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*WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S*

***THE TAMING  
OF THE SHREW***

Adapted into a one-act play by

CHARLOTTE BROWN

**Dramatic Publishing Company**

Woodstock, Illinois • Australia • New Zealand • South Africa

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CHARLOTTE BROWN

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(THE TAMING OF THE SHREW)

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**THE TAMING OF THE SHREW**  
**In One Act**

*Cast*

Baptista, a gentleman of Padua  
Petruccio, a gentleman of Verona  
Gremio, a foppish suitor of Bianca  
Hortensio, a suitor of Bianca  
Grumio, Petruccio's servant  
Curtis, Petruccio's elderly doorkeeper  
Katharina, Baptista's shrewish daughter  
Bianca, Baptista's younger daughter  
Wedding Guests  
Servants (five servants in Baptista's house and  
five servants in Petruccio's house may be the  
same or a different group of actors. Women  
may play some of the servant roles)  
Tailor (male or female)  
Card Boy (may be one of the servants)

*Time and place: Padua and Verona in the Elizabethan Age*

(A combination of platforms, step units, and columns or pylons are re-arranged to form the basic sets for all the scenes—see pp. 23 ff.)

## ABOUT THE PLAY

One of the few legitimate reasons for “tampering” with a theatre classic is to adapt the long original to situations where a two-, three-, or four-hour play is out of the question. Such situations include play contests, school assembly programs, college workshops, and community theatre presentations at civic club meetings and charitable affairs when production time is limited to less than an hour.

But adapting the classic to a fourth or sixth or eighth of its original length requires a skill and talent which most directors, teachers, and producers do not have—and should not need. For most theatre people, the great amount of time necessary to cut a play can be better spent on activities the artistic director or drama teacher *is* required to do: teaching acting, blocking movement, designing or approving costumes and scenery, reading plays, studying theatre history, and so on. It is for these theatre people that I. E. Clark, Inc. offers “miniature classics” such as this one. The small royalty fee is compensation for the adapter—for his/her talent and many, many hours of work.

Charlotte Brown is one of those gifted people who can cut a play without butchering it. This adaptation of *The Taming of the Shrew* retains the most cherished parts of Shakespeare’s comedy; yet the action flows smoothly from scene to scene. Ms. Brown has been faithful in using Shakespeare’s language, even strange spellings like “politicy” and obsolete words like “amort” (dispirited). The publisher chose not to put the lines in poetry form except for rhyming couplets.

This is the kind of adaptation that will tempt the cast and the audience to read—and watch, if possible—the full-length version. Every director of miniature classics should require his/her cast and crew members to read and study the full-length play before beginning rehearsals of the short version.

Our miniature classics have been popular in play contests and festivals throughout the U. S. and Canada, and all those listed in our catalog have been contest winners. This version of *The Taming of the Shrew* won the Texas statewide one-act play contest for Gregory-Portland High School in Conference AAA. The students playing Petruchio and Katharina were chosen best actor and best actress.

# THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

## In One Act

*[Platforms, steps units, and columns or pylons are the principal set props (see Production Notes at the end of the text). Entrances and exits are through openings in the stage curtains.]*

*As the HOUSE LIGHTS dim out, two SERVANTS enter the apron from Stage Left and Stage Right and blow trumpets heralding the beginning of the play. As the fanfare (which may be recorded) ends, the two SERVANTS look toward the back of the auditorium in puzzlement and frustration. They spot two other SERVANTS ASLEEP in the back rows. They awaken the SLEEPERS with their yells. The SLEEPERS immediately jump to their feet and run as if possessed down the aisles and leap onto the stage in a sliding meeting at Center. They are carrying two signs—one announcing “THE TAMING OF”; the other “THE SHREW”—which they manage to hold up incorrectly for the audience’s view. When the TRUMPETERS pop them on the head, they sheepishly correct the position of the signs as the CURTAIN opens to reveal the CARD BOY (also a servant) holding upside down a card saying “BEFORE HORTENSIO’S HOUSE.” The other SERVANTS roughly point out his mistake, which he corrects, and ALL go leaping off the stage at Down Right. PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO enter from Up Left on the platform, crossing to the center of the platform and then down the steps to Stage Center]*

### Scene 1

PETRUCHIO. Verona, for a while I take my leave, to see my friends in Padua, but, of all, my best beloved and approved friend Hortensio . . . *[As he speaks he moves Down Left indicating a house off Stage Left]* And I know this is his house.

Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

GRUMIO. *[Crossing Down Left, looking for someone to hit]* Knock, sir! Whom should I knock? Is there any man has abused your worship?

PETRUCHIO. *[Dismissing Grumio’s foolishness as he turns his back on Grumio and looks about the neighborhood]* Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRUMIO. *[Drawing back his fist, he attempts to hit his master as ordered, but suddenly realizes he cannot do it without further clarifica-*

tion] Knock you here, sir! Why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?

PETRUCHIO. [*Turning back to face Grumio and then away*] Villain, I say knock me at this gate and rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

GRUMIO. [*Coming downstage in an aside to the audience*] My master is grown quarrelsome. [*GRUMIO shrugs and tries again to strike his master but cannot do it*] I should knock you first, and then I know after who comes by the worst.

PETRUCHIO. Will it not be? [*PETRUCHIO grabs Grumio by the ears and wrings them*] Faith, sirrah, and you'll not knock, I'll ring it.

GRUMIO. [*Both are at Left Center, with GRUMIO on his knees*] Help, masters, help! My master is mad.

PETRUCHIO. Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

[*HORTENSIO enters from Down Left as GRUMIO breaks away from Petruchio and scrambles on his knees behind Petruchio, where he peeks between Petruchio's knees at Hortensio*]

HORTENSIO. How now! What's the matter? My old friend Grumio! [*Shakes hands with Grumio between Petruchio's knees. PETRUCHIO promptly slaps Grumio on the head*] And my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at Verona? [*PETRUCHIO crosses to HORTENSIO and they heartily slap each other on the back and shake hands*]

PETRUCHIO. Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray? *Con tutto il cuore, ben trovato*, may I say.

HORTENSIO. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato, signior mio Petruchio*. Rise, Grumio, rise: [*HORTENSIO crosses to Grumio*] We will compound this quarrel.

GRUMIO. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he 'leges in Latin. Look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap him soundly.

PETRUCHIO. A senseless villain! Good Hortensio, I bade the rascal knock upon your gate and could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRUMIO. [*In shocked amazement*] Knock at the gate? Oh heavens! Spake you not these words plain . . . [*imitating Petruchio's macho style*] SIRRAH, KNOCK ME HERE, RAP ME HERE, KNOCK ME WELL, AND KNOCK ME SOUNDLY? And come you now with [*imitating*] KNOCKING AT THE GATE?

PETRUCHIO. [*Moving threateningly toward Grumio*] Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HORTENSIO. [*Restraining Petruchio*] Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge. Why, this is a heavy chance 'twixt him and you, your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. [*GRUMIO, looking appeased, sits Up Center on the steps*] And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO. [*Crossing Right*] I have thrust myself into this maze, haply to wive and thrive as best I may; and therefore, tell me if thou know one rich enough to be Petruchio's wife. For I come to wive it wealthily in Padua; if wealthily, then happily in Padua.

GRUMIO. [*Stands and crosses to Hortensio*] Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet or an old woman with nary a tooth in her head! Why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withal.

HORTENSIO. [*Crossing to Petruchio, laughing at Grumio*] I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife with wealth enough and young and beauteous. Her only fault, and that is fault enough, is that she is an intolerable curst shrew, so beyond all measure that, were my state far worser than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

PETRUCHIO. Hortensio, peace! Thou know'st not gold's effect: Tell me her father's name and 'tis enough.

HORTENSIO. Her father is Baptista Minola, an affable and courteous gentleman. Her name is Katharina Minola, renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

PETRUCHIO. [*Starting off Right*] I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her.

HORTENSIO. [*Stopping Petruchio*] Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee, for in Baptista's keep my treasure is. He hath the jewel of my life in hold, his youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca. But this order hath Baptista taken, that none shall have access unto Bianca till Katharine the curst have got a husband. [*HORTENSIO and PETRUCHIO exit Right laughing, leaving behind a saddened Grumio*]

GRUMIO. Katharine the curst!

