

Scene 1

(We move to Milan. Flourish of music. Cast members in livery run on from upstage center carrying flags with emblems of Milan and place them in holders on the sides of the stage. The Duke enters followed by procession, including Silvia who intentionally drops a glove DS center.

Valentine and Speed, have entered DS left up the steps. When the procession moves on, Speed goes to the glove and picks it up.)

SPEED

Sir, your glove.

VALENTINE

Not mine. My gloves are on.

SPEED

Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.

VALENTINE

Ha? Let me see. Ay, give it me, it's mine.

Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!

Ah, Sylvia, Sylvia!

SPEED (calling)

Madam Sylvia! Madam Sylvia!

VALENTINE

How now, sirrah?

SPEED

She is not within hearing, sir.

VALENTINE

Why, sir, who bade you call her?

SPEED

Your Worship, sir, or else I mistook.

VALENTINE

Well, you'll still be too forward.

SPEED

And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

VALENTINE

Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know Madam Sylvia?

SPEED

She that your Worship loves?

VALENTINE

Why, how know you that I am in love?

SPEED

Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a malcontent; to relish a love song like a robin redbreast; to walk alone like one that had the pestilence; to sigh like a schoolboy that had lost his ABC; to fast like one that takes diet. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions. When you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money. And now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

VALENTINE

Are all these things perceived in me?

SPEED

Sir, they shine through you like the water in an urinal.

VALENTINE

But tell me, dost thou know my Lady Sylvia?

SPEED

She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

VALENTINE

Hast thou observed that? Even she I mean.

SPEED

Why, sir, I know her not.

VALENTINE

Dost thou know her by my gazing on her and yet know'st her not?
Her beauty is exquisite; but her favor infinite.

SPEED

That's because the one is painted; the other out of all count.

VALENTINE How painted? And how out of count?

SPEED

Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

VALENTINE

How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

SPEED

You never saw her since she was deformed.

VALENTINE

How long hath she been deformed?

SPEED

Ever since you loved her.

VALENTINE

I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

SPEED

If you love her, you cannot see her.

VALENTINE

Why?

SPEED

Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes,
or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to
have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

VALENTINE

What should I see then?

SPEED

Your own present folly and her passing deformity;
for he, being in love, could not see to garter his
hose, and you, being in love, cannot see to put your hose.

VALENTINE

Belike, boy, then you are in love, for last
morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

SPEED

True, sir, I was in love with my bed. I thank you,
you swung me for my love, which makes me the
bolder to chide you for yours.

VALENTINE

In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

SPEED

I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

VALENTINE

Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

SPEED

And have you?

VALENTINE

I have.

SPEED

Are they not lamely writ?

VALENTINE

No, boy, but as well as I can do them.

Peace, here she comes.

(Enter Sylvia)

SPEED (aside)

O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

VALENTINE

Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrrows.

SPEED (aside)

O, give ye good ev'n! Here's a million of manners.

SYLVIA

Sir Valentine, and servant, to you two thousand.

SPEED (aside)

He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

VALENTINE

As you enjoined me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret, nameless friend of yours,
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in
But for my duty to your Ladyship.

(He gives her a paper.)

SYLVIA

I thank you, gentle servant, 'tis very clerkly done.

VALENTINE

Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off,
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

SYLVIA

Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

VALENTINE

No, madam. So it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much,
And yet—

SYLVIA

A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel;

And yet I will not name it And yet I care not.
And yet take this again.
(She holds out the paper)
And yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

SPEED *(aside)*
And yet you will; and yet another "yet."

VALENTINE
What means your Ladyship? Do you not like it?

SYLVIA
Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ,
But, since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them.
(She again offers him the papers)

VALENTINE
Madam, they are for you.

SYLVIA
Ay, ay. You writ them, sir, at my request,
But I will none of them. They are for you.
I would have had them writ more movingly.

VALENTINE *(taking the paper)*
Please you, I'll write your Ladyship another.

SYLVIA
And when it's writ, for my sake read it over,
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

VALENTINE
If it please me, madam? What then?

SYLVIA
Why, if it please you, take it for your labor.
And so good-morrow, servant.

(Sylvia exits)