

## THE TAMER TAMED

John Fletcher

PETRUCHIO: Though I do know this falser than the devil, I cannot choose but love it.

MARIA: I dare not  
Believe him such a base debauch'd companion,  
That one refusal of a tender maid  
Would make him feign this sickness out of need.  
Petruccio This woman would have made a most rare Jesuit;  
She can prevaricate on anything. I'll go to her.  
Are you a wife for any man?

MARIA: For you, sir.  
If I were worse, I were better. That you are well,  
At least that you appear so, I thank heaven;  
Long may it hold; and that you are here, I am glad too;  
But that you have abus'd me wretchedly,  
And such a way that shames the name of husband,  
Such a malicious mangy way, so mingled  
(*Never look strangely on me, I dare tell you*)  
With breach of honesty; care, kindness, manners -

PETRUCHIO: Holla, you kick too fast!

MARIA: Am I not married to you? Tell me that.

PETRUCHIO: I would I could not tell you.

MARIA: Or am I grown,  
Because I have been a little peevish to you  
Only to try your temper, such a dog-leech  
I could not be admitted to your presence?

PETRUCHIO: If I endure this, hang me.  
Thou art the subtlest woman I think living,  
I am sure the lewdest; now be still, and mark me.  
Were I but any way addicted to the devil,  
I should now think I had met his playfellow.  
Tell me, thou paltry spiteful whore – dost cry?  
I'll make you roar before I leave.

MARIA: Your pleasure.

PETRUCHIO: Was it not sin enough, thou fruiterer,  
Was it not sin enough and wickedness  
In full abundance? Was it not vexation,  
Thus like a rotten rascal to abuse  
The tie of marriage with rebellion, childish and base rebellion? but continuing

your mischief after forgiveness too,  
and against him  
that nothing above ground could have won to hate thee?  
well, go thy ways.

MARIA: Yes.

PETRUCHIO: You shall hear me out first.  
What punishment may'st thou deserve, thou thing,  
Thou idle thing of nothing, thou pulled primrose,  
That two hours after art a weed and wither'd,  
For this last flourish on me? Am I one  
Selected out of all the husbands living  
To be so ridden by a tit of ten-pence?  
Am I so blind and bed-rid? I was mad,  
And had the plague, and no man must come near me;  
I must be shut up, and my substance bezzl'd,  
And an old woman watch me.

MARIA: Well sir, well,

PETRUCHIO: You may well glory in't.  
If I should beat thee now as much may be,  
Dost thou not well deserve it? O' thy conscience,  
Dost not thou cry, 'Come beat me'?

MARIA: I defy you  
And my last loving tears, farewell. The first stroke,  
The very first you give me, if you dare strike,  
I do turn utterly from you. Try me  
And you shall find it so, for ever,  
Never to be recall'd. And so farewell.

PETRUCHIO: Grief go with thee.  
If there be any witchcrafts, herbs, or potions,  
Saying my prayers backward, fiends or fairies,  
That can again unlove me, I am made.