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THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

A PLAY IN ONE ACT ADAPTED BY Lindsay Price

FROM THE ORIGINAL BY William Shakespeare
Characters

Baptista Minola ......................... Father to Katharina and Bianca
Katharina Minola ....................... Baptista's eldest daughter
Bianca Minola ......................... Baptista's youngest daughter

Petruchio .................................. Suitor to Katharina
Gremio ..................................... Suitor to Bianca
Hortensio .................................. Suitor to Bianca
Lucentio .................................. Suitor to Bianca

Tranio ..................................... Servant to Lucentio
Biondello ................................. Servant to Lucentio

Grumio ..................................... Servant to Petruchio
Curtis ..................................... Servant to Petruchio
Servant ..................................... Servant to Baptista

Vincentio ................................. Lucentio's father
Merchant ..................................... Pretends to be Vincentio

Widow ..................................... Marries Hortensio
Tailor ..................................... Gown maker
Haberdasher ............................... Hat maker

Roles for Women

There are many parts in The Taming of the Shrew that can be played by a female instead of a male. For example, if you cast Vincentio as Lucentio's mother, you can cast the Merchant as the 'fake mother.' Baptista can also be played as a mother instead of a father.
All the servants in the play (Grumio, Curtis, Biondello, Baptista's servant, Tailor and Haberdasher) can be played by women.

Adaptor’s Note

The Taming of the Shrew is a play that balances on a tightrope. On the one hand, it is an extremely funny farce. On the other hand, it exists under a cloud of controversy because of the way Petruchio treats Kate.

This adaptation brings both sides to light. Embrace the humour and the controversy; discuss both sides and you too will have an exciting production balanced on a tightrope.
ACT I

SCENE I. Padua. A public square.

LUCENTIO and his servant TRANIO enter.

LUCENTIO: Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy,
And by my father’s love and leave am arm’d
With his good will and thy good company.
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study
Virtue and that part of philosophy
Will I apply that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achieved.

TRANIO: I am glad you continue your resolve
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue and this moral discipline,
Let’s be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray;
No profit grows where is no pleasure ta’en.

LUCENTIO: Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
But stay a while: what company is this?

LUCENTIO and TRANIO stand back as BAPTISTIA, his
two daughters KATHARINA and BIANCA, and two
suitors, GREMIO and HORTENSIO enter.

BAPTISTA: Gentlemen, importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

GREMIO: [Aside] To cart her rather: she’s too rough for me.

KATHARINA: [to BAPTISTA] I pray you, sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

HORTENSIO: Mates, maid! How mean you that? No mates for you,
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.

KATHARINA: I’faith, sir, you shall never need to fear!

KATHARINA approaches HORTENSIO as if to strike him.

HORTENSIO runs to hide behind GREMIO.

Hortensio: From all such devils, good Lord deliver us!
GREMIO: And me too, good Lord!

TRANIO: [whispering to LUCENTIO] That wench is stark mad or wonderful froward.

LUCENTIO: But in the other’s silence do I see Maid’s mild behaviour and sobriety.

BAPTISTA: Gentlemen, that I may soon make good What I have said, Bianca, get you in.

BIANCA starts to cry.

And let it not displease thee, good Bianca, For I will love thee ne’er the less, my girl.

KATHARINA: A pretty peat! It is best Put finger in the eye, an she knew why.

BIANCA: Sister, content you in my discontent. Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe: My books and instruments shall be my company, On them to took and practise by myself.

HORTENSIO: Signior Baptista, will you be so strange? Sorry am I that our good will effects Bianca’s grief.

GREMIO: Why will you mew her up, Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell, And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

BAPTISTA: Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved: Go in, Bianca:

BIANCA exits.

And for I know she taketh most delight In music, instruments and poetry, Schoolmasters will keep within my house, Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio, Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such, Prefer them hither; for to cunning men I will be very kind, and liberal To mine own children in good bringing up: And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay; For I have more to commune with Bianca.

BAPTISTA exits.

KATHARINA: Why, and I trust I may go too, may I not? What, shall I be appointed hours; as though, belike, I knew not what to take and what to leave, ha?

KATHARINA makes to go after GREMIO and HORTENSIO who run away. KATHARINA growls and exits in the opposite direction. TRANIO and LUCENTIO come out of hiding.
TRANIO: I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That **love should of a sudden take hold**?

LUCENTIO: O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it possible or likely;
But see, while idly I stood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleness:
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I perish, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modest girl.

TRANIO: Master, you look’d so **longly** on the maid,
**Perhaps you mark’d not what’s the pith of all.**

LUCENTIO: O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face.

TRANIO: Saw you no more? **Mark’d** you not how her sister
Began to scold and raise up such a storm
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

LUCENTIO: Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move
And with her breath she did perfume the air:
Sacred and sweet was all I saw in her.

TRANIO: [to the audience] Nay, then, ‘tis time to stir him from his trance.

    He shakes LUCENTIO.

I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid,
**Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her.** Thus it stands:
Her eldest sister is so **curst and shrewd**
That till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home;
And therefore has he closely mew’d her up.

LUCENTIO: Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father’s he!
But art thou not advised, he took some care
To get her **cunning** schoolmasters to instruct her?

TRANIO: Ay, marry, am I, sir; and now **‘tis plotted.**

    The two of them pace to think of an idea.

LUCENTIO: I have it, Tranio.

