**Scene 1: Posthumus and Imogen**

***Posthumus and Imogen have secretly married, and Posthumus has been banished by Imogen’s father, Cymbeline.***

**IMOGEN**

My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing--
Always reserved my holy duty--what
His rage can do on me: you must be gone.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

My queen! my mistress!
O lady, weep no more. I will remain
The loyalest husband that did ever plight troth.

**IMOGEN**

Nay, stay a little: Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

How, how! another?
*Putting on the ring*

Remain, remain thou here
While sense can keep it on. And, sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
For my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

*Putting a bracelet upon her arm*

**IMOGEN**

O the gods!
When shall we see again?

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court! I am gone.

**IMOGEN**

There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

**Scene 2: Cloten and Two Lords**

***The bully, Cloten, has just gotten in a fight with Imogen’s husband, Posthumous. He wants to woo Princess Imogen, who is his stepsister, and his Lords, who have to publicly be nice to him, know that he’s actually a piece of sh\*t, which Lord 2 is happy to explain in asides.***

**First Lord**

Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a
sacrifice: where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

**CLOTEN**

If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it. Have I hurt him?

**Second Lord**

[Aside] No, 'faith; not so much as his patience.

**First Lord**

Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

**CLOTEN**

The villain would not stand me.

**Second Lord**

[Aside] No; but he fled forward still, toward your face.

**First Lord**

Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

**Second Lord**

[Aside] As many inches as you have oceans. Puppies!

**CLOTEN**

And that she should love this fellow and refuse me!

**First Lord**

Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

**Second Lord**

[Aside] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

**CLOTEN**

Come, I'll to my chamber. Would there had been some hurt done!

**Second Lord**

[Aside] I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt.

**Scene 3: Cornelius**

***Cornelius, a potion master, has given the Queen a potion that the Queen thinks is poisonous.***

**CORNELIUS**

[Aside] I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damned nature. Those she has
Will stupefy and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher: but there is
No danger in what show of death it makes,
More than the locking-up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fooled
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

**Scene 4: Imogen**

***Iachimo has just tried to tell Imogen that Posthumous is cheating on her in an attempt to seduce her for himself, and she rebukes him.***

**IMOGEN**

Away! I do condemn mine ears that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,
Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seekest,--as base as strange.
Thou wrongest a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report as thou from honour, and
Solicitest here a lady that disdains
Thee and the devil alike. What ho, Pisanio!
The king my father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,
A saucy stranger in his court to mart
As in a Romish stew and to expound
His beastly mind to us, he hath a court
He little cares for and a daughter who
He not respects at all. What, ho, Pisanio!

**Scene 5: Cloten and Imogen**

***Cloten tries to woo his step-sister, Imogen, after paying musicians to serenade her. It does not go well.***

**CLOTEN**

Good morrow, fairest: sister, your sweet hand.

**IMOGEN**

Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains
For purchasing but trouble; the thanks I give
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks
And scarce can spare them.

**CLOTEN**

Still, I swear I love you.

**IMOGEN**

If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
If you swear still, your recompense is still
That I regard it not.

**CLOTEN**

This is no answer.

**IMOGEN**
I shall unfold equal discourtesy
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

**CLOTEN**

To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:
I will not.

**IMOGEN**

Fools are not mad folks.

**CLOTEN**

Do you call me fool?

**IMOGEN**

As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you,
And am so near the lack of charity--
To accuse myself--I hate you; which I had rather
You felt than makest my boast.

**CLOTEN**

You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
One bred of alms and fostered with cold dishes,
With scraps o' the court, it is no contract, none.

**IMOGEN**

Profane fellow
Wert thou the son of Jupiter and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues, to be styled
The under-hangman of his kingdom, and hated
For being preferred so well.

**CLOTEN**

The south-fog rot him!

**IMOGEN**

He never can meet more mischance than come
To be but named of thee. His meanest garment,
That ever hath but clipped his body, is dearer
In my respect than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men!

