

## Scene 2

*(Enter Julia and Lucetta)*

JULIA

But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,  
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

LUCETTA

Ay, madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

JULIA

Of all the fair resort of gentlemen  
That every day with parle encounter me,  
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

LUCETTA

Please you repeat their names, I'll show my mind  
According to my shallow simple skill.

JULIA

What think'st thou of the fair Sir Nicolo?

LUCETTA

As of a knight well-spoken, neat, and fine;  
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

JULIA

What think'st thou of the rich Turio?

LUCETTA

Well of his wealth, but of himself so-so.

JULIA

What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

LUCETTA

Lord, Lord, now there's a one that pleases us!

JULIA

How now? What means this passion at his name?

LUCETTA

Pardon, dear madam, 'tis a passing shame  
That I, unworthy body as I am,  
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

JULIA

Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

LUCETTA

Then thus: of many good, I think him best.

JULIA

Your reason?

LUCETTA

I have no other but a woman's reason:  
I think him so because I think him so.

JULIA

And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

LUCETTA

Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

JULIA

Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.

LUCETTA

Yet he of all the rest I think best loves you.

JULIA

His little speaking shows his love but small.

LUCETTA

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

JULIA

They do not love that do not show their love.

LUCETTA

O, they love least that let men know their love.

JULIA

I would I knew his mind.

LUCETTA, handing her a paper. Peruse this paper, madam.

JULIA (*reads*)

"To Julia."—Say from whom.

LUCETTA

That the contents will show.

JULIA

Say, say who gave it thee.

LUCETTA

Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.  
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,  
Did in your name receive it. Pardon the fault, I pray.

JULIA

Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!  
Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines?  
To whisper and conspire against my youth?  
There, take the paper; see it be returned,  
Or else return no more into my sight.

LUCETTA (*taking the paper*)

To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

JULIA

Will you be gone?

LUCETTA That you may ruminate.

(*She exits*)

JULIA

And yet I would I had o'erlooked the letter.  
It were a shame to call her back again  
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.  
What fool is she that knows I am a maid  
And would not force the letter to my view,  
Since maids in modesty say "no" to that  
Which they would have the profferer construe "ay"!  
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love  
That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse  
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!  
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,  
When willingly I would have had her here!  
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,  
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!  
My penance is to call Lucetta back  
And ask remission for my folly past.—  
What ho, Lucetta!

(*Enter Lucetta*)

LUCETTA

What would your Ladyship?

JULIA

Is 't near dinner time?

LUCETTA

I would it were,  
That you might kill your stomach on your meat  
And not upon your maid.  
*(She drops a paper and then retrieves it.)*

JULIA

What is 't that you took up so gingerly?

LUCETTA

Nothing.

JULIA

Why didst thou stoop, then?

LUCETTA

To take a paper up that I let fall.

JULIA

And is that paper nothing?

LUCETTA

Nothing concerning me.

JULIA

Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

LUCETTA *(excited)*

Madam, some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

JULIA

You, minion, are too saucy.

Let's see this song.

*(She takes the paper and reads it)*

This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation.

*(She rips up the paper. Lucetta stoops to pick up the pieces.)*

Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie.

You would be fing'ring them to anger me.

LUCETTA *(aside as she exits)*

She makes it strange, but she would be best pleased

To be so angered with another letter.

JULIA

Nay, would I were so angered with the same!  
O hateful hands, to tear such loving words!  
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey  
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!  
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.  
*(She picks up some pieces)*  
Look, here is writ "kind Julia." Unkind Julia,  
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,  
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,  
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.  
And here is writ "love-wounded Proteus."  
Poor wounded name, my bosom as a bed  
Shall lodge thee till thy wound be thoroughly healed,  
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.  
But twice or thrice was "Proteus" written down.  
Be calm, good wind. Blow not a word away  
Till I have found each letter in the letter  
Except mine own name. That some whirlwind bear  
Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock  
And throw it thence into the raging sea.  
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ:  
"Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,  
To the sweet Julia." That I'll tear away—  
And yet I will not, sith so prettily  
He couples it to his complaining names.  
Thus will I fold them one upon another.  
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

*(Enter Lucetta. She goes to Julia and drops to her knees with her. They hug, then Lucetta helps her pick up the pieces of paper, putting them in her apron)*

LUCETTA  
Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

JULIA  
Well, let us go.

LUCETTA  
I'll take these to your chamber.

JULIA  
My heart will be ever grateful to thee.  
*(They exit together)*