

Winters Tale	act 2 Scene 1	<a href="http://shakespeare.mit.edu/winters_tale/winters_tale.2.1.html">http://shakespeare.mit.edu/winters_tale/winters_tale.2.1.html</a>
	Leontes: Erick Ramos	Hermione: Kensie Smith

**This scene may be a bit short so take that into consideration and see if you can add some to it or take time with action as well**

### **LEONTES**

How blest am I

In my just censure, in my true opinion!

Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed

In being so blest! There may be in the cup

A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,

And yet partake no venom, for his knowledge

Is not infected: but if one present

The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known

How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,

With violent hefts. I have drunk,

and seen the spider.

Camillo was his help in this, his pander:

There is a plot against my life, my crown;

All's true that is mistrusted: that false villain

Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:

He has discover'd my design, and I

Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick

For them to play at will. How came the posterns

So easily open?

Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you

Have too much blood in him.

### **HERMIONE**

What is this? sport?

### **LEONTES**

Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;

Away with him! and let her sport herself

With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes

Has made thee swell thus.

### **HERMIONE**

But I'd say he had not,

And I'll be sworn you would believe my saying,

Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

### **LEONTES**

You, my lords,

Look on her, mark her well; be but about

To say 'she is a goodly lady,' and  
The justice of your hearts will thereto add  
'Tis pity she's not honest, honourable:  
Praise her but for this her without-door form,  
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight  
The shrug, the hum or ha, these petty brands  
That calumny doth use--O, I am out--  
That mercy does, for calumny will sear  
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,  
When you have said 'she's goodly,' come between  
Ere you can say 'she's honest:' but be 't known,  
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,  
She's an adulteress.

**HERMIONE**

Should a villain say so,  
The most replenish'd villain in the world,  
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,  
Do but mistake.

**LEONTES**

You have mistook, my lady,  
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!  
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,  
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,  
Should a like language use to all degrees  
And mannerly distinguishment leave out  
Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said  
She's an adulteress; I have said with whom:  
More, she's a traitor and Camillo is  
A federary with her, and one that knows  
What she should shame to know herself  
But with her most vile principal, that she's  
A bed-swarver, even as bad as those  
That vulgars give bold'st titles, ay, and privy  
To this their late escape.

**HERMIONE**

No, by my life.  
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,  
You scarce can right me throughly then to say  
You did mistake.

**LEONTES**

No; if I mistake  
In those foundations which I build upon,  
The centre is not big enough to bear

A school-boy's top. Away with her! to prison!  
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty  
But that he speaks.

**HERMIONE**

There's some ill planet reigns:  
I must be patient till the heavens look  
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,  
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew  
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have  
That honourable grief lodged here which burns  
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,  
With thoughts so qualified as your charities  
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so  
The king's will be perform'd!

**LEONTES**

Shall I be heard?

**HERMIONE**

Who is't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,  
My women may be with me; for you see  
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;  
There is no cause: when you shall know your mistress  
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears  
As I come out: this action I now go on  
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:  
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now  
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

**LEONTES**

Go, do our bidding; hence!