TRANIO: Master, **for my hand,**
**Both our inventions meet and jump in one.**

LUCENTIO: Tell me **thine** first.

TRANIO: You will be schoolmaster
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That’s your device.

LUCENTIO: It is. May it be done?

    The two jump for joy, suddenly TRANIO stops.

TRANIO: Not possible; for who shall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio’s son?
LUCENTIO: We have not yet been seen in any house, nor can we lie distinguish'd by our faces for man or master; then it follows thus; Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead, keep house and port and servants as I should; Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak: When Biondello comes, he waits on thee; But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

LUCENTIO and TRANIO switch clothes.

TRANIO: So had you need.

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is, and I am tied to be obedient; For so your father charged me at our parting, 'Be serviceable to my son,' quoth he, Although I think 'twas in another sense;

LUCENTIO: Here comes the rogue.

BIONDELLO enters. He looks back and forth between Tranio and Lucentio.

Sirrah, where have you been?

BIONDELLO: Where have I been! Nay, how now! Where are you? Master, has my fellow Tranio stolen your clothes? Or you stolen his? Or both? Pray, what's the news?

LUCENTIO: Sirrah, come hither: 'tis no time to jest, And therefore frame your manners to the time. Tranio is changed into Lucentio.

BIONDELLO: The better for him: would I were so too!

The three exit.

SCENE II. Padua. In front of Hortensio’s house.

PETRUCHIO, his servant GRUMIO, and HORTENSIO enter.

HORTENSIO: Petruchio, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO: Such wind as scatters young men through the world, To seek their fortunes farther than at home Where small experience grows. But in a few, Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me: Antonio, my father, is deceased; And I have thrust myself into this maze, Haply to wive and thrive as best I may.

HORTENSIO: Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour’d wife? Thou’ldst thank me but a little for my counsel: And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich.
And very rich: but thou’rt too much my friend, 
And I’ll not wish thee to her.

PETRUCHIO: Signior Hortensio, ’twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice.
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

HORTENSIO: Her only fault, and that is faults enough,
Is that she is intolerable curst
And shrewd and froward, so beyond all measure
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;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder when the clouds in autumn crack.

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: I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her.

PETRUCHIO starts to exit.

HORTENSIO: 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,
And none shall have access unto Bianca
Till Katharina the curst have got a husband.

GRUMIO: Katharina the curst!
A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

HORTENSIO: Now shall my friend Petruchio do me grace,
And offer me disguised in sober robes
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her
And unsuspected court her by herself.

GREMIO and LUCENTIO enter. LUCENTIO is disguised as
a teacher. He is carrying books.

GREMIO: All books of love; see that at any hand
And see you read no other lectures to her.
Take your paper too, and have them well perfumed
For she is sweeter than perfume itself
O this learning, what a thing it is!

GRUMIO: O this woodcock, what an ass it is!
PETRUCHIO: [aside] Peace, sirrah!


GREMIO: And you are well met, Signior Hortensio. Trow you whither I am going? To Baptista Minola. I promised to inquire carefully About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca: And by good fortune I have lighted well On this young man, for learning and behaviour Fit for her turn, well read in poetry And other books, good ones, I warrant ye.

HORTENSIO: 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman Hath promised me to help me to another, A fine musician to instruct our mistress; So shall I no whit be behind in duty To fair Bianca, so beloved of me.

GREMIO: Beloved of me; and that my deeds shall prove.

He steps forward, challenging HORTENSIO.

GRUMIO: And that his bags shall prove.

HORTENSIO: [stepping back] Gremino, 'tis now no time to vent our love: Here is a gentleman whom by chance I met, Will undertake to woo curst Katharina, Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

GREMIO: Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

PETRUCHIO: I know she is an irksome brawling scold: If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

GREMIO: But will you woo this wild-cat?

PETRUCHIO: Will I live?

TRANIO and BIONDELLO enter. TRANIO is very nervous.

TRANIO: Gentlemen, God save you. If I may be bold, Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

BIONDELLO: He that has the two fair daughters: is't he you mean?

TRANIO: Even he, Biondello.

PETRUCHIO: Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

TRANIO: I love not chiders, sir, Biondello let's away.

TRANIO moves to exit. HORTENSIO blocks him from leaving.

HORTENSIO: Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea or no?

TRANIO: And if I be, sir, is it any offence?

GREMIO: No; if without more words you will get you hence.
TRANIO: Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me as for you?
GREMIO: But so is not she.
TRANIO: For what reason, I beseech you?
GREMIO: For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.
HORTENSIO: That she's the chosen of Signior Hortensio.
LUCENTIO: [to GREMIO] Sir, give him head: I know he'll prove a jade.
HORTENSIO: Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?
TRANIO: No, sir; but hear I do that he hath two,
The one as famous for a scolding tongue
As is the other for beauteous modesty.
PETRUCHIO: Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.
GREMIO: Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules.
PETRUCHIO: Sir, understand you this of me in sooth:
The youngest daughter whom you hearken for
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man
Until the elder sister first be wed:
The younger then is free and not before.
TRANIO: If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all and me amongst the rest.
Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
GREMIO: O excellent motion! Fellows, let's be gone.

ACT II

SCENE I. Padua. A room in BAPTISTA'S house.
Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA. BIANCA is running from
KATHARINA. She also has her hands tied in front of her.