A title for a maid of all titles the worst. [*GRUMIO hurriedly exits Right as the LIGHTS go down to a BLUEOUT*]

*[As sprightly Elizabethan music plays, the SERVANTS come leaping in to set up the interior of Baptista's house. The CARD BOY repeatedly is knocked over by the sofa and chairs being run in. As the scene is set, he climbs to his feet, shows the sign saying "BAPTISTA'S HOUSE" and finally, like the others, leaps off the stage as the full stage LIGHTS come up]*

## Scene 2

*[During blueout, BIANCA and KATHARINA have taken their positions at Down Right Center, with BIANCA tied by ribbons to the chair and KATHARINA looming over her. BIANCA speaks in a sickeningly sweet voice]*

BIANCA. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong yourself, to make a bondmaid and a slave of me, that I disdain. Unbind my hands, or I'll pull them off myself, yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat; or what you will command me will I do, so well I know my duty to my elders.

KATHARINA. *[Pulling Bianca's head back by the hair]* Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell whom thou lovest best; see thou dissemble not.

BIANCA. *[In pain]* Believe me, sister, of all the men alive I never yet beheld that myself face which I could fancy more than any other.

KATHARINA. *[Throwing Bianca's head forward]* Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

BIANCA. If you affect him, sister, here I swear I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

KATHARINA. *[Circling up and to the left of Bianca]* O then, belike, you fancy riches more; you will have Gremio to keep you fair.

BIANCA. Is it for him you do envy me so? Nay then, you jest, and now I well perceive you have but jested with me all this while. I prithee, sister Kate, untie my hands.

KATHARINA. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. *[KATHARINA slaps Bianca's face just as their father BAPTISTA enters from Right]*

BAPTISTA. Why, how now, dame! Whence grows this insolence? *[He unties Bianca and stands between her and Katharina]* Bianca, stand aside. *[When he is petting BIANCA, she cries—loudly—but when he turns his back, she smiles wickedly at Katharina]* Poor girl! She weeps. Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her. For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit. Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee? When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

KATHARINA. *[Trying to get at Bianca over Baptista]* Her silence flouts me and I'll be revenged.

BAPTISTA. What? In my sight? Bianca, get thee in. *[BIANCA exits Right, giving looks of triumph at Katharina. KATHARINA furiously crosses Center]*

KATHARINA. What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see. She is

your treasure, she must have a husband. [*BAPTISTA tries to say a word but KATHARINA imperiously silences him*] TALK NOT TO ME! I will go sit and weep till I can find occasion of revenge. [*KATHARINA slaps Baptista as she exits Right, and BAPTISTA falls into the chair at Right*]

BAPTISTA. Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I? But who comes here?

*[Enter from Left GREMIO, an effeminate fop, with PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO. As GREMIO prances in, we see him as a good foil character in his effeminacy to Petruchio's masculinity]*

GREMIO. Good morrow, neighbor Baptista.

BAPTISTA. Good morrow, neighbor Gremio. God save you, gentlemen!

PETRUCHIO. And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter call'd Katharina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA. [*Ruefully rubbing the jaw she has just slapped*] I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

GREMIO. [*Querulously*] You are too blunt; go to it orderly.

PETRUCHIO. [*Pushing Gremio aside and crossing directly to Baptista*] You wrong me, Signior Gremio; give me leave. [*To Baptista*] I am a gentleman of Verona, sir, that, hearing of her beauty and her wit, her affability and bashful modesty, her wondrous qualities and mild behavior, am bold to show myself a forward guest within your house, to make mine eye the witness of that report which I so oft have heard.

BAPTISTA. You are welcome, sir, but my daughter Katharine, this I know, she is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PETRUCHIO. [*Starting to leave*] I see you do not mean to part with her, or else you like not of my company.

BAPTISTA. [*Hurrying to detain him*] Mistake me not; I speak but as I find. Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

PETRUCHIO. [*Heartily shaking hands with Baptista, who grimaces from the strength of the grip*] Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son, a man well known throughout all Italy.

