

8 * THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear my money is not safe.

Exit ANTIPHOLUS stage right.

STAGEHANDS move bench to center stage, setting it at an angle facing stage right.

#6 Narrator, Antipholus, Dromio,
Adriana, Luciana
"Errors"

* **SCENE 3. (ACT II, SCENE II)**

Outside of Antipholus of Ephesus's house.

Enter NARRATOR from stage rear, coming downstage center.

START
NARRATOR

Now Dromio of Syracuse, our first Dromio, comes back and has no idea why Antipholus of Syracuse thinks he was just there. They wind up at the house of Adriana, who thinks Antipholus of Syracuse is actually Antipholus of Ephesus, her husband and his twin—who we haven't met yet. Confused? Good! So are they!

Exit NARRATOR stage left.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE from stage rear; he stands in front of bench.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; I could not speak with Dromio
since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO OF SYRACUSE from stage right.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

How now sir! Is your merry humor alter'd?
Jest with me again. You received no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

I did not see you since you sent me hence,
with the gold you gave me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Think'st thou I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that.
(beats DROMIO with his hat)

ANTIPHOLUS chases DROMIO around the bench.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

But, I pray, sir why am I beaten?

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

For flouting me.

*ANTIPHOLUS chases DROMIO again, hitting him with his hat.
The chase ends with both sitting on the bench.*

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Well, sir, I thank you.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Thank me, sir, for what?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

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

*Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA from stage right. As ADRIANA
approaches ANTIPHOLUS, DROMIO gets up and stands behind bench.*

ADRIANA

Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects;
I am not Adriana nor thy wife.

*ADRIANA grabs ANTIPHOLUS'S arm; he moves farther down the
bench, and ADRIANA falls onto it.*

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me!
For know, my love, as easy mayest thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled that same drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself and not me too. *(stands)*
How dearly would it touch me to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious
Wouldst thou not spit at me and spurn at me
And hurl the name of husband in my face
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring
I know thou canst; and therefore see thou do it.

ADRIANA walks downstage center and addresses the audience.

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
*(sits again on bench, but not directly next
to ANTIPHOLUS)*

For if we two be one and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being trumpeted by thy contagion.

*ADRIANA turns her back to ANTIPHOLUS and pauses. She looks
over her shoulder at him and sees he is bewildered. She softens,
moves back toward him on the bench, and holds his hand. He
allows her to do it but remains confused.*

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live distain'd, thou undishonored.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE *(lets go of her hand and stands)*
Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.

LUCIANA

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

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

By Dromio?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

By me?

ADRIANA

By thee.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE (to DROMIO)

How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

ADRIANA (*stands, faces ANTIPHOLUS*)

How ill agrees it with your gravity
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood!
(tries a gentler approach, holding his arm)
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE (*walks downstage center, addressing audience*)

To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I married to her in my dream?

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE (*walks downstage center, addressing audience*)

This is the fairy land: O spite of spites!
We talk with goblins, owls and sprites.

LUCIANA

Why pratest thou to thyself and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE (to ANTIPHOLUS)

I am transformed, master; I am an ape.

LUCIANA

If thou art changed to aught, 'tis to an ass.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

'Tis true; she rides me and I long for grass.
'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE

Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? Mad or well-advised?
Known unto these, and to myself disguised!
I'll say as they say and persevere so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

DROMIO OF SYRACUSE

Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

ADRIANA *takes DROMIO by the ear and leads him stage right.***ADRIANA**

Ay; and let none enter, lest I break your pate.

LUCIANA

Come, come, Antipholus, we dine too late. **STOP**

Exit ADRIANA, LUCIANA, and ANTIPHOLUS stage rear. DROMIO looks to stage right entrance, looks to audience, shrugs, and exits stage right.