KATHARINA: Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell
Whom thou lovest best: see thou dissemble not.

BIANCA: Believe me, sister, of all the men alive
I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATHARINA: Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hortensio?

BIANCA: If you affect him, sister, here I swear

give him head: let him go
he'll prove a jade: he'll be weak, without stamina.
Lucentio, (as Cambio the teacher) is telling Gremio that Tranio (as Lucentio) won't have the stamina to stay in the race for Bianca's love. He is keeping on Gremio's good side so that he (Lucentio) can get into the house and have access to Bianca.
in sooth: in truth
hearken: ask
stead us all: help us all
contrive: pass the time
quaff carouses: drink toasts
adversaries do in law: lawyers representing opposite sides
motion: proposal

Katharina has tied Bianca's hands together and is tormenting her. She wants Bianca to say which one of the suitors she wants to marry. Why is Katharina doing this? Who would it torment more, herself or Bianca?

Is Bianca really afraid of Katharina?

see thou dissemble not: don't lie to me
There is a lot of activity in this moment with Bianca trying to get away from Katharina. How does that change the way the lines are said?
Bianca is saying she hasn't seen anyone yet that she is in love with. She clearly states she loves neither Hortensio nor Gremio. Is Bianca as sweet as everyone thinks she is?

Minion: Brat
If you affect him: If you like him

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I’ll plead for you myself, but you shall have him.

KATHARINA: 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 strikes BIANCA as BAPTISTA enters.

BIANCA starts to cry.

BAPTISTA: Why, how now, dame! Whence grows this insolence?
Bianca, stand aside. Poor girl! She weeps.
[to BIANCA] Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.
[to KATHARINA] 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: Her silence flouts me, and I’ll be revenged.

KATHARINA flies after BIANCA.


BIANCA exits.

KATHARINA: What, will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see
She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding day
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep
Till I can find occasion of revenge.

KATHARINA exits. BAPTISTA sits with a groan.

BAPTISTA: Was ever gentleman thus grieved as I?

GREMIO, LUCENTIO, PETRUICH, HORTENSIO, and TRANIO enter. LUCENTIO is dressed as a teacher,
HORTENSIO is dressed as a musician, TRANIO is carrying a lute and books.

GREMIO: Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

BAPTISTA: Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.
God save you, gentlemen!

PETRUICHIO: And you, good sir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call’d Katharina, fair and virtuous?

BAPTISTA: I have a daughter, sir, called Katharina.

GREMIO: You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

PETRUICHIO: 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 behaviour, 
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. 
And, for an entrance to my entertainment, 
I do present you with a man of mine,

HORTENSIO steps forward.

Cunning in music and the mathematics, 
To instruct her fully in those sciences, 
Whereof I know she is not ignorant: 
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong: 
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

BAPTISTA: You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake. 
But for my daughter Katharina, this I know, 
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PETRUCHIO: I see you do not mean to part with her, 
Or else you like not of my company.

BAPTISTA: Whence are you, sir? What may I call your name?

PETRUCHIO: 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.

GREMIO: Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray, 
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too: 
[Aside to PETRUCHIO] 
Baccare! You are marvellous forward.

PETRUCHIO: O, pardon me, Signior Gremio; I would fain be doing. 

GREMIO: I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing. [to BAPTISTA] 
Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, freely give unto you this young scholar, 
[presenting LUCENTIO] that hath been long studying at Rheims; 
as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

BAPTISTA: A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. 
Welcome, good Cambio.

To TRANIO.

But, gentle sir, methinks you walk like a stranger: 
may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

TRANIO: Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own, 
That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair and virtuous.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument,
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

BAPTISTA: Lucentio is your name; of whence, I pray?
TRANIO: Of Pisa, sir; son to Vincentio.

BAPTISTA: A mighty man of Pisa; by report
I know him well: you are very welcome, sir,
[to HORTENSIO] Take you the lute, [to LUCENTIO] and you the
set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.

Holla, within!

A SERVANT enters.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen
To my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

The SERVANT exits. LUCENTIO and HORTENSIO follow.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner. You are passing welcome,
And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

PETRUCHIO: Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste,
And every day I cannot come to woo.
Then tell me, if I get your daughter’s love,
What dowry shall I have with her to wife?

BAPTISTA: After my death the one half of my lands,
And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

PETRUCHIO: And, for that dowry, I’ll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,
In all my lands and leases whatsoever:
Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

BAPTISTA: Ay, when the special thing is well obtain’d,
That is, her love; for that is all in all.

PETRUCHIO: Why, that is nothing: for I tell you, father,
I am as peremptory as she proud-minded;
For I am rough and woo not like a babe.

BAPTISTA: Well mayst thou woo, and happy be thy speed!
But be thou arm’d for some unhappy words.

HORTENSIO enters. The lute is wrapped around his neck.

BAPTISTA: How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?
HORTENSIO: For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

BAPTISTA: What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

HORTENSIO: I think she'll sooner prove a soldier.
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
'Frets, call you these?' quoth she; 'I'll fume with them';
And, with that word, she struck me on the head.

PETRUCHIO: Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench;
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

BAPTISTA: Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

PETRUCHIO: I pray you do.

Everyone but PETRUCHIO exits.

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 that she frown, I'll say she looks as clear
As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:
If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though she bid me stay by her a week:
But here she comes; and now, Petruchio, speak.