BAPTISTA. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake. Come, we will go walk a little in the orchard, and afterward, to dinner. [*BAPTISTA starts moving Left as does GREMIO and HORTENSIO until stopped by PETRUCHIO, who remains at Center*]

PETRUCHIO. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste, and every day I cannot come to woo. I tell you, father, I am peremptory as she is

proud-minded; and where two raging fires do meet together they do consume the thing that feeds their fury; so I to her and so she yields to me; for I am rough and woo not like a babe. [*He indicates a shocked-looking GREMIO*]

BAPTISTA. Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed. [*With a wicked chuckle*] But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words. I shall send my daughter Kate to you.

PETRUCHIO. I pray you do. [*ALL exit Right except PETRUCHIO at Center. He looks quickly around the room, spies a bunch of flowers in a vase, and plucks them out. He then crosses to the chair at Right, places his foot on it and begins to address the audience with his plan*] I will 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 she be mute and will not speak a word? Then I'll commend her volubility. 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. [*From offstage a SCREAM of fury*] But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak. [*KATHARINA enters from Right, pulls up short on seeing Petruchio. Both eye each other speculatively*] Good morrow, Kate; for that is your name, I hear.

KATHARINA. Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing. They call me Katharine that do talk of me.

PETRUCHIO. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst; but Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom, take this of me, Kate of my consolation. [*He elaborately bows and offers her the flowers, which she promptly smashes into his mouth and then flounces Down Left. Spitting out flower petals, he continues his suit*] Hearing thy mildness praised in every town, thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded, yet not so deeply as to thee belongs, myself am moved to woo thee for my wife.

KATHARINA. Moved! In good time: let him that moved you hither remove you hence. I knew you at the first you were a moveable. [*She spots a small three-legged stool by the chair Down Left*]

PETRUCHIO. Why, what's a moveable?

KATHARINA. A join'd stool! [*She picks up stool to throw at him. He catches her hand, throws the stool aside upstage, and pulls her onto his lap into the chair at Left*]

PETRUCHIO. Thou hast hit it. Come, sit on me.

KATHARINA. Asses are made to bear, and so are you! [*She pulls out of his grasp and moves Down Left*]

PETRUCHIO. Women are made to bear, and so are you. [*On "you" he gives her rear a resounding slap to which she reacts with fury*]

KATHARINA. No such jade as you, if me you mean.

PETRUCHIO. Alas! Good Kate, I will not burden thee; for, knowing thee to be but young and light—

KATHARINA. [*Stiff-arming him as she crosses right to Center*] Too light for such a swain as you to catch; and yet as heavy as my weight should be.

PETRUCHIO. [*Crossing to her and almost spitting in her face*] Should be! Should buzz-z-z-z! [*She wipes her face*]

KATHARINA. Well-taken and like a buzzard! [*He grabs her arm and sets her down next to him on the loveseat at Up Center with his right arm around her shoulders*]

PETRUCHIO. Come, come, you wasp; in faith, you are too angry.

KATHARINA. If I be waspish, best beware of my sting. [*She bites his right hand, throws his arm off, and crosses Down Right*]

PETRUCHIO. [*Crosses after her with the intention of pinching her rear; she anticipates the move, turns, and protects herself*] My remedy is then to pluck it out.

KATHARINA. Ay, if the fool could find where it lies.

PETRUCHIO. Who knows not where a wasp does wear his sting? In his tail!

KATHARINA. In his tongue.

PETRUCHIO. Whose tongue?

KATHARINA. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so farewell. [*She crosses in front of him. He grabs her downstage arm as she passes him and turns her back to face him*]

PETRUCHIO. Nay, come again, good Kate, I am a gentleman.

KATHARINA. That I'll try. [*She gives him a resounding slap with her downstage hand. He grabs both of her arms at the wrist*]

PETRUCHIO. I swear I'll cuff you if you strike again.

KATHARINA. So may you lose your arms. If you strike me, you are no gentleman, and if no gentleman, why then, no arms. [*She breaks away and crosses Down Right Center*]

PETRUCHIO. A herald, Kate? [*He crosses to behind her, goes down on one knee, and pulls her onto his knee*] O, put me in thy books!

