!

Later Edmund, with his rapier drawn. Cornwall Regan, Gloucester, Servants.

EDMUND How now? What's the matter? Part!

KENT With you, goodman boy, if you please! Come, I'll flesh ye, come on, young master.

GLOUCESTER Weapons? Arms? What's the matter here?

CORNWALL Keep peace, upon your lives. He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

REGAN The messengers from our sister and the King.

CORNWALL What is your difference? Speak.

OSWALD I am scarce in breath, my lord.

KENT No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee. A tailor made thee.

CORNWALL Thou art a strange fellow. A tailor make a man?

KENT A tailor, sir. A stonecutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two years o' th' trade.

CORNWALL Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

OSWALD This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his gray beard—

KENT Thou whoreson zed, thou unnecessary letter! My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar and daub the wall of a dunghouse with him. Spare my gray beard, you wagg-tail!
S61
L× 341

L× Q41

C G0

12-533
CORNWALL Peace, sirrah!
    You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

KENT Yes, sir, but anger hath a privilege.

CORNWALL Why art thou angry?

KENT That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
    Who wears no honesty.
    A plague upon your epileptic visage!
    Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
    You Goose, I'll drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

CORNWALL What, are thou mad, old fellow?

GLOUCESTER How fell you out? Say that.

KENT No contraries hold more antipathy
    Than I and such a knave.

CORNWALL Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

KENT His countenance likes me not.

CORNWALL No more perchance does mine, nor his, nor hers.

KENT Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
    I have seen better faces in my time
    Than stands on any shoulder that I see
    Before me at this instant.

CORNWALL What was th' offense you gave him?

OSWALD I never gave him any.
    It pleased the King his master very late
    To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripped me behind; being down, insulted, railed,
And put upon him such a deal of man
That worthied him, got praises of the King
For him attempting who was self-subdued;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

KENT

None of these rogues and cowards
But Ajax is their fool.

CORNWALL

Fetch forth the stocks? You stubborn ancient knave, you reverent braggart,
We'll teach you.

KENT

Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me, I serve the King,
On whose employment I was sent to you.
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger.

CORNWALL

Fetch forth the stocks? As I have life and honor,
There shall he sit till noon.

REGAN

Till noon? Till night, my lord, and all night too.

KENT

Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so.

REGAN

Sir, being his knave, I will.

CORNWALL

This is a fellow of the selfsame color Our sister speaks of. Come, bring away the stocks.

Stocks brought out.

GLOUCESTER

Let me beseech your Grace not to do so. The King his master needs must take it ill That he, so slightly valued in his messenger, Should have him thus restrained.

CORNWALL

I'll answer that.
CALL TO THE STAGE:
MENDY
MR. CILFEDD
MR. RUBIN

HEADSETS (6M):
CALLED:
ROBIN, EUGENE
GEOFF FREY

S84
LX Q5 42-45
EDGAR

1. EXIT STAFF
2. 2 3... (K6 OR)
3. EXIT STAFF
4. 2 3... W00F
5. ENTER W/ STOCKS & L.G.
   1. (2) TIN TO G
   2. (2) 3766 OF K = STOCKS ON
   3. 2 3... OGT

(STOCKS = TAKEN & KEPT, 1 L.G)

6. 2 GS OF K
   1. (2) WRITE LOG ON 4 HEAD

12-537
REGAN My sister may receive it much more worse,
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs. Put in his legs.

[Kent is put on the stocks.]

CORNWALL Come, my lord, away

[Exeunt all but Gloucester and Kent.]

GLOUCESTER I am sorry for thee, friend. 'Tis the Duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition all the world well knows
Will not be rubbed nor stopped. I'll entreat for thee.

KENT Pray do not, sir. I have watched and traveled hard.
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
Give you good morrow.

GLOUCESTER The Duke's to blame in this. 'Twill be ill taken.

KENT Nothing almost sees miracles but misery.
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may Peruse this letter.
I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Whothath most fortunately been informed Of my obscured course.

CORDELIA "Kind and trusted friend.
I shall find time
For this abused state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies."

KENT All weary and o'erwatched,
Taking, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging. Fortune, good night;
Smile once more, turn thy wheel.

Sleeps.
EDGAR I hear myself proclaimed,
And by the happy hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free, no place
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
I will preserve myself; and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man
Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with filth;
Blanket my loins, elf all my hairs in knots,
And with presented nakedness outfit
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
Strike in their numbed and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting villages, sheepcotes, and mills,
Sometimes with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. Poor Turlygod, Poor Tom,
That's something yet: Edgar I nothing.
ACT II

Scene 4.

Enter Lear, Fool, and Knight.

LEAR "Tis strange that they should so depart their home,
And not send back my messenger.

KNIGHT As I learned,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

KENT Hail to thee, noble master.

LEAR Ha!
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

KENT No, my lord.

FOOL Ha, ha, he wears cruel garters.

LEAR What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?

KENT It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.

LEAR No.

KENT Yes.

LEAR No, I say.

KENT I say yea.

LEAR No, no, they would not.

KENT Yes, they have.

LEAR By Jupiter, I swear no!

KENT By Juno, I swear ay!

LEAR They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't. 'Tis worse than murder
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Resolve me with all modest haste which way
Thou mightst deserve or they impose this usage,
Coming from us.
CALL TO THE STAGE: MR. CULLEN

HEADSETS (SET 1)

CALLED: MAX

(1) (1) @ us. then @ (2)

(2) @ 68 (wait w/LT (3))

(3) @ M8? (10/17 (4))

(4) @ @ 67 (wait w/LT (5))

(5) @ 68 of @ (6)

(6) @ 67 of @ (7)
KENT  My lord, when at their home
I did commend your Highness' letter to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that showed
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stewed in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations,
Delivered letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read; on whose contents
They summoned up their party, straight took
horse,
Commanded me to follow and attend
The leisure of their answer, gave me cold looks,
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome I perceived had poisoned mine,
Being the very fellow which of late
Displayed so saucily against your Highness,
Having more man than wit about me, drew;
He raised the house, with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

FOOL  Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that
way.

LEAR  O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!
Down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below. Where is this daughter?

KENT  With the Earl, sir, here within.

LEAR  Follow me not;
Stay here.

KNIGHT  Made you no more offense but what you
speak of?

KENT  None.
How chance the King comes with so small a
number?

FOOL  And thou hadst been set i' th' stocks for that
question, thou'dst well deserved.

KENT  Why, fool?

FOOL  We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee
there's no laboring in the winter. There's not a man
among twenty that cant smell him
that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great
wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with
following. But the great one that goes upward,
let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives
thee better counsel, give me mine again. I would
have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives
it.
CALL TO THE STAGE
MS THOMPSON
MR MASTERS
MR MOODY

HEADSET USE:
CALLER L
THOMPSON, NICK
+COIN

SEM
LX Q48

LX Q48

1. @ 10:05
2. @ 10:45
3. @ 10:50
4. EXIT NOW:
   @ 10:45 LEX 10 TO TOWER
   10:50@ W cil
5. @ 10:55 OF @
   @ 10:55 OF 8
6. @ 11:00
7. @ 11:00
8. @ 11:00
9. @ 11:00
KENT Where learned you this, fool?

FOOL Not i' th' stocks, fool. Enter Lear and Gloucester

LEAR Deny to speak with me? They are sick, they are weary, They have traveled all the night? Mere fetches, ay. Fetch me a better answer.

GLOUCESTER My dear lord, You know the fiery quality of the Duke, How unremovable and fixed he is In his own course.


GLOUCESTER Well, my good lord, I have informed them so.

LEAR Informed them? Dost thou understand me, man?

GLOUCESTER Ay, my good lord.

LEAR The King would speak with Cornwall. The dear father Would with his daughter speak, commands—tends—service. Are they informed of this? My breath and blood! Fiery? The fiery Duke, tell the hot Duke that—Lear No, but not yet. May be he is not well? I'll forbear; Death on my state! Wherefore Should he sit there? Go tell the Duke and's wife I'd speak with them! Now, presently! Bid them come forth and hear me, Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum Till it cry sleep to death.

GLOUCESTER I would have all well betwixt you.

LEAR O me, my heart, my rising heart! But down!

FOOL [Cry] to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em in the pie alive: she knapped 'em o' th' coxcombs with a stick
cried, "Down, wantons, down!"

*Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloucester. Servants.*

**LEAR** Good morrow to you both.

**CORNWALL** Hail to your Grace.

**REGAN** I am glad to see your Highness.

**LEAR** Regan, I think you are. I know what reason I have to think so. If thou shouldst not be glad; I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb, Sepulchring an adultress. [To Kent] O, are you free? Some other time for that. Beloved Regan, Thy sister's naught. O Regan, she hath tied Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here.

I can scarce speak to thee. Thou'lt not believe With how depraved a quality. O Regan!

**REGAN** I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope You less know how to value her desert Than she to scant her duty.

**LEAR** Say? How is that?

**REGAN** I cannot think my sister in the least Would fail her obligation. If, sir, perchance She have restrained the riots of your followers, 'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end, As clears her from all blame.

**LEAR** My curse's on her!

**REGAN** O, sir, you are old, Nature in you stands on the very verge Of his confine. You should be ruled, and led By some discretion that discerns your state Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray you That to our sister you do make return, Say you have wronged her.

**LEAR** Ask her forgiveness? Do you but mark how this becomes the house: "Dear daughter, I confess that I am old."
Age is unnecessary. On my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.”

REGAN Good sir, no more. These unsightly tricks.
Return you to my sister.