KATHARINA enters. She is very wary.

Good morrow, Kate; for that's your name, I hear.

KATHARINA: Well have you heard, but something hard of hearing:
They call me Katharina 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;
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation;
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.

PETRUCHIO: Why, what's a moveable?

KATHARINA: A join'd-stool.

PETRUCHIO: Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
In this section there is a battle of wits as puns are thrown back and forth. Who wins in the end?

Asses are made to bear: Donkeys are made to bear weight.
Women are made to bear: Women are made to bear children.
No such jade as you: Kate is saying Petruchio doesn't have the stamina to get her pregnant.

In your dumps: You look depressed.
This should give you a clue as to how Katharina looks physically.

How do Baptista and the others enter? Are they cautious? Have they heard noises?

Speed you: How are you doing?
It were impossible I should speed amiss: It's impossible I should do anything but succeed.

How do Katharina react to this? Is she still stunned? Does she know that she has lost? Or does she still have some fight in her?

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KATHARINA: I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

GREMIO: Hark, Petruchio; she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

TRANIO: Is this your speeding? Nay, then, good night our part!

PETRUCHIO: Be patient, gentlemen; I choose her for myself:
If she and I be pleased, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd '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: O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck; and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure my Katharina shall be fine.

BAPTISTA: I know not what to say: but give me your hands;
God send you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

GREMIO & TRANIO: Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.

PETRUCHIO: Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace:
We will have rings and things and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.

PETRUCHIO exits. KATHARINA stands in shock for a moment then runs off in the opposite direction.

GREMIO: But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter:
Now is the day we long have looked for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

TRANIO: And I am one that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.

GREMIO: Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.

TRANIO: Graybeard, thy love doth freeze.

GREMIO: But thine doth fry.

TRANIO: But youth in ladies' eyes that flourisheth.

BAPTISTA: Content you, gentlemen: I will compound this strife:
'Tis deeds must win the prize; and he of both
That can assure my daughter greatest dower
Shall have my Bianca's love.
Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure her?

GREMIO: First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold;

Is this your speeding: Is that what you call success?
good night our part: all hope is lost for us
'twixt us: between us
Petruchio claims that Katharina is only ‘acting’ shrewish in public. He says that in private, she is very loving.

apparel: clothes 'gainst: in preparation
bid the guests: invite the guests

Notice as Petruchio and Baptista hurry the engagement along that Katharina is not allowed to say anything and exits without a word.
What is her reaction to all of this?
adieu: goodbye
pace: quickly

Tranio says that Gremio is too old to love, his love is cold. Gremio says Tranio is too young to love, his love is too hot – “thine doth fry.”

What tone do the two men use to show the audience that they are insulting each other?
Youngling: Young man. Does Gremio mean this as a compliment or an insult?
Graybeard: A reference to Gremio’s age
Skipper: another insult

I will compound this strife: I will settle this argument
The suitor who offers the greatest dowry will win Bianca. Baptista does not seem as concerned with the men earning Bianca’s love, as he was with Katharina.

This moment is like a duel between Tranio and Gremio. How can that be shown in the blocking?
In ivory coffers I have stuff’d my crowns; Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss’d with pearl, Valance of Venice gold in needlework, And all things answerable to this portion. Myself am struck in years, I must confess; And if I die tomorrow, this is hers, If whilst I live she will be only mine.

TRANIO: I am my father’s heir and only son: If I may have your daughter to my wife, I’ll leave her houses three or four as good, Within rich Pisa walls, as any one Old Signior Gremio has in Padua; Besides two thousand ducats by the year Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure. What, have I pinch’d you, Signior Gremio?

GREMIO: [Aside] Two thousand ducats by the year of land! My land amounts not to so much in all: [to BAPTISTA] That she shall have; besides an argosy That now is lying in Marseilles’ road. [to TRANIO] What, have I choked you with an argosy?

TRANIO: Gremio, ‘tis known my father hath no less Than three great argosies; besides two galliases, And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure her, And twice as much, whate’er thou offer’st next.

GREMIO: Nay, I have offer’d all, I have no more; And she can have no more than all I have: If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

TRANIO: Why, then the maid is mine from all the world, By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

BAPTISTA: I must confess your offer is the best; And, let your father make her the assurance, She is your own; else, you must pardon me, If you should die before him, where’s her dower?

TRANIO: That’s but a cavil: he is old, I young.

GREMIO: And may not young men die, as well as old?

BAPTISTA: Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolved: on Sunday next you know My daughter Katharina is to be married: Now, on the Sunday following, shall Bianca Be bride to you, if you this assurance; If not, Signior Gremio: And so, I take my leave, and thank you both.

GREMIO: Adieu, good neighbour.

BAPTISTA exits.
Now I fear thee not:  
Sirrah young gamester, your father were a fool  
To give thee all, and in his waning age  
Set foot under thy table: tut, a toy!  
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

Gremio exits.

TRANIO:  
A vengeance on your crafty wither’d hide!  
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.  
’Tis in my head to do my master good:  
I see no reason but supposed Lucentio  
Must get a father, call’d ‘supposed Vincentio.’

TRANIO exits.

ACT III

SCENE I. Padua. BAPTISTA’S house.

Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca enter.

BIANCA:  
Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,  
To strive for that which resteth in my choice:  
I’ll not be tied to hours nor ‘pointed times,  
But learn my lessons as I please myself.  
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down:
[To Hortensio] Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;  
His lecture will be done ere you have tuned.

