

**SIDE 1 - ARCITE & PALAMON** - *Arcite & Palamon are prisoners of war after being defeated by Theseus. This is the first look of them in the Jail, and the first time they see EMILIA.*

PALAMON

How do you, noble cousin?

ARCITE

How do you, sir?

PALAMON

Why, strong enough to laugh at misery  
And bear the chance of war; yet we are prisoners  
I fear forever, cousin.

ARCITE

No, Palamon,  
Those hopes are prisoners with us. Here we are  
And here the graces of our youths must wither  
Like a too-timely spring. Here age must find us  
And—which is heaviest, Palamon—unmarried.  
The sweet embraces of a loving wife,  
Loaden with kisses, armed with thousand Cupids,  
Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us—  
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,  
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em  
Boldly to gaze against bright arms and say  
"Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!"  
This is all our world.  
We shall know nothing here but one another.

PALAMON

Certainly  
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes  
Were twined together.  
I thank you, cousin Arcite—almost wanton  
With my captivity.  
Is there record of any two that loved  
Better than we do, Arcite?

ARCITE

Sure there cannot.

PALAMON

I do not think it possible our friendship  
Should ever leave us.

ARCITE

Till our deaths it cannot.

*[Enter Emilia and Jailer's Daughter, below. Palamon catches sight of Emilia.]*

Speak on, sir.

PALAMON

What think you of this beauty?

ARCITE

'Tis a rare one.

PALAMON

Might not a man well lose himself and love her?

ARCITE

I cannot tell what you have done; I have,  
Beshrew mine eyes for 't! Now I feel my shackles.

PALAMON

You love her, then?

ARCITE

Who would not?

PALAMON

And desire her?

ARCITE

Before my liberty.

PALAMON

I saw her first.

ARCITE

That's nothing.  
I saw her, too.

**SIDE 2 - THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, ARCITE & EMILIA - *Newlyweds Theseus and Hippolyta play matchmaker with the recent champion Arcite and Emilia.***

THESEUS

You are perfect.

HIPPOLYTA

Upon my soul, a proper man.

EMILIA

He is so.

THESEUS, *[to Hippolyta]*

How do you like him, lady?

HIPPOLYTA

I admire him.

I have not seen so young a man so noble,  
If he say true, of his sort.

THESEUS

His mother was a wondrous handsome woman;  
His face, methinks, goes that way.

HIPPOLYTA

But his body  
And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.

THESEUS

Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,  
Breaks through his baser garments.

HIPPOLYTA

He's well got, sure.

THESEUS

Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,  
Nor shall you lose your wish.—Hippolyta,  
Dispose of this fair gentleman.

HIPPOLYTA

Thanks, Theseus.—

Whate'er you are, you're mine, and I shall give you  
To a most noble service: to this lady,  
This bright young virgin.

*[She brings Arcite to Emilia.]*

Pray observe her goodness;

You have honored her fair birthday with your virtues,  
And, as your due, you're hers. Kiss her fair hand, sir.

ARCITE

Madam, you're a noble giver.—Dearest beauty,  
Thus let me seal my vowed faith.

*[He kisses her hand.]*

When your servant,  
Your most unworthy creature, but offends you,  
Command him die, he shall.

EMILIA

That were too cruel.

If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see 't.

THESEUS, *[to Hippolyta]*

Sweet, you must be ready,—

And you, Emilia,—and you, friend,—and all,  
Tomorrow by the sun, to do observance  
To flowery May in Dian's wood.—Wait well, sir,  
Upon your mistress.—Emilia, I hope  
He shall not go afoot.

EMILIA

If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you  
You'll find a loving mistress.

THESEUS

Go lead the way; you have won it.  
Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant  
That, if I were a woman, would be master;  
But you are wise

EMILIA - I hope too wise for that, sir.

**SIDE 3 - DAUGHTER** - *After secretly releasing Palamon (in the hopes that he would love her in return) from the jail, she is unable to find him and starts spiraling with worry.*

DAUGHTER

He has mistook the brake I meant, is gone  
After his fancy. 'Tis now well-nigh morning.  
No matter; would it were perpetual night,  
And darkness lord o' th' world. Hark, 'tis a wolf!  
In me hath grief slain fear, and but for one thing,  
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon.  
I reckon not if the wolves would jaw me, so  
He had this file. What if I hallowed for him?  
I cannot hallow. If I whooped, what then?  
If he not answered, I should call a wolf,  
And do him but that service. I have heard  
Strange howls this livelong night; why may 't not be  
They have made prey of him? He has no weapons;  
He cannot run; the jingling of his chains  
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them  
A sense to know a man unarmed and can  
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down  
He's torn to pieces; they howled many together,  
And then they fed on him; so much for that.  
All's charred when he is gone. No, no, I lie.  
My father's to be hanged for his escape;  
Myself to beg, if I prized life so much  
As to deny my act, but that I would not,  
Should I try death by dozens. I am moped;  
Food took I none these two days;  
Sipped some water. I have not closed mine eyes  
Save when my lids scoured off their brine. Alas,  
Dissolve, my life!  
So, which way now?  
Each errant step is torment.

**SIDE 4 - EMILIA- *Emilia examines miniature portraits of Palamon and Arcite and is unable to choose between them.***

Good heaven,  
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,  
With all her best endowments, all those beauties  
She sows into the births of noble bodies,  
Where here a mortal woman, and has in her  
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless  
She would run mad for this man, What an eye,  
Of what a fiery sparkle and quick sweetness,  
Has this young prince!

Palamon  
Is but his foil, to him a mere sull shadow;  
He's swart and meager, of an eye as heavy  
As if he had lost his mother; a still temper  
No stirring in him, no alacrity;  
Of all this sprightly sharpness not a smile.  
Yet these that we count errors may become him;  
Narcissus was a sad boy but a heavenly.  
O, who can find the bent of women's fancy?

**SIDE 5: WOOER - *The wooer discusses the daughter's deteriorating mental state with her father.***

I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling  
In the great lake that lies behind the palace,  
As patiently I was attending sport,  
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and, attentive,  
I gave my ear. I then left my angle  
And listened to the words she sung, for then,  
Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,  
I saw it was your daughter.  
She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her  
Repeat this often: "Palamon is gone,  
I'll find him out tomorrow."  
"His shackles will betray him; he'll be taken,  
And what shall I do then? I'll bring a bevy,  
A hundred black-eyed maids that love as I do,  
With chaplets on their heads of daffadillies,  
With cherry lips and cheeks of damask roses,  
And all we'll dance an antic 'fore the Duke,  
And beg his pardon." Then she talked of you, sir—  
That you must lose your head tomorrow morning,  
And she must gather flowers to bury you,  
And see the house made handsome. Then she sung  
Nothing but "Willow, willow, willow," and between  
Ever was "Palamon, fair Palamon."  
And then she wept, and sung again, and sighed,  
And with the same breath smiled and kissed her hand.