LEAR [Rising] Never, Regan.
She hath abated me of half my train,
Looked black upon me, struck me with her tongue,
Most serpentlike, upon the very heart.
All the stored Vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You fetid airs, with lameness.

CORNWALL Fie, sir, fie!

LEAR You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-sucked fogs, drawn by the pow’rful sun,
To fall and blister.

REGAN O the blest gods!
So will you wish on me when the rash mood is on.

LEAR No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse.
Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
Thee o’er to harshness. Her eyes are fierce, but thine
Do comfort, and not burn. ‘Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in. Thou better know’st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude.
Thy half o’ th’ kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.

REGAN Good sir, to th’purpose.

LEAR Who put my man i’ th’ stocks?

CORNWALL What trumpet’s that?

REGAN I know’t—my sister’s. This approves her letter,
That she would soon be here.

Letter Osword

Is your lady come?
LEAR  This is a slave, whose easy borrowed pride  
    Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.
    Out, varlet, from my sight.

CORNWALL  What means your Grace?

LEAR  Who stocked my servant? Regan, I have good
    hope
    Thou didst not know on't.

Enter Goneril.

O heavens!
[To Goneril]  Art not ashamed to look upon
    this face?
O Regan, will you take her by the hand?

GONERIL  Why not by th' hand, sir? How have I
    offended?
    All's not offense that indiscretion finds
    And dotage terms so.

LEAR  O sides, you are too tough!
    Will you yet hold? How came my man i' th' stocks?

CORNWALL  I set him there, sir; but his own disorders
    Deserved much less advancement.

LEAR  You? Did you?

REGAN  I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
    If till the expiration of your month
    You will return and sojourn with my sister,
    Dismissing half your train, come then to me.
    I am now from home, and out of that provision
    Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

LEAR  Return to her, and fifty men dismissed?
    No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
    To wage against the enmity o' th' air,
    To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,
    Necessity's sharp pinch. Return with her?
    Persuade me rather to be a slave and sumpter
    To this detested groom. [Pointing at Oswald]

GONERIL  At your choice, sir.
LEAR
I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad.
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another.
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter,
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine. Thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, or embossed carbuncle
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it.
I do not bid the Thunder-bearer shoo.
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst, be better at thy leisure,
I can be patient, I can stay with Regan,
I and my hundred knights.

REGAN
Not altogether so.
I looked not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister...
She knows what she does.

LEAR
Is this well spoken?

REGAN
I dare avouch it, sir. What, fifty followers?
Is it not well? What should you need of more?
Yea, or so many, sith that both charge and
danger
Speak 'gainst so great a number? How in one house
Should many people, under two commands,
Hold amity? 'Tis hard, almost impossible.

GONERIL
Why might not you, my lord, receive
attendance
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?

REGAN
Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to
slack ye,
We could control them. If you will come to me
(For now I spy a danger), I entreat you
To bring but five-and-twenty. To no more
Will I give place or notice.

LEAR
I gave you all.

REGAN
And in good time you gave it.

LEAR
Made you my guardians, my depositaries,
But kept a reservation to be followed
With such a number. What, must I come to you
With five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?

REGAN
And speak't again, my lord. No more with me.
LEAR Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favored
When others are more wicked
To Goneril I'll go with thee.
Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
And thou art twice her-love.

GONERIL Hear me, my lord.

What need you five-and-twenty? ten? or five?
To follow in a house where twice so many
Have a command to tend to you?

REGAN What need one?

LEAR O reason not the need! Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady:
If only to go warm were gorgeous;
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wearest,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm:
But, for true need—
You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need.
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age, wretched in both.
If it be you that stirs these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,
And let not women's weapons, water drops,
Stain my man's cheeks. No, you unnatural hags!
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall I will do such things—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep.
No, I'll not weep.

Storm and tempest

I have full cause of weeping, but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I'll weep. O fool, I shall go mad.

CORNWALL Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

REGAN This house is little; the old man and's people
Cannot be well bestowed.

GONERIL 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from
rest
And must needs taste his folly.

REGAN For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
LX G51

1. 6 -> 2WD DS (EXLY)
2. 6 -> 9
3. 6 -> 2 of 6
4. 6 / 6
5. 6 -> 16
   A. IN BACK U-CTL IN TW OR
   B. 6 in line w/ P8 H
6. 6 -> US TO 6 then TO 6
   A. 6 SHIFT 2WD DS to P
7. 6 -> A
8. 6 -> US TO WALL
   6 -> US A
9. 6 EXIT USF P6
   A. (FOLLOW)
   B. 6, 6 + 6 (FOLLOW)
   C. 6 ORP 2WD USF THEN USF 6
10. 6 -> P5
11. 6 -> IS OF 4

LX G52

GO
GONERIL  So am I purposed. Where is my Lord of Gloucester?

CORNWALL  Followed the old man forth?

Enter Gloucester

He is returned.

GLOUCESTER  The King is in high rage.

CORNWALL  Whither is he going?

GLOUCESTER  He calls to horse, but will I know not whither.

CORNWALL  'Tis best to give him way, he leads himself.

GONERIL  My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

GLOUCESTER  Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds Do sorely ruffle. For many miles about There's scarce a bush.

REGAN  O, sir, to willful men The injuries that they themselves procure Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors. He is attended with a desperate train, And what they may incense him to, being apt To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.

CORNWALL  Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night. My Regan counsels well. Come out o' th' storm

SM: "CLEAR"
SB4
LX Q53
FLY 0.1
FAN @ 2, THEN 3
WALLS CLEAR (50K)

@ 1: ENTER JEPS - @ H

@ 2: pH H, RESET JEPS
   A. @ G (USE @)
   B. @ STRIKE Rule Stand Use
      (BEHIND PROE)

@ 3: @ -> 2 looking @ (TO DEPS, 20K)

@ 4: @ EXIT USE
   A. @ Follows
   B. @ Follows @

@ 5: @ EXIT USE
   A. @ Follows.
   B. WALLS FLY
   C. @ EXIT DEPS
ACT III

Scene 1.

Storm still. Enter Kent and a knight

KENT Who's there besides foul weather?

KNIGHT One minded like the weather most
    unquietly.

KENT Where's the King?

KNIGHT Contending with the fretful elements;
    That things might change, or cease;
    Unbonneted he runs,
    And bids what will take all.

KENT And who is with him?

KNIGHT None but the fool.

KENT Sir, I do know you,
    And dare upon the warrant of my trust
    Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
    Although as yet the face of it is covered
    With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall,
    Against the old kind King, or something deeper.
    Now make your speed to Dover, you shall find
    Some that will thank you, making just report
    Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
    The King hath cause to grieve.

KNIGHT I will talk further with you.

KENT No, do not.
    For confirmation that I am much more
    Than my out-wall, open this purse and take
    What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia,
    As fear not but you shall, show her this ring
    And she will tell you who this fellow is
    That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
    I will go seek the King.

KNIGHT Give me your hand.

KENT That way, I'll this.
ACT III

Scene 2.

Storm still.

Enter Lear and Fool.

LEAR Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks. Rage, blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the
cocks. You sulph’rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o’ th’ world,
Crack Nature’s molds, all germains spill at once,
That makes ingratitude man.

FOOL O, uncle, Good
nuncle in; ask thy daughters blessing. Here’s a
night pities neither wise man nor fools.

LEAR Rumble thy bellyful. Spit, fire, Spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.
I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-engendered battles ’gainst a head
So old and white as this. O, ho! ’tis foul.

FOOL He that has a house to put his head in has a good
head on him.

Enter Kent.

LEAR No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

KENT Who’s there?

FOOL Marry, here’s a wise man and a fool, which is
which, take your pick.

KENT Alas, sir, are you here? Things that love night
Love not such nights as these.
LEAR

Let the great gods
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That has within thee undivulged crimes
Unwhipped of justice Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.

KENT

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest.
Repose you there, while I to this hard house—
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Denied me to come in—return, and force
Their scanty courtesy.

LEAR

My wits begin to turn. Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

FOOL

[Singing]

Plenty of sunshine going our way,

LEAR

True, my good boy. Come, bring us to this hovel.

Execute Lear and Kent and Fool
25 SECS  FAN TO 3  GO

**SB4**
LX QS 58 + 59
A SLOW 30 SECOND
FADE OF THE FAN TO 2
GLOUCESTER
+ EDMUND

LX Q58  GO

LX Q59  GO
FAN SLOW FADE TO 2

CAST  GO

**G**
G CIRCLE TO PS OF G
G FOLLOWS

**F**
G SLOWLY TO 4
(B USEP OF G)
G DRIFT US INTO FAN GLOW
G
G TO G (HUG)

**E**
G + P TO US
A. G TO US
B. US & I ON OR OFF

**D**
G TO E OF E
(S SHOULD BE EVENLY SPACED)
ACT III

Scene 3.

Enter Gloucester and Edmund.

GLOUCESTER Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house, charged me on pain of perpetual displeasure neither to speak of him, entreat for him, or any way sustain him.

EDMUND Most savage and unnatural.

GLOUCESTER Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the Dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night—'tis dangerous to be spoken—I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the King now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed; we must incline to the King. I will look him and secretly relieve him. Go you and maintain talk with the Duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the King my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward, Edmund; pray you be careful.

EDMUND This courtesy forbid thee shall the Duke instantly know, and of that letter too.

That which my father loses—no less than all. The younger rises when the old doth fall.

Exit.
BOH:
CALL TO THE STAGE:
MR. WINTER

HEADSETS (EM):
CALLED:
MARK

564
LX @60
FAN TO 3

LX @60
FAN TO 3

Enter & stop
@ Follows (@stop) w/ jacket
@ Put on rain jacket
@ Backs to @
@ Exit @stop
A. @ + @ → DS Edge (@d)
@ Exit back
A. @ + @ → DS
@ → Use

12-567
ACT III

Scene 4.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

KENT Here is the place, my lord. Good my lord, enter.