HORTENSIO:  
You’ll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

LUCENTIO:  
That will be never: tune your instrument.

LUCENTIO shoos Hortensio away. He and Bianca sit on a bench.

BIANCA:  
Where left we last?

LUCENTIO:  
Here, madam:  
‘Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;  
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.’

BIANCA:  
Construe them.

LUCENTIO:  
[out loud] ‘Hic ibat,’ [whispering] as I told you before, [out loud]  
‘Simois,’ [whispering] I am Lucentio, [out loud] ‘hic est,’ [whispering] son unto Vincentio of Pisa, [out loud] ‘Sigeia tellus,’ [whispering] disguised thus to get your love; [out loud] ‘Hic steterat,’ [whispering] and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,  
[out loud] ‘Priami,’ [whispering] is my man Tranio, [out loud]  
‘regia,’ [whispering] bearing my port, [out loud] ‘celsa senis,’ [whispering] that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

HORTENSIO interrupts, stepping forward.

BIANCA:  
Let’s hear. O fie! the treble jars.
How does Hortensio respond to Lucentio’s advice? Does Hortensio tune the lute or does he watch Lucentio and Bianca?

The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars: The first 'base' refers to the lute. The second 'base' refers to someone who is 'base' or deceiving. Hortensio knows that Lucentio is after Bianca and is keeping her from him.

Does Bianca enjoy the two men fighting over her?

give me leave: leave us alone

dress your sister’s chamber up: decorate her room

pry into this Pendant: investigate this teacher

This is the wedding day – everything is ready, but they have not heard a word from Petruchio since he left. He is now late and they are unsure if the marriage is going to happen.

What does Katharina’s wedding dress look like? Is she comfortable in it? Is everyone anxious to get the wedding started?

Katharina’s tears show quite a different side to her. She should be happy that she might not have to get married but she is not. Does Katharina want to get married? Is she truly shrew-like in all aspects of her personality?

LUCENTIO: Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

BIANCA: Now let me see if I can construe it:

[out loud] 'Hic ibat Simois,' [whispering] I know you not,
[out loud] 'hic est Sigeia tellus,' [whispering] I trust you not; [out loud] 'Hic steterat Priami,' [whispering] take heed he hear us not,
[out loud] 'regia,' [whispering] presume not,
[out loud] 'celsa senis,' [whispering] despair not.

HORTENSIO: [stepping forward] Madam, 'tis now in tune.

LUCENTIO: All but the base.

HORTENSIO: The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.

HORTENSIO steps forward to challenge LUCENTIO.

BIANCA steps between them.

HORTENSIO: [to LUCENTIO] You may go walk, and give me leave a while:

My lessons make no music in three parts.

A SERVANT enters.

SERVANT: Mistress, your father prays you leave your books
And help to dress your sister’s chamber up:
You know to-morrow is the wedding-day.

BIANCA: Farewell, sweet masters both; I must be gone.

BIANCA and the SERVANT exit.

LUCENTIO: Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

LUCENTIO exits.

HORTENSIO: But I have cause to pry into this Pendant:
Methinks he looks as though he were in love.

HORTENSIO exits.

SCENE II. Padua. In front of BAPTISTA’S house.

BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, & BIANCA enter. KATHARINA is wearing a wedding dress.

BAPTISTA: [To TRANIO] Signior Lucentio, this is the
'pointed day
That Katharina and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

KATHARINA: I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour:
Now must the world point at poor Katharina,
And say, 'Lo, there is mad Petruchio’s wife,
If it would please him come and marry her!'

KATHARINA exits weeping, followed by BIANCA.
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.

_BIONDELLO enters._

BIONDELLO: Master, master!

BAPTISTA: Is he come? When will he be here?

BIONDELLO: Petruchio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin, a pair of old breeches thrice turned, a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced, an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points!

BAPTISTA: I am glad he's come, howsoever he comes.

_PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO enter._

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

BAPTISTA: [very solemnly] You are welcome, sir.

PETRUCHIO: And yet I come not well.

TRANIO: Not so well apparell'd  
As I wish you were.

PETRUCHIO: Were it better, I should rush in thus.  
But where is Kate? Where is my lovely bride?

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 eye-sore to our solemn festival!

TRANIO: And tell us, what occasion of _import_  
_Hath_ all so long detain'd you from your wife,  
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

PETRUCHIO: Told it were to tell, and harsh to hear:  
_Sufficeth_ I am come to keep my word,  
But where is Kate? I stay too long from her:  
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

TRANIO: See not your bride in these _unreverent_ robes:  
Go to my chamber; put on clothes of mine.

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 _ha' done with words_:  
To me she's married, not unto my clothes:  
But what a fool am I to chat with you,  
When I should bid _good morrow_ to my bride,  
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!
PETRUCHIO runs off. GRUMIO follows.

TRANIO: He hath some meaning in his mad attire:
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

BAPTISTA: I'll after him, and see the event of this.

BAPTISTA, GREMIO exit after PETRUCHIO.

During the above LUCENTIO has been lurking and
listening. When BAPTISTA leaves, TRANIO motions
LUCENTIO over.

