

***The Taming of the Shrew* – MASTER SCRIPT**

Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO

PETRUCHIO

Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

GRUMIO

Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there man has
reused your worship?

PETRUCHIO

Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

GRUMIO

Knock you here, **sir!** why, **sir**, what am I, **sir**, that
I should knock you here, **sir?**

PETRUCHIO

Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

GRUMIO

My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock
you first, And then I know after who comes by the
worst.

PETRUCHIO

Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

He wrings him by the ears

GRUMIO

Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

PETRUCHIO

Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO

HORTENSIO

How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio!
and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at
Verona?

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

HORTENSIO

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound
this quarrel.

GRUMIO

Look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap
him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to
use his master so? Whom would to God I had
well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by
the worst.

PETRUCHIO

A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

GRUMIO

Knock at the gate! O heavens! Spake you not these
words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here,
knock me well, and knock me soundly'? And come
you
now with, '**knocking at the gate**'?

PETRUCHIO

Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale

Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

PETRUCHIO

Such wind as scatters young men through **the world**,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see **the world**.

HORTENSIO

Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee
And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'ldst thank me but a little for my counsel:
And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich
And very rich: but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wish thee to her.

PETRUCHIO

Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
I come to wive it wealthily **in Padua**;
If wealthily, then happily **in Padua**.

GRUMIO

Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his
mind is: Why give him gold enough and marry him to
a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er
a tooth in her head, though she have as many
diseases
as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss,
so money comes withal.

Taming Side – PETRUCHIO

Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO

Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua, but of all
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio; and I trow this is his house.
Here, sirrah Grumio; knock, I say.

..... *your*
worship?

Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

.....
..... *sir?*

Villain, I say, knock me at this gate
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

..... *comes by*
the worst.

Will it not be?
Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll ring it;
I'll try how you can sol, fa, and sing it.

He wrings him by the ears

.....
master is mad.

Now, knock when I bid you, sirrah villain!

.....
at Verona?

Signior Hortensio, come you to part the fray?

..... *come by the worst.*

A senseless villain! Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

.....
at the gate'?

Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

..... *Ol*
d Verona?

Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:
Antonio, my father, is deceased;
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive and thrive as best I may:
Crowns in my purse I have and goods at home,
And so am come abroad to see the world.

..... *wish*
thee to her.

Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we
Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Taming Side – GRUMIO

Enter PETRUCHIO and his man GRUMIO

.....kn
ock, I say.

Knock, sir? whom should I knock? is there man has
rebused your worship?

.....
here soundly.

Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, that
I should knock you here, sir?

..... your
knave's pate.

My master is grown quarrelsome. I should knock
you first, And then I know after who comes by the
worst.

..... fa,
and sing it.

Help, masters, help! my master is mad.

..... compound this quarrel.

Look you, sir, he bid me knock him and rap
him soundly, sir: well, was it fit for a servant to
use his master so? Whom would to God I had
well knock'd at first, Then had not Grumio come by
the worst.

.....
heart to do it.

Knock at the gate? O heavens! Spake you not these
words plain, 'Sirrah, knock me here, rap me here,
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you now with, 'knocking at the gate'?

.....
.....in Padua.

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mind is: Why give him gold enough and marry him to
a puppet or an aglet-baby; or an old trot with ne'er
a tooth in her head, though she have as many
diseases as two and fifty horses: why, nothing comes
amiss, so money comes withal.

Taming Side – HORTENSIO

.....
sirrah villain!

Enter HORTENSIO

How now! what's the matter? My old friend Grumio!
and my good friend Petruchio! How do you all at
Verona?

..... *to part
the fray?*

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

..... *I
advise you.*

Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here from old Verona?

.....
. the world.

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