

CYMBELINE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Directed by DECLAN DONNELLAN Designed by NICK ORMEROD - 2007

Dramatis Personae

CYMBELINE
INNOGEN
GUIDERIUS
ARVIRAGUS
QUEEN
CLOTEN

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS
BELARIUS
PISANIO
CORNELIUS
HELEN

PHILARIO
IACHIMO
A FRENCHMAN
A DUTCHMAN
A SPANIARD

CAIUS LUCIUS

JUPITER

Ghost of Posthumus' father
Ghost of Posthumus' mother
Ghost of Posthumus' two brothers

GENTLEMEN
BRITISH CAPTAINS
JAILERS

Lords attending on CYMBELINE, ladies attending on the QUEEN, musicians, messengers, British and Roman soldiers.

S/By
HL (X00.7) 1-4
FLYG: 1+2
Cash UR + UL
SND 1.3-3

CYMBELINE

Act One Scene One

Laurence I pray you tell me sir what is the cause of this disquiet

David Imogen, the king's daughter, the heir of all his kingdom

Cymbeline He has purposed unto his wife's sole son
But quite athwart her father's high command
The princess Imogen, refers herself
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman of the court, one

Posthumus Leonatus
Ryan Alack good man and therefore banished ^{Britain} by the King *Im → Cym*

Mark Is she his only child?

David The only child of Royal Cymbeline

Dan He had two sons;

John The eldest of them at three years old.

Dan I' the swathing-clothes the other
From their nursery
Were stol'n, and to this hour no guess in knowledge
Which way the brother Princes were ta'en.

Ryan When, sir, did this happen?

John/Dan Some twenty years ago.

Ryan That a King's children should be so stolen. *strangely*

Lola Here comes the new queen, a widow that the ^{Royal Cymbeline} king married *By: stop us*
but of late.

Enter the QUEEN, POSTHUMUS LEONATUS, and IMOGEN

QUEEN

No, be assured you shall not find me, daughter,

After the slander of most stepmothers,

Evil-eyed unto you: you're my prisoner, but

UR + UL
HL OUT
out clear
LX01, FL01, SND1.3
with handle
LX02 // 10.7
Cym move DS
FLY02
Cym hand up
LX04 + SND3

S/By LX 5-6
SND 4-7
LX05

LX5.5, SND4
SND5
LX5.6, SND6

LX06 + SND7

Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage ^{doth burn within} ~~is in~~ your father, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.

QUEEN

You know the peril.
I'll fetch a turn about the ^{palace} ~~garden~~, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the king
Hath charged you should not speak together.

POSTHUMUS

I thank thee, *madam*

Exit

IMOGEN

O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
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

My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth:
My residence in Rome: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter QUEEN

QUEEN

Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure.

Aside

Yet I'll move him
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
but he does buy my injuries.

Exit

POSTHUMUS LEONATUS

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:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.