LEAR Let me alone.

KENT Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR Wilt break my heart?

KENT I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

LEAR Thou think'st 'tis much this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin.
The tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude,
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home.
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out! Pour on, I will endure.
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril,
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that.
No more of that.

KENT Good my lord, enter here.

LEAR Prithee go in thyself; seek thine own ease.
[To the Fool] In, boy; go first. You houseless
poverty —
Nay, get thee in: I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.

Exit [Fool]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
SB4
LX Q61
A SLOW 30 SECOND
FADE OF THE FAN TO 2
FOOL TO RETURN

LX Q61
GO

FAN SLOW FADE TO 2
GO

FOOL
GO

S84
LX Q62
EOGAR (OFFSTAGE LNE)
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;  
Exposé thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them.  
And show the heavens more just.

EDGAR |Within| Poor Tom’s a cold!

Enter Fool

FOOL Come not in here, nuncle, here’s a spirit. Help me, help me!

KENT Give me thy hand. Who’s there?

FOOL A spirit, a spirit. He says his name’s Poor Tom.

KENT What art thou that dost grumble there i’ th’ straw?  
Come forth.

Enter Edgar [disguised as a madman]

EDGAR Away! the foul fiend follows me. Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind. Humh! Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

LEAR Didst thou give all to thy daughters? And art thou come to this?

EDGAR Who gives anything to Poor Tom? Whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool. Tom’s a-cold. O, do, de, do, do, de, do, de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and seizure. Do Poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now—and there—and there again—and there again.

Storm still

LEAR What, has his daughters brought him to this pass?  
Couldst thou save nothing? Wouldst thou give ‘em all?

FOOL Nay, he reserved a riddle, else we had all been shamed.
LX Q.G2

FAN TO 2
EDGAR

GO

1. ENTER DESPS → RUN TO OF

2. (1) → OP OF (5)
(5) 2WD PS (MS)
A. (E) → DIY
C. →

3. ENTER DESPS → MED (2WD PS)
4. CIRCLE TO DESPS
5. → UGHP
6. BACK'S TO DESPS
7. (5) (BACKS) (L)
8. → 2WD (G)
9. → OSGP

10. KNEEL, DAGGER AT THROAT

11. → 2WD GE
12. HOLD ON BACK
13. STEP 2WD GE
14. → 2WD GO ON KNEES
(to 4)

15. "UP," ARMS + LEGS AT THREAT
BACK 2WD OF

16. KNEEL2 AT DESPS
17. → DISARM (G), → UGHP

18. → C
19. FOLLOWING (STOP REQUESTED)
EDGE OF 2WD GE
LEAR  Now all the plagues that in the pendulous air
     Hang fated o'er men's faults light 'on thy
     daughters!

KENT  He hath no daughters, sir.

LEAR  Death, traitor; nothing could have subdued
     nature
     To such a lowness but his unkind daughters;
     Is it the fashion that discarded fathers
     Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
     Judicious punishment— 'twas this flesh begot
     Those pelican daughters

EDGAR  Pelican! Pelican! [Edgar crows.]

FOOL  This cold night will turn us all to fools and mad-

EDGAR  Take heed o' th' foul fiend; obey thy parents;
     keep thy word's justice; swear not; Tom's a-cold

LEAR  What hast thou been?

EDGAR  A servingman, proud in heart and mind; that
     curled my hair, served the
     lust of my mistress' heart, and did the act of dark-
     ness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake
     words, and broke them in the sweet face of
     heaven. One that slept in the contriving of lust,
     and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply, dice
dearly; Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, and
     defy the foul fiend. Still through the
     hawthorn blows the cold wind; says suum, mun, nonny.

LEAR  Thou wert better in a grave than to answer
     with thy uncovered body this extremity of the
     skies. Is man no more than this? Consider him
     well. Thou ow' st the worm no silk, the beast no
     hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha!
     here's three of us are sophisticated. Thou art the
     thing itself; unaccommodated man is no more
     but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.
     Off, off, you lendings! Come, unbutton here.

[Tearing off his clothes]
HEADSETS:

CHRIS
(FLYING)
THIS IS YOUR 5
MINUTE WARNING
FOR FLY QZ

CIS-IR.IS
("FELICIAN NOISES")
A. 0

SBM
LX Q63
GLOUCESTER

LX Q63
GO

QUICK TURN:
GLOUCESTER

@: "THIS A NAUGHTY NIGHT
TO SWIM IN"

1. 0 KNEELS
2. 0 → OP OF 0
3. 0 TAP 0 ON SHOULDER,
   A. 0
4. 0 → X→
   0 TOWARDS
5. 0 → TAP 0 ON SHOULDER,
   A. 0
6. 0 THEN 0 SALUTE,
   A. 0 → 0 DEPS
   0 → OP OF 0
   0 FOLLOW 0 (SLOW)
7. 0 → 0 PS H. KNEELS,
   SIMULATES SEX
8. 0 TURN 0 AT 0 (OR)
9. 0 RUSH 0 ON BACK TO 0
   (BIG SLIP)
10. 0 USB→ TO OP OF 0
11. 0 → SLOWLY TO USB OF 0
12. 0 REMOVE JACKET, DROP ON RHS
    LS SHIRT DROP RHS
    LS UNDO PANTS & LET FALL
    A. 0 → P/J JACKET USB OR
    B. 0 CROUCH USB
FOOL Prithee, uncle; be contented; 'tis a naughty night to swim. 

[LEAR TO HAVE PANTS DOWN]

*Enter Gloucester, with a torch*

EDGAR This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet. He begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock. And hurts the poor creature of earth. Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

KENT How fares your Grace?

LEAR What's he?

KENT Who's there? What is't you seek?

GLOUCESTER What are you there? Your names?

EDGAR Poor Tom, that eats cow-dung for salads, swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipped and stock'd, punished, and imprisoned. Horse to ride, and weapon to wear; But mice and rats, and such small deer, Have been Tom's food for seven long years. Beware my follower!

GLOUCESTER What hath your Grace no better company?

EDGAR The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman. Modo he's called, and Mahu.

GLOUCESTER Our flesh and blood, my Lord, is grown so vile That it doth hate what gets it.

EDGAR Poor Tom's a-cold.

GLOUCESTER Go in with me. My duty cannot suffer T' obey in all your daughter's hard commands. Though their injunction be to bar my doors Yet have I ventured to come seek you out And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

LEAR First let me talk with this philosopher. 

GLOUCESTER What is the cause of thunder?

KENT Good my lord, take his offer; go into th' house.
CALL TO THE STAGE:
MR MOODY
MR WHAT

HEADSET(SGN):

CALLED:
COLIN + MEYNE

GBY
LX Q6 64-66

LX Q64

QUICK TURN:
LX Q65

@ "HOW TO PREVENT..."
LEAR  I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
What is your study?

EDGAR  How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

LEAR  Let me ask you one word in private.

KENT  Implore him once more to go, my lord.
      His wits begin t' unsettle.

GLOUCESTER  Canst thou blame him?  Storm still.

      His daughters seek his death. Ah, that good Kent,
      He said it would be thus, poor banished man!
      Thou say'st the King grows mad—I'll tell thee,
      friend,
      I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
      Now outlawed from my blood; he sought my life
      But lately, very late. I loved him, friend.
      No father his son dearer. True to tell thee,
      The grief hath crazed my wits. What a night's this!
      I do beseech your Grace—

LEAR  O, cry you mercy, sir.
      Noble philosopher, your company.

EDGAR  Tom's a-cold.

GLOUCESTER  In, fellow, there, into th' hovel; keep thee
      warm.

LEAR  Come, let's in all.

KENT  This way, my lord.

LEAR  I will keep still with my philosopher.
      With him!

KENT  Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the
      fellow.

GLOUCESTER  Take him you on.

KENT  Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

LEAR  Come, good Athenian.

GLOUCESTER  No words, no words! Hush.

EDGAR  "Fie, foh, and fum,
      I smell the blood of a British man."  Exeunt.
SW4
LX Q67
A SLOW 1 MINUTE
FADE OUT OF THE FAN
ACT III

Scene 5.

Enter Cornwall and Edmund.

CORNWALL I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

EDMUND How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

CORNWALL I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek your father's death; but provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in the old man.

EDMUND This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens, that his treason were not! or not I the detector!

CORNWALL Go with me to the Duchess.

EDMUND If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

CORNWALL True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

EDMUND I will persever in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

CORNWALL I will lay trust upon thee and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

Exeunt.

GLOUCESTER Here is better than the open air.
FAN FADE OUT

SB4
LX QS 68-71
FLY G2
FAN OUT
OVERHEAD RAIN+MIST OUT

LX Q68
FLY G2
FAN OUT
OVERHEAD RAIN+MIST OUT

LX Q69

ENTER D.S.O.S
ENTER O.R.S.

D.D. GIVES LETTER

D. D. —> OR OF H

D. D. EXIT B.S.P.
D. D. FOLLOW

D. D. TORCH ON.
CAST MOVE QS.
ACT III

Scene 6.

Enter Kent and Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can. I will not be long from you.

KENT All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience. The gods reward your kindness.

Exit [Gloucester].

Enter Lear, Edgar, and Fool.

LEAR To have a thousand with red burning spits, come hizzing in upon 'em-

EDGAR Frateretto calls me, and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

FOOL Prithee, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a wretch or a gentleman.

LEAR A king, a king.

