

Scene Synopsis:

Isabella believes that men who try to play God are similar to Ape's who try to be men.

Isabella:

Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder! Merciful Heaven,
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Scene Synopsis: Desdemona, distraught over Othello's unjust accusations and coldness, seeks advice from Iago. She reflects on her unwavering love for Othello despite his cruelty, expressing confusion about what she has done to lose his trust.

Desdemona:

Alas, Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him. For by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him.
Here I kneel.
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense
Delighted them in any other form,
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me!
Unkindness may do much,
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love.
I cannot say “whore”—
It does abhor me now I speak the word.
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.



Scene Synopsis: After being told repeatedly to have 'Christian mercy' throughout the scene, Shylock deftly points out that many of the Christians in the court are slave owners, and that if the duke doesn't uphold his contract, none of Venice's laws will have any force.

Shylock:

What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts
Because you bought them. Shall I say to yo
“Let them be free! Marry them to your heirs!
Why sweat they under burdens? Let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands”? You will answer
“The slaves are ours!” So do I answer you:
The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law:
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment. Answer: shall I have it?

Scene synopsis: While alone, Petruchio primes himself for his first encounter with Katherine 'the shrew'.

Petruchio:

I'll attend her here,
And woo her with some spirit when she comes.
Say that she rail, why then I'll tell her plain
She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:
Say that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
Say she be mute and will not speak a word,
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And say she uttereth piercing eloquence.
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I shall ask the banns, and when be married.
But here she comes, and now, Petruchio, speak.