KATHARINA. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

PETRUCHIO. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

KATHARINA. [*Struggling to her feet and pushing him backwards onto the floor*] No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

PETRUCHIO. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

KATHARINA. It is my fashion when I see a crab!

PETRUCHIO. [*Climbing to his feet and facing her at Center*] Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not sour.

KATHARINA. There is; there is.

PETRUCHIO. Then show it me.

KATHARINA. [*Using her hand to mime a mirror*] Had I a glass, I would.

PETRUCHIO. What, you mean my face?

KATHARINA. [*Pinching his cheek*] Well aim'd of such a young one!

PETRUCHIO. [*Crossing slightly to the right, away from her*] No, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

KATHARINA. [*Following him, infuriated*] Yet you are withered.

PETRUCHIO. [*Hand to heart*] 'Tis with cares.

KATHARINA. [*Crossing in front of him to Down Left*] I care not.

PETRUCHIO. [*Catching her again, but this time carefully capturing both wrists*] Nay, hear you, Kate; in sooth you scape not so.

KATHARINA. [*Smiling but malevolent she stomps his upstage foot on the word "go":*] I chafe you if I tarry; let me go!

PETRUCHIO. [*In great pain, he hops on one foot to the loveseat as KATHARINA enjoys her momentary victory*] No, not a whit; I find you passing gentle. 'Twas told me you were rough and coy and sullen, and now I find report a very liar; for thou art pleasant, gamesome, [*pats his injured foot*] passing courteous. Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance. Why does the world report that Kate doth limp? [*She crosses murderously to him*] O, slanderous world! Thou dost not halt!

KATHARINA. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command. [*She makes a long limping cross Down Right*]

PETRUCHIO. Did ever Dian so become a grove as Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

KATHARINA. [*Whirling to face him*] Where did you study all this goodly speech?

PETRUCHIO. [*Limping on his injured foot to her at Down Right*] It is extempore, from my mother wit.

KATHARINA. A witty mother! witless else her son.

PETRUCHIO. Am I not wise?

KATHARINA. [*Crossing Left, bound for escape from this laughing lunatic*] Yes, keep you warm.

PETRUCHIO. [*Catching her again as she passes him. By forcing her wrists back, he makes her kneel in front of him*] Marry, do I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed; and therefore, setting all this chat aside, thus in plain terms: your father hath consented that you shall be my wife, your dowry 'greed on; and will you, nill you, I will marry you. Thou must be married to no man but me, for I am he, am born to tame you, Kate. [*Offstage VOICES*] Here comes your father; never make denial; I must and will have Katharine for my wife. [*He throws her in an unceremonious heap at Right and then crosses Down Center. BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO enter from Down Right. BAPTISTA is obviously looking for his daughter when he suddenly in amazement locates her on the floor*]

BAPTISTA. Now, Signior Petruccio, how speed you with my daughter?

PETRUCHIO. How but well, sir? How but well? It were impossible I should speed amiss.

BAPTISTA. [*Crossing to Katharina*] Why, how now, daughter Katharine, in your dumps?

KATHARINA. [*Getting to her feet in fury and driving Baptista ahead of her as she crosses Down Right. GREMIO and HORTENSIO cower behind Baptista*] CALL YOU ME DAUGHTER? Now, I promise, you have showed a tender fatherly regard to wish me wed to one half lunatic.

PETRUCHIO. [*Crossing behind her and grabbing her arms from behind as she completes her speech*] Father, 'tis thus: yourself and all the world that talked of her, have talked amiss of her. If she be curst, it is for policy, for she's not froward, but modest as the dove. [*On "dove" KATHARINE slams him in the stomach with her elbow and escapes to Down Left*] And to conclude, we have 'greed so well together that upon Sunday is the wedding day.

KATHARINA. [*In a true shrewish screeching fury*] I'LL SEE THEE HANG'D ON SUNDAY FIRST.