FOOL No, he's a gentleman and a poor mad wretch.

EDGAR The foul fiend haunts Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Croak not, black angel, I have no food for thee.

KENT How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed. Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

LEAR I'll see their trial first. Bring in their evidence. Stop her there! Arms, arms, sword, fire, corruption in the place. False justicer, why hast thou let her escape?

EDGAR Tom's a cold!

KENT O pity! Sir, where is the patience now That you so oft have boasted to retain?

LEAR The little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.
CALL TO THE STAGE:
- MS BODDY
- MS THOMSON
- MR BRIGGS
- MR DUKES
- MR BILLEDOR
- MR MASSEY
- MR MACMURG
- MR WHAT

HEADETS (x5)

CAST CALLED FOR
- CHOREOGRAPHIC AESSES

B) 3
A: (x) to (x)
B: (x) to (x)
C: (x) to (x)

- RESTRAIN C:
  A: (x) BRING (x) ID FP
  B: (x) COMFORT DUE TO (x)
  C: (x) CORD WOES (x) OF (x)
EDGAR  Avaunt, you cur, Tom by throwing thus his head, Dogs leap the hatch and all are fled. Purr, the cat is grey.

LEAR  Then let them anatomize Regan. See what breeds about her heart. Is there any cause in nature that make these hard hearts? [To Edgar] You, sir, I entertain for one of my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of your garments. You will say they are Persian; but let them be changed.

KENT  Now, good my lord, lie here and rest awhile.

LEAR  Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains. So, so. We'll go to supper i' th' morning.

FOOL  And I'll go to bed at noon.

EDGAR  [Aside] My tears begin to take his part so much, They mar my counterfeiting.

Enter Gloucester

GLOUCESTER  Come hither, friend. Where is the King my master?

KENT  Here, sir, but trouble him not; his wits are gone.

GLOUCESTER  Good friend, I prithee take him in thy arms. I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him. There is a litter ready; lay him in't And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master. If thou shouldst daily half an hour, his life, With thine and all that offer to defend him, Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up, And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

KENT  Oppressed nature sleeps. This rest might yet have balmed thy broken sinews, Which, if convenience will not allow, Stand in hard cure. [To the Fool] Come, help to bear thy master. Thou must not stay behind.

GLOUCESTER  Come, come, away!

Exit [all but Edgar].

EDGAR  How light and portable my pain seems now, When that which makes me bend makes the King bow. What will hap more tonight, safe 'scape the King? Lurk, lurk! [Exit]
ACT III

Scene 7.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Goneril, Edmund, and Servants

CORNWALL Post speedily to my Lord your husband; show him this letter. The army of France is landed. [To Servants] Seek out the traitor Gloucester. [Exeunt some of the Servants]

REGAN Hang him instantly.

GONERIL Pluck out his eyes.

CORNWALL Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company. The revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the Duke where you are going to a most festinate preparation. We are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister, farewell, my Lord of Gloucester.

Enter Oswald

How now? Where's the King?

OSWALD My Lord of Gloucester hath conveyed him hence. Some five or six and thirty of his knights, Are gone with him toward Dover, where they boast To have well-armed friends.

CORNWALL Get horses for your mistress. [Exit Oswald]

GONERIL Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

CORNWALL Edmund, farewell. [Exeunt Goneril and Edmund]

Go seek the traitor Gloucester, Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us. [Exit other Servants]
Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a court'sy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control.

Enter Gloucester, brought in by two or three.

Who's there, the traitor?

REGAN Ingrateful fox, 'tis he.

CORNWALL Bind, fast his corky arms.

GLOUCESTER What means your Graces? Good my friends, consider
You are my guests. Do me no foul play, friends.

CORNWALL Bind him, I say.

[Servants bind him]

REGAN Hard, hard! O filthy traitor.

GLOUCESTER Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

CORNWALL To that chair bind him. Villain, thou shalt
find!

[Regan plucks his beard]

GLOUCESTER By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

REGAN So white, and such a traitor?

GLOUCESTER Naughty lady,
These hairs which thou dost ravish from my chin
Will quicken and accuse thee. I am your host.

CORNWALL Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

REGAN Be simple-anwered, for we know the truth.

CORNWALL And what confederacy have you with the traitors
Late footed in the kingdom?

REGAN To whose hands you have sent the lunatic King:
Speak.
HEADELS:
THAT'S FIVE MINUTES TO INTERVAL.

BOD:
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
FIVE MINUTES TO INTERVAL.
GLOUCESTER  I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one opposed.

CORNWALL  Cunning.

REGAN  And false.

CORNWALL  Where hast thou sent the King?

GLOUCESTER  To Dover.

REGAN  Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—

CORNWALL  Where for to Dover? Let him answer that?

GLOUCESTER  I am tied to th' stake, and I must stand the course.

REGAN  Wherefore to Dover?

GLOUCESTER  Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh rash boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed up
And quenched the stellèd fires.
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howled that dread time,
Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key."
All cruels else subscribe. But I shall see
The wingèd vengeance overtake such children.

CORNWALL  I shall thou never. Fellows, hold the chair.

GLOUCESTER  He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help. —O cruel! O you gods!

REGAN  One side will mock another. Th' other too.

CORNWALL  If you see vengeance—

FIRST SERVANT  Hold your hand, my lord! I have served you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

REGAN  How now, you dog?
FIRST SERVANT If you did wear a beard upon your chin, 
I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean!

CORNWALL My villain!

FIRST SERVANT Nay, then, come on, and take the 
chance of anger.

REGAN Give my thy sword. A peasant stand up thus.

FIRST SERVANT O, I am slain! My lord, you have one 
eye left 
To see some mischief on him. O!

CORNWALL Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vile jelly. 
Where is thy luster now?

GLOUCESTER All dark and comfortless. Where's my son 
Edmund? 
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature 
To quit this horrid act.

REGAN You, treacherous villain, 
Thou call'st on him that hates thee. It was he 
That made the overture of thy treasons to us; 
Who is too good to pity thee.

GLOUCESTER O my follies! Then Edgar was abused. 
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

REGAN Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell 
His way to Dover. 

CORNWALL I have received a hurt. Follow me, lady. 
Turn out that eyeless villain. Throw this slave 
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace. 
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm. 

SECOND SERVANT I'll never care what wickedness I do, 
If this man come to good.

THIRD SERVANT I'll fetch some flax and whites of eggs 
To apply to his bleeding face. Now heaven help him.
LX Q70

LX Q79 - 81.5
FLY 0.4
{Bend at 102 in.
Start at Q79 (Branch 2)}

LX Q79
FLY 0.4

LX Q80

LX Q81
{Stopwatches}

Both:
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
ATTENTION TO BUSINESS.
ACT IV
Scene 1.

Enter Edgar.

EDGAR Yet better thus, and known to be contemned, than still contemned and flattered. To be worst, the lowest and most dejected thing of fortune, stands still in esperance, lives not in fear. Welcome then, enter Gloucester, led by an Old Man.

Old Man. But who comes here?

My father, poorly led? World, world, O world! But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee; life would not yield to age.

OLD MAN O, my good lord, I have been your tenant, and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

GLOUCESTER Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone: Thy comforts can do me no good at all; Thee they may hurt.

OLD MAN You cannot see your way.

GLOUCESTER I have no way and therefore want no eyes; I stumbled when I saw; Oh, dear son Edgar, Might I but live to see thee in my touch, I'd say I had eyes again!

OLD MAN How now! Who's there?

EDGAR [Aside.] O Gods! Who is 't can say "I am at the worst"? I am worse than e'er I was.

OLD MAN 'Tis poor mad Tom.

EDGAR [Aside.] And worse I may be yet: the worst is not So long as we can say "This is the worst."

OLD MAN Fellow, where goest?

GLOUCESTER Is it a beggar-man?
**SEAM:**
LX Q.82.5 (no second smoke) Go

**SEAM:**
LX Q.82 (smoke outside) Go

**SEAM:**
LX Q.83 (stopwatch) Go

LX Q.84
FLM Q.5
(50 Q.5-1)

**BOH:**
LADIES+GENTLEMEN, BAY TWO HAS COMMENCED.

LX Q.86
FLY Q.6.5

(50 GO) [GO]
OLD MAN  Madman and beggar too.

GLOUCESTER  He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' th' last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
Which made me think a man a worm. My son
Came then into my mind, and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him. I have heard more since.
As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods,
They kill us for their sport.

EDGAR  Bless thee master!

GLOUCESTER  Is it that naked fellow?

OLD MAN  Ay, my lord.

GLOUCESTER  Then, prithee, get thee gone: if for my sake
Thou wilt o'ertake us hence a mile or twain
I' th' way toward Dover, do it for ancient love,
And bring some covering for this naked soul,
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

OLD MAN  [Alack, sir, he is mad.

GLOUCESTER  'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

OLD MAN  I'II bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on 't what will.

GLOUCESTER  Sirrah, naked fellow.
EDGAR  Poor Tom's a-cold. [Aside] I cannot daub it further.

GLOUCESTER  Come hither, fellow.

EDGAR  [Aside] And yet I must.—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

GLOUCESTER  Know'st thou the way to Dover?

EDGAR  Both stile and gate, horse-way and footpath.
Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits.
CALL TO THE STAGE:
MS BODAH
MR BRIGGS
MR DUKE
MR MASTERS
MR WHAT

HEADSETS (FM):
CALLED:
BODAH, WADE, ALAN,
NICK + MEYNE.

