

## SCENE I

*[Outside House. Imogen and First and Second Gentlemen are standing frozen. Video plays. Queen walks in with zine and sits on bed, remains frozen. Queen walks across stage and also freezes. Posthumous starts handing zines and First and Second Gentlemen begin scene]*

### FIRST GENTLEMAN

You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods  
No more obey the heavens than our courtiers  
Still seem as does the king.

### CORNELIUS

But what's the matter?

### FIRST GENTLEMAN

His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom,  
hath referr'd herself  
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman *[gestures to Posthumus]*  
And she that hath her is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one her like, there would be something failing  
In her that should compare. I do not think  
So fair an outward and such stuff within  
Endows a man but she.

### CORNELIUS

You speak her far.

### FIRST GENTLEMAN

I do extend her, sir, within herself,  
Crush her together rather than unfold  
Her measure duly.

### CORNELIUS

What's her name and birth?

**FIRST GENTLEMAN**

I cannot delve her to the root: her father  
Was call'd Sicilius,  
And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
Two other sons, who in the wars o' the time  
Died with their swords in hand; for which  
their father, took such sorrow  
That he quit being, and his gentle lady,  
Big of this gentleman our theme, deceased  
As she was born. The king he takes the babe  
To his protection, calls her Posthumus Leonatus,  
Breeds her and makes her of his bed-chamber,  
Puts to her all the learnings that her time  
Could make her the receiver of; which she took,  
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd,  
And in's spring became a harvest, lived in court--  
Which rare it is to do--most praised, most loved,  
A sample to the youngest, to the more mature  
A glass that feated them, and to the graver  
A child that guided dotards; to her mistress,  
Proclaims how she esteem'd her and her virtue;  
By her election may be truly read  
What kind of man she is.

**CORNELIUS**

I honour her  
Even out of your report. But, pray you, tell me,  
Is she [*gestures to Imogen*] sole child to the king?

**FIRST GENTLEMAN**

His only child.

**CORNELIUS**

We must forbear: here comes the gentleman and princess.

*[First Gentleman exits. Posthumus sneaks up behind Imogen and flirtatiously greets her. They are center stage in the 'outside'; the Queen comes into view in "Imogen's bedroom" watching them with malcontent]*

**IMOGEN**

I something fear my father's wrath; what  
His rage can do on me: you must be gone;  
And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes, not comforted to live,  
But that there is this jewel in the world  
That I may see again.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
To the oath of loyalty;  
Should we be taking leave  
As long a term as yet we have to live,  
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

**IMOGEN**

Nay, stay a little. Look here, love;  
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;  
But keep it till you woo another,  
When Imogen is dead.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

*[Puts on the ring]*

Remain, remain thou here  
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,  
As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles  
I still win of you: for my sake wear this;  
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it

Upon this fairest prisoner.  
*[Puts a bracelet/cuff on her arm]*

**IMOGEN**

O the gods!  
When shall we see again?

*[Enter Cymbeline, He doesn't notice Posthumus and Imogen yet. Posthumus and Imogen notice him]*

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Alack, the king!

*[Cymbeline notices her, moves to come over and forcibly deal with her. Posthumus exits quickly.]*

**IMOGEN**

Fools cure not mad fools *[Exits.]*

*[Inside House. The Queen looks around Imogen's room, making special point to pick up elements of Imogen's lifestyle that are influenced by Posthumus. Becomes visibly angry]*

**QUEEN**

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners  
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce  
By th'very truth of it, I care not for you,  
And am so near the lack of charity  
To accuse myself I hate you; which I had rather  
You felt than make't my boast  
You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract you pretend with that base wretch—

One bred of alms and fostered with cold dishes,  
With scraps o'th'court— it is no contract, none.  
And though it be allowed in meaner parties—  
Yet who than she more mean?— to knit their souls,  
On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary, in self-figured knotm  
Yet you are curbed from that enlargement by  
The consequences o'th'crown, and must not foil

[*Queen exits*]

## **SCENE II**

[*Outside house. Cornelius stands in an alley. Queen enters.*]

### **QUEEN**

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

### **CORNELIUS**

Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are, madam:  
But I beseech your grace, without offence,—  
My conscience bids me ask—wherefore you have  
Commanded of me those most poisonous compounds,  
Which are the movers of a languishing death;  
But though slow, deadly?

[*Posthumous enters at other side of stage. She is spying on Cornelius and the Queen*]

### **QUEEN**

I wonder, doctor,  
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been  
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so  
That our great king himself doth woo me oft  
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—

Unless thou think'st me devilish--is't not meet  
That I did amplify my judgment in  
Other conclusions? I will try the forces  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,  
To try the vigour of them and apply  
Allayments to their act, and by them gather  
Their several virtues and effects.

**CORNELIUS**

Your highness  
Shall from this practise but make hard your heart:  
Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
Both noisome and infectious.

**QUEEN**

O, content thee.  
No further service, doctor,  
Until I send for thee. *[Exits]*

**CORNELIUS**

*[To the Queen]* I humbly take my leave.

*[Posthumous attempts to go speak to Cornelius to find out what's going on but is pulled away by First Gentleman]*

I do suspect you, madam;  
But you shall do no harm.  
I do not like her. She doth think she has  
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,  
And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature. Those she has  
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on  
cats and dogs,  
Then afterward up higher: but there is

No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her. *[Exits]*

### **SCENE III**

*[Inside House. Queen enters and dissolves pills into the glass of water next to Imogen's bed. When Imogen enters through the window, Queen hides next to Imogen's wardrobe. Imogen drinks the poisoned water and "dies," Queen checks her life signs and is pleased that there are none. She exits. Outside House, Posthumous enters, looking for Cornelius. Cornelius stands on the other side of the stage, and on seeing him, Posthumus rushes forward.]*

### **CORNELIUS**

The queen, sir, very oft importuned me  
To temper poisons for her, still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge only  
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs,  
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
The present power of life, but in short time  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

*[Posthumous shakes his head no, but realizes who might have been poisoned by the Queen.]*

### **POSTHUMOUS**

Imogen?

*[They both exit the stage in a rush.]*

## SCENE IV

*[Inside House. Posthumous crawls through Imogen's bedroom window and walks to Imogen's sleeping form. She attempts to wake Imogen in a variety of ways, ultimately falling asleep beside her. The Queen and King enter.]*

### POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Alack, the king!

### CYMBELINE

Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!  
If after this command thou fraught the court  
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: away!  
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

*[Guard enters.]*

### POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

The gods protect you!  
And bless the good remainders of the court! I am gone.  
*[Postumus is removed by Guard, she breaks free and goes to Imogen]*  
so I'll fight  
Against the part I come with; so I'll die  
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life  
Is every breath a death; and thus, unknown,  
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril  
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
More valour in me than my habits show.  
Gods, put the strength o' the Leonati in me!  
To shame the guise o' the world, I will begin  
The fashion, less without and more within.  
*[guards grab Posthumous again and drag her out]*

### IMOGEN

There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is.



**CYMBELINE**

O disloyal thing,  
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heap'st  
A year's age on me.

**IMOGEN**

I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation  
I am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

**CYMBELINE**

Thou took'st a beggar; wouldst have made my throne  
A seat for baseness.

**IMOGEN**

No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

**CYMBELINE**

O thou vile one!  
Thou foolish thing!

*[King and Queen exit.]*

**IMOGEN**

A father cruel, and a step-dame false;  
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,  
That hath her husband banish'd;--O, that husband!  
My supreme crown of grief!

*[Imogen looks arounds, throws some clothes and some zines in a bag, paints a protest sign and climbs out the window.]*

**[END]**