TRANIO: As I before unparted to your worship
I am to get a man, whate’er he be,
It skills not much. We’ll fit him to our turn,
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa;
And make assurance here in Padua.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

LUCENTIO: Were it not that my fellow-school-master
Doth watch Bianca’s steps so narrowly,
‘Twere good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform’d, let all the world say no,
I’ll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

TRANIO: We’ll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master’s sake, Lucentio.

GREMIO re-enters. He is laughing so hard that he can barely walk.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

GREMIO: As willingly as e’er I came from school.

TRANIO: And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

GREMIO: A bridegroom say you? ‘tis a groom indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.


GREMIO: I’ll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharina should be his wife,
‘Ay, by gogs-wouns,’ quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all-amazed, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop’d again to take it up,
The mad-brain’d bridegroom took him such a cuff
That down fell priest and book and book and priest:
Such a mad marriage never was before:
Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

Music is heard offstage. PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA,
BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, and GRUMIO re-enter.

PETRUCHIO holds fast to KATHARINA no matter how hard she struggles.

PETRUCHIO: Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepared great store of wedding cheer;
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAPTISTA: Is't possible you will away to-night?
PETRUCHIO: I must away to-day, before night comes.
TRANIO: Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.
PETRUCHIO: It may not be.
GREMIO: Let me entreat you.
PETRUCHIO: It cannot be.
KATHARINA: Let me entreat you.
PETRUCHIO: I am content.
KATHARINA: Are you content to stay?
PETRUCHIO: I am content you shall entreat me stay;
But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

KATHARINA: Now, if you love me, stay.
PETRUCHIO: Grumio, my horse.
GRUMIO: Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.
KATHARINA: [She pulls away from him] Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir; there lies your way.
PETRUCHIO: O Kate, content thee; prithee, be not angry.
KATHARINA: I will be angry: what hast thou to do?
[to BAPTISTA] Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.
GREMIO: Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.
KATHARINA: Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

KATHARINA leads the way off, but before she gets very far, PETRUCHIO grabs her and holds her tight.

PETRUCHIO: Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves:
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattel; she is my house,
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua. Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we are beset
with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.

PETRUCHIO carries KATHARINA off. GRUMIO follows.

BAPTISTA: Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GREMIO: Went they not quickly, I should die with laughing.

TRANIO: Of all mad matches never was the like.

LUCENTIO: Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?

BIANCA: That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

GREMIO: I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

They exit.

ACT IV

SCENE I. PETRUCHIO’S country house.

GRUMIO enters. He is cold and shivering.

GRUMIO: Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and
all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever
man so rayed? Was ever man so weary? Holla, ho! Curtis.

CURTIS enters.

CURTIS: Who is that calls so coldly?

GRUMIO: A piece of ice. A fire good Curtis.

CURTIS: Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRUMIO: O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast
on no water.

CURTIS: Is she so hot a shrew as she’s reported?

GRUMIO: Fie, fie on all tired jades, on all mad masters, and
all foul ways! Was ever man so beaten? Was ever
man so rayed? Was ever man so weary? Holla, ho! Curtis.

CURTIS enters.

GRUMIO: She was, good Curtis, before this frost: but, thou
knowest, winter tames man, woman and beast; for it
hath tamed my old master and my new mistress and
myself, fellow Curtis.

CURTIS: I prithee, good Grumio, tell me, how goes the world?

GRUMIO: A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and
therefore fire: do thy duty, and have thy duty; for
my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

CURTIS: There’s fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

GRUMIO: Where’s the cook? Is supper ready, the house
trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the
serving-men in their new fustian, their white

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stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on?

CURTIS: All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

GRUMIO: First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

CURTIS: How?

GRUMIO: Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

CURTIS: Let’s ha’t, good Grumio.

GRUMIO: Lend thine ear.

CURTIS: Here.

GRUMIO: There.

GRUMIO strikes him.

CURTIS: This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

GRUMIO: And therefore ’tis called a sensible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: Imprimis, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress.

CURTIS: Both of one horse?

GRUMIO: What’s that to thee?

CURTIS: Why, a horse.

GRUMIO: Tell thou the tale: but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell and she under her horse; how she was bemoiled, how he left her with the horse upon her, how he beat me because her horse stumbled, how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me, how he swore, how she prayed, that never prayed before, how I cried, how the horses ran away, how her bridle was burst, how I lost my crupper, with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

CURTIS: By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA enter. PETRUCHIO seems chipper though he is covered in mud. KATHARINA sinks into the nearest chair.

PETRUCHIO: Where be these knaves? What, no man at door To hold my stirrup nor to take my horse! Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip? What, no attendance? no regard? no duty? Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

GRUMIO: Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.
Petruchio sings a song in which a newly married man is mourning the loss of his freedom.

Notice how he screams at the servants but talks sweetly to Katharina. How does this affect her?

You villain, when?: How long do I have to wait?

You pluck my foot awry: You're jerking my foot in the wrong direction.

What does Curtis think of Petruchio's actions? Are they wildly out-of-the-ordinary?

'twas a fault unwilling: It wasn't on purpose

A whoreson... knave: a string of insults
I know you have a stomach: I know you are hungry
Katharina is speaking up for a servant. Knowing how she behaves in the first act, can you see her treating a servant the way that Petruchio does?

trenchers: wooden platter

disquiet: upset

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And better 'twere that both of us did fast.
Be patient; to-morrow 't shall be mended,
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

PETRUCHIO exits pulling KATHARINA behind him.