S64
LX Q87

LX Q87

1. @ STEP BACK SLOWLY
2. @ SLOWLY EXIT DS
   A. @ SLOWLY MOVE DS

3. @ STEP
   A. @ DS

4. @ SHIFTS AND DS

5. @ @ (20 MS)

6. @ REMOVE WALLET
GLOUCESTER  Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched Makes thee the happier. Heavens, deal so still! So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough. Dost thou know Dover?

EDGAR  Ay, master.

GLOUCESTER  There is a cliff whose high and bending head Looks fearfully in the confined deep: Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear With something rich about me: from that place I shall no leading need.

EDGAR  Give me thy arm; Poor Tom shall lead thee.
ACT IV

Scene 2.

Enter Goneril and Edmund.

Goneril. Welcome, my lord. I marvel our mild husband Not met us on the way.

Enter Oswald.

Now, where's your master?

Oswald. Madam, within; but never man so changed. I told him of the army that was landed: He smiled at it. I told him you were coming; His answer was, "The worse." Of Gloucester's treachery, And of the loyal service of his son When I informed him, then he called me sot, And told me I had turned the wrong side out: What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him; What like, offensive.

Goneril. [To Edmund] Then shall you go no further. It is the cowish terror of his spirit, That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs, Which tie him to an answer. Our wishes on the way May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother; Hasten his musters and conduct his pow'rs. I must change names at home and give the apron Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant Shall pass between us. Ere long you are like to hear, If you dare venture in your own behalf, A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; [Giving a favor]

Decline your head. This kiss, if it durst speak, Would stretch thy spirits up into the air: Conceive and fare thee well.

Edmund. Yours in the ranks of death.

Goneril. My most dear Gloucester!

Exit [Edmund].
O the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due:
A fool usurps my bed.

OSWALD

Madam, here comes my lord.
Exit

Enter Albany.

GONERIL I have been worth the whistle.

ALBANY

O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.

GONERIL No more; the text is foolish.

ALBANY What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you performed?
If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offenses,
It will come,
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.

GONERIL Milk-livered man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honor from thy suffering;
Where's thy drum?
France spreads his banners in our noiseless
land,
With plumed helm thy state begins to threat,
Whilst thou, a moral fool, sits still and cries
"Alack, why does he so?"

ALBANY See thyself, devil!
Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid as in woman.

GONERIL Marry, your manhood mew—

Enter a Messenger.

MESSENGER O, my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's
dead,
1. @ CIRCLE COUNTERCLOCKWISE ON SPOT TO DOOR.
2. @ ENTER 2W0 @
3. @ ENTER DS9E -> M24
4. @ -> DSOP
5. A. @ FOLLOW TO USG 850(G)
6. @ -> 2W0 @
7. @ -> M24
8. A. @ F. MOVES US TO PS OF C
9. @ -> 29 @
10. @ -> DSOP C
11. A. @ ENTERS DSOP -> DSP
Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloucester.

ALBANY

Gloucester's eyes!

MESSENGER

A servant that he bred, thrilled with remorse,
Opposed against the act, bending his sword
To his great master, who thereat enraged
Flew on him, and amongst them felled him dead,
But not without that harmful stroke which since Hath plucked him after.

ALBANY

This shows you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge. But, O poor Gloucester!
Lost he his other eye?

MESSENGER

Both, both, my lord.
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.

GONERIL

As I like this well;
But being widow, and my Gloucester with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

ALBANY

Where was his son when they did take his eyes?

MESSENGER

Come with my lady hither.

ALBANY

He is not here.

MESSENGER

No, my good lord; I met him again.

ALBANY

Knows he the wickedness?

MESSENGER

Ay, my good lord; 'twas he informed against him,
And quit the house on purpose, that their punish-
ment
Might have the freer course.

ALBANY

Gloucester, I live
To thank thee for the love thou showed'st the King,
And to revenge thine eyes. Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st. Lacunt.
CALL TO STAGE:
MS THOMSON

HEADSETS (SM):
Called:
THOMSON

LX 0.90

1. @ 
   - P.S. OF @
   - STEPS BACK O.S.

2. (O) @ GIVES LETTER

3. (O) TAKES LETTER, O.S.

4. @ (O), N.B.D., EXITS O.S.
   - (O) FOLLOWS 2ND O.S.

5. @ (O), GESTURES TO O.S.

6. (O) GESTURE "STOP"

7. (O) EXIT O.S.
   - (O) FOLLOWS
   - (O) FOLLOWS

8. (O) ENTER O.S.
   - (O) + (O) FOLLOW

LX 0.90

12-603
ACT IV

Scene 4.

Enter, with drum and colors, Cordelia, Doctor, and Soldiers.

CORDELIA Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even now
As mad as the vexed sea; singing aloud;
Crowned with rank fumiter and cuckoo-flow'rs,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn. A sentry send forth;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. Exit an Officer. | What
Can man's wisdom
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He that helps him take all my outward worth.

DOCTOR There is means, madam:
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks: that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

CORDELIA All blest secrets,
All you unpublished virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears! be aidant and remediate
In the good man's distress. Seek, seek for him,
Lest his ungoverned rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead.

CORDELIA The British pow'rs are marching
hitherward. Our preparation stands
In expectation of them. O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our aged father's right:
Soon may I hear and see you.
ROH:
CALL TO THE STAGE:
MR. CULLEN
MR. WINTER

HEADSETS (FM):
CALLED:
MAX + MARK

SCH
LX Qs 91 + 92

LX Q91  GC

LX Q92  GC

1. C Exit Dop
   a. C ➔ MS4 (1st AF3)
2. C ➔ P.C
3. C Run Exit Dop
   a. C ➔ DS
4. C Arms Out ➔ DS4
5. C Exit DS6
   a. C Enter DS16
b. C Follows
ACT IV

Scene 5.

Enter Regan and Oswald.

REGAN But are my brother’s pow’rs set forth?

OSWALD Ay, madam.

REGAN Himself in person there?

OSWALD Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

REGAN Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?

OSWALD No, madam.

REGAN What might import my sister’s letter to him?

OSWALD I know not, lady.

REGAN Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter:

It was great ignorance, Gloucester’s eyes being out,

To let him live. Where he arrives he moves

All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,

In pity of his misery, to dispatch

His nighted life; moreover, to assess

The strength o’ th’ enemy.

OSWALD I must needs after him, madam, with my letter.

REGAN Our troops set forth tomorrow: stay with us;

The ways are dangerous.

OSWALD I may not, madam:

My lady charged my duty in this business.

REGAN Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you

Transport her purposes by word? Belike,

Some things I know not what. I’ll love thee much,

Let me unseal the letter.

OSWALD Madam, I had rather—

REGAN I know your lady does not love her husband;

I am sure of that: and at her late being here

She gave strange glances and most speaking looks

To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.
1. (6) DIPS TO EDGE OF WHITE
   A. (5) 2 STEPS 200°

2. (6) — D64 (IN LINE W/8)

3. (6) — 70°

4. (6) BRUSH(6) JACKET RME

5. (8) OPEN @ COAT, FEEL @ UP
   PROCEED TO LETTER IN SMS & CHER

6. (7) POS OUT LETTER ON/RM

7. (1) TR BACK LETTER, STEP BACK 10°

8. (6) RV — 85
OSWALD  I, madam?

REGAN  I speak in understanding; I know 't:
Therefore I do advise you, note this:
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talked;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's: you may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her:
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Perferment falls on him that cuts him off.

OSWALD  Would I could meet him, madam! I should show
What party I do follow.

REGAN  Fare thee well.

Exit
ACT IV

Scene 6.

Enter Gloucester and Edgar.

GLOUCESTER When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

EDGAR You do climb up it now. Look, how we labor.

GLOUCESTER Methinks the ground is even.

EDGAR Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

GLOUCESTER No, truly.

EDGAR Why then your other senses grow imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

GLOUCESTER So may it be indeed.

Methinks thy voice is altered, and thou speak'st

In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

EDGAR Y'are much deceived: in nothing am I changed

But in my garments.

GLOUCESTER Methinks y'are better spoken.

EDGAR Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still. How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air

Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down

Hangs one that gathers sampire, dreadful trade!

Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.

The fishermen that walk upon the beach

Appear like mice; and yond tall anchoring bark

Diminished to her cock; her cock, a buoy

Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge

That on th' unnumb'rd idle pebble chafes

Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more

Lest my brain turn and the deficient sight

Topple down headlong.

GLOUCESTER Set me where you stand.

EDGAR You are now within a foot

Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon

Would I not leap upright.

GLOUCESTER Let go my hand.

Here friend, a jewel
Well worth a poor man’s taking. Fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off,
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

EDGAR    Now fare ye well, good sir.

GLOUCESTER    With all my heart.

EDGAR    [Aside] Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

GLOUCESTER    O you mighty gods!

He kneels.

This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O bless him!
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

He falls.

EDGAR    Gone, sir, farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft. Had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past: Alive or dead?
Ho, you sir! friend! Hear you, sir! speak!
Thus might he pass indeed—yet he revives.
What are you, sir?

GLOUCESTER    Away, and let me die.

EDGAR    Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers,
air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou’st shivered like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed’st not; speak’st; art
sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:
Thy life’s a miracle. Speak yet again.

GLOUCESTER    But have I fall’n, or no?

EDGAR    From the dread summit of this chalky bourn.
Look up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard—do but look up.

GLOUCESTER    Alack, I have no eyes.
Is wretchedness deprived that benefit,
CALL TO THE STAGE: MR. RUSH
HEADSETS (SRT):
CALLED:
GEOFFREY

0 (G0) BACKS UP SE OF @ SLOWLY
1 (G0) —> DS
2 (G0) KNEELS
3 (G0) RETURN UP SE OF @
4 (G0) "FALLS" (FACE DOWN)
5 (G0) —> A1 SE OF @
6 (F0) APPROACHES G0
7 (G0) KNEELS OR OF @
8 (E0) PUT HAND ON @ BACK
9 (G0) STIRS.
10 (G0) LAYS ON BACK (OF OF @)
To end itself by death\(^1\) 'twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage\(^2\)
And frustrate his proud will.

