

Scene 2

(Enter Thurio, Proteus, and Julia, disguised as Sebastian.)

THURIO
Sir Proteus, what says Sylvia to my suit?

PROTEUS
O sir, I find her milder than she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

THURIO
What? That my leg is too long?

PROTEUS
No, that it is too little.

THURIO
I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

JULIA *(aside)*
But love will not be spurred to what it loathes.

THURIO
How likes she my discourse?

PROTEUS
Ill, when you talk of war.

THURIO
But well when I discourse of love and peace.

JULIA *(aside)*
But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.

THURIO
What says she to my valor?

PROTEUS
O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

JULIA *(aside)*
She needs not when she knows it cowardice.

THURIO

What says she to my birth?

PROTEUS

That you are well derived.

JULIA (*aside*)

True, from a gentleman to a fool.

THURIO

Considers she my possessions?

PROTEUS

O, ay, and pities them.

THURIO

Wherefore?

JULIA (*aside*)

That such an ass should own them.

PROTEUS

That they are out by lease.

JULIA

Here comes the Duke.

(*Enter Duke*)

DUKE

How now, Sir Proteus?—How now, Thurio? Which of you saw Eglamour of late?

THURIO

Not I.

PROTEUS

Nor I.

DUKE

Saw you my daughter?

PROTEUS

Neither.

DUKE

Why, then, she's fled unto that peasant, Valentine,

And Eglamour is in her company.
'Tis true, for Friar Lawrence met them both
As he, in penance, wandered through the forest;
Him he knew well and guessed that it was she,
But, being masked, he was not sure of it.
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore I pray you stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently and meet with me
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads toward Mantua, whither they are fled.
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

(He exits)

THURIO
Why, this it is to be a peevish girl
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour
Than for the love of reckless Sylvia.

(He exits)

PROTEUS
And I will follow, more for Sylvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her.

(He exits)

JULIA
And I will follow, more to cross that love
Than hate for Sylvia, that is gone for love.

(She exits)