GRUMIO and CURTIS sit up cautiously.

CURTIS: Grumio, didst ever see the like?
GRUMIO: He kills her in her own humour.
CURTIS: Away, away! For he is coming hither.

They exit on the run.

PETRUCHIO enters. He seems much more calm and quiet.

PETRUCHIO: Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end successfully.
She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not;
Ay, and amid this hurly I intend
That all is done in reverend care of her;
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 'tis charity to show.

He exits.

SCENE II. Padua. In front of BAPTISTA'S house.

TRANIO and HORTENSIO enter.

TRANIO: Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

HORTENSIO: Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,
Stand by and mark the manner of his teaching.

BIANCA and LUCENTIO enter.

LUCENTIO: Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

BIANCA: What, master, read you? First resolve me that.

LUCENTIO: I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

BIANCA: And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

LUCENTIO: While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart!

TRANIO: O despiteful love! Unconstant womankind!
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

HORTENSIO: Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be;
Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

TRANIO: Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her lightness,
I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

HORTENSIO: See, how they kiss and court! Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her no more, but do forswear her.

They shake hands on the matter.

TRANIO: Fie on her! See, how beastly she doth court him!

HORTENSIO: For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long loved me
As I have loved this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.

HORTENSIO exits. TRANIO crosses to BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

TRANIO: Mistress Bianca, bless you with such grace
As longeth to a lover’s blessed case!
Nay, I have ta’en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you with Hortensio.

BIANCA: Tranio, you jest: but have you both forsworn me?

TRANIO: Mistress, we have.

LUCENTIO: Then we are rid of Licio.

The three cheer. BIONDELLO enters on the run.

BIONDELLO: O master, master, I have watch’d so long
That I am dog-weary: but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

TRANIO: What is he, Biondello?

BIONDELLO: I know not what; but format in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

TRANIO: [to LUCENTIO] Take in your love, and then let me alone.

LUCENTIO and BIANCA exit one way as a MERCHANT enters the other.

MERCHANT: God save you, sir!

TRANIO: And you, sir! You are welcome.

MERCHANT: Sir, at the farthest for a week or two:
But then up farther, and as for as Rome;
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

TRANIO: What countryman, I pray?
MERCHANT: Of Mantua.

TRANIO: Of Mantua, sir? Marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

MERCHANT: My life, sir! how, I pray? For that goes hard.

TRANIO: 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice, and the duke,
For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.

MERCHANT: Alas! sir, it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence and must here deliver them.

TRANIO: Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you:
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

MERCHANT: Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been.

TRANIO: Among them know you one Vincentio?

MERCHANT: I know him not, but I have heard of him.

TRANIO: He is my father, sir; and, sooth to say,
In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

BIONDELLO: [Aside] As much as an apple doth an oyster.

TRANIO: That you are like to Sir Vincentio.
His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodged:
You understand me, sir: so, shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city:
If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

MERCHANT: O sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

TRANIO: Then go with me to make the matter good.

TRanio and Biondello exit with the MERCHANT.

SCENE III. A room in PETRUCHIO’S house.
GRUMIO enters followed by KATHARINA.

KATHARINA: The more my wrong, the more his spite appears:
What, did he marry me to famish me?
I prithee go and get me some repast;
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

GRUMIO: What say you to a neat’s foot?

KATHARINA: 'Tis passing good: I prithee let me have it.

GRUMIO: I fear it is too choleric a meat.
Do you think Grumio ever intends to give Katharina something to eat? Is Grumio playing along with Petruchio’s plan?

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?

KATHARINA: A dish that I do love to feed upon.

GRUMIO: Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

KATHARINA: Why then, the beef, and let the mustard rest.

GRUMIO: Nay then, I will not: you shall have the mustard, Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

KATHARINA: Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

GRUMIO: Why then, the mustard without the beef.

KATHARINA: Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave,

She hits him.

That feed’st me with the very name of meat:
Go, get thee gone, I say.

PETRUCHIO and HORTENSIO enter. PETRUCHIO holds a plate of meat.

PETRUCHIO: How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amort?

HORTENSIO: Mistress, what cheer?

KATHARINA: Faith, as cold as can be.

PETRUCHIO: Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me. Here love; thou see’st how diligent I am To dress thy meat myself and bring it thee: I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

KATHARINA says nothing.

PETRUCHIO tells Grumio to take away the dish because Katharina does not thank him. She is sullen and pouty.

Let it stand: leave it here

How does Hortensio react when Katharina thanks Petruchio for the meat?

As Petruchio talks, Hortensio is eating up the whole dish without letting Katharina get one scrap. There is the potential for a lot of humour in this scene. How will you keep Katharina away from the meat that she so desperately wants?

eat apace: eat immediately

Notice the language that Petruchio uses to when he talks to Katharina.

bravely as the best: very well dressed

ruffs... fardingales: clothing worn in Elizabethan times

Do some research to see what the characters would have worn when this play was first staged.

stays thy leisure: waits for you

What, hast thou dined? The tailor stays thy leisure, To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.
A TAILOR enters with a dress.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments; Lay forth the gown.

A HABERDASHER enters with a hat.

What news with you, sir?

HABERDASHER: Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

PETRUCHIO: Why, this was moulded on a porringer; A velvet dish: fie, fie! 'tis lewd and filthy: Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell, A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap: Away with it! Come, let me have a bigger.