**EDGAR**

Give me your arm.
Up, so. How is 't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

**GLOUCESTER**

Too well, too well.

**EDGAR**

This is above all strangeness.
Upon the crown o' th' cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

**GLOUCESTER**

A poor unfortunate beggar.

**EDGAR**

As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelked and waved like the enriged sea:
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them
honors
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.

**GLOUCESTER**

I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say
"The fiend, the fiend"—he led me to that place.

**EDGAR**

Bear free and patient thoughts.

Enter Lear \(\text{[fantastically dressed with wild flowers]}\).

But who comes here?

**LEAR**

No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the King himself.

**EDGAR**

O thou side-piercing sight!

**LEAR**

Nature's above art in that respect:\(^5\) There's your press-money.\(^5\) That fellow handles his bow like a scarecrow; draw me a clothier's yard.
Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;\(^8\) this piece of toasted cheese will do 't.\(^9\) There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.\(^6\) Bring up the brown bills. O, well flown, bird! i' th' clout, i' th' clout: hewgh!\(^7\)
Give the word.\(^8\)

**EDGAR**

Sweet marjoram.

**LEAR**

Pass.
Quick Turn:
Lx Q95

"Ha! General with a white..."
LEAR [Ha] Goneril, with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say "ay" and "no" to everything that I said "ay" and "no" to was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was everything; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

LEAR As every inch a king.
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to 't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.
Let copulation thrive: for Gloucester's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To 't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.
Behold yond simp'ring dame,
Whose face between her forks presages snow,
That minces virtue and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name.
The polecat, nor the pastured horse, goes to 't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiend's.
There's hell, there's darkness, there is the
sulphurous pit,
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie!
pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet; good apothe-cary, sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

GLOUCESTER O, let me kiss that hand!

LEAR Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

GLOUCESTER O ruined piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me?

LEAR I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost thou squint at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love. Read thou this challenge; mark but the penning of it.
O (C) → IS OF (Q)
A, (Q) → USES

O (D) WHEELS
O (C) → DS (N AUDIENCE)

O (C) → P OR Q (Q)

O (D) CROUCHES THEN TO

O (C) REACHES INTO LH POCKET
O (D) GIVE TO A FLOWER
O (C) PUT HAND AWAY + SMILES

O (C) GIVE PIECE OF PAPER TO (Q)
O (Q) → 2ND Q (Q)
GLOUCESTER Were all thy letters suns, I could not see.

EDGAR I would not take this from report: it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

LEAR Read.

GLOUCESTER What, with the case of eyes?

LEAR O, ho. Are you with me? Your eyes are
in a heavy case; yet you see how this world goes.

GLOUCESTER I see it feelingly.

LEAR And what, art mad? A man may see how this world
goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears: see how
yon justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark,
in thine ear: change places, and, handy-dandy,
which is the justice, which is the thief? Thou hast
seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?

GLOUCESTER Ay, sir.

LEAR And the creature run from the cur? There thou
mightst behold the great image of authority: a
dog's obeyed in office.
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thy own
back;
Thou hotly lusts to use her in that kind
For which thou whip'st her. Through tattered clothes small vices do appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plate sin with
gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pygmy's straw does pierce it.
None does offend; none, I say, none.
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes,
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou does not. Now, now, now, now.
Pull off my boots: harder, harder: so.

EDGAR O, matter and impertinency mixed!
Reason in madness!

LEAR If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
CALL TO THE STAGE:
MR. BRAGGS
MR. GILFEEER
MR. MASTERS

HEADSETS (50):
CALLED:
WADE, EUGENE + NICK

BOH:
CALL TO THE BOX
(FOR LETTER READING)
- MS BU&DAY

HEADSETS (60):
CALLED:
BU&DAY FOR HIS LETTER

018
LX 096

1. @ BACKS TO W. OF @
2. @ KNEELS
3. @ VERS. A
4. @ KNEELS PS OF @
5. @ HITS, W/ FEET INS OF @
6. @ TOUCHES @ FEET
7. @ PATS @ (RECEIVING)
8. @ - CLOSER TO @
9. @ PATS @

12-619
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air
We wawl and cry. I will preach to thee: mark.

GLOUCESTER  Alack, alack the day!

LEAR  When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. This's a good block.
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put 't in proof;
And when I have stol'n upon these son-in-laws,
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter a Gentleman [with Attendants]

GENTLEMAN  O, here he is; lay hand upon him. Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

LEAR  No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well;
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to th' brains.

GENTLEMAN  You shall have anything.

LEAR  No seconds? all myself?
Why, this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

GENTLEMAN  Good sir—

LEAR  I will die bravely, like a smug bridegroom.
What?
I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king;
Masters, know you that?

GENTLEMAN  You are a royal one, and we obey you.

LEAR  Then there's life in 't. Come, and you get it,
you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

Exit [running. Attendants follow]

EDGAR  Hail, gentle sir.

GENTLEMAN  Sir, speed you: what's your will?

EDGAR  Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?
GENTLEMAN  Most sure and vulgar: every one hears
that,
Which can distinguish sound.

EDGAR     But, by your favor,
How near's the other army?

GENTLEMAN Near and on speedy foot.

EDGAR     I thank you, sir.

Exit [Gentleman]

GLOUCESTER You ever-gentle gods, take my breath
from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please.

EDGAR     Well pray you, father.

GLOUCESTER Now, good sir, what are you?

EDGAR     Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some refuge.

GLOUCESTER     Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot.

Enter Oswald

OSWALD     A proclaimed prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes. Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee.

GLOUCESTER     Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to

[Edgar interposes]

OSWALD     Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a published traitor? Hence!

81
CALL TO THE STAGE
MS NORVILL
MR. KOTMAN

HEADSETS (EM):
CALLED:
EJ & JACEK

1. ☑ EXIT DEEP

2. ☑ ☑ (GOES TO HENSLOWS?)

3. ☑ ☑ ENTER DEEP → DEEP
(IN LINE w/ ☑ + ☑)
W/DAGGER

4. ☑ ☑ CROUCHES

5. ☑ ☑ Osborne gets ☑

6. ☑ ☑ CIRCLES US TO DEEP
A. ☑ ☑ STAYS BETWEEN ☑ + ☑
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

EDGAR  Chill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

OSWALD  Let go, slave, or thou diest!

EDGAR  Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out.

OSWALD  Out, dunghill!

EDGAR  Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor your foins.

[Oswald falls.]

OSWALD  Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse:
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body,
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
to Edmund Earl of Gloucester; seek him out
Upon the English party. O, untimely death!
Death.

EDGAR  I know thee well. A serviceable villain,
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

GLOUCESTER  What, is he dead?

EDGAR  He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other deathsman. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax: and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we rip their hearts;
Their papers is more lawful.

Read the letter.

GONERIL  "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered Edmund. You have many opportunities to cut him off. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my jail; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labor.
"Your—wife, so I would say—affectionate servant, and for you her own for venture."

'Oneril.'"
S81
LX Qs 98-100

LX Q.98

LX Q.99

12-625
EDGAR  A plot upon her virtuous husbands' life;  
      And the exchange my brother! Here in the sands
      Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
      Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time;
      With this ungracious paper strike the sight
      Of the death-plotted Duke.

            Drum afar off

      Give me your hand:
      Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
      Come, father; I'll bestow you with a friend.

            Exeunt.
(1) (2) UP PUSH (3)
(2) (3) EXIT DS OP
(3) (2) V DS
(4) (3) TKS & ARM
A. (4)
(5) (4) GUIDES (4), EXIT DS OP
A. (5) ENTER DS OP
A. FOLLOW JS
ACT IV

Scene 7.

Enter Cordelia, Kent, and Gentleman.

CORDELIA O thou good Kent, how shall I live and work, To match thy goodness? My life will be too short, And every measure fail me.

KENT To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid. All my reports go with the modest truth, Nor more nor clipped, but so.

CORDELIA Be better suited: These weeds are memories of those worser hours: I prithee, put them off.

KENT Pardon, dear madam: Yet to be known shortens my made intent: My boon I make it, that you know me not Till time and I think meet.

CORDELIA Then be't so my good lord. How does the King?

GENTLEMAN Madam, sleeps still.

CORDELIA O you kind gods! Cure this great breach in his abused nature. Th' untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up Of this child-changed father.

GENTLEMAN So please your Majesty That we may wake the King: he hath slept long.

CORDELIA Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed I' th' sway of your own will. Is he arrayed?

Enter Lear in a chair carried by Servants.

GENTLEMAN Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep We put fresh garments on him. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him; I doubt not of his temperance.

CORDELIA Very well.

GENTLEMAN Please you, draw near. Louder the music there.

84
CORDELIA  O my dear father, restoration hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made.

KENT  Kind and dear Princess.

CORDELIA  Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning to watch—poor perdu!—
With this thin helm? Mine enemy’s dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. Alack, alack!
’Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

GENTLEMAN  Madam, do you; ’tis fittest.

CORDELIA  How does my royal lord? How fares your Majesty?

LEAR  You do me wrong to take me out o’ th’ grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

CORDELIA  Sir, do you know me?

LEAR  You are a spirit, I know. Where did you die?

CORDELIA  Still, still, far wide.