GREMIO. [*Prances slightly toward Petruccio*] Hark, Petruccio, she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

PETRUCHIO. [*Crossing toward the immediately retreating GREMIO and past the glowering KATHARINA*] Be patient, good sir. 'Tis bargained 'twixt us twain, being alone, that she shall still be curst in

company. I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe how much she loves me! *[KATHARINA has launched herself at Petruchio and is beating her fists on his chest]* Give me thy hand, Kate. *[She swings at his head, but he laughingly catches her hand and again forces her to her knees]* I will unto Venice to buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day. Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests.

BAPTISTA. *[Crosses albeit reluctantly and in fear of KATHARINA's nails, which are raking the air above her pinioned hands]* I know not what to say; but give me your hands. God send you joy, Petruchio! 'Tis a match. *[He scurries out of harm's way back to Gremio and Hortensio]*

GREMIO & HORTENSIO. Amen, say we; we will be witnesses.

PETRUCHIO. Father and wife and gentlemen, adieu! *[He casually tosses Katharina to the floor again as he picks up his hat and prepares to depart]* I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace;  
We will have rings and things and fine array;  
And, kiss me, Kate . . . *[He pulls her up from the floor and gives her a loud smacking kiss and then drops her back on the floor, stepping over her as he exits Left]* We will be married on Sunday!

*[KATHARINA is violently spitting and wiping her mouth as the LIGHTS blueout and ALL exit Right. The SERVANTS come leaping in during the blueout and strike all the furniture as MUSIC plays. They then set flowers and ribbon decorations for the impending wedding. As the SERVANTS leap off, BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and HORTENSIO take up waiting postures at Center on the steps. HORTENSIO is looking off Left]*

### Scene 3

BAPTISTA. Signior Gremio, this is the 'pointed day that Katharine and Petruchio should be married, and yet we hear not of our son-in-law. What will be said? What says Gremio to this shame of ours?

KATHARINA. *[Entering from Right with BIANCA and two WEDDING GUESTS (female) with her]* No shame but mine. I must, forsooth, be forced to give my hand opposed against my heart unto some mad-brain rudesby full of spleen who woo'd in haste and means to wed at leisure. Now the world point at poor Katharine and say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife, if it would please him come and marry her.

GREMIO. *[Crossing Right to her]* Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista, too. Upon my life, Petruchio means but well.

KATHARINA. Would Katharine had never seen him though! [*Exits with her LADIES Right*]

BAPTISTA. Go, girl, I cannot blame thee now to weep, for such an injury would vex a very saint, much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

*[From offstage suddenly there comes a terrific amount of NOISE—shouting and laughing. BAPTISTA looks up happily and expectantly for the sight of his son-in-law-to-be to enter from Up Left. When BAPTISTA does see the ridiculously clad PETRUCHIO, accompanied by the equally foolishly dressed GRUMIO, his happiness quickly changes to consternation]*

PETRUCHIO. Come, where be these gallants? Who's at home?

BAPTISTA. You are welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO. And yet I come not well.

BAPTISTA. Not so well apparell'd as I wish you were.

PETRUCHIO. But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride? How does my father? Gentles, methinks you frown; wherefore gaze this goodly company as if they saw some wondrous monument, some comet, or unusual prodigy?

BAPTISTA. Why, sir, you know this is your wedding day. First were we sad, fearing you would not come—now sadder, that you come so unprovided. Fie, doff this habit, shame to your estate, an eyesore to our solemn festival.

PETRUCHIO. [*Crossing Right until stopped by GREMIO*] O where is Kate? I stay too long from her. The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

GREMIO. See not your bride in these unreverent robes. Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine. [*PETRUCHIO needs only glance at the silks and laces in dainty pastels worn by Gremio before he answers gruffly:*]

PETRUCHIO. Not I, believe me. Thus I'll visit her.

BAPTISTA. But thus, I trust, you will not *marry* her.

PETRUCHIO. Good sooth, even thus; therefore have done with words. To me she's married, not unto my clothes. But what a fool I am to chat with you when I should bid good morrow to my bride and seal the title with a lovely kiss! [*PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO stomp past the appalled BAPTISTA and COMPANY and exit Right. We hear an enraged*