KATHARINA: I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time, And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

PETRUCHIO: When you are gentle, you shall have one too, And not till then.

HORTENSIO: [Aside] That will not be in haste.

The HABERDASHER exits in a huff. The TAILOR steps forward with the dress.

PETRUCHIO: Thy gown? Why, ay: come, tailor, let us see't. O mercy, God! what masking-stuff is here? Why, what, i' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

HORTENSIO: [Aside] I see she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

TAILOR: You bid me make it orderly and well, According to the fashion and the time.

KATHARINA: I never saw a better-fashion'd gown, More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable:

PETRUCHIO: [to TAILOR] I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

TAILOR: Your worship is deceived; the gown is made Just as my master had direction:

PETRUCHIO: Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for me. [Aside] Hortensio, say thou wilt see the Tailor paid. [to TAILOR] Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

HORTENSIO: [Aside to TAILOR] Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown tomorrow: Take no unkindness of his hasty words:

The TAILOR exits in a huff.

PETRUCHIO: Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's Even in these honest mean habiliments: Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor; Let's see; I think 'tis now some seven o'clock, And well we may come there by dinner-time.
KATHARINA: I dare assure you, sir, 'tis almost two; And 'twill be supper-time ere you come there.

PETRUCHIO: It shall be seven ere I go to horse: Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do, You are still crossing it. Sirs, let 't alone: I will not go to-day; and ere I do, It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

HORTENSIO: [Aside] Why, so this gallant will command the sun. They exit.

SCENE IV. Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S house.

TRANIO and the MERCHANT enter. The MERCHANT is dressed like VINCENTIO.

TRANIO: Sir, this is the house: please it you that I call?

MERCHANT: Ay, what else? And but I be deceived Signior Baptista may remember me, Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

TRANIO: 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case, With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

MERCHANT: I warrant you.

BAPTISTA enters

TRANIO: Signior Baptista, you are happily met. [to MERCHANT] Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of: I pray you stand good father to me now, Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

MERCHANT: [To TRANIO] Soft son! Sir, by your leave: my son Lucentio Made me acquainted with a weighty cause Of love between your daughter and himself: And for the good report I hear of you, And for the love he beareth to your daughter And she to him, I am content, in a Good father's care, To have him match'd.

BAPTISTA: Your plainness and your shortness please me well. The match is made, and all is done: Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

BAPTISTA holds out his hand and TRANIO shakes it warmly.

TRANIO: Then at my lodging, an it like you: There doth my father lie; and there, this night, We'll pass the business privately and well.

BAPTISTA: I follow you.
TRANIO, MERCHANT, and BAPTISTA exit.

SCENE V. A public road.
PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, and GRUMIO enter.

PETRUCHIO: Come on, i' God's name; once more toward our father's. Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

KATHARINA: The moon! The sun: it is not moonlight now.

PETRUCHIO: I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

KATHARINA: I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

PETRUCHIO: It shall be moon, or star, or what I list, Or ere I journey to your father's house.

Evermore cross'd and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

HORTENSIO: [to KATHARINA] Say as he says, or we shall never go.

PETRUCHIO starts to exit and KATHARINA brings him back.

KATHARINA: Forward, I pray, since we have come so far, And be it moon, or sun, or what you please: Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

PETRUCHIO: I say it is the moon.

KATHARINA: I know it is the moon.

PETRUCHIO: Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

KATHARINA: Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun: But sun it is not, when you say it is not; And the moon changes even as your mind. What you will have it named, even that it is; And so it shall be so for Katharina.

VINCENTIO enters.

PETRUCHIO: Do, good old grandsire; and withal make known Which way thou travellest: if along with us, We shall be joyful of thy company.

VINCENTIO: Fair sir, and you my merry mistress, My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling Pisa; And bound I am to Padua; there to visit A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

PETRUCHIO: What is his name?

VINCENTIO: Lucentio, gentle sir.

PETRUCHIO: Happily we met; the happier for thy son. Let me embrace with old Vincentio, And wander we to see thy honest son, Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.
They exit.

ACT V

SCENE I. Padua. In front of Lucentio’s house.

Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca sneak on. Lucentio is no longer in disguise. Gremio sneaks on behind them.

Biondello: Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest is ready.

Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello exit.

Petruchio, Katharina, and Vincentio enter.

Petruchio: Sir, here’s the door, this is Lucentio’s house:

My father’s bears more toward the market-place;

Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vincentio: You shall not choose but drink before you go:

I think I shall command your welcome here,

And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

Vincentio knocks on the door. Gremio comes out of hiding.

Gremio: They’re busy within; you were best knock louder.

Merchant looks out of the window.

Merchant: What’s he that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

Vincentio: Is Signior Lucentio within, sir?

Merchant: He’s within, sir, but not to be spoken withal.

Petruchio: I pray you, tell Signior Lucentio that his father is come from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak with him.

Merchant: Thou liest: his father is come from Padua and here looking out at the window.

Vincentio: Art thou his father?

Merchant: Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may believe her.

Petruchio: [To Vincentio] Why, how now, gentleman! Why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man’s name.

Merchant: Lay hands on the villain: I believe a’ means to cozen somebody in this city under my countenance.

Biondello re-enters. He sees Vincentio and stops cold.

Biondello: [Aside] But who is here? Mine old master Vincentio! Now we are undone and brought to nothing.

Biondello tries to sneak away but Vincentio sees him.
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