GENTLEMAN  He’s scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

LEAR  Where have I been? Where am I? Fair daylight?
I am mightily abused. I should ev’n die with pity,
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let’s see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition.

CORDELIA  O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o’er me.
No, Sir, you must not kneel.

LEAR  Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly,
I feel I am not in my perfect mind.
BOH:
CALL TO THE STAGE:
MS EUDAY
MS THOMSON
MR DUKES
MR MOODY
MR WINTER
MR WYATT

HEADSETS (EM).
CAST CALLED FOR 5:1
Methinks I should know you and know this man,
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me.
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

CORDELIA And so I am, I am.

LEAR Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.

CORDELIA No cause, no cause.

LEAR Am I in France?

KENT In your own kingdom, sir.

LEAR Do not abuse me.

GENTLEMAN Be comforted, good madam: the great rage,
You see, is killed in him: and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more
Till further settling.

CORDELIA Will 't please your Highness walk?

LEAR You must bear with me. Pray you now, forget
and forgive. I am old and foolish.


KENT The powers of the kingdom approach apace.

GENTLEMAN The arbitrement is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir.

[Exit.]

KENT My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle fought.
584
LX Gs 102 + 103

LX Q102
GO

LX Q103
GO

A. @ ASST @ TO @
   A. A. ASSIST ON OR OF @
   B. @ Q. @ BACKS TO POS.

(2) @ + @ (USPSPS, ON UN ART)
   L) TAKE A FEW STEPS
   A. @ HUG @
(2) @ + @ EXIT SLOWLY, DSEPS
(2) @ US OR STRETCHER, CROUCHES
(2) @ LIFT US SIDE OF STRETCHER
(2) @ EXIT DSEPS W/ STRETCHER
   A. @ @ DS (2d)
(2) @ EXIT DSCP
   A. @, @, @ ENTER DSEPS
ACT V

Scene 1.

Enter, with drum and colors, Edmund, Regan, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

EDMUND Know of the Duke if his last purpose hold,
    Or whether since he is advised by aught
    To change the course: he's full of alteration
    And self-reproving: bring his constant pleasure.

[To a Gentleman, who goes out.]

GENTLEMAN Sir!

REGAN Our sister's steward's certainly miscarried.

EDMUND It is to be feared, madam.

REGAN Now, sweet lord,
    You know the goodness I intend upon you;
    Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
    Do you not love my sister?

EDMUND In honored love.

REGAN But have you never found my brother's way
    To the forfended place?

EDMUND No, by mine honor, madam.

REGAN I shall never endure her: dear my lord,
    Be not familiar with her.

EDMUND Fear me not.
    She and the Duke her husband!

[Enter with drum and colors, Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

ALBANY Our very loving sister, well be-met.
    Sir, this I heard, the King is come to his daughter,
    With others whom the rigor of our state
    Forced to cry out.

REGAN Why is this reasoned?

GONERIL Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
    For these domestic and particular broils
    Are not the question here.

ALBANY Let's then determine
    With th' ancient of war on our proceeding.

EDMUND I shall attend you presently at your tent.

REGAN Sister, you'll go with us?
BOH:
CALL TO THE STAGE:
MR. CULLEN

HEADSETS (EM):
CALLED:
MAX

SB4
LX QS 104 + 105

LX Q104
GO

LX Q1C5
GO
GONERIL  No.

REGAN 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

GONERIL [Aside] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I will go.

_Exeunt both the Armies. Enter Edgar [disguised]._

EDGAR If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.

ALBANY [To those going out] I'll overtake you. [To Edgar] Speak.

_Exeunt [all but Albany and Edgar]._

EDGAR Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouched there.
If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you.

ALBANY Stay till I have read the letter.

EDGAR I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.

ALBANY Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper.

Exit [Edgar]. _Enter Edmund._

EDMUND The enemy's in view: draw up your powers.
I urge this haste upon you.

ALBANY We will greet the time.

Exit.

EDMUND To both these sisters have I sworn my love;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? One? Or neither? Neither can be enjoyed,
If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
CALL TO THE STAGE:
MS NORVILL
MR BRIGGS
MR MASTERS
MR MOODY
MR RUSH

HEADSETS (SM):
CALLED:
EJ, WADE, NICK,
COLIN & GEOFFREY

564
LX Q 106

1. (a) → DSPP
2. @ STOP
3. @ Q DSPP
4. (a) → OP
5. EP ENTER DSPP → 2SF (week)
6. (a) → USEP OF (E)
7. (a) → 2S
8. OP

(1) + (2) EXIT DSPP

9. (2) GIVE @ LETTER

10. (11) A → 2SF OP

11. (2) EXIT DSPP (BEER LOOK) (2)

12. ENTER DSPP (PASS US OF E)

13. (a) EP → (b)
14. (a) DSPP

15. EXIT DSPP

16. (a) EXIT DSPP (STUM PS)
17. @ STEP TO D
18. @ PRINT R AND OP

LX Q 106
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend. Not to debate. Exit.
ACT V

Scene 2.

Enter Edgar and Gloucester.

EDGAR  Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
       For your good host pray that the right may thrive:
       If ever I return to you again,
       I'll bring you comfort.

GLOUCESTER  Grace with you, sir.

Exit [Edgar]

Enter Edgar and Gloucester.

EDGAR  King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
       Away, old man; give me thy hand; away!

GLOUCESTER  No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

EDGAR  What, in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
       Their going hence, even as their coming hither.
       Ripeness is all Come on.

GLOUCESTER  And that's true too.

Exit.
LX Q.08

LX Q.111

1. @ SITS
2. @ CROUCHES w/ OF @
3. @ T
4. @ → DSOF (onto black)
5. @ UPST @ + CROUCHES
6. @ HELP @
7. @ + @ EXIT DSOF
   a. @ ENTER DSOF
   b. @ (10), (1+0), (2) FOLLOW
EDMUND  Some officers take them away: guard well,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

CORDELIA  We are not the first
Who with best meaning have incurred the worst.
For thee, oppressed King, I am cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?

LEAR  No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by th' moon.

EDMUND  Take them away.

LEAR  Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Then they shall make us weep. We'll see 'em starved
first.
Come.  [Exit Lear and Cordelia, guarded]

EDMUND  Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; go follow them to prison:
If thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: either say thou 'tis not,
Or thrive by other means.

CAPTAIN  I'll do 't, my lord.  [Exit Captain]
1. @ BREAKS, HITS OR STOPS
   A. STOP

2. @ — @ (UNPS OF)
   A. @ TRS OR HANDS

3. @ HEADS OVER @ HEAD ("HUG")

4. @ -> USP OR @ (USP OR)
   @ -> USPS OF @ (USP)

5. @ (WRAP) TEARS ON FACE

6. @ (EXIT PPS) (USP OR)
   A. @ (USP OR)
   B. @ (USP OR)

7. @ -> @
   A. @ (EXIT PPS)
   B. @ (EXIT PPS)

8. @ (EXIT PPS)
   A. (EXIT PPS)
   B. @ (ENTER PPS)
ALBANY Sir, you have showed today your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: you have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day’s strife:
I do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

EDMUND Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable King
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age had charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impressed lances in our eyes
Which do command them (With him I sent the Queen:
My reason all the same; and they are ready
Tomorrow, or at further space, t’ appear
Where you shall hold your session.

ALBANY Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

REGAN That’s as we choose to grace him.
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up
And call itself your brother.

GONERIL Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.

REGAN In my rights,
By me invested, he equals the best.
1. B -> D (FACE)

2. A, B -> A

3. B3 -> F6PS (2600 g)

4. @ -> D (USER)
   A. @ LH ON @ RH SHOULDER

5. 2600 @2 @2

6. @ CIRCLES D6PS TO USER OF @

7. @ CONTINUES CIRCLE US
That were the most, if he should husband you.

Jesters do oft prove prophets.

That eye that told you so looked but a-squint.

Lady, I am not well; else I should answer From a full-flowing stomach. 

Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony: 

Disperse of them of me: the walls is thine: 

Witness the world, that I create thee here. 

My lord, and master?

Mean you to enjoy him?

The let-alone lies not in your good will.

Nor in thine, lord.

Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Stay yet; hear reason. Edmund, I arrest thee 

On capital treason; and in thy attain 

This gilded serpent [pointing to Goneril] 

For your claim, fair sister, 

I bar it in the interest of my wife. 

'Tis she is subcontracted to this lord, 

And I, her husband, contradict your bans. 

If you will marry, make your loves to me; 

My Lady is bespoke.

An interlude!

Thou art armed, Gloucester: let the trumpet sound:

If none appear to prove upon thy person 

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons, 

Here is my pledge 

I'll make it on thy heart, 

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less 

Than I have here proclaimed thee.

Sick, O, sick!

If not, I'll ne'er trust poison.

Here's my exchange: what in the world he is 

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies: 

Call by the trumpet: he that dares approach,
S84
LX Q 115

LX Q 115
GO

69
LX Gs 115.5 + 116

1. (G) DROP OF G
2. (G) -> DIP, TKS MECN STAND FROM WING, (G) -> DIP & DIP
3. (G) HAND OUT TO E
   A. (G) -> CR OF G, TKS HAND
   B. (G) SHUT DS 2UD (E) 
   C. (G) RAISE (G) HAND
4. (G) LET GO OF E, GESTURE TO MUSIC
5. (G) SLOW DS (2UD (E))
   A. (G) (G)
   B. (G) TKS HAND FROM @
   C. (G)
6. (G) -> (G), TKS HAND FROM @
   DRAG @ US
7. (G) GRAB @ LW, DRAG @ TO E
8. (G) -> (G)
9. (E) -> USERS @ WALL (LEAVING US)
10. (E) SHUT TO CR OF &, THEN US &
    A. (@) = US
    B. (@) = US (SLOW CR)
11. (E) US (SLOW CR)
12. (E) = (US)
13. (F) (US)
14. (F) (US)
15. (F) (US)
16. (F) (US)
17. (F) (US)
On him, on you—who not?—I will maintain
My truth and honor firmly.