**Scene 5: Posthumous**

***After Iachimo tells Posthumous that Imogen has cheated on her (which is a lie), Posthumous give a misogynist soliloquy.***

Is there no way for men to be but women
Must be half-workers? We are all bastards;
And that most venerable man which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was stamped; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: O, vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrained
And prayed me oft forbearance. O, all the devils!
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,--wast not?--
Or less,--at first?--perchance he spoke not, but,
Cried 'O!' and mounted; found no opposition
But what he looked for should oppose and she
Should from encounter guard. For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Lust and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
Nice longing, slanders, mutability,
All faults that may be named, nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part or all; but rather, all!

**Scene 6: Pisanio and Imogen**

***Imogen’s faithful servant Pisanio has gotten a letter from Posthumous to say that Imogen has cheated on him (untrue) and that he means to kill her in Milford Haven, Wales, and he is to give her a fake letter to get her to come there. The excited and innocent Imogen can’t wait to go on this journey.***

**PISANIO**

How? of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monster's her accuser? Leonatus,
O master! what a strange infection
Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian,
As poisonous-tongued as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing? Disloyal! No:
She's punished for her truth, and undergoes,
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. O my master!
How! that I should murder her?
I, her? her blood?
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable.

*Reading Posthumous’s letter*

'Do it: the letter
that I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity.'

O damned paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Lo, here she comes.
*Enter IMOGEN*

**IMOGEN**

How now, Pisanio!

**PISANIO**

Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

**IMOGEN**

Who? thy lord? that is my lord, Leonatus!
Let what is here contained relish of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content, yet not
That we two are asunder; let that grieve him!

*Reads*

'Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take notice that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this advise you, follow. So he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,
LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.'
O, for a horse with wings! Hearest thou, Pisanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? How far it is
To this same blessed Milford: and by the way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy as
To inherit such a haven: but first of all,
How we may steal from hence, and for the gap
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going
And our return, to excuse: but first, how get hence:
Why should excuse be born or ever begot?
We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

**PISANIO**

One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam, is enough for you:

*Aside*

and too much too.

**IMOGEN**

Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go so slow!

Go bid my woman feign a sickness; say
She'll home to her father: and provide me presently
A riding-suit, no costlier than would fit
A franklin's housewife. Away, I prithee;
Do as I bid thee: there's no more to say,
Accessible is none but Milford way!

**Scene 7: Cloten and Pisanio**

***Cloten gets news out of Pisanio that Imogen has gone to Milford Haven, and decides to follow her there to kill Posthumous and “ravish” Imogen.***

**PISANIO**

O, good my lord!

**CLOTEN**

Where is thy lady? Is she with Posthumus?

**PISANIO**

Alas, my lord,
How can she be with him? When was she missed?
He is in Rome.

**CLOTEN**

Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No further halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her.

**PISANIO**

O, my all-worthy lord!

**CLOTEN**

All-worthy villain!
Discover where thy mistress is at once,
At the next word: no more of 'worthy lord!'
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

**PISANIO**

Then, sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight.

*Presenting a letter*

**CLOTEN**

Let's see it.

**PISANIO**

[Aside] I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,
Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!

**CLOTEN**

Sirrah, is this letter true?

**PISANIO**

Sir, as I think.

**CLOTEN**

It is Posthumus' hand; I know it. Sirrah, if thou wouldst not be a villain, but do me true service,
undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villany soever I bid thee do, to perform it directly and truly, I would think thee an honest
man.

**PISANIO**

Well, my good lord.

**CLOTEN**

Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

**PISANIO**

I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

**CLOTEN**

Fetch that suit hither: let it be thy lint service; go.

**PISANIO**

I shall, my lord.

*Exit*

**CLOTEN**

Meet thee at Milford-Haven!--I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:--even there, thou villain Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these
garments were come. She said upon a time—the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart--that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my
back, will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour. And
when my lust hath dined, to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

**Scene 8: Imogen**

***Imogen, dressed as a man to avoid detection and wandering through Wales, laments her situation. Then she discovers a cave.***

**IMOGEN**

I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tired myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me. My dear lord!
Thou art one of the false ones. Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'tis some savage hold:
I were best not to call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it overthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend. Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter.

