

draft
3 (ish).

most recent, post-Paris.

'TIS PITY SHE'S A WHORE

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CHEEK BY JOWL

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CHARACTERS

FRIAR Bonaventura

CARDINAL, Nuncio to the Pope

SORANZO, a Nobleman

FLORIO, Citizen of Parma

DONADO, Citizen of Parma

GRIMALDI, a Roman Gentleman

GIOVANNI, Son to Florio

DOCTOR

VASQUES, Servant to Soranzo

ANNABELLA, Daughter to Florio.

HIPPOLITA, a former lover to Soranzo.

PUTANA, Tutor to Annabella.

(Banditti)

The Scene — Parma.

SCENE 1

Friar Bonaventura's Cell. Friar and Giovanni.

FRIAR

Dispute no more in this; for know, young man,
These are no school points; nice philosophy
May tolerate unlikely arguments,
But Heaven admits no jest.
Such questions, youth, are fond, for better 'tis
To bless the sun, than reason why it shines;
Yet He thou talk'st of, is above the sun.—
No more! I may not hear it.

GIOVANNI

Gentle father,
To you I have unclasped my burdened soul,
Emptied the storehouse of my thoughts and heart,
And yet is here the comfort I shall have?
Must I not do what all men else may — love?

FRIAR

Yes, you may love, fair son.

GIOVANNI

Must I not praise
That beauty, which, if framed anew, the gods
Would make a god of, if they had it there,
And kneel to it, as I do kneel to them?

FRIAR

Why, foolish madman!—

GIOVANNI

Shall a peevish sound,
A customary form, from man to man,
Of brother and of sister, be a bar
'Twixt my perpetual happiness and me?

FRIAR

Have done, unhappy youth, for thou art lost.

GIOVANNI

Shall, then, for that I am her brother born,
My joys be ever banished from her bed ?
Tell me, holy man,
What cure shall give me ease in these extremes ?

FRIAR

Repentance, son, and sorrow for this sin:
For thou hast moved a Majesty above,
With thy unranged (almost) blasphemy.

GIOVANNI

Oh do not speak of that, dear confessor.

FRIAR

Art thou, my son, that miracle of wit,
Who once, within these three months, wert esteem'd
A wonder of thine age, throughout Bologna?
I was proud of my tutelage, and chose
Rather to leave my books, than part with thee.
I did so, but the fruits of all my hopes
Are lost in thee, as thou art in thyself.
Oh Giovanni! Look through the world,
And thou shall see a thousand faces shine
More glorious than this idol thou ador'st:

GIOVANNI

It were more ease to stop the ocean
From floats and ebbs, than to dissuade my vows.

FRIAR

Then I have done, and in thy wilful flames
Already see thy ruin; Heaven is just;
Yet hear my counsel.

GIOVANNI

As a voice of life.

FRIAR

Lock thee
Alone within thy chamber; then fall down
On both thy knees and grovel on the ground.
Beg heaven to cleanse the leprosy of lust
That rots thy soul. Acknowledge what thou art:
A wretch, a worm, a nothing. Weep, sigh, pray
Three times a-day, and three times every night:
For seven days space do this; then, if thou find'st
No change in thy desires, return to me;
I'll think on remedy. Pray for thyself

GIOVANNI

All this I'll do, to free me from the rod
Of vengeance; else I'll swear my fate's my god.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE 2

The street before Florio's house. Enter Grimaldi and Vasques, ready to fight.

VASQUES

Come, sir, stand to your ground!

GRIMALDI

Thou art no equal match for me.

VASQUES

See you these hairs? They'll not flinch for a bloody nose.

GRIMALDI

Why, slave, think'st thou I'll balance my reputation with a servant?

VASQUES

Thou poor shadow of a soldier, com'st thou to fight or prate?

GRIMALDI

I am a Roman and a gentleman; one that have got mine honour with expense of blood.

VASQUES

You are a lying coward, and a fool.

GRIMALDI

Provoke me not, for if thou dost —

VASQUES

Have at you.

[They fight, Grimaldi hath the worst. Enter Florio, Donado, and Soranzo.]

FLORIO

What mean these sudden broils so near my doors?

Have you not other places but my house

To vent the spleen of your disordered bloods?

Must I be haunted still with such unrest

As not to eat or sleep in peace at home?

Is this your love, Grimaldi? Fie! 'tis naught.

DONADO

And, Vasques, I may tell thee, 'tis not well

To broach these quarrels.

What's the ground?

SORANZO

That, with your patience, signior Donado, I'll resolve:

This gentleman, whom fame reports a soldier,

(For else I know not) rivals me in love
To Signior Florio's daughter
And thinks the way to recommend himself,
Is to disparage me in his report.—
For this unworthiness; and on this ground
I willed my servant to correct his tongue,
Holding a man so base no match for me.

VASQUES

And had not your sudden coming prevented us, I had let my gentleman blood under the gills. [*To Grimaldi*] I should have wormed you, sir, for running mad.

GRIMALDI

I'll be revenged, Soranzo.

VASQUES

On a dish of warm broth to stay your stomach! Do, honest innocence, do: spoon-meat is a wholesomer diet than a Spanish blade.

GRIMALDI

Remember this!

SORANZO

I fear thee not, Grimaldi.

[*Grimaldi exits*]

FLORIO

My lord Soranzo, this is strange to me;
Why you should storm, having my word engaged:
Owing her heart, what need you doubt her ear ?
Losers may talk, by law of any game.

VASQUES

Yet the villainy of words, Signior Florio, may be such, as would make any unspleened dove choleric. Blame not my lord in this.

FLORIO

Be you more silent! You are but a servant.
I would not for my wealth my daughter's love
Should cause the spilling of one drop of blood.
Vasques, put up: let's end this fray in wine.

[*Exeunt Florio, Donado, Soranzo and Vasques*]

PUTANA

How like you this, child? Here's threatening, challenging, quarrelling, and fighting on every side, and all is for your sake. You had need look to yourself, charge: you'll be stolen away sleeping else shortly.