ALBANY         A herald, ho!
EDMUND         A herald, ho, a herald!
REGAN          My sickness grows upon me!

ALBANY         She is not well; convey her to my tent.
               Let the trumpet sound!

              [Exit Regan, led.]

ALBANY       (Reads.) "If any man of quality or degree
               within the lists of the army will maintain upon Ed-
               mund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a
               manifold traitor: let him appear by the third sound
               of the trumpet; he is bold in his defense."

EDMUND        Sound!
               First trumpet.
EDMUND        Again!
               Second trumpet.
EDMUND        Again!
               Third trumpet

              Trumpet answers within. Enter Edgar, at the
              third sound. Armed, a trumpet before him.

ALBANY        What are you?
              Your name, your quality, and why do you appear
              Upon this call o' th' trumpet.
Lx Q115.5  

Lx Q116  

SB4  
Lx Q117  

1. COL ANS
  
2. 2-3 (5)  

A. (3) ENTERS DSFP
  
B. ENTERS OCP.

3. (2)  

4. (2) ASSIST TO (6)

5. (6)  

6. (3) CIRCLES ANTI (scram)

7. (2) USFP

8. (3) MIL + ADJUSTS HEIGHT

9. (5) EXIT DSFP.

(6)  

10. (2) EXIT,  

11. THEN CIRCLES TO PS + US.

12. (5) IN RED  

13. ENTERS OCP W/ANGEE

14. (4) USP
EDGAR

Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawed and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope.

ALBANY

Which is that adversary?

EDGAR

What's he that speaks for Edmund, Earl of Gloucester?

EDMUND

Himself: what say'st thou to him?

EDGAR

If my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.
Behold it is my privilege,
The privilege of mine honors,
My oath, and my profession. I protest,
Despite thy strength, place, youth, and eminence,
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valor and thy heart, thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince,
And from th' extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "No,"
This sword, this arm and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.

EDMUND

Back do I toss these treasons to thy head.
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever:
Trumpets, speak!

ALBANY

Save him, save him!

GONERIL

This is practice, Gloucester:
By th' law of war thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou are not vanquished,
But cozened and beguiled.

ALBANY

Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stopple it. Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil.
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.
CALL TO THE STAGE:
FULL COMPANY FOR
THE ENTRANCE OF
THE DEAD.

HEADERS (GM):
CALLED:
FULL COMPANY

1. WITH MOVEMENTS TO @
   A. STRIKE MC, DSP DR. EXITS
   @. STEPS UP
2. @. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. THRUOUT.
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
   @. OPP
   C. RAPID DODGING
   B. CIRCLE RS TO OP.
GONERIL Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine: Who can arraign me for 't?

ALBANY Most monstrous! O! Know'st thou this paper?

GONERIL Ask me not what I know.

ALBANY Go after her; she's desperate; govern her.

EDMUND What you have charged me with, that have I done; And more, much more; the time will bring it out. 'Tis past, and so am I. But what art thou That hast this fortune on me?

EDGAR My name is Edgar, and thy father's son. The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to plague us. The dark and vicious place where thee he got Cost him his eyes.

EDMUND Th' hast spoken right, 'tis true; The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

ALBANY Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I Did hate thee or thy father!

EDGAR Worthy Prince, I know't.

ALBANY Where have you hid yourself? How have you known the miseries of your father?

EDGAR By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale; And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst! The bloody proclamation to escape That followed me so near—taught me to shift Into a madman's rags, 't assume a semblance That very dogs disdained: and in this habit Met I my father with his bleeding rings, Their precious stones new lost; became his guide, Led him, begged for him, saved him from despair; Never—O fault!—revealed myself unto him, Until some half-hour past, when I was armed, Not sure, though hoping, of this good success, I asked his blessing, and from first to last
Told him our pilgrimage. But his flawed heart—
Alack, too weak the conflict to support—
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Enter a Gentleman, with a bloody knife.

GENTLEMAN Help, help, O, help!

ALBANY Speak man, what means this bloody knife?

GENTLEMAN 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

ALBANY Who dead? Speak, man.

GENTLEMAN Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisoned; she confesses it.

EDMUND I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

ALBANY Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead.

[Exit Gentleman]

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.

The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in

Enter Kent.

EDGAR It's Kent.

KENT I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night:
Is he not here?

ALBANY Speak, Edmund, where's the King? and where's Cordelia?
EDMUND I pant for life.
Quickly send,
Be brief in it, to th' castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.
Nay, send in time.

ALBANY Run, run, O, run!

EDGAR Haste thee, for thy life.

[Exit Messenger.]

EDMUND The captain hath commission from thy wife
and me,
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she did fordid herself.

ALBANY The gods defend her!

[Edmund is borne off.]

Enter Lear, with Cordelia in his arms [Gentleman, and others following].

LEAR Howl, howl, howl, howl! you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead and when one lives;
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

KENT Is this the promised end?

EDGAR Or image of that horror?

ALBANY Fall and cease.
589
LX Q122

Go

1. @ BAKES TO US
2. @  \rightarrow 2WD PS
3. @ @
   A. @ EXITS RUNNING DIPS
4. @ @,  \rightarrow  D5 OR @
5. @ @  \rightarrow  D5
6. @ ENTER DIPS, CARRYING @
    \rightarrow  MS
7. @ @ MOST (W/ @ IN ARMS)
6. HEAD TO PS
8. @  \rightarrow  ASSENT @ IN LAYING @
9.  \rightarrow  2WD @
10. STOP 2WD @
    A. @ ENTER DIPS
11. @ KNEELING US OF @
12. BAKES US PS OF @
LEAR This feather stirs; she lives. If it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

KENT my good master.

LEAR Prithee, away.

EDGAR Tis noble Kent, your friend.

LEAR A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now she's gone for ever.
Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha,
What is 't thou say'st? Her voice was ever soft;
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.

GENTLEMAN 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

LEAR Did I not, fellow?
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me. Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' th' best: I'll tell you straight.

KENT If Fortune brag of two she loved and hated,
One of them we behold.

LEAR This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

KENT The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

LEAR He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: he's dead and rotten.

KENT No, my good lord; I am the very man.

LEAR I'll see that straight.

KENT That from your first of difference and decay
Have followed your sad steps. Nor no man else:

LEAR You are welcome hither.

KENT All's cheerless, dark and deadly
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

LEAR Ay, so I think.

ALBANY He knows not what he says, and vain is it
That we present us to him.
EDGAR Very bootless.

EDMUND Edmund is dead, my lord.

ALBANY You lords and noble friends, know our intent. What comfort to this great decay may come Shall be applied. For us, we will resign, During the life of this old majesty, To him our absolute power. [To Edgar and Kent] you, to your rights; With boot, and such addition as your honors Have more than merited. All friends shall taste The wages of their virtue, and all foes The cup of their deservings. O, see, see!

LEAR And my poor fool is hanged: no, no, no life? Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life. And thou no breath at all? Thou’lt come no more; Never, never, never, never, never. Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir. Do you see this? Look on her. Look, her lips, Look there, look there. He dies

EDGAR He faints. My lord, my lord!

KENT Break, heart; I prithee, break.

EDGAR Look up, my lord.

KENT Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! He hates him That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer.

EDGAR He is gone indeed.

KENT The wonder is he hath endured so long: He but usurped his life.


KENT I have a journey, sir, shortly to go: My master calls me, I must not say no.
SEH
Lx Q 124

Lx Q 124

SEH
Lx Q 124. S - 127
House lights
Sconces up
Fly Qs 6 + 7
Cast set (8m) 50c.c.,
(end stopwatch)

1. (o) prey, then continue walk
2. (o) remove crown
3. (o) drop of (o), mirror holding the crown.
4. (o) (o)
5. (o) (o) (ps or)
6. (o) lift (o) hat, + replace
7. (o) us of (o)
8. (o) kneels
9. (o) — unscrewed to button,
   A. (o) backs upps of (o)
10. (o) (ps) usps of (o)
   B. watches.
11. (o) falls to ps
   A. (o) us of (o) crouches
   (o) backs to ps subtly
12. (o) (o) goes to mkt

13. (o) offer crown to
   (o) + (o)

14. (o) (ps), hand open (black)
A. (o) crowns (o)
  B. (o) returns to previous position
EDGAR: The weight of this sad time we must obey,
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
LX Q124.5  Go
FLY Q6  Go
- (STOPWATCH AS CURTAIN CALLS)
FLY Q7  Go

LX Q126  Go
LX Q124  Go
LX Q126 SCONCES UP  Go
LX Q127  Go
HOSE LIGHTS (UP)  Go

CURTAIN CALL LINE UP:
1. HOLDING HANDS
2. BOW X 2
3. (E) RUSH (F) FORWARD
4. (C) SLOW BOW X 2, STEPS BACK
5. GESTURE TO MUSOS
6. GESTURE TO FOH (5D + 15D)
7. GESTURE TO AS WINGS
8. HOLDING HANDS
9. BOW X 2
10. EXIT

RETURN CALL:
1. (A) WOFT
2. (C) GESTURE TO WINGS
3. CAST LINE UP IN THIS ORDER
4. HOLDING HANDS
5. (D) LEAVE CHARGE 05 ONTO BLACK
6. BOW X 3
7. EXIT