**Scene 9: Imogen, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus**

***The inhabitants of the cave discover Imogen, dressed as a boy, inside their mountain home. Guiderius and Arviragas go by “Polydote” and “Cadwal” because Belarius kidnapped them as kids and renamed them. They are actually Imogen’s brothers but no one knows that yet.***

**GUIDERIUS**

I am thoroughly weary.

**ARVIRAGUS**

I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

**GUIDERIUS**

There is cold meat in the cave; we'll browse on that,
Whilst what we have killed be cooked.

**BELARIUS**

[Looking into the cave]
Stay; come not in.
But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.

**GUIDERIUS**

What's the matter, sir?

**BELARIUS**

By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon! Behold divineness
No elder than a boy!

*Re-enter IMOGEN*

**IMOGEN**

Good masters, harm me not:
Before I entered here, I called; and thought
To have begged or bought what I have took: good troth,
I have stolen nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strewed on the floor. Here's money for my meat.

**GUIDERIUS**

Money, youth?

**ARVIRAGUS**

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!

**IMOGEN**

I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died had I not made it.

**BELARIUS**

Whither bound?

**IMOGEN**

To Milford-Haven.

**BELARIUS**

What's your name?

**IMOGEN**

Fidele, sir.

**BELARIUS**

Prithee, fair youth,
Think us no churls, nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encountered!
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart: and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

**GUIDERIUS**

Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard but be your groom. In honesty,
I bid for you as I'd buy.

**ARVIRAGUS**

I'll make it my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him
After long absence, such is yours: most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall amongst friends.

**IMOGEN**

AMongst friends,
If brothers.

**BELARIUS**

He wrings at some distress.

**GUIDERIUS**

Would I could free it!

**ARVIRAGUS**

Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger. God's!

**BELARIUS**

It shall be so.
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supped,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak it.

**GUIDERIUS**

Pray, draw near.

**ARVIRAGUS**

The night to the owl and morn to the lark
less welcome.

**Scene 10: Guiderius, Arviragus, (and Belarius) discover Imogen (“Fidele”) seemingly dead in their cave, though she has only taken a sleeping potion. They are wracked with grief.**

**ARVIRAGUS**

The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,
Than have seen this.

**GUIDERIUS**

O sweetest, fairest lily!

**BELARIUS**

O melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? How found you him?

**GUIDERIUS**

Where?

**ARVIRAGUS**

On the floor;
His arms thus leagued: I thought he slept.

**GUIDERIUS**

Why, he but sleeps:
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.

**ARVIRAGUS**

With fairest flowers
Whilst summer lasts and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azured harebell, like thy veins, no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetened not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill bring thee all this;
Yea, and furred moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.

**GUIDERIUS**

Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt. To the grave!

**ARVIRAGUS**

Say, where shall we lay him?

**GUIDERIUS**

By good Euriphile, our mother.

**ARVIRAGUS**

Be it so:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,
As once our mother; use like note and words,
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

**GUIDERIUS**

Cadwal, I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For notes of sorrow out of tune are worse
Than priests and fanes that lie.

**ARVIRAGUS**

We'll speak it, then.

**Scene 11: Imogen**

***Imogen wakes up from her sleeping potion next to a headless corpse. It is Cloten’s body wearing Posthumous’s clothes, so she thinks it is her dead husband.***

[Awaking] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which is the way?--
But, soft! no bedfellow!--O god s and goddesses!

*Seeing the body of CLOTEN*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't. I hope I dream;
For so I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures: but 'tis not so;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble stiff with fear.

The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagined, felt.
A headless man! The garments of Posthumus!
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;
Murder in heaven?--How!--'Tis gone.

O Posthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ay me! where's that?

**Scene 12: Posthumous**

***Posthumous is glad to be arrested and thinks he will die, and sees that as fitting punishment for what he has done to Imogen.***

**POSTHUMUS LEONATUS**

Most welcome, bondage! for thou art away,
think, to liberty. My conscience, thou art fettered
More than my shanks and wrists: you good gods, give me
The penitent instrument to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is it enough I am sorry?
So children temporal fathers do appease;
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Desired more than constrained: to satisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me than my all.
For Imogen's dear life take mine; and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coined it:
'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:
You rather mine, being yours: and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I'll speak to thee in silence.